

# **Rebels**

(2008)

by  
Mark Noonan

Mark Noonan  
841 Broadway, 4<sup>th</sup> floor  
NY, NY 10003  
[menoons@gmail.com](mailto:menoons@gmail.com)  
646-290-0197

Characters:

Guy 1

Guy 2

Setting:

(Center, a crappy couch with a coffee table. Down left, a television, cable box, DVD player, Playstation, Wii, old VCR, stereo, etc. Right, a crappy easy chair.)

(Music plays in the background: maybe some U2 or Pearl Jam or Radiohead or REM or The Clash or Rage Against The Machine.)

(Guy 1 and Guy 2 seated on the couch.)

(Scattered around the couch, coffee table, floor: a laptop, cell phones, porno magazines, various junk foods (fritos, oreos, the like), an empty pizza box, empty McDonald's boxes and sleds, cigarettes, marijuana, cocaine, empty bottles of cheap beer (Budweiser).)

(It looks like quite possibly these guys haven't left the apartment for days.)

(Guy 2 takes a drink from his beer. Pause: they zone out. Are they watching something? Are they thinking? Guy 1 takes a drink from his beer. Pause.)

Guy 1: We could start the revolution, ya know?...I mean, somebody has to...It could be us. Why not us?...Ya know?...I mean, why not us? Why the fuck not? Somebody has to. We're as qualified as anybody. Right?...I mean, we're young. Still young. Relatively speaking...We're smart guys, well educated. In good shape still (takes a drag from his cigarette, Guy 2 pops a Frito in his mouth) Still in fighting form. Could still attack. Go on the offensive. Right?...(Guy 2 says nothing) We're white. Two white guys. Two crackahs. That may sound offensive but we have more opportunities than our fellow brothers...and sisters. Right? (Guy 2 gives a concessionary "Eh") We've been born with these opportunities, these gifts, it's ours to use them. Not using them would really be like spitting in the face of those less fortunate than us...We're in the majority, I mean, we're in this group and because we are, we can use the system. The system is at our disposal. Just from the sheer fact that we're male, we're white, we're well-educated, we're

in good shape, and we're motivated...Shit, we have everything going for us. Everything...The world is our oyster. No, better, the world is our vagina. It opens up to us. (Guy 2 nods Yes) It's ours for the taking. It's sitting right there for us. And, I mean, we've gotta do something, ya know? I mean, shit, you turn on the TV, right here you look at the TV and in between the beer commercials and the car commercials and the penis pill commercials, what do you see? Hun? What do you see? (Guy 2 shrugs, "I don't know" "Beats me") Catastrophes. Horrible things happening in the world. Am I right? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Of course. There's wars going on, and genocide, and rape, and people starving to death just 'cause they can't get clean drinking water. You know what I mean? It's insane! (Perhaps U2's Beautiful Day plays in the background) It's totally fucking crazy. There's children in Africa, right now, like Bono said, 2000 children in Africa die each year because of mosquito bites. Mosquito bites! What the fuck!? Can't we get some Off over there? Here we got cases of this shit just sitting at Costco and over there kids are dying because they don't have any. It's insane. Totally insane. And what do we do? We sit on our couches and in our La-Z-Boys and watch College Football! Woo-doggy! It's Southern Arkansas State versus Northern Idaho Polytech! Woo-baby! Western South Dakota A&M versus Eastern New Mexico State. It's the Cornhuskers vs. the Wolverines! The Buckeyes vs. the Gators! The Sooners vs. the Longhorns! Let's get ready to rumble! 'Cause it's College Football time! That's what we do...It is time for a revolution. Somebody's got to start it...How should we start it? (Before Guy 2 can answer:) You know how we should start it? Music. These things always start with music. Music leads the way. A single great band can start this thing. Kick it off. Blast off. Then the rest will follow...What was the last great band we had that kicked ass? Started a cultural revolution?...(Guy 2 "Beats me") The whole grunge thing, right? Seattle sound. Nirvana. Pearl Jam. All that stuff. Since then what have we had? Nothing. Can you think of

anything? (Guy 2 thinks)...No, of course you can't 'cause there's been nothing. Absolutely nothing. Rock 'N Roll is dead. Is Rock 'N Roll dead? (Guy 2 does a line)...I don't think so. You can make the point that it is, sure. But I still think a single great rock 'n roll band can change the world. I mean, look at the Beatles. Case closed...But we need a new band, somebody to start this thing off. I mean, we should really start a band. That would be the real way to do it. Start a kick ass rock band and launch this revolution, this new revolution, into orbit. Ya know? That would really be the way to do it. No question. That would be the way...And if we were ten years younger I'd say fuck yeah! but now it's just we'd have to buy instruments, learn them well enough to write really great culturally significant songs. Get a drummer, and that's never easy—rock bands always, throughout the course of history have had trouble getting, and then keeping, drummers. They always go through like 4 or 5. Each. So then you're talking buy instruments, learn them, write songs, get a drummer, then we'd have to start gigging—small places at first, like coffee shops and bars and then eventually through years of touring building ourselves up to the point of getting noticed by a major label—we'd have to make an album before that, at least an EP, and then they'd have to hear that, then get signed, probably get a new drummer again at this point, then go into the studio, make a real album with our kick ass songs, and then put that out, and then tour to support it. Sell posters, t-shirts, hats, fridge magnets, the whole fuckin' bit. And then hope that, ya know, our music is understood by the public, loved, rallied around, and then Boom, we're off...That could take years. Decades. A decade at least. And we don't have that kind of time, do we? (Guy 2 nods No) No, we've got to get this revolution started. The world can't wait for us to buy instruments, learn instruments, write songs, write an anthem, get signed, record the album, release it, and tour. And somewhere in there we'd have to make a video. That's a lot of things to do. (Guy 2 nods Yes, "It seems exhausting") Now, if we had any

musical ability I'd say let's get going, but we don't, so let's not dwell upon that too much...Without question, if we had the musical talent, this would be the road to go down. But we don't, so let's not—we shouldn't dwell on it. Put it aside. A pipe dream. That's all that one is, a pipe dream. Is it the best way to start a revolution? Probably. But, ya know, you've gotta go with what you've got—and we, we've got no musical talent. It's not better or worse. It's just a fact. Our revolution, if we're gonna start this thing, can't be musically related. We have to go down another road. The road less traveled by. But still a main road. Still a main drag. Fully pathed and up and running. Ready for traffic. It's just, ya know, if starting a band—the music thing—is an 8 lane superhighway—we've got 6. And 6 ain't bad, 6 is still good, still plenty good. So it's not the Autobahn. Okay. Well. Maybe we don't want to go that fast. Right? Maybe we're better suited to a highway where all cars more or less go the same speed. Hm? Kind of communist but...it could work...(Guy 1 & 2 zone out at the TV) You know, the revolution's coming. I can feel it. These things are cyclical, ya know? (Guy 2 nods "I didn't know that" "No kidding") Every 10 or 15 years they come around. We've just been stuck in a rut for a while—we're overdue. But someone's gotta do something. Someone's gotta force up the masses—the young especially, the teenagers and college kids—to action. That's why music is always so good but, yeah, you're right, I know. (Blank look from Guy 2) Best to put that one out of our heads. Pretend it doesn't even exist. Because it's not an option. Not a viable option anyway...I need a beer...(Guy 1 exits left) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Guy 2 picks up a porno magazine. Guy 1 returns with two beers.) Unless (he sips from the beer)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip) (Guy 2 flips through the porno magazine)...We could write a book (Guy 1 looks away. Guy 2 slowly turns and looks at him)...Yeah, that's doable. Plenty of revolutions have been started by books...Off the top of my head I can't think of any...Ah, the communist

manifesto, there you go. Exactly. We could write a manifesto, a new manifesto, but something that's relevant, ya know? I don't wanna write just a left-wing pissed off thing. No, we need it to be inclusive, not exclusive. Something that brings people together, not divides them apart. A rallying cry, but not violent—No, we'll follow Gandhi and Martin Luther King that way—Yeah, and this book—this manifesto, there hasn't been a good manifesto in years—decades even. Nobody—I don't think anybody even writes manifestos anymore—that's our in, something new, something no one's doing anymore. Like haikus, no body, writes haikus anymore—and I like haikus, but haikus don't pack the wallop of a good old manifesto. We need more meat on the bones, a haiku is like just an hors d'oeuvre, an appetizer—we need to create a full big meal, ya know? (Guy 2 nods Yes)...I mean after all look where we live, right? We like things that are big and meaty. Stuff with substance. Substantial. So you know you've just ingested something—your body lets you know, "Yeah, that's a big old T-bone." Or "Gimme some more of that big old lasagna." Or "I really am stuffed after that—those 4 Quarter Pounders...and fries...and a milkshake..."(Guy 2 holds up an empty McDonald's apple pie box like a torch, or like Eddie Murphy when he picks up the "ice cream" in Raw) And an apple pie!" Yeah, that's good. That's right. You've got it. I mean what's more American than apple pie? This could work...(Long pause. They drink) 'Cause I mean, after a band, what's the next best thing? A manifesto. Of course. And we can take all the band ideas, all the songs and lyrics, had we ever written songs and lyrics, but take those ideas and put them into book form...What's nice about this is we can skip over that step—the whole writing songs/learning instruments thing—and just move right into putting our words down—our ideas down on the page. Eliminate the middle man, so to speak...And we're, we're smart guys, ya know? Well educated, still in good shape. We could probably bang out a manifesto in a weekend—Okay, a long weekend maybe, like a 4<sup>th</sup> of July

Weekend, that would be perfect, 3, 4 days of just pumping out our manifesto. No distractions. Except, of course, the fireworks...the carnivals...the backyard barbecues...the swimming...potato salad...But! Oh! And here it is. The 4<sup>th</sup> of July Weekend, that weekend, is the time when all the oldies radio stations do the top 500 songs—and that's fantastic. That's perfect! It's the perfect backdrop—background—to get into our subconsciouses—subconsciouses? SubconsciousO? Subconsciousare? Subconsciousum? SubconsciI? Fuck it. Our brains. To put us in the right frame of mind for our manifesto. It's perfect. Those songs. Don't you see? (Guy 2 nods Yes) If we can just lock ourselves away in a room for that weekend, eliminate the fireworks and the swimming and the potato salad, and put on the radio—we can have these songs, we can let these songs, these quintessential American songs—Rock 'N Roll—let that just naturally, the spirit of that, allow that to seep into our writing, our manifesto. 'Cause that music is America—I mean, sure, there's the British Invasion, and I'm sure that, ya know, 100 of the 500 songs will probably be British. Well, probably more—with the Beatles and the Stones and the Who and Cream and the Kinks and Zeppelin later—so, there'd be a lot, maybe 200, maybe half, but whatever, it doesn't matter because it's all the kind of music, those classic songs that make up everybody's DNA, even if they don't know it, or realize it, it's all those songs—and by having them on while we're writing this manifesto—and we need to give it a name—think about that, (Guy 2 gives a blank look) something powerful but not corny, something funny but not blatant, something that's everything and nothing all at once. Think about that. But, um... (Guy 2 does a line) Oh, right, the music. This is perfect because it will put us in the right frame of mind to write this manifesto and to tackle all of the tough issues—which we plan to do, right? I mean, if we're gonna do this thing we have to go all out, we can't pull any punches, right? 'Cause I won't do it if we're not gonna go all out on it. Okay? (Guy 2 nods Yes)

Right? Right? Yeah. Totally...(Guy 1 does a line; Guy 2 pulls an Oreo apart, licks the inside filling then eats it) But it's even better than a band because we're smart guys, well educated, we can write this thing—and having the music in the background allows us to still have the spirit of a band. It's very punk rock. Which is perfect because we're writing a manifesto. You can't listen to classical music when you're writing a manifesto. Ya know? Ya gotta have something with more...balls. It's gotta be ballsy. That's probably rule number one of writing a manifesto: must have balls. Those without balls need not apply. (He laughs. Pause. Guy 2 offers him the almost empty package of Oreos) No thanks. You know, it's perfect. It's so simple. All we have to do is sit down and write it. It doesn't get simpler than that. But the music will be important. Important to set the mood. Put our minds in the right headspace...So come the 4<sup>th</sup> of July we write it and then put it out there. Get a publisher to publish it, get it translated into all the world's languages. Or at least the majors. French and German and Spanish and Chinese. Maybe Russian in the second edition. And then just see what happens. What kind of change unfolds. How the revolution takes hold...(Pause. Guy 2 fires up a smoke) You're right, it needs a good title. Something that...says something. But not in your face. Not too much. Ya know? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Any ideas? (Guy 2 holds up the laptop to show Guy 1 what he's been working on) The Revolution. Isn't that kind of obvious? I was thinking something a little more subtle. Something that leaves something...to the imagination. Something. What if...What if...What if we call it...What if we call it...What if we call it...The People's Manifesto—no, that's stupid. (Guy 2 nods Yes)...What if we call it...The Everybody Manifesto...No, that's dumb. I think it has to have the word manifesto in it otherwise how do you know it's a manifesto? Right? See what I'm saying? So something Manifesto. The blank Manifesto. Or just blank Manifesto. Manifesto Manifesto. No, that's dumb too. The blank Manifesto...The blank Manifesto...(joking) We

could just call it The Blank Manifesto? (Guy 2 nods Yes) No. We can't do that. That's stupid. The Blank Manifesto. The Blank Manifesto. The Blank Manifesto...Does kind of roll, doesn't it? (Guy 2 nods Yes) The Blank Manifesto...It is everything and nothing. All at once. You can make it whatever you want. We're basically saying take this manifesto and do with it whatever you want. Interpret it however you want. Make it your own. It's blank. But it's not blank really. It's not just a bunch of blank pages...(They think) No, that's stupid. No, it's got all of our ideas—it's gotta have ideas because something's gotta spark the revolution, right? Yeah, it's gotta have words. Words and ideas. But by calling it the Blank Revolution—I mean Manifesto—we're saying that at the end of the day this manifesto suggests not only, not only that we wipe away the slate clean, to a state of blankness, But! That we also that because it's blank this revolution can take whatever form you want it to. It's blank. It's freedom. Total freedom. Liberation. The Blank Manifesto. Yeah, because the new revolution, our revolution, is going to be all about action, But, it's also all about personal choice, freedom. Sure, we wanna fire people up to get out there, get off their couches and start the good fight but we're not angry with them. (Guy 2 nods No) And the Blank Manifesto shows that. 'Cause, in essence, we're all a Blank Manifesto and we can make our manifesto whatever we want it to be. This could work. This could be great...I need a beer...(Guy 1 exits left) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers. His mood has changed, he is more pensive now) Unless (he sips from the beer)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip)...Most people don't read anymore. Do they? Right? And what, like half the world's population is illiterate. Right? So the question we have to ask, maybe right off, is is a manifesto the best way for us to start the revolution? Maybe not. I mean, can you even think of another manifesto aside from the Communist Manifesto? (Guy 2 thinks, then nods No) No. Neither can I. And we're smart guys,

we're not idiots, we've been well educated. Well maybe a book is not our best bet... What if we combined our idea of a book—a manifesto—with our original plan—a band or music. What would we get?...A musical? (Guy 2 nods Yes) A musical? A musical? Really? How in the world? We can't do a musical. (Guy 2 nods No) I mean we're smart, we're not stupid, but that would be just...And I fucking hate musicals. So do you—Oh, no, that's right, you like West Side Story, right? (Guy 2 gives in, Yeah, he does) You were in that in high school or something like that, right? You ran the lights, right? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Yeah, you have a soft spot for the form. I, on the other hand, hate the fucking form—I mean how are we going to start a revolution with people prancing around stage doing jazz hands and singing I love you's to each other? At least with a manifesto it was pretty straightforward. Had some balls. It was manly. But a musical, we might as well just start making out right now. (They look at each other. Pause) You know what I mean!...A musical? I can't believe you think a musical. To start a revolution? Create a change? Both culturally and politically? Has a musical ever done that? I don't think so. I mean it's just too...gay. I don't mean that in a derogatory way like, ya know, "that's gay." No, I mean literally gay. Way too gay. Far too gay. Although, I must say, the gays are well organized—we could learn something from them there. They really know how to create a sense of community—a place that is both welcoming and comforting—probably because of all the persecution they've had to endure over the years—but also somewhere that's just its own thing. Its own place to be—how to get people to come together, for a greater cause. (Pause) What? (Guy 2 nods, "Nothing") It's still gay! Way too gay! That doesn't change the fact that it's a musical, musicals in and of themselves, ipso facto, are gay, ergo we could not use a musical as our vehicle for revolution—I mean, it would be just ridiculous, preposterous...And we're not gay! (Guy 2 nods No) So...Right there...Ya know...Not that I have a problem with things that are gay. Or people—gay

people. No. Our revolution—this thing that needs to be started—and soon I may remind you, the sooner the better—it's all inclusive, we don't discriminate. It doesn't matter what you are or who you are. Or what you do. Or with who or whom. Or what gets done to you by who or whom. And vice versa. I mean, we're all cool, right? It's not about that. But a musical? A fucking musical? No. No. Absolutely not. No. No way. I'm taking a stand. I know you like musicals. (Guy 2 holds up a finger: one) But I'm not—I don't don't. I don't, I just don't. No. No way. Not a musical. No way. It's just too...Gimme that magazine. (Guy 1 leafs through a porno magazine. Pause. They sit in silence) Are you mad at me now? (Guy 2 nods No) Are you sure? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Positive? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Would you tell me if you were? (Guy 2 nods Yes) You sure? (Guy 2 nods Yes) 'Cause you can be mad at me. (Guy 2 nods "I know") It's all right. It doesn't bother me. You know we're gonna have some fights. In starting this thing out I mean. It's inevitable. Working together. Closely. It could get rough. So just be prepared for that. But just as long as we keep our eyes on the prize, at all times, we'll be fine. Just need to stay focused. The revolution is coming. You know that, right? (Guy 2 nods Yes) I mean it could be us, it probably will be us because we're smart, we're well educated, still in good shape still, and we're motivated, but it could just as easily be somebody else. Don't think for a second that there aren't some other guys in some apartment somewhere going through the same thing we are. 'Cause there are. And they're trying to figure out how to start the revolution too. And that's fine. Good, in fact. More power to 'em. The more the merrier I say. 'Cause you know what? At the end of the day, all of us, we're all fighting the same fight. We're all just trying to get this thing going. Doesn't matter if it's them or some other guys or somebody else or me or you. It really doesn't...I think that we're probably the best equipped to start this thing because we've been thinking about the best way to go about it—and that's important. You have to think about what you're going to do

before you do it. I mean, you don't jump out of an airplane without thinking, "Oh, good, I'm wearing a parachute." And if you're not wearing a parachute you have to ask yourself, well not only am I not going to jump but what the fuck am I doing up in this airplane? See, questions lead to other questions. Chicken and the egg. And that's why it's good that we're asking these questions so that we don't end up finding ourselves butt naked in a plane, no parachutes, like those other guys might. And I realize that's a pretty gay picture. (Guy 2 nods Yes) Stupid musicals! Ah! Our revolution needs to be non-sexual or sex-related. Non-sexist. Non-sex. Not gay. Or straight. Or bi. Nothing. Totally sex-less. What's the word I'm looking for? Totally...gender neutral. Is that right? (Guy 2 is unsure, and unsure what in the world Guy 1 is talking about) Fuck it, I'm going with it...(Guy 1 does a line) Everything always comes back to sex, doesn't it? (Guy 2, "Yeah, pretty much") Always ends up, at the end of the day, that all it's about, in whatever context—socially, politically, culturally, sexually—it's all about who's getting fucked and who's doing the fucking. That's it. Case closed. Nothing else matters. Doesn't matter if it's money, a marriage, a job, an idea—all it all boils down to is who fucks, and who takes it up the ass...But thank God I'm secure enough in my own sexuality to not let it bother me...Someone less secure would probably let it get under his skin and fester like an open sore... But no, not me...But this too shall pass, it shall pass, like passing gas it shall pass—a huge resounding fart and like that, poof, it will be gone. The seed was planted—and it's all your fault, I blame you for getting me going on all that musical talk. (Guy 2, "Why me?") That planted the seed. You know it did. The kernel was placed. But now, the further we get away from it, the further it will go away, because it was a stupid idea, but we had to put it out there in order to get to where we're going: The revolution! The revolution! Our revolution! This thing that will lurch us all out of our general apathy and get us ready to kick some ass—music: no good. Book: no

good. Musical: obviously. What else? What about a play? That's less gay. (Guy 2, "Sure") And something with some real testicular fortitude, real tough drama—the kind of stuff that's powerful and virile and manly. Hm. A play, a play, my kingdom for a play. Something like that. We're smart guys, well educated, we could write a play. People talking, conflict, anger, love, loss, humor, swordfights, doors slamming, funny accents, swear words, guns, blood, sandwiches, tea pots, maybe a monkey. Can't be that hard (Guy 2 eats more Fritos)...The good thing about a play is it's immediate. What you see is what you get. It's right there before you. No screwing around. It is written and then it is performed. Simple. To the point. Plus, a play can be translated into all sorts of languages and then performed simultaneously in different productions all over the world. It allows for mass appeal. All we have to do is come up with a good story, preferably something that is a metaphor for a much bigger idea. Right? (Guy 2 drinks his beer) We can use symbols to get our message across, that way not writing something that can be pinned down to just one thing but something that's universal, that has intercontinental appeal. That everyone can relate to—or at least folks here, and get them started, get them fired up. And nothing can get you fired up like something when it's live. It's visceral. You feel it in your bones. Your balls! (Guy 2 gives him a strange look) There's no, uh, distance from it (loses his train of thought)...I need a beer. (Guy 1 exits left. Guy 2 thinks.) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers) Unless (sip)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip)...When was the last time you saw a play? (Guy 2 thinks) It's been a while, right? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Can't even remember, can you? I can't either...I vaguely recall a production of A Midsummer Night's Dream. I was on a lawn. Grass. Lying down. Summertime. Heavy drinking...Did I dream that? No? You remember it too? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Then it must have happened. We wouldn't have both dreamed the exact same thing. That doesn't make any sense. (Guy 1 sits, thinks) Where

were we?...I honestly can't remember. It must've been what? Eight? Ten years ago? Man, we're getting old. Good thing we're starting this revolution now. A few more years, a few more beers, forget about it—speaking of which, I've been meaning to talk to you, you really need to do something about your lifestyle. I'm not saying it's wrong or bad or anything negative, it's just the cheeseburgers and pizza and chicken wings and fries—the fries—I think you've had fries everyday for what? A month? Two months? (Guy 2 nods, "Yeah, maybe") That's insane. Coupled with—on top of that, the beer and cigarettes and pot and blow and the lack of—this sedentary lifestyle. You've gotta do something about this. I mean, I want to see you stick around and the way you've been living is just insane. It's madness. Total madness. There. I've said my piece, that's it. Just something to think about. (Guy 1 does a line) I mean, some vegetables, some fruit, sushi, maybe a smoothie, (Guy 1 finishes off the line) a gym, some situps, a long walk—you know what I mean? (Guy 2 does not appreciate this lecture. But he is also sensitive about his appearance and its current general nosedive) Would do you a world of good—a world of good. And plus, if we're gonna start this revolution, you really need to be in tiptop shape. I'm not saying you have to give up everything, totally change your life. No. I'm just saying: moderation. Instead of smoking twenty cigarettes, smoke ten. Instead of drinking Budweiser, switch to Bud Light. It's not hard, it's easy, real easy. Instead of standing still on the escalator, walk with it. Instead of sleeping 'til 2, get up at noon. Start your day earlier. The little things. Get up to change the channel; forget the remote. Baby steps lead to big strides over time. You'll feel better about yourself. And instead of fries, why not try a baked potato? Is that so hard? Variety is the spice of life after all. And the early bird catches the worm. But without variety, that bird would die. Don't be that bird. Be an eagle. Or a vulture. Or a hawk. Or, goddamn it, even an owl. Owl are badass. Nature's silent killers. Plus they can do that neck thing which is pretty cool... (Guy 1

sits back, thinks, drinks, feels good about himself. Guy 2 looks at him like “What the fuck are you talking about?”) What were we talking about? (Guy 2 goes to speak) A play! Right, a play. The last play we saw. Midsummer in summer. Yeah, a play’s just not gonna work. The more I think about it the more I realize A. What was the last play that started a revolution? Has any play ever started a revolution? Think about that. B. Only old people go to plays. And C. Between the two of us I think we’ve only seen five plays our entire lifetime. And no, I am not including musicals. (Guy 2 “Ah”) Can you think of anything that’s started a revolution—a cultural shift? Shakespeare, I guess? Death of a Salesman? Vagina Monologues?...I don’t even know what that is, I just remember the poster. (Guy 2, reminiscing, “Yeah...”) I can’t think of any play that kicked me in the balls, and that’s what this revolution has to be all about, a good swift kick to the balls of the masses, and if that doesn’t work, a nice big kick to the ass as well. Plus, even if, let’s say for a second we were able to write a really brilliant play, something that takes all our great ideas, all the stuff that went into those songs and the band and the Blank Manifesto—able to take all that stuff and write a kick-ass play, then we’d take it to some theater somewhere, take it to some Broadway theater and put it on and look out into the audience at halftime—I’m sorry, I mean intermission, that’s what they call it—and look out there and all we’d see was the cast of the Golden Girls and Cocoon slowly getting up, bones creaking, canes stabbing at the floor to go find the bathroom so they can change their depends and turn up their hearing aids and recharge their pacemakers before the second act starts. I mean, how the fuck are we supposed to start a revolution with that? Ya know? I mean...How? There’s no way. No way. How do you do that? You don’t, that’s how. You can’t. Not possible. Impossible. Without question. Can’t be done. Not even worth trying. There’s no possible way. Best to forget it. No. There’s just—No. No. No way. No. No...I need a beer...(flying on the cocaine, also flabbergasted, Guy 1 exits left leaving

Guy 2 to ponder what he just said. Instead Guy 2 picks up the Fritos bag and finishes dispatching them.) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers) Unless (sip)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip)...The great thing about writing a play is that it can be turned into a movie. So then you could have a play still going which would shock and awe the old folk. Fine. Maybe some of them would die. Get them out of the way. (Guy 2's face: "That's a bit odd and harsh, don't you think?") Meanwhile, you could then go and take that play and turn it into a rockin' 'n' rollin' movie—not a musical, mind you—And what do all the kids, all the teenagers do—from East Bumbletits, Arkansas to NYC to Kalamazoo to Los Angelees to Mayberry—what do they all do on the weekends—because they can't drink and they can't get a room and they've got no money and they've gotta be home by eleven? They go to the movies. Movies are the place to be. The place to see and be seen. And, if our play only reached a couple thousand people, our movie could reach millions, and much faster, much more immediate, which would allow for the revolution to start with a cannonball blast as opposed to a squirt gun...A movie...A movie...You love movies, I love movies, who doesn't love movies? What's more American than movies? Nothin'. Maybe cheeseburgers, that's it. Cheeseburgers, hotdogs, and movies, that's it. And popcorn. Cheeseburgers, hotdogs, movies, popcorn, and apple pie, that's right. Doesn't get any more American than that. Maybe add a firearm to that. Add a .357 magnum. Cheeseburgers, hotdogs, movies, popcorn, apple pie, and a .357 magnum (Guy 2 waxes nostalgic, that combo sounds good to him)...Not bad. Not bad at all. That's our land. This land and your land. Home of the free, land of the brave—but where's the kick ass, ya know? I mean we're out kickin' ass—out in the world takin' names—puttin' boots up people's asses—that's our thing, we're good at that, but if we're gonna get this revolution going—maybe a movie would work? Ya know? All we'd have to do is sit down and bang out a screenplay. And

that wouldn't be hard. We could just take all the ideas from the band—all those songs—the ideas for the songs, behind the songs—which became the ideas for the book, the Blank Manifesto, which was briefly the Blank Musical, then a Blank Play—but all those core ideas—the thread that runs through all of them is the same. It's the same thing. There's no difference really. Just different mediums. Same ideas. Different medeeI, same thoughts. The thoughts don't change, just the delivery system, the way we choose to get our inspiratu out to people. It's really all the same thing at the end of the day if you think about it—so at the end of the day it's about how can we reach the most people? Through the airwaves. By using the technology around us: we make a movie, it's huge—then we spin that off to a TV show—the revolution will be televised—keeps the revolution chugging along but keeps it fresh, then we go from there to a video game. Now we're really off and cooking and the sky's the limit: a website, a clothing line, a record label, soft drinks, happy meals, baby food, diapers—Branching out, building more, creating more webs, more chains, more organizations, clubs, societies—allowing this thing—the revolution—to grow organically out of all these different little saplings—so that they are each their own individual thing but still connected—at their core—by sharing the same root structure—and if you were—at the end of the day, to follow that root structure, and trace it back to its origins, you would find us, you and me, just the two of us and no one else, high up in this Redwood—in a treehouse we've built in this massive Redwood tree—and the tree would be the biggest Redwood tree anywhere, on the planet, and it wouldn't be in a forest, it wouldn't be situated alongside other Redwood trees. No. Our Redwood would be in a beautiful plain—like farmland, prairie country, somewhere in the middle of Iowa—smack dab in the center of this great country—and up in this Redwood, this pillar, this Giant Tower in the middle of a cornfield we would have our own elaborately designed interconnected Treehouse—it would be like I'm talking Swiss Family

Robinson territory—with all these different rope walkways and little rooms off in different areas, like different wings, and this would be our home base where we would monitor what's going on with all our different projects—but all held together by a singular goal: to create change, to perpetrate a change—and it would, it would, they would, because the people would be so in awe of what we'd created—and even on a smaller scale in awe of where we lived—because, I mean, come on, who wouldn't want to live in a Treehouse? That would be pretty kick ass. And from there it would all just be a perfect symbiosis of thought and action and we could kick back and chill from our perch and watch all this happen, all this stuff that we've created, watch it actually make a difference and change people, and change the country, and thus change the world, for the better (Pause. They think, recover a moment from his speech)...First, we'd probably have to do the movie, though. We'd need to bang out a screenplay. And I mean that wouldn't be hard. Shit, we were gonna write a whole manifesto in a long weekend, we could probably knock out a screenplay in a normal weekend. I mean that wouldn't be hard, that would be the easy part, no problem—the thing at this point, it would basically just write itself. We would merely be transcribing our ideas from one medium to another. We're not changing the ideas, just the delivery system. The heart is still very much intact. It's the same heart just different body. Same brain just different body (Guy 1 does a line. Guy 2 starts rolling a joint)...This would need to be a big Hollywood movie in order to get released on the most possible screens. We would need a big blockbuster. No small little art house film is gonna do it for us—plus our ideas are too big in and of themselves to not be in a big movie—they couldn't fit on a smaller canvas, they'd lose most of their power...But, the only thing I'm worried about is that if we're talking big movie we're talking big bucks—I mean a hundred million isn't easily in the realm of possibility for this movie, right? (Guy 2 nods No) I mean that's a conservative estimate, right? If we're going to get

our point across and kick this thing off we're going to need to blow some shit up, and get a whole bunch of CGI effects. You can't really start a revolution—expect to, at least, without blowing some shit up. A lot of shit. We might have to blow up more shit in a movie—and I'm just thinking off the top of my head—than anyone's ever blown up before, just to get our point across...And, just wanting to do all this shit doesn't mean it's gonna get done, ya know? I'm sure we're gonna have to sit in some Hollywood producer's office and explain to him why we need to blow up *The Moon* and he's going to explain to us that we can't do that because that would send the wrong message and that would scare people and he'd say we don't want to upset people. And basically these big studio bigwigs would take all of our great ideas—our revolutionary ideas—ideas that are strung together like a perfect strand of pearls and that serve a greater purpose in the overarching theme of the story we choose to tell—they would want to water the whole thing down—put sprinklers up at every scene change—install a kiddie pool during the prologue—slap a tepid hot tub right in the middle of our big climax—and then tack on a full-size Olympic-sized swimming pool at the end just for good measure! Just to make sure, in case we forgot, how bloated and waterlogged our story has become because we decided in the first place to turn our revolutionary ideas, our changeful ideas, into a movie. No, they would suck all the marrow out of it! Our balls would be left nothing but hollow empty scrotums with echoes the size of *The Grand Canyon*! A movie. A movie? No. No way. Nay I say. We can't allow that to happen. This is too important. And we're too smart, too well educated, and we're still in too good of shape still to allow that to happen. And I'm going to ditto that with the TV show too. They probably would take our stuff—and they probably wouldn't even leave us with scrotums. They'd probably snap the whole thing off, sell our balls to some cloning lab in South Korea, and then fill our scrotums with brown rice and use our nut sacks as hacky-sacks. No, I will not allow

that to happen. We, we cannot allow that to happen, this is too important of a time, and our ideas are too important to starting the revolution to allow ourselves to sell ourselves out. No, we can't do that. Any variation on our original idea—and I'm talking about the concepts and ideas that came out of those original songs, the ones we were going to write, and would write if we had any musical talent but fortunately we are smart enough to realize where our true talents lie—but any change to that original spirit, what we would have laid down in those tracks, that can't be altered. That is the true juice. It is freshly squeezed truth, with a side of home fries. This is America after all. Everything comes with a side of home fries. As you know. Even squeaky clean honest to God truth—you get home fries with that. And no, you can't send them back...I need a beer. (Guy 1 exits left. Guy 2 is puzzled about what in the world Guy 1 was talking about. He has no idea.) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers) Unless (sip)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip)...Forget the movie, and forget the TV show for a second. And video games too. A brilliant idea for a way to start the revolution—'cause kids are so obsessed with them and you could stick subliminal messages in the games that the parents would never know—and the kids for that matter would never know either—but we're not trying—our revolution, our ideas need to be full bore, right in your face. Strong. We're not trying to trick anybody or influence their minds in ways that they don't know what's going on. We're more straightforward than that. It has to be organic like that. It's getting people stirred up about things, not sliding some message under the radar...Plus video games are way too violent these days. Have you seen some of these things? It's unreal. Blowing up people's heads, tearing off limbs—I think you can even rape people—and these are video games. For kids! What happened to Mario? (Guy 1 does a line) Zelda? (Guy 2 drags off a joint) What has the world come to? I mean, Jesus, I'm talking about a cultural revolution of spirit here not—(Guy 2 holds up a porno

magazine) Exactly. Pornography—pornography is so easy. It's mindless. Stupid. Doesn't cause any change. (Guy 2 nods No. They leaf through porno magazines as they talk) Doesn't do anything except give you an erection or make you wet. Ya know? (Guy 2 nods Yes)...I mean, that's all it's about, appealing to our barest instincts and stroking them. Making us forget about everything else. The rest of the world doesn't even exist because our minds have closed shop for the day. It's simple science. All the blood has gone elsewhere. There's not enough blood for both. It'd be like trying to make two pizzas but only having enough cheese for one. Ya know? You make one or the other. Or you can try to use less cheese and do both but they're both going to taste like shit...We should get a pizza. (Guy 2 nods Yes) When was the last time we ate? (Guy 2 holds up the empty Frito's bag, empty Oreo's package) No, I mean really ate. Like an actual meal? Yeah, it's been a while, right? Hours? Days? Months? I actually feel fine right now, how 'bout you? (Guy 2 nods, "Yeah, I guess") What we're figuring out here is far too important to allow our stomachs to get in the way. "Never allow a meal to get in the way of greatness." You know who said that? Mother Teresa. Yeah, Mother Teresa. And look what she looked like: lean and mean. Makes sense, right?...Okay, I made that up about Mother Teresa, she never said that. But you get the point, it's about focus. Don't lose focus just because of external distractions. Remember that. Because once we get this thing rolling, in whatever form we end up choosing, be it a band, be it a manifesto, be it a musical, be it a play, be it a movie, be it a tv show, be it a videogame, whatever, we're gonna start getting pulled at from all directions. Fame is a silent killer. You gotta be careful. Next thing you know—and I'm not saying this is going to be us—we're too smart and too well educated and still in too good of shape still to allow it to—but next thing you know, one day you're you. (Guy 2 "Who? Me?") Yeah, just you. Then the next day you're sitting in a hot tub on a yacht off the coast of St. Tropez with helicopters flying above you

trying to get a picture of you having wild crazy sex with some Swedish supermodel named Else who was just named one of the 50 most beautiful people in the world by People and who has such a voracious sexual appetite that she killed her last 3 husbands just by stripping for them—and your face is suddenly plastered on every magazine, every gossip show, every website all over the world as the man with no real true new ideas but simply as the man who had sex with this beautiful woman on a yacht in the warm Mediterranean sunshine. That could be you. You gotta be careful. You gotta stay focused—and now once we do get this revolution off the ground, I mean, of course, we're going to be in the public eye. I mean, there's no way to avoid it. But we will be very smart about it. Instead of blowing our newfound resources and largesse and cold hard cash on yachts and cars and booze and women, we'll take that money and reinvest it in our talent. In ourselves. Whatever that talent might be. Obviously not a rock band or our next blockbuster movie, but something. Whatever it is our something—what we choose to use as our vehicle—happens to be...Our vehicle...Happens to be...To be...To be...Or not...That, is the...We could blow something up? That always gets attention...I need a beer. (Guy 1 exits left. Guy 2 is surprised at the sudden turn to violence: "What the fuck?") You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers) Unless (sip)...Of course (sip)...On the other hand (sip)...Yeah, you're right, it would be misconstrued. We'd be charged with a crime—nobody would get it. Plus, we'd have to know something about explosives which neither of us do. Probably best to leave destruction out of this—we don't want to tear down, we want to build up, create new. We could do some big art project? Like cover the state of Rhode Island in confetti, or put peace sign balloon sculptures all over Manhattan. Like that guy, what's his name? Christo, I think. Christo? You know Christo? No? No Christo? Does these huge art installations? Like wrapping the Reichstag? No? (Guy 2 nods No, he doesn't care anymore) I think he put

colored umbrellas all over California. No? Un un? Doesn't impress you, eh? (Guy 2 nods No) It gets people's attention, though. They get great press. Get the word out. Wouldn't be a bad way for us to launch our revolution. Of course it would take an enormous amount of man power. And funding. You can't just put smiley faces all over the Sears Tower without racking up some serious cash. And even then we probably—this probably wouldn't cause the kind of upheaval we're talking about creating. Art—a piece of art—has never really started a revolution. I mean, Art's great, I'm a big fan—big fan of Art. But, can you name me a painting or a sculpture that changed the course of how people thought or felt? What's the most famous painting alive today? (He thinks. Guy 2 realizes what he just said. Finally, Guy 1 realizes it too) I mean what's around? The most famous painting around—on the planet. Obviously, it's not alive. The Mona Lisa? Last Supper? (Guy 2 nods No) Mona Lisa? (Guy 2 nods Yes) The Scream? Sunflowers? (Guy 2 nods No) Mona Lisa? (Guy 2 nods Yes) Yeah, probably the Mona Lisa. And what has the Mona Lisa ever done to excite people? She just sits there in a museum. DaVinci in drag. I can't think of a painting that's ever started a revolution—I don't think it's possible. I mean at the end of the day, I don't care how good it is, it's still just a bunch of paint slapped on a canvas. Ya know? Yeah, I mean paintings really don't do shit. I mean don't get me wrong, I'm a big fan of Art, big fan, but I have to admit, they really don't do much. Ya know? It's not like a song or a book... Ya know? Stupid...(Guy 2 begrudgingly nods Yes, but his annoyance is slowly climbing)... We could be athletes. Great athletes... I need a beer. (Guy 1 exits left. Guy 2 searches the room for junk food but they are all out) You want a beer? (Guy 2 doesn't answer. Pause. Then Guy 1 returns with two beers) Unless (sip)... Of course (sip)... On the other hand (sip)... We don't really have any athletic ability, do we? (Guy 2 nods No) But, man, that would be fun. Being ballplayers. Great ballplayers. Doesn't even matter which ball: baseball,

basketball, football, hockey...golf. It's too bad. It takes talent, though. Great physical talent. Talents we don't possess. I mean, we're still young still, and we're still smart, well educated, and we're still in good shape still but...It's too bad, even golf now, you have to be in good shape—Tiger Woods—probably has something like 2% body fat and can touch his toes with his chin—it's getting crazy. There's nowhere left for the Average Joe in sports. No more hotdogs before smacking a home run. No more cigarettes on the sidelines. No more cups of coffee at halftime. I mean what's left? Bowling? Nascar? I can't think of a sport where you can be out of shape and still compete. Ya know? It's a shame. It really is. If there ever was a perfect way to get everybody's attention and start a revolution it would be by being Tiger Woods or Cal Ripken or Michael Jordan. 'Cause everybody loves those guys. And they'd love us too. It's not fair. And those guys don't even think about starting a revolution, they're just too busy winning games and buying cars and buying yachts and buying houses and making love to beautiful women on huge piles of cash. It's not fair. It's just not fair. If we had their gifts we'd use it to create a positive change, not waste our time with some beautiful 18 year old Swedish twins in a money pit. (Guy 2 does not agree) I mean, is it me? Or has the whole world gone crazy? Everybody's busy thinking with their dick when they should be out there with a wick trying to light this fire, baby. Come on!...I mean I could be out there right now—we, we could be out there right now at some bar somewhere going through the motions, putting on the pose, putting on the act, to pick up some girls and bring them back here and have some really all-out 2 girls, 2 guys god-bless-America-wake up the neighbors-alert Norad-put a hold on your mail-wholesome sweaty animalistic sex. Right? Like that! (They both look at a porno magazine Guy 1 holds open. Guy 2 likes this idea. Guy 1 remains committed to the cause) Sure. But, no, we recognize that THIS is really a waste of our precious time because there are much bigger issues we are dealing with

HERE than THIS. Life and death issues. Good versus evil issues. Change versus stagnation issues. Living versus dying issues. It's that simple. Oh my God! I just figured it out. It's that simple! Where do we live? We live in a capitalist country, right? (Guy 2 nods Yes. He remains annoyed, bored, and now hungry from the pot. All three of which continue to grow) It's a capitalist system of government. Now, if we want to change this system—to make this system better, what should we do? Should we follow these more touchy-feely artistic pursuits—start a band, write a book, make a movie—or should be put our mouths in the lion's mouth (Guy 2 gives an odd look) and work from within the system? To change the system. From within. We...You and Me...Us...We should start our own company. That's what we should do. That's exactly what we should do. Why didn't we think of this earlier? It's so simple. I can be CEO and you can be Chairman and we'll have a website—a kickass website—and we'll sell something—I don't know what—but that's not important—and we'll have people, people who work for us, and they'll be our employees but we won't treat them like employees, we'll treat them like helpers—helpers who are helping us achieve our goals of getting people to lose their apathy and feel charged up and alive—but the key, you see, is that we're gonna use the system, we're going to work within it—'cause it's so easy to work outside of it, ya know? And just rail against it—Ooo, corporations are bad—money is bad—war is bad—when in reality that's just like a really naïve way of looking at things. But it's harder, and better, to work within the framework—I mean it's the only way you're going to get anything done and like we said, ya know, we're not about tearing down, we're not about destruction. Destruction is too easy. We're about creation, creating something new—a new company that has its own goals in mind—and these companies—these multiconglomerates are getting bigger and bigger, pretty soon governments won't exist—because these companies will have gotten so big they will have their own rules,

their own rules that supplant whatever government rules are laid down because they'll own government. Why can't we be a big company like that? Talk about starting a revolution! And then you'll have the government and the big companies basically melding into one and so then what will you have left on the other side of things—religion, of course. So what you do—Oh! Oh! Oh! Here you go! Yes! Yes! This is genius! We start a company together, okay? At the same time, I get involved in government, see—I run for public office and while that's going on, see, you, you start a new religion—like Scientology or Mormonism or something—we start a new religion—a religion based on compassion and love and happiness, of course—and so then, down the line, 30 years from now, when we're like 60, when all these things are finally all coming together into one (he meshes his hands together for visual effect) We are right THERE! We're ready, because we've laid the groundwork—laid the groundwork for 30 years—in business, politics, and religion—the holy triumvirate—we are ready for this ultimate merger because it's what we've been about all along! And now, now, with our newfound wealth and power and holiness we will finally have the tools to really put our revolution, the revolution we've been talking about for all this time, into action! All those things we would have sang about in those songs, would have written about in the Blank Manifesto, would have acted out in the play and movie, would have painted about in our Artwork, would have inspired with our athletics, would have blown up with our explosives—all those things we can finally put into action! And Yes! Yes! And thus, Yes! Finally! To Completely...We can Change The World! We can Change The World!! We Can CHANGE THE WORLD!!! What do you think?! (Guy 2 casually removes a gun from his cargo pants pocket and shoots Guy 1 in the chest.) Whoa. (Guy 1 stumbles a moment. He is in shock) You...You shot me.

(Guy 2 stands for the first time, aims, and shoots him 3 more times in the chest. Guy 1 falls backwards into the easy chair. He is dead. Pause. Guy 2 stands a moment and looks at dead Guy

1. Guy 2 lets out a long sigh. Ho-hum, he puts the gun down on the coffee table, picks up the phone, and dials. He riffles through his pockets and pulls out a bunch of small scraps of paper. Then he sits back down. He picks up the remote and flips thru channels on the TV as he talks.)

Guy 2: (into phone) No thank you...Delivery...I have a coupon for 2 large pizzas—(he looks at dead Guy 1) make that 1 large pizza...Yes. With everything...Yeah, everything...That too. Yes. All of it. Everything you got...Great. Thank you. How long will that be?...No, that's okay. I'm in no rush. (He hangs up.) I need a beer. (Guy 2 exits left.) You want a beer? (Pause. Guy 2 returns with two beers.) Unless (takes a sip from his left hand beer)...Of course (takes a sip from his right hand beer, sits down on the couch)...On the other hand...

(Guy 2 sinks back into the couch. Background music plays: a slower version of The Beatles Revolution as we slowly fade to black.)

FIN