

**MAGIC AGENCY Chapter 4: Bro-Tox**

DRAFT#21 Lilac Co. 12/18/2019 by Sean Lewis and Jonas Kyle



## PART ONE

SINGER IS ALONE AT HOME—A STAND ALONE RANCH STYLE HOUSE WITH TAN-GREEN STUCCO COVERING THE EXTERIOR WALLS. SINGER GREW UP IN THIS HOUSE ON PROPERTY ZONED IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS 'HORSE-PROPERTY.' THE HOUSE IS NOW HIS AS BOTH OF HIS PARENTS DIED SOME YEARS BACK, LEAVING IT TO HIM AND HIS LONG SINCE ESTRANGED BROTHER EDUARDO (HIS ONLY SIBLING), WHO LAST WORD WAS HAD JOINED A CULT CALLED THE *MAGIC AGENCY* THAT OPERATES A STRING OF SURF SHOPS ON THE COAST.

A LARGE RECTANGULAR-SHAPED CARPET HAS BEEN PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

SINGER RISES FROM HIS COT IN THE DEEP FAR CORNER AND WANDERS TO THE RUG WHERE THERE ARE TWO IDENTICAL CHAIRS ON THE DOWNSTAGE END. HE PLOPS HIS BODY DOWN ON ONE CHAIR, KICKING HIS FEET UP ON THE OTHER. HE REACHES UNDER HIMSELF REALIZING HE HAD SAT ON A BOOK, A SMALL RED PAPERBACK, *THE AGONY OF EROS* – BY BYUNG-CHUL HAN. HE BEGINS READING RETURNING TO PAGE HE HAD EAR MARKED PRIOR.

LAMPS STAND AT EACH END OF IT CARPET. HOUSE LIGHTS ARE FULL.

THE PHONE RINGS. THE RINGING IS AMPLIFIED ON SPEAKERS. HE NOTICES THE CALL BUT DOESN'T TAKE IT. IT GOES TO VOICEMAIL. A RECORDING OF A FEMALE VOICE IS HEARD INSTRUCTING THE CALLER TO 'LEAVE A MESSAGE AT THE SOUND OF THE BEEP.' A MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER EDUARDO, FREAKED OUT ABOUT THEIR UNCLE GLEN, AND NEEDING TO MEET RIGHT AWAY- '*AS AN EMERGENCY.*' PLAYS OVER THE SPEAKERS INTO THE ROOM.

EDUARDO: [VOICE-OVER] *Singer, Singer — this is Eduardo, your brother. i got to talk to you. Sooner than later. An emergency — Uncle Glen...you hear anything? A mix-up with him getting on ancestry dot com and the gene science. It's really not good. We got to put our heads together on this one. Ok? Ok. we've gotta talk. Just wanted to know if you've heard anything. Ok. I gotta see you...*

SINGER STANDS, GOES INTO THE BATHROOM, SHUTS DOOR BEHIND HIM. WATER CAN BE HEARD RUNNING IN THE SINK. HE CALLS EDUARDO BACK WHILE IN THE BATHROOM. ONLY MUTTERINGS AND AN OCCASIONAL WORD OR TWO CAN HEARD FROM WHERE THE AUDIENCE IS SEATED. SINGER AND EDUARDO TALK BRIEFLY AGREEING TO MEET AT SINGER'S HOUSE. THE FAMILY HOME. SINGER EXITS THE BATHROOM, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN, AND GOES TO THE CARPET. HE PLACES THE CHAIRS FAR APART AND FACING ONE ANOTHER ON OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE RUG. HE RETRIEVES HIS VACUUM CLEANER. EDUARDO IS ON HIS WAY. HE STARTS VACUUMING. HE STOPS VACUUMING. HE TURNS OFF THE VACUUM. HE SPEAKS.

**SINGER:** Is this Eduardo BROTHER [ ], this mother [ ] brother of mine really coming? Yeah I think he is, the little whiny boy, after being absentee so long. The jerk! Or I'm the jerk. I'M THE [ ] JERK. I'M THE COCK [ ] WHO LET HIS GUARD DOWN. Singer, old pal, what is wrong with you? Don't tell me you agreed to let THAT DRAIN SCUM come back here. Don't say that. HE'S A LOSER! These losers from the past, these dead people, they always try to come and get back in. They want you to do something for them. Not good. So what if Eduardo

was my brother? Who cares about a piece of [ ]? Just because of blood I should grant him an audience here in this house of our parents whom he never respected? Bad idea. Oh he's my brother - ha ha ha - so I should help him or something? [ ] that. The [ ] little prick. Eduardo's a loser. He always was. From the time my poor mother had to bear him, he's been nothing but [ ]. You know what they used to say - a no account. He's a no account. What is wrong with me? How could I let him try to crawl back in? I'm losing my edge, man, I am definitely losing my edge. Singer, I'm talking to you, take out your knife-sharpener and sharpen your brain. Watch out! Eduardo's no good.

SINGER BEGINS TO VACUUM THE RUG AGAIN. THIS GOES ON FOR A TIME. EDUARDO APPEARS. SINGER DOESN'T NOTICE AND CONTINUES VACUUMING. EDUARDO WATCHES HIM. SINGER SENSES SOMETHING, TURNING HIS HEAD LOOKING EDUARDO'S WAY. HE IS SURPRISED AND SEEMS TO JUMP - COMING OUT OF HIS DAYDREAM.

**SINGER:**

Ah! My God you scared me! How long have you been standing there?

**EDUARDO:**

I don't know. Long enough to wonder if you were going to suck me up.

[PAUSE]

**SINGER:**

Where you been?

**EDUARDO:**

Surfin.

[AWKWARD EMBRACE]

**SINGER:**

You still at it, huh? What beach?

**EDUARDO:**

Same beach. Windansea.

**SINGER:**

No go other beaches?

**EDUARDO:**

No go other beaches. There are no other beaches.

**SINGER:**

The world's a big place. Lots of beaches.

**EDUARDO:**

You're wrong, Singer.

**SINGER:**

It's all how you look at it I guess, *magic man*.

**EDUARDO:**

Don't start.

**SINGER:** [PAUSE]

You gonna stand there all night? Come in. [EDUARDO WALKS INTO THE ROOM. HE SITS IN A CHAIR ON THE CARPET] Ah. Okay. [SINGER SITS IN CHAIR OPPOSITE EDUARDO] [PAUSE] So you're back. How long's it been? 19 years?

**EDUARDO:**

Something like that. Give or take.

**SINGER:**

Can't say I'm thrilled to see you.

**EDUARDO:** Same here.

**SINGER:**

But you're my brother, Eduardo. Welcome home. [PAUSE] So, you amount to anything?

**EDUARDO:**

Nah, not much. What about you?

**SINGER:**

I aced it.

**EDUARDO:**

Aced what?

**SINGER:**

Life. Living. The stakes.

**EDUARDO:**

Doesn't look like it.

**SINGER:**

What's it supposed to look like?

**EDUARDO:**

More books on the bookshelf.

**SINGER:**

I use the library for books.

**EDUARDO:**

You read?

**SINGER:**

I read a lot.

**EDUARDO:**

You never used to. Like what?

**SINGER:**

True crime. Police procedurals.

**EDUARDO:** Sure.

**SINGER:**

You?

**EDUARDO:**

Statistics mainly. Climate change. Rising seas. Bigger waves.

**SINGER:**

Oh okay. You own a place?

**EDUARDO:**

Nah, I move around La Jolla. I keep close to the Surf Shack at Windansea.

**SINGER:**

Mmmm, I know about the surf shack.

**EDUARDO:**

From who?

**SINGER:**

Spies.

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**EDUARDO:**

I got dope on you too, Singer. We both have histories.

**SINGER:**

We?

**EDUARDO:**

I speak for us both.

**SINGER:**

You getting the Magic Agency to surveil me?

**EDUARDO:**

No.

**SINGER:**

I'm your brother you can tell me.

**EDUARDO:**

As if.

**SINGER:** [HUMS AND SINGS]

*mmm mmm mmm*

*Magic Agency is the company name*

*la la la la la*

*Magic Agency comes no one is ever the same*

*la la la la la*

[PAUSE]

How am I doing? I get it right?

**EDUARDO:** [PAUSE]

We have to be everywhere because they are everywhere.

**SINGER:**

You're a unique dude Eduardo. Not me. Rooted firm. [SINGER PRETENDS TO TALK TO SOMEONE ELSE] I'm gonna go out there because they're out there and we're gonna play a game. [BACK TO EDUARDO] Good to see you Eduardo after all these years. How you been? Really.

**EDUARDO:**

Fantastic.

**SINGER:**

Me too. [PAUSE] Ask me anything bro.

**EDUARDO:**

Okay. You know how we used to talk about [ ] you know...

**SINGER:**

No what?

**EDUARDO:**

Doing it.

**SINGER:** [PAUSE]

Ah yes. Yes.

**EDUARDO:**

Did you? Have you?

**SINGER:**

Nah. What about you?

**EDUARDO:**

No, What about Kasie Bell?

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**SINGER:**

Not me.

**EDUARDO:**

Who did then?

**SINGER:**

Someone else.

**EDUARDO:**

That doesn't make sense.

**SINGER:**

What do you mean? Why not?

**EDUARDO:**

Because I knew you wanted to. And then they found her.

**SINGER:**

Death's the deepest secret.

**EDUARDO:** [PAUSE]

Can I use the bathroom?

**SINGER:**

You know where it is.

**EDUARDO:**

Didn't want to presume.

**SINGER:**

You want to piss or pee?

**EDUARDO:**

For me to know and you to find out. [EDUARDO ENTERS BATHROOM. HE SHUTS DOOR BEHIND HIM. A STREAM IS HEARD IN THE TOILET]

**SINGER:**

[TO HIMSELF] Standing. [CALLING THROUGH THE DOOR] You changed your ways buddy!

**EDUARDO:**

[EDUARDO COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM WIPING HIS DRIPPING HANDS. HE WIPES HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS] I'm not your buddy Singer. I'm your brother.

**SINGER:**

Me calling you buddy doesn't preclude you also being my brother.

**EDUARDO:**

Fancy word - 'preclude'.

**SINGER:**

You in a bad mood?

**EDUARDO:**

No.

**SINGER:**

You want to see something pro?

**EDUARDO:**

For what?

**SINGER:** [SINGER WALKS PAST EDUARDO INTO THE BATHROOM, DROPS PANTS, MOUNTS TOILET IN '3-LEGGED DOG' POSITION.]

Like this: the 3-legged dog.

**EDUARDO:**

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The 3-legged dog? [EDUARDO WALKS TO OPEN BATHROOM DOOR. HE STANDS LOOKING IN AT SINGER WHO HAS CLIMBED UP ONTO THE TOILET BOWL WITH BOTH FEET STRADDLING BOWL - TOILET SEAT UP - HOLDING FRONT OF BOWL WITH ONE HAND.] Oh, I get it.

**SINGER:**

wooo-hooo!

**EDUARDO:**

You always go this way?

**SINGER:**

Ya. It's better. It's a direct shot. There's a valve and it remains closed some when you go in the thinker pose. [SINGER DEMONSTRATES THINKER POSE.] There's something not right about this. The valve is stuck a little. [HE RETURNS TO THE 3-LEGGED DOG.] But up here it's open all the way.

**EDUARDO:** [WALKS AWAYS FROM DOORWAY]

...ya it's funny how important it becomes the way food enters and leaves your body the older you get. Is this your exercise?

**SINGER:**

Nah, it's just a really healthy practice. Keeps me young! Didn't Dad show you?

**EDUARDO:**

Dad never showed me.

**SINGER:** [SINGER GETS OFF, PULLS UP SHORTS & UNDERWEAR, EXITS BATHROOM]

You sure? I could of sworn you were standing there [HE TURNS POINTING, TRYING TO REMEMBER] Right next to me when he did...

**EDUARDO:**

Ah, I don't know. I can't remember.

**SINGER:**

I think you were bro

Maybe I'll try it some time. Not now though. I got other things on my mind.

**SINGER:**

Well, no one knows the 3-legged dog better than me. It's added years to my life.

[\*\*\*SOUND CUE SHARP. STEADY \*\*\*SCORING IS TEXTURE. MINIMAL. ATMOSPHERIC. SOUNDS ONE COULD HEAR FROM OUT AN OPEN WINDOW IN THE DRY, ROCKY, ARID HILL SIDES OF SIMI VALLEY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES]

[SINGER AND EDUARDO RETURN TO THEIR CHAIRS]

[\*\*\*SOUND #2 STOPS]

**EDUARDO:**

You do any tech bro?

**SINGER:**

Yeah yeah a lot of tech.

**EDUARDO:**

Data?

**SINGER:**

Something like that.

**EDUARDO:**

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Big data?

**SINGER:**

I'm a forensic specialist. You gotta scroll in.

**EDUARDO:**

Huh?

**SINGER:**

Eyebrow hairs, fingernails, eyelashes. Real eyelashes not fake ones. Scrapes of skin and DNA cultures.

**EDUARDO:**

From victims?

**SINGER:**

Hundred percent.

**EDUARDO:**

Memento Morris?

**SINGER:**

Memento Mary's.

[SINGER GOES TO SMALL SHELF OR CABINET IN THE BACK AND RETRIEVES A MEDIUM SIZE ENAMEL BOWL WITH AMISH OR MEXICAN DESIGN STENCILS. IN THE BOWL IS A DRY STEW OF HAIRS AND FINGERNAILS AND EYELASHES AND SCABS AND PIECES OF HORN SKIN. SINGER BRINGS BOWL TO EDUARDO. EDUARDO LOOKS FOR A BIT AND THEN PUTS HIS FINGER IN, SWISHES IT AROUND IN THE DRY STEW]

**EDUARDO:** [CLOSES HIS EYES]

[SOUND CUE SHARP. HIGH. FROM FAR AWAY. A BUZZING]

Fillet of a funny snake,

Bake it in the microwave;

Lash of eye and nail of thumb

Fuzz of cheek and spit of tongue

DNA stained underwear

Piece of shit and strand of hair

A shaverly of remnant stubble

Of who got killed in trouble.

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Cool it with some functional blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

[SOUND CUE STOPS\*\*\*] [LONG SILENCE] [A SPELL HAS BEEN CAST—OR A KEY UNLOCKED]

**SINGER:**

Between you and me, I did [ ] Kasie Bell.

**EDUARDO:**

I knew that.

**SINGER:**

But you're a liar.

**EDUARDO:**

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Why? About what?

**SINGER:**

You [ ] people.

**EDUARDO:**

What are you talking about?

**SINGER:**

Eduardo, I saw you [ ] three men.

**EDUARDO:**

You saw me?

**SINGER:**

I saw you [ ] three men during [ ] in this house.

**EDUARDO:**

No you didn't.

**SINGER:**

Yeah I did. It was back before you left. That time Mom and Dad flew to Vegas.

**EDUARDO:**

I don't [ ] men.

**SINGER:**

Yes you do dude. I saw you. And you [ ] them too.

**EDUARDO:**

I'll believe it when I see it.

**SINGER:**

I have seen it.

**EDUARDO:**

Then I guess it's true.

**SINGER:**

To each dog his day dad said.

**EDUARDO:**

Dad's dead. God's dead. Dog's dead too.

**SINGER:**

Who are you? My brother? Eduardo-freaky? Playing make believe with Magic Agency Loons? Or are you goddamned Nietzsche! Nietzsche! Nietzsche! DAD didn't teach putting firecrackers in dog's asses Nietzsche. Mr. Philosophical. Why don't you stick to entertaining troops and leave thinking to those more qualified. [UNDER HIS BREATH] Magic Agency.

**EDUARDO:**

Once.

**SINGER:**

Once? No. You learned that by yourself.

**EDUARDO:**

The dog died quick.

**SINGER:**

I'm not interested in talking about dogs.

**EDUARDO:**

Let's talk about what you want then.

**SINGER:**

Okay. I did. Kasie. Do you feel guilty?

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[PAUSE]

**EDUARDO:**

No.

**SINGER:**

I don't either. I [ ] her.

**EDUARDO:**

Listen, Singer, we gotta talk.

**SINGER:**

You mean about Uncle Glen?

**EDUARDO:**

Glen's a problem.

**SINGER:**

Of course he is if he uses ancestry dot com.

**EDUARDO:**

He asked me if I would go in on it with him. Cheaper, he said.

**SINGER:**

What did you say then?

**EDUARDO:**

I said I'd think about it.

[PAUSE] [SINGER REACHES INTO SMALL COOLER HE HAS PLACED NEXT TO HIS CHAIR]

**SINGER:**

Seltzer? [SINGER TOSSES EDUARDO CAN OF SELTZER. BOTH CRACK THEIR CAN TOPS]

**EDUARDO:**

Cheers.

**SINGER:**

Cheers. [PAUSE] So Uncle Glen.

**EDUARDO:**

It may be incumbent upon us.

**SINGER:**

What? To save our own [ ]?

**EDUARDO:**

What other [ ] do you want to save?

**SINGER:**

What about all our other relatives?

**EDUARDO:**

We could become pre-emptive. But Glen is the immediate problem.

**SINGER:**

I see what you're saying. He's the closest. He talked directly to you about ancestry dot com.

**EDUARDO:**

Got to nip it in the bud.

**SINGER:**

We'll need to dispose of the [ ].

**EDUARDO:**

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Probably. [PAUSE] Yes.

**SINGER:**

I've never done that.

**EDUARDO:**

It's not easy but it's doable.

**SINGER:**

[ ] Uncle Glen!

**EDUARDO:**

Our DNA is stored in multiple crime-associated databases.

**SINGER:**

I don't want to. Not Uncle Glen.

**EDUARDO:**

We'll do it together.

[SINGER GOES SILENT AND COMPLETELY STILL]

Singer?

**SINGER:** [SNAPPING TO]

OK. I succumb.

**EDUARDO:**

To conquer death.

**SINGER:**

You. One of these days.

**EDUARDO:**

Uncle Glen's on the menu now.

**SINGER:**

Ya he is.

[PAUSE]

**EDUARDO:**

You do any tech?

**SINGER:**

Ya

**EDUARDO:**

I don't [ ] men.

**SINGER:**

Oh but you do, dude. I saw it with these [POINTING TO HIS EYES].

**EDUARDO:**

You believe everything you see?

**SINGER:**

Believing is the best part.

**EDUARDO:**

There you go again sounding like a know it all.

**SINGER:**

I hear Reagan in you.

**EDUARDO:**

There you go again.

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**SINGER:**

Ya that.

**EDUARDO:**

I'm hungry, you wanna go get a burger. Some pie?

**SINGER:**

I got dinner in the oven. How about a snack?

**EDUARDO:**

Something salty.

**SINGER:**

I'll look.

[SINGER GOES TO SMALL SHELF OR CABINET IN THE BACK WHERE VARIOUS ITEMS ARE PLACED. SALT. SOME JARS. PICKLES. CRACKERS. SOME CAN OF A BEVERAGE. TONIC WATER OR SELTZER]

Sparse over here buddy. Peanut butter and crackers.

**EDUARDO:**

Can you put some peanut butter on crackers for me?

**SINGER:**

No.

**EDUARDO:**

Please.

**SINGER:**

I'm your brother not your girlfriend.

**EDUARDO:**

You wish I was your girlfriend.

[SINGER STIFFENS AND TREMBLES TO CONTROL ONSET OF SUDDEN RAGE. \*\*\*RED LIGHT SHINING ON HIM. SINGER OVERCOMES HIS RAGE. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. SINGER TURNS AROUND AND SPREADS PEANUT BUTTER ON CRACKERS, PUTS THEM ON A PLATE, AND PRESENTS THEM TO EDUARDO]

**SINGER:**

Sorry about that.

**EDUARDO:** [WITH AUSTRALIAN ACCENT SUGGESTING AN OLD CHILDHOOD GAG THEY WOULD PLAY]

No worries.

**SINGER:**

You sound Australian.

**EDUARDO:**

Australians have it down there. You know.

**SINGER:** [WITH AUSTRALIAN ACCENT]

Can't get away with that up here.

**EDUARDO:** [EATING]

These crackers are good. Could use some mayo.

**SINGER:**

You have any kind of serious love life?

**EDUARDO:**

I do.

**SINGER:**

Who?

**EDUARDO:**

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Benjamin. We do landscaping together.

**SINGER:**

I thought you said you don't [ ] men.

**EDUARDO:**

I don't. He [ ] me.

**SINGER:**

Oh come on. I saw you. Your vanilla [ ] Young men's [ ]. Then you [ ] them. Is that [ ] or what?

**EDUARDO:**

No contest.

**SINGER:**

You have a problem, Eduardo. You're not honest.

**EDUARDO:**

What does being honest have to do with anything, [PAUSE] Singer?

**SINGER:**

What?

**EDUARDO:**

Did you [ ] Mom?

**SINGER:**

You want me to answer that true or false?

**EDUARDO:**

You pick. You're playing the honest broker.

**SINGER:**

I was young dumb and under the influence.

**EDUARDO:**

Under the influence of who? Mom?

**SINGER:**

Maybe. Still a bit of fluid. Eduardo what kind of shelter pup are you? Little bulgy eyed whelp looking for love?

**EDUARDO:**

I said did you [ ] Mom?!

**SINGER:**

She never loved you because you were an ass shit, Eduardo. You check?

**EDUARDO:**

She didn't love you either.

**SINGER:**

What are you talking about? She liked to [ ] I liked to [ ].

[EDUARDO LUNGES AT SINGER. SINGER PULLS HIS KNIFE AND HOLDS HIM BACK]

Sit back Eduardo. I'll slice you so your head rolls.

[EDUARDO SINKS BACK]

**EDUARDO:** [DESPERATELY]

Tell me you didn't.

**SINGER:**

I'm telling you we did. Lots of it. After a while the thrill wore off but we kept it up.

It was a secret that kept on giving.

**EDUARDO:**

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Really?

**SINGER:**

She made me her stallion. You were the runt.

**EDUARDO:**

I have difficulty picturing it.

**SINGER:**

Moms everywhere gotta choose everyday like everybody else.

**EDUARDO:**

She fed you Royal Jelly and starved me.

**SINGER:**

That's right.

**EDUARDO:**

Good. Good. Glad I got you to say it finally.

**SINGER:**

You recording this?

**EDUARDO:** [PAUSE]

It's just me and you here. Don't get paranoid.

**SINGER:** [BEGINS SHAKING HEAD BACK AND FORTH ON A DIAGONAL]

OH ya. I'm sick of these gnats and beetles. Driving me loop da loop.

**EDUARDO:**

Don't want to be finicky but can you open a window?

[SINGER CROSSES TO WINDOW] **[\*\*\*SOUND CUE]**

**SINGER:** [LOOKING OUT WINDOW] **[\*\*TONAL SHIFT]** Fear of equivalency. What's your hairline doing today?

[TIME PASSES]

Will you let go with me?

**EDUARDO:**

Will I let go with you?

**SINGER:**

Will you let go with me?

**EDUARDO:**

How?

[SINGER CROSSES TO MOP THAT IS HANGING ON THE WALL]

**SINGER:** Come here please. [EDUARDO WALKS TO SINGER] Now. [SINGER TOUCHES EDUARDO—PLAYERS ON FIELD OF SPORT IN A PAUSE IN THE ACTION WOULD] Will you let go with me?

**EDUARDO:**

Singer, I don't know what you're talking about?

**[\*\*\*SOUND/MUSIC CUE]**

**SINGER:** [HE BEGINS TALKING TO THE MOP AND DANCING WITH IT]

*hey hey mom hi hi mom*

*you look pretty today*

*wanna dance mom?*

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*wanna dance*

**EDUARDO:** [WHILE SINGER DANCES]

You feel dizzy but you'll recover equilibrium. Your equivalency.

**SINGER:** [DANCING]

Equivalency? Meaning X to the Y gene-chromo. The ordering?

**EDUARDO:**

Yes, the ordering. But you have to know X first.

**SINGER:**

I'm your Y—brother I'm not your X X—girlfriend.

**[\*\*SOUND/MUSIC STOPS]**

**EDUARDO:**

I swear to God I imagined Mom was calling me X X X at the MAGIC AGENCY.

[SINGER STOPS DANCING WITH MOP]

**SINGER:**

Our Mom?

**EDUARDO:**

Yes. Our Mom. Not some other Mom.

[PAUSE]

[SINGER DROPS MOP. HE WALKS OUT TO THE ELEVATOR. AS SINGER LEAVES MAIN ROOM...]

**A WOMAN – AN ELDER – FAR ADVANCED IN AGE – APPEARS IN CORNER NEAR SINGER'S COT.**

SHE HAS BEEN CONCEALED BEHIND A CURTAIN, OR IN A SMALL TENT UNSEEN AND UNHEARD. HER APPEARANCE IS UNEXPECTED AND WITHOUT WARNING. SHE WALKS TO THE CARPET MAKING GESTURES AND SIGNALS TO SINGER, SHE IS COMMUNICATING SOMETHING. SHE STAYS BEHIND EDUARDO.

**\*\*\*SINGER SEES THIS WOMAN. EDUARDO DOES NOT SEE HER.**

VISITOR HAS BEEN APPEARING TO SINGER FOR SOMETIME INTERMITTENTLY AND WITHOUT WARNING. SINGER'S ATTENTION IS DIVIDED BETWEEN THE ELEVATOR AND LOOKING BACK INTO THE ROOM TO HER. HE STARTS PRESSING BUTTONS. HE MAKES A SERIES OF SHRIEKS AND GURGLES]

**EDUARDO:** [CROSSING DOWN FURTHER TOWARDS SINGER FULLY UNAWARE OF THE WOMAN'S PRESENCE]

Sing? Sing? You alright? You need a hand out there?

**SINGER:**

All good man.

[SINGER CONTINUES BODILY AND VOCAL GESTATIONS]

**[WOMAN EXITS FROM WHERE SHE CAME]**

[SINGER SPRINTS BACK TO EDUARDO]

**SINGER:**

Mom thought you were someone else's.

**EDUARDO:**

No she didn't.

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**SINGER:**

She didn't think you came through her. She said you were [ ].

**EDUARDO:**

I wasn't [ ].

**SINGER:**

Remember when she filled your mouth with soap because you said whore?

**EDUARDO:**

I said horror.

**SINGER:**

She heard whore.

**EDUARDO:**

Because she was one. [EDUARDO STANDS ON MOP]

**SINGER:**

Excuse me?

**EDUARDO:**

Chill.

[SINGER TURNS ON HEELS, SPRINTS LENGTH OF ROOM IN FULL ABANDON STOPPING AT ELEVATOR]

**SINGER:** [SCREAMING. HE IS SCARED OF SOMETHING. HE IS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE BY SOMETHING]

*don' t let me hear you dangle the flipper in there again. okay? hello ... hello ... is that the flipper thing ? don' t !! don' t dangle! stop the flipper ! ahh! stop the flipper !*

[SINGER MAKES SHARP AIRY POP SOUNDS] [SINGER RETURNS TO CHAIR OPPOSITE EDUARDO]

[HE'S HURT] Take that back.

**EDUARDO:**

You started it.

**SINGER:**

I' ll finish it. [SINGER BEGINS 'PLAY-ACTING AND DANCING ONCE MORE WITH MOP]

You always stop. When they start begging you stop... **\*\*\*SOUND CUE "MY LITTLE TOWN" —**

**S&G 1975'**] [SINGER SPEAKS UNDERNEATH AS SONG BEGINS TO PLAYS. SLOW RISE IN VOLUME]

...you stop. If you could see yourself. If you could see what I see when I look at you.

Eduardo. The disgust. The dis-guise. The great disgusting dis-guise. We' re great guise.

You and eyes. You are a disgusting guy, Eduardo.

**EDUARDO:**

Dad would have said that! You' re copying DAD!

**SINGER:**

I channel DAD!

**EDUARDO:**

Dad' s brother has to go.

**\*\*\*SONG FADES OUT**

**SINGER:**

That' s what this is about?

**EDUARDO:**

There' s unfinished business between us. That' s why I' m here. It' s him or us.

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**SINGER:**

Whose him?

**EDUARDO:**

Glen.

**SINGER:**

Uncle Glen?

[EDUARDO STRIPS COMPLETELY NAKED]

**SINGER:**

No way man.

**EDUARDO:**

I want you to demonstrate something.

**SINGER:**

Go ahead nature boy I'm watching.

**EDUARDO:**

Mom wished that you'd die in a tree-shredder. She told me that once. Remember that job you did that summer? The trees?

**SINGER:**

You wished I'd die Eduardo. You do. Not Mom. Ever. You don't want a reunion you want to preach. Put your clothes on Eduardo. I'm not playing the strip game with you. Okay. Don't make me dress you. I'll leave you red. You wanna be a shaved pony? Stay naked.

**EDUARDO:**

Colorless green ideas sleep furiously.

**SINGER:**

[PAUSE] [½ MUMBLING TO HIMSELF] ...colorless green sleep furiously...what!? That doesn't have any meaning.

**EDUARDO:**

You're right. It doesn't. But we're in each other's blind spot.

**SINGER:**

Looking at you it would be a blessing to be blind now.

**EDUARDO:** [STILL DRESSING]

Pervert. Dad's dead. Can't blame Dad. You.

**SINGER:**

[SINGER RETRIEVES EASEL AND PLACARD WITH A CHART/SYMBOL MAP THAT HE PLACES ON EASEL—BLANK SIDE OUT AT FIRST][SINGER STANDS NEXT TO EASEL] Let's just get it out. I know who you are. And I'm gonna say it. For your good and mine. [TURNS PLACARD BOARD AROUND REVEALING MAP] This is us brother. You and me. Why we ended up on the same path together? Why a certain thing is bent, another has moss, another bugs — not my business. But we need to say it. You are who you are. I know it. You don't have to hide with me anymore. And I'm me. What's the use pretending? Reagan knew it. We were there. But we're here now. I love you. In spite of my feelings. Below my feelings my thoughts. In another place I love you.

**SINGER:**

Do you see it? It's clear. You like to do your business here with them. Down there. And me I'm over here. You see it?

**EDUARDO:** [NODS. MAKES EXPRESSIONS WITH HIS FACE]

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**SINGER:**

is that a *MAGIC AGENCY* face?

**EDUARDO:**

No it's me.

**SINGER:**

You have zero to say?

[PAUSE]

**EDUARDO:**

Remember when we were kids. Remember? We'd put our heads in Dad's vice?

**SINGER:**

...ya...I do. Matter of fact got vivid memories of that.

**EDUARDO:**

[STILL NAKED] You do?

**SINGER:**

Oh ya brother. You...me... bent over dads work table... while he was off

[MIMICKING THEIR MOM] 'doing god knows what' [EGGING EDUARDO ON] it's vice time ... vice time ...

**EDUARDO:**

[TAKING BAIT, EDUARDO BEGINS SINGING] ...*gotta get some vice-time, gotta get some v-time*

[SINGER JOINS IN]

**EDUARDO/SINGER:**

*vice-time ...gotta some vice-time*

*vice-time ... gotta some vice-time*

[SINGER AND EDUARDO SEEM TO SHARE WARM MEMORY TOGETHER. EDUARDO IS STILL NAKED AND STANDING. SINGER LAYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CARPET]

**SINGER:** [POPPING UP SUDDENLY FROM HIS LYING POSITION BUT STILL SITTING]

You know what! I still got that old rusty thing around here somewhere.

[SINGER GETS TO HIS FEET GOES TO THE KITCHEN AREA AND RUMMAGES WITH GREAT INTENSITY UNDER THE TABLE. HE CRAWLS COMPLETELY UNDER THE TABLE. HE PULLS OUT LARGE RUSTY IRON VICE]

**SINGER:**

Here she is! [HE CARRIES VICE INTO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM LIKE A PRECIOUS AMULET]

...here she is...

**SINGER:**

Hey you know what? Come here. [EDUARDO DOES NOT MOVE] I'm not gonna hurt you.

**EDUARDO:**

Ya you are. You are gonna hurt me now. I remember. That was game in a nutshell. Singer hurts Eduardo. End of game.

**SINGER:**

Don't be a sour puss. Come here. Really I won't. I promise ... Ed. I won't hurt you.

**EDUARDO:**

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you won't ...? really?

**SINGER:**

Ed come here [SINGER MAKES SUDDEN AND BARELY AUDIBLE CLICKING SOUNDS WITH HIS MOUTH] Come on. I promise.

[EDUARDO SLOWLY CROSSES TO WHERE SINGER IS WITH VICE. SINGER'S RETURNED TO SEATED POSITION ON CARPET]

**EDUARDO:**

Why don't you go first this time? Why do i always go first?

**SINGER:**

Why? You'll kill the game man. This is *v-time* [SINGER HUMMS V-TIME MELODY] ... put your head in their man. [EDUARDO DOES AS SINGER COMMANDS] ...that's it. We're evolving.

[SINGER BEGINS AGAIN TIGHTENING VICE AROUND EDUARDO'S SKULL]

How's that man? That nice ?

**EDUARDO:**

Ya...Ya it is ooh... aah... shit fuck! hey! hey!

[EDUARDO SQUIRMS AND SQUEALS LIKE A CAPTURED ANIMAL]

**SINGER:**

Easy. Easy now ... [SINGER SINGS LOW HUMMING UNDER HIS BREATH] *v-time gotta get some v-time*

**EDUARDO:** [IN EXTREME DISTRESS]

What's that smell? Did you say you were cooking us dinner?

**SINGER:**

We are having rabbit for dinner. It smells good?

**EDUARDO:**

[CLOSE TO PASSING OUT] DAD did love rabbits. He shot em on the bounce.

**SINGER:**

Rabbit is one thing you can still hunt and find purity.

[SINGER LOOSENS THE VICE. HE LETS GO OF EDUARDO]

[DIRECTLY ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE] When you shoot a rabbit it keeps running three or four strides, and then just drops. It's beautiful. Like a France movie.

**EDUARDO:**

[RECOVERING, SITTING UP, RUBBING HIS TEMPLES, EDUARDO ALSO TALKS DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE]

It's good meat.

**SINGER:**

Rabbit meat has always brought our family closer.

**EDUARDO:**

A rabbit bridge.

**SINGER:**

Rabbit meat has medicinal qualities. Rabbit meat was what they ate before their orgies.

**EDUARDO:**

Who?

**SINGER:**

Nazis.

**EDUARDO:**

Horse shit Singer.

**SINGER:** [PAUSE]

Okay horse shit.

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**EDUARDO:**

Remember when you used to rub my feet?

**SINGER:**

Sort of ...

**EDUARDO:**

Could you do that now?

**SINGER:**

I won't like it but I'll do it.

[SINGER RUBS EDUARDO'S FEET. THIS GOES ON FOR A WHILE IN SILENCE]

**EDUARDO:**

I trust you ant.

**SINGER:**

I don't trust you cockroach.

**EDUARDO:**

In an ant I see purpose and a system.

**SINGER:**

In a cockroach I see protein.

[SINGER GOES SILENT. HE CONTINUES RUBBING EDUARDO'S FEET]

**EDUARDO:**

The world is broken Singer. I feel things. The Magic Agency helps people sort through things. When I go to sleep I fall off a shelf.

**SINGER:** [STOPS RUBBING]

Me too bro. Sometimes. [GOES BACK TO RUBBING] I'm happy man. I look at you and I understand you're not. You're a failure and your work communicates as much. My work has purpose. We're in Mom and Dad's home. [LOOKING AROUND] They left us all this. And you left man for them. We saw you out there. We knew. Now it's ALL mine and I'll let you in and I'll let you use it, only at my discretion. So it's best for you to fall in line. [SINGER STOPS RUBBING EDUARDO'S FEET. HE STANDS UP] Why do you always strip down like that? Put your shoes and socks on.

**EDUARDO:** [HE DOES AS SINGER ASKS. HE PUTS ON HIS SHOES AND SOCKS]

I like to feel the air on my skin.

**SINGER:** [PAUSE]

I get it.

**EDUARDO:**

This reunion we're having...

**SINGER:**

...ya? spit it out.

**EDUARDO:**

What do you think?

**SINGER:**

I think you're the same asshole nobody I've always known and you've come home to the  
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nest to try and con your way into stuff you walked away from. I could see you coming a-mile-away.

**EDUARDO:**

I have a secret.

**SINGER:**

Let's hear it.

**EDUARDO:**

Want to stop for a time.

**SINGER:**

Impossible.

**EDUARDO:**

No it's true, After Glen.

**SINGER:**

that's what you came for? To tell me that?

**EDUARDO:**

That's what I came for. .

**SINGER:**

OK. Mission accomplished.

**PART TWO**

LIGHTS DIM. BOTH BROTHERS STANDING ON STAGE. EACH REMOVES A CHAIR FROM THE CARPET AND PLACES IT IN FRONT OF THE STAGE—RIGHT PIANO. THEY ADJUST LIGHTS. THEY TAKE FORMAL STANCES ON THE CARPET. EDUARDO MAKES A SILENT DEMONSTRATION OF A *MAGIC AGENCY* DANCE. IT IS A SIMULATION OF CATCHING A WAVE, SURFING IT AND BAILING. SINGER EMULATES EDUARDO'S DANCE. THEY ROLL UP CARPET, TIE IT OFF WITH A BRIGHTLY COLORED SASH STYLE CORD AND PUT IT AWAY IN THE BACK CLOSE TO THE CHAIRS. REVEALED UNDER THE CARPET IS A GRID OF 9 RECTANGULAR TAN SHEETS OF HEAVY PAPER. THESE RECTANGULAR TEMPLATES RESEMBLE ROWS OF GRAVES IN A CEMETERY, OR RECTANGLES ON A GIANT SCRATCH-OFF LOTTERY TICKET **\*\*\* LIGHTS & ATMOSPHERE NEW**. SOFT ROSY HUE. TWO SIDE WINDOWS OPENED. **A SCENTED OIL IS LIT**. DOORS TO THE ELEVATOR AND TO THE BATHROOM ARE TIGHTLY SHUT. SINGER RETRIEVES AN EASEL AND SETS IT UP BETWEEN THE FLOOR GRID AND THE BATHROOM. HE GOES BACK AND GETS ANOTHER EASEL AND SETS IT UP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GRID, FACING THE FIRST EASEL.

**\*\*\* TEMPLATE 1: GOOGLE EARTH – KASIE BELL'S HOUSE**

**EDUARDO:**

Wait. Do we really need two easels?

**SINGER:**

No half measures. Stereoscopic vision. We need to focus.

**EDUARDO:**

It just seems a bit excessive.

**SINGER:**

Everything's. We're excessive, Eduardo. Look, there's two pianos, not one piano, Okay? Two chairs too, right? Not just one chair. and like who the fuck are you? You're my brother. I'm your brother. So two brothers, Not just one brother. And two lives to save – your life and mine, not just one or the other. So two fucking easels okay!!!

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**EDUARDO:**

Okay. Okay. Jesus.

[SINGER PULLS UP PAPER FROM ONE OF THE RECTANGLES, EXPOSING 2 PLACARDS STACKED ON TOP OF ONE OTHER. HE PLACES ONE ON EACH EASEL. PLACARDS ARE IDENTICAL COPIES. **\*\*\*FOR ALL TEMPLATES SINGER LEADS THE PEELING OF THE PAPER—EXCEPT TEMPLATE #6—WHICH EDUARDO LEADS WITH SINGER'S ENCOURAGEMENT**]

**SINGER:**

This is a google from space of Kasie's home.

**EDUARDO:**

Oh Wow Ok.

**SINGER:**

Pretty cool right?

**EDUARDO:**

Ya.

**SINGER:**

Can't approximate the hands-on, boots on the ground, map in the hand feel.

**EDUARDO:**

Got to change with the times.

**SINGER:**

I do like this shot.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 2: LARGE ERECT BLACK RAINBOW PENIS**

[LONG SILENCE. NEITHER BROTHER MOVES OR EVEN SEEMS TO BE BREATHING]

**SINGER:**

Did you know him?

**EDUARDO:**

Him?

**SINGER:**

This just stands out for me as a departure somehow from what-

**EDUARDO:**

How can you take that stance with me?

**SINGER:**

Eddy. Eduardo. Doe Doe Doe. We've established your 'proclivities'—the Magic Agency thing—so when I got this in the mail I had some questions...

**EDUARDO:**

I'm not going through this with you.

**SINGER:**

Why?

**EDUARDO:**

Can we keep this discussion on the level of aesthetics? Form? Function?

**SINGER:**

What's on your mind?

**EDUARDO:**

Glen. Uncle Glen. You're the tech guy. The genes thing. We're in trouble I think.

**SINGER:**

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OK. [PAUSE] When I look at this [GESTURES TO PLACARD] and this is the first time we've had this discussion together—what are you suggesting about Uncle Glen? Is this him?

**EDUARDO:**

No. The ancestry site!

**SINGER:**

Ya. Okay. I understand.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 3: SPLIT GRAPHIC MAP OF SOCAL - LOCATION X'S OF EDUARDO'S VICTIMS (APPROX 20) AND MAP OF BROADER WESTERN STATES WITH LOCATION X'S OF SINGER'S VICTIMS (APPROX 25)**

[THE GEOGRAPHICAL REACH OF EDUARDO'S VICTIM ARRAY IS RATHER LIMITED COMPARED TO SINGER'S. A CLUSTER COMPARED TO A WIDE RANGE] [SINGER WALKS BEHIND ROW OF AUDIENCE, HE TELLS EDUARDO TO DO THE SAME ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE]

**SINGER:**

When Christ died he flew over the southwest of America with prophet Joseph Smith.

**EDUARDO:**

We have to figure out what to do with Uncle Glen.

**SINGER:**

They're soaring above us and we're doing the work. [POINTING TO X'S ON THE PLACARD]

**EDUARDO:**

Singer? You listening?

**SINGER:**

The red X'S [POINTING] Your work. [POINTING AGAIN] My work. My role you could say - forgive me - is akin to Jesus, because my spread of red is so much bigger.

**EDUARDO:**

And I'd be Joseph?

**SINGER:**

Yes, Joseph is you. They're less plentiful. More clustered.

**EDUARDO:**

Like they are in the same house.

**SINGER:**

Like they're your wives.

**EDUARDO:**

Every time I [ ] I imagine that I'm [ ] my wife.

**SINGER:**

You've never been married?

**EDUARDO:**

Doesn't seem to matter.

**SINGER:** [PAUSE]

What do you want to do about Uncle Glen?

**EDUARDO:**

I suggest we merge the X [EDUARDO GESTURES TO CHART] and be a unit. Two Brothers. One X.

**SINGER:**

Work together?

**EDUARDO:**

It's him or us.

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**SINGER:**

We [ ] Uncle Glen? Together?

**EDUARDO:** [APPROACHES SINGER]

Me and you Sing.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 4: SUPER PINK RABBITS FOOT ON KEY CHAIN**

[IN A JOINT EPIPHANY BROTHERS REALIZE WHENEVER ONE OF THEIR POTENTIAL VICTIMS WEARS A PINK RABBIT'S FOOT THEY ARE FOILED IN THEIR SCHEME]

**SINGER:**

Gives me the willies just looking at it.

**EDUARDO:**

Let's hope our Uncle doesn't have one of these.

**SINGER:**

What kind of crazy world allows this kind of thing? [PAUSE] You think Uncle Glen has one of these?

**EDUARDO:**

Twice I was working and this pink rabbit foot appeared on their bodies. I got spooked and ran!

**SINGER:**

The same exact thing happened to me! Except it was always hidden. I would be reaching in someone's pants and this pink rabbit would appear out of nowhere. Fuck!

**EDUARDO:**

Rabbits are not pink.

**SINGER:**

Let's cover this thing up. Right?

**EDUARDO:**

Ya.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 5: KASIE BELL'S PANTIES**

[ONE PLACARD WITH ONE PAIR OF A WOMAN'S PANTIES ATTACHED TO THE PLACARD]

**EDUARDO:**

Why only one now? Why not two?

**SINGER:**

Think of it as a puzzle. Ed. Ed.

**EDUARDO:**

[PAUSE] What are these?

**SINGER:**

Panties.

**EDUARDO:**

Whose? Don't tell me. [EDUARDO GASPS]

**SINGER/EDUARDO:**

[CHORAL—UNDER THEIR BREATH] *Kasie Bell's*.

**EDUARDO:**

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You kept them.

**SINGER:**

Ya. "Them" as in singular. As in no need for both easel's Ed. One Easel Ed. These are not copies. They're them Ed. [SINGER GOES AND TOUCHES THE PANTIES] [TIME PASSES]

**EDUARDO:**

Wow.

**SINGER:**

It's nice to see these after that rabbit's foot.

**EDUARDO:**

Def.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 6: GLOSSY PHOTO OF RONALD REAGAN FROM HIS PRESIDENTIAL YEARS**

**SINGER:**

Why don't you take this one Eddie-BWAU.

[SINGER MAKES CLICKING SOUND WITH HIS CHEECH AND GUMS]

[SOUND CUE #6 \*\*\* FADES IN OVER SINGER'S CLICKING SOUNDS]

**EDUARDO:**

Me?

**SINGER:**

I don't see any other Eddie-BWAU? Do you?

**EDUARDO:**

I guess no.

[EDUARDO PEELS AWAY PAPER COVERING TEMPLATE #6 — HE PLACES PLACARDS ON OPPOSITE EASELS. THEY ARE DUPLICATE PHOTOGRAPHIC COPIES OF REAGAN] **[SOUND CUE #6 CUTS OUT\*\*\*]**

[AS MUSIC CUTS BROTHERS EXPERIENCE SIMULTANEOUS AND SUDDEN REGRESSION BECOMING MIDDLE-SCHOOL ADOLESCENTS. A LONG PHYSICAL SEQUENCE ENSUES WITH UNINTELLIGIBLE GRAB-ASSING AND WRESTLING—KITCHEN IS LEFT STREWN ABOUT IN DISARRAY. BOTH ARE RED-FACED]

**EDUARDO:**

Uncle! Uncle!

**SINGER:**

I' m the President?

**EDUARDO:**

Yes. You' re the President.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 7: BIG BLOCK MESSAGE BOARD OF MISSING CHILDREN'S POSTERS**

[TEMPLATE #7 REMAINS UNSEEN. SINGER SKIPS OVER #7 AND DIRECTLY TO #8]

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 8: A SINGLE MIRROR WRAPPED IN BROWN PARCHMENT**

[SINGER AND EDUARDO PICK UP MIRROR TOGETHER. TRANS-FIXED. THEY MOVE ABOUT HOLDING MIRROR - EAR TO EAR, THEY ARE WALKING, SEEING INTO THE ROOM BY THE REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR AND INTO the FACES OF THOSE PRESENT]

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**EDUARDO:**

Singer

**SINGER:**

Ya?

**EDUARDO:** [PAUSE]

Never mind.

**\*\*\*TEMPLATE 9: SCREEN-SHOT. KASIE BELL'S GRANDMOTHER'S SILVERPLATE DINNERWARE BEING AUCTIONED OFF (LIKE EBAY)**

[SINGER AND EDUARDO ASSUME THE AVATARS OF CRYSTALAQANOVA AND LISALORINZ]

**SINGER/crystalaquanova:**

Hi, I had to cancel this order. I had mistakenly listed items that the estate manager had earmarked for the estate sale and she had taken them while I was out of town. I believe there are 13 pieces that she pulled that were in the photo on the listing. I canceled the order and your refund should go through immediately. I apologize for all the trouble with this order and appreciate your patience. Thanks, crystalaquanova

**EDUARDO/lisalorinz:**

That really doesn' t seem reasonable. How can you make a mistake like this? I will be lusting feedback accordingly

**SINGER/crystalaquanova:**

Hi, I am following up on the email I sent to you yesterday. Again, if you'd like me to relist the set minus the missing items I'd be happy to do that. The best way to resolve a problem is to communicate with the seller or buyer, leaving negative reviews can damage a person's small business and should be a last resort to keep the web a safe place. Please consider the impact your negative feedback has when you are so quick to leave it. Thank You, crystalaquanova

**EDUARDO/lisalorinz:**

So quick to leave it? I haven't left it yet and this email certainly didn't help your cause. I have a small business and would not do things this way, ever. I would have apologized and sent what was left at no charge. I don't want anything from you and yes I will be leaving accurate feedback.

[TWO WOMAN ELDERS ENTER FROM FRONT. SIMULATANEOUSLY WOMAN REAPPEARS FROM COT AREA BEHIND CURTAIN OR FROM INSIDE TENT. THEY SEEM TO KNOW EACH AND WAVE AND SMILE]

[ELDERS BEGIN SINGING]

[EDUARDO AND SINGER WALK TO MIDDLE OF CARPET]

[ELDER WOMAN ENCIRCLE THE BROTHERS WHILE SINGING]

[ALL WALK OUT FRONT DOOR, THE BROTHERS WITH THE ELDRERS, LIGHTS FADING AS THEY EXIT]

[BLACKOUT]

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**THE END**