

Scar

by Murray Mednick

Scar was first produced at the Magic Theater of San Francisco, in 1985, directed by the playwright. The same production moved to the Met Theatre in Los Angeles.

Scar was produced a second time by the Met Theatre in 1992. It was directed by Darrell Larson, and starred Ed Harris.

Stevie: Steve Hartley

Matt: Ed Harris

Molly: Amy Madigan

Ralph: Rene Assa

Characters

Stevie *A famous musician and rock star; athletic, charismatic; rugged good looks; favors Western clothes and a Western outlook; in his mid-thirties.*

Matt *Was once a musician and friend of Stevie's and is about the same age; has a strange walk; dressed neatly but in rough clothes; carries a leather-thonged bedroll within which is wrapped a flute, a gourd rattle, and his personal medicine bundle.*

Molly *Stevie's wife, a beautiful, sexy actress in her early thirties; solid, straightforward.*

Ralph *Business manager for Stevie and Molly; sly sense of humor; fastidious and neurotic.*

Scene

Night, about two in the morning. The interior of a large, rustic but well-furnished cabin in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains about fifty miles out of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Dominating the room, stage rear, is a huge, sliding glass-paneled door with a view of the mountains. The area beyond the door should be at least three yards deep. Up left is a short stairway leading to the bedroom. The entrance is down right. Down left is an opening into the kitchen. Navajo rugs, musical instruments, bookcases, leather chairs, a cabinet housing a collection of shotguns, mounted antlers, photographs of STEVIE and MOLLY, ropes, bridles, and other equestrian artifacts. To the right is a couch, and on it is RALPH, apparently asleep, under a blanket. Off, the HOOTING of an owl. It calls two or three times, then a silence. Then a sudden LOUD KNOCKING on the door, down right. RALPH sits up and switches on a LAMP.

Act One

Ralph What? *(More knocking)* What is that?

RALPH puts on robe and slippers and goes to the door.

Who's there?

Matt *(Off left)* It's me!

Ralph Who?

Matt *(Off left)* It's me! Matthew!

Ralph Matthew?

Matt *(Off left)* Matt! Stevie invited me for dinner!

Ralph Stevie invited you for dinner?

Matt *(Off left)* Yeah!

Ralph Just a minute. Stevie!

Stevie *(Off upstairs)* What?

Ralph Get up! There's somebody here!

Stevie Where?

Ralph At the door!

Stevie Who?

Matt *(Off left)* It's Matt!

Ralph It's Matt! He says you invited him for dinner!

Stevie *(Off)* Dinner? You know what time it is?

Ralph What should I do? *(Pause)*

Stevie (Off) Ah, fuck. Let him in!
Ralph (Opening the door) Come in.
Matt (Entering) Thank you.
Stevie (Off) I'll be right down!
Ralph Stevie will be right down.
Matt Okay. (Awkward silence) I'm Matt.
Ralph I know.

They shake hands.

You know what time it is?

Matt Uh, no, not really.
Ralph It's two o'clock in the morning.
Matt Is it?
Ralph Yeah, we had dinner exactly seven hours ago.
Matt That's all right.
Ralph I know it's all right. (Pause)
Matt Your name is Bernie, right?
Ralph No. It's Ralph.
Matt Oh. Sorry. I thought it was Bernie. I heard some people down at the polo field calling you Bernie.
Ralph That wasn't me. My name is Ralph.
Matt Ralph. Right. (Silence) How you doin'?
Ralph Great. (Pause) I was sound asleep.
Matt Sorry. How long you in New Mexico for?

Bored, RALPH shrugs but doesn't answer. We hear the voices of STEVIE and MOLLY, off. MATT tries again.

Uh, you on vacation, or what?

Ralph I'm in business with Stevie and Molly.
Matt Oh, I see.
Ralph The music business.
Matt Sure. You like it here?
Ralph Great.
Matt Yeah, the air, the light.
Ralph Air's thin.
Matt Elevation seven thousand feet in Santa Fe. Up here you got to figure it's close to eight. It's wild up here. *(Pause)* Undeveloped. *(Pause)* Indian country.

RALPH ignores him. MATT looks around, checks out the cabinet.

Nice guns. Shotguns.
Ralph Stevie collects shotguns.
Matt They work?
Ralph They work fine.
Matt Yeah, he's got horses too, huh?
Ralph He's got horses, he's got houses, he's got cars.
Matt Boy, I never thought I'd run into Stevie like that, right there in Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Ralph What do you mean?
Matt Well, ya know, after all the years that have gone by, and the events that have happened.
Ralph Events?
Matt To come together like this, in this place, each in our own lives. *(An uncomfortable pause)* I'm not trying to be poetic about it. I'm just saying.

MATT walks to the door and exits abruptly.

Ralph Jeeziz.

Enter STEVIE, barefoot, in jeans and Western shirt.

Stevie Hey. Where'd he go?

Ralph He left.

Stevie You're kidding?

Ralph No. He's standing there talking to me and then he walks out the door.

Stevie Matthew.

Ralph The fucking guy is weird, Stevie.

Stevie *(Opens the door, calls out) Matthew? (Waits a moment; closes the door)*

Ralph What the hell did you invite him over for?

Stevie I don't know. I was getting off my horse and there he was. He's okay. He's an old friend.

Ralph He witnessed you in your glory, so you had to invite him for dinner.

Stevie I didn't think he'd show up.

Ralph This kind of guy always shows up.

Stevie Well, that's okay. He's gone. I'm going back to bed.

Enter MOLLY, a robe over her nightgown.

Molly What happened to your friend?

Stevie I guess he left.

Molly He wakes us up at two in the morning and then he leaves?

Ralph I think he got embarrassed.

Stevie He's easily offended.

A KNOCKING, off left.

Molly What's that?

Ralph Uh-oh.

Stevie *(At the door)* Who's there?

Matt *(Off, left)* It's me again! Matt!

Stevie Holy shit. *(More knocking)*

Molly Let him in, honey.

Stevie Damn. *(Opening the door, right)* Matthew? *(Pause, then a rattling, left)*

Ralph He's at the kitchen door.

Stevie *(Shuts the door, crosses left)* Oh, for chrissakes.

Matt *(Off, left)* It's Matt!

Stevie *(Off, in the kitchen)* I hear ya! *(Opening the other door)*
Matt?

Matt *(Off)* Hiya, Stevie! I wasn't sure which door was the real entrance!

Stevie *(Off)* It's the other one, but come on in this one.

Matt *(As they enter)* Sorry. I was looking around outside, and then I forgot which way I came in. Hi, Ralph. *(RALPH nods)* I was just looking around the place. Nice. Storm's coming, though. Lots of electricity.

Ralph We thought you'd left.

Matt No, I was just taking a look around.

Ralph Don't you think it's odd?

Matt What?

Ralph Your behavior. It's odd.

Matt Sorry. *(Looks at MOLLY)*

Stevie Oh, this is Molly.

Molly Hi.

Matt Pleased to meet you, Molly. *(They shake hands)* What a beautiful woman. *(Startled at himself, he laughs)*

Molly Thank you.

Stevie Sit down, Matthew.

Matt *(Sitting)* You keep your horses here, too, Steve?

Stevie I keep two of them here.

Matt Two, huh?

Ralph *(Holding up two fingers)* Two horses.

Stevie I keep the others in California.

Matt This is something. As I was saying to Bernie, I mean Ralph, earlier, this is amazing fate. I mean, I'm downtown, and somebody says, "You ought to see the polo match today we have down at the polo field. It's a hell of a spectacle." And there you guys were, and my old friend Stevie is right there riding in the polo match itself!

Stevie Ah, I couldn't get into the game.

Matt I enjoyed it very much.

Stevie Did you?

Matt Oh, yeah. Especially the horses.

Stevie Really?

Matt Full tilt from one end of the field to the other!

Stevie That's it. Those horses are trained for polo. They know what they're doing.

Matt I don't know much about horses, personally, but I've tried to ride, and I can see what I lack on a horse, which is authority. *(Sigh)* No authority.

Stevie Listen, Matt, it's a little late for dinner, we've already eaten, but maybe we can rustle something up for you.

Molly Are you hungry?
Matt No, that's all right.
Stevie *(Relieved)* You sure?
Matt Positive.
Molly It's no trouble.
Matt No, thank you. I'm really not hungry. *(Pause)*
Molly Excuse me a minute.

A pause as the three men watch her exit up to the bedroom.

Matt I thought you played good today, Stevie.
Stevie I didn't. Couldn't get into the game. No rhythm, and I never got next to the ball, and then one of my stirrups broke. Let's have a drink. I got tequila gold.
Matt No, nothing for me, Steve, thanks.
Stevie Ralph?
Ralph *(Impatiently)* No.
Stevie I guess I won't either, then. *(Awkward pause)* So what have you been doing, Matt? I haven't seen you in years.
Matt Right now I'm getting ready to go back into the mountains.
Stevie Whereabouts?
Matt Up in the Jemez.
Stevie Oh, that's beautiful country. God's country.
Matt Yes, it is.
Stevie You playing any music?
Matt *(Uncomfortably)* No, I gave it up, Stevie. Professionally, commercially. I carry this around, though. *(Takes a bamboo flute out of his bag)* Once in a while I'll play on it for myself, or for friends.

Stevie Nice flute.

He hands it to RALPH, who looks at it and hands it back to MATT.

Matt Yeah.

Stevie Where's it from?

Matt Mexico. I traded for it with an old Indian I know down there.

Stevie You writing any songs? We're always looking for songs.

RALPH gives STEVIE a dirty look.

Matt Here's one. It's short.

Removes an old rattle from his bag and accompanies himself with it as he sings:

*I live, but I will not live forever,
Mysterious moon, you only remain,
Powerful sun, you alone remain,
Wonderful earth, you remain forever.
(Laughs shyly)*

Stevie That's nice.

Ralph What kind of song is that?

Matt That's a Kiowa song. I didn't write that. It's a Kiowa death song.

Stevie Yeah, I thought it was some sort of Indian thing.

Matt Yes.

Ralph We're in the rock and roll business.

Matt I know.
Ralph Rock and country. Songs for white people.
Matt That's all right.
Ralph (*Irritated*) I know it is.

STEVIE laughs affably at RALPH, who impatiently wanders left into the kitchen.

Matt God, but your career has taken off, Stevie. I mean, you were always a star, you were always the greatest, but now you're in the movies, you're a leading man in the movies, you're a star in the movies, too—and you can act!

Stevie Hell, that's not acting.

Matt Yeah, you're good! You can act! I was amazed!

Stevie It ain't much different than putting a song over.

Matt No, I guess not, but you're playing real characters up there on the screen. There aren't many who can do that.

Stevie Things just happen.

Matt No, this is real interesting, Steve. How do you do it?

Stevie It's just like with a song. I try and stay out of the way of it. Molly is the real actor in this house.

Matt I saw you in, uh, uh, I forget the title—something about a military man.

Stevie *A Question of Honor.*

Matt That's it, *A Question of Honor.* I thought you were really good in that picture.

Stevie I didn't see it.

Matt (*Astonished*) You didn't see it?

Stevie No. I'm not much interested once it's done. Hollywood. It's a good thing Molly and me have this place here.

Matt Sure.

Stevie Where you can breathe.

Matt Jeez, she's something too, Steve. I just had a glimpse of her down at the polo field, and I could tell then how special she is. She is special.

Stevie Yes, she is.

Matt You look great together. *(This irritates STEVIE)* She is even more beautiful in person than she is on the screen.

RALPH wanders back in, obviously anxious for MATT to leave. STEVIE puts his hands on his knees as if to stand for the conclusion of the visit.

Stevie Well...so...*(MATT doesn't move)* So, you getting by all right?

Matt Yes, thank you. I get by. *(Smiles)*

Stevie So, uh, you spend most of your time up in the mountains, do you, or, what?

Matt I work with Scar.

Stevie Scar?

Matt Yes. You never heard of Scar?

Stevie No.

Matt Well, some folks around here know of him. Indians, mostly.

Stevie Scar? *(Shakes his head)* No...

Matt It's like an Indian name. It was given to him.

Stevie By whom?

Matt By life.

Ralph Let me ask you something.

Matt Yo. *(Smiles warmly at STEVIE)*

Ralph Why should we give the Indians all that fucking land we gave them?

Matt I don't know. I suppose it's because it's their land.

Ralph How is it their land?

Matt I don't get it.

Ralph We beat them for it and now we're paying them reparations.

Matt I see what you mean.

Ralph We beat them for the land and then we give it back to them!

Stevie Ralph.

Ralph What?

Stevie Take it easy. *(To MATT)* We own a lot of land out here. Some of the young bucks are going around cutting roads and blowing up power lines and shit.

Ralph They should just let go of the land. They don't do anything with it anyway. They should let it go.

Matt What would you do with it?

Ralph Whatever you do with land is what I'd do. I wouldn't sit on it out of spite. I'd put buildings on it. I'd dig for oil. I'd plant a few seeds, for chrissakes. I'd do something.

MOLLY re-enters, freshened up, but still in robe and nightgown.

People are trying to make a buck and those guys are still whining about getting beat.

Molly I'll sit for a second and then go back to bed.

Stevie Good, honey. *(To MATT)* We didn't just walk in here and take this country for a sack of beads and a jug of whiskey.

Ralph Damn right. This country was earned and paid for. This country was fought over and won by some very tough individuals.

Matt Cowboys?

Ralph I'm talking about men who could live as hard as the Indians, who got up into these mountains and survived, trapping and trading and living off the land.

Stevie They were fierce, independent white men. They opened this country up.

Ralph Damn right. (*Exits into the kitchen*)

Matt We can't understand this country. We won't understand this country until the dust of our forefathers is in the air we breathe.

Stevie I understand this country.

Matt Only then, Stevie.

Stevie I don't agree with you. I understand and love this country, and I got as much right to own it and live on it as the Indians. That right, Moll'?

Molly I think so.

Matt Indians don't own it. Indians don't own land, they live on it.

Stevie Well, you got a point there, Matt. So. Thanks.

STEVIE waits. MATT doesn't move. An impasse.

Molly Was that you I heard singing earlier?

Matt Yes. I was singing a Kiowa death song.

Stevie Matt's doing some work with an old Indian up in the Jemez mountains.

Molly Oh, that sounds very interesting.

Matt He's not old and he's not Indian.

Stevie Oh. I thought you said he was an old Kiowa Indian.

Matt No, I didn't.

Stevie Oh. What is he?

Matt He's white, and he's in his forties.

Stevie Oh. What did you say his name was?

Matt Scar.

Stevie Right. Scar.

Molly What work do you do up there with Scar?

Matt He's teaching me. He's my teacher.

Molly I see. Is he teaching you survival? Survival in the wilderness? Stalking and trapping? Plant life? Things like that?

Matt Those subjects are a part of it. Actually, he's teaching me an Indian life-way, a warrior's way.

Molly Sounds interesting, eh, Stevie?

Stevie Interesting, very interesting.

Matt It's not easy to explain, of course.

Molly No, of course not.

Matt It is about learning how to live in the natural world, how to be with nature, how to see and hear the movements, the energies, the spirit of nature. Quietly.

Molly I see.

Matt It's about putting one foot down in front of the other one, without disturbing the environment. No noise. It's about deciding to meet up with yourself, face to face. It's about death.

Molly Death?

Matt Yes. A warrior gets his death song ready for the moment of his death.

Molly Sounds hard.

Matt It is. It's hard. *(Pause)* But it's not that hard. *(Laughs)* I've got nothing better to do.

Stevie Occupies the time.

Matt Yes.

Another awkward silence.

Molly Well...(Rising) Good luck with your studies, Matt.

Matt Thank you.

MOLLY looks at STEVIE for guidance.

Stevie I'll be up soon, honey.

Molly Okay. (To MATT) Good night.

Matt Good night.

Molly I'm glad to have met you.

Matt Same here.

MOLLY exchanges another look with STEVIE, then exits to the bedroom.

Stevie So. It was good to see you, Matt. Glad you could make it over. (Stands)

Matt We want your horses.

Stevie What?

Matt We want your horses.

Stevie Who does?

Matt Scar does. Scar and me.

Silence. STEVIE can't believe it. He sits down again and laughs. re-enter RALPH.

Ralph (Pointedly) Oh. Did Molly go to bed?

Stevie Sit down, Ralph.

Ralph What's the matter?

Stevie Tell him what you just told me, Matt.

Matt Okay. My friend—my benefactor, my teacher, his name is Scar—he’s a veteran of the war, what they call a bush vet. He lives alone, in the mountains, because he can’t be around people. He’s afraid he’ll hurt somebody. He lives by hunting and fishing. He is the most feared predator out there.

Ralph Yeah? And?

Matt Sometimes he’ll go on a raid.

Ralph A raid?

Matt Yes, like for Stevie’s horses. That’s his way of life.

Ralph Stevie’s horses?

Matt Yes. I was real impressed with them, the way they raced across that green field after the little white ball.

Stevie Those aren’t mine. I borrowed those. Those are polo horses. I keep my Appaloosa and my Arabian here. The quarter horses are on the ranch in Santa Clara.

Matt Fine. We’ll take the Appaloosa and the Arabian.

Ralph You got to be out of your mind. (*Looks at STEVIE and laughs. To MATT*) I think you’d best go on back where you came from.

Matt I was wrong to call it a raid. It’s more like a polite request.

Ralph A polite request?

Matt Yes.

Stevie Then why doesn’t he come and ask me himself?

Matt Because he’s my teacher, and I’m his apprentice, and he’s sending me for them.

Ralph Who? Who is sending you?

Matt Scar. His name used to be Ron something, but now they call him Scar.

Ralph Who is “they”?

Matt The ones that know him—Scar, that is. I mean, the people that know him.

Stevie *(Putting his boots on)* I don't know what you're trying to do, Matt. I don't know what you're up to, as usual. But what ever it is, it isn't going to work. *(To RALPH)* I'll be right back. *(Exits, right)*

Matt He's going to look at his horses now. *(Laughs)*

Ralph What's so funny?

Matt They'll still be there, is all, of course. We're not prepared to take his horses. We want him to give them to us.

Ralph Fuck off, man—he's not going to give you his precious horses. Why should Stevie give away his horses?

Matt Because Scar has a lot of respect for them horses.

Ralph Respect?

Matt He's a warrior.

Ralph I don't know what you're talking about. That's no reason for anyone to give anybody anything.

Matt Then it's up to Scar what happens.

Ralph Where is this guy, Scar?

Matt *(Gesturing)* Out there.

Ralph What does that mean?

Matt That means out there.

Ralph Where?

Matt Out there.

Ralph What did you say your name was?

Matt Matt.

Ralph You're an idiot, Matt.

Matt Suit yourself, Ralph.

Ralph If it was up to me, I'd kick your ass out of here now.

Matt It's not up to you.

Ralph Listen, friend, what's good for Stevie and Molly is good for me. And what's bad for Stevie and Molly is bad for me. You understand?

Matt Sure do.

Ralph Good. *(Pause)*

Matt They're not your horses.

Ralph You didn't understand what I said.

Matt Yeah, I did. Stevie's giving up them horses is going to be good or bad for you, too, depending.

Ralph Depending? How could it be good?

Matt Depending on your attitude.

Ralph Forget it.

Matt Okay.

Ralph You're not right mentally, friend.

Matt You can have it be any way you like it, Ralph.

Re-enter STEVIE.

Ralph You see anything, Steve?

Stevie No. Horses are a little spooked, though. There's a storm happening to the north of here.

Ralph What do we do with this guy, Steve?

Stevie I don't know.

Ralph He's a nutcase. Let's get him out of here and go to bed.

Matt You remember the Motherfuckers, Stevie? *(To RALPH)*
This was when Stevie and I were hanging out together, playing music years ago, in New York City.

Ralph Yeah, so, what's the point?

Matt No point. I was asking Stevie if he remembered the Motherfuckers.

Stevie No, I don't.

Matt They were a bunch of guys we knew, anarchists, always talking about going into the woods and living on horseback like the Indians.

Stevie I was never into any of that shit, Matt. *(Exits to bedroom)*

Matt True, he wasn't. *(Chuckling)* Now he's going to look at his woman.

Ralph What's funny about that?

Matt She sure is fine, too. Exceptional. Stevie did well for himself.

Ralph Did you hear what I said?

Matt It's not funny.

Ralph Why Stevie's horses?

Matt Stevie is a star. He's in the movies, he's in the papers, his picture is in the magazines. And so he got Scar's attention. Mainly, he's here. And he's an old friend of mine. So Scar thought he might be reasonable.

Ralph He did, eh?

Matt Yes. So when Stevie invited me for dinner, it worked out good.

Ralph Fell right into place, did it?

Matt Yes, it did.

They stare at one another.

And here I am.

Ralph *(Going for his billfold)* Tell you what, Matt, here's a couple hundred bucks. Get yourself a motel room, take a shower, have a warm meal, buy some clothes, find a job, and start a new life. Okay?

Matt No, thanks.

Ralph Take the money, Matt. It'll give you a new perspective.

Matt Keep your money, Ralph.

Ralph Your perspective is way off line.

MATT doesn't answer.

You know, in Latin America they shoot people with funny ideas. It's a wise course of action. They just keep the bullets flying until things quiet down.

Matt You like that funny idea?

Ralph My ideas are not funny. There's two ways of looking at wealth: one, you're glad you got it; two, everybody ought to have it. I'm glad we got it, because it's impossible for everybody to have it, and I don't care who does the killing so we keep it.

Matt That's right.

Re-enter STEVIE and MOLLY. She is dressed now in jeans and a flannel shirt.

Ralph That's right?

Matt Yes, so this civilization of ours can survive.

Ralph You've eaten too many buttons or something, friend.

STEVIE, upstage, switches on the outside LIGHT.

Matt I'm not your friend.

MOLLY sits where she can study MATT.

One time a party of Mexican traders was crossing towards California with their families. They were well-armed and

well-prepared. A band of Apaches followed them for a while and then attacked, but the Mexicans put up a stout resistance. Finally the Apaches signaled to the Mexicans—“Okay, you guys, fair fight! Let’s talk it over! We’ll trade a bit and then go our separate ways! What do you say?” Well, the Mexicans fell for it. The Apaches killed all the men but the two strong leaders and took the women and children captive. Then they strapped the two leaders to wagon wheels upside down, so that their heads were about six inches from the ground. Then they built fires under them and watched as their skulls cracked and their brains popped. (*Chuckles*) Fuckin’ Apaches.

RALPH angrily gathers his clothes.

Stevie Who asked you, Matt?

Matt Just a story, Stevie. The Apaches had, uh, religious beliefs that we can’t understand.

RALPH goes upstairs to change.

Stevie Okay, Matt?

Matt Yo.

Stevie Let’s talk about this man, Scar.

Matt Okay. He’s originally from Philadelphia. He is a veteran of the war. They said he had P.T.S.D. That’s “Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.” But he knew he wasn’t crazy. He was depressed, but he wasn’t crazy. He walked out of the V.A. hospital and he went to a lonely mountaintop where he screamed and cried his heart out. Then he became a bush vet, because he can’t be in society, around people. He can’t

look at that stuff anymore. The faces. The fear. The violence and ugliness. And the noise. He's got no tolerance for the noise. And he'd be at an intersection, for example, or a red light, and he'd break into a sweat. And then he'd panic. He can't work or strive or be ambitious. He can't eat shit anymore for a paycheck. And he don't want to hurt nobody. After what he's been through over there, he don't want to hurt nobody, not if he can help it.

Stevie So why does he threaten me about my horses?

Matt Scar says he has no confidence in the way of being with people. He has to live alone with nature. With the horses, he can move about easier and have good company. He says he'll take excellent care of the horses.

Stevie What makes him think that I'll give him my horses?

Matt Scar says he sees a warrior in you. He says you have integrity, sensitivity, and power. He has a lot of respect, like I was saying to Ralph.

Stevie And?

Matt He says you're capable of a "give-away." A "give-away" is a common practice among many native peoples. One gives away what is precious. Robes and skins, weapons, horses, even a woman. Well, sometimes. It was, it is, a sign of leadership, manhood, grace.

Stevie So, I'm a candidate for a "give-away."

Matt Yes, according to Scar.

Molly How would he know?

Matt He knows. Like he knows your horses.

Stevie He knows my horses?

Matt Sure. He senses them. And they sense him. He can talk to them horses. He can be a hundred yards away and be talk-

ing to them horses. And he ain't opening his mouth, either. He does it with his mind, with the power of his mind. He's trying to teach me—about mind. But those kinds of powers are beyond me, Steve. Now Scar, though, he's way up there, Steve, way up there. He can do—Me, I'm just a... an apprentice.

Silence. STEVIE and MATT stare intensely at each other.

Molly Scar's a white man?

Matt Yes. He met some people, I guess. Indian people.

Molly Where?

Matt Up in the Jemez. After the war.

Molly And before that?

MATT doesn't answer.

Like what did he do for a living?

MATT still doesn't answer.

Stevie Scar. What was his line of work?

Matt Oh. Machinist. Toolmaker.

RALPH, dressed, re-enters from the bedroom.

Stevie Where was this again?

Matt This was in New York, and Detroit. He was good, real good. I don't know much about that particular trade, but Scar says he had a talent for it. And you can see it, of

course, back at his camp, in the mountains. You can see the talent there. He's got like a plumbing system he put together, with running water. He's got rigs he made for meat drying and skin tanning, and rigs for cooking. And he's great with his weapons, the way he maintains them and improves on them. You can see the talent there, the ability.

Ralph Weapons?

Matt Yes.

Stevie What are his weapons?

Matt Knife. Bow and arrow. Rope. Sling shot. Club. Spear. Poison. Traps. You name it. Plus a pistol, a .45, on his hip, and a submachine gun on his back. And he's got defenses around his camp. See, what he'll do is, he'll find a secure spot, and he'll dig in, and watch. Then he'll set up his perimeter, so he can cover it, and no one gets in. You cross his lines and you're in the shit, you're food for the dead-eaters. But mainly he's a master, a warrior.

Ralph Where is he now?

Matt Like I said, he's out there.

Ralph Out there where?

Matt Outside.

Molly Steve?

Stevie I think I'll take a look around.

Ralph I'll come with you, Steve.

STEVIE and RALPH exit, right. A silence.

Molly Tell me, how well do you know Stevie?

Matt He never told you about me?

MollyNo. We never talked about you. He's never mentioned you.

A pause as MATT digests this.

Matt We were musicians together years ago, and friends. This was way back, before the war. I'm surprised he never mentioned me.

Molly No, he never did.

Matt He went his path and I went mine, I guess.

Molly Is there someone outside who wants his horses?

Matt 'Course there is.

Molly Is it true?

Matt I believe it is true, yes, I do. It's true. I believe it is. *(Pause. He clears his throat)*

Molly Well, if we feel that there really is someone out there, Matt, we'll call the police.

Matt 'Course you will. You can go on ahead and do that. Call the police, if that would make you feel more secure. There'll be no trouble. But they won't find Scar. He's too good. He's too wary. And he'd only wait. He'd wait for another time, and then he'd come back and ask again. He's got a whole other sense of time than we do. Stevie should just give us those horses. He's got no real right to sole possession of those horses. That'd be the least troublesome way, I believe.

Molly I don't believe he'll do that.

Matt Scar says that some day the horses will be wild and free again. He says there'll be herds and herds of them roaming the plains. He says that some day the people will be free and healthy, too.

Molly I don't care what Scar says. What do you say?

Matt *(Considers)* I say what Scar says.

Molly What are you, his slave?

Matt I'm his pupil, his apprentice. He's trying to teach me what he's learned—how not to be a slave. He's a real man, Scar is. He's self-reliant, independent, and close to nature. He doesn't say, "I this, I that." He owns nothing, not even his flesh. He walks the earth like a warrior, with his head clear and straight, one step at a time.

Molly Self-reliant, independent, and close to nature.

Matt 'Course he is.

Molly There's a lot of people would like to have what Stevie's got.

Matt 'Course they do.

Molly Like you, for instance.

Matt Scar, you mean. Mainly his horses. But not for me. For Scar.

Molly I think you're lying.

MATT starts to cough, but controls it quickly.

Are you sick?

Matt No.

Molly Does that offend you?

Matt No.

Molly Would you like some water?

Matt No, thanks. I can see that you are a person of strong convictions.

Molly That's right. I am.

Matt I used to be also, locked into my way of thinking. But Scar has shown me the true value of my convictions.

Molly Good for you.

Matt 'Course, it's true what you say. There is a side to me that envies Stevie's amazing gifts. I'll have to admit to that.

Molly Good. What is it then, drugs?

Matt Is what drugs?

Molly That would make you try something like this.

Matt I haven't taken any kind of drug for five years or more. I'm stone cold sober. Sober as a bear in the woods. Not a pill, not a toke of weed, not a drink of whiskey, not a whiff of crank, not a line of coke, not a hypodermic needle of the hard stuff—not nothing at all.

Molly Congratulations again.

Matt And I fast and walk long distances.

Molly And again.

Matt Thanks. And Stevie?

Molly He smokes once in a while, and drinks his tequila.

Matt He's slowed down some, has he?

Molly So I've been told.

Matt Well, you're good for him then.

Molly I am, thank you. And Scar?

Matt Scar?

Molly Does he have a wife?

Matt No. I guess he did have one, once, when he came back from the war, a while ago, after he had dismissed himself from the V.A. hospital—because all they were doing was giving him medication to numb out the problem—so then when he got out of there, he got married. He wanted to be normal and make a go of it, but he couldn't adjust. He couldn't compete. He couldn't stay on the job. And he would slug his wife in his sleep or ass-kick her out of bed. So, she left him, finally, and moved to another city.

Molly What was her name?

Matt I don't remember now. It was something like Ellie, or Kelly.

Molly Ellie or Kelly.

Matt That's right. He can't have no family, he can't have a tribe. That's how they got Crazy Horse. Crazy Horse had to come in because it was winter, and his people were with him, and they were starving. He had to bring them in, and they got him, they got him! They stabbed him in the back! Scar stays alone.

Molly And you?

Matt What?

Molly Do you have a woman?

Matt The Apaches, when they went on a raid, would stay chaste two, three, four months at a time. Occasionally, a few women would go along, but mostly they stayed chaste. It was part of the Way.

Molly Don't tell me about the Apaches, Matt. Tell me about yourself.

Matt I'll tell you what Stevie used to say. "Men are to be dominated and women seduced," that's what Stevie used to say.

Molly He's not like that anymore.

Matt Scar might like you, too, you know. He might have a thought or two about taking you with him. As a matter of fact, he might want you instead of them stupid horses.

Re-enter STEVIE, right.

Molly I'd kill him first, of course.

Matt Hi, Stevie. We were just talking. *(To MOLLY)* I didn't mean what I said.

Stevie *(Picking up a rope, to MOLLY)* What did he say?

Matt I was saying Scar might want her instead of them stupid horses.

STEVIE becomes menacing with the rope.

I shouldn't have said it. A woman's not possible for Scar no more. Scar is chaste. And he's shy, besides. Scar says that he never will get over his fear. *(Pause)* That's quite a rope, Stevie.

Stevie How did you get out here, Matt?

RALPH appears upstage beyond the glass door. He KNOCKS and MOLLY opens the door for him.

For chrissakes, Ralph.

Ralph *(Entering)* What?

Stevie Why can't you come in the front door?

Molly You startled us, Ralph.

Matt *(Friendly)* How is it outside? Felt like rain earlier. Felt like a storm coming. I love that musty smell after a rain. But Scar says it reminds him of the war. Makes him nervous.

Ralph Is that so? *(To STEVIE)* How did he make it out here?

Stevie *(Swinging the rope)* He didn't say.

Matt You look real handy with that rope, Stevie.

Stevie I am.

Matt I heard about it. Folks say you're a rodeo-class roper.

Stevie That's probably right.

Matt They say you're buying your own calves now, to practice on.

Stevie I do. It's great sport.

Matt I guess you sure like having your toys around.

Stevie I guess I do.

Matt And fuck those who are poor and needy.

Stevie Fuck 'em.

Matt I guess that's one attitude to take.

Stevie I got one life.
Matt I guess that's how you earned Scar's attention. A warrior requires a worthy opponent.
Stevie Fuck Scar.
Matt Stevie, you throw that rope on me and I'll find a way to strangle you with it.
Ralph Throw it on him, Stevie.
Matt I won't be played with like some damn toy of yours.
Molly Stevie! Stop it!

STEVIE stops.

Did you see something?
Stevie No, nothing out of the ordinary, but we don't know how he came out here.
Matt I walked.
Ralph You walked?
Matt I walked.
Ralph Fuck this, Stevie. Rope the sonofabitch.
Matt No need for that. I'll go any time. *(Stands)* Nice seeing you again, Stevie.

MATT offers his hand; STEVIE doesn't take it.

Stevie So long.
Ralph Don't come back.
Matt Don't worry, you won't see me no more. *(Starts for the door)* 'Course, I can't speak for Scar on that.
Molly Wait a minute.
Matt Yes?

Molly You want the horses?

Matt I do, yes. For Scar.

Molly *(To STEVIE)* Give him the horses.

Ralph Are you serious?

Molly Give Scar the horses.

Stevie Tell you what, Matt. We'll give Scar the horses.

Ralph Why?

Molly We can buy more horses. I'm tired. I want to go back to bed.

Ralph You would sacrifice the horses for a night's sleep?

Molly I would, yes.

Ralph It's all right with me.

Molly They're Stevie's horses.

Stevie Yeah, we'll give Scar the horses.

Matt Good deal, Stevie. *(Offers his hand)*

Stevie *(Not taking it)* Tell Scar to come and get the horses. *(Silence)*

Matt No.

Stevie No?

Matt No. Scar ain't gonna show himself. He wants for you to give *me* the horses. He isn't going to come out. You give *me* the horses. And then I'll take them to Scar.

Stevie I'll only give the horses to Scar, personally.

Matt You don't just go up to Scar and say, "Hi." He won't let you come near to him.

Molly So what do you do?

Matt There has to be an appointment, at a certain time and place, set up way in advance. Then you truck in there, into the bush. You bring your water and food, and then you wait until he feels it's all right to come out. And even then, you might not see him. He's shy, like I told you. You know how it might be, when you want to keep your head down.

You don't want to look up, you don't want to see the faces, the fear in people's eyes, the doubt.

Stevie No way.

Matt No?

Stevie No. I'll only give the horses to Scar, personally, like I said.

A shaft of LIGHTNING, and the sound of THUNDER.

Matt Listen, why don't I communicate to Scar how you don't want to give him the horses. I know you don't. You just want him to come out so you can shoot him or lasso him or something. He can smell that shit a mile off. So I'll tell Scar your answer is "No." (*Again starts for the door*)

Stevie Sit down, Matt.

Matt What for?

Stevie Sit down.

Ralph Let him go, Steve.

Matt I'll tell Scar, "No."

Stevie Sit down, Matt.

STEVIE suddenly tries to throw the rope around MATT, but misses and hits him with it instead. MATT, outraged, grabs the rope.

Matt Don't you fuck with me, Stevie!

Stevie Who is fucking with whom here, Matt? You walk into my fucking house in the middle of the fucking night and ask for my fucking horses!

Matt (*Dropping his end of the rope*) Sorry. It's not up to me.

Stevie Asshole!

STEVIE slams the rope to the floor. MOLLY quickly picks it up. A pause as she stands between MATT and STEVIE.

Okay, let's start over again.

Matt Sure.

Stevie There's a man out there who wants my horses.

Matt Right.

Stevie He was a soldier in the war.

Matt Right.

Stevie He's armed.

Matt Always.

Stevie He's crazy.

Matt He's not crazy. He'd just rather kill a rattlesnake than line up for a hamburger in McDonald's.

He tries to laugh; STEVIE cuts him off.

Stevie How did you get out here, Matt? There's no car, and it's fifty miles to town. *(No answer)* What did you do, park somewhere down the road?

Matt No car. I wouldn't bullshit you, Stevie, we're friends. I walked.

Stevie We're not friends. I haven't seen you or talked to you in seven years.

Matt Nine. You always did have a lousy head for memory, Steve.

Stevie What's he look like?

Matt Scar?

Stevie Yeah, Scar!

Matt He's a big man, heavy set, maybe six-four, six-five. Played ball in high school—football, basketball, baseball. He was

a star, to hear him tell it. Like you, Stevie. Agile, athletic. Walks like a bear, but light-footed. Bearded. Wears a pair of those rimless glasses. Wears leather and fur. Army boots. Army hat. Cartridge belt. Canteen. Forty-five. You'd take notice of him if you saw him. He don't look ordinary. *(Pause)* I'm glad we're getting a chance to talk finally, Steve.

Stevie Talk?

Matt I want to own up to something. I owe you an apology.

Stevie Listen, forget about the horses, and Scar, and I'll take you to town, and this whole thing never happened.

Matt I don't mean that. Scar needs the horses. I mean a personal apology. All these years I've harbored envy and resentment towards you and I'm sorry for it.

Stevie You can harbor whatever you want to, Matt. It makes no difference to me at all.

Matt *(Hurt)* Okay.

Stevie Just tell me one thing.

Matt What?

Stevie You think you have a moral right to the horses because I have them and you don't?

Matt Not me. Scar.

Ralph That's sick. Everybody could go around taking whatever they want.

Matt The American soldiers came home and got fucked over and those assholes they were fighting for over there get three percent loans from the United States government to start up businesses.

Ralph So what?

Matt So Scar says he has a moral right.

Stevie But what's it got to do with me?

Matt Because he's calling on you, Stevie! He's calling on you for help!

Stevie Where is he?

Matt Through me. He's doing it through me.

The HOOTING of an owl, off; MATT, listening intensely, starts to tremble badly.

Ralph *(Of MATT)* What is it with this bozo?

Molly It was an owl.

LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

Stevie Matt is a trembler from way back. We'd be up there on stage in the middle of a number and all of a sudden there's Matt, shaking in his boots like a Dervish.

Matt That's a fact.

Stevie Overstimulation and hypersensitivity.

Matt Afraid so.

More LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

Stevie We'd have to quit and start over.

Suddenly a tremendous crashing EXPLOSION, as though the house were hit by a huge battering ram. The LIGHTS go out. MOLLY yells:

Molly Stevie!

Ralph *(In the darkness)* What the hell was that?

Stevie The lamps! The kerosene lamps, Molly!
Ralph What WAS that?
Stevie I don't know. Let's get some light in here! (*Fumbles his way off, left*)
Ralph (*Of MATT*) Where is that sonofabitch?
Molly Here's one lamp.

She lights it; STEVIE returns from the kitchen with a flashlight.

Stevie Try the phone, Ralph.
Ralph Where is it?
Stevie It's around, Ralph.
Molly Here's another one.
Stevie Great.

MOLLY lights the other LAMP. MATT is revealed on his knees, trembling badly and gasping for breath.

Jeeziz.

Ralph The phone is dead.
Stevie What do you mean the phone is dead?
Ralph What the fuck is the matter with you, man? Dead means dead!
Molly Okay! Okay!
Stevie Come on, Matt—get up.
Molly He's frightened, Steve.
Matt It's the noise...I...can't take the noise...picked it up from Scar...Scar hates the noise...(To RALPH) Don't come behind me like that! Please.

RALPH moves away.

I can't handle that...I don't walk on sidewalks. You can't hear anyone...coming up behind you...on a sidewalk...

Ralph What WAS that?

Stevie Could have been lightning.

Matt It was Scar...Scar...

Stevie Damn! I've got to check on the horses.

Molly Do you?

Stevie *(Opening the shotgun cabinet)* Yeah, I do.

Molly Do you really need those?

Stevie Just in case, Molly.

Ralph What do you want me to do, Steve?

Stevie *(Handing him a shotgun)* Here. Go around the north side of the cabin. Take a look.

Molly Shouldn't you stay together? That way you won't shoot each other in the dark.

MATT can't help but laugh.

Ralph *(To MATT)* You be quiet.

Stevie Okay, we'll go together.

Molly Good.

STEVIE heads for the kitchen.

Ralph Where you going?

Stevie I'm locking the kitchen door, Ralph. *(Goes off)*

Molly *(To RALPH)* Be careful with that thing.

Stevie *(Returning)* We'll leave the shotgun with you, Molly.

Molly I won't need it, Steve.

Stevie *(Giving it to her)* It's loaded. *(To RALPH)* Ready?

Ralph Yeah.
Molly Don't get too far from the house.
Stevie We're just going to check the barn and the power line.

They exit, right. A long pause. MATT is still trembling.

Molly Would you like a blanket, Matt?
Matt Yes, please.

She lays the shotgun aside, takes the Indian blanket from the couch and drapes it over him.

Molly Here you go.

Matt Thank you. *(Pause)* When I kill, all I feel is the recoil...all I feel is the recoil.

Molly Who says that?

Matt Scar...it was Scar.

BLACKOUT.

End of Act One

Act Two

Moments later, as before.

Molly *(Softly)* Are you afraid of Scar?

Matt No. Not Scar. You can't be afraid of Scar. Scar is gentle and quiet. He's shy.

Molly Then why is he armed?

Matt He won't be interfered with. And he has to eat.

A long pause as MOLLY adjusts and rearranges the lamps, one of which she places on the floor near MATT, who remains on his knees.

It's a thin thread.

Molly What is?

Matt My heart is beating. I'm breathing. I'm talking. I'm looking out at you. It's like a pool cut, you know, a thin cut. *(Gesturing)* A thin cut, they call it. Stevie is an excellent pool player.

Molly I know.

Matt We used to play all the time, him and me. He always won. He always beat me.

Molly He beats most people.

Matt Yeah.

Molly Do you want to lie down?
Matt No.
Molly Do you want to stand up?
Matt No.
Molly Something to drink?
Matt No, thanks.

A silence; MOLLY finds a cigarette, lights it, takes one drag and puts it out.

I was followed on my way from the polo match today by a strange little man. He looked like an Aztec Indian, but he was wearing grey sneakers and a Los Angeles Dodgers baseball cap. He's trailing me, and he's looking at me like he wants to ask me a question, like he needed to ask someone an important question. Here was this little old Aztec wandering about, lost in America, trying to ask a question.

Molly What was the question?

MATT shrugs and shakes his head.

Matt Which way is Mexico? (*Laughs*)
Molly I have a question.
Matt Yes?
Molly When was the last time you took a bath?
Matt Oh. Sorry. I was in the bush. No bathtubs in the bush. I was walking. You start out, you know, and after a while you get there, but it's hard to keep your mind on it.
Molly On what?
Matt On the walking. (*Silence*)

Molly Why do you want to steal Stevie's horses?

Matt I'm not stealing them, I'm asking for them.

Molly Stevie loves those horses.

Matt I think it would be a good thing for Stevie to give Scar those horses, especially because he loves them. It would be a payment, a way of balancing the scale for all the good things in his life.

Molly It's not Stevie's fault that he's rich and famous.

Matt No, it all comes to him from the Creator, and here's a way to help pay the debt, by giving the horses to Scar, who really needs them in order to survive.

Molly We're not responsible for Scar's survival.

Matt No. That's what they say. And maybe it's true. They're not.

Molly What?

Matt Responsible.

He takes a deep breath and appears to be checking a sort of inner gauge.

Molly Matt, the war has been over a long time now. We have to go on with our lives. We can't help but live our lives. The same with you and Stevie. He's got to live his life, you got to live yours.

Matt Scar says there'll come a time when we'll all share in the sorrow.

Molly When?

Matt When the time comes, we'll all share in the sorrow.

Molly Don't you think it's time for him to adjust?

Matt Scar has made his adjustment.

Molly And you?

Matt Me? I'm making mine. I'm making my adjustment. See?

He shows her his hands, palms up.

Molly You've stopped trembling.

Matt I can control it. Takes time, but a person can acquire the ability to control the body with the mind. You can close it down, if you want, shut it off, in parts. The nervous system, the circulation, the pulse.

RALPH enters, right. He goes directly to MATT and holds the shotgun to his head.

Ralph What do you want here?

Molly Ralph, what are you doing? Where's Stevie?

Matt You know what I want. I want the horses for Scar.

Ralph You're not getting shit from us.

Molly Stop it, Ralph.

Matt Sooner or later, he's going to receive those horses.

Ralph Get up.

Matt No.

Ralph Get up.

Matt No.

Molly Where is Stevie, Ralph?

Ralph Stevie's with the horses. *(To MATT)* Come on, we're gonna meet this friend of yours.

Molly There is no "friend," Ralph. *(MATT scoffs)*

Ralph What do you mean, no friend? Somebody blew up the power line!

Molly That happens around here sometimes.

Ralph Then who did it, Molly? Who blew it up?

Molly I don't know. Disgruntled Indians. Relax.

Ralph Relax?

Matt Go round up Stevie.

Ralph Fuck you!

Matt He should be here now.

Ralph What for?

Molly Go get him, Ralph.

Matt We have to talk.

Ralph We're going to throw you into the fucking truck and see that you're locked up, you hear me? I'm going to personally see that you spend the next ten years of your life in jail, you fucking prick! *(Heads for the door)*

Matt Okay, Ralph.

Molly Get Stevie. We'll talk.

Ralph There's nothing to fucking talk about! *(Exits)*

Matt I didn't know he'd be here. If I'd known, I might have waited. Might have been easier with Stevie, one on one. But Scar said now was the time.

Molly I don't think it would have been any different. Did you imagine that Stevie would just give you his horses?

Matt In the war, Scar was regular infantry, a grunt. What they'd do over there, in the bush, they'd keep within their perimeter, and they stayed stoned all the time. If a gung-ho officer came along who wanted to go out on patrol or something, they'd blow him away. They'd shoot him in the back or frag him with a grenade while he was asleep in his hooch.

Molly You were never there.

Matt No. Me and Stevie, we both were just old enough to miss it. But Scar was right on time...right on time...

Tears come to his eyes and he coughs.

Molly Lie down, Matt. You're sick and exhausted. Forget about the horses and rest.

Matt I'd be standing at a corner looking at a red light and I'd panic. I'd freeze. I couldn't move forward, or right, or left, and someone was coming up behind me, someone I couldn't hear.

Molly Matt? When was this, Matt?

MATT doesn't answer.

You just said, "I."

Matt "I"?

Molly I couldn't move, I couldn't hear.

Matt I meant Scar.

Molly You did, eh?

Matt Yes, I did. *(Smiling)* Where you from, Molly?

Molly Chicago.

Matt Chicago. Never been to Chicago. Always wanted to go there, but never have. Did walk by it once, though.

Molly On foot?

Matt Yes. Then I got a ride to Omaha. The Indians tried to associate a name with a personal quality. What would your name be?

Molly How about "Strong-legged Woman?"

Matt Good! Good name! Feet on the ground, in touch with her ancestry!

Molly Solid Irish stock.

Matt Mine would be Snow Eagle.

Molly Snow Eagle.
Matt Yes, I like it high up, where it's clean, bright, crisp. I'd like to soar above the snow line.
Molly I can see why Stevie was fond of you.
Matt Did he say that?
Molly No, but I can tell that he was.
Matt Ah, here comes Stevie now. I know his walk. It's a confident walk, a walk with body to it. Not like mine. My walk is all for show. It's a walk plagued with doubt.

Enter STEVIE.

Stevie *(To MOLLY)* Hi. *(They embrace)* You all right?
Molly Fine.
Stevie The power line was destroyed.
Molly I figured.
Stevie Could have been an accident.
Molly Where's Ralph?
Stevie I left him in the barn with the horses.
Molly Good.
Stevie What's going on?

She nods toward MATT.

What do you want, Matt?
Matt Want?
Stevie Yeah, WANT.
Matt I want to fulfill my mission, and bring the horses to Scar.
Stevie *(To MOLLY)* It's useless to talk to him.
Matt My last assignment.

Stevie Ralph thinks we should get in the truck and take him to the police in Santa Fe and have him arrested.

Molly And the horses? We leave the horses?

Stevie We'll bring the horses with us. We'll load them in the van and bring them with us.

Matt Won't work.

Stevie Why not?

Matt Truck won't work. Scar's not stupid.

STEVIE storms out the door.

Molly Why are you doing this, Matt?

Matt Doing?

Molly You heard me.

Matt I'm tired. Caught up with me. Lots of walking. I could sleep now, right here on my knees. But I've got to—

Molly Answer my question.

Matt I told you, Molly. I've been given an assignment.

Off, TRUCK noises. They listen as the engine refuses to turn over.

Molly You'll never get away with it, Matt, you'll never pull it off.

Matt Yes, we will.

Ralph *(Off)* What's the matter with the truck?

Stevie *(Off)* I don't know! Try it again, Ralph!

SOUNDS of the engine trying again to turn over.

(Off) It's fucked! Distributor's ripped out!

SOUND of hood slamming.

Matt Sure.

Molly You didn't know?

Matt Scar amazes me.

Ralph *(Off)* What do we do?

Stevie *(Off)* I don't know.

Ralph *(Off)* Shoot him, Stevie.

Stevie *(Off)* You shoot him, Ralph.

Ralph *(Off)* Okay. Bring him out here! I'll shoot the fuck!

Stevie *(Off)* Ralph, do me a favor and keep an eye on the horses. I'll talk it over with Molly.

Pause, re-enter STEVIE.

The truck is out, Molly. I'm not sure of what to do now.

Matt You'd better get that shotgun away from Ralph, before he hurts somebody with it.

Stevie Shut up, Matt. *(Taking MOLLY aside)* I don't know how all this happened. *(Of MATT)* He's a sick man.

Molly Maybe he only wants to be friends.

Stevie Friends?

Molly Friends, Stevie.

Matt You're talking about me like I'm not here.

Stevie What do you WANT?

Matt I want the horses for Scar. I want the debt paid. I want the slate clean.

Stevie I don't owe you! I don't owe you anything! You hear me? Your problems have nothing to do with me!

Matt This is the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life. To

come here like this, and face you, and own up, and ask for the horses.

Stevie I don't feel sorry for you.

Matt I don't want you to.

Stevie I don't feel sorry for you.

Matt That's not why I'm here.

Stevie You're a psychopath, Matt.

Matt You don't know what's out there. You don't know what kind of blood is simmering out there, ready to pop, ready to burn your house down.

Stevie The world is full of sick people.

Matt Full. And they're equipped. They got knives and guns.

They got tanks. They got submarines and bombs.

Stevie You're crazy, Matt. You're deranged.

Molly Don't say that.

Matt *(To MOLLY)* I told you all about Scar and you didn't listen.

Molly I heard every word of it.

Matt You don't believe me. You didn't hear me.

Molly Is to hear you to believe you?

Matt It's the truth.

Stevie Damn, I can't leave Ralph alone out there.

Matt Why can't you let go of the horses? What are you afraid of? You afraid it's a trick? You afraid of being humiliated? No one will know outside of this house but Scar.

Stevie There is no Scar. He did it all, the power line, the truck, the whole thing. The entire war was on television, Molly. Television and the newspapers. Everything he would need to know to make up Scar.

Matt You're talking about me like I'm not here again.

Stevie You're not. As far as I'm concerned, you're not here, Matt.

Matt That's nothing new. You never could hear any voices but your own.

Molly Then what does he want from us?

Matt I want you to hear me. You think you've come to something, an understanding of something, but all it is is success, the energy of success.

Stevie Oh come on, Matt.

Matt And now you have the glib idea that there's no Scar. But there is. There is a Scar. Flesh and blood. Out there, waiting. You're stubborn and you're smart, but you don't know anything except how to achieve and maintain success, which is a gift in the first place.

Molly And you, Matt?

Matt Listen, I could play and sing as good as anybody in America. Ask Stevie.

Molly Was he any good?

Stevie Yeah, he could play.

Molly And his songs?

Stevie His songs? They were sad and mean. But I thought they were good songs.

Matt You bet!

Molly What happened?

Matt I walked.

Stevie One day we finally got a gig. We had been working together for almost two years and we finally got a job in the city. It was a very good group.

Matt Excellent. We had Eddie and Pete, and Rhonda, and some first-rate original material.

Stevie It was okay.

Matt I wrote most of the lyrics.

Stevie He didn't show up that night and we couldn't find him.
We got somebody else and that was that.

Molly Why?

Matt I walked.

Stevie He could never stand the business end of it. He couldn't take the idea that he might succeed. He wouldn't join the so-called establishment.

Matt I got tired of feeding my face, so I took a hike. Are you listening? I'll tell you.

Molly I'm listening.

Matt I walked right out of New York City. I had nothing with me but what I was wearing and a small army-issue canvas bag I got in a surplus store. Every time the thought came to stop I wouldn't listen to it, I'd keep going, down the street, down the road, across the field, through the woods. First it was hours, then it was night, then it was a day, then two days, then a week, and then, gradually, I'd gone over. I was out there.

Molly Where?

Matt There. Out. One of the homeless, one of the vagrant.

Stevie What good did it do you, Matt?

Matt I became very sensitive to the weather. *(Laughs)* And I got a good look at the country. Lots of noise and garbage. Beefy people slaughtering the animals. Petty tyrants roaming the highways.

Stevie Life is tough and then we die.

Matt In the old days, when a warrior went off like that, alone, with his pain, they called it "Crying for a vision." Scar did that when he went up on the mountain. He was crying for a vision.

Stevie You just went off the deep end, Matt.

Matt True.

Molly How did you live?

Matt I scavenged.

Stevie Jeeziz.

Matt It was a game I played. It was one of the games I played with my mind. Everything becomes precious, you know, every scrap, anything found, like a can opener, you know, precious. A whole orange, a pair of socks, a towel, an old hat, a knife. I couldn't get that kind of story out of my mind. Like finding a nice place to sleep was—I was ingenious about that. I'd make a little nest, you know, with whatever, with cardboard, newspapers, whatever. I couldn't get that sort of worry out of my mind. I was always making a little home, always taking care of my little bundle of possessions. Everything depended on what I did with my mind. It was everything, all in the mind. I'd make up a destination. I'd say, "I'm gonna get up to that stone wall today, I'm gonna make that wall, and I'll be next to that apple orchard." Or, "I'm gonna follow this stream, I'm not gonna leave this stream until it ends into a lake or a river." And if something got in my way, like a swamp, or brambles, or a fence, or if the name of a street changed on me, I'd get so frustrated that I'd cry. It was too much. I'd be walking along bawling like a baby.

Molly You didn't walk all the time.

Matt You have to do something. Listen, it's really simple, it all becomes very, very simple. You only have one concern, which is, "What am I going to do with my mind?" For the next minute, the next second, what? You have to invent new rituals, rituals for the mind. "Don't take three left turns

in a row. Always have matches in your pocket, matches and a knife, and you'll be okay, Matt." You do a lot of counting. Steps. Trees. Sidewalk squares. Railroad ties. Telephone poles. Stones. People. I hardly ever spoke. You don't hear the sound of your own voice much. It's a shock when you hear it. It's a shock when someone speaks to you. Who are they referring to? Who can answer for you? Eventually I met Scar, who taught me how to walk like a man.

Stevie Great. (*To MOLLY*) I'd better see how Ralph is doing.

Molly Tell him to come on up to the house, Steve.

Matt At any time out there, someone might come along and cut your throat.

Stevie I don't want to hear about it.

Matt It's a side to vagrancy I wouldn't want to forget.

Stevie We don't want to hear any more about it.

Matt There are people who will kill you just for the experience, for the fun of it, the thrill.

Stevie Best to stay out of their way, Matt, and not go wandering around the country on foot. You're so naive, Matt. I always thought you were an idiot that way.

Matt I know you did.

Stevie A naive idiot. You think me and Molly are living in some kind of magic bubble where the world is less dangerous.

Matt It is.

Stevie It isn't, Matt. It's dangerous. You could slip and fall, or get lost on the mountain. Or you could get kicked in the head by a horse. Or you could get hit by a car on the road. Or you could get shot by an Indian. Or you could get invaded by an old friend who blows up your house. All kinds of things happen around here. And now I got to go find Ralph.

Matt Stick around, Stevie. Nothing is going to happen to Ralph. You're doing great. This is the first time I've ever seen you stay in a room this long when you weren't the sole object of discussion. *(To MOLLY)* Stevie thinks everybody wants to hit on him for a piece of his action.

Molly They do, actually.

Matt Just give me the horses, Stevie, and I'll get out of your light.

Stevie No.

Matt Why?

Stevie Nobody gets my horses, Matt. Least of all you.

Matt Why, Steve?

Stevie You're a little crazy, Matt, and a scavenger, a tramp.

Matt Soon there'll be a whole new class of people, a class of marauders, like the Apaches of old. They'll give no quarter. They'll be in the cities and in the countryside. Scavengers, thieves, marauders. They'll take everything you have.

Stevie I regret I said hello to you in Santa Fe. And I should have never let you into my house, because now you won't leave.

Matt You fucking snob, you wouldn't have invited me if I didn't walk up on you as you're getting off your stupid polo horse. And I'd never have done that if it wasn't for Scar! Never!

Molly Scar?

Matt Stevie is fed so much from the table while others are going begging, like Scar, and then he has the attitude of fuck 'em, keep 'em away from me, get 'em out of my path.

Molly That's not his attitude, Matt. You got it wrong. And I resent what you're trying to do.

Matt I'm sorry.

Molly I feel sorry for you, Matt.

Stevie Where you going?

Molly I'm cold. *(She exits)*

STEVIE chuckles.

Matt I apologize, Steve. She's right, of course. I guess we took a wrong turn there.

Stevie You took a wrong turn fifty miles back, Matthew.

Matt You've got to keep personal shit out of the way of a thing like this.

Stevie You must be kidding. If this isn't personal, then what is it?

Matt It's an impersonal request from a solitary warrior to a great man of wealth, through an intermediary, for a give-away of horses.

Stevie Okay, Matt.

STEVIE looks at his watch, starts off right, then changes his mind and goes up toward the bedroom.

Matt You have any idea of the pain that Scar is walking around with, Steve?

Stevie I thought he was a master.

Matt He is.

Stevie Then he should be out of his pain.

Matt It's the pain of remorse, the remorse that comes from being a stupid grunt, killing and maiming, and the hatred and anger that festers in you because of it. On the other hand, he's got a great sense of humor right along. Just when you least expect it he'll start whistling a cowboy song and dance around like a big old happy bear. *(Whistles a tune)*

Stevie I'm not interested in the kind of pain you're walking around with, Matt.

Matt Not me. Scar.

Stevie I'm talking to you now.

Matt What kind of pain, Steve?

Stevie You know what kind. The troubled kind. The confused kind. The kind that gets in the way, that stops the enjoyment of life. I feel sorry for you, I guess, and you feel sorry for yourself, Matt.

Matt I apologize. I don't mean to do that, but I'm talking about Scar.

Stevie It's too bad, really, because you could be having a good time up here.

Matt True.

Stevie I enjoy my horses. I enjoy the desert. I enjoy the mountains and fresh air.

Matt Scar does, too.

Stevie I don't have to think about it or apologize for it. And I do like my music.

MOLLY re-enters, wearing a warm serape.

Molly You ought to go and get Ralph, honey.

Stevie I know, I will in a minute. *(To MATT)* It's good stuff and it's fun.

Matt I know it is, Stevie, and I admire you for it. Used to be I harbored resentment, like I was saying to Molly over here, but not since I been working with Scar, not anymore. I think you'd be amazed at what you've got in common with Scar, Stevie. You're both such good craftsmen and excellent athletes.

Stevie (To MOLLY) I give up.

Matt The only difference is that Scar is in pain, because he cares.

Stevie Bullshit! Cares about what? The starving millions? My horses? You? What? Pussy? Sunlight? What? What does he care about?

Matt I explained already.

Suddenly the LIGHTS come on again.

Stevie What the hell!

Matt Oh, he's a trickster, Scar is!

The LIGHTS go out.

Molly The cable?

Stevie I think so. It's the cable, Molly. I'll get Ralph.

Matt Wait, Stevie.

Stevie No more talk, Matt.

Matt For old time's sake, Steve, about the giving away. Molly?

Molly Stay for a minute, Steve.

Stevie All right. Hurry up, Matt.

Matt This is supposed to be a true story that happened over a hundred years ago. At that time there was a young warrior by the name of Snow Eagle. This was a beautiful young man, much loved by his people. His benefactor, his spiritual teacher, was a renowned old medicine man. The old man was trying to get a sign from the Great Spirit to tell him what to do about the crazy white people who were coming into their country. A dream came to him saying that he had to send someone directly, in person, the flower of his

tribe, his favorite pupil, Snow Eagle. And Snow Eagle gladly fulfilled his assignment.

Molly What was the assignment?

Matt He had to die and go to the Creator and ask the question. And that's what he did.

Stevie He intentionally died?

Matt Yes, so they say. Snow Eagle fasted and purified himself over many months, and made his farewells to family and friends. And then he went out into the high desert and sat down and sang his death song.

Molly Go on, Matt.

Matt Snow Eagle said to his organism, "Now you will shut down." Not all at once, but in parts, over time. First the extremities, the nervous system, and then inward, the circulation, the pulse, toward the breathing. He was trained in the ability to accomplish such a task. A man who dies in this way is Wakan, holy. His body is not to be touched. And the place where he dies is then a sacred precinct, not to be trespassed.

Molly What was the result?

Matt The old medicine man received the Great Spirit's answer to Snow Eagle in a vision.

Molly And the answer?

Matt The Great Spirit said, "The sacred mountains are still there above you, the waters of life are plentiful before you, the dust of the fathers remains in the earth below you."

Stevie Come on, Matt.

Matt The Great Spirit said, "But the mountains are wounded and the waters are poisoned and the air is foul. Many must die if the earth is to live."

Molly How do you interpret that?

Matt Means you have die a good death. Means we'll have to give it all back. That's Scar's interpretation.

Molly Back to the land?

Matt Yes. To the land. To the horizon. To the sky. To the water. To the sun and moon. The thoughts, the hatred, the demands, the envy, the lying, the feeding of the face. We'll have to give it all back, back where it came from. *(Pause)* This spread here is a good place for it. These grounds around here been known about for hundreds of years. Generations of Indian dead, dust of the fathers.

The report of a SHOTGUN BLAST, off. MATT starts trembling again.

Stevie That was Ralph.

Matt That man should never have had a weapon in his hands.

Stevie Quiet!

Another SHOTGUN BLAST, off.

I'd better get down there.

Molly Wait, Steve.

Stevie What for?

Molly Please wait. We don't know what happened.

STEVIE goes upstage, looks out the glass door.

Stevie You can't see anything from here.

They listen intensely, then sudden NOISES at the down-right door. STEVIE freezes, his shotgun at the ready.

Who's there? Who's at the door?

Enter RALPH.

What the fuck, Ralph?

Ralph What do you mean, what the fuck?

Stevie What the hell were you doing? We heard shots!

Ralph That's right.

Stevie What were you shooting at?

Ralph I don't know.

Stevie You don't know?

Ralph No. I'm not sure.

Stevie What were you doing?

Ralph Shooting.

Stevie Why? What happened?

Ralph I don't know what happened, Steve.

Molly What were you shooting at?

Ralph I don't know what I was shooting at, Molly.

Stevie For chrissakes, Ralph. How are the horses?

Ralph (*Testy*) How should I know? I don't understand horses.

Stevie Where are they?

Ralph Where I left them. In the barn. They're fine. They stand there and look at you.

Stevie Is the barn door locked?

Ralph The barn door is locked.

Stevie Are the horses tied?

Ralph They're tied.

Stevie Maybe that's not such a good idea.

Ralph Why not?

Stevie If something happened, they wouldn't be able to get loose.

Ralph You tied them up, Steve. You put the bridles on them and tied them up.

Stevie I know I did. I'm saying maybe it wasn't such a good idea.

Ralph Then go down to the barn and untie them.

Stevie I don't understand what you were shooting at if you don't know what you were shooting at.

Ralph Might have been a man.

Stevie A man?

Ralph Or it might have been an owl.

Matt That's bad. Bad luck to shoot an owl.

Stevie Go on, Ralph.

Ralph I just got tired of hanging out in the barn with the horses. I went outside for some air. I was looking at my watch. A fine precision instrument, this watch. Made in Japan. It reassured me. It comforted me to remember that there was high technology in the world. Modern industry. Civilization. A healthy economy. I don't care what happens so long as the insurance companies and banks and pension plans survive into the next century.

Molly What were you shooting at, Ralph?

Ralph I saw something move. I was ready to see something, so I thought I saw something. Might have been a bear.

Matt Bad luck to shoot a bear.

Ralph If he says another word, I'll shoot him.

Stevie Good thing I didn't go down there. Might have been me.

Ralph I knew it wasn't you, Stevie. *(Pause)* It was crouched over,

low, moving very fast, and not coming from the direction of the cabin.

MATT chuckles.

Stevie What's funny, Matt?

Matt *(To RALPH)* Wasn't there a sound?

Ralph What kind of sound?

Matt Like a growl?

RALPH doesn't answer; MATT laughs.

Ralph *(To MATT)* Shut your mouth.

MATT stops.

Molly Why were you laughing?

Matt Not another word.

Molly You're not concerned?

Matt You mean worrying that it was Scar out there getting himself shot at?

Molly Whatever.

Matt Ralph was spooked, is all.

Molly By?

Matt By something that growled.

Ralph What do we plan to do, Steve?

Matt He saw his enemy. Growling, snarling, hungry, brushing past him in the night, brushing his leg.

Ralph Steve?

Stevie Right now we'll have some coffee.

Ralph Coffee?

Stevie Coffee.

Ralph Then what?

Stevie I don't know, Ralph.

Matt The next round belongs to the Chinese, Ralph, the Chinese and the Mexicans.

Ralph Is that so?

Matt Yes. Stands to reason.

Ralph Not if we kill them all first.

Matt All of them?

Ralph All of them.

Matt We could do that.

Ralph Right. We'll start here with crazy people like you, who don't understand the facts of life.

Matt Who understands the facts of life?

Ralph Howard Hughes understood the facts of life. There used to be two of us who knew, and now there's only one.

Molly I'll make some coffee.

Ralph Yeah.

Molly Stevie?

Stevie Please.

Molly Matt?

Matt No, thank you.

MOLLY exits.

Ralph See what nice people we are, Matt? All celebrities aren't bad. You drop in on us for a little game and the three of us oblige politely. The woman even offers coffee.

Matt I appreciate it.

Ralph Sure you do. What a guy.

MATT removes his flute from the bedroll.

Matt You feel like playing a little music, Stevie?

Stevie No.

Matt Last chance we'll have.

Stevie I really don't feel like it, Matt.

MATT begins playing a melody on his flute.

Ralph I've had enough, Steve.

Stevie Hang on, Ralph.

Ralph I've had enough.

A pause, then RALPH suddenly springs at MATT with a vicious kick that knocks the flute from his mouth.

Stevie What the hell did you do that for, Ralph?

Ralph I've had enough.

MOLLY re-enters as STEVIE retrieves the flute.

Molly What's going on? What happened?

Stevie He kicked him.

Molly Damn it, Ralph!

Ralph I've had enough!

Stevie *(Handing MATT the flute)* You all right?

Matt Yes, thank you. *(Sitting up straight)* Pray for your relatives, Ralph.

Ralph What's that?

Matt I said pray for your relatives.

RALPH makes a threatening move, but STEVIE and MOLLY intervene.

Molly Ralph!

Stevie Leave him be.

RALPH turns away. MATT plays another few notes on the flute and RALPH charges again, stopped by STEVIE and MOLLY. A pause. RALPH drops it.

Bring the coffee, Molly. I need a cup of coffee. *(She goes)*
Soon as it starts to get light we'll be leaving here, Matt.

Matt Suit yourself.

Stevie You come with us and he's going to have you arrested or something. Isn't that right, Ralph?

Ralph Absolutely. After I kick his head in.

Matt I'm not coming with you.

Stevie What are you planning to do then?

Matt I appreciate your love of horses, Steve. Scar is the same way. But I'm like Ralph here, I don't understand them either.

Stevie You didn't answer me.

Matt I'm answering you, Stevie. I'm on an assignment for Scar, which I've done. I've asked for the horses. But I've also got an intention of my own.

Stevie What is it?

Matt It's not violent. I didn't come here to hurt you.

Stevie Okay. What is it then?

MOLLY comes back with the coffee.

Stevie Why did you come here, Matt?

Matt Why not? Why not be near to an old friend?

Stevie You can't go around expecting friendship, demanding friendship.

Matt No. You're right. One must be thought worthy. And you don't think I'm worthy.

Stevie I didn't mean that. We just got nothing in common anymore, Matt.

Matt Time was we could talk like brothers.

Stevie That was in another life.

Matt No matter. It all evens out in the end.

Stevie What does?

Matt I don't have anything more to say, Steve.

Stevie *(To MOLLY)* Get ready to leave. First light.

Molly How we going, Steve?

Stevie On the horses. Ralph can ride the mare, and you and me can double up. We'll ride out.

Molly I don't know, Steve. Shouldn't we wait?

Stevie No, it's time to go.

Matt You can't run from Scar. You have to face his power.

Molly His power?

Matt Yes. It's the power of vengeance not taken; of the torment of an oppressed people, living and dead.

Stevie I've thought it over, Moll'. That's what we'll do.

Molly And Matt?

Stevie Matt can stay, or do what he does, go where he goes.

MOLLY looks at MATT, who smiles reassuringly.

Dress warmly. It's cold out.

MOLLY hesitates, then exits to the bedroom.

I'll go down for the horses.

Ralph *(Stopping him)* Steve?

Stevie Yeah?

Ralph What about him?

Stevie He can stay here, do what he wants.

Ralph You really intend to leave him here?

Stevie I do, yeah.

Ralph We're not taking him?

Stevie No.

Ralph No?

Stevie No. Leave him be, Ralph. We'll find a phone, call the power company, come back for the truck. *(To MATT)* After we're gone, you can stay here awhile. Then probably it'd be best if you disappeared.

Matt Thanks, Steve.

Stevie *(At the door)* Stay cool, Ralph. *(Exits)*

Ralph *(To MATT)* You're not off the hook yet, my friend. You've got me to contend with. I'm going to file charges against you. I'm going to make sure there's a warrant out for you. I'm going to put you in jail or in a hospital. And if I ever see you—

Matt You won't see me, Ralph.

Re-enter MOLLY.

Molly Where's Stevie?

Ralph He went for the horses.

Off, the HOOTING of an owl; it calls twice, stops. MATT struggles painfully to his feet.

Ralph Hey, what are you doing?

Matt Jeez. Legs hurt. Circulation's gone.

Ralph Answer me.

Matt Time to go, Ralph.

Ralph Where to?

Matt Just outside. I want to sit down and watch the sunrise.

A tense silence. MATT looks to MOLLY.

Molly Sure.

First LIGHT begins to break.

Matt Thanks. When it's all over, what's left? Bones.

He steps painfully to the upstage sliding door.

(To RALPH) Okay?

Ralph Okay.

MOLLY opens the door for him. MATT smiles and offers her his flute, which she accepts.

Molly Thank you.

Matt You take care of ol' Stevie, now, you hear?

She nods. MATT goes through the door and upstage a few feet, where he falls to his knees on the beat of a drum. MATT arranges himself into a good posture, then carefully removes his medicine bundle and rattle from his bedroll. He is facing away from the audience. Very carefully, precisely, he withdraws an eagle feather from the bundle and prays silently with it to the four directions. Replaces the feather. Picks up the rattle and starts playing a strong, steady rhythm. Re-enter STEVIE.

Stevie I've got the horses. Let's go. (*Seeing MATT upstage*)
What's he doing?

Molly He wants to watch the sun come up, Steve.

Stevie Fine. Shut the door and lock it, and we'll go.

MOLLY hesitates.

Matt Remember, Stevie, it ain't all yours! Ain't none of it belongs to you! It all goes back where it came from!

Stevie You settle down somewheres and write some tunes, Matthew! (*To MOLLY*) Are you ready?

Molly Yes. I'm ready.

Stevie Ralph?

Ralph Yeah.

Matt (*Chanting*) *I live, but I will not live forever.*

Mysterious moon, you only remain,

Powerful sun, you alone remain,

Wonderful earth, you remain forever!

Stevie Let's go.

RALPH exits, but MOLLY lingers.

Molly Wait, Steve.

Stevie It's a long ride down, Molly.

MOLLY starts to move. The rattling stops. MOLLY freezes, staring at the figure of MATT.

What is it?

Molly He's stopped.

Re-enter RALPH.

Ralph Steve, are we going or not?

Molly Something's wrong.

They look at MATT. He is absolutely rigid. MOLLY goes to the upstage door and calls:

Matt!

No response. MOLLY unlocks and opens the door.

Matt?

Stevie Leave him be, honey.

MOLLY tentatively opens the door and approaches MATT. He doesn't move. STEVIE starts upstage.

Molly?

Molly Stevie, he's dead. He's not breathing.

Stevie Can't be.

Molly He's not breathing, Stevie. He's dead.

STEVIE goes to MATT.

Stevie Matt? Stop it, Matt. Come on now, Matt, get up.

Molly He's dead, Steve.

Ralph *(Joining them)* How do you know?

Stevie Look at him.

Ralph Damn. Sonofabitch.

Stevie What the hell did you do, Matt?

RALPH approaches MATT.

Molly Don't touch him.

Ralph *(Stopping)* Oh, for chrissakes.

The LIGHT continues to change as dawn breaks.

Molly He knew he was going to die, Steve.

Stevie First time I met him, we passed each other on the sidewalk before an audition. I said to myself, "That guy has got a walk that could cut through concrete." One time I asked him, "Where'd you learn to walk like that?" "That ain't my real walk," he said, "that one is a front. Sooner or later I'm going to have to learn what my real walk is."

Molly Don't touch him. Let's not touch anything.

She moves away, downstage.

Stevie We won't. Come on. We'll leave the horses. We'll walk. We'll show respect. We'll leave the horses. For Scar. For whoever wants them. We'll show respect. Let's walk.

RALPH exits. MOLLY retrieves the Indian blanket, goes upstage to MATT and, careful not to touch him, drapes the blanket over him and returns. STEVIE takes a last look at MATT and leaves as MOLLY lingers to blow out the lamps. Then she follows, closing the door. A very long wait as the LIGHT continues to change with the sunrise. Off, the HOOTING of an owl. It calls four times and stops. In the changing light, MATT begins to look like an old Indian sitting before a desert sunrise. After a while, he looks like a part of the desert. Off, the SOUNDS OF HORSES being led away by someone whistling a cowboy tune.

BLACKOUT.

The End