

SCAR

A Play

by

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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; could be played by either an older or younger man; 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, book cases, 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.

RALPH

What? (*More KNOCKING*) What is that?

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

RALPH (*Cont'd*)

Who's there?

MATT (*OFF*)

It's me!

RALPH

Who?

MATT

It's me! Matthew!

RALPH

Matthew?

MATT

Matt! Stevie invited me for dinner!

RALPH

Stevie invited you for dinner?

MATT

Yeah!

RALPH

Just a minute. Stevie!

STEVIE (*OFF*)

What?

RALPH

Get up! There's somebody here!

STEVIE

Where?

RALPH

At the door!

STEVIE

Who?

MATT (*OFF*)

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.

RALPH (*Cont'd*)

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.

MATT *(Cont'd)*

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.

MATT *(Cont'd)*

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.

(Walks to the door and exits abruptly.)

RALPH

Jeezis.

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

Shit.
(opening the door, RIGHT)
Matthew?
(Pause, then a rattling, LEFT)

RALPH

He's at the kitchen door.

STEVIE

(Shuts the door, crossing)
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

Nah, I was just looking 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

(Shyly)

Pleased to meet you, Molly.

(They shake hands)

What a beautiful woman.

(Startled at himself, he giggles)

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

Aw, I couldn't get into the game.

MATT

I enjoyed it very much.

STEVIE

Did you?

MATT

Oh, yeah. Especially the horses. 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

Uh, listen Matt, it's a little late for dinner, we've already eaten, but maybe we can rustle something up for ya.

MOLLY

Are you hungry?

MATT

Nah, that's all right.

STEVIE

(Relieved)

You sure?

MATT

Positive.

MOLLY

It's no trouble.

MATT

No, thank you. I'm 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 fucking stirrups broke. Shit. 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.

(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)

Nah, 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.

(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 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 good in that picture.

STEVIE

I didn't see it.

MATT

(Astonished)
You didn't see it?

STEVIE

Nope. 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 how special
she is. She is special.

STEVIE

(Proudly)
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)

STEVIE (cont'd)

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 at STEVIE)

RALPH

Why should we give the Indians all that 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

(Conciliatory)

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)

He's pissed off. 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

(Angrily)

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.)

RALPH (cont'd)

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

(Exits into the kitchen)

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. This country was earned. This country was fought for and won by some very tough individuals.

MATT

Cowboys?

STEVIE

I'm talking about guys who could live as hard as the Indians, Matt, men who got up into these mountains and survived, trapping and trading and living off the land. Fierce, independent white men. They opened this country up.

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 anybody.

MATT

Nobody owns shit, Steve.

(An impasse. STEVIE snickers.)

MOLLY

(Politely, to MATT)

Was that you I heard singing?

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

(To STEVIE)

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

(Annoyed)

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

What is that all about?

MATT

It's not so easy to explain.

MOLLY

No, of course not.

MATT

It's 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.

Occupies the time. STEVIE

Yes. MATT

Something interesting. STEVIE

Very. MATT
(Awkward silence)

Well . . . MOLLY
(Rising)
Good luck with it, Matt.

Thank you. MATT

(She looks at STEVIE)

I'll be up soon, honey. STEVIE

Okay. MOLLY

(To MATT)
Good night.

MATT

Good night.

MOLLY

Nice 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)
Molly went to bed, huh?

STEVIE

Sit down, Ralph.

RALPH

What's the matter?

STEVIE

(To MATT)
Tell him what you just told me.

MATT

Okay. My friend—my benefactor, my teacher, his name is Scar—he's a Vietnam veteran, 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

(To STEVIE)

I was very 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

(Incredulous)
A polite request?

MATT

Yes.

STEVIE

Why doesn't he come and ask me himself?

MATT

Because 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. It's like a test. He's giving me a job to do.

STEVIE

Ain't gonna work, Matt. Go back and tell him you failed.

No. MATT

How did you get out here? STEVIE

I walked. MATT

That's impossible. RALPH

Suit yourself. MATT

Queens, New York. STEVIE

Right. Remember Stevie? MATT We had a band, acid rock.

He banged a tambourine. STEVIE

I was great at it. MATT

STEVIE

Never mind. Time to go.

MATT

I don't think so.

RALPH

Bye, bye.

MATT

The horses, Steevie.

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, but it ain't gonna work.

(To RALPH)

I'll be right back.

(Exits, RIGHT)

MATT

He's going to look at his horses.

(Giggles)

RALPH

What's so funny?

MATT

Nothing. They'll still be there, is all. We're not prepared to take his horses. We want him to give them to us.

RALPH

He's not going to give you his horses. Why should Stevie give away his horses?

MATT

Because Scar needs them.

RALPH

That's no reason for anyone to give anybody anything.

MATT

Then it's up to Scar what happens.

RALPH

Where is this guy?

MATT

(Gesturing)
Out there.

RALPH

What does that mean?

MATT

That means out there.

RALPH

Where?

MATT

Out there.

RALPH

You're a fucking meathead.

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 gonna 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 anyway you like it, Ralph.

(RALPH scoffs. Re-enter STEVIE)

RALPH

You see anything?

STEVIE

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

RALPH

What do we do?

STEVIE

I don't know.

RALPH

(Of MATT)

I don't believe him. He's a nutcase.

MATT

You remember the Motherfuckers, Stevie?

(Laughs. STEVIE doesn't reply. He goes on to RALPH)

This was when Stevie and I were hanging out together, playing music years ago in New York City.

RALPH

What's the point?

MATT

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

STEVIE

(Coldly)
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.
(EXITS to bedroom)

MATT

(Chuckling)
Now he's going to look at his woman.

RALPH

What have you got against Stevie?

MATT

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

RALPH

Did you hear what I said?

MATT

I got nothing against him. Scar wants his horses, that's all.

RALPH

Why Stevie's horses? Why not some other turkey's horses?

MATT

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

RALPH

He did, eh?

MATT

Yeah. So when Stevie invited me for dinner, it worked out.

RALPH

Fell right into place, eh?

MATT

Yeah.

(They stare at one another)

MATT (cont'd)

Fell right into fucking place, 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.)

RALPH (cont'd)

You know, in Latin America they shoot people with funny ideas. It's a wise course of action. They 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.

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

MOLLY

(Upset)
Ralph, what killing?

RALPH

The kind that needs to be done so that this civilization of ours can survive.

(STEVIE, UPSTAGE, switches on the outside light.)

MATT

Funny idea.

(MOLLY sits where she can study MATT)

MATT (cont'd)

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 and goes upstairs to change.)

STEVIE

Who asked you, Matt?

MATT

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

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 mountain top 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.

MOLLY

What stuff?

MATT

Stuff you and I look at and don't even think about. 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

Why does he want 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

I don't understand what makes him think that I'll give him my horses.

MATT

Scar says he sees a warrior in you, a man. He says you have integrity, sensitivity, and power. What people call charisma.

STEVIE

(Thoughtfully)
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. 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

(Enigmatic)

He knows.

(Shrugs, emits a short laugh. STEVIE giggles nervously, looks at MOLLY)

MATT (cont'd)

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 talking to them horses. And he ain't opening his mouth, either.

STEVIE

How?

MATT

By sensing, and with his mind, with the power of his mind.

(Pause)

STEVIE

So he's been around here?

(MATT nods.)

STEVIE (cont'd, To MOLLY)

Talkin' to my horses, eh?

(Laughs. To MATT)

Is that what he's trying to . . . ?

MATT

(Very serious)

He's trying to teach me -- about mind.

(Shrugging)

But those kinds of powers are beyond me, Steve. Now Scar, though, he's way up there, Steve, way up there.

He can do --

(Shaking his head)

Me, I'm just a . . . an apprentice.

(Silence, STEVIE and MATT staring intensely at each other.)

MOLLY

(Breaking the mood)

Scar's a white man, is he?

MATT

Yes.

MOLLY

So how did he learn all these Indian ways?

MATT

I don't know. He met some people, I guess. Indian people.

MOLLY

Where?

MATT

Up in the Jemez.

MOLLY

And before that?

(MATT doesn't answer)

MOLLY (cont'd)

Like what did he do for a living?

(MATT still doesn't answer)

STEVIE

Scar. What was his line of work?

MATT

Machinist. Tool-maker.

(RALPH, dressed, re-enters from the bedroom.)

STEVIE

Where was this?

MATT

New York, Detroit.

RALPH

So he couldn't hack it in the real world and turned himself into an Indian.

MATT

Not true. 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.

STEVIE

How? What's he got?

MATT

Well, 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.

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 hi back. And he's got defenses around hi 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. He gets it done.

RALPH

He gets what done?

MATT

Whatever he decides needs doing.

RALPH

He's one hell of a guy.

MATT

That he is.

RALPH

Where is he now?

MATT

(Waving his arm)
Like I said, he's out there.
(Laughs)

RALPH

It's not funny, asshole.

(MATT stops; pause)

STEVIE

I think I'll take a look around outside.

MOLLY

Go ahead, Steve.

(She looks at MATT, who shifts uncomfortably in his seat. MOLLY smiles.)

RALPH

(Putting on his jacket)
Come on, Steve.

STEVIE

(Rising)
I'll be right nearby if you need me.

MOLLY

Fine.

(STEVIE and RALPH exit, RIGHT.)

MOLLY (cont'd)

How well do you know Stevie?

MATT

He never told you about me?

MOLLY

We never talked about you.

(A pause as he digests this)

MATT

We were musician's together years ago, and friends.

MOLLY

When was this?

MATT

Way back, before the war. I'm surprised he never mentioned me.

MOLLY

No, he never did.

MATT

I'm surprised. We were friends.

MOLLY

Were you?

MATT

Oh, yeah.

MOLLY

For how long?

MATT

Oh, two, three years maybe.

MOLLY

Then what happened?

MATT

He went his way and I went mine.
(Pause)

MOLLY

Stevie thinks there might be someone outside who wants his horses.

MATT

`Course he does.

MOLLY

Is it true?

MATT

I believe it's true, yes, I do. It's true.
(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 just 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.

(Pause)

He's everything Stevie thought about being once.

MOLLY

And now is.

MATT

What?

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

`Coarse they do.

MOLLY

Like you, for instance.

MATT

Sure. Mainly his horses. But not for me. For Scar.

MOLLY

I think you're lying.

(MATT starts to cough, but controls it quickly.)

MOLLY

Are you sick?

MATT

No.

MOLLY

Does that offend you?

MATT

No.

MOLLY

Would you like some water?

MATT

No, thanks.

MOLLY

Okay.

MATT

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

Bully for you.

MATT

'Coarse, 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 no 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 shot of the hard stuff – not nothing at all.

MOLLY

Congratulations again.

MATT

And I fast and walk long distances.

MOLLY

Good for you.

MATT

Thanks. How about 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

(As though it were absurd)

No. `Coarse not. `Coarse he ain't got no wife. 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

(Getting irritated)

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

MOLLY

(Doubtfully)

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 ya 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, ya 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.

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.)

MATT (cont'd)

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.)

STEVIE (cont'd)

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?

(RALPH just looks at him.)

MATT (cont'd)

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

(Sarcastic)

Is that so?

(To STEVIE)

How did he get 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!

(He stops threatening with the rope.)

MOLLY (cont'd)

What did you see outside?

RALPH

Not much.

STEVIE

We didn't see anything out of the ordinary. We just don't know how he got out here.

MATT

I walked.

RALPH

(Incredulous)
You walked?

MATT

I walked.

STEVIE

Were you alone?

(MATT doesn't answer)

RALPH

Fuck this, Stevie. Rope the sonofabitch and let's get him out of here.

MATT

No need for that. I'll go any time.

(MATT stands)

Nice seeing you again, Stevie.

(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.

Are you crazy, Molly?
RALPH

For Scar.
MATT

(To STEVIE)
Give him the horses.
MOLLY

Are you serious?
STEVIE

Give Scar the horses.
MOLLY

I see. Tell you what, Matt. We'll give Scar the horses.
STEVIE

Come on, Stevie, don't be stupid.
RALPH

We can buy more horses.
MOLLY

RALPH

Molly!

MOLLY

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

Not if I can help it.

MOLLY

They're Stevie's horses.

STEVIE

Yeah, we'll give Scar the horses.

RALPH

They are very expensive horses.

MATT

Good deal, Stevie.
(Offers his hand)

STEVIE

(Not taking it)

Yeah, 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 ain't gonna come out. You give me the horses. And then I'll take them to Scar.

STEVIE

I'll only give the horses to Scar.

MATT

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

(RALPH scoffs)

MATT (cont'd)

And even then, you might not see him.

MOLLY

Why not?

MATT

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.

(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 who 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!

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

STEVIE (cont'd)

(To MATT)
Okay, let's start over again.

MATT

Sure.

STEVIE

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

MATT

Right.

STEVIE

His name is Scar.

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 MacDonalds.

(Tries to laugh; STEVIE cuts him off)

STEVIE

How did you get out here, Matt?

(No answer)

How did you get out here? There's no car, and it's fifty miles to town.

(No answer)

What did you do, park 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 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

(Amazed)

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. 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 hi boots like a Dervish.

MATT

That's a fact.

STEVIE

Over-stimulation and hypersensitivity.

MATT

Afraid so.

More LIGHTNING and THUNDER

STEVIE

We'd have to quit and start over.

MOLLY

Stevie, what's going on outside?

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

MOLLY (*Cont'd*)

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.

Try the phone, Ralph. STEVIE

Where is it? RALPH

It's around, Ralph. STEVIE

Here's another one. MOLLY

Great. STEVIE

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

STEVIE (cont'd)

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 automatic 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. *(Lights out)*

End 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.

MATT *(Cont'd)*

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.

MATT (cont'd)

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.

Get up.

RALPH

No.

MATT

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.

Fuck you!

RALPH

He should be here now.

MATT

What for?

RALPH

Go get him, Ralph.

MOLLY

We have to talk.

MATT

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)*

RALPH

Okay, Ralph.

MATT

Get Stevie. We'll talk.

MOLLY

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

RALPH

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?

He doesn't answer.

MOLLY (*Cont'd*)

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.

STEVIE (*Cont'd*)

What do you want, Matt?

MATT

Want?

STEVIE

Yeah, WANT.

MATT

I want to fulfill my mission, and bring them 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.

STEVIE *(Cont'd)*

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

(scoffing)

He could never stand the business end of it. He couldn't take the idea that he might be successful. He wouldn't join the so-called enemy.

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.

STEVIE

Where? Out there where?

MATT

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

STEVIE

What good did it do ya, Matt?

MATT

I became very sensitive to the weather.

(laughs)

And I got a good look at the country. Lots of noise and garbage.

STEVIE

Don't start that shit.

MATT

Beefy people slaughtering the animals. Petty tyrants roaming the highways.

STEVIE

Life is tough.

MATT

Yeah, ain't it? 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.

(they both chuckle)

MOLLY

How did you live?

STEVIE

(annoyed)

Molly--!

MATT

(eagerly)

I scavenged.

STEVIE

(disgusted)

Jeezis.

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,

(cont'd)

MATT (cont'd)

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.

(pause)

Everything depended on what I did with my mind. It was everything, all in the mind.

(pause)

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.

(laughs)

MOLLY

You didn't walk all the time.

MATT

You have to do something.

MOLLY

There were interludes, right? Times when you got a ride, like out of Chicago?

STEVIE

Who gives a shit?

MOLLY

I give a shit, Stevie.

MATT

Stevie, 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."

MOLLY

(insistent)

Matt, you had sanctuaries, friends who helped you,
didn't you?

MATT

You do a lot of counting. Steps. Trees. Sidewalk squares. Railroad ties. Telephone poles. Stones. People.

(pause)

I hardly every 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?

(STEVIE peers out the UPSTAGE door)

MATT (cont'd)

Eventually I met Scar, who taught me how to walk like a man.

STEVIE

(sarcastic, to MATT)

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 anymore 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.

MOLLY

What were you doing?

MATT

Oh, I don't know. Maybe I simply didn't want to be in a rock and roll band.

STEVIE

Maybe you cracked.

MATT

Maybe.

STEVIE

You're so fuckin' 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

Wrong, Matt. You get up to this level and everybody is after you. You get no peace unless you cut yourself off on top of a mountain and you tell nobody where you are. And you're playing with the sharks, Matt, with the heavy hitters. You have got to have your shit together, Matt, you got to have your chops. People crack under that class of pressure.

MATT

You're flattering yourself, Stevie.

STEVIE

I'm telling you how it is. I listened to you, now you listen to me.

MATT

You didn't hear a word I said.

STEVIE

(going to the door)
Fuck it.

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.

MOLLY

Don't get nasty now.

MATT

Stevie thinks everybody wants to hit on him for a piece of his action.

MOLLY

They do.

MATT

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

STEVIE

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

MATT

(hurt)
Why?

STEVIE

You're a thief, Matt. 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

You're dreaming, Matt. I sure regret I said hello to you in Santa Fe. I should never have let you into my house.

MATT

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

MOLLY

(fiercely)

What have you got against Stevie?

MATT

His attitude.

MOLLY

What attitude? You haven't seen him in nine years!

STEVIE

You don't have to defend me, Molly.

MATT

His attitude toward his luck, his good fortune, his silver spoon. All the gifts, the grace, the never-losing. He's 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

I resent your attitude, Matt. I resent what you're trying to do. I don't know what's been festering in you all these years, Buster, but you've brought it to the wrong people.

(heads for the bedroom)

STEVIE

Where you going?

MOLLY

I'm cold. And I'm tired of listening to all this phony ethical virtue . . . and macho posturing, Stevie!

(exits; STEVIE chuckles)

MATT

Sorry, Steve. She's quite right. 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

(considering, slowly)

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

(disgusted)

Okay, Matt.

(looks at his watch, starts off RIGHT, then changes his mind and goes up toward the bedroom)

MATT

(stopping him)

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

(coming back down the steps)

Listen, I'm not interested in the kind of pain you're walking around with. I don't want any part of it.

MATT

What kind of pain is that?

STEVIE

The kind that gets in the way, that stops the enjoyment of life. I enjoy my horses. I enjoy the desert. I enjoy the mountains and fresh air. I enjoy and appreciate Molly. I like riding and roping calves and playing polo. I enjoy the physical world, the

(cont'd)

STEVIE (cont'd)

physical facts of the world!

(a pause as he paces around the room)

I like my ability, I enjoy doing things well, I like the challenge. I don't have to think about it or apologize for it.

(re-enter MOLLY, wearing a serape)

MOLLY

What the hell for? Why don't you go and get Ralph, honey?

STEVIE

Yeah, I will in a minute.

(continuing to MATT)

And I like my music. I'm the best there is, Matt. I don't fudge it and I don't compromise it. I've worked it and perfected it. While you were going for a walk, I put my ass on the line.

MATT

(laughing)

I haven't been entirely idle, Stevie.

STEVIE

I'd rather have money than not have it, and I'd rather have a lot than a little. And that doesn't cause me pain.

(pause)

What's painful to me is that it has to end, that I have to get old and die and that so does Molly. It's painful that there must be a purpose to it all and I don't know what it is. You get it all and then what, Matt? What?

(MATT looks up at him but doesn't answer)

STEVIE (cont'd)

It's a sin not to enjoy what you're doing, not to live it to the hilt, the whole ball of wax. If you can't ride a horse or hammer a nail, then what good are you? I do all my own carpentry. I can lay concrete and brick. I take care of my horses and I cultivate my land. And I do what I have to do in the business.

MOLLY

The only thing he can't do well is cook. Neither can I, actually.

STEVIE

I can make a fair to middling breakfast.

MOLLY

True.

MATT

That's very nice.
(pause)

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

(giving up)
Ah, shit.

MATT

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

STEVIE

(losing his temper)
Bullshit! Cares about what? The Vietnamese? The starving millions? My horses? You? What? Pussy? Sunlight? What? What does he care about?

MATT

(softly)
I explained already.

(suddenly the LIGHTS come on again)

STEVIE

What the hell!

MATT

(delighted)

Oh, he's a trickster, Scar is!

(the LIGHTS go out)

MOLLY

Stevie . . . ?

STEVIE

It's probably the cable, Molly.

MOLLY

The cable?

STEVIE

Yeah.

(pause)

I'll go and get Ralph.

MATT

Wait, Stevie.

STEVIE

No more talk, Matt.

MATT

For old time's sake, about the giving away . . .
(he looks at MOLLY)

MOLLY

Stay, Steve.

STEVIE

(to MATT)
All right, hurry up.

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

(incredulous)

He intentionally died?

MATT

Yes, so they say.

(looking at MOLLY)

He 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

How can someone do that?

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.

(directly to MOLLY)

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.

(pause)

STEVIE

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

(impatiently)
What did it mean?

MATT

Means we'll have to give it all back.

STEVIE

Give what back to what?

MATT

Back to nature. 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

Damn!

STEVIE

(listening intently)

Quiet!

MATT

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

STEVIE

I said quiet!

(another SHOTGUN BLAST, off)

STEVIE (cont'd)

Sonofabitch! I'd better get down there.

MOLLY

Wait, Steve.

STEVIE

What for?

MOLLY

Please wait.

(STEVIE goes upstage, looks out the glass door)

STEVIE

You can't see or hear anything from here . . .

(a long beat as they listen intensely, then sudden noises at the DOWN RIGHT door. STEVIE freezes, his shotgun at the ready)

STEVIE (cont'd)

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

(enter RALPH)

STEVIE (cont'd)

What the fuck, Ralph?

RALPH

What do you mean, what the fuck?

STEVIE

What the hell are you doing? We heard shots!

RALPH

That's right.

STEVIE

What were you shooting at?

RALPH

(reloading)

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.
(pause)

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?

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.
(pause)

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.

(RALPH gives him a nasty look)

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

(impatiently)

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

(of MATT)

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

(they glare at MATT, who grins)

STEVIE

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

RALPH

I knew it wasn't you, asshole.

(his tone is disturbing; they wait for him to continue)

It was crouched over, low, moving very fast, and not coming from the direction of the cabin.

(a beat; then MATT chuckles)

STEVIE

What's funny, Matt?

MATT

(to RALPH)
Wasn't there a sound?

RALPH

(reluctantly)
What kind of sound?

MATT

Like a growl?

(RALPH doesn't answer; MATT laughs)

RALPH

(to MATT)
Shut your mouth.

(MATT stops)

MOLLY

(to MATT)
Why were you laughing?

MATT

Not another word.

MOLLY

You're not concerned?

MATT

With what?

(pause)

Oh, you mean worrying that it was Scar out there getting himself shot at?

MOLLY

Whatever.

MATT

(carefully)

Ralph was spooked, is all.

MOLLY

By what?

MATT

By something that growled.

(laughs)

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

(ignoring MATT)
Steve?

STEVIE

Right now we'll have some coffee.

RALPH

Then what?

(STEVIE hesitates)

MATT

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

RALPH

Is that so?

MATT

Yup. Stands to reason.

RALPH

Not if we kill them all first.

MATT

All of them?

RALPH

(firmly)
All of `em.

MATT

(mocking)
Bam! Bam!

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.

(he and STEVIE laugh; MOLLY sighs)

MOLLY

Who is having coffee?

RALPH

Yeah.

MOLLY

Stevie?

STEVIE

Please.

MOLLY

(going to the kitchen exit)

Matt?

MATT

No, thank you.
(exits, LEFT)

RALPH

(barely containing himself)

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

(taking out his flute)

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 beat, 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 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, asshole.

(RALPH makes a threatening move, but STEVIE and MOLLY intervene)

MOLLY

Ralph!

STEVIE

(strong)

Leave him be.

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

STEVIE (cont'd)

Bring the coffee, Molly. I need a cup of coffee.

(she exits; a beat)

STEVIE (cont'd)

Soon as it starts to get light we're getting out of here,
Matt.

MATT

Suit yourself.
(beat)

STEVIE

You come with us and he's gonna have you arrested.

MATT

I'm not coming with you.
(beat)

STEVIE

What are you going 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.

(laughs)

STEVIE

You didn't answer me.

MATT

I'm answering you, Stevie.

(pause)

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 re-enters with the coffee)

STEVIE (cont'd)

Why did you come here, Matt?

MATT

Why not? Why not be near an old friend?

STEVIE

You can't go around 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 got nothing in common, Matt.

MATT

Time was we could talk like brothers.

STEVIE

That was in another life.

MATT

We had a common interest, which was what they call
The Great Mystery. Remember?

(STEVIE doesn't reply)

MATT (cont'd)

No matter. It all evens out in the end.

STEVIE

What does?

MATT

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

STEVIE

Fuck you, then.

(a beat; to MOLLY)

Get ready to leave. First light.

MOLLY

How?

STEVIE

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

MOLLY

(troubled)

I don't know, Steve.

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.

MOLLY

Stevie. . . .

STEVIE

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

MOLLY

And Matt?

STEVIE

Matt can do what he does, go where he goes.

MOLLY

What if . . . ?

(she looks at MATT, who smiles reassuringly)

STEVIE

Dress warmly. It's cold out.

(she hesitates, then exits to the bedroom.)

STEVIE (cont'd)

I'll go down and get the horses.

RALPH

(stopping him)
Steve.

STEVIE

Yeah?

RALPH

What about him?

STEVIE

He does what he wants.

RALPH

You really intend to leave him here?

STEVIE

I do, yeah.

RALPH

(outraged)
We're not taking him?

STEVIE

You want him to ride with you?

RALPH

Make the sucker walk!

STEVIE

Leave him be, Ralph.

RALPH

We've got to put this shmuck in jail, Stevie.

STEVIE

I don't want any part of that. Neither does Molly. Just let it alone. We'll ride out of here and find some help, 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, asshole. 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 away. And if I ever see you—

MATT

You won't see me, Ralph.

(re-enter MOLLY)

MOLLY

Ralph, 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 (cont'd)

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. He looks at MOLLY. A beat)

MOLLY

Sure.

(FIRST LIGHT BEGINS TO BREAK)

MATT

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

(giggling)

Bones.

(steps painfully to the upstage sliding door. To RALPH)

Okay?

RALPH

Okay.

MOLLY

(opening the door for him)

Matt . . . ?

(in response, MATT smiles and offers her his flute. She accepts it)

MOLLY (cont'd)

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. A beat. MATT arranges himself into a good posture, then carefully removes his medicine bundle and rattle. 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.
(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.

(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

(uneasily)
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)

STEVIE (cont'd)

Molly. . . .

MOLLY

Wait, Steve.

STEVIE

It's a long ride, Molly, let's go.

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

STEVIE (cont'd)

What is it now?

MOLLY

He's stopped.

STEVIE

So?

(re-enter RALPH)

RALPH

Steve, are we going or not?

MOLLY

Something's wrong.

(they look at MATT. He is absolutely rigid)

MOLLY (cont'd)

Matt!

(MATT doesn't move. She goes to the upstage door and calls again)

MOLLY (cont'd)

Matt!

(no response. She unlocks and opens the door)

MOLLY (cont'd)

Matt?

(no response)

MOLLY (cont'd)

Stevie. . . .

STEVIE

Leave him be, honey.

(she ignores him, tentatively opens the door and approaches MATT. He doesn't move. STEVIE starts upstage)

Molly? STEVIE (cont'd)

Stevie, he's dead. MOLLY

What? STEVIE

He's not breathing. MOLLY

Can't be. STEVIE

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

(STEVIE goes to MATT)

Matt . . .? Matt . . .? Stop it, Matt. Come on now, Matt. STEVIE

MOLLY

He's dead, Steve.

RALPH

(joining them)
Are you sure?

STEVIE

My God.

RALPH

How do you know?

STEVIE

Look at him.

RALPH

Sonofabitch.

STEVIE

My God, Matt. What the hell did you do?

RALPH

How?

STEVIE

I don't know. He's dead, Ralph.

(RALPH approaches MATT)

MOLLY

(fiercely)
Don't touch him!

RALPH

(stopping)
Oh, for chrissakes.

STEVIE

Matthew . . .

(THE LIGHT CONTINUES TO CHANGE AS DAWN
BREAKS)

STEVIE (cont'd)

He must have known. He must have known he was
dying.

MOLLY

He knew he was going to die, Steve.

STEVIE

(shaken)
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 . . . that guy's got a power. . . ." 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 gonna have to learn what my real walk is.

MOLLY

(firmly)
Don't touch him.
(she moves downstage)

STEVIE

I won't touch him.

MOLLY

Let's not touch anything.

STEVIE

We won't. Come on.

(he and RALPH come away)

RALPH

What do we do?

STEVIE

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.

RALPH

Steve, that's stupid—

STEVIE

(near tears)
And put down that damn shotgun!

RALPH

(startled by STEVIE'S ferocity)
Huh?

STEVIE

Put it down!

(RALPH drops the shotgun)

STEVIE (cont'd)

Let's walk. Move.

(RALPH exits. MOLLY collects herself, 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 beat 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)

THE END