

SCENE TWO:

Sometime later. A hole is in the ground. DEL and GIL stand in the grave. Their torsos are visible. They shovel-- DEL with the soup-ladle, GIL with part of a pelvic bone.

...Shallow-end. **DEL**

Shallow-bowl. **GIL**

Shallow-person. **DEL**

Shallow-grave. **GIL**

Grave-yard. **DEL**

Grave-stone. **GIL**

Grave-mistake. **DEL**

Grave-robber. **GIL**

Grave-situation. **DEL**

Graveeee...vy? **GIL**

Point, Delroy. **DEL**

GIL
What's the matter with gravy?

DEL
Final: Del--500. Gil--two. Winner and still champion--DELROY!

They work in silence.

GIL
I could have me a whole fleet of gravy boats right now.

DEL

Want to play again?

GIL

I used to pour gravy over mashed potatoes, fried chicken . . . Yup, everything on my plate used to be covered with a nice warm blanket of gravy. My mother would opine that I was always flooding her supper out with all the gravy, but I wasn't flooding it out. I was bringing it all together under one warm blanket of gravy.

DEL

Another game will take the bite out of your craving.

GIL

Like my craving just the way it is, thank you. Keeps me focused. Sides, you always win that game.

DEL

Cause you don't transform the word. You get stuck on a word like you were stuck on a main river. Look for places where other rivers possibly join the first. Shoot for those forks and open up a whole new adventure. Come on, I'll show you.

GIL

No matter which way I see it, end'll always be the same.

DEL

The end means nothing. It's the excitement of playing. You'll see. Serving: egg. Egg-shell.

GIL

Egg-noodle.

DEL

Egg-plant.

GIL

Egg . . . Can't think of nothing else that's got eggs in it. . .

DEL

What about plant?

GIL

I like eggs better than plants.

DEL

You could do plant kingdom.

GIL

Cept right now I'm so hungry even that scrubby bush over there is starting to look like a tasty meal.

DEL

Then I would do Kingdom come.

GIL

Come on, Del--

DEL

On stage. And then you could transform that to stage *what?*

GIL

--Del, I can't think of transforming nothing till my belly's transformed to full.

DEL

But we would always be moving in new directions. We would always be progressing.

GIL

It don't matter, we're almost done here anyhow.

BEAT.

DEL

Not by a long shot I'd say. Regulation grave is six foot deep. Want to be up to code.

GIL

This here's six foot deep.

DEL

How tall are you, Gil?

GIL

Uh--nine foot nine.

DEL

More like five foot five.

GIL

Nope. I'm way over six foot, so by my figuration...

[measuring against the grave wall]

...we're done.

GIL hops out of the grave and sucks on the bones while loading them in the coffin.

DEL

We are not done.

GIL

You're the one all hot to pull on this rope. All sure that whatever's underneath us is bound to change our lives. Now you're stringing this out for I don't know how long.

DEL

Contradictory behavior is what separates us from the animals.

GIL

You want a final gnaw?

DEL

Give me a hand out of here.

GIL helps DEL out of the grave with a hand-bone. DEL sucks the hand-bone. They gnaw on the bones for a moment.

GIL

Wish we had some gravy to warm up these cold bones.

DEL

It's better to make do, than do without.

GIL

Mighty hungry though. Grave-digging's hard work--- Damn! Grave-digging stead of gravy.

DEL

Grave-plot!

GIL

Drop it, Del.

They drop their bones in the coffin. GIL takes out the Polaroid and lays it in the coffin.

DEL

What are you doing with our Polaroid?

GIL

I thought it'd be good if anybody ever dug him up to see what he looked like and know he had buddies in this world.

DEL *[picking up Polaroid]*

Nobody's going to dig him up, Gilroy.

GIL

You don't know that.

DEL

Even if they did they wouldn't find our Polaroid. It will disintegrate like everything else. Everything but these perfect teeth. . . would you look at that. . .

DEL contemplates Leroy's teeth.

Looks like he's smiling at us even now. . .

GIL

Sure that's a smile?

DEL

Of course, it's a smile. Now, put our Polaroid back in your pocket.

GIL [*laying it back in the coffin*]

It's a sign of respect.

DEL

But- But- But- it's our only reminder of Leroy.

GIL

You bury your dead with the respect they deserve, even the Neanderthal believed in that. You want us to slip back an eon or five?

DEL

. . . Let me look one last time.

DEL looks at the Polaroid one last time. He lays it in the coffin. GIL closes the lid and pushes the coffin to the edge of the grave.

Wait!

GIL

What now?

DEL

Don't shove him in there like a prisoner going into an eternal jail. Lower him in--gently--like a mother laying her child to rest on a mountain of goose-down.

GIL

Wish I had a goose down in my belly.

DEL

First we'll cut off some of this rope, wrap it around the coffin, secure it with a couple of timber hitches, and then we'll lower him down--gently.

GIL

Timber hitches?

DEL

I'll teach you. I know all my knots. I was an Eagle Scout.

GIL

Don't need you to teach me about how to tie knots, Scout.

DEL

But he has to go down gentle.

GIL

Tell you what. We'll each get an end and let him down as slow and gentle as we can. We'll cooperate. We'll hold him as long as we can then we'll let go and think of him landing on a soft pilla.

DEL

A soft pillow made of goose-down?

GIL

Whatever you want, Del.

DEL

Softest thing you could rest your head on was that goose-down. Did you used to have a goose-down pillow?

GIL

Foam.

DEL

Goose-down comforter?

GIL

Poly-blend.

DEL

Goose-down anything?

GIL

I had a very hard life.

They position themselves on either end of the coffin and pick it up.

How come I always get the heavy end?

DEL

Lower on the count of three.

GIL [*straining*]

Hurry.

DEL

Jedan, dva, tri. . .

They start to lower the coffin.

Keep him even. Slowly...

GIL

My end is heavy.

DEL

Think of goose-down.

GIL

Goose-down.

The coffin is still visible. GIL strains as they speak in a round:

GIL

Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose-down.

DEL

Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose-down.
Goose--

GIL drops the coffin. The coffin falls like a coffin would and lands with a thunderous crash.

DEL

--Down.

GIL

Rest in pieces, Leroy.

DEL

Poor Leroy.

GIL

Poor Leroy? What bout me? Think I popped a vein there.

DEL

You're always thinking about yourself.