



For the Brando Family...and those they loved.

CAST LIST

MARLON BRANDO

a king

CHRISTIAN BRANDO

a pawn

CHEYENNE BRANDO

a queen

TEIHOTU BRANDO

a knight

TARITA BRANDO

mother of Cheyenne and Teihotu

JOCELYN BRANDO

sister of Marlon Brando

DAG DROLLET

boyfriend of Cheyenne. father of Tuki.

FATHER BANNER

Jill Banner's uncle

MARLON B. SENIOR

Marlon Brando's Father (*double cast with the role of Father Banner*)

JOAN

Marlon's closest friend (*potential double casting with role of Jocelyn Brando*)

KARRIE

Joan's eleven year old daughter

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

a boy

ACT I

Lights up on a 1920's homestead house in Kalama, Washington. A cedar porch. A swing. 1972.

JOAN, Marlon Brando's confidant and closest friend, cuts boards on a power saw. Coated in saw dust.

MARLON BRANDO (48), exhausted and dirty, drags a rope with a huge bundle of corn stalks tied to it. He drops it in front of JoAn. She powers down the saw.

MARLON

You got me walking a quarter of a mile to pick this shit. We're gonna plant it right outside my bedroom. No sense in me walking all that way when I can stick my arm out the goddam window.

JOAN

That corn was out there for the deer.

MARLON

Fuck the deer.

JOAN

You took way too much. You're just gonna end up wasting it all

MARLON

I'll pick three ears for every meal. Count on it.

JOAN

No, you will not!

MARLON

I'll out eat a bull. Watch me. I'll eat the corn, and I'll eat that fucking bull.

JOAN

You're gonna make my deer starve.

MARLON

Hey, maybe the deer will come up closer to the cabin! I'll yank 'em through the window. Throw him in the crock pot.

JOAN

Oh yeah, I gotchu a pot roast and gravy in there cooking. But don't dig into it till Christian gets back. Worried you're gonna starve him. Like my deer.

JoAn measures an empty spot on the porch. She slides over a board and tape measure.

Mark out five and three quarters for me.

Marlon does. She cuts the board and slides another over.

Six and two eighths.

MARLON

You know what we need?

JOAN

A porch. Six and two eighths.

MARLON

Trees.

JOAN

We have trees. Look around. See all the fruit saplings. That would be me.

MARLON

I'm not talking trees like that. I'm saying we could have full grown trees flown in here. By helicopter and log chains. You, Christian and I. We could dig these massive holes. If I need to get other people, I can. I can get plenty. I'm working up an army of children.

JOAN

Oh, yes. Okay, okay. Child labor. Go on.

MARLON

I'm just saying we could get the choppers to plop 'em right down. It'd be like a forest. In--a day. Don't you get tired of just looking out on fields all the time? Seeing all that forest over there in the distance?

JOAN

I don't. And you wanna know why? Lemme tell you why. Because. I planted saplings. And I'm gonna watch them grow, Marlon.

MARLON

What is that? Twelve, fifteen years? I don't even know if I'm going be around that long. I've damn near about died about twenty four times.

JOAN

Okay, well don't die. At least don't die before royalties start coming in for *The Godfather*. Cause mama and her family gotta eat. So.

MARLON

JoAn, I'd really not like to see a bunch of saplings get snapped off in a storm. Holding out that a few make it.

JOAN

Well. I'd very much like to see which ones make it. So, pop a squat, and in about four years, you can pick a peach.

Marlon mumbles.

Marlon, this is my place. So if it's a request, it's gotta be just that.

MARLON

You're a bitch.

JOAN

And you love me *for* it.

MARLON

I do.

JOAN

Now what do you want? Six and two eighths.

MARLON

What?

JOAN

I'll plant your trees. What do you want? Six and two eighths.

Marlon measures out the board.

MARLON

Sycamores. I grew up under sycamores. Climbing them, reading under them. They would drop those helicopter seeds that would twirl down for what felt like lifetimes. I'd hold out my hand, always hoping one would land in my palm. I'd like that for my son.

JOAN

Anything else, king?

MARLON

Just my corn...Six and two eighths, foreman. Now will you give it a rest and come sit with me?

Marlon sits on the swings. A mockingbird is heard.

Oh here we go with this shithead again!

JOAN

The mockingbird?

MARLON

You're a bad influence on him. He's got every tool of yours memorized. I'm tired of waking up to fucking weed whackers every morning. And I swear, I know he's studying me. I'm starting to hear everything echoed back to me. If he starts talking--

JOAN

Oh, you couldn't bring yourself to hurt an animal. Now if you said you were gonna catch it and train it--

MARLON

Twelve year old me with a BB gun was a horror movie for the little woodland creatures.

(to the mockingbird)

If I still had it, *oh buddy*.

JOAN

Where is it?

MARLON

BB gun? I dunno. My dad probably sold it. He sold a lot of my childhood things before I was done being a child.

(beat)

I'll probably just have Christian shoot the damn thing. Yeah, he'd enjoy shooting at something besides trees. He's been asking for me to take him hunting for a while, but I can't really bring myself to it.

JOAN

You need to.

MARLON

I know. Caught him hiding his guns around my house. I think he's just fucking terrified that his mom's gonna do something again. Have a bunch of hippies kidnap him again.

JOAN

Marlon, if you can't take him out hunting, you should probably ask my husband. He wouldn't mind. Honestly.

MARLON

Mm. Mm-mM. mmm.

JOAN

Moving. Okay, well. I'll tell my husband to get him and Christian some turkey tags.

MARLON

Okay, no, JoAn I'm his dad. I can take care of him just fine. I'll--I'll take--him. Could you um--could um--Something sweet?

JoAn exits inside.

Thank you!

Marlon stares at the mockingbird.

Fuck you.

The mockingbird jives back. JoAn returns with pie for both of them. She sits. Marlon chuckles, and brushes sawdust off of JoAn's chest and thighs.

MARLON

Woman doing her own carpentry. I've never heard of such a thing before.

JOAN

Yeah well. My dad had a girl, my dad raised a son.

MARLON

He's lucky. Having Christian reminds me of all the things my ole' man could've been.

(beat)

I never wanted Christian to see a place--like this...and to think that it wasn't normal. You know? I want him to see a place like this and know full well that he deserves it...So, thank you. For building my boy this home.

JOAN

It's getting there.

MARLON

We'll get it there. Just start learning how to tune me. I only really mean forty percent of what I say. The other sixty...

Marlon makes a motion of turning down the volume.

JOAN

Oh, no. No, you'd absolutely tear down my cabin. Make me start all over.

MARLON

I'm not that bad.

JOAN

No, I think I like a little more than forty percent. The exotic chickens that lay green eggs. That was a good one.

MARLON

Mm. I just like the memories. Thinking of stuff that no ones thought of. Wish I could speak it all into existence. Say and it would be. I'd like that very much. But, ideas for me don't usually last. Seven minutes. That's all the tanks got. Could I have um--ugh--ah--um...do we anything else?

Marlon holds out the empty plate.

JOAN

Like?

MARLON

Like brownies?

JOAN

Do they need you at a certain weight for *Missouri Breaks*?

MARLON

What, are bounty hunters not allowed to be husky now? Ah ugh d-d-don't worry about that, okay? I have my ways.

JOAN

Your ways?

MARLON

Yup. My ways. And they work. Okay?

JOAN

What're you talking about?

MARLON

I am okay. If they want me to be all slender--I'll--I'll give them slender.

JOAN

What the hell are--

MARLON

Oh my God, your pie was delicious, but if we need to go hack it up, I'll go hack it up. Now, do we--the brownies?

JOAN

Marlon, why would you still be doing that!! You're gonna burn a hole through your throat.

MARLON

Oh, well maybe there's some funny voices in there with an extra hole in my throat.

JOAN

MARLON, God damnit!!!

JoAn throws her pie at Marlon. Whipped topping covers his shirt, and the rest splatters the ground. Marlon exits.

JOAN

Are you getting a towel?

MARLON

No. I'm getting pot roast.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN (11), Marlon's firstborn, and KARRIE (11), JoAn's daughter, run up to the porch. Covered in mud and dirt. They see the pie splattered.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

...were we having pie?

JOAN

Why're you covered in mud?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

We were at the sand bar.

JOAN

So why're you muddy? Shouldn't you be sandy?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Cause we went down to the river to wash off.

JOAN

(beat)

Alright. Well, got all my answers.

Marlon returns with pot roast. He cleans up the pie.

MARLON

Why're you all muddy, grub?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

We washed off at the river.

MARLON

AH! You and Karrie should go jump around on the bed.

They bolt for the door. JoAn catches them.

JOAN

Go wash off in the creek.

They run off.

(to Marlon)

Here. Give it to me. Let me clean it up.

MARLON

No. No, I got it. Honest reaction, right? Sometimes it surprises to find out someone wants me alive. How could that possibly upset me? Let's just not talk about this in front of Christian. Yeah? I'll keep it all down.

Marlon kisses her cheek. The kids return. Still dirty.

JOAN

Karrie, you realize I'm not letting you in the truck like that?

MARLON

What'd you two find on your venture?

KARRIE

We found an old abandoned silo, and the inside was filled with like trees, and one of the trees had a beehive. We didn't think it was full, so we kinda like knocked it down. We didn't get stung though.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Karrie didn't, but I did.

KARRIE

Right, Christian got stung, but I didn't.

JOAN

Christian, do you need anything for the sting?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Um, Karrie took my Swiss Army knife and scraped it out. I think she got it out, but you can check.

JOAN

I'll get you some ice.

JoAn exits inside.

MARLON

You wanna know something funny about bees, Karrie? They're actually very docile. Their instinct isn't to attack as a means to protect themselves. When they do, it's always to protect their sisters. You know why I say sisters?

Karrie shakes her head no.

MARLON

Because only the females have the stinger. They're the only ones who can really do some damage on you. So that means Christian got beat up by a bunch of girls.

Karrie laughs. Young Christian listens to his lesson.

But there's a snare, you see. When a female bee stings a mammal, they don't get to take their stinger with them. No, you see they have to leave it behind. But they aren't just leaving the stinger. They have to leave a little part of themselves to. Otherwise, what lesson will be learned in all this anger and...aggression? So when a female bee stings, the barbed stinger stays...put. It pulls out her intestines when she tries to fly off. You following? They might've hurt Christian, but they did more damage by attacking and trying to leave in the first place.

(beat)

Male bees don't have this though. That's why you can put them on your tongue, close your mouth, and they'll just sit in there, very, very quiet. The female bees won't attack you either. They have no need to if it isn't one of their own. You don't believe me do you? Here, I'll show you.

Marlon wanders out in front of the porch.

The male bees spend a lot of time out in the grass and clover. They're not as good in identifying where the goods are at. Not like the females.

Marlon scoops the ground, and walks back to the porch.

Look in my hands. You see him?

KARRIE

Yeah.

MARLON

Good, now stick out your tongue.

KARRIE

No!

MARLON

Okay good, Christian will. *Christian*.

Young Christian pinches the bee from out of his dad's palms, and places it on his tongue.

Close your mouth.

Young Christian does as told.

Alright good, now let him out. He might be scared of the dark.

Young Christian gently puts the bee back in Marlon's palm. Marlon carries the bee back to the grass.

KARRIE

That's gross, why would anyone want to do that?

Because we can.

MARLON

JoAn returns with an ice pack and a towel.

JOAN

Karrie, dry off baby, we gotta load up. Your dad's gonna to be home soon and I haven't started our dinner.

MARLON

You sure you don't want to take this roast?

JOAN

No, it's a small one. I want you and Christian to eat on that. Here you go, sweetie.

JoAn applies Young Christian's ice pack.

KARRIE

What're we having?

JOAN

I don't know yet. I'll think of it on the way. Load up.

Karrie runs off.

JOAN

You all need anything else?

MARLON

We're content.

JoAn kisses Young Christian's forehead.

JOAN

Bees and hornets can do way worse than this. So we're gonna be more careful, alright?

Christian nods. JoAn pulls Christian in for a tight hug. She exits. Marlon exits inside. He returns with a second bowl of pot roast, handing it to Christian. They eat together in silence. Sounds of Washington fill the air.

Marlon takes gravy from the pot roast and begins to smear it on Christian's face. Christian onto his dad's. War paint markings. They giggle together. Marlon stands, towering over Christian like a tribal chief.

Christian backs away, takes a knee, and bows his head.
Marlon claps twice for attention.

(Indian Sign Language)

What is your name?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Floating Tree. What is your name? **(ISL)**

MARLON

Match Struck Twice. Where do you live? **(ISL)**

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

I live here. **(ISL)**

Marlon giggles and mumbles inaudibly.

MARLON

Who built this house? **(ISL)**

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

I alone. **(ISL)**

MARLON

(laughing. Marlon signs as he speaks.)

You alone? You alone?! You did not build this house alone.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

I helped hang the windows! So that you and me could see outside.

MARLON

Well I put up the walls. So you didn't have to face what was outside.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Yeah, but who wants to live in a house without windows.

MARLON

Oh, come here you little grub!

Marlon slings Christian over his back.

You built this place, huh...You know what I have to say to that? “*Ha! Ha!*” Go on, tell me what you’re full of.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Bullshit. (ISL)

MARLON

Mhm, that’s right. Bullshit. You’re full of bullshit, and you’re full of bullshit because your dad’s full of bullshit. But not as much bullshit as you.--But you know what? You are right. This place *is* yours. It’s all yours. You need to make me a promise though.

(beat)

I know you’re scared. I know that’s why you got JoAn and I buying you all those guns...What your mom did to you was an awful thing Christian. I just think she’s fucking awful. And I hope you hate her as much as I do. I’m not going to let her or anyone take you from me ever again. Understood? The only person you’ll ever *have* to fear, is me. But I will always treat you fairly. I’m going to let you live whatever life you want to live. Wherever you stand, I’ll build that roof over your head. I promise you that. You just promise me that you don’t you ever let them sting you again.

Marlon sets Christian down.

Understood? (ISL)

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Yes. (ISL)

BLACKOUT.

Sounds of puking can be heard. Heaving and forcing. A toilet flushes. Groans. Water flows from a sink. A heavy frame tromps in the darkness, before settling into a couch. A loud exhale.

**Lights come up on a Mulholland Drive mansion. 1990.
A living room, a kitchen, and a bedroom.**

At the back of the living room, are double doors with seashell beaded curtains draping them. An ocean blue sheen of light creeps through and cascades the room.

Marlon, now **66**, sits on the couch. He is older, and far heavier since we last saw him. A 350 lbs giant of a man. He pressed a button on a tape recorder. A chess board is laid out. He plays against himself throughout.

MARLON

6...5...4...3...2...1...

(beat)

Marlon, there is nothing to fear. Only joy can be found here. You are in a time far from this one. An alternate world, and it is like a wonderful dream. A world in which Jill holds you, and you know that it will last. A world where death eludes Jill in the many ways that it has eluded you. She holds you tightly because she knows not of the moment when *you* will go, and *she* will remain...What a lovely thought...Now Marlon, search. Search your memories for the remnants of Jill that you have not abandoned. **What remains?**

A schizophrenic conversation to be had amongst himself.
A voice of darkness. *A voice of deception.* A voice of innocence. And Marlon's own.

(beat)

What did you find?--Red. Green.--*Good, Marlon. You know what it is. Look at it closely.* It's the ring we gave Jill. **It is your mother's. She reminds you of her, doesn't she.** *When she is happy, you are reminded of mother's happiness. They are the same kinds of joy.* We look at that ring, and we know that it is the loveliest thing we will ever give to another human.--No role can be as great as the one we play as someone's lover.--**Look up. What do you see now? Is she crying? Of course she's crying. Why is she crying? Was it something we said?**--Yes. Yes it was.-- *What was it for though? Does it matter? Did we push Jill the way we always push? Pushing people against walls that they can't force down.* --What else can they do, but push back-- **You're losing her for us. Quit pushing! You know how this ends.** *She's screaming now. Go on, tell her you didn't mean it.* --Stop screaming.--**Both of you. Be gentle.** *You can't, can we? We never are what we never got. The cycle repeats. We grab her clothes and tear them.*--I didn't, you did.-- **Marlon, relax. This is the way it always is. Try gentleness.** *Go for her neck. What did you take?*-- Something special-- *It's something red and green.*--Her engagement ring.-- Your mother's ring. It's all the same. Metal. Waiting to corrode. *You actually took it back. Give it back. It's hers. You love her, and only her. This says that. You could show love. You could be gentle. But we know better. Don't we. Children step on ants and tear up grass because they know it is within their power and you will do the same. Did we become too aware of our power? Man has always been able to slaughter man. But what are we when we resort to killing another's soul? Look at her, Marlon!*--She's beautiful.-- Why do we insist that this is the best way. To not smash a flower, but to pick it? It bring the same fate. Marlon, shut him the fuck up.--I can't!-- She fights for us in a ways that others never did. **Good. Let her fight.** *You enjoy this little moment. You will never feel power like this again. Marlon...throw that fucking ring.*

Both of the home phones ring. Marlon is incredibly startled. He charges the kitchen phone.

You however don't remember home phones being on oceanside cliffs. That's new.

Marlon bashes the phone against the wall. He watches it. *The phone rings again.* Unsatisfied, he rips the cord and phone out, and chucks the phone across the room. He pulls his weight back to the couch. Then, a knock at the poolside doors. FATHER BANNER, a Catholic Priest, waits. A few leaves stick to his attire.

FATHER BANNER

Hello Marlon, I tried to ring you because--
Yes-- I didn't feel comfortable using --Yes,
yes it.

MARLON

Oh hi, we were supposed
to meet at 9. And it's 9, huh?
Ah, okay. Well, shit.

FATHER BANNER

I was saying, I know you told me to use the poolside entrance to avoid the photographers, but--I just rang you--well it doesn't matter now.

MARLON

What?

FATHER BANNER

There's no poolside entrance. Just...a very tall fence.

He brushes a few leaves off.

MARLON

Sure there is. It's just got bamboo all around it, so it blends in with the rest. I have to press a button though for it to swing open. Otherwise people can't typically find it.

Marlon picks a leaf off the Father Banner's clothes.

Sorry about that. That's a bummer. Well, take off your shoes, and come on in.

The priest is suddenly startled by something behind the center couch, that we the audience cannot see.

What? Oh, Tim?! What, you aren't a dog person? He looks mean, but he doesn't do nothing but lay there anymore. People are just scared of him cause he's a Mastiff.

FATHER BANNER

No it's okay, I'm just not a dog person, I guess.

MARLON

Well, I would guess Tim's not too much of a *religious* person, on account of God doesn't have a heaven for him. Go on take a seat, I was just finishing up some meditation tapes. You ever tried meditation?

FATHER BANNER

I haven't. I don't seem to find much time to spare for extra curriculums.

MARLON

I wouldn't call it that.

FATHER BANNER

My apologies.

MARLON

Sure.

FATHER BANNER

You said you wanted to speak to me about Jill's burial location, is that right?

MARLON

I think you priests could benefit from a little bit more alone time. Little bit of thought with your own thoughts, rather than everyone else's thoughts. Or God's thoughts. You might be able to help more people with their problems if you lived a normal life like them.

FATHER BANNER

Okay. Could we talk a little bit on what I came out here for?

MARLON

Tu es un putain de cochon, tu le sais? ("You're a pig fuck, you know that?" in French)

FATHER BANNER

Sorry?

MARLON

(chuckles)

My bad. Sometimes I'll slip into other languages by accident.

FATHER BANNER

Really? I know a few myself. What languages do you speak?

MARLON

Fluent?... French Spanish, Japanese, Italian, German, Indian Sign Language. A woman by the name of Stella Adler taught me some Yiddish. A woman by the name of mother taught me some English. Few songs.

FATHER BANNER

I speak a few of those myself. We start off in Latin to be able to read classic text, but it's for the best that we learn something still used among the members of our church. Priests often learn Spanish, Italian, or French. I focused mostly on Spanish and Italian given the makeup of our congregation.

MARLON

Mm. Aren't I lucky.

FATHER BANNER

Jill's mother told me that you wished to speak to me about the burial location for where Jill rests now? I understand...I do. I really. We all have our preferences on where our loved ones should be buried. I understand this is so personal for so many--

MARLON

These aren't my wishes. I don't fight this hard for my wishes. This is the only thing she ever asked of me that I can still commit to.

FATHER BANNER

Marlon, I will be as fair and transparent with you as possible.--My beliefs stand still. Same as the day when we buried her. Jill separated herself from the church. These are facts. She pulled away from her father's religion, and no matter how much she might have loved him, her beliefs did not run parallel with my brother's. It would be unfit to have her moved to a Catholic cemetery, a faith she did not believe nor practice, just so that she can rest next to her father.

MARLON

And what would you do if I would've had her incinerated? Dug her up, burnt her to ash. Fly over her dad's grave with a helicopter. Sprinkle out the ashes like I'm the fucking Sandman putting people to rest...What would you even do?

FATHER BANNER

We are her family. We have that right where she rests. You were only a boyfriend, Marlon. That does not go far.

Marlon mumbles something. Maybe French or Yiddish.

FATHER BANNER

I know you wanted to be more. But this is the reality we're playing in... And so I will stand still. She did not believe in *anything*. I watched Jill grow up before me. She never even attempted to read the book of the Lord, let alone say a prayer.

MARLON

You fucking toad .

FATHER BANNER

Marlon, I am--

MARLON

She didn't believe in anything *because* she read your damn book. I don't believe your bullshit because *I* read your damn book. Now if that girl, wanted to be buried by her father, *in South Dakota*--in a plot her father *picked* for *her*, then by your fucking God, you better do it. Before I do it myself.

(beat)

FATHER BANNER

Be happy that she's only a short drive. The flowers you leave her are always quite beautiful. She would have loved them.

MARLON

She hated flowers. I like them. They make me happier to look at when I talk with her.

FATHER BANNER

I'm sorry if the title of *boyfriend* demeaned what you two had. I misspoke. I could tell you two--

Marlon charges into his bedroom. He grabs the book "Life of a Cell" from his nightstand and charges back. He hurdles the book at Father Banner's head. Miss.

MARLON

Your book doesn't teach you the science that my book does, does it? *NO!* Little Pig Fuck comes from the dirt! And Miss Little Pig Fuck, well she comes from Little Pig Fuck's baby back ribs. So read a book you *pig fuck!*

He hurdles the book at Father Banner's head. Miss.
Marlon circles the couch as Father Banner tries to escape.
Marlon rushes to pick the book back up.

Oh no, sit down I'll make you a fucking cup of tea. You can read all about my reality!

One with science and reason, and the possibility of medicine. A world that *we* let you benefit from so that you can practice your beliefs!!

Marlon chucks it again. Miss. He chases it and Father Banner bolts out the door. Marlon leans out the door, as Father Banner climbs the gate.

FATHER BANNER

Could you please open the gate?

MARLON

No. And I fucked a nun once.

Marlon slams the door shut. He giggles and mumbles something in Japanese. Wheezing and gagging. Marlon pukes into a waste basket. He presses a button on his tape recorder.

MARLON (RECORDING)

6...5...4...3...2...1..

(silence)

Marlon, there's nothing to fear...

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

A spray of blue lights, from the pool, cascades through the room. CHEYENNE (20), Marlon's daughter, and DAG (27), her boyfriend, are huddled around Marlon. Cheyenne is seven months pregnant.

CHEYENNE (VOICE)

Dad....Daddy...

DAG (VOICE)

Would you like me to make a loud noise, something that could get him stirred up?

CHEYENNE (VOICE)

No. He doesn't like loud noises. You'll just scare him.

DAG (VOICE)

Well right, they scare everyone, *mon ange*. Are you scared to wake him?

CHEYENNE (VOICE)

I just know all the ways that this can go.

DAG (VOICE)

Cheyenne--

CHEYENNE (VOICE)

Don't try to make this happen your way. Nothing loud. Can you be patient with me?

DAG (VOICE)

Of course I'm being patient with you, but Cheyenne, there's vomit in the waste basket...and we've been listening to him gasping /for an hour.

CHEYENNE (VOICE)

He's just taking a nap!...He does this. Will you please listen to me?

Dag flips the lights. They squint.

DAG

If you're scared to wake him up--Could you let me? I can.

CHEYENNE

My dad is a fucking bear, and I'd rather neither of us be mauled.

DAG

Okay. Fine. Go ahead. Keep trying.

Cheyenne lies down by Marlon.

(whispers)

Papa...*Papa*...Were you napping?

Cheyenne rolls Marlon over to his back. She sits on his massive belly, the way Mowgli would sit on bear Baloo's, floating down the rivers of India.

(whisper sing)

Now when you pick a pawpaw

Or a prickly pear

And you prick a raw paw

Well next time beware

Don't pick the prickly pear by the paw

Dag, throw on some bacon. He really loves to wake up to smells.

She drums on his belly, like a pair of congas.

*Look for the bare necessities
The simple bare necessities
Forget about your worries and your strife
I mean the bare necessities
That's why a bear can't rest at ease
With just the bare necessities of life.*

Dag smacks a cast iron skillet on the stove. Marlon wakes in panic, grabbing Cheyenne by the throat. He hoists her high above his head.

DAG

Marlon, 'aita!

Marlon comes to consciousness, and drops Cheyenne. He holds her close.

MARLON

I'm so sorry sweetheart. There was--I didn't know what was happening. I was just having the most beautiful dream and then there was just...*I'm sorry, darling.*

Cheyenne breaks away and exits outside.

MARLON

Cheyenne!..

DAG

She's not leaving. I have the car keys. I won't let her drive--

MARLON

Why would you all show up without telling me?

DAG

I didn't really think it would be a problem. This is Cheyenne's home.

MARLON

This is not a home. Listen to me. If you dealt with the maniacs that I do, you'd hide yourself in a fucking bunker. You do not just simply show up.

DAG

She was trying to sing to--

MARLON

I heard her. And then I heard you. I don't like people trying to interrupt lovely things.

Marlon grabs a pair of bongos.

Dag, do me a favor. Next time I do something like that--Hit me. Don't just let me hurt someone you love... *Fuck!* Okay. Let me fix this.

Marlon shakes out his hands and begins to drum on the bongos. Slow and melodic. A heart beat. Then, a hurricane. Cheyenne lingers back inside, like game being called in by a hunter. Marlon knows she's there.

MARLON

Take a seat, Cheyenne. I'm going to pass them off to you. And when I move my hands, you take on that rhythm.

Suddenly, Marlon pulls back, and Cheyenne begins to drum. He backs away and sits with Dag. Cheyenne's drumming is different from Marlon's. It's not sexual, sensual, or euphoric. It is sorrowful and full of question.
bOm bom BoM bom BOM..

MARLON

Beautiful, darling. That's my absolute favorite song.

Cheyenne lays the bongos down.

CHEYENNE

Is my room still my room?

MARLON

Of course. Why would it not be?

CHEYENNE

I don't know. Thought you might've given it to some woman.

MARLON

This is your home.

Cheyenne nods, grabs her bag and exits.

DAG

...You're not going to find a Cheyenne you remember. I'm trying so hard to get her there--

MARLON

You're not gonna get her there. No one's gonna get her there. You better love her while she is here because one day you're gonna regret trying to fix her. When you can just as easily love her while she's broken.

DAG

We can fix this. If she had someone to talk to! If she had the dad that she says you--

MARLON

She's here. I bought you two your plane tickets. And I agreed *with* you that she should have her baby here. Didn't I?--I did, didn't I.

(beat)

I don't trust hospitals. Especially not in Tahiti. When Cheyenne was a baby...I watched from the other side of that glass as mice crawled across everyone's babies. Wouldn't let them get anywhere near my baby girl. Never busted down a fucking door so fast in my entire life. I grabbed her, and I took her home. Where I could look out for her...I've done everything I can to protect my daughter. You all let her get in that Jeep. I'm just the one who came to fix it. You feel lucky that she wasn't thrown through that fucking window.

DAG

You did not fix it. It is not close to fixed.

MARLON

She *splayed* her face open...And I fixed *that*. Made her beautiful again. I can't help that her doctors left little pieces of metal in there. I can't help that people can't clean up their messes. They left ticking time bombs in there, and you're trying to convince yourself that they're not going to blow.

DAG

It's...

MARLON

It's. It's...*It. Is.*

DAG

It's not metal. It's her. When she looks in a mirror, she does not see herself. She told me that it is like moving in sequence with a stranger. Does that not strike--

MARLON

Do you think this is the moment where you get to stand to the tyrant dad? Because I've had an infinity of women to protect. I've stood to those dads. Felt good. So do you believe this is your moment?

(beat)

What you have with me is not tyranny. It's fucking charity. You live on my money. You all feed on it. And your kid will be brought into this world on it. If you don't appreciate that kind of charity though, we can go get you and Cheyenne a tarp to throw down? I like discounts, whadya say?

(beat)

What is it again? A boy, right?

DAG

E. A boy.

MARLON

Name.

DAG

Tuki.

MARLON

Tuki? You're calling him Tuki?

DAG

Cheyenne's mother suggested it--

MARLON

I know you suggested it...*I've never liked the sound of Tahitian names.* They're not beautiful to hear.

(beat)

Did you know Cheyenne's name is Tarita? Yup. Mother Tarita, Daughter Tarita. My father did that same shit to me. How can you make a name for yourself when they've already made it for you?..I took Cheyenne before a tribe of Cheyenne natives. They gave me blessing to be able to use that name. Their names aren't just passed down from mother to daughter like gimmicks. Don't name your boy Tuki. Name him what you want.

DAG

My boy's name will be Tuki.

MARLON

You have a right to your boy's name.

DAG

My boy has a right to be Tahitian. He deserves to know exactly who he is.

Marlon lugs out a piss stained, box spring mattress from the basement.

DAG

I can stay with Cheyenne in her room.

MARLON

Her mattress is far too small to fit her and the kid, *plus you*.

DAG

Don't you have like twelve rooms in this house?

MARLON

I do.

Marlon flops the mattress down in front of the couches. Marlon shovels out an enormous scoop of dog food. He dumps it into Tim's bowl. He clicks his tongue at the Mastiff **behind** the couch.

Tim. Dinner.

Marlon whistles. *The Mastiff does not emerge*.

Tim get your food. Ti-Ah fuck it.

Marlon opens a can of cat food.

Dag, I got a hybrid cat somewhere around here. She looks like a little cheetah. I swear she's living up in one of those couches. I'll kinda hear her fucking around up in there from time to time. If you see her, or a little paw poke out, will you let me know?

Marlon whistles at Tim. *The Mastiff does not emerge*.

Marlon grabs a plate of cookies and a glass of milk from the fridge. He snatches up his tape recorder, flips off the lights exits to his bedroom.

Dag hears Cheyenne in the kitchen. She wears pajamas far too small for her belly. He watches her in the threshold.

CHEYENNE

(noticing Dag)

What?...

DAG

Nehenehe. ("Beautiful" in Tahitian)

CHEYENNE

Oh! You like this look for me? My twelve year old pay-jays? Really?

DAG

Yes. I can see Tuki.

CHEYENNE

Come hold Tuki.

DAG

I would. But I can't. I'm grounded to the living room. I'm planning on making a fort.

CHEYENNE

What??

DAG

E...E. Your dad said the bed was too small for both us and the baby.

CHEYENNE

It's a king size. They're all king size.

DAG

Come. Come look! I'll show you my plans.

Cheyenne peers in. Dag points around.

See, I was thinking these couches flipped on their side could be--you know, the towers--

CHEYENNE

Aw, you got Teihotu's old bed!

DAG

E. That's good to know. I wasn't sure who's piss stains my face was going to rest on.

CHEYENNE

Dag, my dad had nine children. That bed's a crime scene.

DAG

O...Okay. Well. Maybe I'll throw a sheet over it. Make it nice and homey--

Cheyenne interrupts Dag with a kiss.

CHEYENNE

Come lay down with me and Tuki.

Cheyenne leads Dag upstairs.

All is still and silent. Dark. Darker. Only a faint amount of light creeps in. A collar is heard jingling as Tim the Mastiff pushes himself to his feet. A shadow of him crosses the wall as he lumbers over to his bowl. The sound of him eating his food echoes in the room.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on Marlon's bedroom. Marlon presses a button on a tape recorder. A chess board is laid out. He plays against himself throughout.

MARLON

6...5...4...3...2...1...

(silence)

Marlon, there's nothing to fear. Just go back. Way back to a happier time. A time when mother would leave something good to eat in the icebox. Apple pie with slices of cheese. Brownies with a glass of milk. These are for you. She's left them for you, and you alone. If she were here, you'd hug her just to smell that sweet fragrance that lingers on her breath and fills rooms. It is the sweetness of her gin, her rum, her whiskey. Whatever it is, it is the sweetest smell that you have ever known, and the sweetest you ever will. Now go to your sycamore and lay. For a lifetime you will watch as the helicopters dance to the ground. Floating in...and out of the light. Under your sycamore, you will find Ermi. Waiting for you. The moonlight illuminates your governess's smoky brown skin like a warm amber glow. Ermi holds you before you will ever know the love of any other. Before you have a chance to learn that no other love will ever feel as wonderful as this. Her skin is soft. Soft like satin, and her dark silky hair runs down your naked bodies. You fondle her breasts because you know that she'll let you. This is the happiest you will ever be. Under your sycamore tree.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up. Nighttime. Cheyenne sits on the old mattress. The crackle of a wood stove is heard. Marlon emerges from his room. Dazed. He carries a typewriter and pages.

He does not notice Cheyenne as he passes through. He pulls a small wheel of cheese from the fridge and heads to the couch. Not seeing Cheyenne, he trips on her. He drops everything, and gears his fist back.

CHEYENNE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Dad--Dad. It's me. *It's me...* I'm sorry, I didn't realize you didn't--

MARLON

What're you doing here? Dag's suppose to be here.

CHEYENNE

O-kay. I was supposed to be Dag, and you were supposed to step on him. I'll go get him--

Marlon picks up the typewriter, pages and cheese.

MARLON

No! I just...no, I don't know. I'm not used to people being here anymore...What're you doing out here?

CHEYENNE

Dag snores, and I forgot my ear plugs. Can't really sleep.

MARLON

Wasn't sure if it was really a good idea to light this thing.

CHEYENNE

Really? Yeah...no this used to be our favorite part of the whole house. I like to remember when we warmed our feet by it. We'd read your books together. It was peaceful... Then you'd rip pages out, toss 'em in the fire. You said the fire was going out, but Christian always told me you did that when an author pissed you off.

Beat.

MARLON

No, babe, I mean there's a family of fucking pigeons up in the chimney stack.

CHEYENNE

Oooh--my God! Okay, okay hold on.

Cheyenne rushes to fill a pitcher of water.

MARLON

Hurry. The whole family's dying.

CHEYENNE

Daaaad!

MARLON

Of course I could be imagining these things.

Cheyenne abruptly stops the water

CHEYENNE

Dad, are there pigeons up there...?

MARLON

No. Eh...No.

Cheyenne dumps the water. Marlon coos like a pigeon.
Cheyenne jumps.

Ope!

CHEYENNE

Dad, stop!

MARLON

I'm kidding. You're not a killer. Come back to me.

Cheyenne takes a seat next to him

CHEYENNE

What're you working on?

MARLON

Eh mmm--ugh it's. Well. Ha--it's...ugh mm...Mhm.

Marlon gives a strained smile.

CHEYENNE

Is this your Native American screenplay?

MARLON

Ugh...m. Mhm.

CHEYENNE

That's okay...When it's ready. Everyone will hear you.

MARLON

You think I should play one of the Indians or one of the white men? American general.

CHEYENNE

Probably a general.

MARLON

I don't know. You think your dad could play the devil that well?

CHEYENNE

Yes. I think if you worked really hard.

Cheyenne smiles. Marlon takes a bite from the cheese, types a few words, and takes another bite.

CHEYENNE

Do you think Tuki is good name?

MARLON

Tuki?

CHEYENNE

Yeah. For my boy.

(beat)

MARLON

Well, I think that's a beautiful name. Beautiful to hear. Just like yours.

Marlon begins to rub her back.

Your back hurting you?

CHEYENNE

Not really.

MARLON

Your mother's back hurt all of the time with you.

CHEYENNE

He must be small then.

MARLON

No, babies in this family aren't small. You were fatter than Christian. I coulda gone bowling with you.

Marlon begins to rub her chest, just above her breasts.
Do you plan on breast feeding any?

Cheyenne breaks away.
Cheyenne...

Cheyenne exits upstairs.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on the Mulholland home. Cheyenne cooks bacon in the kitchen. She wears far baggier clothes. Jeans and a heavy T-shirt. Dag comes downstairs shirtless. He throws an arm around Cheyenne. A kiss.

DAG
'la ora na...bacon? ("Morning" in Tahitian: *'la ora na*)

CHEYENNE
Yup.

DAG
What happened to your "pay-jays"?

CHEYENNE
They didn't fit.

Dag reaches for bacon set out on a paper towel.

CHEYENNE
Dag, that's not for you.

DAG
Who's it for?

CHEYENNE
I'm cooking him bacon. I told you he likes to wake up to smells.

DAG
Do you and I watch him eat too? Is that how this works?

CHEYENNE
We can go out and get something. You and I. I'd enjoy that.

DAG

Do you always make it your mission to *please* him?

Cheyenne shoves Dag away from the stove.

What?! I-- hm--I...don't know why you seem so ob--obsessed. With treating him like he's a king. He isn't.

Cheyenne flips a piece of hot bacon onto his bare skin.

Merde!--Ah! Nom de Dieu!

Dag peels off the bacon and slings the skillet.

CHEYENNE

Dag, I swear to God, if you come anywhere near me, I will cut your son right out of me and hold him under water. I will spare him of all of this.

DAG

All of what!...

CHEYENNE

All of me.

DAG

Cheyenne...you are not well.

CHEYENNE

...you have no idea *what's in my head...!!!*

Dag approaches.

DAG

Cheyenne...

CHEYENNE

STOP!!!

Dag seizes Cheyenne by the arms. She grabs his hair and beats down on his head. Dag shoves her against the threshold of the kitchen. He slaps her once. He slaps her twice more.

Arrêtez!

DAG

Cheyenne looks to the living room. Dag looks. *Marlon watches.* Dag releases Cheyenne, who crumples to the floor. Marlon drags his feet forward.

DAG

Est ce que tu vois ça? Ce sont les choses dont je vous ai mis en garde. Je t'ai prévenu, Marlon... She's talks about killing Tuki. Killing me. I warned you of this!

Marlon gently places his hand on Dag's shoulder. He then reaches for Dag's leg, and slings him across the ground, away from Cheyenne.

MARLON

If you ever hit her again, I will kill you.

Marlon turns to find a kitchen blade being pointed at him. Cheyenne's body is loose and her eyes empty.

CHEYENNE

I'm going to call Mom now?

Marlon and Dag are still. Cheyenne walks calmly to Marlon's bedroom. She takes the phone . She covers her eyes when dialing. She waits...wrong number. Repeat. She waits...wrong number. Sobs begin to pour out. She covers her eyes, and dials again. This time, someone answers. Tarita.

CHEYENNE

Mom.--I don't know. Come here...just don't leave me alone...

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on the Mulholland home. A night and a day later. Dag lies on his twin mattress going through a stack of books from Marlon's shelves. Marlon hauls boxes out from the basement and stacks them along the bookshelves. Cheyenne is still locked inside of Marlon's bedroom. Marlon heads back down into the basement.

TARITA (48), Cheyenne's mother and Marlon's third ex wife, enters with a suitcase. Dag embraces her with a hug.

DAG

Hi, Tarita.

TARITA

I should've never let you come here. I know too well what this place is. I'm sorry/ I let--

DAG

It's okay, I'm okay! Are your little one's okay?

TARITA

My mother and sister are watching them.

DAG

And Teihotu? He's coming, right?

(beat)

Tarita, he is coming, right?

TARITA

She asked him not too.

DAG

Tarita...

TARITA

She wants Christian. She said she *needs* Christian. And to be honest, I don't know what else we / can expect Teihotu to say.

DAG

Oh my God.

No,

this--this

DAG

Christian. Christian is coming here? Christian doesn't know her. He knows a little girl. He knows his little sister. He doesn't know this.

TARITA

She's still our Cheyenne.

DAG

No Tarita, no she is half of our Cheyenne. The other half, I don't know who it is! I don't know who else is sitting behind her eyes. But when Christian comes here, he's not going to find anything he remembers. He'll find *this*, and he won't know what *this* is. And he'll blame us for *this*. He'll blame all of us.

TARITA

Maybe we should all be blamed. *All* of us? That doesn't sound too bad...

Marlon emerges from the basement with another box. He passes by Tarita without acknowledging her. He stacks the box, and pulls a lilac from a vase. He places it into Tarita's hair. He kisses her.

MARLON

A lilac. You know who's favorite flower that was. Yes?

TARITA

Your mother's.

MARLON

That's right, Tarita! That's good. Lilacs were my Dodie's favorite.

TARITA

How long has Cheyenne been in there?

MARLON

Oh, I don't know, it all blurs together it seems.

DAG

Little over forty hours.

Marlon mumbles Spanish. He scoops out dog food.

TARITA

Has she eaten anything? Have you even bothered to give her some food?

MARLON

I'm not entirely sure what you expect me to do, Tarita. If she's hungry, she can come out. Just like this dog.

Marlon whistles. *The Mastiff dog does not emerge.*
Marlon opens a can of cat food.

He won't eat in front of me, and I don't know why, but he is alive. The bowl still gets emptied. It's all just patterns and habits, baby. My daughter is no less of animal than Tim.

TARITA

Does she have water?

MARLON

She has a sink.

TARITA

Marlon, look at me.

MARLON

Tarita, I am fully capable of multi-tasking. You think I need eyes to know exactly what you need?

TARITA

I need you to look at me because I don't think the words I say will be right.

Marlon stops. He takes a seat. He indicates for Tarita and Dag to sit across from him. His eyes do not break.

Our daughter has become impulsive. Easily triggered and easily enraged. She hits her sisters. Her *little sisters*. She hits Dag. She hits me. Sometimes she'll throw any and every object, in the house, at me or *our little girls*. And one day it'll be a knife or something heavy, and I'm tired of hiding the things I can imagine myself being killed with. *Mon amour*...I've tried to tell you this. This isn't from her car crash. I refuse to believe that. There's something in her that Cheyenne is deeply fearful of. She's scared to live with the things she knows. Whatever goes on in her mind--I don't know if it's bipolar, / anxiety--

MARLON

Tarita!

TARITA

I'm trying to find an answer to--

MARLON

You're not trying to find an answer, you're trying to find a fucking culprit. You're trying to turn over my hands and see the red paint. You don't know what--

TARITA

I don't know! I don't. I'm not *trying* to blame you or say you passed something down. I'm saying that there's something. Something very much *you*.

(beat)

MARLON

I'm not *against* a psychologist for her, I just really don't trust them.

TARITA

Good.

TARITA

Who do you trust?

MARLON

Mine. Only mine. The rest of them will just stick pliers and tweezers in her brain, and they're gonna pull out shit she already knew was there.

TARITA

Then she should have yours if you trust him so much.

MARLON

I don't want her to have mine. There'll be a bias.

TARITA

She needs someone besides us. We aren't enough.

MARLON

We'll take our time and find /her someone--

DAG

There's no *time*. I don't know what time you think you have. You've got two months. That's all you get. Or you're gonna get a grandson floating dead in the water.

MARLON

Dag, you hang yourself up like a piece of meat, and you come bitching to me when the boxers and the butchers start to show? Tarita was no different to me! Our first three outings were just her beating the shit out of me. You're in love with the butcher and the boxer's daughter, son. Get used or get the fuck out.

DAG

She was nothing like you. I fell in love with someone who used to smile, and sing. I don't know who I'm in love with anymore. You? Am in love with you? Because when I see her hate, there's none of Cheyenne in it!

MARLON

You both shouldn't be here!!! You have no grasp of what a real world is like. You live in a paradise and you think it's fucking normal. You see problems and you think they are rare? The fix is rare. That's how my world works. You all tell my Cheyenne, that she's a monster? And then you ask me why she acts like a monster. Monster hunters make the monster.

CHRISTIAN (32) enters. His face is being eaten by meth.

(chuckles)

More of Lear's children to put their feet on his throat. Fucking. Pleasant.

Tarita hugs Christian.

TARITA

Hey...

CHRISTIAN

Hi, Tarita. Where is she?

TARITA

She's in there, but I want us to talk first.

MARLON

I'll talk with him. Just have Dag take your bag upstairs. Pick a room.

TARITA

I want us to talk as a family.

MARLON

Did he say, "Hi, mom" or "Hi, Tarita"? You're not his mother, and Dag is an accessory.

Dag guides Tarita upstairs. Marlon looks to his son.
Christian shrinks to the size of a gnat before his dad.

Where're you coming from, Christian? Washington?

CHRISTIAN

Washington.

MARLON

Of course you are. You don't have a room left across the street, do you? Did all your hippie friends take up vacancy?

CHRISTIAN

They aren't called hippies.

MARLON

Did all your junkie friends take up vacancy?

CHRISTIAN

JoAn said she really misses you.

MARLON

Tell her when my kids and Hollywood stop keeping me in my cage on the hill, I'll stroll down to the woods with a fucking red hood and a basket of goods.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry...

MARLON

Don't apologize to me, just figure it out Christian. Why am I pissed?

Christian mumbles, but Marlon talks over him.

Why are you here? I said I was always going to put a roof over your head. And today, you chose this one? Why? I don't even wanna be under it.

Christian mumbles, but Marlon talks over him.

Quit trying to be brave. Quit trying to save her. Quit trying. Just be. Can you do that?

(beat)

JoAn tells me you've been hired onto a welding crew? Do you have any idea how proud that makes me?! I wish you could fathom it. I wish I could be humble like you. So now you tell me...why are you here? You're right in the pocket of everything you need.

CHRISTIAN

She's my sister.

MARLON

And I'm her dad. You do think that means a little more, mm?

CHRISTIAN

I'm her big brother. I'm supposed to look out for her.

Pause.

MARLON

Alright. Fine. Alright, Christian. Go talk to your sister. Get her out of my room so I can get some sleep. Maybe take her out for dinner. She hasn't eaten for some two days.

Christian heads for the room, but Marlon stops him.

And look, she's a lot of me. She doesn't always mean what she says. Maybe forty percent of it. Remember that when you're listening.

Christian knocks on Marlon's bedroom door.

CHRISTIAN

Chey?

Cheyenne unlocks the door. She returns to Marlon's bed, wrapping herself back up in his comforter. Christian sits, putting his arm around his little sister.

(beat)

You remember that time I made you a burger, and it tasted like ass?

Cheyenne can't help but to laugh.

Okay, good. You do. How about I take you out for a good one?

Pause. Cheyenne lays farther into her brother arms.

And you can tell me everything.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on the Mulholland home. Dag lays on the couch, watching TV, remote in one hand, cigarette lighter in the other. Marlon sits crisscross on his bed. He presses button on his recorder. A chess board is laid out. He plays against himself throughout.

MARLON

6...5...4...3...2...1...

(silence.)

Marlon, talk about rage. Talk about that long day's journey into night. The nights of Dad driving you, and Francis, and Jocelyn, around that town square, looking for your mother. She was hiding. Hiding from pain. He kept you on leashes, his children. Bloodhounds. Searching for a runaway slave. The human animal has no limits to his cruelty when in pursuit of his own desires. He used us so that he could use your mother. So he could beat her within an inch of her life, knowing that that extra inch was the freedom he gave her in return. And he liked to call that "fair". It sounded generous to him. He beat the alcoholic out of her so that there was more booze in the house for him to drink. He was a whorefucker like you. He never needed love because love doesn't come as easy as cheap pussy.

Love is free but comes with work, and that was something, that for your mother, he could not afford. Marlon...talk about the things you would do if he were still alive. Talk about how you would maim him and whip him. How you would hang him up by his balls, just so your mother could see. Maybe she'd smile more. Marlon, talk about how you'd do none of those things, but rather hold back as you always did. We are the monsters we fear in others. Regret permeates everything...Marlon...

(beat)

Talk about rage.

Lights dim on Marlon. The living room is spotlit. Christian and Cheyenne enter. Christian slams the door behind him. Cheyenne runs upstairs. Dag watches, but returns his gaze back to the TV. Christian searches Marlon's book collection. Dag sees Christian searching.

DAG

I was trying to look for a novel or something over there. Marlon says he's never read a piece of fiction before. I didn't really feel like learning about entomology, or carpentry, or whatever else is up there.

Dag obverts his gaze back to the TV.

What book are you trying to find?

No answer. Dag checks to see if Christian is still there. He is. Dag looks back to the TV. Christian finds his book. He opens it to find hollowed out pages and a pistol. He turns his back to Dag.

How was your dinner with Cheyenne?

Cheyenne rushes down the stairs. She stops in the threshold of the kitchen. She looks into Dag's eyes. Dag looks into hers.

Christian rushes forward with a .45 Caliber extended.

CHRISTIAN

Now listen Dag, if you ever hit my sister again--

BANG. Sound is sucked from the room. The gun smokes, and everything is still.

A hole in Dag's cheek begins to leak with blood.

Cheyenne breathes. Christian breathes. Dag does not.

Tarita comes downstairs. Cheyenne holds her mom back.

CHEYENNE

You can't go into the living room, mom. You can't go...

TARITA

Why? Cheyenne, what's happened?

CHEYENNE

...Mom...*please*...

Marlon emerges from his room. He sees Christian standing there with the gun. He stares at Dag's body, lying on the couch, in the dark.

MARLON

Dag?

CHRISTIAN

I didn't know--

MARLON

Shut up.--Dag?

CHRISTIAN

Dad, I swear to you--

MARLON

Dag!

No response. Marlon inches closer.

CHRISTIAN

I thought the safety was on. I just wanted to scare him.

Marlon sees Dag's hands. A lighter in one and the remote in the other. He tilts Dag's chin to see the bullet hole. He lets go and the head lifelessly falls. Tarita and Cheyenne hold each other. Sobbing.

CHRISTIAN

Please believe me, Dad.

Marlon lowers himself to the ground. Hiding behind Dag.

BLACKOUT.

Lights up on a Tahitian bungalow, with a palm leaf thatched roof. A driftwood porch. 1979. Overcast. A hurricane approaches.

TEIHOTU (18), Marlon and Tarita's son, and DAG now 18, sit on the edge of the porch, smoking and drinking Tahitian *pita*. CHEYENNE, now 11 enters, singing and dancing. She grabs the screen door and slams it with a twirl. She sees Teihotu and Dag smoking before they smash the cigarettes into the ground and toss the empty beer bottles under the porch. Teihotu says goodbye to Dag, and he runs off.

CHEYENNE

You shouldn't smoke. You're gonna die one day from smoking , and I'll have to be the one to bring you back to life.

TEIHOTU

Vous allez mourir de fumer si vous continuez à venir ici quand je fume.

CHEYENNE

I will not! And you shouldn't be talking in French today. Papa wants us to speak English when he visits.

Cheyenne bolts through the screen door, "sing-talking".

CHEYENNE

I'm gonna sing a song for Dad. And he's gonna love it.

Long pause.

Cause he likes me more than you!

Cheyenne flies out the screen door with a handmade Father's Day card.

Read it.

TEIHOTU

Happy--

CHEYENNE

Just kidding! Daddy taught me to read better than you too. "*Happy Father's Day. From your favorite daughter. And kid. Love Cheyenne.*"

TEIHOTU

Your name isn't Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE

Yes it is!

TEIHOTU

No. Your name isn't Cheyenne. It's *Tarita*. You have a Tahitian name, like me. Not an American name.

CHEYENNE

Mom gave me that name because *she* wanted to be my favorite.

TEIHOTU

Mom gave you that name because you are Tahitian. You should be proud to be Tahitian.

CHEYENNE

Papa thinks my name is beautiful!

TEIHOTU

I know he does. And it is beautiful. But it's not your name. It's what he wanted. He tried to call me Simon. Did you know that? He wanted me to be Simon instead of Teihotu.

CHEYENNE

But I like your name.

TEIHOTU

I know. I do too. It's Tahitian. Like us.

Marlon and Tarita enter, holding their hats from the wind.
Tarita is pregnant. Cheyenne leaps onto her dad. She begins to lick his face. Marlon laughs furiously.

CHEYENNE

I made you a card!

MARLON

You made me a card. Well, let's see your card.

(taking the card)

Oh! Well, that's beautiful sweetheart. Teihotu, did you see what your sister made me? Thank you, sweetheart. I'll read it every day. *Every day.*

Marlon kisses Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE

Do you want to make me a card?

MARLON

Make *you* a card? You want me to make you a *Father's* Day card??

CHEYENNE

Nooooooo! Just a "card" card.

TARITA

Baby, how come you didn't make me a card for Mother's Day?

CHEYENNE

I'm sorry mommy, I can make you a card now!

MARLON

I'd love to make you a "card" card. Go get your stuff so I can start on it.

Cheyenne leaps down, and bolts through the screen door.

TARITA

Teihotu, I thought you were gonna have a friend over.

TEIHOTU

I sent him home. Thought Dad might not want the extra company.

TARITA

No baby, go get him. I'm cooking up all that fish that you caught yesterday and some *firi firi*. Go ahead, go get him.

Teihotu exits. Cheyenne runs back out with paints, paper, and pens. She holds them out proudly.

CHEYENNE

Will you write inside with your pretty cursive?

MARLON

I had no idea I had *pretty* cursive. But I will indeed write with my *pretty* cursive.--Tarita, would you um get--go, go get some chairs. I'd like us to watch the hurricane blow in. Cheyenne, go throw on your bathing suit so we can watch the storm.

Cheyenne runs off. Tarita takes Marlon's hat.

TARITA

I'll wrap your hat it in some plastic.

MARLON

I'll just sit here and make this "card" card.

Teihotu returns with his friend.

TEIHOTU

Dad, this is my friend Dag.

MARLON

Dag. Teihotu's mom is cooking some food that'll be ready in a bit. You wanna join us?

TEIHOTU

(translating)

Avez-vous faim? ("You hungry?" in Fench")

Dag nods.

MARLON

Good. Just make yourself easy on the porch.

Tarita sets out chairs. Cheyenne runs out in her bathing suit, but immediately retreats at the sight of Dag.

MARLON

Sweetheart, come back out here. Meet Teihotu's friend. His name's Dag.

TEIHOTU

She knows him. That's why she's being shy.

Marlon mumbles in French.

MARLON

Dag, you and Teihotu go in and throw on some trunks. We're gonna watch the hurricane roll in.

The boys exit and Cheyenne slips by, covered in a towel.

Why're you covered up?

Cheyenne shrugs.

Cheyenne..?

Cheyenne shrugs.

(beat)

You're scared for Dag to see what's underneath...Darling, they're gonna be in awe of you. Every boy on this island will be. And one day, they're gonna see you as a beautiful goddess. Like the ones that use to roam around these islands. And you're gonna be *queen* of my island. Watch.

Cheyenne goes to hug on him.

Oh no, you go way over there and park it. You can't see what I'm working on.

Cheyenne flops to the ground, at his feet.

Whatever, just close your eyes.--Q...U...E...E...Unless your baby sister is more beautiful than you. What do you think about that?

CHEYENNE

Nooooo!

MARLON

Oooh look at her talk!

CHEYENNE

She's gonna look like a fish.

MARLON

I bet she will be breathtaking. She won't have that big forehead, and big jaw that I gave you. She'll have Jean-Claude's more fragile and French features. What about him? Do you like your mom's new boyfriend? Jean-Claude?

(beat)

You want me to make him go away? I can do that.

CHEYENNE

No, I like him.

MARLON

You still show him my picture I gave you right?

CHEYENNE

Mhm.

Cheyenne sings a Tahitian hymn. It is soft and lovely.

Tarita comes out with everyone's food. She crowns Marlon with his hat, now wrapped in plastic. The boys sit at the edge of the porch.

Cheyenne remains covered in her towel. Hiding her body from Dag. Marlon pulls off the towel and props her up on his knee. Marlon hands her the handmade card. He hugs her tightly.

CHEYENNE

Thank you, Papa...

MARLON

Read it for the boys to hear.

CHEYENNE

I love you with all my heart. You will always be my Queen of Tahiti. Mon Amour, Dad.

Marlon hands Tarita his camera from his duffel bag.

MARLON

Here, Tarita. Take this and go out there. Record all of us sitting on the porch.

Tarita goes out and records the family together.

Perfect.

Cheyenne begins to sing her Tahitian hymn.
They watch the hurricane blow through.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on the Mulholland home. 1990. The night of the shooting, right before Dag is shot. Christian stands by the bookcase. Dag on the couch.

DAG

What book are you trying to find?

No answer. Dag checks to see if Christian is still there. Dag looks back to the TV. Christian finds his book. He opens it to find hollowed out pages and a pistol. He turns his back to Dag.

How was your dinner with Cheyenne?

Cheyenne rushes down. She stops in the threshold of the kitchen. She looks into Dag's eyes. Dag looks into hers. Christian approaches Dag, Cheyenne trailing behind.

CHRISTIAN

Have you been beating my sister?

(beat)

Let me ask it different. Have you beat my sister while she's pregnant?

Christian inches closer.

DAG

Define it. Because I have never, nor would I, ever *hit* Cheyenne. I slapped her. That is it.

(beat)

Christian. You have no context. You have no understanding of what you're involving yourself in. This is her and I's monster to beat. Not yours.

CHRISTIAN

Did you hit her?

DAG

(pause. calm)

No.

Cheyenne pulls the .45 Caliber pistol from the back of Christian's belt, and fires a round into Dag's cheek.

Christian pulls the gun from Cheyenne's hands.
Cheyenne crumples against the wall. Tarita comes
downstairs. Marlon emerges from his room.

The cycle repeats.

Marlon motions for his son to follow him to his bedroom.
Lights go dark on the living room, and spotlight only the
bedroom. Marlon sits on his bed, crisscross like a Native
American chieftain. Crying is heard. The boys are silent.

MARLON

(Indian Sign Language)

Who fired the gun?

CHRISTIAN

I don't know what that is. I can't remember half of the signs...

Marlon waves his hands, irritated.
He puts a finger to his lips.

MARLON

Question. You? **(ISL)**

(beat)
Question. You? **(ISL)**

CHRISTIAN

Cheyenne. **(ISL)**

Pause.

MARLON

You. **(ISL)**

CHRISTIAN

No. Cheyenne.

Marlon snaps a finger up to his lips.

MARLON

You. **(ISL)**

CHRISTIAN

No, Dad! I'm telling you Cheyenne did it! Cheyenne fired the--

Marlon explodes to his feet. He plasters his hand over Christian's mouth. *He points furiously in his face, over and over again.*

MARLON

You. You. You. You. You... **You alone.** (ISL)

Silence. Marlon pulls his hand off Christian's mouth.

MARLON

You, Christian. You will take this.

Marlon strokes his son's face and exits his bedroom.
A guitar is heard playing.

The sound of a tape recorder being stopped, then
rewound. Christian begins to walk backwards into the
living room, in the position he was before the shooting.
Tarita reverses backwards. Cheyenne reverses backwards.
Dag reanimates to life. All while Marlon walks through
the living room. The tape recorder stops.

**Lights dim on the living room and shine on a Kalama,
Washington farmhouse. A cedar porch.**

A Young Christian plucks his guitar out in the yard. JoAn
watches. Marlon steps onto the porch.

JOAN

You should go talk to him.

Marlon goes inside and emerges with a harmonica. He
sits down on the swing, and begins to play. Young
Christian stops, but does not turn around. Marlon stops.
Young Christian starts. A conversation is had in the music
as the two play back and forth.

*Lights rise on the living room. Christian pulls a gun on
Dag. Dag grapples for possession of the pistol. Cheyenne
and Tarita fight to pry the two away.*

The musical dialogue, between Marlon and Young Christian, heats up into a fierce argument.

Christian raises the gun into the air, far above everyone.

Freeze.

Everything is still...but Marlon. He walks over to the fight in the living room. Lights dim on Kalama. He stops short of the fight, frozen in time.

He snaps to the audience, as if he's heard someone's voice who doesn't belong. He moves to the stage's edge.

MARLON

I see you out there...Watching...I see you judging and telling yourself what *you* would've done...It does not mater...These are *my* children.

Marlon takes the gun from Christian's frozen grip. He gazes out at the audience.

Fuck you.

Marlon fires the gun into Dag, who falls to the couch. The rest of the family remains frozen. Darkness sets. Voices pour in. They overlap. Camera flashes.

VOICES

--we are receiving word of a shooting-- --shots from inside Brando residence--
 --terror strikes the Brando home--
 --Dag Drollet, boyfriend of Cheyenne Brando--
 --Christian Brando, currently “*Christian is many things. But he has*
being cited as the alleged shooter-- *never lied to me. And I believe him*”
 Jacques Drollet, father of Dag Drollet, describes
 the Brando home as “**bunker with many weapons**”--
 --courts fear flight risk of Christian Brando if bail is set--
 -- ruling *no bail* for Christian Brando-
“*misery....has come to my house*”--
 --whereabouts of Cheyenne Brando are currently unknown--

Camera flashes grow. Shadows of bodies are cast all along the walls. Then...they stop. Spotlight. Marlon.

Get out of my house!!!

MARLON

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Lights up on the Mulholland Drive mansion. 1995.

One of the couches is turned upside down. The liner underneath has been cut, and torn to shreds. A baby crib .

Marlon and JOCELYN BRANDO, Marlon's elder sister, sift through the boxes stacked along the bookshelf. Jocelyn holds a baby with one arm, and rummages with the other. She pulls out a book and tosses it to Marlon.

MARLON

What?

JOCELYN

The cover. Read it.

MARLON

"This belongs to Jocelyn Brando, and it *must* be returned to her or else."

JOCELYN

Okay! So now set that over there with my stuff...

She opens a new box.

This must be Dad's box.

MARLON

Oh good. You want help lugging it out to the curb?

JOCELYN

Got his pipe, his rolling papers, all his ties--

MARLON

Our blood, sweat, and tears in a mason jar--

JOCELYN

Look. You remember his fur cap.

MARLON

Yup. Wore it every time we went ice fishing. Always wished that ice hole was bigger-- Look, Tiddy, this shit's been on pause for five years. If the box is too heavy to carry out yourself, you're welcome to start chucking it all in the wood stove.

JOCELYN

And why again was this stuff not comfortable in your basement?

MARLON

I don't know. I think I was looking for something. Think I was looking for a card.

JOCELYN

A card?

MARLON

Yeah. A "card" card.

JOCELYN

Okay. Um... Yeah, okay. I'll just start making piles.

MARLON

Keep the good stuff. Whatever Christian and Cheyenne might like.

JOCELYN

Look what else is in Dad's box.

MARLON

Alright, that's it, I'm fucking burning it.

Marlon turns to see Jocelyn holding a BB gun.

Thought he sold that.

JOCELYN

Not sure why he kept it.

MARLON

Why?

JOCELYN

You didn't shoot it. You just carried it everywhere.

MARLON

Made me feel like a cowboy. He always told me to put him in a cowboy movie.

Marlon shakes the gun. BBs rattle around.

I am going to just destroy my neighbors mailbox.

JOCELYN

(searching)

Are you positive Mom's wedding ring is in here?

MARLON

Yes. I promise, just--let's keep going. Just keep looking.

JOCELYN

And you'll let me have it? You're not--

MARLON

Tiddy, it doesn't fit my fingers.

The phone rings. Marlon gives a nod. Jocelyn lays the baby in his crib and answers the phone.

JOCELYN

Hello?--Bud, come here.

Jocelyn hits the speaker button.

VOICE

This a pre-paid collect call from: *Christian. Brando*. If you would like to accept the call, please press one. If you would like to permanently block this number--

Marlon pushes a button. Silence. Christian drifts out from the kitchen, and sits between Jocelyn and Marlon. He wears prison scrubs. They all talk to the phone.

JOCELYN

Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Aunt Jocelyn?

JOCELYN

Yup. And your dad's here too.

CHRISTIAN

Oh good. That'll give me some extra minutes.

Pause.

JOCELYN

Bud--

MARLON

Hey, Christian. Hi. I'm here.

CHRISTIAN

Could we act like you're here?

MARLON

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN

I wanna show you all something.

JOCELYN

You mean tell us?...Do you wanna tell us something, Christian?

CHRISTIAN

I mean yeah, I will. But could you act like you're here?

Christian looks up into Marlon's eyes. Then, he looks into Jocelyn's.

I see you all.

Beat.

JOCELYN

We see you.

CHRISTIAN

Let me show my room.

Christian points to the space within the living room.

This is my--my sink. We don't have a mirror. For obvious--I think that's kind of a--ugh, obvious. One. This is--my toilet. That's nice. And ugh...Oh, my bed. And this is my cellmates bed. He's Jewish, so, he gets better food than me.

Christian sets down a small bag. He pulls out and opens a can of chicken.

I don't eat much of what they serve, so I try to get pretty creative with the canteen you get me. So see, here I got some canned chicken. And I usually like to put--little cheese whiz in there. Makes it creamy. I also throw in these little dehydrated veggies that sit on top of the cup of ramen. And then I crush up these Ritz, and I sprinkle those on top. Kinda like a crust. And ugh--yeah. It tastes a bit like a pot pie... Will you try it?

Christian holds out the pot pie in a can to Marlon.

MARLON

I--I don't--I don't like--

JOCELYN

Christian, let me try it.

Christian feeds Jocelyn.

Mmm. That's good. That's *real* good. Bud, you should try this.

CHRISTIAN

It's okay. I'll eat the rest. Jocelyn. Could I talk to my dad in private?

JOCELYN

Yup. Sure thing.

Jocelyn steps just a couple feet away. She rolls her finger at Marlon to keep talking.

CHRISTIAN

I was thinking....when I get out in a few months, you know, maybe--could try out some acting.. Maybe you'd wanna try it out too? Learn it. Bang this thing out together.

Pause.

MARLON

...No.

CHRISTIAN

Oh...Yeah you're--mhm. I guess all these guys in here have been jumping down my ear. *Son* of Marlon Brando takes up acting. That *sounds* like something that should happen, shouldn't it? I mean, I am your son.

MARLON

You are. And you always will be. But I have kept too long in this light, and you are burning.

(beat)

Hey, let's make your cell more cozy. Okay? Look . You said this was your bed? That's a king size. It's soft, and warm, and it's got that quilt of all your high school T-shirts that JoAn made you. And your sink? It's got clean towels, and fresh soap--And ugh, I assume these are the bars? Well, these are those nice oak walls that we put up in Washington. With your first buck mounted right there. Now where's your window? Point it out for me. We're gonna take a / look outside.

CHRISTIAN

Dad.

MARLON

Mm.

CHRISTIAN

I have no windows here.

Baby Timothy begins to cry. Jocelyn scoops him up.
Christian exits.

MARLON

Fuck--Ah, Christian hold on--that's-- um your baby brother. Haaah shit, hold on--

JOCELYN

Christian?

VOICE

The caller has hung up.

MARLON

FUCK!

JOCELYN

Why won't you let him in?

MARLON

Oh my God, my chest is aching. My throat hurts. I feel like I'm right there in that cell with him.

JOCELYN

So why won't you invite him in?

MARLON

What the--Why does everyone talk to me like I don't have this mapped out?

JOCELYN

Because he's trying to find purpose, living in your world / and I doubt--

MARLON

He doesn't need purpose, he wants fame. Fame will eat him alive.

JOCELYN

Marlon, I'm an actress--and I don't do it for fame... Christian already knows what I know. That not a thought about him will ever be made without the pairing of your name. That is not fame. That is scrutiny.

MARLON

I've got the media buzzing right in my ear!! I've got mosquitos, and their bites all over me. And they don't sting, and they don't itch, but every drip of my blood is gone! They drained me dry! But they're still hitching a ride on my back, waiting for seconds.

Beat.

JOCELYN

Alright, got it. I'll just let the three ghosts visit you tonight.

MARLON

If this is what I have to do to protect my children--

JOCELYN

You're not! You're hiding them! You're hiding Christian in a prison for monsters, and you're hiding Cheyenne in a mental ward for psychos.

MARLON

It's not a place for psychos. It's a place to heal people like her.

JOCELYN

No, No. That place is for people like you and I. We're the people that make normal people *not so normal*. We should both admit ourselves. And you're smoking around my nephew. So he probably has lung cancer now.

MARLON

I just lit it so that I don't have to keep smelling whatever's in the air. It smells dead.

Marlon puts out the cigarette and wafts the air.

You got it all the way across the room. It's fine.

JOCELYN

It?

MARLON

Timothy. Stop. I know his name, okay? There's eleven of them. It's hard sometimes to toss out names.

JOCELYN

Marlon, why am I even holding a baby boy of yours?

MARLON

I dunno. You can lay him down in the crib, I don't care.

JOCELYN

No, I'm asking why he exists.

MARLON

Well, that's kind of a twisted thing to say.

JOCELYN

Well, it's kind of a twisted thing to do! They're not a fucking *Beanie Babies* collection.

MARLON

I like them tiny like this. They're easy to catch. You don't lose them at this age.

JOCELYN

Well, we wouldn't want the ole' man having a heart attack chasing his kid around the tomato field, would we?

MARLON

I'm not crazy, right? You smell whatever's in the air? That dead rotting smell?

JOCELYN

Are you going to flip this conversation like you always do?

Marlon flips the other couch. He tears open the lining. He searches the guts of the couch. Jocelyn cribs the baby.

Were you just lonely? Cause it's not like he talks--

MARLON

I'm leaky. I'll plug it. Put a little piece of tape over it. Now will you be sweet to me?

JOCELYN

You know that's not what Teihotu is saying, right?

MARLON

(chuckles)

What?! What does my son think?

JOCELYN

That each of your last three children being born within a few months *after* his...That it isn't a coincidence.

(beat)

I think he's right.

MARLON

Oh, will you shut up. Go over there and look for a trumpet. You can start announcing--

JOCELYN

You had no right to bring this baby into this world. None. It does not prove anything!

MARLON

Proves a lot. Proves I'm seventy and I still got swimmers.

JOCELYN

So does a tube on ice--What is the matter with you?! Do you not want a chance to make a memory with him?

MARLON

He'll have stories.

JOCELYN

They're not memories.

MARLON

No. They're better. They get to be exactly what you want them to be.

JOCELYN

That kid deserves to have you alive. So you better hope to God you don't die because I will dig you up and drag you out.

Marlon continues to search the couch.

Marlon!

MARLON

Quit calling me that!!

JOCELYN

Alright!! I'll find mom's ring, and I'll hop on out of your castle.

Jocelyn rummages through the boxes again.

MARLON

You've never called me that. You've always called me Bud. Marlon is dad's name. And Bud is *my name, to you*. Ever since I was little boy, that's the way it's been. Do not take that from me.

JOCELYN

You're not a little boy anymore. And dad's dead. That is your name now.

MARLON

Someone needs to take it back. Take it all back, and get this shit out of my house. I don't want his box, his trinkets, his life, his name, or anything he ever called *his*. I can't *stand* people like him. The Stanley Kowalski's of the world.

Jocelyn chuckles.

Oh, what are you...!--Spit it!

JOCELYN

You remind me of him.-- All his good, all his rough, it's all in there. You two just didn't like to think of each other as the same.

Marlon resumes his searching.

"Sure, we'll look for that ring together. Probably got it wrapped up / in a napkin."

MARLON

Well, I'm sorry, Tiddy, my couch decided to die.

JOCELYN

Is it your dog? He still alive?

MARLON

Yes, Tim's fine. I'm worried it's my cat Ellie.

JOCELYN

When was the last time you saw her?

MARLON

Oh, I don't know. Little while. I can't really recall.

Jocelyn looks at the dried out cans of cat food piled up.

JOCELYN

Maybe she decided to live up in the couch. Away from you. Died.

MARLON

Oh my God...

JOCELYN

...what

Marlon pulls his hand out. He sits, covering his eyes.

MARLON

I found her.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights slowly rise. The center of the room is faintly lit, and the outside is dark like a void. Marlon sits in half light, half shadow.

Saeta by Miles Davis plays. Then, Marlon's father emerges from this darkness. He carries a torch into the night, dragging a horse saddle. Once he reaches the other end of this world, he removes a bullwhip from his side. He tosses it to Marlon. A faint smile.

MARLON BRANDO SR.

I did the best I could, kid.

He carries his torch and saddle into the night.

Pan Piper by Miles Davis plays. Then emerges a young Irish woman, in a wedding dress. It is Jill Banner, the love of Marlon's life. She leans into him, and they dance. Blood leaks through her white wedding dress.

She lies Marlon down on the ground. She strokes his face till he falls asleep. She removes the stained dress, revealing her mangled body. Shards of glass fill the cuts that leak blood. She tosses the dress to the side.

Jill sits at Marlon's feet. Watching him sleep.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights rise. Christian sits at his father's feet. Watching him sleep. He wears his prison denim and a short, choppy haircut.

The sound of bacon crackling is heard in the kitchen. Marlon tosses, smelling the air. He wakes.

MARLON

...Christian. Hi. I--I'm um--I'm supposed to pick you up today?..

CHRISTIAN

It's okay, Mom picked me up.

MARLON

Oh...why? Why is Tarita here?

CHRISTIAN

Tarita isn't here. *My mom* picked me up. Anna.

MARLON

Why would you go with her?!

CHRISTIAN

You weren't there.

MARLON

Don't they have a lobby? Somewhere you could've waited in for me?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. I guess could've done that.

Christian goes to the stove. He turns it off, places the bacon onto a napkin and plate, and brings it to his father. Marlon takes the bacon, and eats.

You wanna know what Mom called me all the way over here? *Devi*. Kinda forgot that was my name.

MARLON

Why would she still be calling you that? That's not your name.

CHRISTIAN

It is. It's what *she* calls me. Might not be your name for me, but it is hers.

MARLON

That's wrong to give someone a pet name over stubbornness. That's all that is. She's just a hateful and stubborn woman.

CHRISTIAN

You think that's what it is? Maybe.

(beat)

Hey, could you remind me where my name came from? I know Cheyenne, and everyone else's names have these just real--fun, witty little stories behind them. I just--guess I won-

MARLON

Christian is a common name. You were named after commonness.

CHRISTIAN

Sure. I guess it's common amongst *Christians*. But. You aren't *Christian*.

MARLON

Call me ironic. It'll fit.

CHRISTIAN

Do you know anyone named Christian?

MARLON

I know you. What is this? You prefer Devi now? Because The Devil called you Devi once, like a little pet name for her offspring. Now I have to call you that?

Beat.

CHRISTIAN

Was I named after a gay lover of yours?

MARLON

Now what the fuck are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN

Christian Marquand. You named me after that man. And you knew my mom would know exactly why.

MARLON

You're fed lies, Christian. They will always feed you lies if you keep cleaning your bowl.

CHRISTIAN

Is my name, my name, or have I always been a fucking tactic?!

MARLON

I named you what I named you because it's what I wanted! I have a right to your name. And I have a right that Brando goes in front of any other last name. Now if your mothers want to call you by nicknames, as if they are more you, than you are me...fine. But you can not change what I gave you!

CHRISTIAN

So then let me use your name! Why won't you let me be your son?! Why can't I be somebody? Why can't I be a Brando?!

MARLON

I've helped you be nothing! I gave each of you kids a chance to be nothing. All this money I made for you to be able to say *fuck you* to money. You don't have to choose.

CHRISTIAN

No...Uh uh...You can't decide that you want us to be nothing, and that's what we'll be. Everything has told us that we have potential. I know I have potential--

MARLON

There is no potential. There is no growth, no happiness, none of that to be found in what I do. Why would I send you into a snare? These pains, your pains...you *need* to forget them. Normal people get to forget.-- How 'bout this. We head up to Washington. You and me.

(beat)

You need this.

CHRISTIAN

I want you to stay here.

MARLON

You don't wanna go?

CHRISTIAN

I do. But I need you to stay here.

MARLON

You wanted a suit for your discharge outfit, didn't you? That's my--Let's go get you something real nice. You'll look real sharp for JoAn. She'll like that.

CHRISTIAN

Mom brought me one. She's been waiting out in the car.

MARLON

Oh, alright. Well, go tell her to go home, so we can head on up.

Beat

CHRISTIAN

Could I cook us dinner tonight?

MARLON

That'd be fine, sure. Go tell her to go home. I'll see what I have to cook.

Marlon heads for the kitchen.

CHRISTIAN

I want her to come in. I want to sit down, with both of my parents, for one meal. And then you all can ask me how my day was. And I 'd like it if you could laugh with her

MARLON

No. She stole you from me once, and she'll just pull the bag over my head again. Your mother is a *stranger*. Why would I do that? What, so I can look at someone I loved and not recognize her? You're wrong if you'd think I'd ever invite a *stranger* into this home!

CHRISTIAN

Every morning I woke up to strangers! Real strangers. Not your version. Strange women, walking around this house, that I constantly had to ask "Who are you?". My family was strangers. I wondered every day if this was the day my mother would join us. What day my father would sit down and look at me over the brim of his paper. So that I could know I was protected. Did you even realize that while you slept through your days with me, that strangers would grab me? Kiss me, hold me? Tell me pretty things. I thought I was really somebody special. But not a fucking moment of it was for me!! It was all for you! Their way of saying *fuck you* to the one who fucked them. And it's an awful feeling to learn that you're a piece of bait. *I wanted so badly for you to catch them*. Throw them out to the fucking street, and hope that a car hit them. Bring home a mother I could love, who I could know loved me. You never even considered the women that would best fit that role. You tossed them to the street first.

MARLON

I wanted Jill to be that. She could've been that / for you.

CHRISTIAN

Dad, WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK I'M TALKING ABOUT?! You had no idea? No idea a war was being fought against you--Not a clue what was happening to me?!...Look, just tell me you didn't know.

I have to believe that you didn't knowingly let that happen.

(pause)

God... I'm glad Jill was thrown through a fucking car window. I wish they all had been...*I'm sorry*. "A horse collapsed onto her and pushed the air right out of her lungs." I almost forgot the little lie...I'm so tired trying to figure out what reality we're to live in.

Christian surrenders. He peers down into the crib.

MARLON

I'd say in some ways--I could've been a better father. Possibly some way...maybe I'll find it some day.

(pause)

CHRISTIAN

Dad...

Marlon nearly cries at the sound of the word.

MARLON

Hm?..

CHRISTIAN

Do you remember that time I was playing the guitar...and you came out and joined in on the harmonica?

MARLON

Yes I do.

CHRISTIAN

I really loved that. I think it was the best conversation we ever had.

(gazing at the baby)

I hope you get to know this child. I hope you talk with him. He deserves that.

Christian takes a final look at his father, then exits.
Marlon grabs the phone, covers his eyes, and dials.

MARLON

Jack--You have a truck, right? I need you to do me a favor.--I need you to dig something up for me...And then I need you to put it right back in the ground.

Pause.

We're going to move a casket.

BLACKOUT.

A projector light flickers above the audience. We hear the dialogue of the film *Candy* (1968).

MARLON'S VOICE

Do not put your material shoes on the holy water. Throw them!!

The light flickers brighter. We see Marlon wears a long woman's wig. His eyes have thick mascara painted around them, and his nails are painted purple. Pearls drape his neck, and a tiara crown rests on his head.

MARLON

God, how can you do that yourself? It's fucking embarrassing.

Marlon moves a chess piece, and rotates the board in front of him. He takes a bite from a carton of melting ice cream. He presses a button on his tape recorder.

...6...5...4...3...2...1...

Beat.

Marlon--

CHEYENNE

Dad?

Marlon flips off the projector. Cheyenne stands in the doorway, holding a baby Tuki. Her hair is buzzed off, and she wears hospital scrubs. Marlon embraces her.

MARLON

Cheyenne. Why--wha--what, what are doing here?

CHEYENNE

They let me go.

MARLON

Are you better?

CHEYENNE

Dad?!...I'm happy. See me. I'm smiling.

Beat

MARLON

Why is Tuki still so small?

CHEYENNE

This is exactly how I left him. Should he be bigger?

MARLON

How old is he? Is he five?

CHEYENNE

I believe he is.

MARLON

Here. Let's lay him down with Timothy.

Marlon takes Tuki. Cheyenne searches the stacked boxes.
I was about ready to throw most of those out.

CHEYENNE

Why'd you lug all this out?

MARLON

I was looking for something.

CHEYENNE

Did we find it?

MARLON

I can't remember.

Cheyenne pulls out an enormous box. She tears it open.
She pulls out a bright grey blazer and a matching fedora.
She drags the box into the kitchen, and emerges in
wardrobe. Singing.

CHEYENNE

(*"Guys and Dolls"*)

"Mine will come as a surprise to me. Mine I lead to chance and chemistry."

Pause. Marlon smiles.

MARLON

"Chemistry?"

CHEYENNE

“Yeah! Chemistry...!”

“Suddenly I'll know when my love comes along

I'll know then and there

I'll know at the sight of her face

How I care, how I care, how I care

And I'll stop. And I'll stare.

At that face. In the throng.

Yes, I'll know when my love comes along”

Cheyenne throws away the grey, revealing a black tux with a red rose.

(“The Godfather”)

“ I understand. You found paradise in America. You had a good trade, you made a good living. The police protected you and there were courts of law. So you didn't need a friend like me. Now you come and say "Don Corleone, give me justice." But you don't ask with respect. You don't offer friendship. You don't even think to call me "Godfather." You come into my house on the day my daughter is to be married and you ask me to do murder - for money.”

MARLON

“I ask for justice.”

CHEYENNE

“That is not justice. Your daughter is alive.”

Cheyenne throws a red wool poncho around her body.
She picks up Marlon’s BB gun.

(“One-Eyed Jacks”)

“You’re a one-eyed jack around here, Dad. But I’ve seen the other side of you face. You know where I’ve spent the last five years? Rottin’ my guts out down in that pen in Senora. Now whatchu think of that?”

MARLON

“I think you and I, are faster than a dog can trot.”

CHEYENNE

“I am gonna get a trial, ain’t I, Dad?”

MARLON

“Oh sure kid, sure. You’ll get a fair trial. And then I’m gonna hang ya.”

Cheyenne tears off the scarf. She pulls out a bonnet from her pocket. She ties it around her neck, letting it hang.

CHEYENNE

("Missouri Breaks")

"Well. You're bout the last of your kind old man. If I was a better business man, than I am a man hunter, I'd put you in the circus."

Cheyenne tosses the BB gun. She pantomimes picking up something. A weapon made of air that she tosses in her hand.

"You know, bout this time of year--Indian summer. Gettin' there. They say you can see the star of Bethlehem. If you look real good. I seen it once or twice. But you gotta look away, and then you gotta look at it. See you gotta--gotaa blink. Just like that. See. See what I mean?"

Pause. Cheyenne tosses the imaginary weapon at Marlon's head. She smiles, then turns her back to Marlon. She removes her tops, exposing her bare back. A bare spine. Her bare skin. Bruised and scarred. Her shoulders roll forward, stretching bones tight against her skin. She cocks her head back and forth.

MARLON

Cheyenne...could you--could you go into the kitchen--to do that?

CHEYENNE

("Streetcar Named Desire")

"This is all I'm going to undress right now. Seen a bottle opener?"

Cheyenne throws on a skin tight white T-shirt. She goes into the kitchen.

"I used to have a cousin could open a beer bottle with his teeth. That was his only accomplishment, all he could do--he was just a human bottle opener.--Rain from heaven"

Cheyenne comes out with a beer. She pops it, and foam gushes forth. The beer cascades into her mouth.

"What'ya say, Blanche? Shall we bury the hatchet, and make it a loving cup?"

MARLON

I don't feel like playing this anymore. I'm scared that this isn't real.

Cheyenne charges Marlon, knocking him to the floor. She looms over him.

CHEYENNE

“There isn’t a damn thing but imagination, and lies, and conceit, and tricks! And look at yourself. Take a look at yourself...!” “And with this crazy crown on!”

Cheyenne sweeps away the wig and tiara crown. She rips the pearl necklace off.

“What kind of queen do you think you are?” “I’ve been onto you from the start. Not once did you pull any wool over this boy’s eyes! You come in here and sprinkle the place with powder and spray perfume, and cover the light bulb with a paper lantern, and lo and behold the place has turned into Egypt, and you are Queen of the Nile! Sitting on your throne...! You know what I say--*Ha! Ha!* Do you hear me? *Ha-ha-ha!*”

Cheyenne stands and returns to self. Marlon rushes to the kitchen. He grabs a bottle of vinegar and a rag. He returns to the couch. Vigorously scrubbing his painted nails.

Mascara streaks down his jowls. Cheyenne takes her father’s head in her hands.

CHEYENNE

You have nothing to cry about. You have a right to be who you are, how you are, what you are. These words are you. This is you. This is my father.

Pause. Cheyenne stands listening for something.

Someone’s here.

MARLON

A stranger?

CHEYENNE

I don’t believe so.

Cheyenne rushes through the kitchen and upstairs.

MARLON

Why’re you hiding from them?!

Marlon grabs his ice cream. He peers down into the crib. Searching under the sheets and blankets.

MARLON

Cheyenne, where’s Tuki?--Cheyenne! Where is your son?!

Marlon's melted carton of ice cream tilts over, pouring onto baby Timothy. Timothy begins to wail. Marlon, catches it before the rest of the melted mess pours out. He rushes Timothy to the kitchen. The baby screams as Marlon holds him above the sink. Marlon looks at him in horror. He turns off the water, letting it drain, then lays the child down into the sink. Timothy continues to cry. Marlon grabs a trash can, shoves his fingers down his throat, and pukes out all of the ice cream. His vomit is bright pink with blood. Timothy's cries settle. Marlon hangs onto the trash can.

Enter Teihotu. Now **32**. He quietly looks around the room, then sits at the couch. He pokes around Marlon's chess board.

Marlon stumbles out with the trash can. He rolls around his tongue, trying to remove and spit out fragments of puke.

TEIHOTU

Hello, Dad.

MARLON

What're you doing here? Your mother with you?

Teihotu removes his shoes, setting them by the door.

TEIHOTU

She'll be here.

MARLON

Is she outside?

TEIHOTU

She'll be here.

(looking at the chess pieces)

I've watched you for many years play this board. It's not normal to play against yourself, is it?

(beat)

Are you ready?

For what?

MARLON

To teach me.

TEIHOTU

What game are you playing?

MARLON

I am not playing a game. Not yet. I want you to teach me how to play your game.

TEIHOTU

Play your game. That's *fine*. Just tell me what we're playing.

MARLON

Your game. Your favorite game. The one you play alone.

TEIHOTU

Marlon moves to the chess board. He waves his hand over the board. Holding up chess pieces as he speaks.

All of this for the king.. You capture him it's over. Corner him, so that there's nowhere to move, and you got him. You win. But if you take this--their queen--you take the threat. She's your guard to that king. You can move her anywhere on this board that you want.-- Okay, so piece by piece--ugh mm--pawns they move one forward, one diagonally to capture. Everyone always seems to think you're to sacrifice these, but you're not. You do lose a few of these, but don't *try* to. You're *placing* them. And hopefully with some strategy, so that other pieces like the queen can move about. Now the rook--

MARLON

Teihotu places a hand on his father's, setting the rook down. He picks up pawns. One by one.

Dag...Christian...Tuki....Tarita...

TEIHOTU

Marlon slaps the pawn out of Teihotu's hand. He slings the board across the room
Good. I almost thought that I was going to run out of pawns.

Marlon gathers the pieces strung about the room.
Do you still think you are king?

MARLON

Please. I don't wanna play your game.

TEIHOTU

Do you still think you are king?

MARLON

I know the game now, and I know you'll beat me! And that's okay! But we don't have to play just so that we can see it.

TEIHOTU

Do you still think you are king?

MARLON

Teihotu, *please*!

TEIHOTU

Do you *still*--

MARLON

Oh I am *always* fucking king!!! Did you think that because you were my son, that you got to play royalty too?!! Did you think you'd have a throne and a kingdom?! It all dies with me!!

Teihotu pulls the tiara from out of the wig that Marlon wore earlier. He tosses it to Marlon.

TEIHOTU

I'm going to take your queen.

Pause.

MARLON

Good luck. A clumsy horse, crushed ribs, and two lungs, popped like fucking balloons, took my queen away. So best of luck to you kid, I hope you knock 'em dead. Tim!

Marlon shovels food into Tim's bowl. He whistles.

TEIHOTU

People come to this house to die. They either come *to* die...or they come *learning* how they will die.

MARLON

Tim, come here. Time to eat, bud.

MARLON

Come on.

I know you clean
this bowl every night, you little shit.

Hey, look at me!
Right - the fuck - now.

Tim...

Tim, please get over here, bud...

TEIHOTU

Cheyenne was recovering in France.
Cheyenne was happy. Cheyenne was
learning how to be a good mother for her
son. She was good. She no longer asked us
to hold her baby boy underwater. She just
wanted to love him. And sing to him...
She'd recovered from whatever you
passed down to her. And **you** - pulled - her -
out...you pulled her out of her recovery.
Did you think that the problem could fix
her?! You
shoved her into a psychiatric ward. Like
she was uncurbable. *But she was...and you
knew that.* You did, didn't you?

MARLON

TIM! NOW!

TEIHOTU

Ta fille est morte. ("Your daughter is dead" in French)

Marlon is still.

(beat)

Our Cheyenne is dead. I found her hanging in mom's house. I had to pull her down
myself. I didn't want mom seeing her like that...my hands still smell like her perfume...

Teihotu looks down at the Mastiff.

Tim sits at Teihotu's feet, behind the couch.

I don't think your dog is coming.

Marlon stumbles into the kitchen. He searches for
Cheyenne.

MARLON

Cheyenne!

TEIHOTU

Who are you searching for? Her soul rests in Tahiti. You will not find it here.

MARLON

Cheyenne! Your brother is here, he wants to *see* you!...

Marlon starts to rummage through the fridge. Marlon finds a bag of cookies and begins to gorge on them. He takes massive gulps from a gallon of milk. Teihotu watches his father hide in the fridge. Teihotu's heart swallows him.

TEIHOTU

She is not hear...and you have a game to finish teaching me...

Teihotu places a hand on the fridge door. He extends his other hand down to his father.

Climb out...and finish teaching me...

Marlon takes Teihotu's hand. Teihotu holds it for a moment...then...

Teihotu pins down his father's hand to the freezer door. Teihotu pulls back the fridge door and smashes his father, repeatedly, inside the fridge. Teihotu gives one final push on the door. The door swings wide.

Timothy, still in the sink, begins to scream. Teihotu peers down into the sink, and plucks out the baby.

TEIHOTU

I've *heard* about you.

Teihotu cradles Timothy. He carries him over to Marlon.

They gaze down. Marlon fights for breath.

That's him. That's your daddy. We call him father...but we are not like him.

MARLON

You enjoy this little moment. You will never feel power like this again.

Teihotu places Timothy in his crib. Teihotu slips on his shoes, then quietly leaves.

Marlon cries inside of the fridge. His makeup still streaking. Then...A lovely Tahitian hymn. Cheyenne descends the stairs, holding Tuki in her arms. She wears a beautiful Tahitian skirt and a crown of flowers. She passes by Marlon, and enters the living room

Marlon heaves himself to his feet, and slowly drifts into the living room. Cheyenne sits by the wood stove, softly singing to Tuki. The flames flicker on her face.

Marlon grabs Timothy from his crib. They sit together. Both cradling their baby boys. Marlon listens till she finishes her song.

MARLON

Beautiful, darling. That's my absolute favorite song.

CHEYENNE

Will you teach it to him?

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Lights up on the Mulholland mansion. Night time. A rainstorm is heard outside. Marlon lies in a pool of puke, slumped to the floor in front of an open fridge. Tarita attempts to drag Marlon on a blanket that she has rolled him onto. Tarita loses her grip, stumbles, and falls into the clutter of the kitchen. Marlon erupts to his feet, panicking. He stands over to Tarita, fist raised before coming to his senses. He rushes to the window.

MARLON

What time is it?

TARITA

Marlon--

MARLON

Tarita, no. I understand what we need to discuss, but I can't do it. I can't put any of it into words. I'll lose it. I swear to you I want to, but I have something else that I promised someone I would do.

TARITA

There's blood in your vomit. I don't want to lose you too. Please let me drive--

MARLON

No! It's happened. Okay? It's happened.

Marlon goes for the phone. Tarita grabs ahold of him.

Marlon yanks off his belt and raises it at Tarita.

Touch me again, and I will whip you like a fucking horse.

Marlon covers his eyes, and dials the phone.

MARLON

Jack?--No, we're doing it tonight.--Whatever you want paid, I don't care, But that caskets gotta come up tonight.

Long pause. Marlon looks to Tarita.

Her name is Jill Banner. You'll find me and her grave in front of the *Mausoleum of Prayer*. It's just to the right of the entrance. Far right corner--I'll show you, I'll show you! We're gonna lift the casket over the perimeter wall. There's a small gap that leads right to the street where you can back the truck, up.--I already have a tribe of Sioux that's gonna meet you in South Dakota.--Whatever you want, I don't care--Okay...okay. Twenty minutes.

Marlon hangs up the phone and tosses Tarita the belt.

MARLON

Don't ever let me do something like that again.

Marlon rushes to his record player.

Why'd you turn off my music?

TARITA

Le tourne-disque ne jouait pas.

MARLON

Yes she was! And *she* was lovely...

(beat)

Would you like to sing a tune?

TARITA

You think I want to sing?

MARLON

Okay, then. Then let the fucking record player sing as it should.

Marlon throws on a record, cranking the volume way high. He heads to his room and takes off his clothes changing into blacks. Tarita turns off the music. Marlon bursts out.

What did I just say? I knew you turned it off. Fucking liar. You're a stubborn liar.

TARITA

Parle-moi d'elle.

MARLON

Don't talk to me like that! Talk to me how you should. You think I'm ignorant, don't you? --I know every word you've ever thought, and I know every word you will ever say. I'll give you your answers one day. Now will you let me be?

Marlon turns the music back up, way high. He returns to his changing. Tarita turns off the music. Marlon rushes Tarita. He lifts her in the air by her shoulders. Tarita is calm.

MARLON

Do you realize how easy it would be?

TARITA

Diable. ("Devil" in French)

Marlon sets Tarita down. He shoves a finger in her face.

MARLON

Don't you ever call me that.

Beat. Marlon heads back to his room.

TARITA

I lived to be your wife.

MARLON

I'm sorry for the wasted life. Sounds awful.

TARITA

She lived to be your daughter.

MARLON

It sounds like you're not hearing me! I will not talk about her. Not now.

TARITA

All of Tahiti is happy. My life no longer makes sense to Tahiti. They all get to live happy lives where they can smile. Why can't I? I had myself so convinced that I'd rather love an angry man than a fragile man.

MARLON

You better swim back Tarita because I swear to God if you keep coming, I will fucking drown you.

TARITA

I remember the day you swam out of that water, and walked up onto our shore. Everyone felt so warm and happy to be around you. I didn't get to feel any of that. I felt cold. Like there was a second set of eyes behind yours. Plotting something terrible for me...And so I always thought the devil brought you to us. But he didn't... you came *alone*.

Pause. Marlon stalks forward

MARLON

The Devil met God, and they called it love. They had many children, and they decided to call it a family.

TARITA

MARLON! / *Stop!!*

MARLON

But that did not satisfy the Devil. The Devil set out to take God's children from him. And the Devil did indeed succeed.

Tarita whips the belt at him. Marlon catches it, ripping it from her grip. He whips it at Tarita. She falls to the floor, crawling her way against a wall.

And the Devil said it wanted God's kingdom too! If I am the Devil...

He falls to a knee to meet her at eye level.

Why?... Why do you want to live in my hell?

Suddenly, Marlon begins to lose focus. He crumples to the floor, holding his throat.

TARITA

Marlon, what do you need?

Marlon points at the trash can. Tarita hurriedly brings it over. Marlon shoves his fingers in his throat, and pukes.

Let me take you to a hospital.

MARLON

I want Cheyenne back, and I don't know how to do it. I don't know how to bring her back. I want us all back in Tahiti again. I want to watch the sunset with her.

Tarita holds Marlon, stroking his hair.

TARITA

Do not go move that casket. Stay with me. Let me keep you.

Marlon wraps his arms around Tarita's waist.

MARLON

All I have left is where they rest.

Pause.

Marlon pulls the two of them to their feet.

I'll send you and the kids a letter. I'd like Cheyenne to be with Dag. I know that would make her smile.

Marlon rubs his nose against Tarita's.

I wish you could smile more.

(beat)

Don't you ever bury me. Don't you ever put yourself through that. You just burn me up, and sprinkle me around. Put a little of me with Cheyenne. Maybe some with Wally. And if there's any of me left over--stick me out the car window...

Marlon smirks with a crooked smile.

And you - just - let - fuck - fly.

BLACKOUT.

Lights up on Mulholland mansion. Break of dawn.
Marlon stumbles in coated in mud, dripping wet. He
tosses down a muddy shovel.

A pile of corn stalks and a bag of soil lay in the center of
the living room. A plate of green eggs and ham sits next
to the tape recorder, with a note. Marlon presses play.

JOAN (RECORDING)

Marlon--I've recorded and re-recorded this tape about twenty times. I'm not good with this stuff. So, sorry if I wiped something important. I know how much you want to come back. I'm not ignoring your voicemails. I'm only giving Christian what he's asked for. I'm taking care of your boy. Because I know you'd be pissed if I did any different. So let me meet you in the middle. On the table are your exotic chicken eggs. I finally got them. Christian collected these yesterday.

They don't have the green yolks like you told me they would, so I put in some food coloring. Share the plate with baby Timothy. And read him this book while you do it. He'll like that.

Marlon picks up the book.

MARLON

Green Eggs and Ham. Oooh, you witty bitch.

JOAN (RECORDING)

Next. Christian and I pulled these stalks for you. Plant them outside your window.

MARLON

JoAn!...I don't have a backyard!...

JOAN (RECORDING)

I know you don't have a backyard--

MARLON

Puh-f-pf-yeah no shit--

JOAN (RECORDING)

So put them in your front yard. I know your neighbors won't think a thing of it. They know you. Lastly. Check the tin with the note on it. I'll give you a moment..

Marlon opens the tin. He pulls out helicopter seeds. He lets a few flutter to the ground.

JOAN (RECORDING)

Your sycamores. They've been grown for some time. I've just been waiting on our porch for you to come back and see them.

We hear JoAn stifling her tears.

Marlon...I'm so sorry... I'm sorry that I'm not there with you. I know how much has been taken from you, and I can't look you in the eyes and take anymore. I hope one day you can visit me. You'd love it. It's beautiful here. Kinda like a forest.

The recorder spins out.

Pause. Marlon presses a button.

MARLON

JoAn. I think I would've had a lot more friends like you if I didn't fuck all of them.

Marlon walks over to the crib with the tin of helicopter seeds. He drops them, as they flutter down into the crib.

MARLON

Good morning...that was probably pretty fuckin' scary being home alone for the first time, huh? I'm back though. I'm sorry I left.

Marlon looks to the corn stalks. He goes to the kitchen and gathers pitchers, vases--anything that is large and empty. He even cuts a couple couch cushions, and rips out some of the stuffing. He moves everything to the center of the living room and places corn stalks and soil in all of these. He packs the soil down tight, so that the corn stalks stand tall. When he is finished, he has a small field of corn. He grabs his tape recorder, and sits in the middle of the corn. He presses record.

MARLON

6...5...4...3...2...1...

(pause)

Marlon...go back. Go way back. Now look around. Where are you? You're home, aren't you. That's your mother and sisters by the corn fields. They see you. Look how they smile. They're running into the fields. You should follow them. Marlon...

(beat)

Go.

END OF PLAY

"Dear family, the most precious thing I have in the world, I want to try to put into words what I feel, otherwise I will explode. I think Cheyenne would like to rest on Tetiaroa, on the Pointe Onetahi. Later we should ask Lisette if we can put Dag at her side so that they are together and always close to us. No tourist should get lost there. I cannot come for two reasons: I try, I try not to go crazy, but I feel that I am losing my mind. I also want to prevent the press from blowing a lot about it. I don't want her to be insulted again. Your dignity should be preserved. If only the family is left, I'll come and we'll put them together forever. I want to be buried there with our whole family. I would wish for Cheyenne if the rest of the family agreed. I love you all more than my life. I kiss you all with my heart and my tears."

Mon Amour, Dad.