

**Ike Riche Players
Goose High School
Happy Valley-Goose Bay
presents
“Corner of Jarvis & Queen”**

Cast

John.....	Matthew Barrett
Bagey.....	Sheldon Saunders
Gabe.....	Jamie Jackman
Pandora.....	Noelle Fry
Hope.....	Andrew Crawford
Counselor 1/Passerby.....	Jeff Wall
Counselor 2/Passerby.....	Matthew Brown
Counselor 3/Passerby.....	Chris Guindon
Counselor 4/Soup Kitchen Worker	James Crawford
Counselor 5/Prometheus.....	Justin Waddleton
Greed/Gigi.....	Desiree Lethbridge
Dishonesty/Denise.....	Melissa Jacobs
Envy/Evelyn.....	Kim Harding
Hatred/Hazard.....	Alicia Montague

Singers

Chris Guindon (Soloist), Jamie Palliser, Lori-Ann Parril, Darrelle Bennett, Jodi Michelin, Jenni-Rose Campbell, Janeil Parrot, Kim Goudie, Mandy Gebert, Karyn Hopkins, Candace Anderson, Maggie O’Toole, Jenna Cross, Kelly Clement, Sarah-Jean Hawes, Jennifer Goulding, Catherine Mitchell, Kara Ann White, Roberta Edmunds, Dana Pottle

Bodhran.....	Jeff Wall
Lights.....	Richard White & Matthew Brown
Sound.....	Amy Martin, Holly Williams, Karyn Hopkins
Set.....	Maggie O’Toole & Micah Brown
Stage Manager.....	Tammy Messier
Teacher Advisors.....	Ms Dorrie Brown & Ms Jolene Anderson
Special Thanks.....	Mrs. Heather Lawrence (music), Mr. Herb Brown (set)
Credits.....	Susan Aglukark - Osiem, Kiyoshi Nagota Ensemble - Spring Horses

As Greek time catches up with modern Toronto, what does it bring with it? A great many fiery emotions are released at a moment when even more truths come crashing in. Keep a flicker of hope.....you’ll see what we mean!

Black stage. A lighted torch becomes visible and moves in rhythm across the stage, accompanied by bodhran and Kodo drumming and disappears. Music down. A guard enters SR and walks slowly around The Box (formed by 5 actors holding black boards in front of their bodies. Lights up, slowly, to low light.

Guard: Greed... Envy... Dishonesty.....Hatred.....Fire.....Fire? What? Fire's gone.....
(ad lib)

(Stop-start searching, with growing desperation, for the missing Evil. Lights down completely. Guard off. Box off, SR. Lights up, enter 5 counselors, upset)

C1: When did it happen?

C2: Sometime early this morning.

C3: Well, what did he tell you?

C4: What's this?

C5: Something about Fire gone missing.

C4: What's gone missing?

C2: Fire. Fire's gone missing.

C1: It was under guard - it was safe.

C2: At least we thought it was safe.

C3: The guard -

C5: The guard reported it?

C3: Did he look for it? How did he discover it?

C4: Fire? Fire's missing?

C1: gentlemen, gentlemen...this is as much as we know at this point....at some time in the early hours of the morning, the guard who was in charge of the vault was making his rounds and when he checked the box, fire was missing...

C3: What about the others?

- C2: They were all still there: Greed, Envy, Dishonesty, Hatred...
- C3: Where could it have gone?
- C5: Not where but who is responsible?
- C4: That's easy - Prometheus.
- All: *(ad lib)* Prometheus...
- C1: Prometheus is, indeed, a mischief maker...
- C4: We have all known him to be nothing other than a mischief maker...
- C5: This is a little more than a little mischief, Counselors.
- C4: Prometheus has been talking for some time of getting even with Zeus...
- C3: he's never been satisfied with being "in charge" of fire....
- C2: He somehow can't be like the other gods ... he always wants more...
- C1: More control...
- C2: he has just as much control as any of the rest.
- C3: Any other god is given the responsibility to oversee a particular element of life...
- C5: but Prometheus, the Trickster, wants absolute control, which Zeus, in his wisdom, knows he cannot be trusted with.
- C4: Prometheus doesn't see why fire should be only the possession of the gods, meted out to mankind only as Zeus sees fit...
- C2: Anyone knows that mankind wouldn't know what to do with it. He would use it indiscriminately....
- C1: Exactly. Which is why Zeus has kept Fire, along with the others, under his ultimate control. But Prometheus takes this as some kind of affront to himself, and apparently has now taken matters into his own hands.
- C4: What do you think he has done with it? *(Silence. They all look at one another. Ad lib. Lights up on John. Gigi (Greed) is seen just swiping John's lighter and tossing it to*

Bogey - urging him, in mime, to carry on with John, to have a little fun and see what else he can steal)

John: *(Overlapping).....done with it? (John at SL is squatting over a subway grate, warming his hands and searching for something.)It was here. (Feels his pockets - which are many, because he lives in the street and wears everything he owns) It was just here. No, wait a minute...when did I...think, Johnny-Boy, think...(shuffles away to examine the area all around where he's been sitting; continues to search his layers of clothing. He pulls out the bent remains of a cigarette) Hah! (Puts it in his mouth; searches again - this time for a light) Now, where is that _____? Johnny-Boy, just one thing at a time. Just one thing. You got the smoke, now, you just keep the faith, you — Crikies! This Toronto is a cold city...just keep the faith, baby and that lighter will show up to go with it. Just a little bit of fire, just a little bit of faith, John-boy. You're not asking for too much. Just a little bit of fire to keep you warm outside and a little for the inside too. Fire's a good thing, but you need only a little bit.... (breaks off his search, to capitalize on passers-by) 'Scuse me? 'Scuse me? You? You got a light, there...? No? Thanks then..Have a nice day.... (to himself) Have a warm day..... (turns away and heads back to squat beside the grate. He continues to "smoke" his unlit cigarette)*

(Gigi pushes Bogey towards John and leaves)

Bogey: Shite, man. You know you smokin' somethin' ain't even lit?

John: It's lit. In my head, it's lit.

Bogey: That don't make no sense, man. You can't just make up somethin' like that.

John: If I didn't make up just about everything about my life, I wouldn't even exist. I'd have No Existence. I make up everything. Sometimes I make up that I've got enough to eat. Sometimes I make up that I've got a real good job, and an education that got me there, and I'm wearing a three-piece pin-stripe suit and I wear shoes so shiny that that-there office tower would have to shield its eyes...

Bogey: Office towers don't have eyes...

John: You got no imagination. That's why you're a waste of mine...and sometimes I make up that I go home and I'm warm, and sometimes I'm just satisfied to make up that my cigarette is lit. *(Puffs dramatically)*

Bogey: Oh yeah? What else do you make up in that crazy head of yours? Tell me one of them stories of who you "used to be". What were you, some kind of stock broker or somethin'?

John: My past is mine. I told you. You're a waste of my time and fine words. This grate's taken. Move on.

Bogey: I'm just bein' sociable, and you get all stingy about a grate. It's not yours, y'know, little funny man. It belongs to the city, and squatters is squatters. What happened to the "code of the street"? Ain't we supposed to be sharin' in our sort of "underworld" sort of way? You know, the counter culture and all? So, uh, you got anything there you'd like to share with me?

John: Not that I can think of.

Bogey: I don't think you hearin' me, man. I said, you got somethin' you might like to share with your old friend, Bogey, here?

John: I'm hearin' you just fine. But I'm shutting you out too. I'm imagining you're not even here. *(Puffs again, dramatically)*

Bogey: You don't get it, little funny man. This ain't about your imagination. This about Bogey and what Bogey wants. And what Bogey wants right now, is that-there cigarette. So, give it here.

John: *(Starting to put the cigarette away)* Nope. It's gone. Vanished. Like your manners. You could really brush up on your social skills a bit, you know - *(bogey attacks him and rolls him for the cigarette, which he eventually gets. In the fray, John's cigarette lighter falls out of Bogey's pocket. He scrambles quickly to recover it and stands, triumphantly, over John, lighting John's cigarette with John's lighter, as he walks away)* Hey, that's my lighter!

Bogey: *(lighting)* Well, little funny man, you just imagine that it's mine! *(Leaves)*

(John picks himself up and squats once more over the grate, rubbing his hands. Gabe comes to join him)

Gabe: *(Smoking a cigarette, sits beside him)* What's up? *(Offers him a draw)*

John: Just had a visit from Bogey. He gives street people a real bad name.

Gabe: He do anything?

John: Yeah - he stole my cigarette and my lighter.

Gabe: he's a jerk. Here. *(Offers him another puff)* Hey! Forget that! Look - *(he pulls out a little primus stove from his bag)* found this in someone's garbage waiting to be

picked up. They threw it out - but it still works!

John: These things are amazing - they put out a lot of heat with just a small flame - sometimes a little fire goes a long way...

Gabe: *(Suddenly quiet, thoughtfully)* Yeah. Yeah....sometimes it does..... *(brightening)* C'mon man! There's a soup kitchen around every corner.

Lights down

Guard: *(Overlapping)*.....every corner, I've searched every corner!

C4: No sign of it anywhere?

Guard: None sir.

C3: There is a real danger here, Counselors. If fire falls into the hands of mortals, there is no telling what devastation could ensue...fire, gentlemen, is a mask.....it contradicts itself, at first it warms you. Then it burns you. Then.....in the wrong hands.....it burns others.

C1: The other evils are, right now, safely contained. Prometheus, being who he is, will not stop just at fire. He's enjoying this little scheme - this gleeful tidbit of defiance against Zeus...

C2: Ah! So, what's to prevent Prometheus from carrying any of the other evils to earth?

C7: Exactly. What is our next step, Counselors?

C3: Perhaps we could try to outsmart him. Use his arrogance against him.

C5: We're listening.....

C2: We must keep the evils out of his grasp. We must find a way to spirit them out of Olympus.

C4: But where?

C1: Someplace he would least expect to find them.....Earth!

All: *(Ad lib)* What?!?

C2: Yes! Earth! That way Prometheus would never find them. He'd never think that we would join him in his own short-sighted chicanery.

C5: We need someone who can be entrusted with these evils.

C3: And a way to contain them.

C4: The trouble maker would never suspect that the evils had been sent to earth!

C2: When were you last paying attention, Counselor?

C4: Uh...Sorry...Do we have a plan then?

C5: I propose that we request an audience with Zeus; advise him that the evils should be contained in some sort of vessel; and that some being of his own creation be entrusted as caretaker for it on earth.

Choreography/Music: As the Counselors move off, The Box moves on. The Box is exposed, as Counselors actually leave. Lights change from front of scrim to back, exposing Zeus, who stands with back to audience, hiding Pandora. He "creates" her, in mime, and then steps aside, placing his arm around her shoulder and walking her around the front of the scrim. He mimes talking to her, advising her about the task. He presents The Box to her. Music down just loud enough to hear.

Zeus: but whatever yo do, Pandora, you must not remove the lid.....

Music back up and choreographed sequence continues with Pandora being both tempted and resisting opening the lid. Eventually, she takes the lid off, the Evils spring out and engage in a chase and tease game with her; she tries to recapture them, and they play tag to elude her. They eventually leave, to build and become The Towers at SL, and Pandora is left with Hope who has remained crouched in position "within" The Box. As evils have been chasing and teasing Pandora, each time they approach SL, one or another goes behind the portal and returns with, first a large black box, and then one black cube at a time. Each is stacked unevenly upon the previous one, to create two "Towers". When these are complete, evils disappear behind them. Red light builds on facing screen of portal. Bodhran starts to beat Audio clip: "At 8:30 this morning... the second tower has collapsed...authorities estimate maybe as many as ----- dead..." Bodhran increases speed and volume, until actors behind the Towers pull them down and lie still in a heap, surrounded by cubes. Lights sown at Sl and dimly, slowly up on Pandora. Pandora watches in horror, and recoils at the crash. Then she realizes that something is still in the box. She cautiously approaches Hope and carefully. "catches" him - not that he was trying to get away.

Pandora: Stay right there!...Who...who are you? (He doesn't respond, but just looks up at

her) Why didn't you leave with the others?

Hope: *(Takes a long time to respond)* Zeus knew this might happen. He created you, Pandora, with a burning curiosity... and a curiosity can, like so many things, be a good thing, or a bad thing. It depends on how you use it. And he put you in control of that curiosity. He knew that, against his wishes, against his greatest precautions, you might make the wrong choice. You might not be able to resist temptation.

Pandora: But...I....

Hope: He gave you a free will; he intended that you would use wisdom in guarding your choices...

Pandora: But, who are you?

Hope: I am only here because of your creator's compassion for you. Naturally, like a good father, he would not want to leave his beautiful creation with no chance of restoration should she make the wrong choice. And she did....you did.

Pandora: *(Abashed)* But who are you?

Hope: Hope.

Pandora: Where have the others gone? Can we get them back?

John: *(Quietly, under, entering soup kitchen)* I'll never get it back?! *(Gabe and John continue to walk into the soup kitchen as Hope continues, SR. Servers enter and set up tables and chairs. Bogey and the four evils, now dressed as Street People: Denise (Dishonesty), Hazard (Hatred), and Evelyn (Envy) have added crushed hats, crumpled jackets and 'sans' - finger-gloves, start through the line-up, miming dishing ut soup and seating themselves)*

Hope: *(As he speaks, he places his arm around Pandora)* They are spread throughout the world... and while we cannot reclaim them, mortals, from now on, must live alongside them That's my work; to be there - in the middle of it all, to offer some good...some redemption.. Some.....hope.....from within. *(Lights down on front of scrim. Hope guides Pandora behind as light comes up there.)*

Lights up on Toronto.

Gabe: *(In soup kitchen, removes his arm from around John's shoulder, referring to the reference about recovering the lighter)* ...Some hope! You'll never see your

lighter - or anything else Bogey's taken from you, man. It's gone, the guy's a creep. But don't worry about it. You've still got friends, hey? Look around..... *(indicating 'Well, not here, maybe...')* .Over here. Here, take a tray..... *(They dish up and head off to a table)* Where'd you sleep last night?

John: Not in my usual place. I had this really good spot behind Amigo's Pizza on Yonge Street. The vents kept me warm...and they made me hungry too. When I went back, there were a few junkies shootin' up. I reported them. Ended up sleepin' between two dumpsters.

Gabe: Man that's rough....let's sit here. *(Bogey and the four Street People at the table spread out so they can't sit down. Silence)* Shove over, lads. *(No one moves)*

John: What's the deal?

Bogey: This table's taken. Find another.

John: *(Looking around)* There isn't any other.

Bogey: So, sit on the floor. Lots of room there.

Gabe: Come on, Johnny-Boy.....

John: No wait. What's the problem, Bogey? You own this place all of a sudden? You're the Big Man In Charge of Who Sits Where? Slide over that poverty-stricken ass of yours before I..

Bogey: *(barely audible, but firm)* No Indians allowed.

John: 'Scuse me?

Bogey: No Indians.

John: What's that about? Who's an Indian? And what difference does that make?

Bogey: Your hawk-faced friend there.

John: Gabe?

Bogey: You got any other friends?

Gabe: What's that supposed to mean?

Bogey: I dunno. I just never see either one of you with anyone else. I mean, look at me, here (*gestures to those around him*) I got a Sup -port Group! You only got each other - and I figure it's because you're both losers. A couple of skid row Indians - or, should I say "Ab-or-i-gin-al"??? That's what they call it now, isn't it? Got a little better ring to it somehow?

John: Gabe's Inuit. And I'm..... I'm from....the Middle east. I've told you that before.

Bogey: Like, you're from some exotic reserve somewhere? Like, "Middle Winnipeg" or somethin'? Like that makes a difference?

John: Not really - people are people. They all need to eat. And I - we- intend to do that right now. Here. Move over.

Bogey: (*stands; is slowly joined by the others*) Not here. Not with us. Take my advice... and your friend there, and go somewhere else.

Gabe: Come on man. We don't need this. Let's just go over there - it's no big deal. This isn't the first time we've been through this.

John: That doesn't make it right - or any easier the next time. You can't back down over and over again and not get trampled.

(Lights up on Pandora's Box)

Pandora: Can't we - can't you do something?

Hope: I am doing something. Just wait.... I told you - they have to work it out.....

Pandora: But they're going to hurt each other. And you said your job was to help them find their way with this. And you're just standing there!

Hope: No, I'm actually with them. You haven't figured that out yet?

Pandora: What are you talking about?

Hope: Watch.....

Lights down on Pandora and Hope.

Bogey:and no Rats!

John: What are you talking about now?

Bogey: For someone with a “past” you’re pretty stupid. There’s a code here in the street, man, if you haven’t figures it out. We stand with each other, we do whatever it takes to survive. It’s all about survival, man. That’s all it’s about. So, if one of our brothers or sisters needs a bit of junk to get through a day, we don’t tattle-tale about it. We just leave ‘em alone and figure “to each his own”.

John: So, what are you getting at?

Bogey: You turned in some friends of mine just cuz they found your cozy little warm den, and you didn’t want to share the space with them. We share here. Man. We share ‘cuz that’s the only way we’ll survive!

John: They’ll die in the street, Bogey. They’ll die because they all prey off one another - and you along with them! Making bad junk and bad money with it. They’re safer in a warm clink for one night that freezing cuz they passed out on some sidewalk somewhere.

Gabe: You sharin’ now, Bogey? You helping anybody survive here?

Bogey: *(sniffing)* Just me, man, cuz when I find out somebody stinks, I don’t share with ‘em anymore. They shouldn’t survive.

Server 1: *(walking over to table)* Is there some kind of problem here?

Bogey: *(mutters)* Nothing that a little privacy wouldn’t solve.

John/Gabe: *(starting to move off)* No. No problem. Just a friendly chat.

Server 1: *(indicating those seated at the table)* You fellas finished? Looks like these customers here need a spot.

Bogey: Yeah, yeah. They can wait. You don’t want to rush a really good bowl of free soup.

Gabe: *(Beginning to move)* C’mon. *(Sits down on the floor an little away)*

John: *(Following him, protesting; they begin to eat)* What is it with you , man? Every time I get a chance to put that guy in his place, you ‘come on’ with the ‘come on, John’ crap! What are you? My counselor?

Gabe: Just a friend.. Just protecting your interests.

John: *(Overlapping)* My friggin “brother’s keeper”? Don’t you get it? He’s just going to

go on doing that unless I flatten him. *(Bogey and the others leave the table during this speech. Counselors clean up)* My interests are in seeing myself survive here - it's the only place I have right now, so it's pretty damn important that I make it! If Bogey and his crowd think they can push me around, they'll push me right out. And, man, I don't have anywhere else to go! This is it! This is the Bottom here - The Pit. I didn't come here in one giant leap, you know. I didn't wake up one morning and put on my nice shiny new clothes and decide - 'oh, no! I won't do that today. I think I'd rather just plunge myself down to skid-row and sit on concrete all day and ask for loonies. I'd like to see how "the other side" lives!' That's not the way it happened, man.

Gabe: I know that.

John: So why are you always interfering? Why don't you just let me take the guy out?

Gabe: because I've been around a lot longer than you have, and I know that what you want to do will 'solve' one small problem....for about 10 minutes - and then, like every other evil thing in the world, it will come back wearing many different faces... it always has a price..... *(indicating)* Table's clear now, man. *(John is non-plussed; they get up and sit together to finish; they don't speak)*

Lights down on soup kitchen. During this black-out, John and Gabe will leave. Servers will remove table and fixings. Lights up on Pandora and Hope)

Pandora: That's not right! That's not right! We've got to do something.

Hope: Like...?

Pandora: Like...well...we could go down there and...and...we could...hit Bogey in the face!

Hope: Oh! That would really change things!...Who's we?

Pandora: We! You and me: we!

Hope: I'm not going anywhere.

Pandora: Why not?

Hope: I don't need to.

Pandora: No, maybe you don't need to ... but this isn't about you. This is about injustice, and greed, and dishonesty, and envy...

Hope: ...all those evils that you unleashed on the world.....

Pandora: Exactly! And eventually it's all going to lead to violence - that's why I want to help, now. I feel... well, I feel responsible. And now I want to do what i can to fix it.

Hope: And if you want to fix it, where do I come in?

Pandora: Well, you said yourself, that Hope is what remains.....

Hope: And so it does.....

Pandora:even in the midst of evil.

Hope: And so it does.

Pandora: So, you'll go with me then? Come on.....

Hope: *(Pause; he studies her)* Zeus got the curiosity part right.....

Pandora: What?

Hope: Exactly my point..... and you're not bad looking.....

Pandora: Thanks!

Hope: But the Wisdom Jar must have been a little low...

Pandora: *(insulted)* Hunh!

Hope: You just don't get it. You don't understand.

Pandora: Get what?

Hope: *(Looks at her in silence - a long time, resigned)* Come on.

Pandora: *(excited)* We're going there?

Hope: *(Quietly to himself)* It's not what you think...at least, it's certainly not as simple as you think.....

Passers-by turn scene to show doorway where Bogey deposits himself with all his belongings - sleeping bags, knapsacks filled with whatever. He sets up his cup; he takes out his flute and

begins to play. Passers-by continue to walk past. Hope and Pandora join them. Passers-by, though disdainful, place coins in Bogey's cup. Some engage Bogey in ad lib conversation about his plight. Ad lib conversation as they walk away; in some cases they are annoyed by Bogey and his like; or they shrug away their momentary generosity with "you never know how they'll spend it" or "you can't help them all, so how do you know where to start" or "the city should be doing something about these people"...

Pandora: *(dropping a loonie in his cup)*It didn't even clink!

Hope: No.

Pandora: Why not? *(Hope doesn't answer - and she doesn't wait..... directly to Bogey)* I'd like to talk to you.

*Neither Pandora nor Hope are visible to Bogey - or to anyone else. Bogey continues to arrange things around himself. He eventually rummages into his pack, takes out sunglasses and puts them on; hauls out a sign that reads "**Blind Peacekeeping Volunteer: Injured While removing Landmines in Bosnia. We all need each other. Thanks**" and places it next to his cup. Pandora persists in her attempts to talk to him, or get his attention, moving around him constantly for a new attack; Hope watches, knowingly. Counselors continue as "passers-by.*

Pandora: *(to Hope, exasperated)* That's dishonest! He's not blind, and he's never even been near a landmine!

Hope: Clearly. *((they move to one side as Denise(Dishonesty) enters)*

Dishonesty: *(sauntering up; leans against door jamb; busies herself by going through things - which of course, he can't let on that he sees, because he is "blind")* Hey Bogey! I didn't know you were blind.

Bogey: You know I'm not. What do you want?

Dishonesty: Nothin special. Just passing time. Time, we have a lot of...!

Bogey: Too true.

Dishonesty: But not a lot of money. *(She picks up his cup and swirls it around)*

Bogey: That's profound, Denise. Really profound. You've been here how long, and you've discovered that little gem of truth? Put it down.

Dishonesty: Put what down? You can't see me!

Bogey: You know I can. And I said put it down.

Dishonesty: Nice little disguise there. *(She looks at the money in the cup)*

Bogey: It was your idea.

Dishonesty: Seems to be working. You're doing all right with it.

Bogey: Put down the cup.

Dishonesty: Heard anything more about your daughter?

Bogey: Nope. Put down the cup.

Dishonesty: They've made a list you know. They're sposed to publish it or announce it or somethin' when they have the anniversary celebrations tomorrow. God! Has it been a whole year already? I can remember when it happened. I was just walkin' through that little park place down by Second Cup, there next to Carleton...

Bogey: Yeah, yeah. Give me the cup, Denise.

Dishonesty: Tell you what, old friend. Since it was my idea about the disguise and all, and since you seem to be doing such a good job with it, I'm going to help you out.

Bogey: Don't bother.

Dishonesty: No, man. We look after one another out here, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to take this here money for you, and I'm going to get a cup of coffee with it. Oh! Did I forget to say "get you a cup of coffee?" Maybe for you, maybe for me. Whatever..... I mean, clearly, even if it is for you, you can't very well do that for yourself, now can you, or you'll blow your cover. So, I'll just do that for you. *(She starts to leave, stops, rummages amongst his things and pulls out a picture of his daughter)* This her? How long ago was that? *(She places it in his hands, deliberately placing them directly in front of his sunglass-covered eyes)* Here, this will keep you company until I get back. See ya!

Bogey: *(begins to look at the picture; then realizes he better not, under the circumstances; as he puts it away "blindly")* Yeah, Denise. What are slime-filled, dishonest friends for?

Pandora: *(to Hope)* What was that about? I thought she was with him.

Hope: She was. She is..... when it's convenient...to her advantage.

Pandora: What about 'honor among thieves'? What about 'the sub-culture sticking together'?

Hope: Dishonesty knows no culture. Evil is never straightforward - that's not it's nature. It's always complex and twisted; one man's 'dishonesty' may seem to be another's truth.

Pandora: No one can live that way.

Hope: they do it every day.

Pandora: I'm going to get that cup...

Hope: You don't need to.

Gabe: *(Entering, with cup in hand)* hey man, I think this belongs to you.

Bogey: *(eager, then reluctant when he realizes who is speaking to him; keeps the 'blind guise' throughout, periodically making overtures to occasional passers-by)* Unh? Oh, yeah. How'd you get it? *(Refuses to take the proffered cup)*

Gabe: I watched the whole thing. I know what she's like. I followed her till I caught up to her. She's afraid of me - always has been. Sometimes that's useful. So, here. It's yours. *(He offers it again)*

Bogey: You - you want some of it? You can.....

Gabe: Nope. It's yours. All I want you to do is take it from me.

Bogey: *(this isn't easy, this takes time; finally he accepts it and in doing so must shift the picture from one hand to the other, it catches Gabe's eye)* Thanks. *(Wryly; bridging tentatively)* Honest Indian.

Gabe: Well, where I come from, we're known as Inuit. But I really don't care what you call me.

Bogey: Where's that?

Gabe: Where I'm from? Labrador.

Bogey: Nobody lives in Labrador.

Gabe: Oh yeah, they do. I grew up there.

Bogey: You got family back there?

Gabe: Some. We're kind of spread out now.

Bogey: You hear from them? You keep in touch with them?

Gabe: Not much.

Bogey: What happened to 'em?

Gabe: To who?

Bogey: To the ones that aren't there now? What happened to 'em?

Gabe: How'd you know?

Bogey: Just the way you talk. Somethin' happened. I can tell.

Gabe: Fire's a dangerous thing, Bogey. It's a mask - hard to know its real face. Sometimes it warms you and sometimes it burns you...like so many things...
(*indicating the picture*) Who's that?

Bogey: (*hoping Gabe hadn't seen it*) This? Oh, nothin'. Just something i clipped from a newspaper a long time ago.

Gabe: That's not a newspaper clipping. It's a photo. A school photo.

Bogey: (*broken; hardly audible*) My daughter.

Gabe: You have a family?

Bogey: Just her. Haven't seen her in years.

Gabe: How old is she now?

Bogey: Twenty-four.

Gabe: What's her name?

Bogey: Abby. Abigail.

Gabe: Keep in touch with her? Do you know where she is?

Bogey: Look at this picture, man. Do you know how old it is? Does it look like I keep in touch with her? *(After a long pause)* Last I heard, she and her mother were in New York.

Gabe: Her mother? You got a wife?

Bogey: Not anymore. Wives don't stick around when you confuse love with hate, or jealousy... or when they're never sure whether you love the bottle more than you love them....they leave. Tonto.....Wha...? *(getting annoyed; growing more pointed)* Maybe I should be callin' you Pandora - wasn't she the chick with the wicked curiosity - she just couldn't keep from wanting to find out stuff and finally she found out a lot more than she could handle! I don't even know why I'm telling you all this...I don't even like you.

Gabe: *(Smiling)* I brought your money back. And the name's Gabe.

Bogey: *(smiling, wryly)* That's all it buys.....Gabe. *(His silence and his look indicate that the conversation is over)*

Gabe: *(Getting the hint, and getting up to leave)* OK man. *(He walks a little way, then turns back)* When did you last hear from her?

Bogey: Little over a year ago - oh, not from her, man! I never hear from her - only about her. She won't have anything to do with me. Guess I can't blame her - I mean...*(indicates his predicament)*. But I was still thinking of making my way down there to see her - hell, a street in New York's just as much 'home' as a street in Toronto....

Gabe: *(Walking away)* Yeah..yeah I guess it is.....

Bogey: See ya around. And.....thanks for the cup.

Gabe: It's Gabe. Yeah, man. See ya. *(Leaves)*

Bogey rearranges things, securing them so he can sleep. Lights dim. Pandora takes Hope by the hand and they follow Gabe, turning the entire portal with Bogey aboard....

Pandora: *(as she and Hope turn the portal: ad lib)* How did he know about me?

Hope: Everyone knows about you. And what you did. They've lived with the consequences ever since. Some of the, admirably so.....

Pandora: But I don't like being called a 'chick'

Hope: That really is the least of their worries..... (they stay behind the portal)

...so that the plain panel faces the audience. GOBO: tree..two 'counselors-cum-city-workers' place park bench in front of panel: ad lib: "Let's go for coffee..." and leave. Other "counselors-cum-passersby" will occasionally stroll through the park. One stops long enough to sit on the bench briefly while he reads the newspaper - which he leaves behind. John enters and sits on bench; he picks up a newspaper left behind by the earlier visitor. Gabe comes around the corner and joins him.

Gabe: You still not speaking to me?

John: (Still looking at the paper) Nah, I'm alright now. It still makes me mad that the Bogeys of this world always seem to win, somehow, and...

Gabe: ...and the nice guys like you...and me...don't?

John: Yeah, exactly.

Gabe: it's the way the world works. There's always gonna be crap around. The important thing is to know how to step carefully around it. And maybe, if you step right, you'll find a way to step right out of it.

John: You're right. That wasn't the time or place. (Looking up; putting the paper down) Where you been?

Gabe: Oh, just making my usual rounds.

John: You eat anything today?

Gabe: Not yet - the city shelter boys will be around a little later. I'm OK till then. You? (They are joined by the Evils: Envy (Evelyn) and Hatred (Hazard))

John: Yeah, I was standing just inside the subway stop and this guy shoves a sandwich in my hand - said he didn't have time to eat it - he hadn't touched it. Wish it was a good ke-bob...

Gabe: Plan the perfect meal! Take me to your restaurant - before everything falls apart. What'll I have?

John: (Acts the role) I'd start you off with meze - that's like a sort of a spread - and you'd have that on some little sesame seed crackers... then djej emshmel - that's chicken in a lemon sauce with olives - and some baba ghanouj - grilled eggplant

served on a pita bread - or maybe on rice...

Gabe: it's a far cry from stovcakes or tuttuk...

John: I'll get it back, you know. I'll start again. I'll start small.

Gabe: I know you will. You're pretty determined. There's always hope, eh?

John: I just had to leave New York. My uncle here is working on my immigration for me. Then I'll get a job. Look at the jobs! Just look at 'em. (*Slaps the paper*) man, you can walk past any restaurant anywhere and see a 'help wanted' sign...just any job at first..I'll save the money.

Hatred: I just don't get you, man.

John: Why not?

Hatred: I'd just outright 'hate' them. I'd just 'hate' them. You wouldn't hear no talk outta me 'bout "building up again", "startin' small" - man, you already did that. They should pay. Man, every time I think about it, I'd just like to line them all up and shoot the bas.....

Envy: (*Cutting her off*) They do owe you somethin'!

John: they? Who's they? Who owes me? Terrorists? From my own country? What do they owe me?

Envy: Well, yeah - they owe you lots that they can't make up for. But...(*searching*)... They! The government! They! Them fat cat companies that went down, they got insurance - they're payin' people all kinds of compensation. Why should they have it all? And you - you the little guy with the hot lunch-spot that all them fatcats went to, linin' up every day - you got nothing - no business; no job - no.....(*she cuts off abruptly, opening old wounds*)

John: Family/ Can they bring back my brothers or my mother, who were opening the restaurant at 8"30 one Tuesday morning?

Envy: Nobody's saying they can! And exactly because they can't, they should be givin' you somethin' in return. Somethin' to at least start over with...Don't you want what's yours? Don't you want the same as they have?

John: Gabe, tell those two how the world works.

Gabe: I wouldn't dream of it. They know. They know real well.

John: My mother was 69. What's that? Just one of over 6000...she named me John, because she figures it would be easier for me in New York if I didn't have a name like 'Yousiff'. A little old lady of 'undetermined middle eastern origin' - huh! Those words would now make her a terrorist suspect! Caught in the crossfire between evils. Religious evils? Political evils? Economic evils? Who gives a God damn? She's buried under 110 stories of rubble. And all I care about her death is that she was my mother. It doesn't matter to me that she was Afghani or Norwegian. It only matters that she was my mother and that she is dead, because of some selfish act - a selfish act that someone else will cause a noble cause! Tell that to my dead brothers! Tell them they gave up their lives to equalize the world economy.....(quietly) I can't make sense of it. It's been a whole year and it's only been a minute and....I...can't.....make...sense...of..it. Go on, Gabe. Tell me how the world works.

Gabe: I wouldn't dream of it. Because you already know...what's the best antidote for hatred?

Pandora: *(coming around the panel to join scene; as she enters, Evelyn and Hazard quickly leave, recognizing her)* I'm..... *(indicating 'so sorry' - but she can't finish; turns helplessly, pleading to Hope: 'What can I do?')* Is there no containing them? *(Indicating the escaped evils)*

Hope: *(Smiles, knowingly)* No... but, at the same time..... there's no containing me either.

(Gabe gets up, walks behind the bench and puts his hand on John's shoulder. Lights fade. During the fade, all leave going around the SR side of portal leaving newspaper on bench; as lights up slowly, Bogey enters. He carries his bundle of things, which he sets down. Picks up paper. Audio: clip of 9/11 anniversary. As names are read, Bogey has found the article and begins to run his finger along the list of names. When his daughter's name is read out, he mimes the words; the impact of this slowly works across his face and through his body. bodhran starts rhythm of Osiem. Actors begin to sing the song. Lights begin a slow fade, which gradually narrows to the area around Bogey on the bench. John and Gabe came out, singing, and put their arms around Bogey's shoulders. Counselors (and Zeus) spread across stage as "crowd" to join them. Designates from the other plays come up from the audience to join. Evils, by now quite outnumbered, still weazle their way in, but they are clearly overpowered. Pandora, having moved through the crowd with Hope, mimes to him that she finally understands that their work here is done - that hope does reside here with the people -and she takes Hope's proffered arm. Together they return to their light, and stand in it only briefly before it too fades on them. Lights gradually shift to become Monument Lights behind, on panel, and continue to fade until these are the only lights left and gradually, even they fade out. As song ends, in the darkness...John

offers Bogey a cigarette)

John: *(Striking a match)* Light. Bogey?

Bogey: Thanks, man.