

365 DAYS/365 PLAYS

by

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WEEK 14 (12 Feb- 18 Feb)

- 1) THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (2M,1F)**
- 2) WE WERE CIVILIZED ONCE (2M,1F, 2+ Actors)**
- 3) REVOLVER LOVER (2M, 1W)**
- 4) PIG MEAT FARMING MAN (2F)**
- 5) YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU EVEN IF YOU
COULD (3M, 4+ Actors)**
- 6) THE PRESIDENT'S DAY SALE (6 White men, 1F, 4+ Actors)**
- 7) THE DAY AFTER PRESIDENT'S DAY SALE
(7White men, 1 M, 1F, 2 Actors)**

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SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#1
THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (12 February)

(Night. 2 men, Mr. Lincoln, Sr. and his Mystic Friend, sit in rocking chairs in a rough hewn log cabin.)

Mystic Friend: Do you think that, if everyone in the world were enlightened, things would be much different?

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: You read too many of them Hindu books, friend.

Mystic Friend: It's a simple enough question. What do you think?

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: I think it's cold for February.

Mrs. Lincoln (offstage): Oh!

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: And my wife's in there with a colored midwife cause we cant afford no better.

Mrs. Lincoln (offstage): Oh, God!

Abraham Lincoln, as a Newborn Baby (offstage): Waaaaaaaah!

(Colored Midwife comes on stage carrying unseen baby wrapped in swaddling clothes.) Colored Midwife: You've got a son, Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: We'll name him "Abraham." "Abraham Lincoln."

Mystic Friend: There's a glow about your son, Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: That's just the candlelight.

Mrs. Lincoln (offstage): Is he alive or is he dead? He's dead ain't he? He's dead!

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: He's alive as we are, mother.

Mrs. Lincoln (offstage): I don't believe you! Let me see him!

Colored Midwife: I'll take him back to her. (she goes)

Mystic Friend: Yr son will be a fine man someday. Maybe even a great man.

Mr. Lincoln, Sr.: Oh, you and yr Hindu claptrap.

Mystic Friend: Let's us go and congratulate yr wife.

(They take the candle and head into the nursery).

SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#2
WE WERE CIVILIZED ONCE
(13 February)

(A Man stands center stage. He looks like a Farmer. He swings his arms.)

(The stage fills with City people from New York and Los Angeles. They hurry back and forth. More and more come in hurrying and pushing and shoving. Suddenly somebody screams and everybody ducks in fear and covers their heads. They stay ducked down and the farmer, still just standing there, keeps swinging his arms.)

(2 People come in dressed for winter walking from SR to SL backwards.)

Man: We have to walk backwards all the way to New York.

Woman: I'm not complaining.

M: Dontcha wanna know why?

W: Not really.

M: The sight of it all would blind us. Or turn us to stone. Or drive us mad. I forget which.

W: I didn't want to know.

Farmer: Drive you mad.

M: Thank you kindly.

W: I really didn't want to know.

(The 2 keep walking, the others stay ducked, the Farmer keeps swinging his arms.)

SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#3
REVOLVER LOVER
(14 February, Valentine's Day)

(He's holding a big heartshaped box of chocolates behind his back. She's holding a gun.)

M: I love you.

W: I love my guns.

M: What about me.

W: I love my guns, I love you.

M

W

W: I love my guns more than I love you, that's what you were gonna ask, right?

(Another man bleeding pretty bad, drags himself across the stage. M and W watch, but not too closely.)

M: He's yr backdoor man, right?

W: You jealous-mealous.

M: He's your back door man, Christ Allmighty!

W

Bleeding Man

(rest)

W: He's my target practice.

M: Oh.

W: Feel better?

M: Yeah.

(the bleeding man stops crawling and just lies there dead.)

W: What did you get me for Valentine's day?

M: Chocolate.

W: I got you a heart.

M: His?

W: Was his, then mine, now yours.

(She hands him a bleeding heart. He is moved, but also wonders how life with this woman will turn out. This is his 7th wife. They met in rehab. She was hot for him, and he was afraid of her, and he initially thought his fear was desire.)

**SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#4
PIG MEAT FARMING MAN
(15 February)**

(Two Society Ladies, old friends.)

W: I have not seen you in –

W2: Years!

W: Don't date us, don't date us.

W2: Ages.

W: Mmm.

W2: Married?

W: You betcha!

W2: To?

W: You first.

W2: I married a banker. We have several houses and several cars and a lot of money.

W: How is he is the sack?

W2: Excuse me?

W: You know who I married? Joe.

W2: Joe?

W: That Pig Meat farming Man. No, we don't have a penny to our names but – he puts his bacon up on my plate every night, you know what I'm talking about.

W2: I think I've mistaken you for somebody I used to know.

W: I've written a song about him. Wanna hear it?

W2: Nope. Thanks. Bye.

(W2 Leaves. W sings or not (depending if performance time allows and other extenuating circumstances like, did we have time to learn to song or, you know,

all those things like that.) The whole play could transform itself into a little blues club: a bar with stylish barmaids, christmas lights up, band on stage backing up the singer):

Pig Meat Farming Man

(slow blues)

All day and all night

You know a woman sure needs love

All day and all night

You know a woman sure needs love

Sometimes she gotta beg and plead for her sugar

Sometimes she gotta fight and push and shove

I hear women talking they say their men too often come up short

A man may pay her bills all right but he plays his love like it's a sport

But me I don't got no complaints

My man he makes my life all sweet

I got me a pig meat farming man

He gives me all I need to eat.

There's always meat on my plate

I'm saying there's always plenty for me to eat.

My mother when I was a girl, she told me to marry a good man

A doctor, a lawyer, someone respectable

Someone with money in the bank

A man who got his own business

A man who don't stay out late

A man who goes to church

A man be with you every minute, wont never leave you in the lurch

But I threw all that out the window

I tossed all that good sense out the door

I got my Pig Meat Farming man,

And I wouldn't never want no more.

(Curtain. Society Lady goes back to her 9-5 life. Everybody else stays for the second set.)

SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#5
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU EVEN IF YOU COULD
(16 February)

(People crowded together. Every once in awhile someone gets up, walks out of the cave. The exit causes the others to scream, wail, mourn.)

(On another part of the stage, almost like a split screen, 2 men sitting in beach chairs. A waiter comes up and serves drinks.)

M1: I was terrified.

M2: Me too.

M1: I thought – I didn't know what to think.

(Again, someone leaves the cave and the huddled people scream.)

(A man, who left the cave-group at the top of the play, comes walking up to join the beach-chair group. He brings his own chair. Sits. Waiter serves him a drink.)

M1: I didn't know what to think.

M2: Me neither.

M3: And here we are.

M1: I guess.

**SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#6
THE PRESIDENT'S DAY SALE
(17 February)**

(6 White Men walk on stage. They each wear signs: 2 men holding hands are the TWO BUSHES, a LINCOLN, THE GREATER OF 2 ROOSEVELTS, WASHINGTON and KENNEDY. (No need to dress up like the guys, just wear the big sign-nametags.)

(They are escorted downstage by 2 Actors wearing earpieces and dark glasses, the Secret Service. The Presidents stand as if they're in a lineup.)

(A Woman, very rich, looks them over.)

Woman: Have them turn.

SS: Turn!

(The Presidents turn)

Woman: Once more.

SS: Turn!

(The Presidents turn)

Woman: Have them speak.

SS: Speak yr pieces.

(The Presidents all speak at once, and perhaps run their respective spiels more than once)

2Bushes	Lincoln	Washington	FDR	JFK
Howmany	4 score	I cannot	We have	Ask not
Did you send	and 7	tell	nothing	what yr
Send 2 war?	Years ago	a	to fear	country
A lot? Wow.	Our Fathers	Lie	but fear itself	can do
Ima send	brought forth	I cannot tell	Nothing	for you
A whole lot	Our Fathers	a Lie	to fear	Ask not
Too.				

Woman: How much is the Lincoln.

SS: The Lincoln is not for sale.

Woman: This is a Presidents Sale.

SS: The Lincoln's been bought already.

Woman: Darn. Give me the Washington, then. Wrap him up and put him in my car.

(She leaves. A few other Rich People come in)

Secret Service: Speak yr pieces.

(They talk again, all at once, as the lights fade.)

SUZAN-LORI PARKS: 365DAYS/365PLAYS: Week 14:#7
THE DAY AFTER PRESIDENT'S DAY SALE
(18 February)

Man: Is it my fault we took the bridge?

Woman: No it's my fault. But I told you not to drive. I knew there was gonna be traffic.

Secret Service: You ready?

Man: Yeah.

(A line of White Men come out wearing signs: ADAMS, QUINCY-ADAMS, WILSON, CLEVELAND, HOOVER, GARFIELD, MADISON.)

M: A bunch of nobodys! All this way and yr showing us a bunch of nobodies!

SS: All the rest were sold, Sir.

(W flips through the catalogue.)

W: Choose the Garfield. He was killed in office, he'll be worth something one of these says.

M: Yr a genius.

W: Now can we have a baby?

M: Now? As in "right now"? Sir, we will take the Garfield. No need for gift wrap.

SS: It'll save you money.

W: A good day after all, huh?

(SS leads unsold presidents away. M & W circle the Garfield.)

M: He'll look great in the courtyard.

W: Mmm.

SS: This way out, folks.

(They exit with their purchase.)