

ACT I

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Scene 1

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We see three young people with crewcuts standing on the stage. They are dressed in what appear to be poorly made, human-sized recreations of common fireworks. It should look as if they are wearing oversized toilet-paper rolls that were painted by children. This play is set in a field, but it should be a shoddy facsimile. Maybe one or two squares of fake dollar store grass, and then one or two plastic flowers. It takes place at dusk, and the entire theatre should be foggy.

The first man, Henry, is our protagonist. He looks clearly worried. He's skinnier than the other two, who fill the role of "jock" quite well. They seem to be unable to breathe with their mouths shut. The director should feel free to cast whomever they want in these roles; if they can find their highschool bully to perform it as an act of catharsis or as some Sisyphean punishment that's a positive.

The pauses in the play should take up most of it's time. This play should be infuriating to watch. It should, under no circumstances, be performed.

The curtain rises and Henry is fidgeting with the fuse coming out of the bottom of his costume. He has a clear tendency towards the melodramatic. In more intense situations he would be called a coward. Each line should be delivered like the beginning of a high-school student's soliloquy, speaking as if he is constantly on the verge of holding up a skull and delivering one of Shakespeare less interesting passages. As the play goes on, we should hear his voice break more and more often.

HENRY

Fuck this I can't fucking believe we're actually doing this shit. I can't believe I fucking signed up.

He pauses here and crosses the stage. The lights should dim, as if in preparation for a epiphanic moment

I mean, I guess I had no real option, that this is pretty much the only thing I'm here for.

(CONTINUED)

Henry really starts to get into the swing of his soliloquy at this point, we should hear each word as if it were spoken with a capital. It should be insufferable.

I Remember Vividly The Crisp April Day Wherein I Was
First Brought By My Dearest Family Unto -

The men beside him start roughing around, clearly excited

HENRY

Hey, assholes! Fucking calm down.

BRET

Fuck you Henry, you should have quit when the sarge made you cry during basic.

Henry flinches, and turns his back

The light here should transition onto the other two men, and they should speak like they know they're being watched. They should feel free to stare back at the audience. They should speak slowly.

Bret turns to Sean

BRET

What a fucking asshole. Nerd loser.

The second part of this line should be shouted back towards Henry, and then he should wink at the person who looks most likely to say that in real life.

SEAN

Yeah, I can't believe they even let him show up today. What a joke. I mean, he's just going to fucking embarrass us.

BRET

Yeah no shit.

They pause, waiting. This pause could take the majority of the play. Sean and Bret can sometimes mutter to each other. Henry should at some points try to take center stage as if to deliver a speech, but get pushed back by the other two.

Eventually, We hear footsteps, and a MAN enters. He is dressed like a stage-hand, in all black. He is around 40, but could be younger or older, we're not totally sure. When he speaks he addresses the audience, and he cannot hear any of the other performers.

MAN

(Hums quietly to himself, maybe Mozart, maybe Bach, something that makes him feel sophisticated, but makes everyone else think he's an asshole)

HENRY

Oh Mine Dear God, This Here Man Doth Suppose He Can Meander Through Our Rows Like A Poor Widow Searching The Graves At Flanders, Humming Morosely To Himself! Who Art Thou Who So Cruelly Mocks My Final Moments!

The man first picks up Bret, then Sean, and places them side by side. Once they are put down they cannot move. He walks over towards Henry, and repeats the process. The three are now in a line.

BRET

Sir! I am deeply honoured to be alongside you today!
Sir!

The man ignores him, continues to hum. Maybe he looks at his phone, or maybe he reads a book. Something by Brecht would be good, but if it exists, a catalogue of paintings by Bush would be perfect.

The next lines should be whispered, and filled with fear.

SEAN

Dude, so

BRET

Yah hey

SEAN

Like, this is it hey

Henry, overhearing this, has tuned back into reality. He leans over towards Sean, and delivers the next line with something between panic and anger.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Fucking idiot, what the fuck did you expect? What did you think all those lessons about how noble and powerful and amazing bees are was about? We're the same fucking tragic idiots, meant to do one fucking thing and then eat shit and die -

SEAN

Shut the fuck up henry, what the fuck do you know

At this point, Bret pisses himself. This should be stupid and obviously a gag, but treated with exaggerated but sincere solemnity by the other actors. The audience will likely be confused by this. That is okay.

Nobody moves for around ten minutes. Henry pisses himself too, more casually. We can tell he has experience with it.

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SCENE 3

3

Nothing has changed, all the actors are still stuck in one place and mostly covered in piss.

We start to hear hollers and whistles, and something that sounds vaguely like a national anthem. The closer this sounds to a sports arena or a very hollywood introduction to a battleground the better

HENRY

Listen to that! It Is Clear Our Time Has Come! Like The Most Fragile Of Flowers In The Brutish Frost Of Late October We Can Sense Our End Is Near! Oh God! How Much I Have Yet To Have Done, How Little Life I Have Lived!

The man puts away his book and walks over with a match. He lights Sean's fuse. There is a small explosion, and Sean runs as fast as he can out of the theatre.

This process repeats itself with both other actors.

The man reads this next part like a eulogy.

MAN

On this day, the noble 4th of July, in the year of our lord 2016, we watched row upon row of just, daring, and proud fireworks perform for our great nation. I would like to thank, personally, Lockheed Martin for their undying and profound support of this performance, and for their unequivocally just actions as a corporation.