



Brick by Brick: An Audio-Theatre Experience

Interludes:

Directed by Jack Stolrow
Written by Diego Dela Rosa
Sound Design by Will Forker

Head Writer: Aria Schuler
Head Researcher: Domenica Diaz
Head Sound Designer: Naveen Bhatia
Production Manager: Karlie Teruya
Assistant Production Manager: Angela Braun

UV Kids:

Directed by Christian Alejandro Lopez
Written by Aria Schuler
Sound Design by Amelia Anello
Researched by Brooke MacDougal

Produced by Ben Wendel, Karlie Teruya, Naveen Bhatia, & Aeneid Theatre Company

귀신(Gwisin):

Directed by Sophia April Grose
Written by Samantha Bloom
Sound Design by Nick Kassoy
Researched by Tae Jin Suh

The Visitors:

Directed by Sydney Gamble
Written by Diego Dela Rosa
Sound Design by Amelia Anello
Researched by Sierra Tsementzis

Secret Sprinters:

Directed by Lili Ignon
Written by Adi Eshman
Sound Design by Ben Wendel
Researched by Domenica Diaz

Springboard:

Directed by Luke Sobolevitch
Written by Zack Rocklin-Waltch
Sound Design by Abel Alexander Jaquez
Researched by Caroline Goldenberg

"Occupy the Patriarchy":

Directed by Claire Gershon
Assistant Directed by Grace Gentile
Written by Matilda Schulman
Sound Design by Will Forker
Researched by Sophie Warshauer

1. Curtain Speech

Ambient sounds of USC's campus slowly get louder. Still not clear, the sounds are still blurred together, like a distant humming. Suddenly a clear voice cuts through.

Curtain Speech:

Welcome to Aeneid Theatre Company's production of Brick by Brick: An Audio-Theatre Experience. This piece is intended to be listened to while walking around the campus of the University of Southern California, but has been created to allow for at home-listening as well. If you are on campus please go to aeneidusc.com/brickbybrick to download a map to help you navigate the school. The piece begins at the basketball court by the Kaufman School of Dance and has been created to be listened to without pausing. However, feel free to start and stop the audio as you wish. Please follow the guidance of the Storyteller to ensure that you follow the correct path at the correct time. We suggest you wear headphones for the best listening experience. Be aware that this piece contains racist language, moments of physical abuse, and references to sexual violence that some listeners may find upsetting. Thank you for listening and please enjoy the show.

The sound of a book rustling cut through, soon after the curtain speech.

2. UV Kids

The sound of a rising rumble or a haunting low note: maybe something in between. The echo of a church bell.

VOICE 1:

I am from underneath.

VOICE 3:

Underneath towering stacks of red brick.

VOICE 2:

I am from the sidewalks of Figueroa where trick or treaters marched.

VOICE 3:

I am from the before.

VOICE 1:

Before the biggest project the University has ever undertaken.

VOICE 2:

From its wake.

VOICE 1:

From the memory of linoleum food court floors.

| | |
|--|----------|
| | VOICE 2: |
| The lullaby of a fluorescent lights. | |
| | VOICE 3: |
| The 30-50%. | |
| | VOICE 1: |
| I am from stands that sell fruit in sweet strips, and the ringing of Christmas carols in Spanish, and the glare in the windows of Magic Machine University Print Shop. | |
| | VOICE 3: |
| The 30-50% rent-burdenables. | |
| | VOICE 2: |
| I am from the packed pews of the local church. | |
| | VOICE 3: |
| Stained glass windows throwing colors on the walls. | |
| | VOICE 1: |
| The hallelujahs! | |
| | ALL: |
| Hallelujah! | |
| | VOICE 2: |
| The whistling of psalms! | |
| | VOICE 3: |
| The 'thank Gods!' | |
| | ALL: |
| Thank God I am here where I am! | |
| | VOICE 1: |
| I am from ghosts. | |
| | VOICE 2: |
| From displacements. | |
| | VOICE 3: |
| From uproots. | |
| | ALL: |
| The in between. | |

The whimsical sound subsides, giving way to the sound of a basketball dribbling and the cars on Jefferson.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| | JESSY |
| You missed. | |
| | KEVIN |
| I haven't played in a while. | |
| | JESSY |

You missed again.

KEVIN

I know, Jessy! You were distracting me.

JESSY

Or you're just bad.

KEVIN

I haven't played in a while!

JESSY

We come here every week now.

The ring and clank of a bicycle.

MAX

Sorry, my mom needed help. What did I miss?

JESSY

Kevin losing against himself at basketball.

KEVIN

I'm not losing at basketball! I think the hoop's higher because it's college.

MAX

Sure. Pass.

KEVIN

But I -

JESSY

You lost your shooting privileges, fuck up.

KEVIN

I'm not a fuck up, don't say that man.

MAX

Come on man, pass.

JESSY

Max, how'd you get here?

MAX

Rode my bike.

JESSY

No, really? I mean like which way did you come?

MAX

Same one as always? What kind of a question is that?

KEVIN

Yeah seriously Jessy, why do you wanna know? Have a crush?

JESSY

Oh my God, this? Again?

KEVIN
She totally does!

JESSY
Grow up.

MAX
Jessy.... I have a girlfriend.

KEVIN
Yeah, he has a girlfriend.

JESSY
You've been sticking your tongue down Jackie Ximenez's throat for a little under a month, I don't think you have a girlfriend.

MAX
Damn, don't make it weird.

KEVIN
Seriously, don't be gross.

JESSY
Look, I only asked, because I wanted to know if they let you go through the UV.

MAX
Uh... no. They didn't.

KEVIN
They don't let kids ride bikes in there.

JESSY
Actually?

KEVIN
Uh... yeah. They call it the Village or whatever too.

The basketball dribbles.

MAX
I can't believe they finished it.

JESSY
It looks like a red brick fortress.

KEVIN
Impermeable.

MAX/JESSY
What?

KEVIN
What? I learned it in SAT prep.

Basketball dribbles.

MAX
Fuck that place man.

JESSY
Seriously. You know how much a movie costed to see at the old theatre?

MAX
Five dollars.

JESSY
You know how far five dollars gets you in the UV now? A third of a bowl of pasta.

KEVIN
They have a Trader Joe's.

MAX
What the fuck are we gonna do with a Trader Joe's? Who can afford Trader Joe's?

KEVIN
I don't know, some people.

JESSY
Not our people.

MAX
They took our childhood man. Remember when everyone called us the UV kids?

KEVIN
We called ourselves the UV kids.

MAX
Remember when we and our parents called ourselves the UV kids? And we would clickclackclickclackclickclack as we ran across those food court floors like we owned the place?

JESSY
Or trying to jump and touch the iron sign until our parents closed up?

MAX
That was craftsmanship.

JESSY
They took that away from us.

KEVIN
I mean it's not... nevermind.

MAX
What Kev?

KEVIN
Nothing.

JESSY
Say it.

KEVIN

Nah.

MAX

What, you too busy sinking buckets?

JESSY

Well we know it's not that, we can see him.

KEVIN

I mean like... it wasn't all bad. They spent like a million dollars on other affordable housing or whatever. I mean, I'm just saying they built a lot of good stuff.

MAX

Tore down a lot of good stuff.

KEVIN

I know but like... we can go to the Target and get cheap shit like we used to before they shut the gates at 10. It's like progress or whatever.

JESSY

I mean... we still had to watch them build over our memories.

MAX

And tear shit down that felt like ours.

JESSY

Andre Polk still had to move.

KEVIN

Didn't he move to take care of his grandma in Northridge?

JESSY

Nah man, they moved to Northridge so his grandma could take care of them. Sandwich Island closed and they couldn't pay rent.

MAX

They'll prolly have to move again. A Trader Joe's is gonna show up in Northridge sooner or later too.

JESSY

Maybe even one on Fig.

KEVIN

That sucks. I mean like... at least some people work there now.

JESSY

Not our people.

KEVIN

Some of our people.

Basketball dribbles.

What? Max, what?

JESSY

Max, don't say it.

KEVIN

Well now he has to.

MAX

I don't have to do shit.

KEVIN

Watch out or I'll make you.

MAX

You couldn't dream of it bud.

KEVIN

Don't call me bud!

JESSY

Oh my God, you two, relax, they're going to kick us out!

MAX

Fine.

KEVIN

Fine.

MAX

Fine.

Basketball dribbles.

You only see the positive because your dad's business got to stay.

KEVIN

What? //

JESSY

//Jesus Christ, Max.

KEVIN

That's not true.

MAX

How is it not true? Like I'm not trying to be a dick, it's just the way it is.

KEVIN

He didn't like... swindle anybody. He just like works at B of A. And B of A just got to stay.

MAX

I know. But Jessy's mom just worked at the RadioShack. My dad just owned a fruit store. And those didn't get to stay.

KEVIN

Look man, I wasn't saying -

JESSY

We know, Kev. It's just hard. To see your parents cry and stoop like the weight of every red brick is on their shoulders.

KEVIN

I... I'm sorry you saw them do that.

MAX

We still do.

Basketball dribbles.

MAX

I can't believe they finished it.

A church bell rings.

KEVIN

Five o'clock mass is starting.

MAX

The church feels quieter these days.

JESSY

Mrs. Garcia doesn't go anymore, so no one is singing loudly enough for the whole neighborhood.

MAX

Why?

JESSY

She moved.

KEVIN

That must be why it feels emptier.

JESSY

Yeah. Really none of us go to those anymore.

3. Interlude 1

VOICE 1

Can we get the ball back?

CHARACTER

Uhh, yeah. Sorry about that.

*She grunts while throwing it back. The ball bounces
before reaching her target.*

Hey, kid. Did you hear that just now?

VOICE 1

Can't say I did. Thanks!

Sounds of his sneakers hitting the floor while running away echo.

CHARACTER

Did no one else hear that? I'm going crazy...

A gust of wind is heard, coming from behind the character.

NARRATOR

I heard it.

CHARACTER

Who... Who said that?

NARRATOR

Listen, and you'll find out.

Another gust of wind.

CHARACTER

I still can't see where you're at, and I'm starting to freak out a bit. What is going on?

The Narrator laughs.

NARRATOR

You've finally listened to one of their stories, and many more await. Continue to walk forward, away from the village and make a left on the sidewalk. You still have much to witness.

CHARACTER

Uhh...ok, sure.

Footsteps are heard. Footsteps will indicate when the Character is walking.

So...so I didn't make that up just then? When the Village looked all old.

NARRATOR

No. You've finally listened.

Footsteps stop.

CHARACTER

Look, I don't have time for this today.

NARRATOR

You never take time.

CHARACTER

For what? I have a test coming up so I really have to get going...

Footsteps resume.

NARRATOR

You've finally started, and I'm afraid I must guide you to finish this journey.

CHARACTER

I'm one of 20,000 undergrads. What exactly do I have to do?

Throughout this next line a gentle breeze can be heard circling the Character.

NARRATOR

You must hear what you haven't bothered to. You walk these streets and sidewalks everyday with no regard for those who walked here before you. Already, you have done what many have not by listening to that story back there.

CHARACTER

It was a cool story, I guess. I just don't know what I'm supposed to get out of this.

Wind is heard rustling the trees and shrubbery up ahead during the next line. It is a bit stronger.

NARRATOR

These stories are the forgotten tales of Troy. We travel the streets of our school everyday but fail to educate ourselves on its history. Coated in the thick dust of time, most are forgotten. Their voices scream, but one can not listen to what they do not want to hear. Allow them to sing, even if just for today. They're excited someone started this trail. Keep going, if not for yourself, for them.

CHARACTER

Fine, fine. As long as I can get done before my study group later tonight.

Footsteps resume.

NARRATOR

They are happy to hear. Please keep making your way to the little yellow house up ahead, just passed the church on your left.

CHARACTER

Ok. Wait, we just have a regular house on campus?

NARRATOR

It is no regular house, for it belongs to the Ahn's.

CHARACTER

Who?

Footsteps stop. A breeze. A bicycle is heard slowly passing by, it's bell rings.

NARRATOR

The Ahn Family. If you listen carefully, you can hear the ghosts of the home speaking to you, urging you to reflect upon the history it has to offer. In front of you is the family home of Dosan Ahn Changho and he is expecting you.

CHARACTER

Sure, ok. This isn't strange at all.

4. Gwishin

The wind suddenly picks up. The sounds of book pages rustling is heard.

DOSAN

My name is Dosan Ahn Changho, and in front of you is the home where my family lived for many years. I am standing here, waving at you from the porch. If you do not see me, I will understand, not many do. However, I thank you for taking notice of me. It's been quite a long time since anyone has. Come. Walk up the path and sit here with me on the porch, but mind the roses. It's quite nice, isn't it? The sun hits just right, and if you close your eyes, you might forget that we're on a university campus. This is not the house I

once knew, but it brings me comfort nonetheless. My family grew and prospered in this house, and now the same is true for the many young students that are part of the Korean Studies Institute at USC. I often wonder what it is that keeps me here in this house. In Korea we have folklore of a spirit which we call Gwisin, It is a person who has died with unfinished business. In 1902, I came to America with my wife, Hye Ryeon, to enrich my understanding of American Democracy and Christian Values in an effort to free my country from imperialism and foreign occupation. When I died in 1938, I had not achieved this goal. Furthermore, I was alone, an entire ocean away from a family I missed dearly. I was absent from every important moment in their lives, and for that I am most regretful, but they never failed me. Even after my death, my family kept my ideas and values alive. I want to show you some moments I am most proud of. Please, come with me.

(We hear the door open, and subsequent footsteps. A faint and staticky radio plays music of the 1930s. Then, the sound of a heavy trunk being shut and latched, then given two short pats.)

PHILIP

Well kid, I'd say you're all set.

DOSAN

Here is my first born son, Philip.

PHILSON

Thanks again for helping me pack, I owe you one.

DOSAN

And my second, Philson.

PHILIP

Don't sweat it, I'm just happy to be able to send you off. How are you feeling?

PHILSON

A little nervous to be honest.

PHILIP

Nervous? Are you kidding me? How could you be nervous about studying Chemistry after all the pictures you've done?

PHILSON

No, it's not that kind of nervous. I'm just worried about whether I'm doing the right thing. Umma was pretty disapproving about acting, and it didn't work out for me like it did for you. What if this doesn't work out either?

PHILIP

Hey, don't beat yourself up. I'm sure Umma is thrilled to see you go to University. Do you remember what she said when I first came home and told her I wanted to be an actor.

PHILSON

Oh boy, she really chewed your ear off.

PHILIP

She wouldn't stop reminding me about how actors were at the bottom of the caste system, and she asked me, "*gwangdaegadoego sipni?*", "Do you want to be a clown?"

PHILSON

I remember. At the time I thought you were running off to join the circus!

PHILIP

Yeah, but it was something I really wanted to do. Do you know what Appa told me before he left for Shanghai?

PHILSON

No, what?

PHILIP

He told me

DOSAN

Film is also an art; all I ask is that if you want to become an actor, be the best that you possibly can.

PHILIP

and that's what I did, I enrolled in classes at USC and I worked hard to do my best, just like Appa said. So if you want to study Chemistry, do as much as you can to try and be the best.

PHILSON

Appa, always knew exactly what to say. I wish he were here, I wish I could make him proud.

PHILIP

Appa, would be just as proud of you now as he was when he died. We just have to keep his legacy alive in our work.

PHILSON

You're right, thanks Hyung.

PHILIP

Of course. Now let's get this trunk down to the car.

(The trunk is heaved up and taken elsewhere, we hear the fading sound of footsteps descending down the stairs and outside where we're greeted by birdsong and the sounds of SUSAN and RALPH training.)

SUSAN

Come on Ralph! Keep your knees up!

DOSAN

Here is my eldest daughter, Susan.

RALPH

I'm- huh trying-huh.

DOSAN

And my youngest son, Ralph.

SUSAN

Doesn't seem like it to me!

RALPH

Why am I the only one doing this, and why are we doing it at all?

SUSAN

I told you, we have to be in top shape for navy bootcamp.

RALPH

I guess that makes sense. Give me the timer, let's switch.

SUSAN

No switching Ralph, you gotta learn to take orders too.

RALPH

Oh come on noona, you're taking this too seriously.

SUSAN

I don't think you're taking it seriously at all. We're lucky to be able to enlist at all, Ralph. A few months ago they wouldn't want anything to do with us. They're afraid that all Asian-Americans are secret Japanese operatives. This is our chance to prove we're our own people, and to be able to help liberate Korea.

RALPH

That reminds me about something I read about Appa. When he was organizing Korean labor groups to pick oranges in Riverside, he would tell them:

DOSAN

"To pick even one orange with sincerity in an American orchard will make a contribution to our country."

RALPH

We have to show them we're sincere, and there's no better way to do that than to fight to preserve democracy.

SUSAN

See, that's the spirit Ralph! Now drop and give me fifty.

(The sounds of SUSAN and RALPH gradually grow farther and farther away and at some point they're completely muffled by a window and we are back in the house where we can hear HELEN humming as she sets the needle of a record player. There's scratchiness for a moment and then: Aegukga.)

DOSAN

This is my wife, Hye Ryeon.

HELEN
(singing along.)

“Donghae mulgwa Baekdusani mareugo daldorok”

SOORAH
(from another room)
Umma, mwohaneungeoya?

HELEN
(Still singing)
*“Haneunimi bouhasa
urinara manse”*

(We hear footsteps as SOORAH draws near)

SOORAH
Umma?

DOSAN
My youngest daughter, Soorah.

HELEN
Oh, Soorah, *yeogiwa*. Come listen with me, it's Aegukga. It always reminds me of your Appa.

SOORAH
I guess that must be why you play it so much.

HELEN
I like to think that when I play it, he can hear it from heaven.

(DOSAN hums approvingly).

SOORAH
That's a nice thought. I wish he was here.

HELEN
We all do, Soorah. Nothing can replace the space left by your Appa.

SOORAH
Umma, do you think he would be proud?

DOSAN

Of course I would.

HELEN

Everything he worked to achieve has come true. Korea has been liberated, and your siblings helped with that during the war. And look what fine adults you've all become. I think your Appa would be more than proud. Just continue to work hard and

SOORAH

I will Umma.

HELEN

I know you will, you've always been such a hard worker. You always remind me of myself when your Appa and I first came to America.

SOORAH

Really?

HELEN

Oh yes. You have worked so hard at so many jobs to help support our family, and when I was young I did the same, in order to raise you all while your Appa was away. Do you remember when you were a little girl and you would help me at the fruit stand?

SOORAH

Of course I do.

HELEN

Such humble beginnings. Now you are finishing your university degree, and I know you're going to be wonderful in your work. I am proud of you Soorah, and your Appa most certainly would be too.

SOORAH

Thank you Umma. I'm off to class now, I'll see you later!

(We hear SOORAH exit, a quick and springy step, the door opens and closes. HELEN is alone.)

HELEN

Yeobo, nan dangsin-i geuliwoyo.

DOSAN

Nado dangsin-i geuliwoyo.

(The music swells as we move out of the Ahn house, it then plays faintly, underscoring DOSAN.)

DOSAN

Philip was one of the first Korean Film Stars in Hollywood. Philson worked as a chemist under Howard Hughes in WWII, and later became an Aerospace Executive. Susan was the first female, and first Asian-American gunnery pilot in the US Navy. Ralph was a teacher, and today is an actor. Soorah managed Phil Ahn's Moongate Restaurant. My dearest Hyeron dutifully raised them all. I may have never lived in this house, but my legacy grew and thrived between these four walls, and then they went out into the world and tried to make it a much better place. I look at the legacy I've left behind, and I think, did I accomplish my goal? I believe so, but I still must ask: Why am I still here? The poet Sim Hun wrote: "And if my skull shatters to pieces, why should I have any regrets, since I will have died for joy? When that day comes, when that day has come, in tears I will race along the wide road in front of Gwanghwa-mun, and if I should fall, sprawling on the ground because my heart has burst from too much joy."

5. Interlude 2

NARRATOR

Now turn around, and continue your voyage. There is an alleyway between Taper Hall and the music buildings, take caution when crossing the street. Walk straight down that path until a plaque with a smiling face is to your right.

Footsteps resume.

CHARACTER

How have I never heard of this before?

NARRATOR

Don't feel guilty. For you are in the majority of students who have not.

A car is heard driving past the street. Their brakes squeak.

CHARACTER

I feel like these should be the stories we are told of USC.

NARRATOR

I share your sentiment, for that is a problem I have wanted to solve for quite some time. Remember this, before you speak you first have to listen. A child does not come into this world knowing how to communicate before spending years hearing.

CHARACTER

You have a point. Perhaps I should have listened sooner.

NARRATIVE

Do not feel shame, simply continue to listen to these stories with open ears. Some will yell, others will whisper.

Music students practicing in the Music Complex/Founder's Park can be heard throughout this walk.

CHARACTER

Without spoiling anything, can you just let me know what this next story is going to be about? Please don't tell me it has to be about Taper. I spend too much time there as is. Plus, I'm kind of getting into this.

NARRATOR

Your willingness brings joy to my heart. Not too many people are willing to give it a chance.

CHARACTER

I still want to know who you are though...

NARRATOR

Keep looking forward to your next stop. USC's been at the center of social unrest since its founding and has been the center of many social movements. You are approaching the Cesar Chavez plaque.

CHARACTER

I've walked down this path almost every day to get to class and have never noticed this

plaque...you'd think they would make it a little bit bigger.

NARRATOR

Funny you should mention that. Students on campus advocated a whole park in this spot dedicated to him. This plaque itself was originally designed as a grand column with eagles at the top.

An Eagle caw is heard overhead.

CHARACTER

That would have been nice... how do you know so much about all of this?

Footsteps stop.

NARRATOR

I'm afraid I carry many secrets. Are you ready for this story?

CHARACTER

Yes.

A gentle breeze begins.

NARRATOR

One of the most important men in recent history yet we often fail to recognize his three visits to this campus. Take a seat on the grass if you'd like, they are ready to begin.

The wind picks up. The rustling of book pages are heard again.

6. The Visitors

The time is approximately 9:30PM at Founder's Park, USC. It is a quieter weekday but occasional sounds of scooters, skateboards, and groups of friends can be heard passing by. As if played through a muffled radio coming in and out of connection, the voice of Cesar Chavez can be heard giving a speech. Two or three words can be heard at a time before changing frequencies and cutting back in, but the power in his voice is unwavering throughout. After a few moments the radio gradually gets quieter, as two voices chatting and snickering can be heard approaching.

When they are close enough to finally be heard they are clearly mid conversation.

GABY

See, I told you there was a plaque dedicated to him!

DOM

You expected me to notice this tiny little thing?

She reads the inscription out loud as follows: "The end of all education should surely be service to others."

Ain't that the truth! I think that's why we're both here, why we worked our butts off to get to this school. Make this world a decent place. Why'd they have to make his plaque so small though?

GABY

At least it's something. Here, lay out the blanket so we can sit and get the *ofredna* set up.

DOM

Yes, Queen Gaby.

They both laugh.

GABY

Shut up! (Beat.) You don't have to talk about it if you're not ready, but how are you doing after yesterday?

DOM

Better, I guess. I think I'm gonna tell my Professor.

GABY

I don't want to be a *chismosa*, but what exactly went down?

DOM

Some frat guy was in my discussion group for a COMM class and we started talking about our Halloween plans during the last few minutes. We were talking about our favorite candy, and he said his was jelly beans.

GABY

Gross.

DOM

I know. That should have been the first red flag. Anyways, then he looked at me and said "You must eat a lot of beans, huh?" I didn't know what to do. I laughed along with them, but it just made me feel so...foreign. Sometimes I just feel like I don't belong.

GABY

Dom, what he did wasn't right. Look at me, you belong here. Ok?

DOM

Sure.

GABY

Let's get the *ofrenda* set up for our friend Cesar here. I'll light the candles if you wanna set up the food and photos.

Rustling through a plastic bag is heard, as they go through it to get the items they need. A match is struck.

DOM

Raisins? Gross.

GABY

They're not for *you*.

DOM

Someone is going to pass by and think we're doing some witchcraft with this set up.

GABY

Good, then at least they'll leave us alone. I was so excited when you said you'd come with me.

DOM

When I was a kid I was obsessed with singing Selena with my sisters. I bawled my eyes out when I saw the movie and realized she was dead, so I made this tiny *ofrenda* that year for *Día de los Muertos*...I think that's when my parents realized I wasn't straight.

Gabby giggles.

I haven't made one of these since I was back home.

GABY

Not even last year?

DOM

Nah, my suite was full of white girls from Chicago. Imagine me trying to explain why an altar full of candles and food for my dead grandma was just chilling in our common room.

Gaby laughs.

GABY

You're so dramatic!

DOM

Seriously, I was just trying to blend in at that point.

GABY

Blend in or disappear?

DOM

Both? I just hate being seen as an other. I didn't have a choice to be born in this body, you know? You're always so proud.

GABY

Thanks.

She laughs.

I learned it from the best. Thanks, Cesar.

DOM

Damn. I never realized he visited USC three times.

The eerie silence is finally broken, as quiet miniscule noises of a crowd are faintly heard underneath their conversation. As they continue to discuss Cesar Chavez' legacy, the sounds of a crowd listening to one of his speeches becomes more clear and louder, emulating the radio frequency sounds heard earlier.

GABY

He was a great speaker. No wonder the UFW was so successful.

DOM

Oh, don't tell me what that stands for... I should know this.

GABY

Raisins.

DOM

Oh, United Farm Workers! Maybe I'm not such a horrible Mexican after all...

GABY

You're not. Trust me.

DOM

I wanna text my mom a photo of this set up. She loves Cesar Chavez, one of my old *Tios* worked on a grape farm.

GABY

Really?

DOM

Yeah, he passed away recently, but he was my favorite uncle. He was just a really comforting guy, ya know? I remember he was really drunk one Christmas, and I was the first person he saw, so he called my name and asked me to bring him a beer and a bottle opener. I brought it, and he told me I could take a sip if I wanted. I was like 12 so I put the bottle to my mouth and pretended to take a swig. That's when he told me I was his favorite.

GABY

I bet he was lying.

DOM

You're just jealous.

They share a laugh.

But I sat at that table next to him for hours, just hearing stories about him and the *campesinos* out on the fields. Every year him and all of his buddies would get sick when they were out there. Nausea, chills, cramps, loss of vision. It turns out the pesticides they were using on the fields were poisoning them, he didn't know until the late 60's when the UFW looked into it... one of his buddies didn't recover one year.

GABY

Oh my god, that's horrible.

DOM

I know, at this point in the story I was bawling. But then he started talking about Cesar Chavez. He didn't like him at first, he thought he was clueless. The first UFW strikes didn't go well, and my tio made fun of all his friends who lost money for striking instead. But there was this one in the 60's that was gaining a lot of traction...

GABY

The Delano grape strike? That one was in 1965.

DOM

Yeah, that sounds right. When that one was being organized, he was sick and tired of being used like that, especially with no wages or rights. So he joined the strike, and he was shocked when it became this nationwide boycott. He told me, "That Chavez guy, he was the real deal."

GABY

I can't imagine being out there in those conditions, but if it was your only way to make a living what else could you do?

The noises behind them grow clearer. We hear excerpts of Cesar Chavez' speeches and the crowd cheering. The sound then cuts back out, as if the radio frequency was once again lost. The eerie silence with occasional noises are once again heard.

DOM

After hearing my *Tio* talk about him, Cesar Chavez was my hero. Freshman year of high school I chose to write a report about him and was kind of disappointed...

GABY

Oh. The whole illegal thing?

DOM

Yes!

GABY

Yeah, we talked about it in one of my American Studies classes last year. The UFW spearheaded this whole "Illegals Campaign." It basically urged UFW members and workers to report anyone without papers. He referred to them as "wets" it was pretty rough to read.

DOM

So you know about that?

GABY

Yeah, and the whole culty vibe of the UFW he created.

DOM

Wait, what?

GABY

He got really into this alternative lifestyle thing called Synanon, and brought over this weird game to the UFW. Some UFW volunteers were put in the center of this arena, and they were accused of being disloyal and incompetent in front of a crowd. They were yelled at, berated, humiliated. After they were done he fired them all. It was supposed to enforce loyalty or something like that.

DOM

That's wrong, Gaby.

GABY

Yeah, but...

DOM

But? What are you going to say to defend that? I was uncomfortable making the *ofrenda* to him in the first place knowing what I knew, but this just makes me feel...tainted. Are we just gonna sweep these things under the rug and pretend he was a saint?

GABY

No, Dom. That's not what this is about.

DOM

What is it about then?

GABY

I'd tell you if you let me finish!

Silence. The sound of wind rustling the trees overhead is heard.

Look. I don't agree with everything he did, let me make that clear. But we can't just sit here and pretend he was a completely horrible person.

DOM

It's not pretending if he actually did those things. You need to stop pretending perfect people exist.

GABY

Dom, he was one of the first people that looked like us who was brave enough to stand up and make a change. He cared about us, deeply. Seeing his face and his legacy gives me hope, and I'm sorry that we can't go back in time to stop him before he did some stupid stuff. We can't change that, so what do you want us to do?

DOM

I guess I can just ignore it like you do. (Beat.) I'm sorry. That came across a little blunt.

GABY

Think of your tio, and how much Cesar Chavez helped him. Focus on that.

DOM

The plaque, all the freeways, all the parks they named after him. They just feel gross knowing what I know, because that's not the whole story, Gaby. Call me a pessimist, but I just think these things should be addressed.

GABY

Addressing is different from obsessing. He was under a magnifying glass, of course everything wasn't going to be great. But you still haven't answered my question: what can we do about it now? Huh? I'm sorry I try to look for the good. I'm sorry he helped our families. I'm sorry I have hope that people can look back and remember me for the change I tried to bring about in this world. I don't need a plaque, or a highway named after me. I just want to know that people will realize that I was a human who made mistakes, but I had so much more to offer...

Gaby begins to cry. Dom is heard consoling her. The radio frequencies of the speeches pick back up. More sporadically this time, cutting in and out and random points in the speech or chants from the crowd. The noises slowly fade, but are still heard faintly underneath the dialogue.

DOM (Consoling)

Deep breaths. That's it. You're ok.

GABY

God, I'm such a mess.

DOM

Aren't we all? Look at the world around us.

They share a giggle.

There's so much that we don't know waiting ahead. I'm so tired of fighting.

GABY

You're telling me. We've fought hard enough to get here. Look at the plaque, we came here for the same reasons he did: to serve.

DOM

We can't fix the past, Gaby. Don't get me wrong, it terrifies me too. But we're in the driver's seat now. We're in control of our stories.

GABY

Are we? We can choose what we do, but we can't choose how we're remembered. I just don't want to be rejected for trying my best.

DOM

We're bound to fail some people. It's inevitable. And that's ok, we can't let it stop us. We have to be remembered in our totality, it's only fair.

GABY

Fair isn't easy.

DOM

Ain't that the truth.

They share a small laugh.

At this point a crescendo of the radio frequency should burst through and over the sounds of the night silence. A beautiful symphony of Cesar Chavez' voice giving speeches, the crowds cheering play through without cutting out. A simple chant can be heard growing underneath the different sounds, until it is the only thing that can be heard. The words "Si Se Puede" echo throughout the night, slowly fading in volume, but never in power. The sound of an inhale, and someone blowing out candles is heard. Silence.

7. Interlude 3

NARRATOR

Let us continue on our journey, we are nearly halfway through. How are you feeling?

CHARACTER

Disappointed...but hopeful.

NARRATOR

Two valid emotions to feel. Continue to walk forward for a bit until you get to that larger walkway up ahead. Then make a right.

Footsteps.

CHARACTER

We're going to PED?

NARRATOR

Not quite, our destination lies just past that building.

CHARACTER

Whatever you say.

An electric skateboard is heard zooming past.

NARRATOR

I've always loved these alcoves. The trees residing in the shade of the bricks. It is almost like it doesn't belong with the rest of campus.

CHARACTER

Relatable.

NARRATOR

Even for a second, do not let your confidence wane. There is no question to your purpose here on campus, and you do not realize how capable you are. Many of the stories we have heard have been ones of adversity. They have been tales about strong individuals who fought for their right to be here, to be heard. Take note of how they speak, let it inspire you, perhaps.

CHARACTER

I guess... It's just really hard sometimes. You're really going to take us into PED, aren't you?

Birds chirping from the trees overhead are heard.

NARRATOR

Not quite.

CHARACTER

Is that the track and field in front of us? I used to do triple jump in high school, but I'm no Olympic athlete.

Footsteps stop. A USC car/van is heard passing by over the bricks.

NARRATOR

They too have their flaws. You will soon learn that every hero has their shortcomings, even the man who this field was named after. A great coach, no doubt, but someone whose judgments were flawed. Take a seat on a bench, or peer into the slits of the fence. When listening to this next story keep this in mind, perfection is nothing but an illusion.

The wind picks up. The sound of book pages rustling is heard.

8. Secret Sprinters

We HEAR the opening theme to a 1930s-era newsreel footage. You know that music intro -- lots of strings and trumpets.

From an old newsreel:

ANNOUNCER

Day 8 of the Berlin Olympic Games. Here, the clear favorite is 20-year-old Jesse Owens. Just listen to this crowd:

OLYMPIC STADIUM
(translation: Where is Jesse?)

Wo ist Jesse?
Wo ist Jesse?
Wo ist,
wo ist,
WO IST JESSE?

A STARTER GUN goes off. Runners pounding their feet against a dirt track. The CROWD ROARS. The ROAR dims. We HEAR it in the background. From a distance, it sounds like a CHURNING OCEAN. A DOOR opens and shuts. We're inside a room at the Berlin Olympic Stadium. It is August 8, 1936, the 8th day of the games. LOUD CHATTER and CROSS TALK.

MARTY

-- nice shoes, Jesse --

The first voice we hear clearly is MARTY GLICKMAN, 18-years-old, Jewish, white, from New York City. He's going to become a very famous sports broadcaster one day, and maybe we hear an inkling of that.

JESSE

-- thanks, I got these from one Adi Dassler, German shoes manufacturer --

The second voice is JESSE OWENS, 20-years-old, Black, born in Alabama and nearly a senior at Ohio State. Racism and segregation have made Jesse's life hard. It's just going to get harder for him. Maybe we can hear that weariness.

MARTY

What about your old shoes?

JESSE

No one's paying me to wear them --

MARTY

He's paying you!? Who gets paid to wear shoes at a sporting event?

JESSE

I'll wear peacock feathers and a top hat, if the price is right!

Marty and Jesse share an easy laugh.

MARTY

Hey, I heard something -- some talk around the men's team --

JESSE

Talk? What talk?

MARTY

I don't know, I guess I heard that after your 200 meter, that you were invited to meet with Hitler.

JESSE

Don't believe everything you hear, Marty.

MARTY

But are the rumors, are they true? Is it true you shook hands with -- ?

The DOOR swings open and closes. The ROOM quiets down.

COACH CROMWELL

Hello champs --

ALL THE RUNNERS

HEY COACH! // How's it going? // What's the latest?

The third (and final) distinct voice is COACH DEAN CROMWELL. He's in his 30s, but he already has the inflection and tone of an old man. Also in the room are Ralph Metcalfe. Foy Draper (who will die in World War II), Frank Wykoff, Head Coach Lawson Robertson and Sam Stoller. We will not hear from any of them.

COACH CROMWELL

How are you all feeling? Relaxed?

JESSE

I'm feeling fine, Coach Cromwell, just // fine.

MARTY

A little tense, Coach.

COACH CROMWELL

Tense?

MARTY

I'm just excited to get out there -- for Sam and I -- to finally show these Germans what we're made of.

JESSE

The look on their faces --

MARTY

I hope Hitler's ready to see a couple Hebrews outrun his Aryans --

JESSE

If he's not, he better be!

Jesse and Marty laugh again.

COACH CROMWELL

I'm sorry you're feeling tense, Marty.

MARTY

That's alright, Coach. Sam and I have been practicing these past few days every aspect of the relay: the baton pass, acceleration, focus --

JESSE

You're ready.

MARTY

I think what it is, Coach, is it's been incredible, just incredible, to see Jesse, Ralph, Frank and Foy out there. But we're ready to have our moment, to show these Germans just how superior they are --

JESSE

That's right!

COACH CROMWELL

Well I've got some news to break, gentlemen.

Everyone quiets down.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Coach Robertson and I were just made aware of some rumors that have been circulating. We have reason to believe -- good reason -- that the Germans have hid their best runners, to race them during the 400 relay today.

Silence.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

It makes perfect sense actually. These Germans -- they're wolves in sheep's clothing, if

you ask me. They remind me of the pirates who'd fly a white flag. Then when your boat got near, they'd hoist the Jolly Roger.

MARTY

What does that mean, Coach?

COACH CROMWELL

It means they're sandbagging us. They're hiding world-class sprinters. We have to show them that our team can vanquish all comers.

JESSE

They've already seen the proof, Coach --

COACH CROMWELL

Well, that's why I -- we've decided -- Head Coach Robertson and I, to swap out Marty and Sam --

MARTY

Wait, what?

COACH CROMWELL

And bring in Jesse and Ralph, to win gold, and make us all proud.

MARTY

Now hold on a second, Coach Cromwell --

JESSE

Coach, I don't think that's --

COACH CROMWELL

We can't leave anything up to chance. If these rumors are true, and the Germans are really hiding some secret weapon, something they'll unleash on us when we least expect it -- I can't have that happen.

JESSE

But Coach --

MARTY

Coach, that's ridiculous. You can't hide world-class runners!

COACH CROMWELL

Look, we're just communicating to you what we've heard, from the highest levels.

MARTY

From who?

COACH CROMWELL

From Avery Brundage, the head of the entire US Olympic organization. And he heard these rumors from Joseph Goebbels.

MARTY

I just can't believe what I'm hearing...

Beat.

COACH CROMWELL

Look, at the end of the day, we need tried-and-tested runners. It's going to be a battle out there, and we need veterans, not new recruits. Jesse and Ralph are the best runners we have, and that's not according to me, just look at the records they've set.

MARTY

Promises were made, Coach. We were told whoever placed 4th, 5th and 6th at Randall's Island would run the relay. Sam and I both came in ahead of Wykoff!

COACH CROMWELL

We'll have none of that, Marty. Draper and Wykoff are battle-tested, plus I trained with them at USC. They've got the unbreakable Trojan spirit.

MARTY

You think Sam and I will crack?

COACH CROMWELL

Well it's one thing to run qualifying trials, it's another to race in front of 130,000 people. I mean, do you hear them out there?

A DULL ROAR is heard.

MARTY

I was a New York City sprinting champion, a state champion, a national champion. Sam raced against Jesse in Ohio, he even beat him in '34! If this is a question of ability -- we're not on the US Men's Olympic Team because we're cute.

Beat.

JESSE

Coach, let Marty and Sam run this one. I've got my 3 gold medals. I'm tired, Ralph and I are tired. Let them race, all the newspapers say they're favored to win --

COACH CROMWELL

I don't give a shit what the newspapers say. Sam and Marty are not running this relay.

MARTY

Wykoff, Foy -- what do you have to say about this?

Silence.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sam? Can you say something? Are you just going to let them do this to us?

Silence.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Christ, look at Sam. He can't even speak.

COACH CROMWELL

Like I said, we've heard rumors that --

MARTY

Coach, the answer's obvious: Hitler doesn't want to see two Jews winning gold!

COACH CROMWELL

That's your opinion. I just care about stats. Records. Medals. Meters. Seconds. I don't give a damn what religion you are.

MARTY

There are 66 men's track runners, and not a single one of them has been pulled.

COACH CROMWELL

Hap Chapman couldn't run his event --

MARTY

He just had an appendectomy!

JESSE

Coach, even if we do get gold, it should be Sam and Marty on on that podium. We don't want to take their victory.

MARTY

What do you care about all of this, Jesse?

JESSE

I'm trying to help you --

MARTY

What kind of friend are you? I heard it on good authority that you shook hands with Hitler!

JESSE

So what if I did?

MARTY

How could you? You know what he says about Black people, about the Jews!

JESSE

Actions speak louder than words, Marty. In Germany, I can eat in any restaurant, stay in any hotel. What he says is crazy, but his country treats me better than I've ever been treated in New York, Ohio or Alabama.

MARTY

That's just cos' of the Olympics, Jesse, they're pulling out all the stops to make you comfortable --

JESSE

Yeah? Well, what about my own country, what stops are they pulling out? I've gotten 3 gold medals, Marty. I've set world records. I'm the fastest human alive. You'd think Roosevelt would say something by now. Send a telegram. A phone call. So what if I shook Hitler's hand, Marty? If you didn't want to be here, you could've stayed home like all the other Jews who qualified for the team. But you came here because --

MARTY

Cos' I wanted to prove -- Sam and I -- we wanted to prove something to these bastards!

JESSE

Well I've been trying to prove myself my entire life back home. And I'll keep having to prove myself. You're disappointed? You're angry? That's just a taste of something I've been forced to swallow my whole life.

Silence.

MARTY

Jesse, look, I'm sorry if I got upset. But we're ready, you know we are.

JESSE

Coach, just let them run with Wykoff and Draper. Without us, they're still a formidable team.

COACH CROMWELL

Why would I pull you two? You and Ralph are faster than them, it's just genetics.

JESSE

What are you talking about?

COACH CROMWELL

Your ancestors are from the jungle. Your muscle fibers are used to running and jumping to get away from the lions and jaguars. It's just science, Jesse. In a two-man race, your primitive natures will always beat out a white man.

By the way, Coach Cromwell actually wrote this in one of his books in 1941. Just saying.

JESSE

I'm tired of repeating myself. Ralph isn't running today. I'm not running today. I've run my races. I just want to go home. I want to finish my degree. I want to start a family. I want to --

COACH CROMWELL

YOU'LL DO AS YOUR TOLD!

Silence.

We hear SAM whimper and cry.

MARTY

Oh, Christ... Sam... it's gonna be OK... when we get out there, we'll talk to the newspapers, we'll tell them the truth --

COACH CROMWELL

The truth?

MARTY

That you, Brundage, Robertson, you're a bunch of Jew-haters, who kiss Hitler's ring!

COACH CROMWELL

Ha! What a pretty story. No wonder your people run the motion picture business. Let's go, Robertson. You have two minutes.

The DOOR swings and closes.

MARTY

Fuck that bastard!

JESSE

Forget about him, Marty. He's a nobody. All anyone's going to be talking about after these Games are the runners.

MARTY

Men like Coach Cromwell, they'll always be remembered. He's going to get his name on a stadium one day. People will forget all about us.

JESSE

Ralph, Draper, Wykoff -- let's move out --

MARTY
(has an idea)

Hey, maybe you could protest on the podium!

JESSE

Excuse me?

MARTY

Raise a fist. Do something, get the word out about Sam and I-- that the Olympic Team is full of fascists --

JESSE

It won't do any good.

MARTY

What are you talking about? The whole world is watching.

JESSE

Marty, I learned a long time ago that the black fist, by itself, is full of weak, little fingers. In this world, a black fist don't mean shit. The only time a black fist counts for something is when it's got money inside it. Once I get back to the States, and get some real cash, then we'll talk about taking down Cromwell.

MARTY

We can't wait that long, Jesse. By then it'll be too late. The world will have moved on.

JESSE

There's always the next Games. I have no doubt you'll be running down Germans in '40, again in '44 --

MARTY

You hear that, Sam? We're just getting started! We're just getting started!

*The SOUND of a STARTER PISTOL.
The OLYMPIC STADIUM CROWD ROARS:*

OLYMPIC STADIUM

Wo ist Jesse?
Wo ist Jesse?

Wo ist,
wo ist,
WO IST JESSE?

*The ROAR BECOMES DEAFENING, ALMOST LIKE A BATTLE CRY!
AND THEN NOTHING.*

9. Interlude 4

NARRATOR

On to the next. Look at the alleyway to the right of the track and field, between the track and Heritage Hall. Follow that path.

CHARACTER

Hold on a second, are we not going to talk about what just happened in that story?

NARRATOR

It is possible to walk and talk at the same time. Tell me, what is on your mind after hearing that story.

CHARACTER

So much. I just can't believe someone could say such vile things. Especially that racist nonsense about Jesse being from Africa.

Footsteps.

NARRATOR

It is tough to hear, and it never gets easier, but true nonetheless.

CHARACTER

So what do you do with these stories exactly, do you just pick random people and share these stories with them?

NARRATOR

I do many things, I suppose. My burden is listening to all of the stories that cross this campus' path. To guard them and keep them intact, to keep them honest and complete. And to guide those who are willing to listen.

CHARACTER

Are they always this...melancholy?

NARRATOR

Bittersweet, I suppose. Like most stories in this world. We always prefer to hear the best versions of events or people. They allow us to feel happy and proud of ourselves and those that have come before us. I suppose those are still stories, but only fragments. And what good is a story if it is incomplete? Can you say you know someone or something by only seeing it from one perspective?

CHARACTER

No...I guess I can't. I've never really thought about it like that though.

NARRATOR

Not many people do. Take this track to your left as an example. Taking that last story into account, notice how this very field is named after Cromwell.

CHARACTER

I can't believe that. Did they not know about the other things he did?

NARRATOR

That is a question I can not answer. You would be surprised with how many people only listen to what they want to hear, letting all of the other words fall by the wayside. Intentionally or not, there is no question that those who conceived this track chose a blind celebration over a holistic view. By doing so, they only promote half of the story. Do you agree?

A jogger is heard running by.

CHARACTER

I...I do. These stories offer the bigger picture, flaws and all.

A car horn is heard up ahead.

NARRATOR

Stories are best enjoyed in their totality, that much I am certain of. Once you make it to that street in front of you make a right on the sidewalk. Once you turn, look across the street, and find the aquatic center. Cross the street if you wish to get a closer look.

CHARACTER

You know, I still haven't made it out here. I know the pool is open for students to use, but I'm not much of a swimmer. Are you?

The Narrator laughs.

NARRATOR

I can't give away too many of my secrets.

CHARACTER

I thought it was worth a shot. I just want to know more about you...ominous voice in my head?

NARRATOR

Soon you will. For now, begin to listen again. Someone who trained in that very aquatic center would like to speak.

Splashes and whistles can be heard coming from the pool.

CHARACTER

I'm ready to listen.

The roar of an Olympic crowd is heard.

NARRATOR

Very well. The Coliseum just outside of the confines of this campus has been home to the Olympic games. Some Olympic athletes and coaches are ready to share their stories.

Wind is heard. The sound of pages in a book rustling are heard.

10. Springboard

ANNOUNCER:

This is unbelievable! Reporting live from the McDonald's Olympic Swim Stadium on the beautiful USC campus, August 12, 1984, Greg Louganis has just become the first Olympian athlete in *fifty-six years* to win the gold medal in diving in both the springboard and ten-foot platform events! We are watching *history*, folks!

In an uncrowded locker room in the Swim Center:

ELIZA.

Greg? Greg!

ELIZA shrieks in joy. Quick footsteps approach. GREG, muffled by an enormous hug from ELIZA:

GREG.

Eliza! You're hurting me.

ELIZA.

How do you feel??

GREG.

Constricted.

ELIZA releases GREG. GREG wheezes.

ELIZA.

Oh my god. *Oh my GOD!!!*

ELIZA shrieks again.

GREG.

How- how'd you get back here?

ELIZA.

I told them I'm best friends with the greatest diver in history and they stepped aside.

GREG.

Really?

ELIZA.

No, dummy, I snuck in.

GREG chuckles.

GREG.

Oh.

ELIZA.

That's what everyone's saying, you know. "Greatest in history."

GREG.

People say a lot of things...

ELIZA.

What's going through your head right now, Mr. World Champion?

GREG.

Through my head? Honestly? I don't know. I'm not sure it's hit yet.

ELIZA.

You deserve this.

GREG.

Oh, I don't know about that. Just happy to have finally fixed my mistakes from Montreal.

ELIZA.

Montreal?

GREG.

The silver medal.

ELIZA.

You know, you're the only person I know who could turn "winning silver in the Olympics at age sixteen" into a mistake.

GREG

I didn't go there to get second. I went there to win.

ELIZA.

You were a kid!

GREG.

So?

ELIZA.

Well. You've clearly made it up now.

GREG.

Eight years later.

ELIZA.

Can you not be proud of yourself for one second?

GREG.

Sorry. I'm sorry. It's annoying.

ELIZA.

It's not annoying. It's just very *Greg*.

GREG.

Heh. You're still coming over for dinner, right?

ELIZA.

Dinner in the Olympic village? Wouldn't miss it for the world.

GREG.

Eh. It feels more like a college dorm than an Olympic village, but...

Beat.

ELIZA.

Hey. Did you hear about Kevin?

GREG.

Kevin who? *My* Kevin?

ELIZA.

Yeah.

GREG.

No? What happened?

ELIZA.

He tested positive.

GREG.

For...?

ELIZA.

Yeah.

GREG.

Oh my god.

ELIZA.

More and more people I know are getting it. Gay men.

GREG turns suddenly to a whisper:

GREG.

Shh. Eliza!

ELIZA.

Sorry. Sorry.

GREG.

It's not really something we talk about here.

ELIZA.

I know. I'm sorry.

GREG.

It's okay. Just...

ELIZA.

I'm worried about you.

GREG.

Me? I'm fine.

ELIZA.

You're being safe? With your mystery man who I can't know the name of?

GREG.

Yes! We're being very safe.

ELIZA.

You're using condoms?

GREG.

We... No, but—

Greg. ELIZA.

It's fine! I'm not seeing any other people. GREG.

And him? ELIZA.

He doesn't like talking about it. GREG.

Jesus. ELIZA.

It's fine, Eliza! I'm going to be fine. GREG.

Can you guarantee that? ELIZA.

I... Look, I gotta go. I have press to do. I'll see you tonight for dinner. GREG.

Okay. Okay, I'll see you tonight. ELIZA.

Good-bye. I love you. GREG.

I love you. ELIZA.

ANNOUNCER:
Ooh! That's gotta hurt! This is unprecedented. Greg Louganis, four years after his two gold medal wins at Los Angeles in 1984, at the first event of the Seoul games has hit his head on the board on the way into the water.

Backstage, a damp hallway. Two sets of footsteps.

GREG.

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

JIM.

Greg, stop. Stop!

GREG.

This wasn't supposed to happen. How did this happen?!

JIM.

You need to calm down.

GREG.

Am I bleeding? Jim, look at my scalp. Am I bleeding?

JIM.

I'm not going to—

GREG.

If my blood got in that water—!

JIM.

You need to get stitches.

GREG.

No, no, no. This is so bad. How could this happen.

JIM.

Shut up! Greg.

Footsteps stop.

JIM.

Pull yourself together. We're taking you to the doctor.

GREG.

We need to tell people. Jim, we need to tell them I'm—

JIM.

No! No. You can't. You'll be... disqualified, or...

GREG.

You don't know that. You don't know that.

JIM.

Do you wanna risk it?

GREG.

I...

JIM.

Think rationally.

GREG.

My head hurts...

JIM.

You don't need that to get out. You don't want people to know that.

GREG.

I'm dizzy. Why do I feel so dizzy?

JIM.

So we go to the doctor. You get stitched up. You try again.

GREG.

I need to think.

JIM.

You don't have *time* to fucking *think*, Greg! You need to listen to me!

GREG.

If I don't say anything, I could be putting that doctor at risk. Anyone who goes into that pool could catch it.

JIM.

Listen to me. Greg, you're the greatest diver in the world. You've set world records. And yet you only have *one* brand deal? *One* sponsorship? Why do you think that is?

GREG.

I don't know. You're my manager. You tell me.

JIM.

You're not *discreet* enough, Greg. No one wants to sponsor a homosexual. What do you think will happen if the world finds out you have HIV?

GREG.

I only have it because...

JIM.

Because?

GREG says nothing.

JIM.

Hm?

GREG.

Because you gave it to me.

A loud slap rings out. GREG grunts with pain.

GREG.

I'm sorry.

JIM.

Greg.

GREG.

I'm sorry.

JIM.

It's okay. I shouldn't have hit you. I love you.

GREG.

I love you, too.

JIM.

Good.

GREG.

I don't know if I can go back out there.

JIM.

You have to. How will it look if you give up now?

GREG.

But my head... Jim... I feel dizzy.

JIM.

We'll give you painkillers. You'll be fine.

GREG.

Ron said I can do whatever I want to do. He said I can walk away.

JIM.

Ron's your coach. I'm your manager. I'm your lover.

GREG.

I know.

JIM.

Who are you going to listen to?

GREG says nothing.

JIM.

Listen. Here's what's gonna happen: You're going to get stitches. You're not going to tell *anyone* about HIV. You're getting back up on that springboard, and you're winning gold. Okay?

GREG.

Okay.

JIM.

Good. I'll get you some aspirin.

GREG.

Okay.

JIM's footsteps start up.

GREG.

Wait.

Footsteps stop.

GREG.

I...

JIM.

What?

GREG.

Nothing.

JIM.

Go see the doctor. I'll meet you there.

JIM's footsteps fade away.

GREG.

Okay.

In GREG's Manhattan apartment. The radio is playing.

REVIEWER:

Lastly, this reviewer had the pleasure of watching the off-Broadway play, *Jeffrey* tonight, where former Olympic athlete Greg Louganis has taken over the role of Darius. Newcomer Louganis managed not to drag down the quality of this funny and poignant play. Instead, his hunky, jock energy lent itself naturally to the role and—

Radio clicks off.

ELIZA.

That's enough of that.

GREG.

I was curious where he was going!

ELIZA.

You shouldn't listen to reviews.

GREG.

I don't get that. In diving, we get instant feedback on how our performance went. The reviews are how we judge our success.

ELIZA.

You don't need any more excuses to beat yourself up.

GREG.

"Hunky, jock energy?"

ELIZA.

That's enough.

GREG laughs.

GREG.

Okay! Okay.

ELIZA.

I'm proud of you.

GREG.

For what?

ELIZA.

I don't know! For getting back into acting.

GREG.

It's been fun.

ELIZA.

For playing a gay character.

GREG.

It's not a big deal.

ELIZA.

You did an amazing job.

GREG.

Thanks for coming out to New York.

ELIZA.

If you think I came to New York for your little play, your ego is way out of...

They both start laughing.

ELIZA.

Thanks for having me.

GREG.

Any time.

ELIZA.

What does this mean for your public image? Are you the face of gay diving now?

GREG lets out a sigh.

GREG

I don't know what it means. Jim spent so much time making me think I couldn't let *anyone* know *ever*. I don't know if I can just be out.

ELIZA.

Jim... I don't even wanna hear you say that jackass's name.

GREG.

I still think of him every day. He's been dead for three years now.

ELIZA.

Well stop it.

GREG.

I wish it were that easy.

ELIZA.

How are you? Health-wise, I mean.

GREG.

The AZT helps. Technically, it's... By the CDC definitions I officially have AIDS now.

ELIZA.

Jesus.

GREG.

The acting is good, though. This play. It's important. Spreading awareness. Making the public understand. So many people have died.

ELIZA.

It's a good play.

GREG.

Thanks.

ELIZA.

Do you miss diving?

GREG.

All the time. But I just... Don't be mad at me for saying this, but... I don't know how much longer I have to live.

ELIZA.

Greg!

GREG.

Don't be mad! It's true. I need to be able to express myself. Not just keep going for the perfect dive. It's not coming. I need to act, dance, create. Do what makes me happy with whatever time I have left.

ELIZA.

You'll have plenty more time.

GREG.

You can never be sure.

ELIZA.

I'm sure.

GREG.

Well... You really liked the play?

ELIZA.

Are you kidding me? I *loved* it. You were a revelation.

GREG.

Stop it. Really?

ELIZA.

Really.

GREG.

"A revelation." Gee, thanks.

ELIZA.

You're very welcome.

GREG.

You know what I really miss, though? About diving?

ELIZA.

What?

GREG.

When you push off the springboard, there's a moment of suspension in the air. If you look at physics, there's a moment, when your body stops moving up and starts moving down, for a split second – not even a second – you're frozen. Just hanging there. Weightless in the air. The water is three storeys below you, ready to swallow you. And whatever you do between here and there, it's entirely up to you. Your fall is entirely your own.

ELIZA.

That sounds terrifying.

GREG.

It is. But it's not. You're falling, but you're in complete control. The surface of the water flies toward you like a... a punctuation mark. But the sentence is yours to write. And when you hang there. For that not-even-split second in the air. Three meters, or ten meters above the water. It's like you're finally experiencing the present.

ELIZA.

Greg.

GREG.

That's what I miss.

ELIZA.

But that's what life is, isn't it?

GREG.

Huh.

ELIZA.

You just need to push off the springboard.

11. Interlude 5

NARRATOR

Let us continue. This trek is the longest so we must be on our way. I see you are still looking into the aquatic center, so turn left and walk down this sidewalk.

Footsteps are heard, more hesitant this time.

CHARACTER

Ok...

NARRATOR

What seems to be the matter?

CHARACTER

I just...I don't know how much more I can take. I'm glad I'm hearing all of these stories, it's just so overwhelming. I'm just starting to wonder if I would rather live in a world where I didn't know all of this occurred.

NARRATOR

The truth is a burden, that I can empathize with. But the stories don't end here.

CHARACTER

That makes no sense.

NARRATOR

Maybe because...

The footsteps stop.

CHARACTER

No no no. I've listened to you and have tried to be open about this, and I appreciate what you are trying to do here. I just don't know what you want me to do about it.

NARRATOR

How should you expect to get something from a destination you are yet to reach?

CHARACTER

I don't need any more questions, you have asked me enough. Please, just answer mine.

NARRATOR

And what would you like me to answer?

CHARACTER

Why me? Out of all people why am I the one that has to do all of this?

NARRATOR

I'm afraid I already answered that question. You have not bothered to...

CHARACTER

I know. I know. It's because I never cared to learn about any of this in the first place and blah blah blah. But I'm not the only one who does that on campus. None of my friends have ever cared to learn about stuff like this, so why single me out?

NARRATOR

There seems to be an inherent flaw with the question you have presented me.

CHARACTER

I'm about ready to turn around and go back to my dorm. I still have a test to study for.

NARRATOR

Before you do that, I ask you to reflect on one more possibility.

CHARACTER

What?

NARRATOR

That you are not the only one I have visited.

CHARACTER

So everyone else has gone through this?

NARRATOR

No, in fact, it is quite the opposite. Only very few take advantage of the opportunity I give. Not many people like you give me the time of the day, they do not bother to listen even when given the chance to do so.

Footsteps continue.

CHARACTER

Oh...I'm so sorry I didn't mean to blow up on you like that.

NARRATOR

Never apologize for questioning. In fact, it is one of the most important qualities a person can have. That is why I have enjoyed your company so much. There is a crosswalk coming up just past the football field on your right ends. Once there, make a left and walk forward. The track and field should be to your left as you begin your walk to the next destination.

CHARACTER

Sounds like a plan. So...uhh when did you graduate from here? Where did you learn these stories?

The Narrator laughs at this question.

NARRATOR

Once again, these secrets I can not yet reveal.

CHARACTER

It was worth a shot. This will make one hell of a story though.

NARRATOR

All in due time. Tell me, what made you attend this institution?

A whistle from the football field to the left is heard.

CHARACTER

The simple and honest answer to that question is employment. I've worked my butt off to graduate a semester early, and hopefully I can land an offer by then.

NARRATOR

I take it you dedicate little time enjoying the process, too focused on where you are going next. An understandable perspective.

CHARACTER

I was so shocked when I got in here, I felt like a fluke. I had this notion in my head that I wouldn't be able to relate to the other people who came here.

NARRATOR

How so?

CHARACTER

Everything just seems so perfect here. I know I'm not.

NARRATOR

Think back on the stories we have heard tonight. This University is far from perfect. There is ugly history and moments, but there are some beautiful ones as well. You need both to have the full story, otherwise they are just...

CHARACTER

Fragments. Just like all of these bricks. Only together can they make something whole.

NARRATOR

Exactly. You are a better listener than I gave you credit for, I'll be the first to admit.

You are understanding the point of this now, and for that I am content beyond words.

CHARACTER

Thank you. I think I'm starting to get the hang of this.

NARRATOR

It is not an easy thing to comprehend, and it is even harder to accept once you have figured it out. Nothing is perfect, including you, but if nothing is perfect what is the use of holding yourself to that standard?

CHARACTER

I have always just wanted to be flawless. I never let myself be anything less than perfection, and when I inevitably fail I make myself feel so...worthless.

A scooter passes by, the wheels clicking on every brick they pass.

NARRATOR

It is important to acknowledge your strengths and skills, just as it is important to recognize your pitfalls. You are destined to have flaws, what you do with them is up to you. You can either ignore them and live in a blissful state of ignorance, you can acknowledge them and sweep them under the rug only to let them eat you from the inside, or you can acknowledge them and work on them in hopes of improving. To me, the third option is the most respectable, for it allows change.

CHARACTER

That's it.

NARRATOR

What is?

CHARACTER

Growth. I've been in this unshakable funk ever since I got here. I let myself fixate on all my flaws to the point where I couldn't even focus on how to grow.

NARRATOR

There is more to you than flaws, that much is true. For you yourself are a story. It serves no good obsessing over the bad when you have so much good to offer. Transform that good into productive changes, and by doing so you transform more than just yourself. Use the light to illuminate the dark spots, and things will appear much clearer. Trust me.

CHARACTER

I do. I have one more question though.

NARRATOR

Yes?

CHARACTER

Where are we going?

NARRATOR

Now that you have made it to the Bookstore continue walking ahead until you reach the statue of a Trojan. Walk past it And once you pass the red clock make a left following the diagonal path to the fountain.

Sounds of someone walking up the stairs of the Bookstore are heard.

CHARACTER

For all the hours I've spent on campus, I never realized how beautiful it is. The bricks, the statues, the alcoves and trails I have yet to walk down. I feel as if I'm walking down this street for the first time.

NARRATOR

Stopping and looking is a necessary trait. For this will not be so familiar years from now. Learn to appreciate it because what we know is constantly changing, and I have seen the many stages this University has gone through.

CHARACTER

Do you have a favorite memory on this campus?

NARRATOR

Hmm...That question puts me in a conundrum. On one hand, I have so many options to choose from. On the other hand, something tells me that the best is yet to come. There is still so much to witness. I don't think I will be able to pick a favorite for a long long time.

CHARACTER

That's beautiful. I've always loved the fountain in front of Doheny. The roses remind me of home, and I inexplicably feel the urge to breathe deep whenever I sit there. It feels fresh. No smog in sight.

NARRATOR

And to think back on when it all started. 1880. Listen close.

Gradually, the sound of hooves and horse-drawn carriages gliding along the bricks is heard. Voices and murmurs are shares, and bells toll in the distance.

CHARACTER

I can hear.

She laughs.

I don't know if I just became crazy, or if I'm just now becoming sane, but I hear them.

Gradually the sounds fade out.

NARRATOR

Perhaps a little bit of both. Once you reach the fountain, make a left and find the gray bench nearby. Take a seat on it and enjoy, for this is the Tri Delt bench. This will be the last story you hear today.

The sound of the fountain can be heard, a calming breeze is heard rustling the rose bushes. Footsteps stop.

CHARACTER

And then what? Are you just gonna leave me?

NARRATOR

All in due time. Now listen, and remember to enjoy it.

Wind. The sound of pages rustling is heard.

12. "Occupy the Patriarchy"

Jenn runs from a Take Back the Night Rally at University Park, we can hear the tail end of the group and their chants "Take Back the Night!" Jenn has taken a sign with her. She meets Linda on the Row to walk to class together.

JENN

(breathless)

I'm here. I'm here—

LINDA

We're so gonna be late—

JENN

It's an intro com class, chill. You could do it in your sleep—I mean like I do.

LINDA

Yes, but it's the principle of being late that bothers me—

JENN

Principle?—Big word.

LINDA

HA-Ha. (beat) What's that?

JENN

What?

LINDA

That-

JENN

You're talking about...

LINDA

Man, what do you think? The piece of cardboard you're clinging too-(beat) the one you are holding.

JENN

Oh. OH. It's a sign-

LINDA

I see that it's a sign. Give it.(she takes it from Rose) "Occupy the Patriarchy, Take back the Night?"

JENN

No, not like that, like this—(with gusto) "Occupy the Patriarchy!"—

LINDA

Do you even know what "occupying" the patriarchy would look like?

JENN

Not really, no. But I'm gonna put it on our wall—

LINDA

Not in my room you're not—

JENN

C'mon, it's totally authentic.

LINDA

A lot of things are authentic-doesn't mean I want them in my home, you know. (taking it closer-sniffing)It smells—how the hell does cardboard smell?

JENN

A lot of people we're holding it—

LINDA
(stifling a giggle)
Sorry I asked. Can you please take bigger steps.

JENN
(clicks her tongue)
You're no fun, you know that?

LINDA
I'm buckets of fun. Who got you into Teek Saturday—

JENN
Linda, we all were invited, all of Tri Delt—

LINDA
Yeah, but I reminded you about it. You left early?—I found you out, OUT, when I got back.

LINDA
Ehhh, nothing great ever happens after midnight. And I needed sleep—

JENN
Linda. We're sophomores in college—

LINDA
Oh my god! WE ARE? PRAISE BE!—

[add-lib]
(they step on a couple of used beer cans-Rose kicks one aside)

JENN
Ugh—more lawn ornaments courtesy of—

MIKE
INCOMING!!!!
A loud series of bangs, off a fort of piled mattresses falls Mike. Onto the concrete. In front of the girls. He let's out a quick groan. Proceeded by resounding groans/cheers from his frat members who are on the roof.

FRAT 1
DUDE—You Alive?

FRAT 2
He's dead, bro. Pay up.

FRAT 1
No, no look he moved—I WIN, (crush of a beer can) LIVE EVER DIE NEVER!

JENN
Holy shit-

LINDA
(mock seriousness)

MIKE-

MIKE
Linda-(beat) come here..
LINDA
Put me down-stop spinning—Thank you—
JENN
How are you alive?
MIKE
Here's the secret—(whispers to her) I'm still a lil hungover (cue possible cocaine reference)(to his friends) or I don't feel painnn—(cheers)
LINDA
Okay, big guy—What were—what were you even trying to do—
MIKE
Okay. So like, we had to get rid of our old mattresses, cause they're um—they're um a bit used (he's proud of this), like we had complaints, and we were just like gonna throw them away, but clearly that would be a waste of material, so I suggested we make a tower with them so we can light them up this weekend instead of going out and buying firewood for a bonfire—might as well use what we have, right?. Also, this is gonna be so much BIGGER—
JENN
And dangerous—
MIKE
Fun. You mean fun—and free. So like we started making it and I was piling them up, and the guys said to make it higher, and I said maybe not too too high cause like I want to do a back flip off it before we light it, or even like while we light it, and then they called me a pussy, and I said I'm not a fucking pussy, like go on build it higher dickheads so they did, and what you saw was my epic and awesome landing—
FRAT 1
LANDING ON YOUR FACE DOESN'T COUNT AS LANDING!
FRAT 2
EVEN IF IS WAS SICK!
LINDA
...I have to say I agree.
MIKE
Traitor.
Anyway—I'll see you tomorrow?
JENN
What's tomorrow?
MIKE
Give it a second—
JENN

Ohh, Halloween.

MIKE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IT HAS A BRAIN!

resounding cheers from frat

FRAT 1

YESSSS!

FRAT 2

Wait, who has a brain?

LINDA

Well—we're gonna split. Cause, you know, class. College. Learning.

MIKE

(groans)

Wait, wait, who are you going as?

LINDA

Why?

MIKE

Cause maybe—maybe I might like want to match, or something?

LINDA

“Tell me about it, stud?”

Silence

LINDA

Sandy. I'm going as Sandy. From “Grease.” Where have you two been?

JENN

Everyone wore that last year—

MIKE

Ooo, I dig it. That black number—totally slutty —

FRAT 1

YEAH DRESS SLUTTY!

FRAT 2

SLUTSSSSSS!

MIKE

So if you're Sandy, that would make me—

FRAT 1 (still on roof)

HE'S NOT GOING AS DANNY!

FRAT 2

HE's WITH US—BACK OFF LINDA!

Frat 1 begins a resounding “Toga! Toga! Toga!”

JENN
(groans)
Animal House, really?—blatantly romanticizing—
MIKE
Hey-HEY (aggressive, he let's it hand too long)-that is good movie, man.
LINDA
Bye, Mike—

*The girls walk off and Mike's last line is heard as their moving away
from him*

MIKE
BYE LINDA—and FUCKABLE FRIEND(turns to group) Guys, grab the mattresses-WE
RIDE AGAIN!

FRAT 1
DID YOU INVITE THE ONE WITH THE TITS!
FRA 2

YEAH INVITE THE TITS!

MIKE
YES I INVITED THE TITS!
(a few beats)
JENN

They're like—really, really disgusting—

LINDA
Okay maybe they are, you know. But, Mike-he's-he's Mike.He is what he is—
(beat)

JENN
How can you just wave it off like that— They just referred to us as “tits.” And “sluts.” To
our faces.What do you think they say when we're not there—

LINDA
I don't expect anything better from them—

JENN
That's just naive—

LINDA
Naive?

JENN
They're menaces to society—

LINDA
Those aren't your words.

JENN

...So? They're true. Frats encourage rape—

LINDA

Okay, slow your roll—That's a jump, sorority girl.

JENN

I'm thinking of dropping—

LINDA

What?

JENN

How can I claim to be a feminist when I'm part of the system—

LINDA

You think frats are the only place with boys like that—

JENN

(this is spit repeated rhetoric)

Frats promote a mob mentality that praises who can fuck who, who can fuck how many—they view us as pieces of meat, pieces of property—

LINDA

(a chuff/but it's dark)

You think frat equals rape? Rape equals frat?

JENN

I mean—

LINDA

What? What do you think? That in there—rapists, and outside—safety? You think that—that it's that simple? Mike—is —Is he vulgar—yes. Do I wish sometimes he didn't say the things he said—yes. Do I think he means them—I don't know. But tell me—how do you know? How can you spot them out?The bad guys—

(Silence)

JENN

(softly)

Linda...

LINDA

They don't tell you, that, yeah sure— it could be the stupid, silly frat boy-like Mike—who, let's be honest, not that stupid, not that silly—bit threatening really. And —fuck—yeah, I'm sure sometimes— no, no- a whole bunch of the time, it is. But-fuck frats, it could just be a boy. A boy you really, really trusted. That you very much thought you knew. That smiled at you, and you smiled back. And maybe you wanted something, but you didn't know what that something was— it could be that boy, that you dated, that you talked to—that boy you wanted, you thought you picked a safe one—They don't tell you that you will never really, really know who the good ones are, until you fucking know they definitely aren't. They don't tell you that. So yeah, frats are a fucking problem, but you

know what—open your eyes, they are part of a much bigger problem—(she cuts herself off)

(Silence)

JENN

You?

LINDA

Yeah.

JENN

When?

LINDA

Doesn't matter—

JENN

Not Mike?

LINDA

Fuck, no—

JENN

Just checking. Have you— have you talked to—

LINDA

What would I say? “I knew him. I really knew him. We were friends—more than friends. I went with him into that room—“How’s that gonna sound? Not like that person you want it to be—not like Mike—that’s not—my bad guy, wasn’t so obviously, totally bad—so tell me, would you rather have the bad you can see—Mike—the one you can predict isn’t so harmless, or the one you can’t? Tell me Jenn, cause it seems those are my options. Tell me—

JENN

(quiet)

But—

LINDA

AND It’s not like I’m the only one, now is it? We know this—I’m fine. I’m here and—I’m here.

(long beat)

JENN

You know, they’re um, they are some girls I met this morning, they’re going to go to the actual protest later tonight—

LINDA

I thought you were at the protest?

JENN

No that was a rally. Tonight is the protest, but um, would you maybe- maybe want to come with me? We get to scream a lot...and I mean there’s free food, it’ll be totally cool, but I understand if you—

LINDA
(let's out a breath)

Tell me more after class, alright?

A Loud bang from behind the girls, they turn—

FRAT 1

OH MY GOD—

FRAT 2

AWESOME!!!!!!

MIKE

I MADE IT! I MADE IT BITCHES!

13. Interlude 6

NARRATOR

There is one last place I want to take you. One that is very special to me. Turn around and walk diagonally across the brick path. You must walk forward until you find yourself in between Hubbard Hall and Newman Hall.

CHARACTER

Uhh... which ones are those?

NARRATOR

Do you see that building across the street with the animals engraved on the sides?

CHARACTER

Yes.

NARRATOR

That is Newman Hall. Be on your way.

CHARACTER

Got it. God, I hate frats...I could almost smell The Row listening to that last story. I bet frat guys rarely listen to you.

NARRATOR

Beware of your judgements, you'd be surprised with who actually listens to these stories. Every single one is a pleasure though.

CHARACTER

What happens after we get there?

NARRATOR

I'm afraid I don't know what you mean.

CHARACTER

Are you...are you just going to leave me?

NARRATOR

That is up to you.

A trombone flare is heard from Newman Hall, emulating the elephant engraved on it.

CHARACTER

I hope not. I've enjoyed your company, and everything you've taught me.

NARRATOR

It has been a great pleasure of mine as well, although you were a tough one to open up. Now that you are approaching the two buildings walk between them. And you will find Town and Gown up ahead.

CHARACTER

Isn't this the fancy place?

NARRATOR

I suppose you could call it so. Walk towards it, and enter the door with the stained glass above inscribed with "The Little Chapel of Silence.

CHARACTER

Do I need a key?

NARRATOR

Why would you need that?

CHARACTER

Is it usually just open?

NARRATOR

Always is.

The door creaks open. Wind floods the doorway.

CHARACTER

What is this place?

NARRATOR

This is the Silent Chapel. Always open to all. This is what I call my home. Find a seat in one of the pews.

CHARACTER

I never knew this place even existed. It's really Beautiful.

NARRATOR

Not many people visit like they used to...The doors are open to all at any time of day. A sanctuary for your thoughts. Here you can sit for as long as you want. Enjoying the tranquility of silence.

CHARACTER

What about that book in the front?

NARRATOR

I'm glad you asked. Walk up to it, and flip through some of the pages.

Footsteps. Pages turn.

CHARACTER

They're all handwritten, and by different people...what is this for?

NARRATOR

This book is for nothing in particular, but suited for Anything. Anyone can come inside, and write whatever they want to inside. Many of the stories you heard tonight are from this singular book.

CHARACTER

This...this is really amazing. Do you read all of them?

NARRATOR

Precisely. I take great pride in what I do. I am always here, and even in solitude no one is ever alone within these walls. As long as you continue to listen, I will always be here by your side. Never forget that.

CHARACTER

Thank you...thank you for all of this.

(beat)

Would you mind if I write something?

NARRATOR

I would be honored. I always am when someone chooses to share their story. It takes great courage. Really think about what you are going to write. I will leave you with this.

The book rustling is heard, and plays throughout this next sequence

By listening we remember.

The sound of a basketball bouncing is heard.

By listening we learn.

The sound of Miss Ahn humming is heard.

By listening we respect.

The sound of matches striking is heard.

By listening we question.

The sound of a gunshot and roar is heard.

By listening we honor.

The sound of a splash is heard.

By listening we unite.

The sound of Jenn and Linda laughing is heard.

But most importantly, by listening we speak. So go on. Speak your truth. Speak to make things right. Speak to enact change. Speak to inspire.

The sounds of a pen scribbling passionately on a piece of paper are heard. Character can be heard sniffing, and muttering to herself. Pages flutter. A symphony of sounds vortex and for a beautiful moment, there is silence.

Speak and you shall be heard.

THE END

14. Credits

Brick by Brick: An Audio-Theatre Experience is an original piece devised and produced by Aeneid Theatre Company at the University of Southern California.

The Interludes were directed by Jack Stolrow, written by Diego Dela Rosa, and sound designed by Will Forker and Naveen Bhatia.

The role of the Character was played by Lingaire Ofosuhene and the role of the Storyteller was played by Callie Skopelitis.

UV Kids was directed by Christian Alejandro Lopez, written by Aria Schuler, researched by Brooke MacDougal, and sound designed by Amelia Anello.

The role of Jessy was played by Julianna Montano. Kevin was played by C.J. Craig. Max was played by Javi Casanova.

Gwisin was directed by Sophia April Grose, written by Samantha Bloom, researched by Tae Jin Suh, and sound designed by Nick Kassoy.

The role of Dosan was played by James Kanuch. Phillip was played by Stephen Kim. Philson was played by Thomas Winter. Susan was played by Kiana Fong. Ralph was played by Justus Ahn. Soorah was played by Anna Fujii. Helen was played by Rebecca (Seo Hyeong) Ko.

The Visitors was directed by Sydney Gamble, written by Diego Dela Rosa, researched by Sierra Tsementzis, and sound designed by Amelia Anello.

The role of Gaby was played by Rebecca Tabor taber. Dom was played by Stella Grimaldi.

Secret Sprinters was directed by Lili Ignon, written by Adi Eshman, researched by Domenica Diaz, and sound designed by Ben Wendel.

The role of Marty was played by Cooper Roth. Jesse was played by Dylan C. Smith.

Coach Cromwell was played by Hank Funderburk. The Announcer was played by Philip Saguil.

Springboard was directed by Luke Sobolevitch, written by Zack Rocklin-Waltch, researched by Caroline Goldenberg, and sound designed by Abel Alexander Jaquez.

The role of Greg was played by Derek Rabin. Eliza was played by Ella Donnelly. Jim was played by Rory Quinn. The Announcer was played by Tim Frangos.

“Occupy the Patriarchy” was directed by Claire Gershon, assistant directed by Grace Gentile, written by Matilda Corley Schulman, researched by Sophie Warshauer, and sound designed by Will Forker. The role of Jenn was played by Brooke MacDougal. Linda was played by Ines Gandal. Mike was played by Tim Frangos. Frat Boys 1 and 2 were played by Naveen Bhatia and Ryan Holcomb.

Citations and sources for all of the pieces can be found on our website at aeneidusc.com/brickbybrick.

Funding for Brick by Brick was provided by ____

Brick by Brick was created by Ben Wendel, Naveen Bhatia, and Karlie Teruya

The Producers are Ben Wendel and Naveen Bhatia

The Production Manager was Karlie Teruya

The Assistant Production Manager was Angela Braun

The Head Researcher was Domenica Diaz

The Head Sound Designer was Naveen Bhatia

The Head Writer was Aria Schuler

Aeneid Theatre Company is comprised of President Erin Sweeney, Artistic Director Ben Wendel, Production Manager Karlie Teruya, Company Manager Angela Braun, Marketing Director Jacob Litvack, Assistant Marketing Director Sofia Cholewzynski, Marketing Outreach Director Ian Melamed, Graphics Designer Inés Gandal, Treasurer Hank Funderburk, Assistant Treasurer Sophie Warshauer, Historian Jennings Humphries, Secretary Peren Yesilyurt, Co-Directors of Diversity and Outreach Kaila Tacazon and Cristal Molina, Social Chair Morgan Hill-Edgar, Technical Director Jordan Fox, Assistant Technical Director Naveen Bhatia, and Master Carpenter Dominique Jakowec.

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This has been Brick by Brick: An Audio-Theatre Experience. Thank you for joining us.