

Side 1
Larry, Del

Scene 2

(Downstage center sits UNCLE DEL on a stool: a large muscular man in a white butcher's apron splattered with blood, rubber boots, long-sleeved plaid shirt open over white T-shirt, sleeves rolled up. He's digging his hands into large metal bucket in front of him, coming up with bleeding animal skins, dripping blood and streaming water. He wrings them out while listening to LAWRENCE , who is pacing left and right, downstage of DEL , in a dark three-piece suit and overcoat, daubing his sweaty face with white handkerchief.)

LAWRENCE: *(Pacing left and right.)* I don't know what it is. Lay awake through the night, staring at beams, counting configurations *(Wipes his brow with handkerchief.)*, patterns on the ceiling—seeing things in the dark—

UNCLE DEL: *(Wringing out skin.)* What kind of things?

LAWRENCE: *(Continues pacing.)* I don't know—faces, maybe. Beings, bats. Why is it, ordinary people, any old body in the world—two people who don't even want kids, who just want to, you know, have fun— Why is it those people get pregnant like rabbits and abandon their offspring in dumpsters while we—us—mature, honest citizens of the community who actually want to have a child, end up—

UNCLE DEL: Have you tried it, doggy-style?

(LAWRENCE stops in his tracks as UNCLE DEL crosses upstage with dripping skin and hangs it to dry on a clothesline.)

LAWRENCE: (*After pause.*) Yes, actually. We have. We've experimented with several different positions—

UNCLE DEL: (*Hanging up skin.*) To no avail?

LAWRENCE: (*Starts pacing again.*) Exactly.

(DEL pulls on the clothesline, which is on a pulley. Other skins appear from offstage. DEL turns and crosses downstage to the stool again. He sits on the stool, picks up a glass full of bull's blood, and drinks.)

UNCLE DEL: Her mounting you, backwards?

LAWRENCE: (*Stops.*) Excuse me?

UNCLE DEL: Her—you know—astride you, with her ass to your head. You know—you on your back.

LAWRENCE: (*Pacing again.*) Oh, yes. Of course.

UNCLE DEL: Standing?

LAWRENCE: What?

UNCLE DEL: Both of you standing up. Vertical penetration.

LAWRENCE: Yes.

UNCLE DEL: Squatting?

LAWRENCE: Yes!

UNCLE DEL: Sitting?

LAWRENCE: (*Pacing.*) Yes!

UNCLE DEL: Underwater?

LAWRENCE: Yes!

UNCLE DEL: Mud?

LAWRENCE: (*Stops.*) What?

UNCLE DEL: In the mud?

LAWRENCE: Like pigs or something?

UNCLE DEL: Rutting, we used to call it. In the old days. Back in the good old days.

LAWRENCE: I don't know. (*Begins pacing again.*) I don't want to hear about this.

(*DEL pulls out a set of three knucklebones and rolls them on the floor in front of his stool. He drinks and reads the bones. Makes notes in a ledger he pulls out from under the stool.*)

UNCLE DEL: (*Rolling bones.*) You don't remember or—

LAWRENCE: (*Pacing.*) I don't remember, no. Yes, that's right. I don't remember.

UNCLE DEL: Seems like that would be something you wouldn't forget.

LAWRENCE: What?

UNCLE DEL: (*Making notes.*) Rutting in the mud. (*Rolling bones.*)
Maybe you should drink some Memory Juice.

(*Offers his glass to LAWRENCE , who refuses.*)

LAWRENCE: (*Stops.*) Look— What're you doing?

UNCLE DEL: What? Oh, this? Rolling the Bones.

LAWRENCE: Rolling the Bones.

UNCLE DEL: Yes, futures, seeing ahead. Prescience. Same with the
intestines on the line. (*Motions toward clothesline with
dripping skins.*) They all tell a tale. Dreams. (*Toasts with glass.*
) It's all written out somewhere.

(*LAWRENCE moves upstage toward the clothesline, stops in front of
dripping skins, examines them.*)

LAWRENCE: These are somebody's intestines?

UNCLE DEL: (*Rolling bones.*) Somebody's sacrifice. They paid the
price.

LAWRENCE: (*Touching a skin.*) Sacrificed?

UNCLE DEL: That's right. I believe they took the head off that one I just
hung up.

LAWRENCE: What'd he do?

UNCLE DEL: Lied about his origins.