

THREE TARGET PIECES

flute ; harp ; piano

for theatre, church, gallery

by

Edward de Grazia

Handwritten signature/initials

published in Esquire Review (1966) and
performed in N.Y. and Washington D.C.

Al & Ann
Don't remember
if you
love
these
3 Target Pieces
(Published
in
Washington Post
Press in 1960)
and The Evening

7

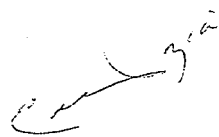
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BULL'S-EYE - 1
("Love")

flute

can't say
8

SCENE: A large bull's-eye target, with black center.

A flute plays.

The face of an American Indian appears at center.

The Indian face becomes a buffalo head.

The buffalo head becomes the buffalo's eye.

The white of the eye becomes red.

The eye is hit, spurting black paint over the white suit of a long-haired gentleman who has strolled onstage from right wing, with the flute stops.

The gentleman looks at his suit, feels the paint with his fingers, tastes the paint with his tongue, looks at us, tries to cry "Merde!" but instead cries soundlessly, his face crinkled like a baby's.

The target's center reads "Merde!"--white letters on black.

The flute plays.

The long-haired gentleman goes off left, agitated.

The bull's-eye is black.

The bull's-eye is white.

The whiteness slowly splits open, vertically, from the top, showing black hair on a white man's chest.

A brown American Indian maid creeps toward target from right wing, wearing a small black loincloth and squeezing a pen-knife in her left hand. She sprawls before target and thrusts the knife into the black-haired white chest.

The gentleman (OFF) screams once.

The flute stops.

White semen spurts from the chest's wound onto the brown Indian maid's bare breasts and shoulders. She writhes, moans, wipes the semen off with her hands, cups some in her hands, rises, turns, offers her cupped hands to us.

A white and brown cow moves from us toward the Indian maid. There is a red ribbon and a bell around her neck. Her teats hang and swing swollen with milk. The Indian maid bends slightly and spreads her legs with excitement as the cow languorously approaches her, halts, laps up the semen from her left and right cupped hands, using a great red tongue.

The cow shits.

The flute plays.

The indian maid cups her empty hands over her eyes.

A farmer in red overalls enters from left wing, carrying pitchfork,
and leads the cow, bell tinkling, off right.

Two sparrows come from right wing and eat the cow shit.

The indian maid, hands cupped over eyes, turns to target: her
ass is beautiful, bare.

The flute stops.

A slide image of the target is projected on the indian maid so
that her ass fills the projected target's bull's-eye.

A black gendarme enters from left wing, fondling a white billy-club.

He spots the birds eating shit, halts, says: "Merde!" He spots
the indian maid's bare ass, says: "Merde!" He whirls his billy-
club in great agitation, looking repeatedly from the birds to the
indian maid's ass. He slams the billy-club between his legs, and, with
left hand on it before, and right hand on it behind, rides off
stage right like a child on a hobby-horse stick, chirping:

"merde! merde! merde! merde! merde!

The flute plays for a moment.

A thunderous crepitation occurs.

The birds stop eating shit and look up.

The indian maid's beautiful ass twitches savagely within the
projected target's bull's-eye, which then dissolves.

Rain falls heavily, then snow.

The set is full of falling snow.

The indian maid squats and, with her pen-knife, shaves the hair off the
white chest in the bull's-eye. This becomes a hairless brown cunt.

The indian maid spreads open the brown cunt with her hands, from the
bottom, enters head first, disappears.

The flute stops.

The bull's-eye has a black center.

BULL'S-EYE - 2 *harp*
("Civil Rights")

10
End of scene

SCENE: A Bull's-eye target with red heart-shaped center.

A harp plays.

A blond haired white boy in jeans and T-shirt, enters from left wing, idly, walks past target.

The red heart center falls out (backward) with a clatter.

The white boy slows, stops, looks back at target, walks backward to target, stops, peers at center heart-shaped hole.

A naked black boy enters from right wing, with hatchet in left hand, a red ribbon around his waist, strutting rock n roll, moves to place directly behind target, stands on fallen red heart-shaped center.

The white boy sticks head through heart-shaped hole and peers at black boy's feet standing on red heart center.

The harp stops.

The black boy decapitates white boy with axe, nudges head off red heart center with foot, lays axe aside, carefully replaces red heart center in target bull's-eye, picks up white boy's head, tosses it gently, repeatedly in air, catching it.

The harp plays.

A middle-aged Japanese scrubwoman enters from left wing with push broom, pushes white boy's body off stage right.

A fat white American cop, riding blue motorscooter, roars on from right wing, screeches to halt before target, peers at red heart center, peers at black boy standing behind target, idly tossing white boy's head in the air. Fat policeman draws revolver, follows tossing head with eyes, shoots six times at red heart center.

The white boy's head stays up in the air.
The red heart center bleeds six black holes, in form of a cross.
The red heart center falls out (forward) of the target.

The fat white policeman leans from his scooter, reaches inside target heart-shaped hole, seizes black boy's genitals.

The harp stops.

The suspended white boy's head screams.

The black boy does a jig in his place and hums a Negro folk song.

The white boy's head falls to the ground, and rolls around the scooter, with a clatter.

The fat white policeman rips off the black boy's genitals and, waving them, roars off, on his scooter, left.

The black boy's body softly folds itself down, behind target.

The target's bull's eye has a black heart-shaped center.

A middle-aged Chinese scrub woman enters from left wing with shovel,

and, after considerable difficulty, scoops up white boy's head with it

She looks off left, she looks off right, she looks over shoulder at

us, backs toward us, and without looking at us dumps white boy's head

into lap of middle-class lady sitting in first row.

The black boy (OFF) screams.

The harp plays agitatedly.

The target's black heart center becomes white.

The target's white heart center becomes red.

The target's red heart center becomes white.

The target's white heart center becomes red.

The middle-aged Chinese scrub woman exits with shovel off right.

A fat black policeman, on blue motor scooter, roars on from left wing, waving black boy's genitals.

The target's heart center turns from red to black to white to red.

The fat black policeman retrieves the white boy's head from middle-class lady in first row, drops black boy's genitals in lap of white middle-class gentleman, sitting next to her, roars twice around target, on scooter, roars off stage left, the white boy's head hoisted on his black billy-club.

The harp stops.

The target's red heart center is smeared with white.

Six black holes in the shape of a cross appear silently in the target's red heart center smeared with white.

The holes in the form of a cross turn from black to red.

The two fat American policeman laugh (OFF).

The two Oriental scrub women cry (OFF).

BULL'S-EYE - 3
("Mr. President")

piano

12

SCENE: A bull's-eye target, but all red.

A piano plays loudly. A five-year-old boy enters from left wing, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows a black flower. The piano stops. The boy goes off right.

The piano plays loudly. A seven-year-old negro girl enters, from left, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows a white heart. The piano stops. The girl goes off right.

The piano plays softly. A little white dog enters from right, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows a black cat. The piano stops. The dog wags his tail and goes off right.

The piano plays with feeling. A small white man in overalls and carrying a saw enters from left, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows a hot-dog in a bun and a bottle of coke. The piano stops. The small white man saws out the bull's-eye and goes off right, eating it.

The piano plays softly. A man in a gray-flannel suit and fedora hat enters briskly from right and inserts a different bull's-eye in the target. It shows "Marilyn Monroe." The piano stops. The man in the gray-flannel suit and fedora hat glances amicably at us and goes off left.

The piano plays loudly with feeling. A big white man wearing an American Legion cap and carrying a swagger stick enters from left, approaches target and stops. The bull's-eye shows "Marilyn Monroe". The piano stops. The big white man "jacks off" his swagger stick, and goes out right.

The piano plays loudly. The little negro girl enters from left, approaches target, stops. The target shows "Jackie Kennedy." The

piano stops. The negro girl says: "Rich nutha-fuck," and goes off right.

The piano plays with feeling. A negro man dressed as a priest enters from right, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows a white madonna and child. The piano stops. The negro priest says: "What have you been doing?" and goes off left.

The piano plays loudly with feeling. The big white man dressed in an American army uniform with sergeant stripes enters from left wing, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows Muhammad Ali in a fighting pose. The piano stops. The white sergeant walks past target, stops, approaches target, looks right, looks left, kicks in the Muhammad Ali bull's-eye, goes off left whistling "Dixie."

The piano plays softly. The little white boy, followed by the young negro girl enter ^{from the right} approach target, stop. The little boy looks at the target's hole. The young girl ~~xxxx~~ picks up the Muhammad Ali bull's-eye and refastens it in the hole. She stands back and takes the little boy's hand. The bull's-eye shows a red flower, a black heart, a red heart, a white flower. The piano stops. The young girl leads the little boy off left.

The piano plays softly. A little black cat enters from left, approaches target, stops. The bull's-eye shows the little white dog. The piano stops. The cat meows and goes off right.

The piano plays with feeling. The small white man dressed as a hot-dog vender and pushing a wagon enters from right and stops. The bull's-eye shows shows a hamburger in a bun and a frosted bottle of Coke. The vender approaches the target. The piano stops. He looks right, looks left, removes the hamburger bull's-eye, puts it in his wagon, frowns at us, goes off left.

The piano strikes a single note or chord. The bull's-eye center shows a negro madonna and child. A large negro woman enters from right, approaches target, stops, looks left, looks right, gets on her knees, rubs with a clothe at the black madonna and child. The negro woman rises, looks right, looks left, goes off right, not looking at us.

The piano strikes a single note or chord. The large negro woman enters from right with a pail of water and a scrub brush, approaches target, gets down on her knees, scrubs at the bull's-eye black madonna and child, rises, gets back down on her knees, scrubs at it some more, rises, goes off left, spilling water.

The piano strikes two notes or chords. The negro man, dressed in overalls and carrying a lunch pail, enters from left, approaches target, looks left, looks right, whistles "Yankee Doodle", squats, opens lunch pail, removes a can of white paint and a brush, paints the black madonna and child white, replaces paint can and brush in lunch pail, rises, leaves hurriedly off left, returns hurriedly, slipping, almost falling on the water, takes up lunch pail, glances dully at us, goes off left whistling "Yankee Doodle."

The piano plays softly. The little white dog enters from right, stops. The black cat (OFF) meows. The dog approaches target through spilled water. The piano stops. The dog sniffs target, paws at bull's-eye, smearing the black madonna and child painted white with black paw prints. The cat (OFF) meows. The dog goes off left.

The piano plays softly. Two men in gray-flannel suits and fedora hats enter from right, carrying a new target. The piano stops. The two men replace the old target with the new one, look sternly at us, go off right with old target. The new target's bull's-eye shows an American flag.

The piano strikes three notes or chords. A black, bullet-proof Cadillac limosene, with windows rolled up, quietly enters from the left wing. The two men in gray-flannel suits and fedora hats are standing on the limosene's runningboards. There are miniature American flags on both sides of the limosene's hood. On the limosene's rear someone has written "AL Capone Slept here." The negro man, in chauffeur's uniform, is behind the wheel. The big white man, wearing a white suit, white Texas cowboy hat, a Sheriff's badge, black leather boots, and with two pistols strapped around his middle, sits in the back seat. The limosene stops before the target. The two agents shout at us: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "The President is dead! God save the President of the United States!" and step down. A recording of the Star Spangled Banner against an ocean of applause plays. The two agents motion us to stand up, remove their fedora hats and place them over their hearts. The chauffeur opens the rear door from inside and the big white man climbs out. He stands still and looks at us. He says "Shee-it!" and the recording stops. He says "Shee-it!" and the two agents face him, salute, and say "Mr. President!" The limosene leaves by the right wing, quietly.

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The piano strikes once. The target's bull's-eye shows an empty Coke bottle. The President faces the target, draws a gun, says "Shee-it!", fires, hits the bull's-eye. The two agents say "Mr. President!", the recording begins where it left off and abruptly stops. The President holsters the gun, says "Shee-it!". The two agents say "Mr. President!". The trumpet piano strikes twice. The target shows an antlered deer. The President faces us, draws the other gun, holds up a small mirror, aims over his shoulder, says "Shee-it!", fires, hits the bull's-eye. The agents say "Mr. President!" The recording starts up and stops. The President holsters his gun, says "Shee-it!". The agents say "Mr. President!" The piano strikes three times. The bull's-eye shows a Vietnamese madonna and child. The President, facing us, draws both guns, beads over, points the guns between his legs. The agents shout "Shee-it!", the President fires twice and hits the bull's-eye twice. The Vietnamese madonna and child bleed.

The recording comes back on, very loud. The agents scream "Mr. President! Mr. President!" Mr. President! Mr. President!" The recording stops. The President says "Shee-it!", holsters his guns, and climbs down among us to shake our hands, accept our congratulations, and say "Shee-it!" The bull's-eye Madonna and child spurt blood in spasms. The agents on stage wring their hands and say "Mr. President! Mr. President!". The President, down among us, says "Shee-it! Shee-it!" The bull's-eye madonna and child are pumping blood. The President climbs back on stage, getting blood on his hands and clothes, walks to take the handshakes and congratulations of the agents, his boots squishing on the blood. The recording comes on and abruptly off again. The agents, holding onto the President's hands, whisper in his ears. The President says "Shee-it!" The agents say "Mr. President!" The limosene enters from the left wing with tires spraying blood over the President, the agents and us, and stops beside the President. The President is helped into the back seat by the agents. The door shuts. The agents climb aboard the runningboards. The President's bloody arm comes on a window to wave at us but is quickly pulled in. The window is rolled tightly up. The limosene goes off with horns blaring. The recording comes on and abruptly off again, leaving a long silence. The bull's-eye madonna and child stop pumping blood.

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The piano comes on softly and plays to near the end of the scene. The little boy and the young girl enter from the right wing, their shoes squishing on the blood. They do not approach the target, but stand and look at it. They run off left. The negro priest, carrying a can of aerosol cleaning fluid enters from left wing, approaches the target, ^{his shoes squishing on the blood,} and sprays the bull's-eye madonna and child immaculately clean. He goes off left. The little white dog enters from right wing, approaches target through the blood, sniffs, paws and smears the bull's-eye madonna and child with bloody paw prints. The hot-dog vender enters from right wing, moves to the dog, takes him up by his ears, looks nervously at us, carries the dog, yelping, off right. The two men in gray-flannel

suits and fedora hats enter from right wing, take up the target, look grimly at us, carry the target off left. Where the target stood, a wounded white dove moves. It is struggling to get away, but only works its way in circles closer and closer to us. The little black cat enters from right wing, looks at dove, stops, looks at us, moves to dove, takes dove in its mouth, looks at us. The dove is still. The piano stops. The cat looks at us. The President (OFF) says "Shee-it!". The agents (OFF) say "Mr. President!". The cat goes off left, the dove quiet in its mouth. The President (OFF) laughs and laughs. The agents (OFF) laugh and laugh. The Star Spangled Banner comes on against an ~~an~~ ocean of laughter, and st ops. The large negro woman, wearing a white uniform and carrying a cloth and a pail, enters from left wing, weeping. She gets on her knees and nops up the blood, wringing ~~it~~ it into the bucket. She rises, takes up the bucket against her chest and, without looking at us, leaves through the middle of the audience, weeping. Her hands and uniform are stained with blood.