

And, in a way, I guess I pitied them. I didn't and couldn't see much of a future for them. Some of them would probably be invalids for the rest of their lives. I tried to forget about the future and concern myself only with the present. Then I learned of a boy who had been at camp years ago. He was now twenty, and able to do nearly everything that a normal person could. But, at the age of ten he couldn't even walk. One day, years ago, he was playing catch with a counselor. The boy stood very far away and started to pitch the ball. The counselor stopped him, saying that he couldn't catch the ball if the boy threw it from that distance. With sudden anger, the boy asked his counselor what the last four letters of American spell. Confused, the counselor answered "i-c-a-n." "You're right. I can. I can. I can." The boy yelled. He could, and he did overcome his handicap.

Faith. That's what he had that I didn't.

Patience, Acceptance, and Faith are the three gifts which these children gave me. Someday, I will pass these gifts on to other children, and I hope that they, in turn, will do the same. Life was made happier for me by handicapped children, the children whom people so often pity.

The First Crusade

Joan O'Sullivan

One-act play

CAST

Joe Young—a mild-mannered, but concerned college student of 24
the Goodman People—a group of dedicated, hardworking, unorganized
campaigners
the American Electorate—an eternally amazing body of people

Scene i

The Beginning

(Joe comes onto the empty stage alone and addresses the audience.)

Joe: Well, there I was—a peaceful, non-involved, non-violent, non-protesting student. Just minding my own business, not really happy about the country or the way things were going, but not the kind to burn my card or sit in or anything. You know—just a regular old college Joe, if you'll pardon the pun.

Then I heard this Goodman guy speak. He talked about the war, about what was happening in the cities, about what should be happening that wasn't. He just kind of stood up there and talked. For no other reason than cause he believed it. You could tell he did. That was before anyone else stood up, before all the rest of this happened. But anyway, what he said really sounded good, and I got kind of hooked on the guy. I figured this was my kind of politician—a non-politician—and that maybe this was where I should be doing my thing. So I went down to headquarters and “got involved,” as they say. It's really kind of wild—we're just a bunch of a-political people who are still kind of bewildered at finding ourselves in the middle of the political road, and we're in real danger of getting run off the road completely by the big shiny machines that keep whizzing along, but all we can do is just keep plodding along, telling it like it is. Right? Who knows.

Scene ii

The Sign-In

(A row of apartment doors in a U around the stage, numbering seven altogether. Joe enters from the left carrying a clipboard. He knocks at the first door and begins confidently when it is opened by a dumpy, middle-aged woman in a plaid bathrobe.)

Joe: Good evening, Ma'm. I'm a college student working for Senator Goodman, and we's like your signature on this petition to allow him to run in the primary in the state next month. If you'll just sign here. . . .

No. 301: Huh?

Joe: (sighs and speaks very slowly and distinctly) Senator Goodman, Ma'm. No doubt you've heard him on TV. He intends to run in the presidential primary here if we can get enough signatures on this petition. That's why I need you to sign. . .

No. 301: Yeah, well, I gotta go Kid. I got a cake in the oven (Starts to close the door.)

Joe: But it'll just take a second—you just have to sign your name and address.

No. 301: Not today kid. Come back next week maybe. (No. 301 shuts the door and Joe goes on to the next one. It is opened by a thin bald man dressed in a bathrobe and holding a newspaper.)

Joe: Good evening, Sir—I'm. . .

No. 302: You one of those kids working for Goodman?

Joe: Yes sir, I am—and I . . .

No. 302: I thought so. You can go to hell, you goddam Commie! (Slams the door.)

Joe: God, I think I'm in the wrong neighborhood. (At the next door a well-dressed, middle-aged man answers and stands there impatiently.)

Joe: Good evening, sir. I'm working for Senator Goodman, collecting signatures to enable him to run in the primary next month.

No. 303: Oh, Christ. (Yells behind him.) Hey, Michelle, come here! (To Joe.) I can't sign, y'see—I don't live in the state—just passing through. (A plump, bleached blonde with frizzy hair appears at the door dressed in a slip and houseslippers.) Sign this kid's thing, Michelle. It's for the primary.

Michelle: Ohhhh, what a nice young man. You're one of those college students, aren't you, dear? I know your man must be good with all you goodlooking people working for him. Who's this for? Oh yes, Senator Goodman. Oh, I saw him on TV the other day. . .

No. 303: Never mind the chatter, Michelle, just sign the thing. We haven't got all night, you know.

Michelle: Now, Claudie, don't be impatient—I just want to talk to the young man.

Joe: That's fine, Ma'm. Thanks a lot now.

Michelle: (leans in the doorway while 303 tries to close it.) You're so welcome, Honey. You come back, now, if you need any more help. Hear? I'll be glad to help in any old way I can.

Joe: Yes Ma'm. Thanks. .

No. 303: For God's sake, Micchlle, come on. Leave the poor kid alone. (Yanks her inside and slams the door.)

Joe: Whew! Least she was friendly. (Knocks at the next door. After a wait he knocks again. The door opens a tiny crack.)

Joe: Good evening, un. . . .

No. 304: What'd you want?

Joe: I'm a college student working for Senator Goodman and. . .

No. 304: You come back tomorrow. I don't open my door to anybody at night.

Joe: Really, Ma'm, it's quite safe. I'd just like you to sign a petition for Senator Goodman. I'll just slip it through the door if you'd like. . . .

No. 304: You go away.

Joe: But it's really ok—I don't even want to come in. I just want you to

No. 304: I'll call the police if you don't go away! I'll tell them you're trying to break in. You get out of here!

Joe: Ok, ok, I'm leaving. (Reaches out and slams it before she has a chance to. A small shriek comes from inside and he chuckles as he goes to the next door. A harrassed-looking woman comes to the door carrying a baby. There is the sound of children fighting in the room behind her.)

Joe: Good evening. I'm a college student working for Senator Goodman. I'm collecting signatures to enable him to run in the primary here next month.

No. 305: Yeah, well I'd love to help you out, Sweetie, but I haven't decided yet.

Joe: Well, that's the point of the petition, Ma'm. By enabling as many candidates as possible to run, you get a wider choice. Signing the petition puts you under no obligation to vote for the Senator—it's just an assurance that you'll have the *chance* to vote for or against him when the primary comes.

No. 305: Sure, Honey, but I don't sign anything unless I'm sure of it, see my point? I don't think it's healthy.

Joe: But if everyone felt that way no one would be able to run because we wouldn't have any signatures. It's an important part of the democratic process.

No. 305: Honey, if I sign that they'll put me on a list down at City Hall and they'll have me pegged for the rest of my life. I won't get nothing from this city if I sign that. Your man ain't the most popular guy in the world, you know.

Joe: Honestly, Ma'm, there's no recrimination or penalty for signing whatsoever. You won't get in trouble with anybody.

No. 305: Like I said, Kid, I really wish I could help you, but I've got enough troubles as it is. Four kids and my old man's not here

half the time he's supposed to be. I can't risk it. You see my point?

Joe: Well no, but . . . sure. It's ok, Ma'm. Thanks anyway.

No. 305: I wish I could help ya kid, really I do.

Joe: Sure, Ma'm. Good night. (Joe goes to the next door. It is answered by a fat woman in a housedress.)

Joe: Hello, Ma'm. I'm a college student working for Senator Goodman. We're collecting signatures. . . (She holds up her hand to stop him and bawls out behind her.)

No. 306: Sam! Oh Sam! C'mere! Hurry up! (She stands silently glaring at Joe until Sam, equally obese, appears behind her.) This kid wants me to sign something, Sam.

Joe: Good evening, Sir. This is a petition asking to allow Senator Goodman to run in the primary next month.

Sam: Hold it, son. You're at the wrong place. We're the opposition party. My wife and me and my brother-in-law.

Joe: But you can still sign the petition. This is request to allow the Senator to run.

Sam: What do you think I am, Kid? Crazy? Vote for somebody in the other party?

Joe: No, Sir. This isn't a vote or even a promise of a vote. This simply. . .

Sam: Mabel, come on. Get away from the door. This kid must be nuts! (He slams the door. Joe sighs and goes to the last door. It is opened by a man of about 65, dressed in casual clothes. Joe begins hesitantly.)

Joe: Good evening, Sir. I'm a college student, and I'm collecting signatures for uh. . . Senator Goodman. . . to allow him to run in the primary, you know? And I just wondered if you would sign the petition.

No. 307: Senator Goodman, huh? Yes, well, to tell you the truth, I've been doing a lot of thinking about Goodman.

Joe: (Incredulously.) You have?

No. 307: Yes, I like the man.

Joe: Really?

No. 307: He has a lot to say—not too well known, but a lot of good points.

Joe: Why, yes, he does.

No. 307: Come in while I sign it, Son. Would you like a Coke? I'll get my wife so she can sign too.

Joe: Thank you, Sir. Yes, sir.

(Fadeout)

Scene iii

Message From Headquarters

(Joe stands in a phone booth upper stage right. The rest of the stage remains dark except when people are speaking on the other end of the line; at these times they are illuminated by spots. Joe drops in a dime and dials a number on a sheet of paper.)

Hdqtrs: Goodman for President Headquarters. May I help you, please?

Joe: Yes. I'm calling Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf, please.

Hdqtrs: What extension, please?

Joe: I don't know. I just got a message to call her at that number.

Hdqtrs: What is the call about, sir?

Joe: All my message says is to return her call at that number. I've never heard of her before.

Hdqtrs: Well, neither have I, Sir. We have 53 extensions here and unless I know which one you want. . .

Joe: Look, don't you have a directory or something?

Hdqtrs: Let's try the Advance Desk. Maybe she's there. (She plugs in a line and a spot opens on Advance.)

Advance: Advance.

Joe: Is Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf there, please?

Advance: Who is this?

Joe: My name is Joe Young. I'm supposed to call Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf.

Advance: Well, she's not here. I think she's over in the Press Room today. I'll get the board for you and she'll transfer the call.

Joe: Thanks. (Advance clicks the phone loudly in Joe's ear for a minute then says)

Advance: Look, I can't get anyone there. Why don't you just call in again and ask for the Press Room.

Joe: Yeah, ok. Thanks. (Joe drops in another dime and calls again.)

Hdqtrs: Goodman for President headquarters. May I help you?

Joe: Press Room, please.

Hdqtrs: Hang on. (She plugs in a line and rings it. Joe waits. She files a nail and rings again. Joe waits.)

Hdqtrs: There's no answer in the Press Room, Sir.

Joe: No answer? There's *always* people in there. Besides, the

Senator's having a press conference there in an hour—there's gotta be somebody there.

Hdqtrs: Well, Sir, if there's no answer there's no answer. It's not my fault if. . . oh. Sorry sir, Wrong hole. (Switches plug.) *There you go.*

Press: Hello?

Joe: Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf please.

Press: Who?

Joe: Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf.

Press: Hang on. Anybody seen Izzy? Hey, hello? She just went out for coffee—call back in about a half hour, ok?

Joe: Yeah, Ok. (Black out and fade in. Joe drops in another dime and dials again.)

Hdqtrs: Goodman for President. May I help you?

Joe: Press Room.

Hdqtrs: Just a moment, please.

Press: Hello?

Joe: Mrs. Julia Heinsdorf.

Press: Izzy! Phone!

Mrs. Heinsdorf: Hello?

Joe: Mrs. Heinsdorf, this is Joe Young—I was left a message to call you earlier?

Mrs. Heinsdorf: Oh, yes Mr. Young. I did call you but since you didn't return my call I had to get someone else. Too bad you didn't call before. (Joe slams down the phone and walks out swearing.)

Scene iv

Grassroots Canvass

(A row of houses suggestive of a lower middle class housing development. The houses are all alike except that they are painted different drab pastel shades. Joe enters carrying a paper shopping bag covered with Goodman stickers and a list of names.)

Joe: (Consulting list.) Let's see. Mrs. Esther Brady. Aged 49. Independent. (Knocks at the door.) Good morning Mrs. Brady. My name is Joe Young and I'm working for Senator Goodman's campaign. I'd like to know if there are any questions I can answer about the Senator or if. . .

Mrs. Brady: No son. I don't have any questions. And I'll tell you why I don't. You want to know why I don't?

Joe: Yes, Ma'm.

Mrs. Brady: I'll tell you why. Because it doesn't matter one particle of difference who wins this election and who doesn't.

Joe: How can you say that? After all, there's a great deal of difference between the several candidates, and considering the state the country's in right now. . .

Mrs. Brady: Son, do you know who really runs this country? I mean, who *really* runs it? Really?

Joe: The President and the Congress and. . .

Mrs. Brady: Son, you are so *wrong*! You are *so* wrong. Everyone in this country who believes that old story is wrong. Do you know who really runs this United States of America? Back there in Washington, sitting in an office with a direct line to the President, there are three men. And do you know who they are—those three men?

Joe: No, Ma'm.

Mrs. Brady: Those men are COMMUNISTS! They're Commies, son, and that's why it doesn't make any difference if Goodman or Brendan or Abraham Lincoln wins this election—those three men are still going to be sitting in that office telling him what to do—running this country.

Joe: Well, I've never heard that theory before—are you really sure of that? Because it seems pretty impossible.

Mrs. Brady: Sure it seems impossible to you, because you don't know. I *know*, Son. I've got it right here on the printed page. You just wait a minute, I'll give you these magazines and then you'll know. (Goes out and returns with a pile of pulp magazines.) You just read these, Son, and you'll be amazed at some of the things the so-called U.S. Government is putting over on us.

Joe: I'm sure I will, Ma'm. Who did you say prints this?

Mrs. Brady: That doesn't matter. That's not important at all. What matters is that it's the truth—the gospel truth.

Joe: Yeah. Well, thanks a lot for the magazines, Mrs. Brady. May I leave you some literature about Senator Goodman, though? Perhaps you could. . . .

Mrs. Brady: I told you before, Son, it doesn't matter. (She leans over and hisses emphatically into Joe's face) IT JUST DOESN'T MATTER. (She turns around and abruptly goes inside. Joe shakes his head, makes a note on his sheet and goes onto the next house. A fragile-looking old lady answers the door.)

Joe: Good morning, Ma'm. My name is Joe Young and I'm working for Senator Goodman. We're going around talking to people

—finding out how they feel about the Senator or if they have any questions about him.

Mrs. Wing: Oh, I like the man *so* much. I've been watching him on TV and I just think the world of him. He's *so intelligent* and dignified.

Joe: I'm happy to hear you say that.

Mrs. Wing: Well, yes. You know, he doesn't go around spending a lot of money or making promises like those others do, you know? He just comes right out and says what he thinks. And you can *believe* him, can't you?

Joe: That's one of the things that first attracted me to him. I'm really glad to talk to you, Ma'm. I haven't found too many supporters of the Senator in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Wing: Well, I just wish I could vote for him.

Joe: Oh. You aren't registered?

Mrs. Wing: Oh yes. I'm registered all right. Been voting in this precinct for nearly 42 years now. I'm certainly registered, if anyone is.

Joe: But why can't you vote for Goodman, then?

Mrs. Wing: Well, Son, the truth is that if I voted for Goodman I'd lose all my friends. They're all in the other party, you know. Why, I just mentioned to them that I admired Senator Goodman and no one spoke to me for nearly three weeks. They were very, *very* cool to me.

Joe: But you don't have to tell them who you vote for. They'll never know.

Mrs. Wing: Oh, they'll know. They always find those things out. I don't know how, but they do. I guess it's my fault, really. Can't keep my big mouth shut.

Joe: I just can't see how they could hold a thing like that against you, though. If you really believe in the man. . . .

Mrs. Wing: You just don't know my friends. Some of them have been holding grudges for 35 years. Wouldn't make up if they were on their death beds. I can't risk it, Dear. I'm too old—all alone here now—my friends are all that's left. I wish I could vote for your man—it's not that I don't respect him. I just can't.

Joe: Could I leave you some literature? Perhaps you could convert them or something.

Mrs. Wing: Oh, goodness no! I couldn't even let that be seen in my house. It was nice to talk to you, young man. I'm happy to see you young people doing something good for a change.

Joe: Yes, Ma'm.

Mrs. Wing: I hope he wins, Son. But don't tell any of the neighbors that.

Joe: No, Ma'm. Not a word. (Joe marks on his list and goes on to the next house, muttering in disgust. The door is answered by a cheerful, bald man in his sixties.)

Joe: Morning, Sir. I'm working for Senator Goodman and I'd just like to talk to you about him—find out how you feel about him.

Pratt: Why sure, Son. Be glad to. Like a beer?

Joe: No thanks, but a glass of water would be good.

Pratt: Water, hell. You wait right here. (He enters his house and comes back with two cans of beer. They sit on the steps.) There you are, Kid. Politicing's hard work—you'll need this. I know that for a fact—I was in politics for nearly 25 years. Precinct chairman around here. Just got out of it last year—you know why?

Joe: No, Sir.

Pratt: Too damn crooked, that's why! Politics is the rottenest business on earth. Finally got too rotten for me.

Joe: Well, what do you think of Senator Goodman, Sir?

Pratt: I'll tell you, Son. I think he's a fine man. A real fine man. Got a lot of good things to say. Sounds real good to me. But I'm not going to vote for him. I'm not sure I'm going to vote for anybody.

Joe: Why is that?

Pratt: Because I can't trust him. He's too good. You can't trust a man like that. He's going to get to the convention, you see. He's going to have some votes, but Brendan and Simons are going to have more. And then Goodman and Brendan are going to start the wheeling and dealing. Brendan's going to come out on top with Goodman in the number two spot. You just watch, son. I've spent too many years in politics to think otherwise. Sure Goodman looks good now—he's got nothing to lose.

Joe: But he's said that won't happen. He's said repeatedly that he doesn't regard his delegates as a commodity to be traded and that there'll be no deals at the convention.

Pratt: Hell, Son. The deal's already been made. Goodman's just a part of Brendan's machine—has been all long. Just a cog in the wheel.

Joe: I don't see how you can say that, sir. The Senator has said over and over. . . .

Pratt: "He said," "He said," "He said,"—Son, you're young. You're just starting in politics. Just barely old enough to vote, I'd say.

And you've got a lot to learn. About the candidates, about the people, about the parties, about the deals. And one of the first things you've got to learn is that three-fourths of what a politician says is a pack of lies. Doesn't mean a damn thing. All Goodman's high flown ideas, all his morality and ethical conduct—just wait until August, Boy, and he'll be singing a different song then!

Joe: But what if he's not lying? Why is it so impossible that he's saying those things because he believes them? What if he's telling the truth—why is that so wrong? It's just possible that he is, you know.

Pratt: Son, I wish I could help you, but the only way you're going to learn is by experience. It'll just take time. I wish I could believe like you do. But I've been in it too long and I *know*—all politicians are crooked. Not a one of them is an honest man—honest men don't get elected in this country. They can't afford it, for one thing.

Joe: Well, I think you're wrong, but I guess we'll just have to wait and see. You may be right—I may be immature and inexperienced and idealistic, but Senator Goodman is the only politician I've ever had any faith in and I can't believe he isn't honest. Thanks for the beer—I've gotta get working now.

Pratt: Sure Kid. Before you go though, let me tell you a little secret. This is what I *really* think is going to happen at the convention. This is why it doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference who we vote for. Ok—Judson says he's not going to run again, right? Ok—I can see him settling this damn war along about the middle of July. He'll be a national hero, right? Right. And they'll draft him at the convention, he'll run with Simons and get re-elected. Then around the last of December or the first of January, he'll plead physical exhaustion, *resign*, and Simons will be in. Now you just watch and see—that's what I think is really going to happen.

Joe: Yeah. Well, it could. I've gotta go, Sir.

Pratt: Sure, Kid. I wish I could believe in your man like you, but I've been around too long, you see what I mean, Kid?

Joe: Sure. Thanks. (Joe makes another mark on his sheet and knocks at the next door. A woman in her thirties answers with rollers in her hair.)

Joe: Hello, Ma'm. I'm working for Senator Goodman and I'd like to talk to you about him—find out how you feel about him.

Mrs. Bagby: (Viciously.) You want to know how I feel about him? I wouldn't vote for that goddam nigger-lover if you paid me!

And you'd better get out of my neighborhood or I'll call the cops. (She slams the door. Joe makes another mark and goes to the last house.)

Joe: Well, it's new anyway. She's the first one to call him a nigger-lover. Good morning, sir. I'm a college student working for Senator Goodman. I'd like to talk to you about him—find out how you feel about him or if you have any questions about him, Sir.

Tikner: Well, Boy, it's this way. I don't give a hang one way or the other who gets elected. I'm not even going to vote. What do I need to vote for? I'm 87 years old and I got everything I need. My house is paid for. I got a garage. I got my wife to cook for me—oh, she's a good woman. Too good for me, you understand.

Joe: Do you have grandchildren, Sir?

Tinker: Hell, I got great-grandchildren I ain't never seen yet. They don't come round here too often.

Joe: Don't you care what kind of world they have to grow up in? You could help decide that by voting.

Tinker: Well, hell, that's their problem. That's the way I see it. Nobody gave me a helping hand. When I started out I was fourteen years old and didn't have a cent. And look what I got now. I've had hard times. Been married three times. Marriage ain't all that good, Boy. But its got its advantages. First wife died and left me with three little ones. People told me I should get rid of them—start all over. Give 'em away. And I could'a done it. Lots of people wanted 'em. But I didn't and nobody helped me then. I done it all myself, and what do I have now? Just look at this. Come here, Boy, and look at these shrubs. These things are the most important things in my life. Cost \$80 apiece, but they're worth it. Rub your face in 'em—go ahead. They won't bite ya like them over there—they're soft and gentle. Won't make ya cry if ya fall in 'em.

Y'see Boy—I got everything I need. What do I care who runs the country? I got everything now.

Joe: Yes Sir. Well, then, I'd better get moving again.

Tinker: Son, let me tell you something before you go about women. Now don't get me wrong—I'm just trying to help you, understand? Ok. I got lots of experience—been married three times. The one I got now's the best. Don't give me any trouble. Just cooks and keeps her mouth shut. You be careful before you marry a girl, Son. You get to know her first . . . Don't marry some fool girl just cause she got a good pair of pins. That part of marriage don't last

long enough to bother about. You make sure she ain't no fool first of all, cause you've got to live with her a long time and if she's a fool she'll be an angel to ya for a couple of years and then she'll turn around and be a devil the rest of you life. Now don't get me wrong, Son. I'm just trying to help you.

Joe: Yes, Sir and I appreciate it, but I think I'd better. . . .

Tinker: Now just listen to an old man for a minute. I'm not as dumb as you think. I'm just trying to help you, cause if you marry without thinking you'll be in hell before you're dead. You got to know your woman—know how to handle the bitch.

Joe: Yes, Sir. Well, I'm not ready to settle down yet, but I'll remember what you said.

Tinker: That's right, Boy—plenty of time for all that. Here comes my old woman now. Been buying food. Yep, she's ok. You don't have to tell her what I said though. You understand—I'm just trying to help ya.

Joe: Thanks a lot, Sir.

Tinker: Sure, Boy. You just remember what I said.

Joe: Sure. I will (Joe walks to stage right and consults his list.)
God, I've gotten everything today except votes. (Exits.)

Scene v

Post Primary

(A small Goodman storefront. About 15 supporters of college age are milling about; a TV is blaring from one corner of the room. The walls are covered with posters and slogans; there are many phones and half empty shopping bags strewn about.)

Joe: God, when's that food coming? I haven't eaten anything except coffee and donuts all day.

Mick: Me either, except the coffee at the place where I was was rancid or something.

Leo: Hey quiet down, you guys—new returns. (All turn their attention to the TV.)

TV: With 23% of the precincts across the state reporting, the totals are Brendan—40%, Goodman—31% and Simons—29%.

(A cheer goes up around the room.)

Wendy: Like Wow! We're going to catch him yet! We've gone up two in the last forty-five minutes.

(Everyone talks enthusiastically as Driver enters. He is a man in his 40's, casually dressed, carrying a long loaf of bread and a large bowl.)

Driver: Ok, kids, come and get it—tuna salad in the bowl. I left the beer and potato chips in my car. Somebody go get them. Wait'll you taste the tuna fish—my wife makes *great* tuna fish.

Sam: Hey, anything's better than glazed donuts.

Mick: Yeah, or rancid coffee.

(The crowd settles down to eat. General goodwill and cheerfulness prevail. The TV announcer returns.)

TV: In the presidential primary, ladies and gentlemen, with 30% of the preceincts now reporting, it is Brendan with 42%, Simons with 30% and Goodman with 28%, a fall of 3% for Goodman since we last reported. . . .

(Groans and muttering. Joe gets up to fix another sandwich and stands by the window eating it.)

Joe: Hey, you guys. You're not going to believe this.

Wendy: What now?

Joe: A big truck just pulled up in front of Brendan's headquarters across the street.

Mick: What is it—an armored car to collect their bumper sticker money?

Joe: Close. The sign says, "Buffets—Banquets for All Occasions—Continental Caterers."

(More groans and mutterings. Joe stands, eating his sandwich contemplatively.)

Joe: Hey, you know what else? This is *fantastic* tuna fish!

Fadeout.

TWO CHILDREN

by Jeff Devens

1st. child: Let's play a game.

2nd. child: O.K.—What'll we play?

1st. child: Let's play THE END.

2nd. child: How do you play?

1st. child: I'll be God.

2nd. child: What do I do?

1st. child: Pray.