

**ACT 1, SCENE 3**

As the scene opens, LINDA is downstage taking notes. CHAD, DAVID and RORY are upstage. The clock reads 9:00pm.

COL OMAR

Number 111 is August 1<sup>st</sup> .

TIM

(Offstage)  
Did they call May 7<sup>th</sup>?

DAVID

Linda?

LINDA

No, they haven't called Mike's birthday yet.

DAVID

I know, but what about May 7<sup>th</sup>?

LINDA

Hold on ... this has all been going so fast, I can hardly keep up with....

TIM

(Enters the stage) MAY 7<sup>TH</sup>.

LINDA

Yes, Tim, I know, just give me a sec ... oh no.

TIM

Why? What is it?

LINDA

Tim, the colonel called May 7<sup>th</sup> a while ago .... May 7<sup>th</sup> is ...

TIM

Is what?

LINDA

Number 35.

TIM

35? 35!? I'm a dead man.

RORY

I take it you're May 7<sup>th</sup> ?

LINDA

Tim, I forgot to listen for it. I'm so sorry.

COL OMAR

August the 23<sup>rd</sup> is number 116.

CHAD

Look, Tim, if I'm going, you're going. Besides, my Dad says you're either for the war ... or you're a traitor.

DAVID

Come on, your dad actually says that?

CHAD.

Why, what does your dad say?

DAVID

(flatly)

My father says a guy like me is too important to go to Vietnam.

COL OMAR

October the 22<sup>nd</sup> is number 117.

CHAD

No shit. Your father actually says that?

LINDA

Slow down, Chad. Just last summer, David found out /

CHAD

Let me get this straight. You're too important to go to war. You're too valuable to serve your country?

LINDA

I don't think it's that simple.

CHAD

Oh, but apparently, it is. David, you are un-fucking believable.

DAVID

Hey, it's not my fault your dad wants to send you to Nam.

CHAD

So, David, when you see the caskets come off the planes at Dulles, do you say, 'better them, than me?'

TIM

Oh, sweet Jesus; this is awful. And I even prayed for an hour last night.

TIM falls into a chair next to LINDA.

COL OMAR

September the 23<sup>rd</sup> is number 119.

RORY

Even Jesus will get a draft number tonight. Have those bastards called December 25<sup>th</sup>?

DAVID

(looking at the board)

I don't know. Linda, have they called Jesus yet?

LINDA

It doesn't look like the Son of God is going to war anytime soon. Tim, I feel terrible, is there anything I can do?

TIM

I'm getting more wine. Let me know when Jesus is called.

TIM exits the stage.

COL OMAR

July 16<sup>th</sup> is number 120.

DAVID

That's it. Conscientious objection.

RORY

Huh?

DAVID

It's a way to legally avoid the draft.

RORY

I say we go down to that local draft board and blow it to smithereens!

CHAD

Hold on, Rory.

RORY

Or burn it down!

LINDA

David, what do you mean, conscientious objection?

COL OMAR

March the 7<sup>th</sup> is number 122.

DAVID

When I was at the draft board I interviewed this officer for almost an hour. But, when my questions veered into how to avoid the draft, he told me to get my unpatriotic ass out of his office.

CHAD

Maybe he just wanted to check out your ass.

LINDA

Oh, good Lord.

CHAD

Rory, what do you think of David's ass?

DAVID

Come on guys, do you want to hear this or not? Even though the guy kicked me out, I had already gathered a lot of information.

CHAD

Such as?

DAVID

Such as the army wants to limit the spread of information about exemptions and deferments as much as they can.

CHAD

Like what?

DAVID

Like ... if you have a deep, religious belief against war, you can check conscientious objection.

CHAD

Yeah, it's right under homosexual. Check both boxes and they'll definitely throw you out.

RORY

Right on!

DAVID

Not so fast. You can't just become a gay Buddhist the day before your physical. But if you're studying to be a Rabbi, that might work.

CHAD

You mean a Jewish minister?

DAVID

No Chad ... Rabbis aren't ministers.

CHAD

Hmm, Rabbi Rory. Has a nice ring, doesn't it?

RORY

Very funny, Chad.

DAVID

The point is, a history of religious belief that opposes killing could get you an exemption. But, you have to make your case with an attorney.

COL OMAR

October the 2<sup>nd</sup> is number 125.

CHAD

Say David, did your number come up?

DAVID

What?

CHAD

Your birthday, pretty boy.

(Louder and slower)

Did they call ... your birthday?

DAVID

No, not yet. But, in my case .... look, I'm telling you, these draft boards are getting aggressive as hell, because Nixon wants more troops in Vietnam - fast. But I think lifetime Quakers, or guys raised Amish are getting exemptions based on moral objections to war.

COL OMAR

November 13<sup>th</sup> is number 126.

RORY

What if you believe in the 10 Commandments? One of them says Thou Shalt Not Kill. Sounds pretty convincing to me.

CHAD

Except when it comes to killing communists. If you object to killing a commie ... that's treason.

RORY

(pounding both fists on the table)  
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK. They get you one way or another.

DAVID

I don't mean to be a downer, but the army has this pretty well-covered.

RORY

Yeah, my dad told me "you can forget that conscientious objector crap because it only increases your chance of getting drafted."

COL OMAR

December the 18<sup>th</sup> is number 128.

CHAD

Why?

DAVID

All it does is piss off the draft board. It's why they refused that heavyweight boxer, Mohammed Ali. He tried conscientious objection, remember? They turned him down. Said his arguments were unconvincing.

CHAD

Wow, so Ali went to Nam?

DAVID

Not exactly. When he refused induction, they handed him a five-year prison sentence – after stripping him of his heavyweight title.

RORY

Yeah, well he's alive, isn't he? Hey, David ... didn't your brother Dan go to Vietnam? He's back, right?

DAVID

Yes. Dan was sent home.

Suddenly TIM is heard screaming offstage.

CHAD

Was that Tim? Sounds like he burned himself again. Linda, you better go check on him.

LINDA gets up as TIM enters stage left with a blood-soaked rag around his left foot. He sits down and elevates his foot on the library table.

TIM

(Screaming in pain)  
MOTHER FUCKER.

LINDA

OH MY GOD. What happened?

CHAD

RORY

TIM

What the hell?

Jesus!

It's my toe... I  
cut off my toe.

LINDA

You WHAT?

TIM

I cut of my fucking toe! I thought about my big toe, but I went for second toe, left foot.

CHAD / DAVID

But, why?

TIM

Medical exemption.

CHAD

You have got to be kidding!

TIM

As you can see, I'm not.

CHAD

Man, you're my new hero. That is so bitchin.'

LINDA

I'm calling an ambulance ...

TIM

Already did. They should be here any minute.

There's a loud banging at the door. RORY exits the stage.

DAVID

But Tim, I'm not even sure a missing toe qualifies for an exemption.

TIM

Should I cut off another one? David, help me cut off another one.

LINDA

CHAD

DAVID

TIM!

WHAT?

NO WAY, I'm not going to help you cut off another toe!

TIM

Then how about my index finger, the right one? The army won't take a guy without a trigger finger. Will they?

LINDA

Tim, stop this! Good God, what have you done?

TIM

I don't know, I don't know, I don't know! I figure they won't take a guy with a missing toe. Oh no, oh no, oh nooooo!

DAVID

RORY

Hold on.

Oh my god, David, he's bleeding badly.

DAVID

Yeah, well we need to wrap this tighter

DAVID wraps him tighter, TIM screams in agony.

CHAD

Tim, you are one crazy bastard.

RORY enters stage with two EMERGENCY MEDICAL TEAM workers with a stretcher. Red lights are flashing off the front door.

LINDA

Chad, help Rory.

EMT WORKER #1 (to TIM)

You're the toe guy?

CHAD

That's right, Einstein.

EMT WORKER #2

Where's the toe? We might be able to save it. We just need to get it on ice.

TIM

I ground it up in the garbage disposal.

CHAD

Sure you did, you crazy fuck.

The EMT workers load Tim onto a stretcher.

TIM

It's gone.

EMT WORKER #2

What kind of crazy lunatic grinds up his own toe?

EMT WORKER #1

A guy with a low draft number. Is that it?

TIM

Number THIRTY-FIVE.

EMT WORKER #2

This is the third incident I've seen tonight. One guy shot himself in the foot with his dad's 22-gauge shotgun. Shattered his bones. We caught his roommate staring into a sunlamp; nearly burned off both retinas before we stopped him.

CHAD and RORY help the EMT workers carry Tim out the front door.

COL OMAR

March the 6<sup>th</sup> is number 139.

ROGER MUDD

And with that, Colonel Omar brings us to another break.

Telephone rings. LINDA answers it.

LINDA

(talks into the telephone)

Hello ... this is the Beta house. Mike? Oh god, Mike! It's Linda. Mike, you won't believe ... oh thank God, when can you get here? What? Mike, I can barely hear you, but yes, I'm here with Chad. Rory and David are here too. But Tim ... Tim's hurt himself and .... oh, just come home.

COL OMAR

January the 18<sup>th</sup> is number 140.

ROGER MUDD

And with, number 140, we are more than one-third through tonight's draft lottery. Reporting live from the Selective Service in Washington, this is Roger Mudd. We'll be right back.

During this, the lights dim, while the volume of the song, Turn! Turn! Turn! by The Bryds come up.

**LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKOUT**

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