Temple

Music by Norman Durkee and Constantine Kitsopoulos

Book and lyrics by Silvia Peto

Based on impressions and images from the life and work of
Dr. Temple Grandin
CAST OF CHARACTERS

TEMPLE GRANDIN
SAINT BRIGID OF IRELAND

CHORUS will play:

DOCTORS
MOTHER
TEACHERS
CLASSMATES
AUNT ANN
COWBOY RAY
MINISTER
MR. CARLOCK
EARL
SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKERS
MR. STEVENS
CLAYTON FEEDLOT
COWBOYS
CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
COWS*

*The cows are stylized and choreographed; they do not pantomime cow motion. They project weight, herd and prey characteristics. The cows are not humorous, endearing or anthropomorphic.

Note: the principal of "viewpoints" was utilized for dance movement and other aspects of production.
NOTES ON COSTUMES AND SET

COSTUMES

TEMPLE- Grey sweatsuit, tennis shoes (First Act), Jeans, Cowboy Boots, Cowboy Shirt (Second Act)

ST. BRIGID OF IRELAND- Brown or Green Country (Dairy) Frock and Apron

CHORUS- Black Pants, Short Sleeved Black Tee Shirts, Black Shoes. When playing specific characters add defining article of dress or prop.

SET

Metal grid structure frames entire stage- conceptual representation of an abacus (TEMPLE’s computerized mind). Doors, ladders, projection screens hang at different levels. Vertical panels move side to side revealing real or photographic/drawn images. Within the grid multi-level playing areas for all characters. Outside the grid defined playing areas work area, bench and drafting table. Piles of scrap lumber, tool box, saws, hammers etc. Storage for rolled-up fence, ladders, other. Living area folding chairs/ pillows/ blanket two long rectangular boxes, light-weight, stackable, to be used as bed, drafting table, other. High diving board extends out over stage- BRIGID’s area.
CHARACTER NOTES

YOUNG TEMPLE- Temple’s voice quality is flat, with little normal inflection, a pronounced, stressed quality, loud in tone. A sense of total isolation envelops her. No eye contact.

TEENAGE TEMPLE- Voice quality is still flat, though now she also exhibits rapid fire speech—especially under stress. She is slightly hunched over. Odd mannerisms such as hand wringing. Panic attacks at puberty—anxious, obsessive/compulsive. No eye contact.

ADULT TEMPLE- When she talks there is a tendency to be overbearing, overly explicit. The voice quality is still somewhat flat, with no rhythm. She often sounds abrasive and abrupt. Minimal (never direct) eye-contact with other actors. There are times she speaks in the manner of someone talking out loud to themselves—Temple will almost never talk to the audience directly. She walks with a slightly clumsy, odd gait. There should be a marked contrast between the child voice, teenage voice, and the adult voice. During lecture monologues temple is at her most animated, and speaks with forceful enthusiasm and confidence. Note: Temple never sings—someone from the company sings for her.

SAINT BRIGID- A presence seen and heard only by the audience.
SONGS

ACT ONE

Over the Hill and Far Away
But For the Grace of God
If It Were Love
Well Ordered Life
Dear Mrs. Grandin
Just Hold Me
She’s Too Logical for Love
All Ye Who Have Strayed Go Away World

ACT TWO

Answer Me
I Think in Pictures
Croghan Hill
Well Ordered Life—Reprise
It’s Only Your Hat
It’s Just My Life
Down on the Farm
Over the Hill and Far Away—Reprise
ACT ONE

Scene One

Before the houselights are down- ST.BRIGID OF IRELAND, dressed as a milkmaid, climbs up a ladder to a high diving board extended over the stage. Reaching the top of the ladder, she attaches herself to a cable, walks to the end of the board, her arms raised over her head in take-off position. Stage slowly goes dark... Downstage, a light opens on ADOLESCENT TEMPLE; she stares off into space as she slowly rocks back and forth. She appears to be in a hypnotized state. BRIGID leaps off the diving board, the cable slowly lowering her to the ground. CHORUS enters, and swirl round TEMPLE, trying to get her attention... no response... CHORUS slowly moves back and sit down.

BRIGID

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY
FADING LIGHT TURNS TO DAPPLE GREY
IN SHADOW WHAT VOICE DO YOU OBEY?
NO ONE CAN FIND THEIR WAY TO YOU.

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY
WHO CAN TELL US WHERE SHE'S GONE, SHE'S GONE
NO SWING UP AND TWIRLING HER AROUND, AROUND
NO SMALL COMFORT THERE IS FOUND

TO BE GIVEN SUCH A LUCKLESS FATE
TO LIVE IN SUCH A DARK HOUSE AS THAT ONE IS
AND NO ONE EVER SEES, YES NO ONE EVER SEES
NIGHT CLOSING IN, NO STARS.

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY,
BRIDG (cont'd)

TELL US SWEET LAMB WHERE DO YOU GO?

BRIDG slowly walks around

TEMPLE

She never pays any mind to me either. Not a drop. And why would she? Not in this world now... Oh, they still remember me on feast day; oat cake and butter left on the sill, ribbons in the trees, little ones busy making a cross of reeds, my name sung through the air...

Though there are some who keep it up, day after day, in or out of prayer, their need hungers its way through crying out my name-

BRIDG clasps her hands in

prayer and sarcastically

mimics along as the chorus

drops to their knees and

sings.

CHORUS

(heavy Irish accent)

ST. BRIDG, PATRON OF IRELAND, LEINSTER,

KILDARE,

OF THE FAMILY OF DOUGLAS,

PATRON SAINT OF CATTLE PLEASE HEAR OUR

Plea... 

BRIDG moves closer to

audience.

BRIDG

Yes, you’re looking at her now- St. Brigid, patron saint of cattle. Though i know what you’re thinking, tis true, I don’t look the saint. I look like what I once was, a common milkmaid, not like in the story books, where I burst forth other worldly looking the “fiery dart” with flames rollicking round my head... Myself, I prefer a less elaborate attire. If you can’t be comfortable when you’re dead, when can you?
ST. BRIGID, PATRON OF IRELAND—

BRIGID

(to CHORUS)

Cease!

The CHORUS rises and sits back down... BRIGID moves toward them and makes a plea of her own.

BRIGID

What about my prayers? Who is there amongst you to take up my earthly cause and make it your own? Who will answer me?

No response... BRIGID turns back to audience.

Who will answer me? In my mind always the upright lad, yes, someone strong and able to gather back the dignity and reverence due for those creatures sheltered under my dominion. So long I prayed and waited... but he never came.

TEMPLE, oblivious to everyone, continues to stare off into space. She begins to hum again... BRIGID turns to TEMPLE and looks at her directly.

When this one arrived, "Well... not her," I said, at first. Not this lost child. She doesn't want any of us. Not her. That's right, child, isn't it. That's right. Rocking and rocking away from us all, your rocking that tucks you away in the farthest of places. How do you explain yourself? How do you tell them no sound ever whispers to you? All of it, even the tenderest word shouts out to a bright roar in your head. That's why you board yourself up snug in your little rock-a-bye-rock. In there such a calm little cozy it is! Such a sweet hush you've established,
(cont'd)
where you don’t see or hear anything else...

DOCTOR A enters stage right.
In the course of this scene
the DOCTOR seldom looks at
TEMPLE-- concentrating on his
clipboard as he busily checks
off data and takes down
observations.

DOCTOR A
(checking off data) Aloofness...
lack of eye contact, constant staring
off into space, inability to speak, rocking
or other rhythmic stereotypic behavior,
repetitive noises... humming, lack of emotional
contact, preference for isolation...

CHORUS

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD
SHE COULD BE MY KID WHAT
WOULD I DO WITH HER I'D
JUST BLOW MY LID,
I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF IT,
WHEN I LOOK AT HER,
JUST TO EVEN THINK OF IT,
MAKES MY MIND A BLUR, SHES
SUCH AN UPHILL CLIMB, AND
WHO'S GOT THE TIME, IT'S
SURE NOT ME,
YOU MUST AGREE IT'S NEVER EASY WITH HER.

DOCTOR A reaches down and
touches TEMPLE. TEMPLE
violently jerks away from him,
going into a temper tantrum.
CHORUS turns in one motion,
arms folded in judgment, to
stare at TEMPLE.

DOCTOR A
Violent temper tantrums... screaming, throwing
her feces on walls and floors. Urinating
repeatedly on carpets and drapes.
EYES SO BLANK AND FULL OF NOTHING
DON'T NEED THE KID PERFECT  
JUST A NORMAL KID,  
IT'S ALL I ASK FOR-  
IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?  
SHE'D BE SO MUCH TROUBLE  
I COULD NEVER KEEP HER  
IT'S NOT MY JOB...  
I'M SO GLAD THAT SHE'S NOT MINE

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD  
NORMAL IS THE KEY  
WON'T FEEL SO OUT OF PLACE  
WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME,  
I DON'T NEED REMINDING THAT  
LIFE CAN BE UNFAIR WHEN  
YOU DON'T QUITE FIT IN  
PEOPLE STOP AND STARE,  
I COULD NOT COPE,  
I'D LOSE ALL HOPE,  
SHE CAN'T BE MINE,  
I DON'T DIVINE  
A NORMAL PERSON IN HER.

DOCTOR moves quickly away from  
TEMPLE to the edge of the  
stage and looks directly at  
the audience, now cast in the  
role of parental figure.

DOCTOR  
(dispassionate)  
When the hearing test revealed that temple  
was not deaf the neurologist had no choice  
but to conclude that your daughter was brain  
damaged. But through further observation we  
have concluded her behavior patterns are  
definitely autistic. I’m aware that  
institutionalization has been rejected. But  
you must realize she will never be able to  
lead a normal life.

TEMPLE retreats back into her  
rocking
DON'T NEED THE KID PERFECT
JUST A NORMAL KID,
IT'S ALL I ASK FOR-
IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?
SHE'D BE SO MUCH TROUBLE
I COULD NEVER KEEP HER
IT'S NOT MY JOB...
I'M SO GLAD THAT SHE'S NOT MINE

As the lights dim the CHORUS
sits, doctor exits. BRIGID
comes and stands by TEMPLE.

(MOTHER)
(Off stage)
Temple, it's time to go. hurry up now.

BRIGID moves closer to TEMPLE...

BRIGID
In my birth tis said i inspired prophecies
and angels came when a curtain of fire
appeared over my cradle. But in this child’s
bloom there was no miracle attending. No
angels came. . . No, not even a nodding touch
will light the bare place she’ll stand alone,
wed only to the toiling work...

MOTHER
It’s time to go, Temple.

BRIGID
Yet so it was, that the one exiled from the
rhythm of the other’s common need, would be
the one to come and answer mine.

Scene Two

Morning... TEMPLE sits in the
back seat of the car. She
stares ahead with a vacant
expression. MOTHER enters and
slides behind the wheel of the
car. She adjusts the car’s
rear view mirror, in the
process catching sight of TEMPLE sitting behind her. TEMPLE does not change expression or show any signs of acknowledgement.

MOTHER

Temple?
(no response. )

Temple, where is your hat?
(no response. )

Where is your hat?

TEMPLE turns and looks out the window. Her expression stays fixed. MOTHER stares at TEMPLE in the rear view mirror.

Temple, we don’t have time for this. We can’t be late. You don’t want to be late again, do you? Not today, and you want to look nice don’t you? When you see the speech therapist you want to look nice. And you look so pretty in that hat. Where is it, Temple?

TEMPLE doesn’t respond. MOTHER gets out of the car and goes into the backseat. She finds TEMPLE’s blue corduroy hat. She starts to finger and smooth out the rumpled hat... staring at the hat almost as if she wished it could speak...

Here it is. Such a pretty hat. A pretty hat for a pretty girl. And what color is this hat? It’s blue.

(blow’s out the word blue)
Blue... blue hat, blue sky, little blue-eyed you... Can you say the word, blue? Temple, can you say just one word for mommy?

MOTHER puts the hat down beside temple.

When you were born you had the biggest blue eyes, all the nurses said so. Everyone said
you were such a beautiful baby.

MOTHER reaches out to gently touch TEMPLE- at the first point of contact TEMPLE jerks away... though she has been rejected by her daughter many times before, it doesn’t lessen the hurt, or stop her from trying again.

Be my blue flower girl. Put on the hat.

TEMPLE pushes the hat away.

Temple, look at me.

MOTHER gently tries to turn TEMPLE toward her. TEMPLE jerks away again...

IF IT WERE LOVE
HOW WOULD I KNOW IT?
HOW CAN IT BE
I'M NEVER IN HER EYES.
IF IT WERE LOVE
WHAT AN ODD PERFORMANCE
HOW CAN IT BE-
SHE NEVER LOOKS AT ME.

IF IT WERE LOVE, AN UNFAMILIAR STORY
HOW CAN IT BE
NEVER A WORD TO SAY?
OH HOW I LONG
FOR AN ORDINARY KISS,
OR JUST A SMILE
TO OPEN UP MY DAY.

NO HAND IN HAND AS WE GO OUT TOGETHER
NO NEVER SOMEONE NEEDING TO BE NEAR. NO
HAND IN HAND, NO TWO OF US TOGETHER,
WHERE ARE THE SIMPLE WORDS I LONG TO HEAR?

IF IT WERE LOVE
WHY ALWAYS SEPARATE PLAYERS?
(cont'd)

HOW CAN IT BE
THE EMOTION NEVER FITS
IT SEEMS BY NOW
WE SHOULD BE REHEARSED-
HOW CAN IT BE
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?

(no response... )

Put on the hat, Temple.

When TEMPLE still refuses, MOTHER pulls the blue corduroy hat down over TEMPLE’s ears. MOTHER moves back to front seat. BRIGID enters car and sits beside TEMPLE. Sound of engine starting, as MOTHER starts the car, and begins driving. TEMPLE’s expression changes... her face screws up, as if in pain. her lips move. She is trying to say something, but nothing comes out.

BRIGID

(soothing)
Yes, I know, little love, I know, how you want to speak! But the words always rocking on your tongue back in.

TEMPLE becoming more and more agitated as she tries to speak.

The hat hurts. Too tight. You want to say it hurts.

TEMPLE

(struggling to speak)
Hur... hur... hurr... ma-

BRIGID
The words coming out in tatters, all bumpity-bump. The hat hurts.
TEMPLE screams, and jerks off the hat, flinging it past MOTHER’s face, out the driver’s front window. Startled, MOTHER lets out a yelp of surprise. TEMPLE covers her ears against the “noise”. In the next second the car is careening out of control. MOTHER frozen in terror, while TEMPLE is suddenly calm, enjoying the movement of the car as her mother tries to turn the wheel- the sound of metal crushing as their car sideswipes a tractor trailer truck. Violent jolt on impact- MOTHER thrown against steering wheel, windows shatters – car stops. TEMPLE looks exalted. she is not scared, her face bright with excitement as broken glass slowly showers over her.

TEMPLE

Ice...ice...ice...

Scene three

Grid section moves to reveal CHORUS, eyes closed, meditative pose. As they begin composed chanting, TEMPLE and MOTHER get out of the car.

CHORUS

(chants)

Wake up
Get up
Wash
Breakfast
Dress
Bus
School

(MORE)
(cont'd)

Playtime
Dinnertime
Homework
Brush teeth
Bed

CHORUS continue softly chanting – as DOCTOR B enters.

DOCTOR B

(to mother)
The autistic child is unable to bring order to his or her world. You must provide that order. Maintain a stable, secure environment. The autistic child cannot function if there are too many changes.

MOTHER

(to TEMPLE)
Wake-up
Get up
Wash

TEMPLE

(taking over)
Wake up
Get up
Wash
Breakfast etc…

DOCTOR B

A WELL-ORDERED DAY, NOTHING ALARMING OR STRANGE
FREE FROM ALL MATTER OF STRIFE
EVERYTHING IN PLACE
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING
EVERYTHING ROUTINELY RUNNING
HELPS US IN OUR HABITUDE
IN PERFECT RECTITUDE
FOR THE WELL-ORDERED LIFE.

TEMPLE has stopped chanting and is now spinning a top obsessively

(To MOTHER)
THE POINT IS TO HAVE NO DISTRACTIONS
MOTHER
(taking toy away/TEMPLE
striking out at her)
Get up
Wash
Breakfast

DOCTOR B
(to TEMPLE)
THE POINT IS TO HAVE NO REACTIONS...

TEMPLE
...breakfast, breakfast, breakfast-

DOCTOR B
(to TEMPLE)
THE POINT IS TO MOVE SMOOTHLY AHEADDD

DOCTOR B and MOTHER exit as TEMPLE joins in with the CHORUS.

TEMPLE AND CHORUS

Bus
School
Playtime
Dinnertime
Homework
Brush teeth
Bed
Wake up
Get up
Wash
Breakfast
Dress
Bus
School!

Sound of school bell. TEMPLE lets out a cry and covers her ears against the sound. CHORUS enters, start to clap in rhythm. They begin to move in a large circle around TEMPLE. Their body movements should be stylized/synchronized, not child-like. Music begins. Mrs.
Richards, the music teacher, enters and observes TEMPLE. TEMPLE tries to clap in time, but when the others clap her hands are apart.

MRS. RICHARDS
Temple! Pay attention. You can do it.

MRS. RICHARDS gestures to TEMPLE to join the circle. TEMPLE immediately begins to strike out at chorus members if she thinks they’re getting too close to her, all the while still clapping out of sync.

Just stop! Just stop! What is wrong with you!

PRINCIPAL
Mrs. Grandin, this is Principal Graham. We need you to come and get your daughter please. And right away.

Revolving door- (two to four "kids" create door) MRS. RICHARDS drags TEMPLE through the door to the PRINCIPAL's office kicking and screaming. MRS. GRANDIN is now in the PRINCIPAL's office. TEMPLE throws herself on the ground and immediately goes into a full blown tantrum. MRS. GRANDIN tries to stop TEMPLE but cannot.

MRS. RICHARDS (hysterically to PRINCIPAL)
She refuses to keep time with the others!

MRS. GRANDIN
Temple!

TEMPLE lets out a loud yelp and bolts into a corner.
MRS. RICHARDS
(to MRS. GRANDIN)
She absolutely refuses to do what is asked of
her!

PRINCIPAL gives MRS. GRANDIN a
glassy stare...

PRINCIPAL
(to MRS. GRANDIN)
DEAR MRS. GRANDIN
WE'RE SORRY TO INFORM YOU
THAT TEMPLE'S GRADES ARE BAD
BUT HER ALARMING CONDUCT
IS WHAT WE FIND SO SAD

TEMPLE starts kicking the
PRINCIPAL's desk.

MRS. RICHARDS

MRS. GRANDIN, MRS. GRANDIN,
WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO HEAR
YOURS IS THE CHILD
WE WISH WOULD DISAPPEAR

TEMPLE knocks everything off
the desk, before MRS. GRANDIN
can stop her.

MRS. GRANDIN, MRS. GRANDIN
WHO WOULD WANT YOUR FATE,
YOURS IS THE CHILD
IN SUCH A SORRY STATE.

Bell rings for next class.
(Another day)

PRINCIPAL
Mrs. Grandin, it's Principal Graham again...

MRS. RICHARDS drags TEMPLE
through the revolving door
and MR. ROBERTS the history
teacher comes right back in
with TEMPLE kicking and
screaming.
MR. ROBERTS
We’re studying the French Revolution and Temple tried to decapitate one of the students!

(to MRS. GRANDIN)
TODAY GOD KNOWS WHY
DID YOU KNOW MRS. GRANDIN?
SHE THREW HER HISTORY BOOK
IT'S A SHAME MRS. GRANDIN
SHE HIT MARY IN THE EYE
SHE'S A MENACE MRS. GRANDIN
PLEASE TELL US WHAT TO DO
HER CONDUCT NEEDS REVIEW
YOUR ACTION'S OVERDUE!!!!

Bell rings for next class.
(Another day)

MR. ROBERTS goes out revolving door with TEMPLE and MRS. ROCHE comes in with TEMPLE.

PRINCIPAL

Mrs. Grandin!

MISS ROCHE’s left hand is bandaged. She tries to remain assertive but she is afraid of TEMPLE. She does not touch her, rather she yips and howls as she tries to “herd” TEMPLE through the revolving door as they scream at one another...

TEMPLE

Mademoselle Jo- lee Ferme La Boche!

MISS ROCHE
Vous e’les horrible petite fille! Je te hais! (You are a horrible little girl! I hate you!)

(to PRINCIPAL and MRS. GRANDIN)

She won’t sit down!
It’s not my chair

Écoutez! Quelle difference cela fait il?
(What difference does it make)

I can’t sit in that chair! It’s not my chair!

Dire en français! (Say it in French!)

It’s not my chair!

(screaming)

Dire en français! (Say it in French!)

TEMPLE tries to hit MISS ROCHE who screams even louder. At the sound of MISS ROCHE’s screams MRS. RICHARDS and MR. ROBERTS run into the PRINCIPAL's room. The PRINCIPAL jumps up to defend MISS ROCHE. MR. ROBERTS puts a protective arm around MISS ROCHE...

DEAR MRS. GRANDIN
WE'RE SORRY TO INFORM YOU
YOUR DAUGHTER'S GONE TOO FAR
SHE HAS A NASTY TEMPER,
HER TANTRUMS ARE BIZARRE

TEMPLE gets in PRINCIPAL's chair and begins wheeling herself around the room in circles.

MRS. GRANDIN, MRS. GRANDIN,
WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO HEAR
YOURS IS THE CHILD
THAT ALL THE OTHERS FEAR.

(MORE)
MRS. GRANDIN, MRS. GRANDIN, WHO WOULD WANT YOUR FATE, YOURS IS THE CHILD THAT ALL THE OTHERS HATE.

Moi aussi! (Me too!)

MISS ROCHE WAS IN TEARS

MISS ROCHE begins crying copious tears..

SHE BIT HER, MRS. GRANDIN

MISS ROCHE waves her bandaged hand.

THE WOUND REQUIRED STITCHES

IT'S NOT FUNNY, MRS. GRANDIN

AND NOW ONE THING'S VERY CLEAR

IT'S NOT WORKING, MRS. GRANDIN

ADIEU MADEMOISELLE

WE KNOW SHE'LL NEVER EXCELL

YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEEN EXPELLED!

Scene Four

TEMPLE in session with DR. NEWMARK, a psychiatrist. She brings in a sack of tools and dumps it on the floor. (She starts making something?) TEMPLE sits on the floor, instead of the chair.
Hello, temple. I’m Dr. Newmark.
(no response... )

Temple?

You look like the man on the Smith Brother’s cough drop package.

Really.

You look like the man on the Smith Brother’s cough drop package.

Do you like your new high school?
You look like the man on the-

(interrupting)
Temple, pay attention. How did it go today?
(no response... )
What about your classmates? How are you getting along?

I don’t know. They tease me.

What do you do?

(hitile )

Hit ‘em.

How do you feel when you hit them?
(no response...)
You know, Temple, you can tell me anything.
(no response...)
That’s what I’m here for. You don’t have to keep your thoughts to yourself. You can say your thoughts out-loud to me.

TEMPLE
I say my thoughts out-loud.

DR. NEWMARK
To who?

TEMPLE
To me. That’s the way I make them real.

I see.

DR. NEWMARK
You look like the man on the Smith Brother’s cough drop package.

Do you love your mother?

DR. NEWMARK
Uh-huh.

TEMPLE
Do you love your father?

DR. NEWMARK
He’s gone.

TEMPLE
Where?

DR. NEWMARK
(He went) driving.

TEMPLE
How does it feel to be loved, Temple?

DR. NEWMARK
You look like the man on the Smith Brother’s cough drop package.
DR. NEWMARK
(leaning in toward temple, he touches her arm)
How does it feel to be loved, Temple?

TEMPLE jerks away from DR. NEWMARK, going into a panic attack. She rolls herself up in the office rug, or crawls under sofa cushions.

DR. NEWMARK
Temple, what are you doing?

TEMPLE’s speech pattern is fast, her thoughts flying out in explosive bursts.

TEMPLE
Don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t! I hate to be hugged!

DR. NEWMARK studies TEMPLE, writing down observations.

DR. NEWMARK
How does it feel when your mother hugs you?

TEMPLE
I don’t want her to touch me! It hurts, like a giant wave crashing down!

DR. NEWMARK
I see.

TEMPLE
I need to do it to myself!

DR. NEWMARK
You do it to yourself?

TEMPLE
I want to make a magic machine to hug me. I dream about it all the time. I crawl inside the magic machine and it wraps me up real tight like I do in my blanket.
DR. NEWMARK

Mother is unable to give adequate contact comfort.

TEMPLE

I don’t know how to build it. I want to make it but I don’t know how! I can see it in my head! I can go inside it...

TEMPLE starts rocks back and forth, disappearing into herself again.

DR. NEWMARK (giving final diagnosis)

Autism caused by the mother’s rejection.

DR. NEWMARK exits. BRIGID enters, leading a herd of cows... (first time we see cows)

BRIGID

‘Twas not that I had no mother only that I could not reach her. And so grew into my life alone ‘til I found my comfort with the herds and flocks and in the lowing quiet of their presence, I would rest...

Scene Five

Summer vacation, AUNT ANN’s ranch. TEMPLE sulks on the front porch with her bags. AUNT ANN comes flying through the front door to greet her.

AUNT ANN

Hello dear. i’ve been countin’ the days! Now give your old Aunt Ann a hug. (TEMPLE moves out of reach.) You haven’t changed a bit, Temple. You’re just bigger.

TEMPLE

I don’t know why I had to come.
AUNT ANN

Now Temple, don’t be rude, it’s your high school graduation present.

TEMPLE

I didn’t ask for it.

AUNT ANN

Well you got it anyway! A summer vacation, here on the ranch with me. Your mother thought the change would do you good. You know that. We talked about it.

(no response...)

We’re gonna have a great time together, ok? I just know it! Here we are, in the most beautiful country God ever made, with so much to do. So much. You can ride horses-

TEMPLE

I can ride horses at home!

AUNT ANN

That’s not the same thing and you know it. Ridin’ horses for an hour around a little bitty rink is not the same as here. Outside in all this fresh air, with this beautiful desert flung wide open for you—mile after mile without a human in sight! Nothin’ else except some cows.

TEMPLE

Everything’s different here.

AUNT ANN

You got it! But change can be a good thing. Give it a chance, Temple. Come on.

TEMPLE

What am I going to do here?

AUNT ANN

Anything you want, just as long as you keep busy. Your mom tells me you’re happiest when you’re busy. And I think it will be a whole lot easier for everyone if you’re happier dear, don’t you? I know I do.
Ray, the ranch foreman enters.

Temple, this is Ray.

Temple, I’m gonna get the rest of your bags out of the car, ok?

Aunt Ann exits... silence.

Ray

Your aunt says you’re handy with tools. That true?

Temple

I like to build things.

Ray

I gotta start rebuilding the pump house roof next week. Think you can help me with that?

Temple

I guess.

Ray

What is it? Yes or no.

Temple

Yes.

Ray


Ray starts to exit, then stops for Temple.

You comin’ or not?

Ray and Temple go over to the squeeze chute. Brigid enters with cows. Temple watches as the fearful and twitchy animals are locked into the cattle chute, and after the panels are pressed against their sides, she sees them
calm down. As AUNT ANN returns TEMPLE comes running up to her.

AUNT ANN

How you doin’ there, Temple?

TEMPLE

I want to get in the squeeze chute!

What?

TEMPLE

I want to get in the squeeze chute!

AUNT ANN

(laughing nervously)

But why dear? I mean I don’t see the reason-

TEMPLE

(interrupts)

I’ve been watching the cows.

AUNT ANN

Yes, but what’s that got to do with you?

RAY wanders over from the squeeze chute.

RAY

What she yammerin’ about?

AUNT ANN

She wants to get in the squeeze chute.

RAY

Whoa!

TEMPLE runs over and climbs in the squeeze chute.

Damn! Get outta there, Temple!

TEMPLE

Lock my head in the head gate, Ray!
(aghast)
Oh, I don’t know, dear-

AUNT ANN

TEMPLE
Lock my head in the head gate, Ray!

AUNT ANN
Are you sure you really want to do this?

TEMPLE
Lock my head in the head gate, Ray!

Pause... RAY looks to AUNT ANN, she slowly nods yes.

RAY
What the hell.

RAY locks TEMPLE’s head in the headgate.

TEMPLE
Pull the rope. Pull the rope!

RAY pulls the rope which cause the panels to press tightly against the side of TEMPLE’s body. A few moments of sheer panic as TEMPLE stiffens up and tries to pull away from the pressure, but she can’t get away because her head is locked in. A few seconds later she feels a wave of relaxation.

AUNT ANN
(hopefully)
Do you want to get out?

TEMPE
No.

AUNT ANN and RAY fade from scene...
SOLO MALE SINGER

JUST HOLD ME I'M IN YOUR KEEPING
HOLD ON TO MY FRIGHTENED HEART
OVERWHELMED BY SO MUCH FEELING
OVERWHELMED I BREAK APART

JUST HOLD ME THAT'S ALL I ASK FOR
JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR EMBRACE HELP
ME FEEL WHAT I'M NOT FEELING HELP
ME FIND A STATE OF GRACE

I CAN NEVER STOP MY DREAMING
EACH NIGHT LONGING TO BEGIN
DREAMING HOW YOUR ARMS WILL OPEN
HOW I'M WELCOMED IN

JUST HOLD ME MY ONLY COMFORT
JUST HOLD ME WHO DOES IT HARM?
FOR SO LONG WHAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING
CRADLED CLOSE IN LOVING ARMS...

6

Scene Six

MR. CARLOCK, (TEMPLE’s teacher and one of her mentors) and
TEMPLE on a “field trip.”
TEMPLE has a pair of
binoculars on a strap round
her neck and a notebook/pen
jutting out of her shirt
pocket. TEMPLE is in middle of
stage at school desk. Student
body moving around her...

MR. CARLOCK
I enjoyed your paper, Temple, on marriage and
family life. You presented a compelling
argument against-

TEMPLE
(interrupting)
Did you destroy it?
I did.

MR. CARLOCK

No unauthorized personnel! No one’s eyes but yours.

TEMPLE

Got it.

MR. CARLOCK

I’m turned on by machines!

TEMPLE

Seems so.

MR. CARLOCK

All my life I have been thinking of a device, designing it in my head, which would apply the stimulus I lacked as a youngster. When I got in the cattle chute I knew I’d found it!

TEMPLE

It’s an interesting theory.

MR. CARLOCK

I need to fulfill my destiny! I need to build a device that can teach people like me how to be gentle and caring. It’s way more important than getting married. You didn’t show my paper to anyone did you? You promised!

TEMPLE

I told you I didn’t. But I don’t know if you can keep all of this a secret. Sometimes you talk to yourself and other people hear you. It’s a small campus.

MR. CARLOCK

MOTHER enters.

MOTHER

It’s time to go home.

TEMPLE

Why?
MOTHER
Spring break, remember? you’re not on the same schedule here at the college.

Like a dog with a bone, TEMPLE returns to her conversation with MR. CARLOCK...

TEMPLE
(to MR. CARLOCK)
All anyone around here talks about is falling in love. Why’s it so important? I don’t understand it!

MR. CARLOCK
Would you like to?

TEMPLE
Not really.

MOTHER
Don’t you think it’s important for you to understand the world you live in? I do. It might make it easier for you.

TEMPLE
I guess.

MR. CARLOCK
Temple, why don’t you apply the same observational techniques you use on cattle to the study of humans.

DANCERS enter. MR. CARLOCK, MOTHER and TEMPLE watch the DANCERS... MR. CARLOCK points out one passionate couple for TEMPLE to focus on...

(encouraging)
See that couple? They’re in love.

TEMPLE looks at MR. CARLOCK blankly, but begins to write down some notes. MOTHER sighs deeply... she knows who TEMPLE is but that doesn’t stop her from hoping.
MOTHER

IT'S VERY OBVIOUS TO ME,
THAT SHE'S TOO LOGICAL FOR LOVE,
YOU WON'T SEE HER SWEETLY COOING
TO BE HIS TURTLE DOVE

IT'S A LOSING PROPOSITION
IT'S A GAME THAT SHE WON'T WIN,
HIS EMBRACES (WOULD) MAKE HER JUMP
RIGHT OUT OF HER OWN SKIN.

MR. CARLOCK

Do you see the way he’s looking at her?

TEMPLE

I see that he’s looking.

MR. CARLOCK

No, the way he’s looking.

MOTHER

IT'S NOT WHAT SHE LIVES AND DIES FOR
TO PLAY THE DOTING WIFE
JUST WOULD BE A BORE
THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T SEE HER
DANCING... DANCING...

TEMPLE

Did I tell you they got this new pneumatic
gate at the feedlot?

(hissing sound)

Sounds like a rattlesnake. I hate it. The
cattle hate it too.

MR. CARLOCK

Temple. Focus. Pay attention to their
behavior.

TEMPLE

It doesn’t make any sense.

MR. CARLOCK

Most people are guided by emotions, not
logic. watch.

TEMPLE uses her binoculars and
peers through them at DANCERS
"1 and 2."

TEMPEL

Perhaps if it was magnified—

ALL DANCERS

YOU'RE NOT LIKE MY OTHER LOVERS,
YOU'RE TOO PERFECT TO BE TRUE
I KNOW NOW THERE'S ABSOLUTELY
NO LIVING WITHOUT YOU.
YOU'RE A LIFETIME OF ENCHANTMENT,
YOU'RE TILL DEATH DEAR DO US PART,
HOW CAN SOMEONE I JUST MET
SO CAPTIVATE MY HEART?

TEMPEL

(to MR. CARLOCK)
I need translation.

MR. CARLOCK

Idealized courtship ritual. Not based in truth.

TEMPEL

Why say it if it isn’t true?

MR. CARLOCK

It’s part of a process.

TEMPEL

To lie? How do they know what to say?

MR. CARLOCK

Social intuition.

TEMPEL

I wish there was a blueprint.

MOTHER

SHE'S NEVER RHYTHMICALLY ATUNED
TO THE USUAL EBB AND FLOW,
KEEPING UP WITH SMALL TALK
IS ALWAYS TOUCH AND GO. ANY
COY FLIRTATIOUS PATTERN,
SHE'S HARD PRESSSED TO DEFINE,
SHE CAN'T DECODE INNUENDO

(MORE)
MOTHER (cont’d)
AND READ BETWEEN THE LINES,
IN HER MIND NO REASON WHY
TO KEEP ROMANCE ALIVE SHE
WOULD EVER LIE
THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T SEE HER
DANCING... DANCING...

The other DANCERS encourage
DANCER 3 to approach TEMPLE.

DANCER 3
(reluctantly to TEMPLE)
Would you like to dance?

TEMPLE
(to MR. CARLOCK)
Did I tell you last week Ray let me operate
the chute on 130 head of cattle? Before I
only watched. Now I belong!

MOTHER
(gesturing to DANCER 3)
Temple, answer him.

TEMPLE
(continuing to MR. CARLOCK)
He showed me how to operate the equipment
without hurting the cattle. A lot of the
cowboys are really rough, but a good operator
makes the squeeze chute an extension of his
own hands.

DANCER 3 is done trying with
TEMPLE. He merges back into
the group. The in-love couple
that MR. CARLOCK pointed out
in the beginning of the dance
so passionately entwined
suddenly explode into an
argument, with the FEMALE
DANCER slapping the MALE
DANCER across the face and
stalking off.
(to MR. CARLOCK)
How can you love a person one moment and in
the next wish he were dead? I can’t see it!

THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T SEE HER
DANCING... DANCING... DANCING

DANCERS exit...

Scene seven

TEMPLE’s college dorm room.
TEMPLE’s in the process of
completing her first “hug
machine” a rough version of
the squeeze chute used on
cattle. SCHOOL CHAPLAIN enters
the room.

CHAPLAIN
Temple, you’ve missed chapel the last three
mornings.

TEMPLE
I’ve been busy.

CHAPLAIN
So I’ve heard...what is this contraption of
yours?

(no response... TEMPLE putting
on the finishing touches)
At St. Mark’s Academy there are rules to be
followed. If this is some kind of exercise
equipment it should be stored in the
gymnasium... what is it?

TEMPLE
I call it a hug machine. It’s like a squeeze
chute for cattle.

CHAPLAIN
What?
TEMPLE
It’s a device for holding an animal for branding, vaccination, or castration.

(Long pause.)

CHAPLAIN
What’s it doing in your dorm room?

TEMPLE
I built it.

CHAPLAIN
I know you built it, Temple. That’s not what I asked.

(Pause.)

What is the reason-

TEMPLE
(interrupts)
I built it for my own use.

Your own use?

TEMPLE
It helps me relax.

TEMPLE crawls in the hug machine.

CHAPLAIN
Temple, get out of there.

TEMPLE
(struggling to pull the lever rope)
Can you pull the lever? It’s hard for me to reach, I need to fix that.

CHAPLAIN
I will not! The psychiatric department here at the college believes that this is an unhealthy situation. I regret to say I concur with their decision.

Church bell rings- TEMPLE reacts to sound.
CHAPLAIN
   (gesturing to machine)
This thing has got to go.

TEMPLE
You can’t take away my machine!

CHAPLAIN
Your attraction to this “machine” raises serious psychological issues.

TEMPLE
   (increasing agitation)
Biological! It helps me relax!

CHAPLAIN
Sexual implications!

TEMPLE
You can’t take away my machine!

Church bell rings again, louder. CHAPLAIN snaps into processional mode, holding out his arms stiffly in a w shape and heading toward chapel, TEMPLE trailing behind him.

ALL YE WHO HAVE STRAYED
HE IS THE WAY
SEEK HIS SAFE STRONGHOLD
CHILD OPEN ONE DOOR. NOW AND FOR EVER
DWELL IN HIS LOVE
TAKE JOY IN HIS SIGHT
WALK IN DIVINE LIGHT.

The MINISTER goes into the chapel. TEMPLE slips into the last row, and flops down on pew.

Scene Eight
School chapel. Sunday service.
CHORUS plays student
congregation. BRIGID assumes the posture of a religious statue. CHAPLAIN is behind the lectern, leading the CHORUS in song.

CHAPLAIN

OH LORD, OPEN THOU OUR LIPS.

CONGREGATION

AND OUR MOUTHS SHALL SHOW FORTH THY PRAISE.

The CHAPLAIN begins chanting the lord’s prayer.

CHAPLAIN

Our father which art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name,

Hallowed be thy name, (TEMPLE shakes her head no helplessly)

God fingerprinting?

Thy kingdom come, I don't see it?
Thy will be done on earth Gravity.
As it is in heaven Above the clouds.

Give us this day our daily bread Sandwich?

And forgive us our trespasses (TEMPLE shakes her head no)

as we forgive those who trespass against us-

Private property? Lead us not into temptation

(Temple shakes her head no)

But deliver us from evil (Temple shakes her head no)

For thine is the kingdom I don't see it?
and the power, Electrical tower?
and the glory A rainbow?
for ever

What man?

Amennnnnnnn
TEMPLE

What man?
Is there a man?

CHAPLAIN

(staring sternly at TEMPLE)
In the book of John, Chapter 10, Jesus speaks to us and says, "I am the good shepherd, I know my sheep and my sheep know me- and I lay down my life for the sheep. But there are other sheep, not belonging to this fold, whom I must bring in; and they too will listen to my voice."

TEMPLE

(to CHAPLAIN)
You want me to stop thinking about my hug machine!

Members of the congregation turn around, and stare at TEMPLE disapprovingly.

CHAPLAIN

Then said Jesus unto them again,
(pointing his finger at TEMPLE)
"Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door, anyone who comes into the fold through me shall be safe!"

TEMPLE

(overlapping)
I won’t stop thinking about it!

CHAPLAIN

God is the authority here!

TEMPLE

You want me to stop thinking about cattle but I won’t! I can’t stop thinking about them!

CHAPLAIN

(furious)
God is the authority here!

The CHAPLAIN raps loudly on the lectern, startling TEMPLE
into panic attack.

CHAPLAIN

Knock and He will answer! Open the door!

TEMPLE

What door!

CHAPLAIN

The door! Before each of you there is a door opening into heaven!

TEMPLE

(heaven?)

I’d be safe in heaven?

CHAPLAIN

(triumphant)

Yes! Open it and be saved, Temple!

TEMPLE

(to congregation)

What door! I can’t see the door! Where is it?

CONGREGATION:

OPEN THE DOOR, MY LITTLE LAMBS
SEE THE GLORY OF THE PROMISED LAND
ONE DAY YOU WILL TAKE HIS HAND AND
WITH THE ANGELS YOU WILL STAND ALL
IT TAKES IS FAITH IN GOD ABOVE SO
OPEN THE DOOR, MY LITTLE LAMBS AND
ONE DAY YOU’LL SEE THE GLORY OF
THE PROMISED LAND!

TEMPLE

(points to the chapel door.)

That door?

CHAPLAIN

Not that door! “The door!”

TEMPLE

(To CHAPLAIN)

You couldn’t take away my machine in heaven!

TEMPLE bolts from the church
and goes outside. She stands in front of a series of doors...

TEMPLE

What door!

TEMPLE goes to the first door, scrutinizing it carefully to see if it could possibly be—"the door" through which she can pass and be saved. She peers in, prepared for transformation—and sees the CHAPLAIN, moving on to the next door—MISS ROCHE/next door—MR. ROBERTS/next door—MRS. RICHARDS and the PRINCIPAL—all her early life, the last door her MOTHER.

TEMPLE opens the door to the CHAPLAIN

CHAPLAIN

Your use of that machine is depraved! Sick! Nasty!

TEMPLE slams the door on him. TEMPLE opens the door to MISS ROCHE.

MISS ROCHE

Vous etes horrible petite fille!

TEMPLE slams the door on MISS ROCHE. TEMPLE opens the door on MR. ROBERTS.

MR. ROBERTS

You’re a menace!

TEMPLE slams the door on MR. ROBERTS.

TEMPLE opens the door on MRS. RICHARDS and the PRINCIPAL.
We know you’ll never excel!

MRS. RICHARDS AND PRINCIPAL

TEMPLE slams the door on MRS. RICHARDS and the PRINCIPAL.

TEMPLE opens the last door and there is her MOTHER.

TEMPLE

Do you know where the door to heaven is? I can’t find it!

MOTHER

There isn’t a real door-

TEMPLE (overlapping)

Yes there is, the chaplain said so and I have to find it!

MOTHER

You can’t go to heaven yet, Temple.

TEMPLE

I have to! It’s not safe here! I can’t stay here. I have to find the door!

MOTHER

Temple! Listen to me.

TEMPLE

They want to take away my machine!

MOTHER

I love you temple. you don’t need the machine.

TEMPLE

It’s too hard without it.

MOTHER

Come home!

TEMPLE

My life is with the cattle.

TEMPLE closes the door on her
MOTHER. She notices a ladder leaning against the wall, looking up she sees a small door—she begins climbing the ladder.

When TEMPLE reaches the top she sees a small platform that extends out from the building and she climbs out on it. We see a little wooden door that opens out onto the roof. As soon as TEMPLE touches the door handle the music/singing shuts off sharply. She opens the door and an eerie light floods out enveloping her as she goes through the door… We glimpse a dazzling star field before the door slams shut behind her. Go to dark.

Scene Nine

Night. Full moon/stars. TEMPLE has been on the roof all day, missing dinner and study hour. She is staring up at the night sky. Instrumental interlude…

BRIGID

OPEN OUR HEARTS TO ALL LIVING THINGS.
FOR IF MAN AND BEAST ARE BOTH OF NATURE BLESSED,
WHY ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE FIELD SO RARELY SEEN?

WHY ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE FIELD SO RARELY SEEN?...

Who will answer me? So long I prayed and waited, but he never came...

(looking to TEMPLE)
Tis said the most unlikely of souls are given to acts of grace. Is my own need for a

(MORE)
leveling hand so bound that I’m blind to the miracle within her fledgling grasp?

Look, child... your eyes moving ahead of you. your eyes holding more sky than your arms ever could.

MR. CARLOCK, enters. MR. CARLOCK climbs halfway up the ladder to TEMPLE, beaming his way with a flashlight.

MR. CARLOCK

(Calling out) Temple, where are you? I missed you in class today. Sensory interaction. Right up your alley.

(no response...) It’s been brought to my attention that you’ve been sneaking out at night.

(no response) You know that’s against the rules.

(no response.) The rules here are for your benefit. It’s dangerous to go up there-

TEMPLE I am my own authority.

MR. CARLOCK

Come down.

TEMPLE I am my own authority!

MR. CARLOCK It’s not safe to be up on the roof until the dorm addition is completed and that includes the observation room-

TEMPLE (interrupting) The carpenters call it a crow’s nest.
MR. CARLOCK

You could fall and get injured.

TEMPLE

Not me.

MR. CARLOCK

If it’s dangerous for all the other students, then why not for you?

TEMPLE

My life is up here!

MR. CARLOCK

Meaning what?

TEMPLE

What?

MR. CARLOCK

My life is up here.

TEMPLE

So is mine.

MR. CARLOCK

Your life is down here, with the rest of the students, Temple.

TEMPLE

I know where my life is.

MR. CARLOCK

Temple-

TEMPLE

They want to get rid of my machine!

MR. CARLOCK

You can’t do anything about it up there.

TEMPLE

But I don’t know what to do!

MR. CARLOCK

You’ll have to justify a reason for keeping it. That means finding out if the relaxation effect is real.
It’s real for me!

But is it for the cattle?

The cows go into the squeeze chute all fearful and twitchy, and when the panels put pressure on them they calm down like me. I think about cattle all the time.

You know that, but they don’t. That means doing the research. We just need to channel your thoughts in a way other people can understand. I’ll help you.

(overlapping)
I want to do my thesis on the design of cattle chutes. They told me I couldn’t. Not a proper academic subject! They told me to find another thesis subject. But I can’t stop thinking about cattle chutes. I think about them all the time!

Temple, that’s what I want you to do. Keep right on thinking about it because that’s exactly how you’ll prove them wrong.

I think about cattle all the time.

I know, Temple.

(silence.)

I’ve never seen an animal slaughtered.

Do you want to?
It’s part of the process.

MR. CARLOCK

I see.

MR. CARLOCK

How can I understand the system if I don’t know how it works? I need to face death.

You’ll have to come down then.

TEMPE looks one more time around at the night sky... she walks back through the door and starts down the ladder to MR. CARLOCK.

10  

Scene Ten 10

Stage grows dark. Projected image of Grecian temple slowly emerges, there should be a dream-like quality to this scene.

BRIGID

What was once the temple was also the slaughterhouse.

A door begins to emerge out of the darkness. Projected image fades as light on door intensifies... TEMPE walks up to the door and knocks. A MAN sticks his head out.

Do you give tours?

The MAN stares at her like she’s crazy/slams the door shut in her face.

SFX

TEMPE stares at the door for
a few moments... then she moves in, leaning her weight against the door, and pushes. Her energy is that of a bull filled with pure determination, the door yielding under her relentless pressure.

SFX conveyor belt

The door opens to interior slaughterhouse. TEMPLE enters - a cacophony of sound and the voice of the FOREMAN spill out.

FOREMAN LOOP

FOREMAN

Come on! Faster/speed it up Keep up with the line Come on/come on now Don’t let em’ pile! Whip it! Speed the line up Come on Come on Come on Drag it! Come on you fuckin’ assholes Move it! You’re falling behind Keep beatin’ on boys Keep it up It’s nothin’- use the other hand Wrap it, you’ll be fine. Come on! Kick it! Let’s go! Keep it movin’ Keep it movin’ Keep it movin’ Keep it movin Slam it!

(MORE)
FOREMAN  (cont'd)
Slam the gate on it
Work that fuckin' prod, Jesus
Just start cuttin' on it now, don't wait.
Come on!
Come on, dick-head
Keep the line movin’
Crank it up, let’s go.
Let’s just move this stinkin’ shit!
Just get it!
What the fucks wrong with you!
Speed it up!
Come on now!
Use the stick, damn it!
Hit it!
Go ahead, just do it!
Come on, assholes!
Keep it movin’ Just
keep it movin’ Just
keep it movin’
Let’s move this stinkin shit!

White Workers Lament

WHITE WORKER/WORKERS
(First two verses "put on top of each other")

WE AIN'T WORTH
NOTHIN' TO THE MAN
TAKE HIS BUCK
AND SHOVE IT
FUCKING PROFIT
THAT'S ALL WE ARE

CAN'T SAY NO THIN'
OR YOU'RE OUT
DON'T YOU KNOW
SOMEONE ELSE WILL
ALWAYS DO IT
AND THEY KEEP COMIN'
THEY KEEP COMIN'
(This section in unison)
CROSS THE BORDER
THEY KEEP COMIN'
THERE GOES YOUR JOB
NOT WORTH NO THIN'
TO THE MAN

(MORE)
THEY KEEP COMIN'
I CAN'T COMPETE
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE
CROSS THE BORDER
THERE GOES YOUR JOB
THEY KEEP COMIN'
THEY KEEP COMIN'

Knife Song

(Slaughterhouse Worker)

(Mantra)
KEEP HER SINGING
PEAKED AND READY
SHARP AND HUNGRY

Mexican Lament

(Mexican Worker)

ESTOY SOLO AQUI
DONDE ESTAS?
ESCUCHAME JESUS
ECHO DE MENOS MI HOGAR
REZO TODAS LAS NOCHES
POR FAVOR, PERDONAME
LO QUE HAGO EN TUS HOJOS
YO NO LE DIJE A NADIE LO QUE VI
NO SEÑOR
YO NO ESTABA AHI
JESUS, DONDE ESTAS?
ESTOY SOLO AQUI
DONDE ESTAS?
DONDE ESTA MI ANNA?
DONDE ESTA MI CASA?
A VECES PIENSO QUE NO VOY A SALIR

Slaughterhouse door opens. A MAN man comes out.

A slaughterhouse worker (slaughterhouse earl) is on cigarette break. A butcher, he is wearing blue jeans and a flannel shirt, over that a white smock and over that a boning apron called a belly
guard- (rectangular piece of black leather with metal studs), a wrist guard half-way up his forearm and a metal glove/white knit glove over that, on his left hand.

He strips down to his jeans and shirt, sits on the ground, and lights a cigarette.

EARL
When I first started in a packing house, they’d use a gun or hammer. They’d knock them two or three times and if they still didn’t go down, heaven help that poor sucker cause they just start cuttin’ on him anyway. Have to keep that line moving. These days in most plants, you just drive a bolt right into the animal’s head and bang!- it’s over.

He takes out a coffee thermos from his lunch pail and pours a cup of coffee.

These days O’m workin’ the pit. The animal’s coming at me upside down, and I cut its throat, blood pouring down everywhere. And they just keep comin’... after you’re in there four or five hours, blood’s congealed all around you, like great big jello, and you’re in it, standing in it - all the way up to your hips.

The hard part’s getting them to cooperate. That’s why you got the guys with the prods down there by the crowd pens. First they’ll twist their tails. Course, cows don’t always want to move. So they just start beating on them. If they don’t move, they start using the hot shots. And if they still don’t move, they start crowding them. Eventually somebody’s got to move. Now once they start beating on them, and they start hitting against the pens, they’re bruising and you’re losing lot of meat there. But they have to keep them moving. Corporation’s got to make

(MORE)
their profit. That’s the bottom line.

Keep em movin’.

(Repeats)

Go back to Foreman Loop and overlap-

FOREMAN

Keep em movin’
Faster/speed it up!
Keep up with the line
Etc. etc.

INDIVIDUAL SPOKEN LINES

You’re too close! Back off!
You cut me, mother-fucker!
What you lookin’ at?
I told my kid, you talk to me like that again
I’ll beat the shit out of you.
Watch it! What the hell are you doin’?
Fuckin’ river nigger.
Do you know how to keep your fuckin’ mouth shut?
I’m asking you, do you?
Cocksucker.
Jesus, it’s cold.
You see that bitch?
I’d like a piece of that.
What, you some kind of pussy to let her talk that way?
She’s walkin’ all over you, man.
What the fuck? Where is he?
That new kid? Puking his guts out.
You goin’ to franks tonight?
Shit! did you see that?
He just took off, that’s all.
Like I give a rat’s ass.
You doin’ an extra shift or what?
Might as well.
You heard about Ricky?
I heard he got like three years?
His wife left him, took the kids.
Rotten deal.
Hey! what are you lookin’ at?
What!

(MORE)
INDIVIDUAL SPOKEN LINES (cont'd)
You no le dije a nadie lo que vi
That’s not english. stupid fucker.

TEMPLE, horrified by what she has seen, bolts from the slaughterhouse (or stays where she is and the bedroom builds around her).

11

Scene Eleven

TEMPLE’s bedroom. TEMPLE has not come to class for several days. MOTHER/CHAPLAIN/AUNT ANN/RAY/a mix of voices off stage call out to TEMPLE… MR.CARLOCK pounds on TEMPLE’s door.

MR. CARLOCK

Temple?

(no response.)

Temple! What’s wrong? I know you’re in there.

You’ve missed class three days in a row.

(no response. Pounding on the door)

Temple, open the door!

TEMPLE

(whisper)

Go away.

MR. CARLOCK

Let me in, Temple.

TEMPLE

(whisper)

Go away.

MR. CARLOCK

(leaning on the door)

Temple.

TEMPLE

(whisper)

Go away...
TEMPLE starts to slowly rock back and forth... FEMALE ENSEMBLE sit down in a circle around her. They begin rocking with TEMPLE.

**FEMALE ENSEMBLE**

(sing-whisper)

GO AWAY WORLD,
ALONE IS MY PLEASURE
I DON'T WANT YOU TO STAY
I COULD CARE LESS
WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY,
I'VE SIMPLY NO INTEREST IN DIVINING
YOU WON'T SEE ME
PINING FOR YOUR TOUCH,
WITH YOU I CAN'T BREATHE,
IT'S SIMPLY JUST TOO MUCH.
SO GO AWAY WORLD,
ALONE IS MY PLEASURE
PLEASE WHY CAN'T YOU JUST GO
WHEN YOU ARE NEAR
I GET CRAZY YOU KNOW,
DONE IN BY ALL YOUR HARANGUING.
BESIDES WHAT'S THE POINT
HANGING AROUND HERE,
I KNOW YOU'D PREFER SOMEONE ELSE TO JUST APPEAR WHY
DON'T YOU FIND
ANOTHER AMUSEMENT

AND STOP LOOKING FOR ME

I'LL NEVER BE THE ONE YOU DESIRE
...I'M SURE WE AGREE.
GO AWAY WORLD
GO AWAY WORLD
JUST GO AWAY
GO AWAY...

**TEMPLE**

Just go.

End of act one.
ACT TWO

Scene One

TEMPLE is in same position as end of act one. BRIGID approaches her.

BRIGID

(To TEMPLE/at times audience)

Ah well), so you don’t want this world, most of the time I don’t either... I never asked to be a saint. No, I never pined for the burden of adoration, to be followed everywhere by the awed whisper, stuck round in holy deference at the mere mention of my name... where is the peace I was promised! Do not imagine me, blissfully stuck in serene repose- my body anchored so far behind in its' earthly hold. I feel nothing more of sorrow, that my heart does not cry out to be heard, it does. The hope vigiled deep within, through the years as I prayed for someone to come and take up my despair- I looked for the upright lad, a shepherd’s son, one to the history born, memory of the shaking sod still teeming in his blood.

BRIGID comes and stands over TEMPLE.

Tis you, the one meant to abide in my lament now take it up as your own. Be my witness to the deepening remove, find your way back to the flocks and the herds. Pass through the blind eye held over them, even as the darkness tightens. My hands are your hands now. There is work to be done in this world, child. Get up. It’s time!

BRIGID

ANSWER ME... ANSWER ME...

AS THE GRASS GROWS GREEN
I HEAR A COW OF MINE CALLING
IN THE WOODS BACK THERE.

ANSWER ME... ANSWER ME...

(MORE)
BRIGID (cont'd)

WHENCE DOES YOUR SORROW COME?
THE EVENING DRAWS ABOUT YOUR NARROW CALF
NOT FAR FROM THE TREES.

BE WITH US ON OUR WAY
ON THE ROAD TO WHERE THE BUSHES BEND
THROUGH THE GATE COME HOME.

MY FRIEND AND MY CALF
THERE'S RED CLOVER IN THE MEADOW
AND SWEET MINT BY THE POND.

ANSWER ME... ANSWER ME...
ANSWER ME... ANSWER ME...

HANDLER MOVEMENT PATTERN

A choreographed, stylized waltz. There should be a surreal feeling to the waltz, the power of the cattle moving as a unit, the feeling of “herd”, a visceral presence.

Light drifts in... Cattle grazing in an open pasture. At the far end of the stage a large black v shaped enclosure. TEMPLE enters dressed in black jeans, brown cowboy boots, a brown and beige cowboy shirt. Cows turn and face her. In a quiet, dream-like fashion, TEMPLE starts to put pressure on the flight zone, alternating pressure to move the cattle toward the enclosure either by walking inside the flight zone in the opposite direction of desired movement or walking outside the flight zone in the same direction of desired movement.
TEMPLE practicing a speech.

(The words in bold are key words/phrases with which TEMPLE can free-associate. They are suggestions and are not set in stone. Throughout the speech the CHORUS will get up from their seats and walk about the stage as cattle, taking on TEMPLE’s movements.)

TEMPLE

(Quickly)
Hello, my name is Temple Grandin. My goal is to become a livestock handling equipment designer.

(More deliberate)
Hello, my name is Temple Grandin. My goal is to become a livestock handling equipment designer for facilities in the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands... stop- the United States and Canada. The first thing I do when I arrive at a feedlot is to put myself inside the cattle’s head and look out through their eyes. Cattle have eyes on the side of their heads, they can see all around themselves, except for a small blind spot behind their rear ends. They have a panoramic visual field because they are a prey species. They’re vigilant, always looking for danger. This is why any small distraction in a facility can impede movement of the animal. Always keep in mind, cattle balk out of fear, not obstinacy.

BRIGID enters and starts to herd the cattle.

It’s important to reduce stress in cattle. Stress lowers productivity and immune functions. It decreases weight gain. I know most ranchers and cattle feeders think the only way to induce animals to enter handling facilities is to force them in. But if dip vats and restraint chutes are properly designed, cattle will voluntarily enter them.

(MORE)
My method is to use the instinct of the animal to assist movement. They remain calmer if they can touch each other. My work is my life. I know how cattle feel when they get scared. When I make them calm, that makes me happy. I guess maybe that’s called love...shhh...shhh...shhh...

Scene Two

Slaughterhouse facility/office of the owner, MR. STEVENS. TEMPLE is trying to convince MR. STEVENS to do things her way with no success. Behind his desk, STEVENS coldly stares at TEMPLE as she agitates.

TEMPLE
You should junk those straight chutes with the see-through sides- just rip the things out! Cause the cows can see all the way to the end, and see all the people, and it’s really scary!

STEVENS
I’m not junking anything.

TEMPLE
I know it’s heavy duty construction but you should just rip the whole thing out and start over!

STEVENS
I’m not getting rid of perfectly good equipment.

TEMPLE
But cattle feel safer when there’s a barrier between them and the handlers. Why do you think they keep lunging at the head gate? It’s because they can see the handler! You gotta put in solid sides.
STEVENS
Are you listenin’ to me? I’m not doin’ it.
And if I were you I’d slow it down, you just got here. Already, you’re an expert?

TEMPLE
(Overlapping)
If you don’t believe me, just do a little experiment - go get some cardboard and try it out - just leave a little opening at the shoulder for shots - you’ll see, it works like magic! After a while you can make it permanent. There’s all kinds of inexpensive things you can do to around here to improve conditions. You can use plastic milk hoses to pad the edges of the gates to prevent bruises-

STEVENS
They’re going to die anyway, what difference does it make?

CLAYTON LEWIS, the construction manager, enters office. Neither TEMPLE or STEVENS notice him at first.

TEMPLE
That’s a really stupid thing to say.

STEVENS
You calling me stupid?

TEMPLE
What if your wife was dying? And the doctor said, “She’s terminal, lets just throw her in a corner.” How’d you like that?

STEVENS
(incredulous)
Are you fuckin’ nuts? Clayton, you hired this crazy bitch?
What you said was stupid!

Get the hell outta here!

She don’t mean it - she talks like that to everybody.

Not to me.

Yes sir. Don’t you worry, I’ll talk to her, Mr. Stevens. I’ll take care of it.

Come on, let’s go grab somethin’ to eat. let’s give the man some peace.

Scene Three

STEVENS’s lunchroom. CLAYTON and TEMPLE enter, engrossed in heated conversation. Three engineers are studying a series of blueprints laid out on a nearby table...

You just can’t go in and tell him he’s stupid! Just because he’s an asshole. We all know he’s an asshole-

(Rapid-fire)
He doesn’t think! Qhy won’t he think about what he’s doing?

I don’t give a rat’s ass, if he’s right or wrong-

But he’s wrong!
CLAYTON
But he’s the boss! Why can’t you get that through your head?

TEMPLE
Why force the cattle, when you don’t have to? It doesn’t make any sense.

CLAYTON
What do I have to say for you to get it, Temple? You wanna get fired? Is that it?

TEMPLE
But they’ll go in on their own! All you have do is understand their behavior.

CLAYTON
And all you gotta do is get along with people, and you can’t seem to do that. That’s what we’re talking about here, ok? Not the goddam cows.

TEMPLE
I could design the perfect system! But I can’t get them to see it!

As TEMPLE and CLAYTON walk by the engineer’s table, TEMPLE stops and glances down at blueprint on table.

ENGINEER TWO
(Not liking his personal space invaded)
Can I help you?

TEMPLE
That’ll never work.

ENGINEER ONE
What?

(Hostile)
TEMPLE
Can’t you see it won’t work? Why would you install the equipment when you can see right there it won’t work?
ENGINEER TWO

Who are you?

TEMPLE

(Jabbing at the blueprint)
Right there! See it!

CLAYTON

(Overlapping)
Come on Temple, this project has nothin' to do with you. Let’s go-

ENGINEER ONE

(Overlapping)
See what? What in the hell am I supposed to see?

TEMPLE

The overhead track will collapse.

ENGINEER ONE

No it won’t!

TEMPLE

It’ll pull right out of the ceiling

ENGINEER TWO

We can always make it more secure, install additional brackets.

TEMPLE

You’re just treating the symptom, not the cause. It’s just a temporary fix. It’s like bending a paper clip back and forth too many times, after a while it breaks, can’t you see that!

ENGINEER ONE

The overhead track is not going to collapse.

CLAYTON

Temple! Let’s go!

TEMPLE

I just did a test run and it will!
ENGINEER TWO

Where?

TEMPLE

In my mind.

I THINK IN PICTURES AND I CAN SEE IT!

ENGINEER TWO

(Completely baffled)

What?

TEMPLE

I THINK IN PICTURES
WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME
I SEE A PICTURE INSIDE MY MIND
WORDS INTO PICTURES
WIND INSTANTLY INTO
MOVIES PLAYING IN MY HEAD
THEY'RE LIKE CINEMATIC RENDERINGS
OF EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID
AND EVERYTHING I'VE READ
EVERY IMAGE THAT I SEE
BECOMES A FIXTURE IN MY
PHOTOGRAPHIC...
MEMORY

A dog is heard off stage
barking loudly.

WORKER

Get that dog out of here!

TEMPLE

(Attention diverted momentarily)

NO DOG'S JUST A DOG
EACH DOG'S A PICTURE
BEST FRIEND OR FOE
I SEE IN SEQUENCE
ALL THE DOGS I KNOW
RECORDED IN MY BRAIN
CONTINUOUS PROGRESSION NO
GENERALIZED REFRAIN
NO GENERIC GREAT DANE
EVERY CANINE THAT I SEE
APPEARS IN ORDER IN MY
CHRONOLOGIC...

(MORE)
MEMORY.

ENGINEERS are staring at her like she’s bat shit crazy, they exit with CLAYTON following behind to smooth things over. TEMPLE is alone in lunchroom. She picks up the blueprint and holds it to the light.

(Softly to herself)

I THINK IN PICTURES
EACH WORD I REMAKE
MEANING IS THE KEY
PICTURES MAKE WORDS CLEAR
EVERY SINGLE WORD I HEAR CONNECTS TO SOMETHING IN MY ASSOCIATIVE MEMORY.
DAY BY DAY ACTION PLAY
NEW INSTANT MOVIES ROLLING ONE BY ONE
VIRTUAL VIDEOS OF EVERYTHING I'VE DONE
I THINK IN PICTURES
ALWAYS SAVING WHAT I SEE
I STORE THE DATA INSIDE MY HEAD.
RECALLING THE INFO ON MY TELEPROMPTER...
MEMORY.

Temple “walks” into the blueprint- a company design that manufactures meat - packing plant equipment delineating how to move 1,2000 pound beef carcasses from one end of a conveyor to the other.

I CAN WALK THROUGH A SET OF PLANS.
I CAN ROTATE AN OBJECT IN SPACE.
I CAN TAKE AN AERIAL VIEW AND FLY OVER A DESIGN
TWELVE HUNDRED POUND BEEF CARCASSES COMING THERE THEY COME THERE THEY COME OFF THE END OF THE CONVEYOR... EACH CARCASS DROPS EXACTLY THREE FEET BEFORE IT'S CAUGHT BY A CHAIN ATTACHED TO THAT TROLLEY ON THE OVERHEAD TRACK... THE FORCE OF THE CARCASSES JERKING THAT CHAIN, IT WON'T HOLD... JERKING THAT CHAIN JERKING THAT CHAIN JERKING THAT CHAIN JERKING THAT CHAIN, JERKING THAT CHAIN IT WON'T HOLD! THERE IT GOES!

Thunderous crash—TEMPLE visualizes the track collapsing. CLAYTON enters lunch room—

(Triumphant) I THINK IN PICTURES AND I CAN SEE IT!

TEMPLE comes out of blueprint as some WORKERS start to enter the cafeteria. She doesn’t notice them.

(To CLAYTON) Their design will never work!

CLAYTON You still goin on about that? It’s got nothin’ to do with you, Temple! That’s not why you’re here. I know you can fix anything, you could fix the world I’m sure—
I never said that.

Ok.

I never said that!

Just make the improvements on the chutes.
that’s all you’re supposed to be doin’.

All the chutes need to be ripped out!

Forget it.

Can’t they see how all those sharp edges feel to the animal?

That’s not the point.

But there’s an animal in there!

All the WORKERS are now silently staring at TEMPLE.

(Voice raised)
It’s not about the animal!

(Voice raised)
I can put myself into a twelve-hundred pound steer’s body, I can feel the equipment!

(Snickering)

What the hell?
TEMPLE
(Seeing the WORKERS for the first time)
I can design the perfect system, but it won’t work right if the people aren’t controlled!

This here is Temple Grandin.

When CLAYTON moves to give TEMPLE a friendly tap on the shoulder she flinches and withdraws. Though CLAYTON tries to cover up the awkward moment, it’s been noted by everyone… She’s been hired to redesign some of the chutes. The workers look at one another. One of the WORKERS steps up to TEMPLE and reaches out a hand.

Hi. How ya doin’.

TEMPLE ignores his outstretched hand.

Hi.

TEMPLE
(Glancing away)

What’s wrong with the chutes we got?

They don’t work right.

For who? They work fine for me.

The bovines.

Jesus.
CLAYTON
Come on, you can always make somethin' better. That’s all she’s tryin’ to do here.

WORKER 2
Who knows what she’s doin’ here.

CLAYTON
Just quit the shit, Earl.

WORKER 3
He’s just asking what she’s doin’ here.

CLAYTON
And I said quit the shit! She told you what she’s doing here.

MR. STEVENS pops his head in-

MR. STEVENS
Hey, Clayton, I need to speak to you.

CLAYTON
You ok, Temple?

MR. STEVENS
Now.

TEMPLE nods and CLAYTON exits with MR. STEVENS. WORKERS stare at TEMPLE coldly...

TEMPLE
(Harsh)
I’ve been watching you people.

WORKER 3
You have, uh?

TEMPLE
(Arms folded across her chest, eyes on the ground)
If I could just get you people to put the hot shots away, and fill the crowd pen half full! Otherwise you get the cows all stirred up, all milling around and stuck together, and there’s no way you can have good handling when they’re so scared and upset.
WORKER 2  
(hostile)  
So, you’re tellin’ us what to do here?  

TEMPLE  
(Getting more and more frustrated)  
If the cattle are all crowded up with no place to go, don’t keep prodding ‘em! How dumb is that? Stop! Wait! Calm down! You gotta get the cattle calm, alright? Why don’t you just try tapping ‘em instead? Use something to help move ‘em along. Actually a broke electric prod works really well. Really good use for ‘em. I like ‘em much better broke than working. And tie some kind of whooshy tassel on the end. Like a piece of plastic. Now don’t shake the little plastic things too much.  
(Shaking the prod at WORKERS)  
Just use it to guide ‘em in the direction you want them to go. Why can’t you do that!

Stoney silence. The group of workers look at TEMPLE with contempt. They turn away from her and go sit down at a table together, shutting her out. TEMPLE is left standing alone/splintered off from the group. Dejected, her face reflects a lifetime of not being understood, and the pain of being ridiculed by others...

Scene Four  

TEMPLE is working on her hug (squeeze) machine-modifying, making improvements, upset from her interaction with SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKERS. DR. NEWMARK enters and pulls up a chair next to the hug machine. He looks at the hug machine
for a split-second, before taking out his notepad and begins writing.

DR. NEWMARK

How’s your personal life progressing?

TEMPLE

(Referring to hug machine)  )
This newest model has two soft foam-padded panels that apply pressure along each side of my body and a padded opening that closes around my neck.

DR. NEWMARK

How’s your personal life progressing?

TEMPLE

I killed some cattle recently. I was afraid to step over to the stunner’s platform. But it was something I had to do. At first I couldn’t bring myself to kill them.  
(Matter-of-fact)  
But how can I care for them if I don’t know how to do it the right way?

DR. NEWMARK

How’s your personal life progressing?

TEMPLE

I’m celibate.

DR. NEWMARK

Would you like to talk about that?

TEMPLE

My autism was not caused by the mother’s rejection. What you called the refrigerator mother syndrome. I am shut off from normal touching and hugging by neurological abnormalities! You were wrong. I should have had more speech therapy. You were stupid!

DR. NEWMARK

What?
TEMMLE
Practicing with a tape recording and playing it back would have done more for my social life then trying to dig up my psyche!

TEMMLE starts to cry and shake in frustration, she gets in squeeze box and closes herself off... DR. NEWMARK fades away.
BRIGID enters and sits in a rocking chair beside TEMPLE in her squeeze machine... sipping a cup of tea...

BRIGID
Walking through the fields to far Kildare, twas there I came to live in solitude under the shelter of a giant oak.

Blue sky darted in my woody bower, birdsong slipping in the weave a first greening note kindled in the meadow as spring pronounced itself upon the scene.

Cill-dara... Cill-dara... My cell of the oak. There I did come to stay to hear the voice that spoke but not a word came my way till I entered the quiet there...

(To TEMPLE)
I had looked for the upright lad, a shepherd’s son... tis you...tis you..

COWBOY RAY enters and pulls up a chair next to the hug machine. RAY and BRIGID are surrounding her now, giving her strength...

RAY
There’s no animal more protective of it’s young, no better momma than your cow. Folks don’t know that. Now a days, they separate em’ too soon. That’s what I think. But even after one day you’re in trouble. Momma’s bellowing to beat the band, and that calf of hers’ bawlin’ it’s head off too. It’ll go on

(MORE)
RAY (cont'd)
for at least a week. Day and night, she won’t quit... I hate the sound of it. Before I worked your Aunt Ann’s place I was out in Montana. Calves are born early, January, February. Most give birth at night so you really have to keep track of em’. You can tell when a cow is starting to anticipate. Tail starts twitching a little. She starts gettin’ restless. Some cows you have to help along. Like the heifers. There she is, having her first calf, and it’s one-fourth of the way out and she’s runnin’ around, not knowin’ what the hell is going on. You get your shirt up and feel around to see how the calf is lined up for comin’ out. You got your whole arm working inside that cow, trying to turn that calf around. Last resort is the calf puller. I hate those things. It’s hard on her and the calf. But sometimes you got no choice- put the loop around the leg, and start ramping it out. Finally comes out and drops in the snow. Cow turns around, starts licking it, rubbing it, trying to get her calf to stand up. You want the calf to stand up as soon as possible- if the calf don’t get up, you get in there, start rubbing it with a gunny sack, your shirt, whatever, you gotta get it to stand up. Cause once it can stand it starts looking for the nipple. And once it starts sucking the nipple, it has life... I liked helpin’ those girls have their babies.

RAY exits as TEMPLE crawls out of her hug machine and begins to implement new modifications on her hug machine...

BRIGID
HIGH ON THE SLOPE OF CROGHN HIL
I CAME FORWARD TO BE RECEIVED.
IN THE CHURCHYARD, SNOW FALLING, SNOW FALLING
AS MY EYES LIFTED UP, AND WERE MET.

IN THE CLOISTRED WELL I DREW WATER
DEEPER TO THE DARK, WITHIN
AND WHEN I DID NOT SEE MYSELF

(MORE)
BRIGID (cont'd)
REMEMBERED IN ITS' GLASSY GAZE
TWAS' ONLY THEN, I HEARD THE WATER SING...
I HEARD THE WATER SING
I HEARD THE WATER SING
TWAS ONLY THEN, I HEARD THE WATER SING...

Scene Five

Upstage. Bullseye. Huge black hole on white-slaughter house alley entrance. Alley fence runs perpendicular to alley.
Downstage. Cattle in the crowd pen. TEMPLE is trying to figure out why the cattle are refusing to enter the alley.
She walks back and forth staring down the black hole.
She moves from side to side, bending over to get a cows-eye view, then walking closer to peer down the alley. She picks up a camera and starts taking pictures (different angles) then she backs up for a long shot. She empties dozens of previously shot photographs out of her knapsack, holding them up to compare what she’s seeing now..

TEMPLE
I need to see where I’m going. Cows need to see where they’re going… Don’t you?
(No response.)

MR. STEVENS, stands near crowd pen, watching TEMPLE.

TEMPLE
You’ve got a serious design mistake here. When you’ve got your crowd pen outside, in all that bright light, and the chute inside, in all that darkness-- they’ll refuse to go in every time. Bovines will not go into a dark hole. They have to see a lighted place
(MORE)
TEMPEL (cont'd)

to put their heads.

STEVENS gestures to a TECHNICIAN offstage, overhead lamps come on illuminating the alley entrance. STEVENS gestures again and the alley’s interior lights up.

See that shadow right there? Across the entrance? Get rid of it.

MR. STEVENS

It’s just a shadow.

TEMPLE

It’s a distraction. They won’t go in. Cattle don’t like anything that looks out of place. Any little thing can make em’ balk. It’s got nothing to do with death. They don’t know they’re going to die. That isn’t the problem here. It’s the little things. Get rid of that shadow. Now.

MR. STEVENS

Alright. For Christ’s sake.

Mr. stevens signals to the technician, who moves an overhead lamp to eliminate the shadow. out of the crowd pen cows walk calmly, in single file line.

THE WELL-ORDERED LIFE

PROCEEDING ON A WELL-ORDERED COURSE
FREE FROM ALL MATTER OF STRIFE
EVERYTHING IN PLACE
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING
EVERYTHING CORRECTLY WORKING
WITH NO STRESS OR DELUSION,
A TIDY CONCLUSION
TO THE WELL-ORDERED LIFE.

The LEAD ANIMAL stops abruptly, the other COWS coming up short behind him,
bunched tight, head to tail. The COWS refuse to move any further through the alley. TEMPLE walks over to the COWS and goes to the front of the line taking the lead animal position. She stares at the entrance. TEMPLE notices a stetson hat perched on the fence post...

TEMPLE

It’s that hat. (Pointing at the stetson)

It’s that hat. Get rid of it.

STEVENS

That’s my hat.

TEMPLE

I don’t care whose hat it is. You can’t go and leave junk layin’ around.

STEVENS

You tryin’ to tell me it’s my hat? They’re not goin’ in cause they don’t wanta’ go in.

COWS

THE POINT IS TO HAVE NO DISTRACTIONS
THE POINT IS TO HAVE NO REACTIONS
THE POINT IS TO MOVE SMOOTHLY AHEAD.

A couple of WORKERS walk up behind the COWS and starts prodding them to move forward. The LEAD ANIMAL stares straight at the hat, refusing to move forward. Frustrated, the COWBOYS start yelling at the COWS as they push on them harder. The COWS go into “antipredator mode” and push themselves together into a ball of circling agitated animals, their heads toward the center.
It’s that hat!

SOLO COW

IT'S NOT WHAT'S AHEAD
IT'S NOT THAT SOON WE'LL ALL BE DEAD
WHAT FRIGHTENS YOU INSTEAD
ARE THE LITTLE THINGS YOU DREAD
ALL THE WORDS LEFT UNSAID
ALL THE WAYS YOU'RE MISLED
MAKE LIFE SO APPEHENSIVE
AND NOW YOU'RE AWAKE
AND FEELING SO DEFENSIVE
A FIT OF FRIGHT
YOUR REASON TAKING FLIGHT
TURNING ON THE LIGHT,
IT'S YOUR HAT, IT'S YOUR HAT
JUST YOU AND YOUR HAT IN THE DARKNESS!

The MEN begin yelling and
screaming at the COWS,
prodding them to move forward.

TEMPLE

(To MR. STEVENS)

It’s your hat!

TEMPLE takes the hat off the
fence post. The COWS start to
move.

CHORUS

A WELL-ORDERED DAY
RELYING ON A WELL-ORDERED VIEW
NO SURPRISES BLOCKING YOUR WAY
EVERYTHING IN PLACE
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING IN
A NEVER CHANGING SCENE
THERE WILL BE NO DISRUPTION
NO CHANGE FOR COMBUSTION IN
THE WELL-ORDERED-

TEMPLE

It was your hat, stupid.
Scene Six

Slaughterhouse men’s room. Two MEN, EARL and a FRIEND, backs turned toward audience, are peeing. In adjoining stall, TEMPLE is changing her clothes. While the MEN aren’t physically hostile toward TEMPLE, their presence creates a palpable feeling of intimidation.

EARL

Hey there, Ms. Grandin. Need a hand in there with anything?

TEMPLE

Leave me alone.

TEMPLE throws her dirty overalls over the stall door. the MEN exchange a “look” and snicker. Finished peeing, they approach her stall. They stop right outside. TEMPLE quickly starts putting on her jeans.

EARL

The men’s room ain’t what it used to be.

FRIEND

Well, maybe it is. Underneath it all.

EARL

Yeah, maybe it is.
FRIEND
That’s what I’m not so sure about.

EARL
Hard to know without looking... Hey, Temple, open up. Surprise inspection. Come on, Ms. Grandin.

(Pounding on the door)

CLAYTON walks into the men’s room carrying a large sack.

That’s enough, Earl.

CLAYTON

EARL
It’s not right, her bein’ here.

CLAYTON
She don’t have a choice. We only got one restroom, you know that.

EARL
Yeah, well it’s still the men’s room, ain’t it?

CLAYTON
Get back on the line.

EARL and CLAYTON stare each other down... EARL and his FRIEND exit.

TEMPLE
Clayton? What are you doing here?

CLAYTON
(Watching the men exit)
I got somethin’ for you.

TEMPLE
I got fired.

CLAYTON
What happened?
I called Mr. Stevens stupid.

That was stupid.

I didn’t do anything wrong.

You’ll find something else. You do good work, Temple.

Thank you.

No need to thank me for the truth.

You seen this article in the “Arizona Farmer Ranchman?”

Folding over article, he hands it to her over stall door.

About the new Logan plant?

They say it’s gonna be the biggest slaughterhouse in the Southwest. So, here’s your chance to design a plant top to bottom, from scratch. New ramps, new equipment, the works.

Joe Foster’s got the job.

Not yet, he don’t.

They told me he got it.
You know the Cattleman’s Ball is comin’ up in two weeks?

Why’d they tell me Joe got the job?

Temple-

Why would they tell me that?

They lied.

Why would they do that? My designs are better than Joe Foster’s-

(Interrupting)
Jesus, Temple! Just answer me, do you know about the damn ball?

No.

Yeah, I didn’t think so. Now, Mr. Logan’s sure to be there. And if you go, you can talk up your designs. You just gotta sell it, you know? You can dance circles around someone like Joe Foster. But you gotta get along to get what you want, ok? I know it goes against your nature to be friendly, but give it a whirl.

Ok.

Let’s do it. Now introduce yourself.

Hello, Mr. Logan, my name is Temple Grandin.
By now you have looked at my design project
to build a new cattle ramp and conveyor
restrainer system—

CLAYTON

(interrupting)
Slow it down!

TEMPLE tries again but her
speech is too fast.

TEMPLE
Hello, Mr. Logan, my name is Temple Grandin.
By now you have looked at—

This time TEMPLE stops
herself... she takes a deep
breath and starts again.

Hello, Mr. Logan, my name is Temple Grandin.
By now you have looked at my design project
to build a new cattle ramp and conveyor
restrainer system. I want to tell you why my
design is like none other. First, it works
with the animal instead of against it.
Because of this one day my work will be
considered pioneering in the field.

CLAYTON
That was good. Much better. But you could try
for a little humility, soften the message,
you know?

Or not.

TEMPLE looks at him blankly.

CLAYTON pulls out a western
style skirt and a jar of
deodorant out of the sack and
hands it over the stall door
to TEMPLE.

Ok next. You’ll need this.

TEMPLE
(Holding up the skirt)
What’s this for?
CLAYTON
It’s sure as hell not for me. It’s for you to wear to the ball. Evie over at McDougals helped me pick it out. Just try it on.

TEMPLE
Why can’t I wear my jeans like I always do?

CLAYTON
Because it’s time you started lookin’ more professional. And put on some of that deodorant too.

(no response...)
Now don’t go bein’ embarrassed. Just do it. You want to get this job or not? I bypassed stuff like this when I hired you, but other people won’t.

TEMPLE
I can’t wear this skirt, Clayton.

CLAYTON
You might not like it, but you can damn well wear it... and remember, you gotta slow down when you talk. You can’t impress anybody if the words are whizzing by so fast they can’t catch em’.

TEMPLE
I can’t wear this!

CLAYTON
Sure you can. Come on out now, and let me see.

An agitated, shaking, TEMPLE appears wearing the skirt, in her socks and her western shirt she wears with her jeans.

(panicky)
TEMPLE
It’s like sandpaper!
CLAYTON

What?

TEPPELE

(overlapping, frantic) It
feels like sandpaper, like sandpaper!

CLAYTON

Ok now! Just calm down and tell me what’s
wrong.

TEMPLE

The skirt! It feels like sandpaper ripping
off my skin!

TEMPLE rips off the skirt and
throws it to the ground going
into a full blown panic
attack.

CLAYTON

Temple what the hell is wrong!

CLAYTON tries to stop her and
TEMPLE lunges away from him,
and cowers in the corner...

I’m sorry, ok? I’m sorry.

Visibly struggling TEMPLE
tries to speak several times...

Temple?

TEMPLE

I always wear pants! I can’t stand the
feeling of bare legs!

TEMPLE runs back in the stall.

CLAYTON

That’s ok, that’s ok. Just put your jeans
back on. That’s a girl. That’s ok.

TEMPLE

I can’t go if I have to wear a skirt!
CLAYTON

Alright.

TEMPLE

When it happens I can’t do anything about it! The panic attacks, are getting worse and worse, and I can’t do anything! I’ve done research, I know what’s wrong with me! My intensified stress is similar to people with manic depression, but more manic. Manic minus the depression.

CLAYTON

Well if you know what’s wrong with you-

(wailing)

TEMPLE

None of the doctors I’ve seen will believe me!

CLAYTON sits down on the floor, leaning his back against the wall across from TEMPLE’s stall.

CLAYTON

When’s that stopped you? You just wear em’ down till they give you what you want like you do to everyone else.

TEMPLE

(full of pain)

Living a life is too hard! I’m not like other people, don’t you think I know that? I don’t know what they know! I never will!

Silence.

CLAYTON

Yeah, you’re different, Temple. Most people would say you got a bad hand. And you’re right. You don’t know what they know, that’s why you’re lucky.

ALL MY LIFE IN THIS SMALL TOWN WAITIN' FOR SOMETHING I COULD NEVER NAME SOMEONE OR SOMETHING TO CHANGE THINGS

(MORE)
CLAYTON (cont'd)

AS YEARS WENT BY MORE THE SAME...

MY OLD MAN TOLD ME WHO I WASN'T
BEFORE I COULD LEARN WHO I WAS.
HIS WORDS STILL CRAWL INSIDE MY HEAD
NO WONDER I KEEP HEARIN' HIM INSTEAD

KEEP IN LINE, DON'T STIR UP TROUBLE
DON'T GO BREAKIN' DOWN THAT DOOR
DON'T DREAM THOSE DREAMS,
DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHIN' MORE
SO JUST STAY RIGHT HERE IN THIS OLD TOWN
JUST WAIT AND SEE YOU'LL BE LIKE ME
THEY'LL COME A DAY IT WON'T MEAN NOTHIN'
TO LIE DOWN WITH THE LIFE YOU'VE MADE.

I SWORE I'D NEVER BE LIKE HIM (Well, I swore)
I THOUGHT THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK (And thought)
I'D HAVE MY DREAMS
IT WAS GONNA HAPPEN, BUT IT NEVER DID
THAT BOY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK IT
JUST GOT HARDER TO TURN AWAY
FROM THE COMFORT OF WHAT I KNOW (and had)
AND THE PEACE FOLKS SAID IT BOUGHT.

NOW THE WIFE AND KIDS FIT RIGHT IN
I'VE LEARNED ENOUGH TO LET THINGS BE
IF I'D ONLY KNOWN WHAT I'D BEEN LOOKIN' FOR
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO WAS ONLY ME...

NO, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT WE KNOW
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW ENOUGH TO FOLLOW
ANYONE BUT YOU.

Silence.

TEMPLE

I’ll get a new doctor.

CLAYTON

Course you will.

Pause.

(low)
Come on, Temple. Let’s get outta here.
Come on...

CLAYTON leans over, and softly taps the floor near the stall door, the way you would coaxing out a scared animal.

TEMPLE slowly comes out.

TEMPLE

I’ll sell it to him, Clayton. I don’t need a skirt.

Scene Seven

DOCTOR C’s office. DOCTOR C is going over TEMPLE’s medical chart. One by one each CHORUS MEMBER sings to TEMPLE.

Recitative-

VOICE 1

ONCE I WAS MANIC IN BOTH WORD AND DEED
NO IDEA WHERE MY LIFE WOULD LEAD

VOICE 2

IN MY MIND A WAR DID RAGE
MY BODY AN UNENDURABLE CAGE

VOICE 3

NOW I'M FREED FROM UNCONTROLLABLE AGGRAVATION
NOW NO MORE ANXIETY DRIVEN FIXATIONS

ALL

A MIRACULOUS 50 MILLIGRAM A DAY REVELATION-

TEMPLE

Yesterday I was at the Arlington feed lot vaccinating the cattle. I asked each animal to relax when they entered the squeeze chute so he wouldn’t hit the head restraint.

DOCTOR

You asked them?
TEMPLE
Everything was calm until the side of the squeeze chute broke! It got me and the cattle real rattled.

DOCTOR
So the noise triggered the reaction?

TEMPLE
Yes. But almost anything can.

DOCTOR
(looking at chart)
I see you have quite a history of stress-related problems...

CHORUS
I KEEP ASKING MYSELF
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME,
I KEEP ASKING MYSELF
IF I'M HERE.

I KEEP ASKING MYSELF
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME,
EVEN THOUGH THE ANSWER'S VERY CLEAR—
IT'S JUST MY LIFE.

TEMPLE
I got this big opportunity coming up. It’s a chance to design my first slaughterhouse!

DOCTOR C
Have you tried tranquilizers?

TEMPLE
I’ve tried Valium and Librium, and they don’t work! I couldn’t go the feedlot yesterday because I was afraid of having a panic attack!

DOCTOR C
This involvement with livestock, I sense it’s fairly emotional?

TEMPLE
What do you mean?
I’m asking you.

I always thought about cattle intellectually until I started touching them.

Petting them?

When I put my hands on the animal, I can feel if it’s nervous. Like when I give an injection, I put my hand, hard, on the animal’s back, which has a calming effect, on both of us.

Maybe a pet would help. Something you could keep at home.

I’ve been doing research on antidepressants. There was a clinical study with Tofranil. They listed symptoms, I have most of them!

Before I prescribe a drug like that I need a full psychological evaluation.

I don’t need a psychological evaluation!

To make any meaningful change in your life, I feel you also need to undergo intensive psychotherapy.

I want a prescription for Tofranil!

I KEEP ASKING MYSELF WHAT’S WRONG WITH ME,
I KEEP ASKING MYSELF IF I'M HERE.

(MORE)
CHORUS (cont'd)
I KEEP ASKING MYSELF
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME,
EVEN THOUGH THE ANSWER'S VERY CLEAR
IT'S JUST MY LIFE... IT'S JUST MY LIFE...
IT'S JUST MY LIFE.

TEMPLE
(Rising up out of her chair in a fit)
It’s not my life, it’s my nervous system!
Give me the drugs!

2-8

Scene Eight

Hotel - grand ballroom. Cattlemen’s Ball in progress. Women with big hair and “colorful” ball gowns gossip in the corner, or dance with their men. TEMPLE is unaware of the women staring at her disapprovingly. MR. LOGAN and JOE FOSTER sit drinking whiskey at a table with an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, who is the center of MR. LOGAN’s attention. Four slightly drunk CATTLEMEN, white hats and tuxes, are dancing. Champagne and beer bottles are strategically placed in a crazy-eight pattern. The CATTLEMEN are dancing around the bottles, sometimes stopping in motion to take a swig. TEMPLE confidently strides into the ballroom in her jeans and a cowboy shirt, carrying a thick roll of blueprints. She goes up to the group of CATTLEMEN. We see a
change in TEMPLE. Her manic energy has dissipated and a calmer TEMPLE now emerges...

TEMPEL

(To anyone)
I’m looking for Mr. Logan, his secretary said he’d be here?

CATTLEMAN 1

(Pointing to MR. LOGAN)
Over there.

TEMPEL strides over to MR. LOGAN.

TEMPEL

(To MR. LOGAN)
I’m Temple Grandin. Why haven’t you returned my calls?

(No response.)

TEMPEL

Did you look at my bid for the design project yet?

MR. LOGAN

(All eyes on his attractive woman friend)
Not now, darlin’.

CATTLEMAN 2

Where is my goddam dinner!

COWBOY 2 in the process of completing an intricate two-step around the bottles stumbles and knocks some bottles over...

TEMPEL

(Tapping MR. LOGAN on the shoulder with her blueprints)
My design project to build a new cattle ramp and conveyor restrainer system.
MR. LOGAN

(Irritated)
What are ya hittin me for? What the hell’s wrong with you?

TEMPLE
Did you look at my bid for the design project yet?

The confidence with which TEMPLE presents herself makes MR. LOGAN pause.

MR. LOGAN
Why should I go with your design?
(Acknowledging JOE FOSTER beside him)
Joe Foster’s been our man.

CATTLEMEN
Joe!!

TEMPLE
Mine is better. Let me show you.

TEMPLE rolls out her blueprints on their table.

LOGAN’S GIRLFRIEND
He told you Joe Foster’s his man.

MR. LOGAN
(Referring to JOE FOSTER)
I know his design is cheaper, right Joe?

TEMPLE
Not in the long run.

JOE
How do you know?

TEMPLE
My design works with the animal instead of against him.
CATTLEMAN 1

The cattle are doing fine. Just fine!

Line dance forms. The CATTLEMEN create a line separating TEMPLE from MR. LOGAN.

CATTLEMEN

DOWN ON THE FARM WHERE CATTLE DWELL
ALL THE LITTLE CALVES ARE EATING WELL
DON'T BE DISARMED IT'S NATURES PLAN,
PUT SOME TENDER VEAL CHOPS IN THE FRYING PAN

NO NEED TO FUSS WITH WELL-AGED STEER
NO SAUCE MADERIA NO THANK YOU DEAR
STRAIGHT OFF THE FIRE TO MY DINNER PLATE,
ON THE GRILL T. BONE STEAK,
I CAN'T WAIT (IS MY TEMPTING FATE)

WE'RE HERE TO KICK BACK,
THROW BACK A FEW
PLAY SOME BLACK JACK,
NOT LISTEN TO YOU
LEAVE WORK BEHIND,
WHO WANTS TO THINK
COWS ARE DOIN' FINE,
WE'RE HERE TO DRINK.

CATTLEMAN 1 pulls MR. LOGAN into the line dance. MR. LOGAN falls in step and starts dancing. TEMPLE tries to get MR. LOGAN’s attention.

TEMPLE

(Trying to talk to MR. LOGAN as he dances past her)
But it makes more sense to work with the animal!

Every time she tries to get MR. LOGAN’s attention he keeps moving down the line. She tries to follow him, but can’t keep up.

Cattle have a natural circling behavior, and

(MORE)
the curved chute prevents the cattle from seeing people or other scary things ahead. When they go around the curve the cattle just think they're going back to the corral and the rest of their buddies.

My system makes it less stressful for the cattle. When you think about the cow you have a better product.

CATTLEMAN 1
The cattle are doin’ fine. Just fine.

CATTLEMEN
DOWN ON THE FARM THERE’S A MILLION MORE STOP YOUR WHINING DON’T BE A BORE. SKIP THE CHIT-CHAT, THE SAD-EYED LOOK... DON’T THINK ABOUT THE COW, JUST COOK, DARLING COOK!

MR. LOGAN dances by her.

TEMPLE
(To MR. LOGAN)
Don’t you think that the plant will run more efficiently if the animals are calm?

MR. LOGAN
(To TEMPLE)
DON’T BOTHER ME WITH QUESTIONS DEAR PLEASE DARLING FETCH ME JUST ONE MORE BEER DON’T BE CONCERNED HOW BOVINE FARES HOW IT HAPPENS I (WE) DON’T REALLY CARE.

CATTLEMEN
WE’RE HERE TO KICK BACK, THROW BACK A FEW PLAY SOME BLACKJACK, NOT LISTEN TO YOU. LEAVE WORK BEHIND, WHO WANT TO THINK COWS ARE DOIN’ FINE, WE’RE HERE TO DRINK.

TEMPLE
(Yelling)
When you think about the cow it pays off in profits!

This last statement causes the CATTLEMEN and MR. LOGAN to...
stop dead in their tracks (at this point MR. LOGAN is in front of TEMPLE). MR. LOGAN goes over to the table and sits down. He picks up one of the blueprints and really looks at it. When his FEMALE COMPANION tries to pull his arm away, he gestures for her to leave. The other CATTLEMEN come over and stand behind him looking down at the plans.

Cattle that get all anxious walking up the kill chute will have tougher meat. When the animal is stressed, adrenaline is released, that’s why you get those soft, mushy spots in the meat. You can’t sell that stuff. So to cut down on your serious quality defects, and eliminate the waste you gotta cut down on the stress.

MR. LOGAN looks again at the blueprints, then back to TEMPLE, who returns glancing eye contact, instead of turning away.

MR. LOGAN
(Slowly takes off his hat to her)
Well, I guess the ring’s on your finger.
Knock yourself out, darlin’.

TEMPLE unrolls the rest of her blueprints out on the floor.
Everyone gathers around her.

TEMPLE
I want non-slip flooring. No overhead cat walks I’m a believer in skylights.
Translucent, no shadows I want skylights.

TEMPLE looks up at the sky...
Look child, your eyes moving ahead of you.
your eyes holding more sky than your arms ever could.

BRIGID

SCENE NINE

Night... TEMPLE comes downstage.
The stairway starts to emerge-
(rear-screen projection) a monumental curving ramp,
starkly outlined, is thrust slowly before the audience.
TEMPLE begins to direct a WORK CREW—some come through open sections of the rear-screen projection. Others come down ropes. In slow motion they start to work on the stairway.
The space begins to transform.
Outline of the Logan Meat Packing Plant emerges.

(To audience)
When Temple stood before the solemn place
she'd raised, she watched the men tend to the remaining need, as stone upon stone burrowed down till the work was done. She peered in... and what was there stared back; a darkness in its’ perfect absence—yet one that spoke to her just the same...

Music begins.
In the rejoining rhythm as each breath comes forth in homage to the miracle she came to venerate the passing. The beast reverent in her gesture made to mark the moment passing into death. Without veneration to the other man lives bereft of all that came before, the animal reflected in his eyes, indwelling... and so we honor our own nature in the honoring of theirs.
The stairway to heaven is completed. TEMPLE and the audience now can look through the lighted entrance up the curving ramp, the light disappearing into a black void at the top of the stairway. The CREW/CHORUS gather round. Projected on screen—conceptual image of moving cattle or—“real” COWS slowly moving up the ramp, CHORUS MEMBERS guiding them in with long thin sticks tied with plastic streamers.

ALL

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY
TENDER THE OTHER IN YOUR SIGHT
IN QUIET TOGETHER WE'LL REST THERE
BEFORE THE DARK AND THROUGH THE NIGHT.
CREATURES BRIGHT WARM WITH MEADOWS' CARE
NOW DO TAKE THEIR PLACE WITH US,
THEIR HOOVES SPEAK BEATING DOWN THE SOUND,
WORDS LEFT UNTOLD ON THE GROUND.
IN THE SILENCE... ANCIENT STORIES LIE
NO SERVAN MASTER ENDING CAN SATISFY
SO IN THE ENDING SEE, WHAT ONCE WAS MEANT TO BE,
THE ALL BECOMING ONE...
OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY
COME THROUGH THE GATE, COME THROUGH THE GATE
AND WELCOME HOME.

BRIGID and TEMPLE look at each other...

THE END