

To assist you with many of the future projects, I have included this very short play, *Foxhole*, which will then be used as an example for many of the later assignments. A video clip of a rehearsal is also available on the disc.

## *Foxhole* by Kade Mendelowitz

Stage right there are two mounds apparently made of sand and stacked sandbags, separated by about 8 feet. Stage left is a short wall built like a small bunker.

The entire stage is covered in sand, perhaps the remnant of an old jeep, and small mounds. There is a full stage cyc.

There is a single soldier behind each of the more center foxholes. The soldier stage right is Joe, a typical member of the U.S. Army in a pale camouflage green brown tan uniform, armed with a rifle. The soldier stage left is Mohammed -- an Afghani male dressed in tan with a head wrap and semi automatic

It is midday, July 10, and it is hot -- 113°F. Occasional gunshots and mortar shells can be heard in the background. Throughout the play, scattered upstage, small squirts of compressed air help the sand to look like minor explosions.

Tim (*offstage*)            1, 2, 3...

*Joe quickly fires, stage left, Mohammed ducks.*

*Another soldier (Tim) in full U.S. Army fatigues runs on from stage right and ducks behind the offstage foxhole.*

Joe                        Billy going to be okay?

Tim                        Yes. Javier and I were able to get him to the medic. He says Billy is stable, though he may never be able to throw a football again.

Joe:                        Shit. They might as well have killed him.

Tim                        Well, I'm not sure Tracy would agree.

Joe                        Yeah. At least he'll probably get to see her pretty soon.

Tim                        Which is probably more than you can say for us.

Joe                        OK; so what are the orders now? *Long pause.* Are we pulling back?

Tim                        They need us to hold the line. We have to stop them from advancing until we can get some air support. This is an important junction for us.

Joe                        It's always an important junction... *Long pause but the background noises continue.* When the hell are we going to get the air support?

Tim                        Look, we, at least, have to cover for them as they pull Billy back to the hospital.

*Mohammed jumps up and takes a few shots at Joe's foxhole, then ducks.*

*Joe holds his gun above his head and shoots blindly stage left.*

*Mohammed takes aim at Joe's foxhole when Tim stands up to take a shot. Mohammed shoots Tim -- Joe sees him get hit.*

*Tim falls to the ground dead, dropping his gun to his side.*

Joe                        Tim! Are you okay? *Long pause.* Tim?

*Mohammed is crouching trying to see if he can advance.*

*Joe shoots, but misses -- they both return to active hunting positions*

*Joe looks inwardly thoughtful for a moment. The background noises fade to a stop. Then Joe stands up, steps down stage and speaks directly to the audience.*

## Foxhole

Joe                    Damn, man. Tim's dead. He was a really good soldier. He'd been on the front lines for months before I'd even got here. And Billy? He was our Captain. A more standup guy you'll never meet -- he put his life on the line for all of us many times. But he lived for football -- and no matter what anyone says, I think he loved football more than he loved Tracy even. And those bastards killed Tim and took Billy's dreams away? I will hold the line.

*As Joe returns to his active position, the background sounds and occasional sand explosions resume. Joe fires stage left and we're back to the normal world of the play.*

*The regular firefight continues for a minute or two.*

*Mohammed looks inwardly thoughtful for a moment. The background noises fade to a stop. Then Mohammed stands up, steps down stage and speaks directly to the audience.*

Mohammed            I am not even military. I am just... what you would call a blacksmith. I did not ask for this war. I hear your country doesn't even think this is a war. Some kind of occupational peacekeeping. I am just a simple man. My wife and son were at the market. When US troops decided our market -- which has been there for hundreds of years -- should no longer be. That my son, only seven years old -- should no longer be. Civilian casualties, in my home country, that did not start this war. My wife, my beautiful wife, who never hurt anyone, was lying there with her insides pouring out of her stomach. And her face, her face which was always smiling, was cut up nearly beyond recognition. My boy. My boy was barely alive. When I ran to him after hearing of the attack, he could not breathe easily, and when he spoke, he spat blood, his innocence was still with him before his innocence was no longer in his eyes.  
I could no longer sit by -- I could no longer not be involved. You must leave my home. You must leave my country. You have been killing us for years. You must leave.

*As Mohammed returns to his active position the background sounds and occasional sand explosions resume. Mohammed fires stage right and we're back to the normal world of the play.*

*The regular firefight continues for a minute or two.*

*Joe looks inwardly thoughtful for a moment. The background noises fade to a stop. Then Joe stands up, steps down stage and speaks directly to the audience.*

Joe                    Dear God, I know it's important that I hold this line. In the distance I can see that Billy is being loaded into an ambulance. I know that in 30 seconds, he'll be on his way to safety. I hope my dad's proud of me. My mom, my mom always understood me -- and when she didn't -- she trusted me. That meant the world to me. My brother Jerry went to college -- he was always so good at sports: he and dad always had a lot to talk about. Basketball scholarship, and he used it to study theater. My dad wouldn't admit it, but I'm sure he was disappointed -- what the hell does a lighting designer do anyway? *He laughs.* Guess I'll never know. But I sure hope Jerry knows. We're fighting so he can be an artist. So he can marry and have 2.5 kids -- someday. I'm here, holding the line, so they can be free to choose whatever they want.

*As Joe returns to his active position the background sounds and occasional sand explosions resume. Joe fires stage left and we're back to the normal world of the play.*

*The regular firefight continues for a minute or two.*

*A plane can be heard approaching, flying overhead. The loud, unmistakable whistle of a bomb closes down on their position.*

*Blackout.*

End of play.