



14. GGG Threat

(Early afternoon; Guru and Twimfina sit outside in the shade of the school building, talking)

GURU

Walter and Scout seem to be getting along pretty well lately. They used to always fight.

TWIMFINA

Well, the three of us had a long talk last week after school.

GURU

What magic words did you say to them?

TWIMFINA

No magic words. I just listened carefully and helped them come up with their own ideas for how they might interact differently.

GURU

Wow. Next time I hope I can hear how you do it.

TWIMFINA

Hopefully there won't *be* a "next time".

GURU

Oh, there'll be a next time alright. I've already written it into my story.

TWIMFINA

(chuckling)

Oh yeah, I forgot. We're all characters in your story.

GURU

Yep. Just like we're all characters in yours.

TWIMFINA

I guess. *(pause)* Only thing is, Mister Guru... my story's an opera.

GURU

Well. Good luck with that. *(both laugh)*

TWIMFINA

(pointing)

Oh look, Toolee's early today! Why's he running?

(Toolee pulls his wagon onstage as Twimfina pushes Guru in his wheelchair to meet him)

GURU

(shouting)

Uncle Toolee! What's the rush?

TOOLEE

(worried)

There's a group of Nationalists heading this way.

GURU

The GGG?

TOOLEE

Yeah, those guys. Here, Twimfina, you can hide in here. We don't want to invite any trouble.

(Toolee lifts up the tarp that covers his tool wagon)

TWIMFINA

Nah, that's not necessary. We have all kinds of nutty groups in the United States too. I know how to deal with them. I've actually been trained in conflict resolution.

GURU

(with some desperation in his voice)

These men have guns, Twimfina! Please, you've only been here for two weeks! Please trust us on this!

(Twimfina complies, squeezing in under the raised tarp, which Toolee then lowers. Three marching soldiers from the GGG can be heard approaching with a "hup-2-hup-2" cadence; they are wearing camouflage uniforms and carrying guns. Their names are Tweedle, Deedle and Dum. Dum sings the calls. Tweedle and Deedle sing the responses.)

DUM (shout-singing):

(HUP-2 HUP-2) (HUP-2 HUP-2) (HUP-2 HUP-2) (HUP-2 HALT!)
TELL THE PEOPLE WHO WE ARE!

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):

RIGHTEOUS MEN FIGHTIN' RIGHTEOUS WAR!

DUM (shout-singing):

WHY ARE WE THE RIGHTEOUS ONES?

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):

'CUZ WE GOT THESE RIGHTEOUS GUNS!

DUM (shout-singing):

WHY WE GOT THESE RIGHTEOUS GUNS?

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):

'CUZ WE ARE THE RIGHTEOUS ONES, THE RIGHTEOUS ONES, WE GOOD GUYS ARE THE RIGHTEOUS ONES!

TWEEDLE, DEEDLE & DUM (singing):

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS

Tweedle: I AM TWEEDLE!

Deedle: I'M DEEDLE!

Dum: I'M DUM!

WE GOT POWER, AND OOO IT IS FUN, FUN, FUN!

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS!

DUM (shout-singing):

TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT WE DO

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):
FIGHT FOR WHAT IS GOOD AND TRUE!

DUM (shout-singing):
HOW WE KNOW WHAT'S GOOD AND TRUE?

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS – WE JUST DO!

DUM (shout-singing):
WHO'S THE TARGET OF OUR GUNS?

TWEEDLE & DEEDLE (shout-singing):
PEOPLE WE ARE DIFF'RENT FROM, ARE DIFF'RENT FROM,
THE PEOPLE WE ARE DIFF'RENT FROM!

TWEEDLE, DEEDLE & DUM (singing):
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS
AND YOU KNOW WE GOT THE QUA-LI-FI-CA-TIONS
NOT MUCH SCHOOLING BETWEEN US
BUT WE ALL HAVE GOT A PENIS
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS!

GURU
Good afternoon, gentlemen! How can we help you?

DUM
We're lookin' for Baba.

GURU
Baba's not here today. He's in Jeeno on a welding job.

DUM
We wanna know why he ain't been comin' to our meetin's.

GURU
I'm sorry, but my father's always working. Even *we* hardly ever get to see him.

DUM
Baba's your daddy? Then you must be the boy he's been talkin' about – the one who
gots all crippled-up from the bombin'.

TOOLEE
That's me – at least what's left of me.

(Tweedle and Deedle both laugh at the joke; Dum glares at them disapprovingly, then turns back to Guru)



DUM

(menacingly, with a pointed finger)

You tell your daddy that he WILL be comin' to our meetin's – ALL of 'em! – NO excuses! If we gotta come back again, "THERE – WILL – BE – TROUBLE."
Understood?

GURU

Understood.

(Dum blows whistle and the three nationalists then march off, singing)

DUM (shout-singing):

(HUP-2 HUP-2) HUP-2 HUP

TWEEDLE, DEEDLE & DUM (singing):

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS

Tweedle: I AM TWEEDLE!

Deedle: I'M DEEDLE!

Dum: I'M DUM!

WE GOT POWER, AND OOO IT IS FUN, FUN, FUN!
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS (WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS)
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, THE GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS!

GURU

You can come out now, Twimfina. I'm sorry you had to hear all that... ignorance.

(Twimfina lifts up the end of the tarp, then slides off the wagon)

TWIMFINA

Guru! Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me that we did this to you!?

GURU

Don't say "we", Twimfina. This has nothing to do with you. None of us are guilty of the sins of our ancestors.

TOOLEE

Guru, you've got to face your father right away. Those fellows are dangerous. I know them. They'll be back.

TWIMFINA

I feel so... ashamed.

TOOLEE

Don't be. All cultures have their "Good Guys with Guns". Ours happen to march in boots. Yours happen to fly in airplanes. Same problem. Same mindset.

GURU

Same solution. Communication.



TWIMFINA

But not from us. They won't listen to us. The communication has to come from their own teammates. And I know how to do it. The "Yum-Yums" and the "Yuks". I know exactly how to do it.

TOOLEE

Well, this Yuk has got to be moving on. Here's your mail, Guru. I guess your students are in Jeeno today?

GURU

Yeah, taking their Middle School Entrance Exams. Again.

TOOLEE

They're lucky to have you two as their teachers. Well, enjoy your day off. I'll see you both next time.

(Toolee lifts his cart and walks away)

GURU and TWIMFINA

(both thank Toolee as he exits)

GURU

(looking through the mail)

Oh, a letter for you! From Canada! Don't you love those maple-leaf stamps?

TWIMFINA

Oh, you can open it. It's from my friend.

GURU

Hmm. There's another envelope inside of it. It's from Candle High School in St. Louis Missouri.

TWIMFINA

What?! That's impossible!

(Twimfina grabs the envelope, tears it open, then sighs with a worried voice)

It's from my parents! How did they find out!?

(Twimfina silently reads letter, then has regret in her voice)

Oh no, I must have really hurt them. They're begging me to come back. Somehow they've arranged for me to return on a military transport plane.

GURU

When?

TWIMFINA
(*examining the paperwork*)
Next week.

GURU
(*after a silent pause*)
I don't know what to say, Twimfina. I feel sad – selfishly sad – but I don't want to stand between you and your family.

END OF SEGMENT 14