

an excerpt from

THE CIVILIANS' GONE MISSING

*written by Steven Cosson from interviews by the company'
music and lyrics by Michael Friedman*

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Social Worker enters. The other women set up for the song during her speech.

SOCIAL WORKER

In my case, I lost all my possessions and then I lost my mind. I gave everything to a maharaja. He was sixteen. In New York, not in India. We would meditate; the goal was to become egoless. You know, so by giving away all of your earthly goods you become egoless. There was this place, a store sort of, where you'd bring all of your stuff. And God only knows what they did with it then. And they gave me, you know, like a skirt to wear. But there are still some things that I'm sad I gave away. One was this little wooden tugboat that my mother gave to me and, like, her mother gave it to her, and hers to her, and like I'm sure it had been in the family for generations. But that was a crazy time.

SONG: I GAVE IT AWAY

**BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE WAY YOU LEFT
AND ABOUT THE THINGS YOU USED TO SAY
SAID YOU HAD GIVEN ME YOUR HEART
SAID WE WOULD NEVER BE APART**

**NOW YOU CALL AND ASK TO COME ON BY
SAY YOU LEFT THINGS BEHIND AND
I COULD
GIVE YOU ALL YOUR THINGS BUT
WHY SHOULD
I WHEN YOU,
YOU MADE ME CRY?
WOULD YOU GIVE MY HEART BACK TO ME?**

**SO IF YOU'RE MISSING THE CLOTHES YOU LEFT BY THE BED
I GAVE THEM AWAY
AND THOSE OLD BOOKS THAT YOU READ
I GAVE THEM AWAY
YOU CHOSE TO PLAY WITH MY HEAD**

AND IF YOU'VE LOST ALL YOUR POWER TO SLEEP AT NIGHT
YOU'VE LOST YOUR BELIEF THINGS WILL BE ALL RIGHT
YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR WILL TO FIGHT
WELL I GOT ALL THAT TOO, AND I'M NOT GONNA GIVE IT BACK.

SOCIAL WORKER

I had some pretty amazing hallucinations from meditating. I remember one where this guy I was with, his head like turned into a flame, sort of going up, elongated, like whoosh, and this voice said, "If the face of God frightens you, don't look." Pretty far out stuff. But then I had this car accident. I was lucky because you know, sometimes, I'd drive around with my eyes closed, you know, only the blind can see, yadda yadda. And I got into this accident, went through a stop sign. But the accident was like IT for me. I was like, what are you doing? I had done the sex and the drugs and the rock and roll and Europe and anarchy and now religion. Then I went back to school and met certain people, like my husband. And you get on a different track.

SO IF YOU'RE MISSING THE SHEETS YOU BOUGHT WHEN WE MET
I GAVE THEM AWAY
THE DOG YOU LEFT AT THE VET
I GAVE HER AWAY
YOU LIED SO THAT'S WHAT YOU GET

AND IF YOU'VE LOST ALL YOUR POWER TO SLEEP AT NIGHT
YOU'VE LOST YOUR BELIEF THINGS WILL BE ALL RIGHT
YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR WILL TO FIGHT
WELL I GOT ALL THAT TOO, AND I'M NOT GONNA GIVE IT BACK.

Cop enters.

COP

But back with the lost things. Sometimes with organized crime we'll find a body and it'll be missing...something. Head, fingers, something. And a lot of times that's a sign, a signal. We'll find a body in the fields or whatever without a head or hands. It's a signal. And a lot of times—now I've got nothing against homosexuals or the gay COMMUNITY—but a lot of times in those cases when a homosexual will kill another homosexual, a lot of times the genitals will be missing. And that's a sign, too. That's a signal.

Exits.

ⁱ *Gone Missing* was created with Damian Baldet, Trey Lyford, Jennifer Morris, Brian Sgambati, Alison Weller, and Colleen Werthmann.