

AND THE GIANTS FELL

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By **Todd L. Ford**

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CHARACTERS

And the Giants Fell is meant to be a flexible cast piece. Parts can be doubled and genders changed to meet your needs. It can be done with as few as 10 actors (the original cast had 8 females and 2 males) or as many as 4 males, 5 females, 13 either.

SECTION I: AND THE GIANTS FELL

MAN 1	A United States Citizen 30-35 years old
MAN 2	A terrorist 30-35 years old
WIFE 1	A United States citizen 30-35 years old
WIFE 2	Wife of terrorist 30-35 years old
CHILD 1	Man 1's child 6-7 years old
CHILD 2	Man 2's child 11-12 years old

SECTION II: REASON

VOICE	An otherworldly voice can be done as a single voice or chorus
WOMAN	A grieving widow 20-25 years old

SECTION III: BROKEN

CHORUS	A chorus made up of all actors
ACTOR 1	An American man 30-35 years old
ACTOR 2	Terrorist 30-35 years old
ACTOR 3	Man or woman terrorist 30-35 years old
ACTOR 4	Man or woman any age over 18
ACTOR 5	Woman 20-25 years old
ACTOR 6	Woman 30-35 years old

ACTOR 7	Male or female 20-25
ACTOR 8	Male or female 20-25
ACTOR 9	Male or female teenager
ACTOR 10	Male or female any age
ACTOR 11	Female any age

SECTION IV: FROM FEAR TO HOPE

# 1	Male or female adult
#2	Male or female adult
#3	Male or female adult
#4	Male or female adult

SET DESIGN

And the Giants Fell is a bare stage production. It uses area lighting to establish place and emphasis. In its original production L.E.D. flashlight were used to create the lighting areas.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

And the Giants Fell was first produced at Union Academy Charter School in Monroe, NC on September 11th, 2008. The ensemble which first performed the cast is listed below.

Tyler O'Brien
Tyler Schultz
Missourie Wilson
Nicole Abbott
Phylicia Barnes

Brenna Cripe
Meghan Thomas
Stephanie Griffin
Morgan Griffin

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SECTION I: AND THE GIANTS FELL

SETTING: A darkened stage. Area lighting is used to represent different locations within the play.

TIME: September 11, 2001

AT RISE: Complete darkness as each character speaks they are illuminated by a spotlight.

WOMAN 1: When the giants fell my heart sank. The breath was knocked from my body as the shadow crumbled. My heart still lies within their shattered skeleton.

WOMAN 2: When the giants fell my heart soared. The flames represented the pride in my soul. Then the dust came. I realized this was forever and I felt the terrifying silence.

MAN 2: I did this for my country.

MAN 1: They did this out of fear.

CHILD 1: I will never see my father again.

CHILD 2: My father will live on as a hero.

WOMAN 2: They drove us to this.

WOMAN 1: What did we do to deserve this?

MAN 1 and MAN 2: I did this for my family.

(Lights come up on MAN 1 and WOMAN 1.)

WOMAN 1: Do you have to go?

MAN 1: You know I do. I'm doing this for my family. It's my job . . .

WOMAN 1: Yes, I know . . . to provide. It's just New York is so far away. I know it could lead to a promotion, but . . .

MAN 1: No buts. We need this. We've been living on a shoe string budget for too long and it's about time I did something to fix it.

WOMAN 1: We've been fine. I've told you that. Besides we're happy here. Isn't that what's important. Money isn't everything you know.

MAN 1: And we'll be happy in New York. I know we've been fine, but I also know that I could do more. Please allow me to do this one thing for our family. I'll be able to provide more for you and more for our daughter.

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WOMAN 1: Okay. You're right . . . I'm just going to miss you, that's all. Knock 'em dead. You've earned this after fifteen years at the company . . . they'd be a fool not to hire you.

MAN 1: Thank you. Well, I'd better be going. (*kisses WOMAN 1 softly*)

WOMAN 1: Don't forget to say goodbye to your daughter before you go.

(*Lights come up on WOMAN 2 and MAN 2.*)

WOMAN 2: Please don't do this.

MAN 2: I must. It's my duty to my country, my family, and my God.

WOMAN 2: This is me you're talking to. You're not at some rally. Save the speeches for your people. Think about me. What will I do after?

MAN 2: If I do this you will live your life out with pride. I will be a hero.

You'll be able to live out your life knowing . . .

WOMAN 2: I don't want a hero. I want you here. What good is a hero if it leaves me half a person?

MAN 2: What good am I here if I don't serve our people? If I don't do this we will be outcasts. Not only from our people but from our God. I will not make you the subject of such disgrace.

WOMAN 2: Your God, your people that's all you ever talk about. What about me? What about your daughter? Did God not give you us? Did he give you us simply to have it end this way.

MAN 2: We cannot accept what they have done to us. We cannot stand idly by while they continue to behave this way.

WOMAN 2: What they've done to us? What about what you're doing to us? You're sacrificing yourself because of people you don't even know. People you haven't even seen.

MAN 2: Enough! I know my duty and you know yours. Don't make this any harder.

WOMAN 2: At least say goodbye to your daughter.

(*Light's up on CHILD 1 and MAN 1.*)

CHILD 1: Daddy, please don't go. Why do you have to leave me?

MAN 1: It's just a business trip. I'll only be gone for a few days. I'll bring you back something nice.

CHILD 1: But Daddy I need . . .

MAN 1: I'm sorry, but no. Now remember what I've said while I'm gone . . .

CHILD 1: I know. I'm in charge of the house and I have to look after Mommy.

MAN 1: (*taking CHILD on his knee*) If you look way up in the sky in an hour or two maybe you'll see my plane. Then I'll look way down at you and wave.

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CHILD 1: Daddy, no one can see that far.

MAN 1: No matter what - daddies can always see that far. I will always know what's happening to you and I will always be here to protect.

Even when I'm very far away in some ways I'm always with you.

CHILD 1: I love you Daddy.

MAN 1: I love you too.

(The lights fade as the two embrace and lights come up on MAN 2 embracing his CHILD.)

CHILD 2: Why do you have to leave?

MAN 2: I have to leave for you and your mother. Sometimes people have to leave in order to do what is right.

CHILD 2: Daddy, isn't it right for you to be with me and mommy?

MAN 2: Yes, but your safety is more important. I need to do everything in my power to protect you. It hurts me to leave you but I must.

CHILD 2: Where are you going?

MAN 2: I cannot tell you but I'll always be with you. Whenever you feel the cool desert wind at night or feel the warmth of the sun you'll know I'm thinking of you.

CHILD 2: What will happen to us?

MAN 2: You will protect your mother and one day when you have to make a decision about what is right, I hope that you will make your decision with pride and honor as I have.

(MAN 2 embraces CHILD 2.)

CHILD 2: I love you.

MAN 2: I love you too, son.

(Lights black out and then spots come up on each of the CHARACTERS as THEY speak.)

WOMAN 1: And the fires blazed.

WOMAN 2: The smoke engulfed the world.

CHILD 1: The confusion enveloped our minds.

CHILD 2: And fear or hope filled our hearts.

MAN 2: The world stopped and listened.

MAN 1: And the noise was deafening when the giants fell.

(Lights go out on all but MAN 1 and MAN 2.)

MAN 2: I did what was asked of me and what was required. I thought many things as I took the cool calculated actions that led to my

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demise. I stopped in the terminal and watched a child with her parents. For a moment I questioned myself, but then the father gave me a look. I felt the judgment. His look said everything. I was his enemy. Later in the plane as the giants grew ever closer I had a brief moment to think. I heard the voice of my child and my wife ask why and I began to wonder myself. Will taking lives change the world? Do I want to serve a God that would demand a sacrifice? Will this really save my people? I felt a hot tear roll down my cheek. And I held my breath and hoped I wasn't wrong.

MAN 1: The screams, terror and pain of my death were blotted out with one question. Why? As I lay within the stomach of a fallen giant, I asked myself why. Why did I choose money over the happiness of my family? Why did I not take a moment to realize the beauty and grace of my wife before I left? Why did I not hold my child a moment longer? Then my heart turned from the why to hate. Hate for the people who did this to me. Hate for my own ignorance that brought me to this end. Hate for my government for not seeing the signs. And that is how I died a quiet victim with a heart of hate.

(Lights up on WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2.)

WOMAN 2: I sit in a small room alone and frightened. I realize that everything that held my life together was gone in an instant. We called it a cause, a religion, a revolution, but what we created was a monster. We may have seen the two giants fall, but we failed to see the sleeping one we had awoken. I felt as though I had awoken from a dream into a nightmare of fear. The country we did this for could not protect us. No one could.

WOMAN 1: The dark empty crater where the giants once stood spoke to me. I understand its wide gulf, smoldering ashes and dark heart. They say forgiveness is divine. Unfortunately I am not. I am full of hate. I am full of rage. I look into the eyes of my son and the only thing I see is the twisted remains of my husband. I rage against shadows and strangers. I feel something in my heart that has never existed before. Pure unadulterated hate.

CHILD 1 : We watched and saw.

CHILD 2: Saw the death.

CHILD 1: Saw the hate.

CHILD 2: Saw the burning.

CHILD 1: Saw the fear.

CHILD 2: Our lives were forever changed by an act that we could not control.

CHILD 1: But we saw something else as well.

CHILD 2: We saw man reaching to those in need.

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CHILD 1: We saw concern from strangers.

CHILD 2: We saw people overcome and thrive.

CHILD 1: The future is unknown and has been drastically changed.

CHILD 2: It is up to us what lesson we learn.

CHILD 1: Do we hate or do we love?

CHILD 2: Do we fight for a cause or do we fight for humanity?

CHILD 1: Do we prize money or our families?

CHILD 2: Do we seek revenge or do we practice forgiveness?

CHILD 1: What does it mean to live in a world where the giants fell.

SECTION II: REASON

VOICE: The cries of “Why?” reached my ears and pierced my heart like a million sharpened knives. I watched the chaos and the terror and wept. Then silence. Then I hear a single clear voice pierce the silence.

WOMAN 1: Why?

VOICE: It’s all part of a plan.

WOMAN 1: Why? Why would you rip him away from me?

VOICE: One day you will understand.

WOMAN 1: I don’t want to understand one day. I want to understand now.

VOICE: Sometimes man needs to learn a lesson. Lessons can be painful. They can separate us from the ones we love but they still must be learned.

WOMAN 1: But I did nothing. He just went to work. We had just fought. I didn’t even tell him goodbye and then . . .

VOICE: Have faith. Let faith protect you.

WOMAN 1: Faith. You want me to have faith. My husband is stolen from me and you tell me have faith. He dies in a senseless act of violence and I’m supposed to have faith. Faith in what? You? You did this. You stole him from me.

VOICE: One day you’ll understand. You’ll learn.

WOMAN 1: No I won’t learn. I don’t want to learn. I don’t want this and I don’t want you. I just want it to end.

VOICE: Please don’t.

WOMAN 1: Then tell me why not to.

VOICE: So one day you will understand. You’ll understand that their horrible choice will make you stronger. That your choice to live will teach them to love. They will see how your faith and love saved you and then . . .

WOMAN 1: Teach them to love? Why should I teach my husband’s murderers to love. He died in fire and glass and for what? He died

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buried and burnt. So they can love? Well I won't give them the opportunity. I will end this now. End myself.

VOICE: That will only lead to more hate.

WOMAN 1: How is that different from now?

VOICE: Now is a struggle for hope. If you end it now there will be no hope. It will die. It will come crashing down just like the towers did. It will be crushed like just like they were beneath their weight. Their deaths all of their deaths will be in vain.

WOMAN 1: So what do I do?

VOICE: You fight. You grieve. You pray. You hope. You survive.

WOMAN 1: I did fight once. I stood next to my husband's bed and fought back tears as he suffered through hours of chemotherapy. He smiled and held my hand. I grieved as well when I lost my son in a car accident. He held my head in his hands and wept. I prayed for hours for those less fortunate than us and those in pain. She held my hand. I hoped for the future as we fell more deeply in love and watched our dreams come true. He held me close. Now I must survive, but who will hold me up.

VOICE: I will.

WOMAN 1: Then I will survive.

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