

CONERICO WAS HERE TO STAY
by Frank Gagliano

Scene 2: The same.

YAM, alone. At the poster.

YAM

“Conerico Was Here To Stay.” . . . That one keeps attracting me like a beauty mark. . . . My God, what assurance! Large letters. Looks like it was written with a magic marker and— . . . Now, there. . . I know what a magic marker is. . . And see! The letters were written—how?

. . . Ah! As one writes a message on a tree—with a knife!

*(Using the pointed end of
the umbrella, he slowly
traces out the gauging)*

C-O-N-E-R-I-C-O-W-A-S-H-E-R-E T-O-S-T-A-Y. . .

(Steps back)

That took time. Yes, Conerico was not afraid to stand here and gouge his message out. . . sloooooowly. . . viiiiiiciously—yes! viciously! —Conerico was daring someone to stop him. My God, there’s a dare in every letter and—Hmmm. . . . That’s strange. The first three words are in one style: “Conerico Was Here.” Then the last two words —”to stay?” —are different. Clear, but more slanted. Different. . . . something . . . —AH!!! yes, by god! —See what Conerico did? —He wrote those last two words WITH HIS LEFT HAND! Yes! I’m sure of it! God, what audacity. WHAT CAJONES, CONERICO!

*(A tapping is heard. YAM, frightened,
sits down on the bench and doesn’t move)*