

"A EULOGY: FOR THE HOPES AND FEARS OF ZAK SPADE"

By

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Zak Spade - A living-dead musician. A chain connects his heart to an old footlocker, heavy with his past. He plays guitar like he prays, easily and with great fear. He is cursed with eternal life, and he is haunted.

Setting - Whenever and whenever Zak Spade finds his audience.

Synopsis - Zak Spade performs a concert for his audience. He plays for the living, the dead, and the void; eventually he plays for his daughter.

*Zak Spade enters.
He is carrying a guitar.
A chain from his heart connects him to a weathered, wooden
footlocker he drags behind him.
He settles.*

Zak

If you use your imagination, you can hear
ghosts drumming.

He begins to play.

TAKE ME TO THE END.
I'D LIKE TO GO WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS
IN THE END.

TAKE ME TO THE END.
I'D LIKE TO GO WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS
IN THE END.

Zak riffs on the intro chords.
After some time, his left hand continues through the chord
progression while his right picks out a single note.

TAKE ME TO THE END.
I'D LIKE TO GO WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS
IN THE END.

Spade extends an open palm
and looks up.
He waits.
He begins to play.

ON A HILL OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF NOWHERE
WHERE FALLING LEAVES DANCE ON THE AIR
MY LOVER WAITS FOR ME

ON A HILL OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF NOWHERE
WITH DUSTY SHOES AND GOLDEN HAIR
MY LOVER WAITS FOR ME

IN AN OLD HOUSE,
FAR FROM MY WELL-WORN ROUTES,
THAT'S WHERE I WILL MEET MY LOVER
IN THE AUTUMN THAT I DIE
IN AN OLD HOUSE

ON THE LAKE WHERE MOONLIGHT BEAMS 'TILL
EVENING
I WAKE TO A LULLABYED BEAT
WHILE MY LOVER WAITS FOR ME
ON THE LAKE WHERE MOONLIGHT BEAMS 'TILL
EVENING

A THOUSAND MILES BEFORE MY FEET
WHILE MY LOVER WAITS FOR ME

IN AN OLD HOUSE,
FAR FROM MY WELL-WORN ROUTES,
THAT'S WHERE I WILL MEET MY LOVER
IN THE AUTUMN THAT I DIE
IN AN OLD HOUSE

BE PATIENT FOR ME
I'M COMING ANY DAY

ON A HILL OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF NOWHERE
WITH DUSTY SHOES AND GOLDEN HAIR
MY LOVER WAITS FOR ME

Spade extends an open palm
and looks up.
He waits.

Spade begins a new song.