

JONATHAN KALB

GULLIVER'S CHOICE

An adaptation of Heiner Müller's Mauser

CHARACTERS

CHORUS, *a military tribunal, answerable only to the commander-in-chief, its rules, procedures, directives, and the identity of its membership secret from the public*

G, *Captain Gilmore Gulliver III, commander of Special Op Squad Zero*

H, *Captain Hector Hernandez, former commander of Special Op Squad Zero*

SETTING

Tikrit, Iraq

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New Group
reading. Photo: Julie
Heffernan



CHORUS

You fought house to house
Hand to hand
In the wars of liberation
The enemy found no weakness in you
Your superiors found no weakness in you
Now you are yourself a weakness
We cannot afford
To be found among us.
You dealt out death
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
To the enemies of freedom
On our orders
Knowing the bedrock of liberty
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
Is a clear and pure picture
Of the death of its enemies,
Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
And seen to be weeded
So that it stays green.
We killed them with your hand.
But one morning in the city of Tikrit
You killed with your own hand

Not our enemies not on our orders
And you must be killed, yourself an enemy.
Do your duty in this last place where
The occupation needs you
The last ground you will see.
The tribunal demands your death
But cannot be seen to demand it.
Therefore give your assent in this hostile
place
We do not yet control
As a last duty for freedom,
Knowing the bedrock of liberty
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
Is a clear and pure picture
Of the death of its enemies,
Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
And seen to be weeded
So that it stays green.

G

I did my duty.

CHORUS

Do it again.

G

I killed for freedom.

CHORUS

Now die for it.

G

I made a mistake.

CHORUS

You are the mistake.

G

I'm a human being.

CHORUS

What is that?

G

I don't want to die.

CHORUS

We haven't asked if you want to die.

The flag at your back is the last flag at your
backAnd the cameras outside are the last cameras
you'll see.

The occupation no longer needs you

It needs your death

But until you say yes to the no that's been
spoken over you

You have shirked your duty.

Do this last service for freedom.

Before the lenses of liberation

That will record your death

Say that you who stand at the wall

Are your own enemy and ours

An evildoer

Craving the same strict justice

You have dealt out to others

With pitiless compassion.

G

In secret prisons from Jakarta to Manila

To Quetta to Kandahar,

A detainee of the enemy,

I had written on my body

The text that was whispered to me as a child

Before reveille, alert, and after taps

Then spat back with scorn

At schools beyond the fortress,

MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG,

Written with fists, batons, rifle butts, and
boot heels

On the brat of a patrol boat commander

Returned from hunting VC in the Mekong

Delta

To set up a permanent ambush

In his home warm as a foxhole

Cozy as a tank.

I took the side door out.

Picking idiot fights in civvy bars

Toning my fists in city jails

But all during MP training

Practicing truncheon skills on

Crowds of loudmouthed kids

Protesting the Freedom Gulag

Shooting gas and rubber bullets

At stone-throwing towel-heads

Burning the stars and stripes

I learned nothing about life after death.

Killing I learned as a sniper and scout

In the unending war against terror,

The new age of With Us or Against Us

When we said: only he who kills our enemies

Is our friend.

One shot one kill

A knife to the throat

Of Taliban Qaeda Iraqi

And sometimes a farmer

In the wrong place at the wrong time.

We said: it's a duty like any other duty

Kill or be killed.

G (CHORUS)

But one morning in the city of Tikrit

The sound of suicide bombs thudding in the
distance

The tribunal ordered me

To take command of Special Op Squad Zero,

Which did not officially exist.

CHORUS

You fought house to house

Hand to hand

In the wars of liberation
 The enemy found no weakness in you
 Your superiors found no weakness in you
 Leave your unit and accept this new task
 That the occupation needs
 Until it's no longer needed.
 Fight for freedom in secret:
 Track and kill the enemies
 The tribunal designates
 Friendly or foreign
 Civilian or military
 Without question or mercy
 By any means necessary
 And breathe no word of your work
 On pain of disavowal.

G (CHORUS)

And I accepted this assignment
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies
 Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green.
 I agreed to the task
 That the tribunal gave me
 With its voice muffled by suicide bombs
 And gunfire from insurgents,
 And this killing was another kind of killing
 And a duty like no other duty.

CHORUS

Your work begins today.
 The squad commander before you
 The brown one over there
 Brown like them
 Must be killed before tomorrow
 Himself an enemy.

G (CHORUS)

Why him?

H

Standing before me were three refugees
 Brown like me
 Enemies of freedom out of ignorance.
 Behind their backs, their hands bound by cord
 Were callused from work.

The tribunal had passed on some scary intel
 about these bastards. Couriers for Al Qaeda,
 fanatical suicides, nerve-gas grenades. I was
 sweating to death in a full MOPP suit as the
 boys stripped 'em down. For targets caught
 alive, our orders were to strip-search, return
 their clothes, then shoot 'em clean from
 the front, cut the cords on the wrists, and
 put weapons in the dead hands to make the
 execution look like battle. But these peckers
 had no weapons, no grenades. They had no
 shoes either. I took off my MOPP hood and
 told Ahab, the comm officer, to ask them
 who the fuck they were. They said they
 were Syrians whose families were starving.
 They came to Iraq for work and food. Their
 mullahs betrayed them to the butchers. They
 couldn't read the documents they carried and
 asked Ahab for cigarettes.

Their enemies are my enemies, I know it
 But they who stand before me
 Brown like me
 Face to the wall don't know it
 And I who do know it
 Have no other instruction for their ignorance
 Than the bullet. I dealt out death
 To the enemies of freedom in the city of
 Tikrit

And made execution look like battle,
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies,
 Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green,
 Knowing the occupation kills with my hand
 Except that now I don't know it anymore.

I couldn't kill them. That morning two
 suicide bombers went off at the checkpoint
 eight blocks away and my gut filled with
 rage at every diaper-headed skunk this side
 of East L.A., but I just couldn't squeeze the
 trigger on these guys. They were workers and
 refugees, not soldiers or spies. Their hands
 had calluses like my Oaxacan father's did

after thirty years of paving roads and filling potholes. Papa the road warrior, we called him, so proud of his green card and his brown soldier son. I knew the tribunal would field-fuck me or worse. But I cut through the wrist cords anyway and told Ahab to tell them: your enemies are our enemies. Our enemies are your enemies. Go home to your families. Learn to read and shove a book in the mouth of the next maniac mullah who raves about the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS (PLAYERS OF THE THREE REFUGEES)

And they went home to their families,
 And their mullahs too,
 Three enemies of freedom,
 Brown like him, uninstructed.
 When he drew back his hand from the task
 That the occupation gave him
 One morning in the city of Tikrit
 With the voice of the tribunal
 Drowned out by suicide bombs
 It meant one more hand clenching our throat.
 In a word: your hand isn't your hand
 Just as my hand isn't my hand
 Until freedom has triumphed absolutely
 In the city of Tikrit as in other cities.
 In a word: ignorance can kill
 Just as steel can kill and hunger and anthrax
 too
 But a little learning won't suffice, rather
 ignorance
 Must completely cease. And killing
 Of just any kind won't suffice.
 We must have killing as a discipline
 To be mastered so that it ceases.

H

They were innocent.

CHORUS

That was not for you to judge.

H

They had rights.

CHORUS

The tribunal decides who has rights.



GTA reading,
 Berlin, 2004.
 Courtesy Jonathan
 Kalb

In this time of emergency.
 Your job was to execute orders.

H

When orders are evil
 It's my duty to disobey them.

CHORUS

With enemies at our throats
 Right and left night and day
 In this unending war
 Your judgment is not wanted.
 Nothing is natural
 In a time of emergency,
 Not until freedom triumphs absolutely
 In the city of Tikrit as in other cities.
 The grass must be ripped out and the bread
 puked up
 So that the grass stays green and hunger ends.
 To insist on rights and due process
 In a time of emergency is insubordination.
 For our land isn't our land
 And we aren't ourselves
 And liberty is a stranger
 While the enemy writes with dynamite
 And grenades and nails and crashing pickups
 The living image of its horrible features
 In wounds that leave scars on our face.

H

Why the killing and why the dying
 If the price of freedom is freedom
 The cost of liberation those to be liberated.

G

That or something else he yelled
 This HernandezHidalgoHermoso

With the Mexican father who worked road
 crew,
 Yelled against the noise of suicide bombs
 That had escalated and kept escalating
 A thousand hands at our throats.
 No cure for doubt in the occupation
 But the death of the doubter,
 When the doubter knows what he knew.
 And I had no eyes for his hands
 As he stood before my rifle, face to the wall.
 Whether callused or smooth
 Brown, black, or white
 They were bound hard with cord
 And we killed him with my hand
 Cut the cord, returned his weapon
 And brought in the embeds to photograph
 him:
 A hero, killed by enemies in a brave last
 stand.
 The spin went over like nerve gas,
 Everyone shaking his head,
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies,
 Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green.
 I knew this and remembered it the next
 morning,
 Extracting information
 From *fayadeen* whose tongues didn't work.
 Half a chopper ride fixed their tongues.
 Two men tossed out the door at five thousand
 feet
 And the third can't shut up.
 I knew it the third morning too
 As we bulldozed a house
 Where insurgents had gathered,
 Then shot the family as it ran out.
 The eyes I saw these enemies with
 Were my bullets
 And the mouth I spoke to them with
 Was my rifle.
 It was a duty like any other.
 They had no hands or faces.

I knew that when you shoot into a person
 Blood flows out of him like any animal.
 Little distinguishes the dead and
 That little not for long. But a person is no
 animal:
 On the seventh morning I saw their faces,
 Hands bound with cord behind their backs,
 The traces of their work clear
 As they waited, faces to the wall
 For death from my rifle.

 They were a father and son. We had
 kick-ass intel this time and walked in on
 a heartbreaking domestic scene. The son
 had one arm. They were wrapping bomb
 shrapnel at their kitchen table inside cloth
 with silkscreened images of Saddam on it. I
 remember we all had sand everyfuckingwhere
 that day, in our ears, our necks, our asses, and
 as I pinned the son with my boot I thought
 about how motherfuckin' awful it must
 be to have sand stuck in your stump. The
 father squeaked out the only English word
 he probably knew: "Ple-e-e-ase." I had no
 goddamned sympathy. We'd lost fifty men
 to these shrapnel IEDs. The asshole leaned
 down to kiss Saddam's face. Then he kissed
 his son's stump and turned to the wall, the
 wall of his own kitchen, warm as a foxhole,
 cozy as a tank.

 And doubt wormed its way in then
 Between my finger and trigger.
 They were guilty as Judas
 But my shoulders felt heavy
 With the weight of occupation
 And my hand felt heavy
 With the tribunal's assignment
 Given one morning in the city of Tikrit
 Its voice drowned out by suicide bombs
 To deal death to our enemies so that killing
 stops.
 I spoke the command on this morning as on
 the first morning
 DEATH TO ALL EVILDOERS, ENEMIES OF
 FREEDOM

But my voice sounded not like mine
 And my hand acted not like mine
 And it was a duty like no other duty.
 In the evening I stared at my dog tag:
 Gilmore Gulliver
 Four generations of soldiers with that name
 Serving the cause of freedom and never
 shirking.

In the night I lay down with my girl from
 AP. Everyone in the squad was married or
 attached, or thought they were. Everyone
 had a wife or a girlfriend who wrote every
 week talking about how life had just stopped
 because we were gone. The letters stank of
 bullshit. We swapped stories about which
 jarhead recruiter or NCO jock was probably
 doing whose old lady. Baghdad had no bars
 or clubs you could hang in. It didn't even have
 any whores you could trust, and whores were
 off limits to special ops anyway. That left
 porn or the embeds. Take the embeds to bed,
 we said. If you could get one. I had this
 drop-dead redhead from Salt Lake City,
 beautiful girl, fresh out of school, full of
 flag-colored piss, but she got nothing from me
 that night. The killings over seven mornings
 had left me limp as an earthworm.

H
 Sounds like some fine wasted pussy to me,
 compadre.

G
 You know what I'm talking about.

H
Obras son amores, que no buenas razones.

G
 You.

H
 Yo.

G
 But you're dead.

H
 The dead are your constant comrades now,
 Captain
 Your most loyal friends.

G
 A ghost is no friend.
 A ghost is unfinished business.
 I'm a man.

H
 What's a man.

G/H
 Unfinished business.

G (CHORUS)
 Why me? Let me out of this assignment
 That I'm too weak for.

CHORUS
 Why you?

G
 I fought house to house
 Hand to hand
 In the wars of liberation
 The enemy found no weakness in me
 My superiors found no weakness in me
 Now I am myself a weakness
 We cannot afford
 To be found among us.
 I dealt out death in the city of Tikrit as in
 other cities
 To the enemies of freedom,
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies,
 Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green.
 I knew this on the third morning
 And also on the seventh. But on the tenth
 morning
 I don't know it anymore. Killing and killing
 And maybe every third one standing before me
 Face to the wall isn't guilty.



New Group
reading. Photo: Julie
Heffernan

CHORUS

In this war that cannot end
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
Except with our total victory or defeat
Each of us carries with two weak hands
The burden of six thousand hands, broken
hands,
Severed hands, hands crushed to dust
By falling steel and concrete.
We are also the arms of the millions of hands
Playing ball, making love, cooking meals,
Pressing remotes, swiping debit cards,
Doing everything else back home
That we cannot let stop, or even pause,
Or the terror will have won.
With thousands of hands at our throat we
have
No breath to ask about the guilt or innocence

Of any hand, where it's from
Or if it's callused, light or dark
Or wrapped around our throat due to
Misery, envy, or ignorance about why
It is miserable and envious. Who are you,
Someone special, to insist upon your
weakness.

The I who speaks with your mouth
Is someone other than you.
Not until freedom has triumphed absolutely
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
Will you belong to yourself again.
The occupation kills with your hand.
But with any hand the occupation kills with,
You kill as well. Your weakness is our
weakness.

Your conscience is a flaw in our consciousness
And a hole in our defense. Who are you?

G

Captain Gilmore Gulliver III, soldier of
freedom.

CHORUS

Do you want the tribunal
To release you from the task
You feel too weak for,
Which must be fulfilled by someone or other
Strong enough to bear your forbidden
knowledge,
Calm enough to trust his instructions?

G/CHORUS/H

No.

G

And the killing went on, face to the wall.
On the next morning before my rifle a sniper
Like legions of his kind before him on other
mornings
Like legions of my kind before me, before
other rifles,
Cold sweat on his neck: He killed sixteen
soldiers of freedom
With one shot to the payload of a blast-rigged
pickup.
We'll drape his body on the square as a
lesson.

His kind and mine have flourished lessons
 For five thousand years,
 With crucifix, pike, gallows, and guillotine,
 Wielded by my enemies who are also his
 enemies.

With my rifle pointed at his back
 I am crucifix, pike, gallows, and guillotine.
 Standing before my rifle face to the wall
 I am the rifle pointed at my own back,
 Cold sweat on my neck,
 Knowing that my hand kills for the
 occupation,
 To eradicate crucifix, pike, gallows, and
 guillotine,
 And not knowing it, a human being before
 me,
 Myself squeezed between hand and rifle,
 finger and trigger
 Myself the hole in our consciousness and our
 defense.

The first time a 60 mm mortar round flies
 past your head, your pants soak with piss
 down to the boots. The second and third
 time too. Nothing anyone can say to you
 beforehand changes that the tiniest bit. And
 just when you think you've toughened up, the
 whole thing ratchets up. The A-10 Warthog
 you call in for an airstrike gets confused and
 drops his payload on the Humvee in front of
 yours. First you're paralyzed, and then you're
 so fuckin' pissed you empty your M16 into the
 goddamn radio crackling dumbshit questions
 from Major Genius back at command.
 Friendly fuckin' fire! Do unto others before
 they do unto you—that was the sniper's
 motto. The worst fear of all, the one we never
 talked about, was that we'd forget our place
 and turn the motto on the wanker wonks who
 sent us into these stupid-ass situations in the
 first place.

H
 I dreamed night and day about using the
 major's sick flattop head for 50-caliber
 target practice.

G
 I would eat that man's liver with onions.

CHORUS
 Your task isn't to kill human beings but rather
 Enemies. The human being is in dispute.
 We know that killing is unpleasant
 But the human is more than his discomforts.
 Not until freedom has triumphed absolutely
 In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
 Can we speak of what that is again, a human
 being.

We are clearing a fresh space
 To discuss that unknown,
 That formerly known,
 Free from dogma, censorship, intimidation.
 All that would define it down,
 Nail it to a single creed
 Other than freedom,
 Must be silenced, suppressed, eradicated
 So that freedom and choice
 Can win the world over
 And tolerance can conquer
 Bigotry, brutality, superstition everywhere.
 Only when bigotry, brutality, and superstition
 Are swept into the dustbin of history
 Along with compulsory creeds
 Other than freedom
 Can the human being emerge
 From behind his warrior masks
 And prosper again in the healing sunlight
 Of universal aspiration,
 The new human rising from the maggotty
 muck
 Of the terrorized and tyrannized human.
 What counts now is the lesson,
 Death means nothing.

H
 Is it death that means nothing,
 Or do you think
 It's just my death that means nothing,
 Captain?

G
 Who cares?
 You're a coward who shirked his duty.

H

I'm a hero, you said so yourself
In your official report.

G

The war is over for you
And the likes of you.

H

The likes of me.
Do you mean weaklings
Or men with feelings
Or maybe greaser dago wetback spics
Along with sand-nigger diaper-head gooks
and skunks?

G

No one remembers what color a corpse is.

H

You remember what army you joined.

G

The army of freedom, same as you.

H

Whose freedom?

G

Yours and mine to begin with,
The army of those . . .

H

. . . who believe their own PR.

G

My father told me about gasbag skunks like
you.
I'd kill you again in a heartbeat.

H

Now we're getting somewhere.
My father wiped the spit off his face
From men like your father
And lived to choose his own fights.

G

Shut your dirt-clogged mouth
You greaser dago wetback spic,
You're no better than me
You're no different from me.

H

Bravely said.
So maybe the better question is
Whether I'm deader than you
And the likes of you.

G

And amid the noise of suicide bombs
That had escalated and kept escalating
I stood with bloody hands,
Soldier and assassin for freedom
And asked with my voice for certainty.

G (CHORUS)

Will the killing stop when freedom has
triumphed?
Will freedom triumph? How long will it take?

CHORUS

You know what we know,
We know what you know.
Freedom will triumph or
The world will succumb
To vengeance and thuggery
Coercion and fear.
The human being will cease to be,
Disappearing into dwindling humanity.

G

And I heard my voice say
On this morning as on other mornings
DEATH TO ALL EVILDOERS, ENEMIES OF

FREEDOM

And I saw he who was I kill
Things made of flesh and blood,
Not inquiring about guilt or innocence
Or names or circumstances
Or if they were enemies or no enemies.
But he who was I didn't stop killing them.
He said: (CHORUS) I have no more qualms.
The dead don't bother me anymore.
An enemy is a thing into which one shoots
until
A friend rises from the mutilated flesh.
A human is a thing into which one shoots
until
A human being rises from the ruins of
humanity.

And he walked to the hall where his
 Designated target was said to be gathered,
 A band of hardened insurgents,
 And kicked in the door,
 Opening fire on full automatic,
 Shrieking as he watched the heads explode
 And the bones splinter,
 Replacing his empty magazine three times
 And shrieking at the corpses
 Until he had no more bullets left
 And no more voice either.

G (CHORUS)

I grind what I've killed into the earth with
 my boot.
 I dance on the dead with a frenzied fandango.
 Shock and awe. It isn't enough to kill what
 has to die
 So that freedom triumphs and killing stops.
 I must delete and trash it,
 Wipe it from the face of the earth,
 From the annals of history,
 A clean screen for all who come after.

G (H)

Today they'll name for us, a secret holiday for
 soldiers only,
 For we few, we happy few.

CHORUS

We heard his screaming and saw what he'd
 done
 Not on our orders, and he didn't stop
 screaming
 With the voice of a human devouring
 humans.
 Worse, he was seen by others,
 Heard by them, too many others
 With voices that could not be controlled or
 stilled.
 Forty-eight women, children and elderly
 Slaughtered at morning prayers by
 A soldier of freedom, ran the headline.
 Then we knew that his task had used him up.
 His useful time was over and we led him
 away,
 An evildoer and enemy of freedom like other
 enemies,

And yet not like others, his own enemy too,
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies,
 Knowing that even one's own lawn
 Must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green.
 He had cast off his qualms that
 Were needed to help him maintain discretion.
 The dead no longer troubled him
 As they had to be seen to trouble the
 occupation.
 His burden had become his pleasure,
 So he was of no use to the occupation
 And no use to himself anymore,
 Except as a sacrifice to the occupation.

G

Not until they stripped me of command
 And took my rifle from my hands,
 My index finger still curled like a trigger
 Did I see what I'd done.
 And not until they led me away
 Did I hear my voice again
 Amid the noise of suicide bombs
 That had escalated and kept escalating.

G (CHORUS)

Now I'm led to the firing range
 By my own comrades
 And I who should understand don't
 understand.
 Why?

CHORUS

You know what we know,
 We know what you know.
 Your task was bloody like no other
 But it has to be done like other tasks,
 By someone or other.

G

I did my duty. Look at my hand.

CHORUS

We see that your hand is bloody.

G

How could it not be?

H

Well, you company boys might have backed
off, for one thing.

G

And louder than the noise of suicide bombs
Was the silence during that moment in the
city of Tikrit,
And longer than my life was that moment.
I demand a trial.

CHORUS

You will be tried by the tribunal.
We pay you the respect of
Telling you the outcome beforehand.
You are condemned to death.

G

I want an attorney.

CHORUS

You will have an attorney
But not the right to speak with him in private.
As a soldier you can understand
That the tribunal must maintain
Strict information superiority.

G

I'm a citizen, with rights.

CHORUS

The tribunal decides who has rights
In a time of emergency.

G

I'm a human being. A human is no machine.
To kill and kill and stay the same after each
death,
I couldn't do that. Give me the sleep of the
machine.

CHORUS

Not until freedom has triumphed absolutely
In the city of Tikrit as in other cities
Can we speak of what that is again, a human
being.

G

Then speak of what freedom is, in this place,
In this time of emergency.

CHORUS

We can say nothing of that either.

G

I want to speak of it here and now. I ask
On this morning in the city of Tikrit
With blood-stained boots that will soon
Have my blood on them too.
With the last confidential words
I will speak to anyone
I ask about freedom.

CHORUS

Your question comes too soon.
We cannot help you.
And your question doesn't help the
occupation.
Hear the thudding of suicide bombs.
Only when our enemies have been
exterminated
Here and everywhere
And friends arise in their place
Can we all enjoy the fruits of freedom again.

G

I have only one time.
Behind the noise of suicide bombs
Silence awaits me like black sand.

H

Seems more brown to me.

CHORUS

You die only one death
But the occupation dies many deaths.
The occupation has many times
But none to spare. The human being
Is more than his cruelties,
Must be seen to be more, or he will cease to be.
You have ceased to be now.
Your work has used you up.
You will be disavowed and purged from our
ranks.
The blood with which you stained your hand
As a hand of the occupation must be washed

With your blood in the name of the
 occupation,
 Which needs every hand but no longer yours.

G

I killed on your orders.

CHORUS

And not on our orders.
 The span between precise instruction
 And efficient execution was your time and
 ours.
 The space you seized control of
 In this hostile place we do not yet control
 Was your honored place at the front
 Of the wars of liberation.
 But when you killed without prudence or
 stealth,
 Without verifying your targets
 Or securing your area from spying eyes
 So that enemies appeared only as enemies
 And no one could prove otherwise,
 You became a hole in our defense.
 Rashness is perilous to the careful
 arrangement of opinion,
 Recklessness a luxury of the individual.
 The tribunal has no use for
 The individual, Captain Gulliver,
 Except when he served our needed image.
 Now our needed image is of a soldier
 Racked with guilt and self-loathing,
 Craving ultimate punishment for his terrible
 crimes,
 Avowing penitence and faith in the justice
 Of the tribunal, in the purity of the
 occupation.
 We make this final request of you,
 One last service for freedom,
 Which would restore your honor within this
 room:
 Beg for death before the cameras
 So that the tribunal is seen as merciful
 And its justice sensitive to the individual case,
 Gilmore Gulliver,
 And therefore sensitive to all individuals
 Eager for the blessings and profits of freedom.

G

I refuse. I don't accept my death.
 My life belongs to me.

CHORUS

Nothing belongs to you.

H

Except maybe me.

G (CHORUS)

I don't want to die. I throw myself on the
 ground,
 I grab the world with both hands,
 I bite the earth I have to leave with my teeth.
 I scream.

CHORUS (G)

We know that dying is a grim assignment.
 Your fear belongs to you.

G (CHORUS)

What comes after death?

CHORUS (G)

That was his question as he rose from the floor,
 No longer shrieking, and we answered him:
 You know what we know,
 We know what you know,
 And your question doesn't help the occupation.
 Perhaps when freedom is a possible answer
 The question may be allowed.
 But now the occupation
 Needs your assent to your death.
 And he asked nothing more
 But walked to the outer door under guard,
 Kicked it open,
 And spoke his choice to the cameras,
 Knowing the bedrock of liberty
 Is a clear and pure picture
 Of the death of its enemies,
 Knowing the lawn must be sleeplessly weeded
 And seen to be weeded
 So that it stays green.

G (CHORUS)

DEATH TO ALL EVILDOERS, ENEMIES OF
 FREEDOM.

End of play.