

GABE  
(He's itching to. But no.)  
I can't.  
(LUCI is trying hard to remain patient.)  
LUCI  
Why not?

START

GABE

I was a senior. I was practicing a solo for a statewide concert. Dad wanted me to mow the backyard – we had a couple of acres on a hillside – but I told him to ask my younger brother to do it so I could keep practicing. It had rained the night before and Davey didn't have the experience. Next thing I knew, the tractor was rolling down the hill and so was Davey. I tried lifting it off him, but ...

LUCI

That's a long time ago.

GABE

It wasn't until the next day that I realized I'd dropped the tractor on my hand. I've still got nerve numbness that makes that finger chancy.

LUCI

I'm sorry.

(beat)

But think what this money could mean. You could do something in his honor. Keep your house as it is, stay at the lumberyard. But make Davey's life mean something. Something that lasts.

(He thinks. Turns over the trumpet. Runs his fingers over it. Tentatively lifts it to his mouth, then pulls it away.)

LUCI

Blow, Gabriel.

(He puts the trumpet to his lips again, this time with more confidence.)

MICHAEL (o.s.)

GABRIEL! NOOOO!

(GABRIEL turns to stage right.)

GABE

What the . . . ?

LUCI

(hissing)

Blow, Gabriel. Blow. NOW!

MICHAEL

(as he comes running onstage from stage right.)

DON'T BLOW IT!!!! Whatever you do, don't blow!

GABE

Who are you?

MICHAEL

Don't do anything she says.

LUCI

(She's not happy.)

Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey, Luce. Long time no see.

LUCI

I wish I could say it's a pleasure.

MICHAEL

You hate pleasure.

LUCI

Let's just say we get it in different ways.

MICHAEL

You know you're on the losing end, right?

LUCI

I don't.

MICHAEL

You just don't want to admit it. Gabriel, whatever she's selling you, don't take it.

GABE

I don't care about the trumpet . . .

MICHAEL

Great!

GABE

But the money would be nice.

MICHAEL

Of course, you offered him money.

LUCI

Just a rock.

MICHAEL

Only a million? You're still cheap, aren't you?

LUCI

Never spend more than you have to.

GABE

I thought it was Mr. Foster's money!

MICHAEL

In a manner of speaking.

LUCI

Come on, Gabe, time to decide. The clock is ticking. Yes or no?

MICHAEL

It's not your trumpet, Gabriel.

GABE

She said it was.

MICHAEL

Truth and Luce have a dubious relationship.

LUCI

Michael . . .

MICHAEL

Okay, the horn is yours, Gabriel.

GABE

It's Gabe.

MICHAEL

When the time comes, it will be yours, Gabriel. But it's not time yet.

GABE

I don't understand.

END

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~~MICHAEL~~

~~Ever read Revelations?~~