HAIR
THE AMERICAN TRIBAL LOVE–ROCK MUSICAL

Book & Lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado
Music by Galt MacDermont
Revised and Re-imagined by Amin El Gamal and Rachel Quint
ACT ONE
Song: “Aquarius”

BERGER
Transcendental meditation on the ocean of cyber-reality is
love…

STEVE
Peace…

RONNY
Justice…

MARY
Freedom…

DIONNE
Tolerance…

HIRAM
Happiness…

SHEILA
Liberation…

Song: Sodomy

HUD
(Enters, in a huff through the audience)
Fuck those sad-ass military mutherfuckers! Fuck everything!

RONNY
Where where you, Hud? You missed my song!

HUD
Let me tell you: I was at the IC?

CRISSEY
Oh no!  (Pause) What’s the IC?

HUD
It’s the induction center, negro.  (Beat) I was down there
getting my physical.  I looked up and there were like 50
black people in front of me.  Wasn’t a single cracker in
sight.  I was thinking to myself: this ain’t no draft, this
is a nigger round-up.  Sending all us to the war in Iraq,
while all their white Hoover institute children are
watching *Friends* with Ashley and Veronica!

CRISSY
"So no one told you life was going to be this way…"

MARY
Man, that’s messed up!

HUD
Why are we worrying about the war on Iraq when there’s a war right here at home! Why should I defend this! All my life they’ve been calling me this bullshit. Damn! Can I get a G, puh-lease!

**Song: “Colored Spade”**  (“They call me…”)


And they say I eat...

WATERMELON, HOMINY GRITS, CORN BREAD, COUNTRY FRIED CHICKEN, KOOL AID, BLACK–EYED PEAS, SOME COLLARD GREENS, AND IF YOU DON’T WATCH OUT, THIS MALCOM X WILL GET YOU. OOH YEAH.

*(CLAUDE enters)*

SUZANNAH: Who’s to blame for all this shit?

[Insert shit that is to blame]

Colonialism!

Imperialism!

*Movement: British colonial mockery mashed with London Bridges Falling Down.*

**Song: “Manchester England”**
[Movement: The cast spray-paints the set with their “color.”]

**Song: “I’m Black”** (Rewritten, as follows)

HUD  
I’M BLACK  
I’M BLACK  

WOOF  
I’M PINK  
I’M PINK  

BERGER  
I’M OFF OFF WHITE  

TRIBE  
SO WHAT  

CLAUDE  
I’M IN-VI-SI-BLE  

CLAUDE  
Hello there… ever though of how you’re living right smack bang in the middle of the Stone Age? Well, this folks, is the Web 2.0 Psychedelic Cybertastic Stone Age. Without a doubt, the most exciting time this weary, whirling square globe has seen for generations. And it’s your age... you are living it, you are psyching it, you are stoning it, you are blogging it, you are texting it...

**Parents Scene**

MOM I  
Claudia! What are you wearing?

CLAUDE  
It’s the age of electronic nets and cybernetic webs, the age where it’s more fun than ever to be young.

DAD I  
Did you see about that job today, punk?

CLAUDE  
The age where it’s more fun than ever to be stoned.
MOM II
Claudia, you room is a mess. What is this? *(Points to a paper heap on the floor. Reads from a sign.)* "LGBTQ, we support your right to screw?" What does this even mean?

CLAUDE
Yo yo Mama yo! *(Chanting)* Hell no we won’t go! I’m your lover, and I demand me some civil rights, Lady Liberty.

DAD II
Stop that! You stop that right now. I work hard for a living. I didn’t do this so my daughter could dress like a man!

MOM I
Start being an American.

DAN III
Get a job, young lady. Goddamn.

MOM II
The trouble with you is you’re not an American.

MOM III
And what’s with this "lesbo" thing? It’s disgusting.

MOM II
Face it, bud. You’re a privileged white girl!

DAD I
Just look at yourself.

[Movement: The army of parents violently disrobe CALUDE of her masculine clothing, re-dressing her in a hyper-feminine floral gown, bright lipstick, etc.]

Song: Ain’t Got No

*(DAD I whacks CLAUDE with a rolled-up newspaper. Music stops.)*

CLAUDE
But I don’t know how long my old man’s gonna put up with that, do I?

MOM III
Your father told me he’s not giving you any more money until you start dressing like a proper lady.
CLAUDE
Oh, I got to get me out of this house and start living with my peeps in the park.

MOM I
Oi! A homeless he-she! What are you going to do with your life? What do you want to be...

DADS
... besides a...

(Following two lines overlap.)

MOMS
... disheveled...

DADS
... man!

CLAUDE
Tupac!

MOM II
Start facing reality!

CLAUDE
Which reality, Mom? This reality, or that reality, the cyber-reality, the reality TV...

MOM III
Your father and I love you, but how long do we have to support you?

CLAUDE
I was born right here in bougie...

MOMS
... delightful...

DADS
... upright...

MOMS
... safe...

CLAUDE
... close-minded, bigoted...

BERGER, WOOF, STEVE
... Atherton.

MOM 1
And look at those pants!

CLAUDE
I’m Aquarius, destined for greatness and madness.

MOM II
So’s your father. Don’t shame us, Claudia.

CLAUDE
“You are my African Queen, the girl of my dreams...”

MOMS & DADS
The Army...

CLAUDE
“...you take me where I've never been...”

MOM III
So you want to be a man, huh? The Army’ll make a man out of you.

DAD II
Your draft notice arrived today.

MOMS & DADS
(Handing her the envelope)
Merry Christmas.
(CLAUDE pantomimes pissing on the notice.)

CLAUDE
“...you make my heart go ting-a-ling-a-ling, oh ahh...”

MOMS
The Army.

CLAUDE
Step aside, sergeant.

DADS
The Navy.
CLAUDE
So, I’ll be sleeping out tonight.

MOM II
Oi vey, sleeping out... always out!

MOM I
Will you let me clean your pants before you leave the house.

DAD I
And take off my shirt! I’ve been looking for that thing for weeks. And that boyish hair! It’s revolting...

CLAUDE
Dad, this is embarrassing... the audience...

MOMS
Why, hello there.

MOM II
You’re a girl...

DAD III
Buster.

CLAUDE
This 2018, dearies, not 1988.

DADS
2018!

MOM I
What have you got...

MOM III
Miss 2018...

MOM II
... may I ask?

DAD III
What have you got, 2018...

DAD I
That makes you so superior...
DAD II
...and gives me such a migraine?

CLAUDE
Well, if you must know, 1988...

Song: “I Got Life”

(CLAUDE and SHEILA make out.)

Song: “I Believe in Love”

(SHEILA turns the poster around, it says “Lay Don’t Slay” or some other anti-war motto. The rally begins.)

SHEILA
What do we want?

TRIBE
Peace!

SHEILA
When do we want it?

TRIBE
Now!
SHEILA
What do we want?

TRIBE
Freedom!

SHEILA
When do we want it?

TRIBE
Now!

Peace now!
Freedom now!
Peace now!
Freedom now!

Black, white, yellow, red!
Copulate in a king-sized bed!
(Repeat)
Hell no, we won’t go!
Hell no, we won’t go!

(JEANIE enters. CRISSY and DIONNE enter as well.)

[Movement: choreography around the car representing dirty air, coughing by the end.]

Song: “Air” (Minimal rewriting, add global warming and ozone references)

(JEANIE stands up, we notice she is pregnant.)

Jeanie Scene

JEANIE
I emailed my parents for money. I told them I was pregnant. They said, stay pregnant.

DIONNE
That’s Jeanie.

JEANIE
And that’s Dionne.

CRISSY
And I’m Crissy.

JEANIE
I live with a bunch of people at here in Manzanita Park.

DIONNE
And Jeanie loves Claude.

JEANIE
I dig this fly, hip, gorgeous living hunk of gold, brown-eyed woman, muscle of all muscle, smooth skin animal. Claudia, I would die for you. I am lost in the unfathomable infinities of your mystical third eye. I wish it was your baby inside my body. I wish we had the right to get married, and raise this baby to love peace and freedom and justice. I don’t really know who knocked me up, wouldn’t you know. Claudia is my acid, my trip. The Hoover Institute ain’t cute, and Claudia loves me.

Hennessey Scene
HENNESSEY I
Attention.

HENNESSEY II
Attention.

HENNESSEY III
Achtung!

HENNESSEY I
This is your Stanford President...

HENNESSEY II
Mister brain...

HENNESSEY III
Washer...

HENNESSEY I
What is this school becoming?

HENNESSEY II
A liberal freak show?

HENNESSEY III
Some kind of politically active and aware community?

HENNESSEY I
Mr. Berger...

HENNESSEY II
...we do not want our chemistry teachers on trips!

HENNESSEY III
That hair!

HENNESSEY I
Those clothes!

HENNESSEY II & III
And other such remarks.

BERGER
I’m tired of your brainwashed education! Up your curriculum!

HENNESSEY I
One of your rebellious...

HENNESSEY II
... hobo leaders ...

HENNESSEY III
... has just been expelled.

[Movement: Tumbling, over-throwing authority.]

Song: “Going Down”

HENNESSEY II
And let this be an example to the rest of you.

ALL HENNESSEYS
This is World War Three!

BERGER
Cosmic fart!

TRIBE
Brainwasher!

Freak Out Scene

TRIBE
Claude, Claude, Claude

BERGER
Wait, wait, wait, don’t tell us

WOOF
Did you pass it?

HUD
Are you physically fit?
(CLAUDE nods yes)

WOOF
No kidding

BERGER
That’s a deadly-ass body man...

HUD
Tough luck baby.
CLAUDE
That’s all right. I’ve thought it over – I’ll tell them I’m
Iraqi and a dyke and hide out in Toronto. Shit. I’m not
going in. I’ll eat it first. I’m not.

WOOF
Eat what?

CLAUDE
My draft card.

BERGER
I thought you burned it.

CLAUDE
That was my driver’s license.

WOOF
Eat it live on YouTube.

BERGER
US Grade-A Government Inspected Meat!

CLAUDE
Berger, help me. How am I gonna get out of going to Iraq.

BERGER
Break a limb.

CLAUDE
C’mon, what am I gonna do?

BERGER
Take me with you, tell them I’m your girlfriend and you
can’t sleep without me.

HUD
Tell them your mother volunteered to fight in your place.

WOOF
Do they know she’s a part of the Axis of Evil?

CLAUDE
I want to be over here doing the things they’re over there
defending.

WOOF
Become a nun

HUD
Convert is Islam.

CLAUDE
(Takes the card from his wallet)
They’re not gonna get me. That’s it, they’re not gonna get me.
(Strikes a match and lights the card)

HUD
The draft is white people sending black people to make war on the yellow people to defend the land they stole from the red people.

BERGER
Mr. Claude Hooper Bukowski – New York Public Library
(Claude stamps out the flame)

CLAUDE
Now I can’t even get a book out. Berger, if I go, I’ll get killed or a leg shot off or something. ... I just know it ... they’re not gonna get me.

BERGER
Oh yes they are. You will go, and you will loot, rape and kill. ...you will do exactly what they tell you to.

CLAUDE
I’m not going.

Margaret Scene

(MARGARET and HUBERT enter.)

MARGARET MEAD
Excuse me young man, may I ask you a question?  (She’s ignored.)

BERGER
Claudio, I got kicked out of Stanford... I’m Iraq bait now.

HUD
We’re all Iraq bait

TRIBE GUYS
Yeah, we’re all Iraq bait
MARGARET
May I ask you a question?

CLAUDE
Sure, of course, would you like to come up?

MARGARET
Oh no.

CLAUDE
Yes, come up.

MARGARET
Oh, dear, let me introduce myself. Here’s my card. Thank you. And this is Hubert. We’re on our honeymoon. I did overhear a wee portion of your conversation, and I would like to ask you a question, if you don’t mind.

CLAUDE
I have no mind. No! Yes. Anything you want to know. Yes! Know, yes!

MARGARET
Well, this may sound a bit naïve, foolish, oh my, I don’t know why I feel so embarrassed... I... being a visitor from another generation like myself....

CLAUDE
You’re cool. What would you like to know?

MARGARET
Hubert, I’m cool. Well, why? I mean, why? Why?

WALTER
(Indicating his long hair)
Oh you mean this.

MARGARET
Yes. Why that? I mean, its because you’re a...oh dear...are you...please forgive me...are you a real life liberal? (Tribe reacts)
Hubert, a whole haggle of hippies.

WALTER
I like the feel of the long silky strands on my ears, and the back of my neck, and on my shoulders, and down my back. Like it’s goose-bump time, know what I mean?
MARGARET
That’s very interesting
(To Hubert)
You see, dear, he does it for the “sensual” experience, that why.

HUD
You ask us why?

**Song: “Hair”**

*(Interspersed.)*

HUD
(To HUBERT)
Do you dig my Beyonce?

HUBERT
Beyon- who?

MARGARET
Beyonce Knowles, Hubert. She’s one of Destiny’s Children! Don’t get involved.

MARGARET
Ooooo. You little hipsters are terrific. Hubert says you’re every bit as good as the Mormon Tabernacle choir.

TRIBE
HALLELUJAH!

MARGARET
*(To audience)*
I wish every mother and father in this theatre would go home and make a speech to their teenagers and say: “Kids, be free, no guilt, be whoever you are, do whatever you want, just as long as you don’t hurt anyone.” Right.

TRIBE
Right!

MARGARET
Now remember this kids and don’t forget it...I am your friend.

TRIBE MEMBER
She’s gonna sing!
**Song: “My Conviction”**

**MARGARET**  
Can we get a picture of you kids?

**TRIBE**  
Sure. I want to be in pictures. Hi America.

**MARGARET**  
Hubert!  
*(Gives HIM camera instructions)*

**WOOF**  
See him? That’s you two years from now.  
*(to Margaret)* Love your dress, call me sometime.

**MARGARET**  
Oh, but I’m not wearing a dress. *(Shows them, they cheer)* Why thank you!  
Shhh he doesn’t know.  
Get the best shot dear, when I go like this. *(Puts fingers up in “V”)*

**TRIBE**  
SPEEEEED!

**MARGARET**  
Oh! The Facebook will love this one! Thank you, thank you one and all. Well goodbye all you sweet little flowerpots. See you.

**TRIBE**  
*(Margaret and Hubert Exit)*  
Thank you Margaret Mead and Husband.

**MARGARET**  
*(Pretending to be hip)* Oh, fuck you kids!

*(Sheila carried to stage)*

**WOOF**  
It’s democracy’s daughter.

**Song: “Sheila Franklin”** *(Lyrical changes: NYU becomes Stanford)*
[Movement: Balance-work, elevation representing the Hoover tower and farting on it.]

SHEILA
We marched on Hoover Tower, the demon phallus, and we levitated it. But they tear-gassed us.

CLAUDE
Yeah, yeah Sheila baby, what you doing here? You should be out somewhere picketing.

BERGER
No, no, protesting

SHEILA
No, no, spreading the groovy revolution.

CLAUDE
Spread that shit, man!

SHEILA
Isn’t love beautiful?

HUD
(Reading paper)
Tomorrow morning on the front steps of white plaza there will be a huge suck-in for peace. Bring your blankets and something to suck.

Flag Scene

STEVE
(Covered in flag)
Get it off! Help! Someone help! It’s suffocating me! Get this thing off of me!

(Ad lib with flag, it is burning him.)

WOOF
Folding the flag means taking care of the nation. Folding the flag means putting it to bed for the night. Oh, I’m lost in the folds of the flag. Oh, I’m falling through a hole in the flag.

BERGER (Southern accent)
It’s a beee-a-u-tiful day in Selma, Alabama this morning, ladies and gentlemen.
**Song: “Don’t Put it Down”**

*Movement: The traditional flag folding ends in the three soloists urinating on the flag.]*

**Pre-Be-In Scene**

TRIBE
Come to the be-in!

JEANIE
Dig it, people, I’m tripped, high, zonked.

HUD
See the hippies get busted.

JEANIE
Stoned…

LINDA
By the Stanford police!

JEANIE
Right here, right now, in this park.

PAUL
See them smoke marijuana, the killer weed.

JEANIE
I’ve had every drug going except some jungle vines somewhere.

MARY
What the fuck are you talking about Jeanie?

WOOF
[Daniel explains]

WALTER
BYOP! Bring your own pot.

JEANIE
I have the right to put anything I want into my body. It’s my body; I do what I want.

NATALIE
Tourists, come to the orgy.
DIANE
The freak show.

JEANIE
This is my living room, and I’m going to say something I’ve always wanted to say:

TRIBE
Tell them...

JEANIE
Anybody who thinks pot it bad...

MARY
Watch the beatniks!

WALTER
See them get arrested!
JEANIE
... is full of shit!
(CLAUDE returns)
Why don’t you ever call me?

CLAUDE
Jeanie, you know you have version Jeanie.

JEANIE
We had a good time, didn’t you like it?

CLAUDE
Yeah, Jeanie, but...

JEANIE
Are you gonna burn your draft card at the be-in?

CLAUDE
I’m gonna smoke me some...

JEANIE
Claude, are you gonna burn your draft card?

CLAUDE
Jeanie, be a good fly and buzz off!
(Exits)

JEANIE
He loves me.

Song: “Be-in: Hare Krishna”

(The boys each burn their draft cards. Fire-breathing sequence. CLAUDE is about to, but changes her mind.)

Song: “Where do I go?”

POLICE
All right, everyone in this park is under arrest for watching this lewd, obscene show.
Alright mister, lets go.
Bring them down, one at a time, Joe.
All right buddy, lets go.

(Someone gives the police a joint and they join in.)

ACT TWO
Song: “Electric Blues”

[Movement: Exaggerated texting, typing, technology use, etc. Cause and effect machine that eventually explodes.]

(CALUDE appears with a duffle bag.)

BERGER
Claude, where were you?

CLAUDE
I had to get away. I was in the eucalyptus grove, meditating. Today I went down to the draft “abduction center” and freaked them out all the way, as far as I could go.

BERGER
What did you tell them?

CLAUDE
I told them I wanna go. I wanna die and kill for my country. I don’t even need a gun. I’ll kill ‘em with my bare hands. (Strangles BERGER, playfully)

BERGER
Is that how it was?

CLAUDE
No, it wasn’t like that at all.
Woof, here’s a little gift to you. From my bedroom to your bedroom. *(Reveals a Zac Efron poster)*

WOOF
Oh Claude, I love it. Hey Claude, it’s beautiful. Hey, look what Claude gave me. It’s Zac!

I love you I love you. I’m in love with you. I can’t help it. You are terrific. I’m not gay, but I wouldn’t keep JT out of my bed!

CLAUDE
Hey woof, you got life man.
I got life man.

BERGER
So how was it, Santa Claude?

CLAUDE
It’s a crazy time, bro, they’re drafting everyone and their transsexual cousin, girls, boys, babies in the womb…

DIANE
White boys, yellow boys, green boys, red boys, and mm-mm black boys. Now, he’s got life! *(Pointing to a black tribe member)*

Song: “Black boys”
Song: “White boys”

Getting High Scene

*(All start smoking marijuana)*

BERGER
99 and 44/100 percent pure. I float.

TRIBE MEMBER
Jet to Miami – come on down.

JEANIE
Claude, Claude, I know.

CLAUDE
You know what?

JEANIE
You know what I mean

CLAUDE
No I don’t.

JEANIE
Listen Claude, whatever you decide – if you go to Iraq or not, you’re still a great guy.

CLAUDE
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

JEANIE
Whatever, Claude. Have a good trip.

MARY
(Laughing ridiculously) I can’t stop laughing!

DIANE
As Mary Magdalene once said, “Jesus, I’m getting stoned!”

STEVE
Woah, this shit’s potent!

CRISSY
I’m hungry!

CLAUDE
Pick up your glow-worms, and gloooooow!

Claude’s Trip Scene

Song: “Walking in Space” (Remixed)

(TRIBE starts playing ring-around-the-rosie and other children’s games becoming ever more violent and homophobic – shouts of “dyke,” “fag,” “homo” – until it becomes outright war, with recorded war sounds. The TRIBE is all mortally wounded and falls to the ground. THEY rise one by one as THEY sing.)

Song: “Three-Five-Zero-Zero” (Changes: Vietcong to Terrorists and Niggertown to Babylon)

Coming Down Scene

(TRIBE comes down from the high. CLAUDE IS STILL PASSED OUT.)
BERGER
Claude... Houston do you read me?

TRIBE
Claude... Claude... Claude...

CLAUDE
(Sits up) What the fuck just happened?

BERGER
Welcome back, Houston.

CLAUDE
Oh my God, what did you put in that joint? I can’t take this moment-to-moment living on the streets, any more.

BERGER
I dig it. I dig it.

CLAUDE
I don’t. I don’t. I don’t want to be an engineer or a lawyer or a bum or an iPod wizard, or a guitar hero, or a movie star. I just want to have lots of money.

BERGER
I’m gonna go to India... float around... bake bread. Brownies... I’m gonna stay high. They’ll never get me. I’m gonna stay high forever.

CLAUDE
I know what I want to be... invisible. I don’t need drugs. An invisible woman, I could float around and slip into people’s minds and know exactly what they’re doing and what they’re thinking. I could go anywhere, do anything... I could perform miracles. That’s the only thing I want to do on this dirt.

BERGER
She’s the invisible woman!

TRIBE
Zap!

(Tower clock strikes one, CLAUDE looks out.)

CLAUDE
Oh my God! It’s one o’clock.

BERGER
I hate the fuckin’ world, don’t you?

CLAUDE
I hate the fuckin’ world, I hate the fuckin’ night, I hate these fuckin’ streets.

BERGER
I wish the fuck it would rain at least.

CLAUDE
Yeah, I wish the fuck it would rain at least.

BERGER
Yeah, I wish the fuck it would.

CLAUDE
Oh, fuck.

BERGER
Oh, fucky, fuck, fuck.

SHEILA
Tomorrow morning, at dawn, we will take our heads down to the U.S. Army induction center for an Exorcism of the Khaki. We’re going to yip out all the bad vibes – yip, yip, yip – and we’re going to yip up the sun – yip, yip, yip – and we’re going to yip up to the sun – yip, yip, yip, yipeeeee. C’mon, Claude, you’re coming with us, right?

WOOF
I’m horny, I’m going home.

BERGER
C’mon, horny, let’s go.

WOOF
Everybody, if we all sleep together it will be nice and warm.

CLAUDE
Tonight is the last night of the world. We stick together.

Song: “Good Morning, Starshine”
[Movement: dance with parachute.]

CLAUDE
(Alone on stage. Rushing forward and shouting.)
I’m human being number 1005963297.

(A SNIPER enters with a rifle.)

Song: “Ain’t Got No” Reprise

AIN’T GOT NO...
AIN’T GOT NO...
AIN’T GOT NO... (Rifle shot, CLAUDE is hit.)
AIN’T GOT NO... (Hit again)
AIN’T GOT NO... (Again)
Etc.

(CLAUDE runs off screaming. TRIBE enters. Music underscores.)

TRIBE
HELL NO WE WON’T GO
HELL NO WE WON’T GO

DO NOT ENTER INDUCTION CENTER
DO NOT ENTER INDUCTION CENTER

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE FIGHTING FOR
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
BLACK WHITE YELLOW RED
COPULATE IN A KING-SIZE BED

WOOF
Where’s Claude?

BERGER
Yeah, where is he?

SHEILA
He should be here.

BERGER
Claude! Claude!

CLAUDE
(Enters, dressed in a military uniform, but THEY do not see HER or hear HER).
I’m right here. (TRIBE freezes)
Like it or not, they got me.

Song: “The Flesh Failures (Let the Sun Shine)”

CLAUDE
Berger, I feel like I died.

BERGER
(Calling) Claude!

CLAUDE
I’m here!

SHEILA
Where is she?

CLAUDE
If I am unseen, then I can perform miracles...

BERGER
Claude...

TRIBE
Claude...

CLAUDE
That’s the only thing I want to do on this dirt.

Song: “Manchester” juxtaposed with “Flesh Failures”

(Interspersed: the TRIBE put THEIR hands in front of CLAUDE’s face and we no longer see HER. THEY all start to leave the stage, revealing CLAUDE lying center, on a black cloth. TRIBE encircles CLAUDE’s body, dancing. THEY stop and look at HER. TRIBE merges with audience.)

FIN.