

The Last Page of THE MINUTES by Tracy Letts

Peel staggers toward the door. Superba's words stop him.

SUPERBA

Imagine two futures for your daughter. One in which she is Debbie Farmer, held tight in the bosom of her family, and the world before her is open and fertile; and the other in which she is the little Indian girl running down that river bank, her last moments lived in blind terror.

Peel exits, frightened.

One by one, the councilmembers rise from their seats and move to Superba, affirming their commitment. Once they've all gathered, he leads them in rhythmic movement. They pound on their chests and stomp their feet. The movement grows in intensity, becoming personalized for each member as it grows -- some councilmembers fall to their knees, some thrash wildly, approaching ecstasy.

Peel re-enters, soaked. He is destroyed. The councilmembers embrace him.

INNES

Welcome back, Mr. Peel.

BLAKE

Good for you, Peel.

BREEDING

Welcome back.

ASSALONE

Attaboy.

JOHNSON

I know who you are.

The councilmembers form a semi-circle. Matz tenderly leads Peel to its center. Superba has retrieved a silver bowl. He presents the bowl to the councilmembers ceremonially. Each of them in turn reaches into the bowl and smears -- is it blood? looks like blood -- across their face. After they have all partaken, Superba presents the bowl to Peel.

SUPERBA

“Here is your future.”

The councilmembers raise their arms in unison, staring at Peel in anticipation.

END OF PLAY