

JUDY GARLAND
DIED FOR YOUR SINS

by Stuart Spencer

1969:

Julian, late 20s
Bobby, mid 20s
Susan, late 20s
Harry, about 50

The 1990s:

Julian, about 50
Jason, mid 20s
Don, late 20s
Dana, 20s

The play is double-cast as follows:

Young Julian/Don
Bobby/Jason
Susan/Dana
Harry/Old Julian

The living room of a one-bedroom apartment in the Village. There are doors to the bathroom, the bedroom, and the outside hall. The kitchen is upstage, through an archway. Depending on where someone is in the kitchen we can either see them, or half-see them, or not at all.

On Friday, June 27, 1969, Judy Garland's funeral ceremony was held at the Campbell Funeral Home on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Thousands of mourners, many of them homosexual men, filed by her casket and stood outside in the street, weeping and playing her albums on portable record players.

Later that night, a gay bar in the Village called the Stonewall Inn was raided by the police. Gay bars were routinely raided at this time, their patrons taken off to jail and booked for violations of the vice laws. On this night, however, the patrons of the Stonewall resisted arrest. Indeed, they rioted against their would-be jailers and in so doing they started what came to be known as the Gay Liberation Movement. The riots are commemorated each year at the end of June by the Gay Pride March, which passes directly in front of the Stonewall Inn.

This much of *Judy Garland Died For Your Sins* is based on historical fact. The rest is fiction.

ACT ONE

Late June, 2000

Morning.

On the coffee table, a couple of legal pads, a legal textbook, some pencils, two empty coffee mugs.

On the couch, a figure is asleep under a sheet. A pile of clothes on the floor next to the couch.

Julian appears at the bedroom door. He goes to the sleeping figure and shakes his toe.

JULIAN

Hey.

JASON

Mm.

JULIAN

Wake up.

JASON

Mm.

JULIAN

It's 8:30.

JASON

Mm.

JULIAN

You want coffee?

JASON

Mm.

(Julian takes the two coffee mugs and goes into the kitchen. Jason throws off the sheet and sits up. He is nude. He gets up and goes into the bathroom to piss. Julian gets an eyeful as he goes ...)

JULIAN
There's a robe on the door.

JASON
Sorry ... what?

JULIAN
(Yelling...)
Robe - bathroom door - !

(Jason flushes, brings the robe out of the bathroom and puts it on. As he does, he gets a sniff of his armpit...)

JASON
I'm going to need a shower before they get here.

JULIAN
I'll get you a towel.

(He goes into the bedroom, returns with a towel, puts it in the bathroom.

Jason goes to the window, looks out.)

JASON
I'm sorry, what's her name again?

JULIAN
(Still in the bathroom, not hearing...)
Hm?

JASON
Your daughter. I keep forgetting her name.

JULIAN
Dana.

JASON
And the boyfriend is ...

JULIAN
Don.

Don and Dana
From Pennsylvania.

You can think of them as light verse.

JASON

And this is ... okay? That I'm here?

JULIAN

Of course. Why not?

JASON

I could take a walk, have breakfast.

JULIAN

No, please. They come in, they say hello, they complain about the parking, they go. Very quick, very simple.

JASON

But if you want to be alone ...

JULIAN

I don't want to be alone.

(Beat. Their eyes meet for a moment. Jason looks away...)

JASON

Julian ... I just, I want to say -

JULIAN

No, don't ...

JASON

... I'm really sorry.

JULIAN

Oh please ...

JASON

I wasn't thinking.

JULIAN

It's okay.

JASON

I just - it was late and the lights were off and ... I know what you keep saying // but -

JULIAN

I understand, really, please ...

JASON

- I just don't get it, that's all.

JULIAN

Jason, you're my clerk. You're a subordinate.

JASON

It's not a job. You're not paying me anything.

JULIAN

Yeah, and if things don't work out, that's when you get law suits.

JASON

You really think I'd sue you.

JULIAN

It happens.

I like you. You're obviously - well ... You think I don't realize what I'm passing up? But this is my business and I'm sorry but it'd be way too ironic.

Coffee black, yes?

JASON

Yeah.

JULIAN

Here, take notes.

(He tosses Jason a legal pad and goes into the kitchen.)

JASON

What's next?

JULIAN (O.S.)

Jury charge.

JASON

Oh right.

JULIAN (O.S.)

We'll make a list.

JASON

Okay. Ready.

JULIAN (O.S.)

No - you first.

JASON

I've never done this.

JULIAN (O.S.)

Take a shot.

(He comes back with the coffee.)

JASON

Well, okay ... The guy who fired our client, the supervisor. I'd say we want the jury to know that we don't have to prove that he's personally biased. I mean, he *is* - we know that from the deposition ... but we don't have to prove it. All we have to do is prove he acted on biased information.

JULIAN

Great. Put it down.

JASON

What happens if the judge doesn't want to tell the jury that?

JULIAN

It wouldn't surprise me. Reagan appointee. And I also got two of his decisions overturned. They hate that. He'd rather eat dog shit than watch me win this suit.

(The buzzer sounds.)

Speaking of Reagan appointees.

(He goes to the kitchen doorway where the buzzer is located.)

Hello?

DANA

(On the buzzer)

It's us! We're here!

JULIAN

(To Jason.)

They're here.

(Into the buzzer ...)

Come on up.

(He buzzes her in.)

JASON

Shower time.

JULIAN

You want a change of clothes?

JASON

That'd be great.

JULIAN

Go ahead, do your thing. I'll get them.

(Julian goes into the bedroom. Jason goes into the bathroom, turns on the shower, and steps in.

Julian re-enters with the clothes and puts them in the bathroom.

He gathers up the legal pads, textbook, pencils from the coffee table, and Jason's clothes from the floor. He takes all of it into the bedroom.

The doorbell.

Julian comes out, shuts the bathroom door, and answers the front door.

Dana and Don enter. Everybody's very perky - or doing their best to be. The next beat is fast, overlapping ...)

DANA

Julian ...

(She gives him a peck.)

JULIAN

Hello, hello, come in ...

DON

Good to see you Julian.

(He shakes Julian's hand.)

JULIAN

Right on time ...

DON
... zero traffic ...

DANA
... I hope that's okay ...

DON
... we flew right in ...

JULIAN
No, it's ...

DANA
... but I know you get up early, so ...

JULIAN
No, it's fine. No problem. You want some coffee?

DANA
No thanks.

DON
Not for me. I'm set.

JULIAN
Sit, please. Sit.
(He finishes clearing the coffee table as he
talks.)
How's the kid?

DANA
Oh he's fine. He's great.

JULIAN
You didn't bring him.

DON
No, he's got Bible school.

JULIAN
(Beat...)
Bible school.

DANA
Summer Bible school.

DON
He loves it.

JULIAN
He's five years old.

DANA
That's what they do now. They start early.

JULIAN
Bible school?

DANA
He likes it. We wouldn't send him if he didn't like it.
(That came out a little sharp. Julian has gone
into the kitchen.)
Anyway, we'll bring him next time.

DON
We wanted to talk to you.

JULIAN
(Coming in)
About what?

DANA
(Checking with Don ...)
Nothing special. Just - how are you?

JULIAN
How should I be? You send David to Bible school, how do
you think I am?

DON
(Finally ...)
They learn Bible stories, Julian. It's very basic. Adam
and Eve. Noah and the Ark.

JULIAN
(To Don)
Thank you, I'm familiar with it.
(To Dana)
You had something to say.

DANA
Well, we thought we might take you out to lunch.

JULIAN
I can't. I'm sorry. Too much work. I've got this pre-
trial order, it's due by noon tomorrow.

DANA

Oh.

(She checks with Don again.)

DON

I think we can just tell him.

(Julian waits ...)

DANA

We're getting married.

(Pause)

JULIAN

Congratulations.

DANA

Thanks.

JULIAN

When?

DANA

Well - soon, actually. August.

JULIAN

August.

DANA

Saturday. The 22nd.

JULIAN

That soon.

DANA

We wanted you to know first. We haven't told David yet.

JULIAN

(Moving on ...)

Well, many happy returns. Isn't that nice. The two of you. So what are your plans for the day? You said shopping.

DANA

Well all the wedding stuff. There's so much to do.

DON

Um - actually - ... there was something else.
(Prompting ...)
Honey ...?

DANA

No, it's nothing. It can wait.

DON

Honey, come on ...

DANA

No, // I just, I don't -

DON

What's the matter?

DANA

It's fine, it's okay ...

DON

(To Julian)
She'd like you to give her away ...

DANA

Don ...

DON

... at the wedding.

JULIAN

You mean, walk you down the aisle?

DANA

Yes. Yeah.

DON

That's assuming you can make it, of course.

(A cell phone rings.)

DANA

Oh Jesus ...

(She digs in her purse for it.)

DON
(Admonishing)
Dana.

DANA
Sorry, sorry, sorry.
(She looks at the number)
Who is this?
(She answers it.)
Hello.

I can barely hear you. Who is this?

DON
Maybe it's the school?

DANA
Shhh.

(Jason appears at the bathroom door - dressed,
but clearly just showered. Dana talks into the
phone - *in italics.*)

JASON
Was that me?

DANA
Is anything wrong?

JASON
Oh, sorry ...

(Dana sees him but continues on the phone.)

DANA
Well put him on then.

DON
Hello. I'm Don.

JASON
Jason.

DANA
Sweetie, I can barely hear you. You've got to speak up.

JASON

Excuse me.

(Jason goes into the bedroom. Julian follows ...)

DANA

Yes, honey, we're in the city now.

Hello? David? Hello?

Oh, damn it.

(She hangs up.)

DON

Dana honey, please.

DANA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

(Regarding Jason ...)

And who was *that*?

DON

What's the matter with David?

DANA

Oh I don't know. I just think he misses us. Who was that?

DON

His name is Jason.

(Julian returns, closing the bedroom door behind him. Don reaches for the phone.)

DON

Here - I'll call him back.

DANA

You've got to go downstairs. You can't get a signal in this building. Go stand in the park by the little white statue people. It's pretty good there.

(Don goes out the front door.)

JULIAN

It never works in here, does it.

DANA

No, it must be your thick walls.

(If that means something, he doesn't show it.)
I'm sorry he asked, Julian. I wasn't going to.

JULIAN

You can ask. Nothing wrong with that.

DANA

I know you don't want to go.

JULIAN

It's nothing personal.

DANA

No, it's just that softball game every Saturday in August. Can't let the Gay Gotham League down, can you.

JULIAN

I haven't been to a wedding for thirty years. I just don't go, that's all. Not something I do.

DANA

He's good for me, Julian. You can see that, can't you? You can see the difference he made.

JULIAN

I'm not so sure who made it. You made it yourself, for all I know.

DANA

That's not true. You know it's not. Look at me. I am right on the verge of something resembling normalcy. A husband, a father for my child, nothing stronger than Diet Pepsi in my bloodstream. David's in school ...

JULIAN

Bible school ...

DANA

Oh - just for the *summer*.

JULIAN

That's what he says in June. By September, you two are married and David's halfway to seminary.

DANA

He's a good father. He treats David like flesh and blood. Better, in fact.

(The moment she says it, she knows it means more than she meant it to, but there's no taking it back.)

JULIAN

It must be that personal relationship with Christ he has. It gives some people such an unfair advantage over the rest of us.

DANA

That's not what he thinks.

JULIAN

No? What about you? What do you think?

DANA

It's not a crime to be a Christian. That much I think.

JULIAN

It's not a crime to be a hypocrite either. Doesn't make it right.

DANA

I love him, Julian. And he loves David, and he's solid as a rock, and I have a future. Is that so terrible?

JULIAN

Not for me. I'm not the one marrying him.

DANA

God, you can be such a ... fucking ... *bitch*.

(This, strangely, breaks the ice a bit and there is a grudging warmth between them ...)

JULIAN

You wouldn't use that language if Don was here.

DANA

Oh fuck you!

JULIAN

Look, you're taking this personally.

DANA

How am I supposed to take it?

JULIAN

It's my own bias. I don't do weddings. Simple as that.

DANA

You think he's a freak.

JULIAN

Actually I think you've got that backwards.

DANA

Don is very respectful of you.

JULIAN

He thinks I'm going to hell. You call that respect?

DANA

(Defeated)

You know ... I thought we were really getting somewhere - you and I. That close.

Then I met Don - and - I don't know ... you just couldn't stand to see me happy, could you.

(Julian reaches for her but she shrinks away.)

DANA

No - just - please ...

(She goes to the window and looks out. He waits for her.)

DANA

What are all the police barriers for?

JULIAN

It's called Gay Pride.

DANA

That's today?

JULIAN

Yes.

DANA

You didn't tell me we were coming on Gay Pride Day.

JULIAN

You didn't ask.

DANA

What are you doing working?

JULIAN

I told you, I've got a deadline tomorrow. I'm way behind.

DANA

You seem to have time for a guest.

JULIAN

That's Jason. He's my clerk.

We don't all sleep with each other, you know. That's a myth, unfortunately.

DANA

I wasn't saying that, Julian - I'm just ... I'm curious, that's all.

JULIAN

We're going to work in the bedroom. It's noisy out here when the parade goes by.

DANA

Ah. Well. That makes sense.

Anyway.

I should go.

(She goes to the door.)

JULIAN

Are you're coming back?

DANA

I don't know. Don likes to get back early.

JULIAN

Well - if you can -

DANA

Sure.

Sure, I'll try.

(She gives a small wave and goes out the front door.)

Julian puts on *The Man That Got Away* from the *Judy Live at Carnegie Hall* album. He goes into the bedroom, leaving the door ajar.

No light cue, but we are now in late June, 1969.

Young Julian emerges from the bathroom, towel around his waist. He takes the needle off the phonograph.

From the kitchen, we hear ...)

BOBBY

Hey! *Julian!*

(He appears in pajama bottoms.)

Hey - I was listening to that!

(But Julian has gone into the bedroom.)

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Me too - for a week ... !

BOBBY

You have no sense of the moment.

(Bobby sips at a glass of orange juice and makes himself comfortable on the couch.)

Julian comes back out of the bedroom - he's got on slacks and is pulling on a t-shirt.)

YOUNG JULIAN

What time is the funeral?

BOBBY

Why - you want to go?

YOUNG JULIAN

I can't. I've got a deposition this morning, and a meeting with Schumacher this afternoon. And of course there's always Harry Johnson.

BOBBY

That's not why you won't go.

(Julian goes to him, sits beside him on the couch.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Don't be sad.

BOBBY

What do you want me to be? Gay? I'm already gay.

(Julian kisses him. Bobby doesn't relent, but changes the subject ...)

BOBBY

Do you really think she killed herself?

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't know.

BOBBY

It had to be an accident. She wouldn't kill herself. Would she?

YOUNG JULIAN

She wasn't very happy.

BOBBY

Let's hope not every time a person is unhappy they kill themselves. They'd be stacked in the streets.

YOUNG JULIAN

Gimme a sip.

(Bobby hands him the juice. He drinks and almost chokes.)

Christ! What is that? Is that booze?

(He takes back the glass.)

BOBBY

I can't go to this thing sober, can I? By the way, can I bring your record player? I don't have a portable.

YOUNG JULIAN

To a funeral?

BOBBY

I want to play some records.

YOUNG JULIAN

At a funeral?

BOBBY

I thought I'd play some songs outside - on the street - while we're waiting. Something wrong with that?

YOUNG JULIAN

It's a little camp.

BOBBY

It's not a funeral. It's *Judy Garland's* funeral.

YOUNG JULIAN

Okay - sorry - withdrawn ...

BOBBY

You don't get it.

YOUNG JULIAN

Well I thought I did.

BOBBY

When Judy sings, she hurts. She hurts so we don't have to. Judy hurts so fags are free to do what fags do, which is be gay. Not funny. We're not being funny. We're serious. But we're gay.

You really don't get it, do you.

YOUNG JULIAN

I get it. I understand. It's like Streisand.

BOBBY

Oh dear God ...

YOUNG JULIAN

What?

BOBBY

No, no, no, no, no ...

YOUNG JULIAN

Streisand stands for something, doesn't she?

BOBBY

Only to pee.

(The phone rings.)

Julian picks up the phone.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Hello.

BOBBY

When Judy sings, she hurts. When Streisand sings, everybody else hurts.

(Julian waves him away and he goes into the bedroom. Again, the phone conversation is in *italics.*)

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry, Harry, please - just -

Okay, well - send me the eviction notice.

Harry, send it to me. I'm the lawyer. We'll fight it. They can't just kick you out of your home, not without a fight.

Listen, Harry, I know - I know - but you hang in there.

Harry, wait, listen. You're calling me at home, which is fine but -

- no, it's fine, Harry, but the fact is I'm going into work and -

I'm going into work right now and the first thing I'm going to is work on the appeal. So what I suggest is -

So what I suggest is, you get out of the house, it's a beautiful day, take a walk, go to a movie, take your mind off things.

Okay then. We'll talk soon, Harry.

Yup.

Okay Harry.

That's right.

I got to go Harry. I'm late for work.

Good bye.

(He hangs up. Bobby has returned, still putting on his clothes. We notice that they are the same clothes that Older Julian has given to Jason to wear in the present tense.)

BOBBY

So now he calls you at home.

YOUNG JULIAN

His landlord served an eviction notice.

BOBBY

Can he do that?

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry's a convicted sex criminal. He do whatever he wants.

BOBBY

That's not what you just told him.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't tell Harry everything.

BOBBY

You're going to lose the appeal too, aren't you.

YOUNG JULIAN

Probably.

BOBBY

And you won't tell him that.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's not that easy to tell Harry some things. He doesn't listen.

BOBBY

And you're going ahead with it.

YOUNG JULIAN

Look - his wife is gone. She took the kid and went to live in Syracuse. He got fired from his job. He's got no friends left and if he did he'd be too ashamed to see them. So we make the appeal. He's got nothing to lose.

(Bobby sits in silence a long moment, head hanging.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Sorry. It's pretty depressing.

BOBBY

Yeah. It is.

(Bobby looks up at him, staring.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Don't look at me like that.

BOBBY

Like what?

YOUNG JULIAN

Like that.

BOBBY

Well, there are certain ... similarities.

YOUNG JULIAN

Oh come on ...

BOBBY

It's a big closet. Plenty of room for everyone.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm not Harry Johnson.

BOBBY

Hey - that's your opinion. People think what they want to think. Judy thought Vincent Minnelli was a heterosexual.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry Johnson was hanging out in tea rooms propositioning undercover cops. Does that sound like me?

BOBBY

No, and he's married after all -

YOUNG JULIAN

- exactly -

BOBBY

- and you're not -

YOUNG JULIAN

- thank you -

BOBBY

- although we know that could change.

All three of us know that: you, me ... Susan. City Hall is ten minutes on the subway.

YOUNG JULIAN

I never said anything about marriage to her.

BOBBY

She's in love with you.

YOUNG JULIAN

No she's not.

BOBBY

I've seen her with you. She's in love.

YOUNG JULIAN

That's not my problem.

BOBBY

Not yet. But time is not your friend. In fact, why not do it - ? - get it over with ...

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby ...

BOBBY

I'm serious. You've been screwing her since December. That was my early Christmas present, remember? *I don't think I'm really queer. I need to bang my secretary to find out.*

You wanted two months, I gave you two months. And then two more and then another two.

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby ...

BOBBY

So fine. Take the plunge. I give you permission. I don't like it, but I don't like this much either.

And you know what? Maybe we stay friends. It's possible. Have a drink once in a while. After work. When you're not ready to hop on that train back to Bronxville, or Rye, or Manhasset, or wherever it is you end up.

But there is one thing. When we have that drink, a few years hence, and we start getting all boozed up in some saloon outside Grand Central, don't tell me you still love me. Because that would be the same pathetic crap Harry Johnson might pull. And it would make very sad and very angry.

(The buzzer. Julian goes to answer it.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Hello.

SUSAN (O.S.)

It's Susan.

YOUNG JULIAN

... hi, what's up?

SUSAN

I'm sorry. I know it's early. Can I come up for a sec?

(He looks at Bobby.)

BOBBY

And that, as they say, is my exit cue.

YOUNG JULIAN

Yeah - sure - come on up.

(He buzzes her in. Bobby collects the record player and a couple albums.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Look. I'm sorry.

BOBBY

You've got a busy day, don't you.

YOUNG JULIAN

Come by tonight. After work. I want to talk.

BOBBY

Maybe. We'll see.

I'll say good bye to Judy for you.

(Bobby goes to him, kisses him lightly, sweetly. He goes, taking the record player. Young Julian goes into the bedroom.)

No light cue.

The year 2000. A few hours after the earlier scene.

The sudden thunder of the Gay Pride March rattles the windows. Brass bands, thousands of cheering men and women, blaring sounds systems. A cacophony. Over it, we hear - barely - the sound of the buzzer.

Julian - the older Julian - enters from the bedroom and goes to the buzzer.)

JULIAN

Hello?

(An unintelligible squawk...)

Who is this?

(Another squawk...)

Hold on!

(He closes the living room window. The noise still crashes through the kitchen window. The buzzer sounds again. Julian stops at it on his way to the other window.)

Hold on a second!

(He closes the kitchen window and the noise is finally muted. He goes back to the buzzer.)

Who is it?

(Again - more squawking. The sound of the parade piped in from downstairs drowns it out.)

I can't understand you!

(More squawking.

Jason appears at the bedroom door.)

JASON

Who is it?

JULIAN

It happens every year. Ten thousand proud homosexuals and not a public bathroom in sight.

(Julian presses the button.)

They just keep buzzing 'til they find a taker.

(Jason goes to the window and looks out.)

JASON

You don't do Pride, I take it.

JULIAN

I don't do Pride - but as you can see, Pride does me.

JASON

I'm surprised. Somebody like you - I'd think you'd be grand marshal at least.

JULIAN

Of that carnival? No thank you.

JULIAN

I haven't been downstairs for twenty years. It used to be different, you know. Crazy, sure - drag queens and leather dykes and all that. But there was also dignity. Now it's just muscle tone and costumes. The problem with Gay Pride for me is - they've got the gay thing down. But what about the Pride part? What the hell does that have to do with pride?

JASON

Maybe it's liberation - freedom -

JULIAN

Well I'm sorry, liberation is a lot more complicated than marching down the streets in your sun thong. It's like somebody opened the jail door for these people and they think they're free. But really they just walked into the next cell. They don't even know it.

JASON

And what about you?

JULIAN

What *about* me?

JASON

I'm asking.

(The doorbell rings.)

With a lingering look at Jason, Julian opens the door on Don, who comes in tentatively. He has a shopping bag.)

DON

I'm sorry, I couldn't understand a word you were - ...
(He sees Jason.)
... oh, hello.

JASON

Hi.

JULIAN

I didn't know you were coming in for the March, Don.

(He closes the door.)

DON

Yeah - that's quite a show down there.

JULIAN

Oh - we do that every Sunday here in the Village. Some people go to church, we have a parade.

Where's the bride?

DON

Oh, shopping. You know - girl things.

JULIAN

(Deadpan)

No, what are those?

JASON

(Quickly - to head off more barbs -)
What's in the bag, Don?

DON

Oh, just something for David.

(Julian brings out a G.I. Joe)

JULIAN

... G.I. Joe.

DON

I like to bring home a little present whenever I go away.

JULIAN

... and he's been to the gym.

DON

I don't approve of the violence, really - but - well, that's what boys like, don't they.

JULIAN

Some boys do, some boys don't.

JASON

(Looking into the bag - again to distract -)
With three different outfits ...

DON

It comes with those.

JASON

(Peering into the bag ...)
And a fully operational mobile missile launcher.

DON

I spoil him, I know. I can't help it.

JULIAN

You could buy him a book, couldn't you?

DON

(With a laugh ...)
Well Julian, you obviously don't have any children.
(Beat. Julian turns a steely look on him.)
... *kids*, I mean.

(Jason backs out of the line of fire.)

JASON

I'll check the roast.

(Jason goes to the bedroom.)

DON

Julian. I don't want to fight with you.

JULIAN

I wouldn't call this a fight. When it's a fight, you'll know it.

DON

Dana didn't want me to come back at all but I thought // I should at least ...

JULIAN

Dana? Who is Dana? I obviously don't have any children.

DON

I didn't mean that. You know that.

Look, Julian, I'd like to start over with you. We're going to be in-laws. A family is a precious thing.

JULIAN

What would that involve? This starting over?

DON

Well - respect, I guess, for one thing.

JULIAN

I don't know about that. Is that possible? You can't really hate what someone is and respect them too, can you?

I've got that right, yes? You don't hate me, you hate what I am.

DON

I don't really want to make that the issue.

JULIAN

Well it's too late, you already did.

DON

All I'm trying to do is make a family.

JULIAN

But you have conditions, don't you. There are strings. What I can say, what I can't say. And you know what I'm talking about. Don't you pretend otherwise.

DON

David is five years old.

JULIAN

So what?

DON

He isn't ready to hear about - ...

JULIAN

About what, Don?

DON

It's too complicated for him.

JULIAN

I was informed - was I not? - after your last visit, with David here? - that I was not to mention Bobby to him?

DON

I did not say that ...

JULIAN

No - true - I can mention him. I just can't say what he was to me.

DON

He's not *ready*.

JULIAN

Is he ready to hear about you?

DON

Me?

JULIAN

You and Dana. Husband and wife. Marriage.

DON

That's not the same.

JULIAN

You don't think so? For a five year old? You try explaining it to him. So he understands. All the legalities, the historical context, religious framework, social ramifications, interpersonal relations - including sex, of course. Can't forget that. That *is* part of it. You put all that into words so that little David gets it.

DON

Well obviously, I'm not going to do *that*.

JULIAN

You're damn right you're not.

DON

He knows we love each other. That's all that matters to him.

JULIAN

And I had somebody once too. And we loved each other. And that was all that mattered.

David *asked* me. You were there, you saw it. He walked out of the bedroom and he asked me did Bobby and I used to sleep in the same bed. And I said yes. And he said why. And I said because we loved each other.

He deserved a real answer, and he got one. And you know what else? He got it too - in his own way. However a five year old kid gets things. You don't get it, but frankly I find him just a shade brighter than you.

(Beat)

DON

You're very good at this, Julian. What can I say?

JULIAN

I'm not that good. I've got one big advantage, though. I happen to be right.

DON

She wants her father to give her away in marriage.

JULIAN

Well she knows I'm not going to. I already told her that.

DON

That doesn't mean she wouldn't like it.

JULIAN

She made her choice and you're it. She can't have her wedding cake and eat it too.

DON

Dana had a lot of choices made *for* her. Before she ever met me. Before she was even born.

JULIAN

And who didn't? It's like we said in the army. When they serve shit for lunch, you eat shit for lunch.

(Beat)

DON

Well, I thought I'd try.

I thought you might give her this. After all these years. I guess I was wrong.

It's very sad.

(He goes out the front door.)

(Jason enters from bedroom.)

JASON

Asshole.

JULIAN

He's up front, though. I give him that. With Don, there's no knife in the back. You get it right here, in the left ventricle.

(He points into his chest.)

JASON

I didn't realize he was that -

JULIAN

- far gone?

JASON

- yeah.

JULIAN

See, I don't see him that way. I see Don as very, very typical. Right square in the middle of America. If Don were a city he'd be Topeka.

You think he's a nut because he's honest about it. Most people don't admit it - but you know what they're thinking. It's exactly the same thing.

JASON

Julian, come on - not *all* of them ...

I've got friends. I've got good friends who are totally cool about me.

JULIAN

Or so they say.

JASON

Well I think I know them.

(Julian goes to the window and throws it open. The thunderous noise of the March comes crashing through in. They are forced to shout over the noise.)

JULIAN

LISTEN TO THAT! YOU DON'T THINK THAT TERRIFIES THEM? WE SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF THEM!

JASON

JULIAN, CLOSE THE WINDOW!

JULIAN

AND IF YOU THINK THEY DON'T HATE US FOR THAT, YOU'RE CRAZY! THEY'RE AFRAID - AND THEY THINK THAT MAKES IT OKAY TO HATE US! TRUST ME! I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

(Julian goes to Jason and kisses him fiercely, then goes out the door.)

JASON

JULIAN, WHERE ARE YOU ...?! JULIAN!

(He goes to the door, but stops in the doorway and lets Julian go.)

He goes back and closes the window. The noise abates. He waits a moment, unsure what to do, then goes into the bedroom.

No light cue.

It is 1969, moments after the earlier scene.

A knocking at the door. Then another. From offstage ...)

SUSAN (O.S.)

Julian?

(Young Julian comes out of the bedroom, still in slacks and t-shirt, putting on his button down shirt.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Coming!

(He opens the door on Susan.)

SUSAN

Don't lie to me.

(Beat.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Okay.

SUSAN

Promise?

YOUNG JULIAN

Promise.

(She puts on a pair of glasses in her hand and 'models' for him.)

SUSAN

Well?

YOUNG JULIAN

They're nice.

SUSAN

You promised.

YOUNG JULIAN

They're very nice. I *like* them. You look like a Bond girl.

SUSAN

They're not my first choice. But I am a legal secretary, after all. I do have parameters.

(Young Julian kisses her.)

YOUNG JULIAN

They're beautiful.

SUSAN

Well, I'm stuck with them. I can't afford another pair at this price. Everything is *not* cheaper in the Village as it turns out.

(She takes them off and puts them away.)

Hi.

(They kiss.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Want some coffee?

SUSAN

Love some.

(He goes to the kitchen, where he is half-seen. She comes into the room, looks around, taking in every detail.

A slight pause, casually ...)

SUSAN

Was that Bobby?

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Bobby?

SUSAN

When I got off the elevator I thought I saw him going down the stairs.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

He wasn't here.

SUSAN

That's strange.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Maybe it wasn't Bobby.

SUSAN

It certainly looked like him.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Cream and sugar - yeah?

SUSAN

Just sugar. I'm on a diet.

(Silence again. She has drifted to the window and she gazes down onto the street.)

SUSAN

You know, I love this neighborhood.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Really? Why's that?

SUSAN

It's such a *cliche* - but everything's different down here. Narrow streets, quaint little buildings with quaint little shops. And the people. This guy at the optometrist, his name is Richard, he is so adorable.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Oh? Should I be jealous?

SUSAN

Of course not. That's my point. He's 'gay'.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Oh?

SUSAN

You know what that means, right? It's the new word for homosexual.

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Oh really?

SUSAN

He's so sweet and so cute and I don't know - so *Village*. There aren't any guys like that at the Barbizon Plaza.

(Young Julian enters with coffee.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Sweetheart, there aren't any guys - period - at the Barbizon Plaza.

(He kisses her lightly and gives her the coffee. She takes it, but has already leapt ahead to the next subject.)

SUSAN

It must be some girl.

YOUNG JULIAN

Excuse me?

SUSAN

Bobby. He must have a girlfriend in the building.

YOUNG JULIAN

Yeah, I guess so. Maybe.

SUSAN

I'll bet he's got a dozen, all over the city.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't know about *that*.

SUSAN

I think he'd like Jenny, don't you?

YOUNG JULIAN

Jenny at the office?

SUSAN

She's not seeing anybody right now. I think Bobby would like her. He needs somebody like her. Somebody serious. He needs to get out of this whole ... *swinging bachelor* scene.

YOUNG JULIAN

Hey, I'm a swinging bachelor.

SUSAN

You're a bachelor. You're not swinging, remember?

(He gets up ...)

YOUNG JULIAN

I have to get dressed.

SUSAN

Or did you forget?

YOUNG JULIAN

I didn't forget, Susan. You're the only girl for me. You know that.

(He gives her a reassuring kiss.)

I just - I wouldn't set Bobby up, though. He does okay all by himself.

SUSAN

That's exactly my point.

(But he has gone into the bedroom. Another beat while she considers the next subject ...)

SUSAN

How's Harry Johnson?

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

Funny you should ask.

SUSAN

Is he still calling you at home?

YOUNG JULIAN (O.S.)

He did this morning.

SUSAN

You know ... I think you should drop that case.

(He comes out putting on a button down shirt and a tie.)

YOUNG JULIAN

I can't do that.

SUSAN

Schumacher doesn't want to make the appeal, you know.

YOUNG JULIAN

What?

SUSAN

He doesn't want the firm to handle it.

YOUNG JULIAN

He said that?

SUSAN

Jenny overheard him on the phone. He wants the whole thing over - ... done.

YOUNG JULIAN

But if the client wants to appeal ...

SUSAN

I understand. But it doesn't have to be you. You could give it to Ken Farrell. He just settled a case. He's not busy.

YOUNG JULIAN

But it's my case.

SUSAN

He'd take it, too. He doesn't care. I mean, I like Ken - he's one of my favorite guys in the office - but he's never going to make partner and he knows it.

YOUNG JULIAN

He's not?

SUSAN

Ken *Farrell*?

YOUNG JULIAN

Why not?

SUSAN

Because he's - ... because he's gay..

YOUNG JULIAN

Ken *Farrell*?

SUSAN

You didn't know that?

YOUNG JULIAN

I didn't know that.

SUSAN

You see? This is what I mean. You don't know what's going on right in front of you and you don't look out for yourself.

There's a partnership waiting for you. It's going to mean politics though. That's just a fact. You did right by Harry. You fought hard. But enough. Let it go. For your own sake.

(Knowing she's going out on a limb ...)

And - I don't know ... maybe for me too.

(Taking his hand...)

Maybe for both of us.

(He lets this register, speechless.)

I'm sorry, I think I just proposed to you.

YOUNG JULIAN

No ... that's okay.

(It isn't, of course.)

SUSAN

No, I'm sorry. It's just - well - there's something else. There's a time factor.

I went to the doctor yesterday.

I'm pregnant.

(Silence ...)

YOUNG JULIAN

I thought - I thought you were on the pill.

SUSAN

I am. It's not a hundred per cent.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's not?

SUSAN

No.

YOUNG JULIAN

... I didn't know that.

SUSAN

Neither did I.

I wanted to tell you right away -

YOUNG JULIAN

No, yeah, of course -

SUSAN

- so we could talk.

YOUNG JULIAN

Talk about what?

SUSAN

Well, I don't know - ... what to do.

YOUNG JULIAN

You're asking me? How do I know?

(He gets up, moves away from her.)

She waits a moment, stunned ...)

SUSAN

Well, we were talking marriage a second go ...

YOUNG JULIAN

- you were talking marriage -

SUSAN

(Chastened, humiliated ...)

Yes. Right. You're right.

YOUNG JULIAN

Look, it's just - I didn't ask you to get pregnant!

SUSAN

And I didn't mean to! But I thought you might appreciate it if I told you!

(Beat. He has turned away from her, head in hands.)

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm sorry. Okay. I'm sorry.

I'm just - I can't talk about it right now. I've got to think. I'm sorry.

It's me, it's not you, it's just ... it's me, and it's complicated and I have to think.

(Beat)

SUSAN

Okay.

(She is ready to leave at any moment ...)

YOUNG JULIAN

I just need some time.

SUSAN

Sure. Take your time.

(She turns to go ...)

I'll see you at work.

YOUNG JULIAN

Susan!

(She stops.)

Now listen, it's not like that. I just - I need to think it through. Either way - whatever happens, whatever we do - I'll be here. You don't have to worry. Whatever you need, you'll have it. Money, support, everything.

SUSAN

I don't need money. I can go to Easton. I can stay with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Ted.

YOUNG JULIAN

You don't have to go to Easton.

SUSAN

Well, I can't stay *here*.

YOUNG JULIAN

Why not?

SUSAN

And raise a child on my own, in the city? I don't think so.

YOUNG JULIAN

Not on your own. I'm telling you - I will be here. Regardless of anything. That's a promise.

SUSAN

Regardless of anything.

YOUNG JULIAN

Yes.

SUSAN

Meaning whether we get married or not.

YOUNG JULIAN

Yes.

(Beat)

SUSAN

How long do you want?

YOUNG JULIAN

How *long*?

SUSAN

How much time do you need? To think.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't know. A day. Maybe two. The weekend.

SUSAN

Well I can't move to Easton before Monday, can I.

I love you. I'm sorry, but I do.

(He goes to her, awkwardly kisses her.

She goes.

For a moment, he seems fine. Then he puts his face in his hands.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Shit.

Shit, shit, shit, *shit, shit!*

(He gets himself together and goes into the bedroom as ...)

Light cue.

2000. Several hours after the earlier 2000 scenes, about six PM.

The buzzer sounds. Jason enters from the bedroom with a handful of papers. He answers the buzzer.)

JASON

Hello?

DANA

(On the buzzer)

It's Dana.

JASON

Uh - hi - this is Jason. Julian's not here.

DANA

(On the buzzer)

Mind if I come up?

JASON

Uh, no - sure - of course.

(He buzzes her in. Thinks a moment, then goes to the phone and dials.)

Uh - hi - who is this?

Is this Julian's phone?

Is he there?

Yeah please.

Julian, where are you?

Because Dana's here.

She's on her way up.

I don't know. She's probably coming to say good bye.
It's almost six o'clock.

Well what do you want me to tell her?

Julian, where are you?

(He goes to the window, looking down ...)

Okay I'm looking.

No, I don't see - ... okay, yeah, hi, I see you. Hi.
Julian, are you drunk?

Well could you please ...

Julian ...?

(The doorbell)

No, I want Julian. Could you please pass the phone back
to Julian? Hello?

(The doorbell again...)

Fuck.

(He hangs up, goes to the door. Dana carries
several large shopping bags. She has a wet spot
down her front.)

DANA

Some drag queen sloshed his Pina Colada down my front.
Her Pina Colada? His Pina Colada?

(She goes into the bathroom.)

JASON

Her Pina Colada.

DANA

And proceeded to attempt to lick it off with his
tongue. Her tongue. As a favor, I think.

(She finds a small hand towel, and comes back
out.)

JASON

At least the natives are friendly, right?

DANA

Some of them anyway.

(She goes into the kitchen.)

Where is Julian?

JASON

He went to the March.

DANA

I thought he had all this work.

JASON

He took a break.

He'll be sorry he missed you.

DANA

No he won't. He has a habit of not being here when I'm expected.

(She comes out of the kitchen with a bottle of club soda.)

Nice of you to say it though. What's that?

JASON

Oh, it's - this case we're working on.

DANA

You're suing somebody.

JASON

Yeah. Job discrimination.

DANA

... and?

(She has begun to douse the towel with club soda and dab at her dress.)

JASON

Well, the - uh - the client - the plaintiff - he was a sales rep for an electronics firm. And a good one. Last summer he was out on Fire Island wearing this t-shirt that said 'BOYFRIEND' across here ...

(His chest...)

...with a big arrow like this.

(He points left.)

And some of the guys from his sales force saw him.

DANA

What are all these straight guys doing on Fire Island?

JASON

You know, that's a really good question. Nobody mentions that.

DANA

Hello.

JASON

Anyway, they went home and told the other reps, who are all straight. Word gets around that the guy is gay. The other reps start complaining to the division head about him. Can't work with him, don't respect him, whatever. And even though he never had a complaint filed against him - eight years with the company - he gets fired two months later.

DANA

Wow.

JASON

And those are the facts.

DANA

Thank you. Very informative. One more question. What are you?

JASON

What am I?

DANA

You're not a lawyer. What do you ... do - ?

JASON

I'm a clerk. Summer intern.

DANA

Are you sleeping with him?

(Beat)

JASON

Are you sleeping with Don?

DANA

No.

Not that I haven't tried. He won't do it.

(They look at each other, waiting for the other show to drop ...)

JASON

Neither will Julian.

(And the dam bursts - they break up laughing.)
He says he doesn't want a lawsuit. I mean, I do see the point. Gay lawyer specializing in gay harassment lawsuits gets sued for harassment by his own law clerk. You can imagine the headlines. Could be very bad for business.

(She dabs at her front some more.)

DANA

Did I get this at *all*?

JASON

You've got some here.

(He points. She dabs some more.)

DANA

You're not hungry are you?

JASON

Not really, no.

DANA

I'm starving.

JASON

You'd have to go out. There's nothing to eat around here. There never is.

DANA

Would you go with me?

JASON

Um - I should wait for him. But thanks.

(She is checking for more spots.)
You got it. Here, I'll take it.

(He returns the towel and the soda to the kitchen.)

DANA

Did he tell you I'm getting married?

JASON

He did. Congratulations.

DANA

Did he mention that he wasn't coming to the wedding?

JASON

I picked that up, yeah.

DANA

And I don't blame him for that in a funny way. Personally, I could do without all the lah-di-dah myself. If it was me, I'd just move in. Take-out pizza for a wedding cake.

JASON

Why don't you?

DANA

Because - because Don wants it this way. Big white dress and a veil and a cake with little people on top.

JASON

But if you don't want to ...

DANA

No - please. It's fine. I don't really care either way. And I do owe it to him.

We're both in the program. That's how we met. A thousand phone calls, three AM. Me - shaking, crying, barely able to hold the phone. Wanting a drink so bad I clawed half the skin off my hands. Scars.

(She shows her hands.)

Pretty, huh. He was always there. Always steady. Always listening. I wouldn't be here otherwise.

JASON

Hey, it's your call.

DANA

You're welcome, too, by the way. Give me your address, I'll send you an invitation.

JASON

Thank you.

DANA

Maybe you can get Julian to come.

JASON

I wouldn't count on that.

DANA

On you trying - or him coming?

JASON

Either one. I'm in no position to push any agendas with him.

(She looks at him, sizing him up...)

DANA

He's insane not to sleep with you.

I didn't say that. Oh my God.

Are you hungry yet?

JASON

I'm getting there actually.

DANA

How about Indian?

JASON

Give me one second.

(He takes the shopping bags and the papers into the bedroom. He comes back in a moment.)

JASON

Let's eat.

(He opens the front door. She hesitates - but just a moment - then goes, and he follows.)

Light cue.

1969. Later the same day as the earlier 1969 scenes. Early evening.

Young Julian enters through the front door. He is in a business suit. He pulls off his tie, opens

his shirt, flicks on the radio, and disappears into the kitchen to pour a drink.

RADIO

... estimate that over five thousand people were lined up outside Campbell's Funeral Home throughout the day and evening. The adult fans, many of them young men, wiped away tears and tried to articulate the fascination that had drawn them to the star in life and to the funeral home yesterday to wait hours for a brief look.

(Bobby lets himself in the front door with his own key and holding the record player. He snaps off the radio. Julian appears in the kitchen doorway with a drink in hand.)

BOBBY

(A little drunk, flushed, heated ...)

And I was not the only one with a record player, by the way.

There were three of us - we took turns. Request concert, right there on the street. People are shouting out favorites. We're playing them - *Zing! Went The Strings* and *Swanee* - all of those. Then somebody shouts: *The Man That Got Away*. And everybody goes silent, listening, a whole line of people, thousands of them, all the way up Madison Avenue.

(Speaking - not singing ...)

The night is bitter, the stars have lost their glitter
...

And all us fellas, all the Friends of Dorothy, we just ... start *sobbing* and hanging on to each other and laughing and crying and *screaming* and making the biggest God damn fags out of ourselves. It was the gayest God damn funeral you ever saw in your life. We were all a bunch of God damned fairies and for one fucking moment we didn't care who knew it.

We *wanted* them to know. Because they all realized - we did, they did, we all did - that we were the ones. Judy belonged to *us*. Not to them. She was our goddess.

YOUNG JULIAN

You want a drink?

BOBBY

And if they didn't like it - they could just shove it!

YOUNG JULIAN

I'll get you a drink.

(Julian goes into the kitchen.)

BOBBY

I think that's a pretty God damn good theory. She passes among us. We know her not. We see her, but we don't understand. And yet we know, we sense ...

Angels disguised as beggars, Zeus disguised as a swan.

(Julian returns.)

YOUNG JULIAN

The son of God, begotten not made. God, but also human.

BOBBY

That's right. That's exactly right. Maybe you do get it. Maybe there's hope.

(Julian hands him a drink.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Susan's pregnant.

(Silence ... broken by Bobby cracking up into laughter.)

BOBBY

Of course she is. What else? And you, fortunately, are the marrying kind. Aren't you.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't know.

BOBBY

Well there's only one way to find out.

YOUNG JULIAN

Is that what you want?

BOBBY

(No more kidding ...)
Don't turn it back on me, Julian.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm just asking.

BOBBY

I want you to make up your mind and stop throwing your shit in my face! That's what I want!

YOUNG JULIAN

Well I'd like to talk to you about it // if you don't ...

BOBBY

(He holds up his drink)

You want to talk? Here's your talk. To Julian and Bobby. Like all other fags before us, we gave it a go. And like all other fags before us, it didn't quite take. The gods did not smile. Not even Dame Judy, patron saint of queens and nancy boys everywhere, even she couldn't save us. To us.

(He drinks)

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm sorry.

BOBBY

You fucked this up, Julian.

You were *that* close. You maybe, might have, possibly come out of the closet at long cock sucking last. But no. You figured out a way, didn't you. You managed to knock her up just in time and turn this whole thing to shit.

You're *sorry*.

You *are* sorry, Julian. And don't you forget it.

(The buzzer sounds. Julian goes to it.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Hello?

HARRY

(On the buzzer)

Julian? It's Harry. Harry Johnson.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry, what are you doing here?

HARRY

(On the buzzer)

Please. It's important. I got to talk to you. This is serious.

(Julian looks helplessly at Bobby ...)

Please!

Julian? Are you there?

YOUNG JULIAN

(A resigned sigh ...)

Come on up, Harry ...

(Julian buzzes him in.)

BOBBY

And Mr. Johnson arrives to cry on your shoulder. More perfection!

YOUNG JULIAN

Now look, Harry's in a fragile state of mind.

BOBBY

Well, he and I've got something in common then, don't we. We'll have something to talk about, Harry and I.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm not kidding.

BOBBY

Who's kidding? I'm not kidding. I always wanted to meet the famous Harry Johnson. The ghost of Christmas future. Julian in the year 2000. And I assume he wants to meet me too, right? I mean, you have told him all about me, haven't you?

YOUNG JULIAN

No, I haven't.

BOBBY

And here I thought you bragged about me to all your clients.

YOUNG JULIAN

Go in the bedroom.

BOBBY

No.

YOUNG JULIAN

This is business. Please go in the bedroom.

BOBBY

You always want to get rid of me. You ever notice that?

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't want to get rid of you, I just want you to ...

(Doorbell.)

Bobby stays where he is. Julian opens the door.
Harry enters - also drunk and running hot.)

HARRY

I appreciate this, Julian. I really do.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's all right Harry. Don't worry about it.

HARRY

(Seeing Bobby ...)

I didn't realize you had company.

YOUNG JULIAN

This is Harry Johnson, Bobby. He's a client.

BOBBY

Hello Harry.

HARRY

What're you two guys doing sittin' around on a Friday night? Huh? Where's that girlfriend of yours? Better not let her get away my friend. She's a catch that one.

(To Bobby)

Eh? You know her?

BOBBY

I met her once or twice, on the fly.

HARRY

She's a real tomato, huh? Nice little shape on her.

BOBBY

Great shape, if you like tomatoes.

(Harry sees the drinks.)

HARRY

Say - you don't have one more of those for your old pal Harry, do you?

YOUNG JULIAN

I was just going to make some coffee, actually. Go ahead, have a seat.

HARRY

(Attempting a joke ...)

What's that, a hint? Huh?

(But Julian has gone to the kitchen. Harry turns to Bobby, unable to keep from looking him up and down.)

Sorry ... what's your name again?

BOBBY

Bobby.

HARRY

Right, right.

Say, I read in the paper they buried Judy Garland today. Big commotion up town.

BOBBY

Yeah I was there.

HARRY

Is that right. You like that old-fashioned stuff, do you? Young stud like you? I took you for the rock and roll type.

BOBBY

Not me. I like Judy.

HARRY

She was one hell of a singer, I'll say that. I should'a gone to the wake.

BOBBY

You should have. You would have fit right in.

(Harry doesn't get the innuendo, but he's fixed on Bobby.)

HARRY

So what about you? Where's your chick tonight?

BOBBY

I don't have a chick.

HARRY

Good lookin' fella like you? You oughta have a girlfriend.

BOBBY

Well I don't have one, Harry.

HARRY

I'm surprised. Good lookin' guy like you.

BOBBY

Hey, knock it off, would you?

HARRY

Okay, take it easy. I'm just talkin', stud.

BOBBY

That's how you run a pickup, isn't it.

Hey stud - good lookin' guy like you. Where's the girlfriend?

I bet you spend a lot of time in a lot of bars talking like that. Sure beats hanging out in the subway crapper, though, doesn't it.

(Julian appears in the kitchen doorway. Harry stands up, stunned.)

HARRY

What the hell are you talking about?

(To Julian)

What the hell is he talking about?

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby, for Christ's sake.

HARRY

Who the hell is this guy? You fucking told him.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry, listen to me ...

HARRY

I am a client for fuck's sake. I've got privacy rights.

BOBBY

It was in the newspaper, Harry. Everybody knows and nobody cares.

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby, the man is my client.

HARRY

And you tell *him*. Whoever the hell *he* is.

BOBBY

I'm his lover.

Sorry: was. There's a divorce going through. A gay divorce. I'm Ginger, this is Fred.

HARRY

(Looking back and forth at them)

You're ... you're fuckin' kiddin' me. You're pullin' my leg.

BOBBY

Your lawyer's a big queer, just like you, Harry. You know what else? He's going to get married. Just like you did. You two have a lot in common.

(Harry looks at Julian, speechless.)

YOUNG JULIAN

It's not important, Harry.

HARRY

You're a fucking fag. You've got a fucking nancy boy friend here ...

YOUNG JULIAN

It doesn't matter, Harry. Nobody knows.

HARRY

Don't tell me what matters! You think I want a fucking faggot for a lawyer? Is that what you think? You think I want some judge to see you prancin' around the courtroom the way you do? I *knew* this! This is why you lost the case. Everybody *knew*! Everybody but me! I must be fucking blind! I must be a fucking idiot!

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry, now hold on a second ...

BOBBY

You're not an idiot. You're a closet case.

HARRY

What the fuck are you calling me!? Don't you fucking call me that!

YOUNG JULIAN

ALL RIGHT, KNOCK IT OFF! BOTH OF YOU! KILL IT!

(His tone silences them both. Harry retreats to a corner.)

YOUNG JULIAN

It does not *matter* what I am. Or Bobby. Or any of us. You are my client, Harry. That's what matters. What happens to you is what matters, Harry. Isn't it.

Isn't it.

HARRY

Sure.

YOUNG JULIAN

Okay. So sit down and we'll talk about that. How do you want your coffee?

HARRY

Black.

(Julian goes to the kitchen.)

Harry has crumpled emotionally. A beat ...)

HARRY

I - uh ... I'm sorry. What I said there.

BOBBY

Don't worry about it.

HARRY

I'm sick. I know that. It's part of the same thing. It's all some kind of sickness. I can't help it.

BOBBY

You're not sick, Harry.

HARRY

Yeah - well - you would say that. Look at you. You want this shit. You like it. I don't want this. This is not me.

BOBBY

That's not going to change it, Harry.

HARRY

You think I don't know that? I know that for a fact. I tried. God knows I tried. I saw doctors, I got therapy. All on the sly. Nobody knew. Didn't change anything.

I'd still come home late, the kid's in bed, she's waiting up for me. All the lies, all the excuses. Some nights I couldn't even kiss her, I felt so dirty.

Nothing ever worked. Nothing.

(He pulls a pistol out of his pocket. He holds it, looking at it sadly.)

BOBBY

Harry ...

(Julian appears with a coffee cup. He stops when he sees the pistol.)

YOUNG JULIAN

What the hell is that?

BOBBY

I think it's loaded.

HARRY

It is.

(Julian puts the coffee cup down, reaches out his hand to Harry.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Give it to me.

HARRY

It's time to say good bye Julian.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry ...

BOBBY

Julian, stay back.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry, we're going to make the appeal. Just the way you want. You know that.

HARRY

What does that get me? My wife? My job?

YOUNG JULIAN

Your wife is going to come back, Harry. When she sees what you're willing to do, she'll come back.

HARRY

Don't lie to me.

YOUNG JULIAN

She's upset, Harry. What do you think? She'll get over it. She'll come back.

HARRY

And what about my job? What about the apartment?

YOUNG JULIAN

We're going to fight that. I sent your landlord a letter today.

HARRY

(He is waving the pistol wildly ...)

You're not going to win that case. You can't win anything and you know it.

(Bobby moves in back of Harry where he can't be seen.)

YOUNG JULIAN

All right, Harry, okay ...

HARRY

They all know you're a queer. Everybody knows. Look at the way you walk. You walk like a queer. You talk like a queer. I knew you were a queer the minute I laid eyes on you ...!

(Bobby has come up from behind Harry, pulls his pistol hand down. They struggle briefly but Bobby takes the pistol away from him.)

BOBBY

Now sit.

(Harry is deflated but doesn't move.)

Sit.

(Harry sits.)

You're going to lose the case, Harry.

YOUNG JULIAN

Stop it.

BOBBY

You don't have a chance. They don't prosecute if they can't make it stick. And besides you're an example. They like examples.

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby ...

BOBBY

They like to show what they can do if they want to. Keep the public order. Keep the fags on a leash.

Your wife is not coming back, your job is gone, your apartment is no longer yours. And there is nothing - I repeat, nothing you can do about it.

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby // for Christ's sake ...

BOBBY

Except one thing. You know what that one thing is?

You can say, *Fuck you*. That's right. That's what you can do. Say it with me: *Fuck you, yes, I am a fag. So what? What's it to you? I like men.*

So you can stop listening to this line of crap about how it's all going to be okay. It's not going to be okay.

HARRY

(Pause)

He's right, isn't he.

YOUNG JULIAN

(Pause)

Yes.

BOBBY

You came for help Harry. There is no help. You can help yourself - that's it.

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby, could you please ...?

HARRY

Doesn't matter. Let him talk. None of it matters.

(His head falls into his hands.)

I'm so tired.

YOUNG JULIAN

You've been drinking.

HARRY

All day. All week.

YOUNG JULIAN

Why don't you go in there and lie down.

Go on. Go in the bedroom. You'll feel better. You'll sober up. We can talk when we you feel better.

HARRY

Maybe you're right. Just for a minute.

YOUNG JULIAN

Take off your shoes and put your feet up. Right in there.

(Harry gets up and goes to the bedroom door.)

HARRY

I've got a son, you know. Teenager. She took him to Syracuse. It's better that way. I don't want him growing up queer. I was always afraid of that.

(Harry goes into the bedroom. Bobby hands Julian the pistol. Julian empties the chamber of bullets, puts them in his pocket, and puts the pistol on the table.)

BOBBY

I'm not apologizing.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'm not asking.

(Beat)

BOBBY

I love you, Julian. I really do. But you want to live on that side. That's you in there.

(He nods to the bedroom ...)

I know, I know, you haven't decided. But you know and so do I. I knew it all along, right from the beginning. You were never going to stick with me. I didn't like it but I knew it. It's my own fault. I didn't listen to myself.

But now I'm listening.

On that note, I'm going to go join the boys at Julius in yet another rousing chorus of *The Man That Got Away*.

(Bobby goes to Julian and plants a fierce and prolonged kiss on him. Then pulls away and goes out the door.)

Julian picks up the cups and glasses and goes into the kitchen. We hear water running, dishes clinking.

Harry comes out of the bedroom, barefoot. He goes to the pistol, picks it up off the table. He reaches into his pocket, pulls a bullet out of his pocket and loads the gun.

Julian comes out to retrieve more cups and sees him.)

HARRY

I didn't come for help. There is no help. Your boyfriend there is right. I came to say good bye.

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry ...

(He comes closer, but Harry slips into the bathroom and locks the door. Julian tries the knob and pounds on it.)

Harry ... ! Harry, God damn it, open the door! Harry!?

(A gunshot.)

Oh fuck. Oh Jesus.

(He pounds on the door.)

Harry?! Harry!

(He looks down at his feet, and sees blood running out under the door.)

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God ...

(He steps away from the blood, leaning against the wall. He sinks down, face in his hands as the lights fade to black.)

End of Act One.)

ACT TWO

(1969. Several hours later. About midnight.

Susan and Young Julian, both seated. Chinese take-out is on the coffee table. Susan is eating; Julian is not.

A long silence.)

SUSAN

The lo mein's not bad. You want to try it?

You might feel better if you tried some.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't want it. I'm not hungry.

(Silence.

She starts to clean up.)

SUSAN

This is not your fault, Julian.

YOUNG JULIAN

I know that.

SUSAN

You did everything a person can do. I'd like to see some other lawyer with that case.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's not the case.

SUSAN

What did the police say?

YOUNG JULIAN

Nothing. Just lots of questions.

SUSAN

I don't see what kind of questions. The man was dead.

YOUNG JULIAN

They're just doing their job.

(She goes into the kitchen with the dishes.)

SUSAN

You don't deserve this Julian. Do you realize how incredibly selfish of him this was? He didn't have to do this.

YOUNG JULIAN

He thought he did.

SUSAN

Well he's wrong. They can change people.
(She comes back into the room.)
It's true. I saw it in Reader's Digest.

YOUNG JULIAN

You have to want to change, though.

SUSAN

I bet Harry wanted to.

YOUNG JULIAN

He said he did ...

SUSAN

... but - ?

YOUNG JULIAN

Well, I went to make coffee and he made a pass at Bobby. I could hear it from the kitchen. Doesn't sound like somebody who wants to change.

(Beat)

SUSAN

Bobby was here?

YOUNG JULIAN

(Slightest beat ...)
Yeah, yeah. I told you that.

SUSAN

You said it was just you and Harry.

YOUNG JULIAN

- when he shot himself, yes. Bobby left before it happened.

SUSAN

Oh ...

(We have heard distant shouts, catcalls, etc. from the street. They are louder now - and there's the sound of smashing glass ...)

SUSAN

What's that?

(She goes to the window.)

There's a police car outside that bar.

YOUNG JULIAN

(He comes to the window also ...)

It's probably a raid. That's The Stonewall down there. It's a gay bar.

SUSAN

You picked *that* right up, didn't you.

YOUNG JULIAN

What?

SUSAN

Gay. Gay bar. I just told you that this morning.

YOUNG JULIAN

(Ignoring this, he comes back into the room.)

Happens all the time - they raid it every couple months.

SUSAN

(She comes away from the window.)

Well, there's always something around this neighborhood.

YOUNG JULIAN

(Sharp, but not loud)

Enough about the fucking neighborhood, okay?

(A sudden, empty silence.)

SUSAN

I'm sorry, I - ...

YOUNG JULIAN

(Controlled, but still fierce ...)
There's nothing quaint about the police coming down here and busting up some bar -

SUSAN

- Okay, Julian, I'm sorry -

YOUNG JULIAN

- it's not *atmospheric*.

SUSAN

Well you certainly don't want a gay bar right across the street here, do you?

YOUNG JULIAN

Why not? People want to go to a bar, what do I care?

SUSAN

Do you know what goes on in those places?

YOUNG JULIAN

What if they don't have any choice? Where are they supposed to go? You want 'em in the parks? The subway toilets?

SUSAN

Well they go there too, don't they. We know that.

YOUNG JULIAN

Maybe that's all they've got!

SUSAN

Honey, stop, hold on. I'm not judging. I have gay *friends*, okay? Ken Farrell. That guy at the shop this morning. I like these people.

But the fact is they're sick. They're like alcoholics or drug addicts. It's awful, the kind of life they have. The terrible, sordid things they do. We're not doing them any favors if we let them keep doing it.

YOUNG JULIAN

And what do we do to them? Did you read about that too?

(She almost fights this, but swallows hard and listens ...)

SUSAN

What do we do to them?

YOUNG JULIAN

We give them *nothing*. We cut them off. Systematically deprive them of any chance at anything normal or happy - and then we point the finger and say, *My God, you're abnormal. You're unhappy!*

SUSAN

I don't think we're the ones making them abnormal.

YOUNG JULIAN

They are *cut off*, Susan! Things you take for granted. Things so basic, you don't even know you have them. The right to love a person, and hold their hand on the street, and marry them if that's what you want.

SUSAN

If that's what you *both* want.

Important distinction.

YOUNG JULIAN

(Chastened, but undeterred ...)

At least we have the choice.

SUSAN

Well of course we do! My God ... you're a man, I'm a woman.

YOUNG JULIAN

You see? You can't even imagine.

SUSAN

Imagine what - ? A couple of fags - married to each other?

YOUNG JULIAN

Yes!

SUSAN

Oh that's ridiculous.

YOUNG JULIAN

A man just blew his brains out, Susan. One minute I've got a client, the next I've got a corpse lying in my bathtub with half a head. That kind of thing changes what a person considers ridiculous.

Maybe it's not them. Maybe there's nothing wrong with *them*. Think about it. Put yourself in their shoes for one second.

Imagine yourself just the way you are - *you're* the same. You're in love. You found the perfect guy. Me. But you can't marry me. It's not just illegal. It's *unheard of*. People don't do that. Girls don't marry guys. People laugh at the idea. It's *ridiculous*. And there's not a judge or a priest or a rabbi in the world who would do it.

But that's not all. Because let's say you have a career. So not only can you *not* marry me, you have to marry a woman. And I mean *have to*. Otherwise forget about promotions, forget about partnerships. You get busy and you find yourself a woman. Jenny for instance. From the office. Someone like that.

SUSAN

Oh come on, Julian ... !

YOUNG JULIAN

No - and you marry her, and you live with her, and you have sex with her -

SUSAN

- oh - !

YOUNG JULIAN

- because that's what she expects. That's what everybody expects. And if you don't do it they will start to wonder.

That's their world, Susan. Think hard. Try to imagine.

And while you're at it, imagine this: you believe all that yourself. It's not just them saying you have to. It's you. You believe.

Why? Because that's what you've been told your whole life.

YOUNG JULIAN (con't)

You go to church and you get told you're a sinner and you're going to hell.

You go to the movies and you see caricatures of people like you - women who like men. And they're all psychotics or sex maniacs or pathetic clowns with the unmistakable stench of self-loathing.

You read the papers and the only mention of people like you is in the police blotter, the vice column - names of people who went out to a bar for a drink and maybe a little dancing - and ended up spending the night in jail instead.

You're with friends and you hear jokes. Demeaning, sick jokes about women who love men, and people think that's disgusting. So disgusting they can't even talk about it. They tell a joke and laugh and thank God they're not like that.

You go to psychiatrists and the doctor says, *Susan this is sick*. And you say to the doctor, *But I don't feel sick. I feel fine*. And the doctor says, *I'm the doctor, I know about these things and believe me you're a very sick girl*.

Everywhere you go, everyone you talk to - family, friends, newspapers, television, church, synagogue, books, movies - everybody says the same thing. Total, absolute, universal agreement. You are sick. You are degenerate, perverted, and pathetic, and - by the way, in case it matters - you're also a sinner.

And the fact that you love me? A woman in love with a man? That's just more proof of your delusion, how perverted you really are.

And *marry* me? I don't think so. You better get over this ... this phase if that's what it is - and get your head on straight, and go marry Jenny like a good girl.

And don't worry. You'll get used to it. Reader's Digest says people can change.

(The noise from the street has been building. It erupts again: catcalls, cheers, shouts, whistles, more smashing glass.)

Susan goes to the window.)

SUSAN

My god, they're fighting ... that woman hit a cop with her shoe.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's not a woman, Susan.

SUSAN

No, she's got high heels and a big - ...

(The penny drops.)

Oh ...

(The door bursts open. Bobby staggers in, bleeding from the head.)

SUSAN

Oh my God ... !

YOUNG JULIAN

Bobby ... ?

SUSAN

What happened to you?

BOBBY

Oh shit - sorry - I saw your light on -

(They both go to Bobby.)

SUSAN

You're bleeding.

(He checks his hand - which is covered in blood from his head wound.)

BOBBY

Fuck, I'm dripping all over.

YOUNG JULIAN

It doesn't matter - sit, sit ...

(He guides Bobby towards a chair.)

SUSAN

I'll get a towel.

(She goes to the kitchen. Bobby is exhilarated, ecstatic, unable to sit.)

BOBBY

It's *crazy* down there! We're kicking their ass!

YOUNG JULIAN

I could see that.

BOBBY

Judy is dead, God damn it, and there is *NOTHING ... LEFT ... TO LOSE!*

(Susan comes back with a towel.)

SUSAN

Sit down. What're you yelling about? Sit.

(He sits.)

Put your head back, let me see.

(She looks at it.)

God, you're really bleeding.

BOBBY

Ouch! Careful!

SUSAN

(As she dabs ...)

Who did this?

BOBBY

I was running away from some cops and I tripped // and fell

SUSAN

- cops?

BOBBY

- but I saw your light on and I let myself in.

(Susan hesitates ...)

SUSAN

You weren't in that bar, were you?

(Bobby hesitates, looks at Julian who gives him no clues. She had meant it almost as a joke, but their silence is deafening ...)

Were you?

BOBBY

(A pause to consider...)

No.

(He watches Julian, knowing that he going past the point of no return ...)

I was around the corner at Julius. They said The Stonewall got raided and there was a fight, so I went to see. A bunch of us did.

SUSAN

But why?

BOBBY

Because if those nellie queens at the Stonewall can fight back, so can I.

(She simply hangs there, not moving, staring in confusion.)

If you're not going to use that, hand it over. I'm bleeding here.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'll do it.

(Julian takes the towel from her and steps in to tend the wound. Susan is frozen in place.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Get some peroxide, would you? It's in the bathroom.

(She still seems frozen)

Don't worry, it's all cleaned up.

(She goes, slowly. We can see her through the door, looking through the medicine shelf, then the cabinet beneath the sink.)

BOBBY

Cleaned up from what?

YOUNG JULIAN

Harry shot himself.

BOBBY

What?

YOUNG JULIAN

It's been a busy night, okay? Sit still.

BOBBY

What do you mean - shot himself?

YOUNG JULIAN

In the bathroom. In the head.

BOBBY

Jesus ...

YOUNG JULIAN

Considerate, actually. Everything wiped right off, down the drain.

BOBBY

My God - ! Julian ... are you all right?

YOUNG JULIAN

I've had better nights.

BOBBY

... I never would've left. I'm sorry. I didn't realize.

(He places his hand on Julian's leg or arm. Susan returns with the hydrogen peroxide and sees this.)

SUSAN

(Slowly)

Take your hand off him.

(Bobby looks at her. She looks at Julian.)

Don't let him touch you like that.

(Julian withdraws and Bobby lets his hand fall away.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Susan ...

SUSAN

You are so naive, Julian. That's what they do. They draw you in. I read this. They touch you like that. They want to get you used to it so they can - do more. And when they see a chance, they -

BOBBY

Hey. I'm present for this, okay?

SUSAN

You don't touch him. You understand? You do not touch.

(She hands Julian the hydrogen peroxide bottle and a band aid.)

Band-aid.

(Julian returns to Bobby and treats the wound. Susan goes to the window.)

BOBBY

Ouch!

YOUNG JULIAN

That hurt?

BOBBY

Yes!

YOUNG JULIAN

It's just a tiny cut actually, right on the hairline. It's not even bleeding anymore.

BOBBY

Well it stings.

YOUNG JULIAN

You're going to have a bruise, that's all.

(Susan is at the window.)

SUSAN

If it's not serious, Julian, I'd like to talk to you.

(He is putting the peroxide away.)

YOUNG JULIAN

Go ahead. Talk.

SUSAN
I'd like to be alone.

BOBBY
That's all right. Go ahead.
(He gets up and goes to the door.)
I don't want to miss the revolution.

YOUNG JULIAN
(Looking at Susan ...)
I think you should be here, Bobby.

(Bobby stops.)

SUSAN
I don't know if he wants to hear what I have to say.
It's not very nice.

(Bobby starts to move)

YOUNG JULIAN
(Still looking only at Susan.)
Bobby, don't leave this apartment.

SUSAN
I want to be alone, Julian.

YOUNG JULIAN
I need you here for this. Please don't leave.

(She sees now. It's all clear, beyond denial. She
turns on Bobby in a quiet, terrified rage.)

SUSAN
(To Bobby)
You have done something to him.

YOUNG JULIAN
That's not true.

SUSAN
What did you do?

YOUNG JULIAN
Susan, stop it.

SUSAN
I know what you people do.

YOUNG JULIAN

For Christ's sake, I finally say the right thing and what do you do? You argue!

Sue - Susan - look at me. We have to talk. All three of us. Can you do that? Can you talk?

(She shakes her head no...)

I'm asking you. It's important.

SUSAN

(Choking it out...)

I can't!

YOUNG JULIAN

(To Bobby -)

Okay ... just - come back, okay? Go home or something. I'll call you.

BOBBY

I'm not going home.

YOUNG JULIAN

You're going to get hurt.

BOBBY

So I get hurt. So what. I'll sue. I know a good lawyer.

(He goes.)

SUSAN

(Bitter, sarcastic ...)

Don't you want to go down? Don't you want to be there with all the nellie queens?

YOUNG JULIAN

Don't talk to me like that.

SUSAN

I'm asking ...

YOUNG JULIAN

Susan, we're friends. Okay? Whatever else, we're friends.

(He goes to touch her.)

SUSAN

No - !

(He backs off)

You don't mean that. The only reason you ever touched me was you had to - that's what you meant before, didn't you. That's what you were telling me. You *had* to touch me, so people wouldn't start to think.

YOUNG JULIAN

I guess so ... yes.

SUSAN

You *guess*.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's right, Sue. You're right.

SUSAN

And don't patronize me! I'm not the crazy one here. And you're not the victim. That is not it.

YOUNG JULIAN

I didn't say that.

SUSAN

You have lied to me, Julian.

YOUNG JULIAN

- yes -

SUSAN

You deliberately lied. You lied about *everything*.

YOUNG JULIAN

I thought I could make it work. I tried. I worked at it. I take Reader's Digest. I read those articles. I believed them. But they were lies, Susan. They're all lies.

You got a raw deal. You got a raw, shitty deal. I'm sorry about that. You deserve better. And you'll get better - in your life. I know you will. But I can't change and I don't want to change. I never did.

SUSAN

... you like it this way.

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't like it. I don't not like it. It just is. It's a fact.

There's also Bobby.

SUSAN

What about him?

YOUNG JULIAN

I love him. I want to be with him.

SUSAN

(She stands.)

I can't listen to this.

YOUNG JULIAN

Sue, please. I want you to stay.

SUSAN

Why?

YOUNG JULIAN

You think I'm deserting you. You think I'm - you think this means I'm leaving - or going away - but I'm not. I care about you. I said it this morning. And I mean it. The last thing I want is to lose you - either one of you.

SUSAN

Well I'm sorry then. I'm not getting this.

YOUNG JULIAN

There's got to be some way that - you and I can ... I don't know, be friends. *Stay* friends. I mean, the child is going to need a father.

SUSAN

Oh, and you think ... *you* - ?

YOUNG JULIAN

Yes.

SUSAN

... and Bobby?

YOUNG JULIAN

Maybe - I don't know.

SUSAN

Oh dear God ... ! You have got to be joking!

YOUNG JULIAN

I know it sounds strange but - look - I understand what I did. It was wrong. I lied, I did. To you, to everybody. To myself. And I'm sorry about it. I can't change it. But I can make good on it. And I will. I promise. To both of you.

SUSAN

I'm going to say this once, Julian. And that's it.

I'm going to Easton. You will not visit me. I will not visit you. You will never see this child, Julian. Never. I'll go to court if I have to, but you will not see the child.

Your name will not be mentioned. If there's a question like, *Who is my father? Or where is my father? Or why isn't he here?* - if that happens - and I know it will, eventually - ... I'll tell the truth.

I'll say, *Your father is a sick man, with a terrible disease, that makes him do disgusting things with other men. He could be cured, but he doesn't want to be. Your father likes it that way. He likes his sickness. He wouldn't have it any other way. He'd rather be sick than be with you. He made that choice himself.*

(She goes, quickly.

Shouts and catcalls from the street.

Julian goes to the window, watches. A beat. A decision. He hurries out the front door.

No light cue.

2000. Night. Sometime near midnight.

Julian lets himself in the front door. He is no longer drunk, but he's spent much of the day drinking and there's a slow deliberateness in his speech and movement: part hangover, part exhaustion, and - as the scene progresses - part adrenaline. Jason appears in the kitchen doorway, drying a glass.

JULIAN

Good evening.

(He goes to the bedroom door, but before he gets there ...)

JASON

There's someone in there.

(Julian stops, turns to him.)

She was tired, I said she could stay. I hope that's all right.

(He goes back into the kitchen.)

JULIAN

Why not? I'll take the couch. I heard it's not bad.

(He lies down.)

Could use another couple inches - but who couldn't?

(Jason comes back out, without the glass and towel.)

JASON

How was Pride?

JULIAN

Same as ever.

JASON

You certainly stayed long enough.

JULIAN

I ran into some old friends. Very old friends. You don't have any very old friends.

JASON

I've got a couple.

JULIAN

How old are they?

JASON

From high school.

JULIAN

High school! Ha!

(He laughs...)

Ten years! That's a new friend. I'm talkin' old friends. From the old days. Mark Simpson and Jerry Kovacs. Ever heard of them?

JASON

No.

JULIAN

Old movement people. Mark was the first openly gay councilman. Jerry was in Congress for four terms. We watched the parade go by together. The whole thing. All afternoon. Then you know what we did?

JASON

You went to the Stonewall.

JULIAN

Yeah, that's right ...

JASON

I called, remember?

JULIAN

Oh yeah.

JASON

And you had a drink.

JULIAN

Correct.

We sat at the bar and we had a drink. And then we went to Julius and we had a drink there. And the Ninth Circle, which is now an Italian restaurant, and we had a glass of red wine. Then we went to Marie's Crisis. Stood at the piano, sang a song. Actually ... a lot of songs. Then we went back to the Stonewall and we started over. I believe you called on the fourth lap. Or maybe third. Things got a little blurry, as you might imagine.

You want to know something funny?

JASON

Sure.

JULIAN

I never used to go to the Stonewall. It was drag queens and hippy types - acid heads. Crazy people. Not my scene.

But today we went. And I'm looking out the window at this endless tide of humanity washing up and down Christopher Street, completely oblivious to what this place is, what it means, what really happened here. And I went outside and you know what I said to them?

JASON

What?

JULIAN

I said - now I was plastered, admittedly, and I did say it - probably several times, because no one was paying any attention - I said, *This is sacred ground! You bunch of fucking fags, this is holy ground!*

And they all looked at me like I was crazy.

JASON

Maybe they already knew. It's in the history books, you know.

JULIAN

My blood is on that sidewalk down there. I got my head cracked. I went down there that first night- to the barricades! And there was a cop. He was this close. I could smell his breath, I could see that cold dead look in this eye, like I was filth to him. I was shit. He took his club and he came after me. And he got me too. He got me good. There's a scar still, here on the scalp. You can't see it, but it's there.

You think that stopped me? That didn't stop me. I went back. We went back - all of us, more of us every night. We organized and we fought and after the riots, I set up my own practice- this practice. So I could get my friends out of jail and sue the city and sue the cops.

And somewhere in there - I don't know when, but I realized ... it was us and them. They thought we were shit. They all thought we were shit. And you know what? They still do.

(A beat ...)

You had dinner I take it.

JASON

We went to get some take out. She almost fell asleep while I was getting it on the plates.

JULIAN

Well that was nice of you.

I'm tired myself.

JASON

Julian - before I go - I was wondering if I should - if you should get another intern.

I've got this friend, he's a great guy, really smart - he was supposed to be at a midtown firm this summer but it fell through - and I just thought ... maybe ...

JULIAN

You want to quit.

JASON

No, I -

JULIAN

Why don't you say it?

JASON

I thought it might be easier. For you.

JULIAN

For me.

JASON

Both of us.

JULIAN

I put in six weeks with you. You walk out now and what do I get? Nothing. I spent more time in the past six weeks telling you what to do than you spent time doing what I told you. I was hoping the next six weeks that ratio might turn around. I take on this friend of yours, put in six weeks with him, and the next thing I know - bye bye. You all go back to school in the middle of August.

JASON

I thought you might want to, that's all ...

JULIAN

Because you have a crush on me? I've had worse problems in my life.

JASON

You were very freaked out last night // and I ...

JULIAN

Oh my God ...

JASON

Let me finish.

JULIAN

I apologized for this. You caught me off guard. I was abrupt. I'm sorry.

JASON

You pushed me away like you were terrified.

JULIAN

I was *surprised*. It was an *accident*. I'm *sorry*.

JASON

No, I'm sorry, that's not it.

JULIAN

I explained to you more than once that this is impossible.

JASON

Julian, she told me about Bobby.

(A long silence ...)

These are his clothes, aren't they.

JULIAN

Yeah.

JASON

Julian, I'm not going to say - whatever this is - because I don't know. But I think for *you* - maybe I should just ... go.

(Dana has entered from the bedroom. She stops when she sees them.)

DANA

I'm sorry ...

(She starts to go back.)

JASON

No, that's all right.

JULIAN

We woke you up.

DANA

It doesn't matter. I have to get home.

JASON

I'm going too, actually.

DANA

No - don't - I just need a phone book.

JULIAN

What for?

DANA

I need to call for the bus schedule.

JASON

Good bye. Great to meet you.

(He pecks her on the cheek, then turns to Julian.)

Good bye, Julian

(He kisses him quickly, then goes out the front door.)

DANA

People come and go so quickly here.

(He gets the phone book and the cordless phone in the kitchen.)

JULIAN

Where's the car?

DANA

Don took it.

JULIAN

Not very Christian of him, was it.

(He hands her the book. She looks up the number.)

DANA

It's a bedtime issue. He's big on those.

JULIAN

It's in the back.

DANA

His parents were always out somewhere - drinking, smoking, snorting, wife swapping, playing nude twister. He promised himself if he ever had a kid, he wouldn't miss a bedtime.

(She finds the number and dials. The phone conversation in *italics*.)

Yeah, hello, I need a bus to Easton, Pennsylvania.

Tonight.

Uh huh.

Okay.

Got it.

Thank you.

(She hangs up.)

There's a 12:35. It's the last one.

(She checks her watch.)

Gives me half an hour. I can make that.

JULIAN

What time does it get in?

DANA

Are you kidding? If I knew that, I'd never get on.

(She goes to the bedroom door.)

JULIAN

Listen ... wait - this is ridiculous. Go back to bed. Take a morning bus. *Your* mother wasn't out all night with ivy in her hair. *You* don't have anything to prove.

DANA

I don't think so, Julian.

JULIAN

I don't see why not.

(A beat ...)

DANA

Oh I think you do.

(She goes to the bedroom, returns with the shopping bags, ready to go.)

JULIAN

(He takes his time with this ...)

I used to see your mother, every couple years. I bet you didn't know that. It's true.

She didn't like it much. But she had to. Legal matters. Papers to sign. Child support, waivers. Something would turn up and she'd have to call to say, *Meet me. Such and such a time, such and such a place.*

Train platforms, hotel lobbies. Places of transit, always. Anything to get it over with fast. And the seedier the better, so as to underline the moral revulsion of being so close to me. She'd wear a surgical mask and long rubber gloves up to her elbows.

DANA

(Amused in spite of herself ...)

Oh stop it ...

JULIAN

I'd ask about you and she'd stare back at me. She only ever said one thing, always the same. *Dana knows about you. She knows what you are. I'm making sure of that.* She called it your education.

DANA

She was obsessed, Julian. I know that. I'm the one who lived with her for nineteen years.

JULIAN

You know it but not really. It's in your bones. You were soaking in it all those years. You don't know what's you and what's her.

DANA

Then why did I bother to find you?!

JULIAN

I have no idea!

(A beat ..)

DANA

Well then there's not much point in explaining, is there.

(She starts to go.)

JULIAN

What am I supposed to think - ? - when you meet this Don, this nutcase ... this Christian Taliban - and the next thing anybody knows, you decide to marry him! And I'm supposed to come to the wedding. Just like that. A special invitation to a private club I would never be allowed to join, by the way. So I can dance around the maypole and bless a marriage to someone who would have me locked up if he could.

And if I don't go, then somehow I don't love you. I'm a failure as a father. Or should I say that fact is confirmed once and for all?

DANA

This is not about the wedding, Julian, and you know it.

JULIAN

The evidence points the other way.

DANA

Maybe I just love him.

JULIAN

You're grateful to him. He's reliable. He talked you down off many a ledge - that is not love.

DANA

I think it is.

JULIAN

Of course you do! But how would you know? You never had the real thing!

DANA

You can't say that.

JULIAN

A bitter, empty woman. Your words. Doesn't sound like a fountain of love to me.

And where was Daddy? Nowhere. Not to be found. Not by his choice, as it turns out, but how would you know? Six years old and Mommy is pre-occupied with two obsessions: choking on her own bile and telling you that Daddy doesn't love you.

DANA

But I didn't believe her. You know that!

JULIAN

Then why choose exactly the kind of stiff your mother would have picked out for you if she had to lived to see the day?

DANA

He is not a stiff.

JULIAN

This is an arranged marriage, period. It took her twenty years and she died before she could see it. But she got what she wanted into your head and it stuck but good!

(She puts down her bags and looks at him.)

DANA

I was here one day. It was late fall, early winter. A year and a half ago. You were supposed to be here but you weren't, as usual. It was getting dark, I had to get home.

Bobby sat right there in that chair, half asleep. He was so tired, and cold. He was always cold. Wrapped up in a big blanket. He woke up as I was going, and he took my hand. And he said to me, in this little croaky whisper, he said ... *He's so afraid. It's not that he doesn't love. He loves. But he's afraid.*

I didn't know what he meant. Not until tonight.

DANA (con't)

You like it here with your Gay Pride March going by and your gay lawsuit to prosecute. Gay softball games to play, gay friends in your gay neighborhood. Channel Gay. All gay, all the time.

It's funny, but - in her own way, my mother had a point. She didn't know it. She was too bitter and too ... hurt, frankly, to understand, but the bottom line, Julian? You do like it here, right where you are. Locked in your own little prison, trapped in what you already are. Too afraid to go anywhere else, do anything else, be anything else.

Which explains me. The problem that is Dana, the inconvenient daughter. But Jason? That gorgeous, fantastic man? What the hell is that? Bobby's gone, Julian. You had him for thirty years. But he's gone. He let go. You might think about doing the same.

I've got a bus to catch.

(She picks up the shopping bags and goes.)

Julian goes slowly to the couch and lies down.

Light cue to early morning sun.

Young Julian enters from the kitchen with a cup of coffee. He has a bandage on his head. He goes to the window and looks down at the street.

Bobby appears from the bedroom ...)

BOBBY

Meanwhile, the next morning ...

YOUNG JULIAN

Hi.

(Bobby goes to him. They embrace.)

I couldn't sleep.

BOBBY

Worried?

YOUNG JULIAN

No.

BOBBY

You sure?

YOUNG JULIAN

I was thinking, that's all. Sorting things out.

I'm going to quit my job.

If they found out, they'd fire me. I don't feel like giving them the satisfaction.

BOBBY

There's no going back, you know. In for a penny ...

YOUNG JULIAN

I'll start my own practice. I've got ready-made clients. Two dozen very angry tall men in high heels and beehive hairdo's.

BOBBY

There's not much money in that kind of client.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's enough. I'll cut my overhead. I don't need an office. I can run the practice from here.

You could help.

BOBBY

Me?

YOUNG JULIAN

You could move in, share the rent.

(They look at each other a long moment.)

BOBBY

... I could, couldn't I.

YOUNG JULIAN

It's like I passed through the looking glass. Except *this* is the real world. Over there, on the other side, I was *inside* the mirror. When you're in there, you don't even know it. You don't want to leave. You're *afraid* to leave. It's like a prison. But it's your own prison - you made it ... because you know what you've got, and you're safe there. But then you finally do it - you step through ... and there you are. You can't believe it took so long. Or so much.

(No light cue - but ...)

On the couch, Old Julian groans and rolls over. Bobby - now Jason - goes to on the couch, kneeling down at Old Julian's head ...)

JASON

Hey. You okay? Julian.

JULIAN

Oh my God ...

JASON

You fell asleep on the couch.

JULIAN

Yeah, I guess so ...

JASON

I let myself in.

(Julian sits up ...)

JULIAN

Jesus ...

I drank too much.

JASON

Let's get you into bed.

JULIAN

No, please. I'm fine.

I thought you quit.

JASON

I did. I've got your clothes on, though. I thought you might want them back.

(Beat.)

JULIAN

I'd like you to stay on.

JASON

Julian, come on - let's let it go. It's never going to work for you.

JULIAN

It's six weeks. I need you, I'm swamped. I've got all these pre-trial motions due by noon. If you walk out I don't have a chance.

Also, I've got a wedding to go to. August 22nd. It's a Saturday. You won't be my clerk anymore.

JASON

Are you asking me on a date?

JULIAN

Yes. On August 22nd. That's after the clerkship.

JASON

You know, Dana already invited me.

JULIAN

What did you say?

JASON

I said - it was up to you.

JULIAN

Then I guess it's settled.

Deal?

(He puts out his hand.)

JASON

Deal.

(Jason shakes his hand. Young Julian interrupts this moment and Jason seamlessly becomes Bobby.)

YOUNG JULIAN

What do you think then?

BOBBY

About what?

YOUNG JULIAN

About staying on.

BOBBY

It's not obvious?

YOUNG JULIAN

I don't want to assume. It gets a person in trouble, assuming things.

BOBBY

(With a shrug)

We could try it. See how it goes.

YOUNG JULIAN

I'd like that.

(Pause. Bobby goes to him, they kiss.)

YOUNG JULIAN

I need coffee.

BOBBY

I'll do it. You sit. Take it easy.

(Bobby goes into the kitchen. Young Julian is left with Old Julian. Young Julian goes to the couch and sits. Old Julian goes to the record player and puts the needle on. We hear *Forget Your Troubles*.)

JASON

(From the kitchen...)

What the hell's that?

(Old Julian goes to the couch and sits next to Young Julian. Young Julian is unaware of Old Julian, but Old Julian seems to perceive Young Julian's presence.)

Jason appears at the kitchen door.)

JASON

Is that Judy Garland?

OLDER JULIAN

Who do you think it is? Avril Levigne?

JASON

I didn't know you liked Judy Garland.

OLDER JULIAN

You don't really *like* Judy, or not like her. Judy ...
Judy *is*. She just ... *is*.

(Pause. Jason's not quite sure what to make of
this.)

JASON

Coffee black, yeah?

JULIAN

Yeah.

(Jason goes back into the kitchen. Old Julian and
Young Julian remain on the couch listening to the
music as the lights fade ...)

End of play.)