

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

ENTRE ACT

SHOPPING CART *(In the dark)*

TRUDY

DS TO TRUDY II Uh-oh, watch your toes.

(TRUDY chases the cart down stage.)

CART CRASH Run away cart.

My space chums and I just returned, from an arduous trip into the future. Take my word for it, there's not enough melatonin in the universe.

Here's some of what we learned: In the future there will be a law where by people who write self help books will have to provide proof that they have actually helped themselves.

In the future the world will be so over populated, loneliness will be a peak experience.

TRUDY (cont'd)

In the future we will not be any closer to the truth, but we will be able to more accurately measure just how far from it we are.

In the future, we discover what happened to all those dreams deferred. But true to our human nature, we do not admit defeat. We begin to dream new dreams and then defer those.

But not to worry, not to worry. Infinity will always be there to give us another chance. But let's face it, when you're pressed for time infinity

HORN HONKS

might as well not even be there.

I'll be just a minute. I'm fluffing up. Then the curb is all yours. My space chums are due any minute.

We are having drinks with Steven J. Gould and Reverend Falwell. Settle some questions that we got about the evolutionary process.

(Turning over wig)

You see this side, fresh as can be.

(Making up, powder and lipstick)

TRUDY (cont'd)

My space chums think like me "If the evolutionary process was worth its salt, it should've evolved something better than 'survival of the fittest'." Yeah, I think a better idea would be 'survival of the wittiest'. At least, that way, creatures that didn't

survive could of died laughing.

My space chums think that my unique hook-up with humanity could be evolution's awkward attempt to jump start itself up again. Just maybe, going crazy could be the evolutionary process trying to hurry up mind expansion. Maybe my mind didn't snap, maybe it was just trying to stretch itself into a new shape. Maybe evolution gave me a break down so it could have a breakthrough. If I could be of service to human kind's progress, loss of my mind is a small price to pay. I just think I should've been consulted.

TRUDY (cont'd)

My space chums are quite concerned about our evolvement because they say we are all connected. Seems like there's some kind of cosmic crazy glue connecting everything to everything. I'm living proof.

They started talking about a little something called 'interstellar-interspecies -symbiosis'. To hold up my end of the conversation, I asked them to elaborate. This lead them to the Quantum Inseparability Principle.

PEN OUT

(Writes on Post-it)

"Every particle effects every other particle everywhere."

PEN AWAY #3

DISTANT THUNDER II-1

We all time share the same atoms.

UMBRELLA HAT

(Reaches for hat, puts it on)

TRUDY (cont'd)

"There is only one sky." "That which is above is also in that which is below." "What is there is also here." So said the Upanishads. But the question remains, "Where the hell are the Upanishads?"

Hey, come to think of it, I don't know where Gould and Falwell and are either. Ah, there you

TRAFFIC

are. Late as usual. Listen, I'm scratching our meeting. All you really need is me. Besides, too many cooks spoil the soup.

(Looks up, blinks, remembers)

Soup!

SOUP, ART OUT #2

(To space chums)

This is soup and this is art!

THUNDER II-1

Art, soup, soup, art.

SOUP, ART AWAY #2

Quick, put up your umbrella hats...

--RAIN / WIPERS

(Exiting, calls out)

CART

--TRAFFIC

...and follow me.

--PROSTITUTE'S RAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

PROSTITUTE stands in rain

} P. RAIN +

} RAIN / WIPERS

BRANDI

Tina, Tina, hurry. Hurry, Tina, fifty each. He wants you, too!

CAR DOOR OPEN

(BRANDI slides into seat, to TINA)

Quick, Tina, in the back.

CAR DOOR SLAM

(To driver)

} RAIN DOWN / WIPERS UP

--CAR PULL AWAY #1

(Checks hair in mirror, to driver)

I'm Brandi and this is Tina. So what are you looking for sweetheart? Hey, you're not a trick. What are you? A writer?

(Pointing to front seat)

Hey, Tina, tape recorder, another writer-type.

(Checks hair)

You're the second guy this month wants to take out trade in this bizarre fashion. Last one was more normal, he ended up wanting my life history and a blowjob.

(Laughs)

BRANDI (cont'd)

What you said before -- you wasn't interested what's
between my legs, huh?

(Teasingly)

Just my life history?

TINA

(Leans in, sarcastic)

I got news, what's between her legs is her life history. Well...
let's stop for a chocolate soda.

BRANDI

(To driver)

Here, go around the block. Tina, Tina... look at that scrawny
kid.

} RAIN BUMP #1

(Window down, yells)

Hey, you brat. It's ten o'clock; do you know where you are?

} RAIN RESTORE #1

(Window up)

What'd she call us, some kind of speck? That baby brat ain't in
the life, not yet. Just another runaway. Few weeks, she'll be all
different...if she lasts. Y'ever see a stray dog? I could tell just
like that which ones will survive and which ones won't. Right,
Tina?

BRANDI (cont'd)

(Suddenly excited)

Like this dog, Princess, belonged to this ol' wino dude, Jim. Delivered takeouts for the Greek place over on 8th. One lunch hour they put Jim through the ringer, go here, go there... 'cause everyone loves that eggplant. You ever try those grape leaves...notorious. Jim gets so stressed, he just keels over like that.

(Snaps fingers)

TINA

(Leans in)

You put too much stress on the human body, baby, it simply rebels.

BRANDI

Aw, forget about it. The paramedics come, they announce Jim dead as a doornail. They pour him into one of those plastic body bags...like a Hefty, but for dead people.

TINA

(Leans in, excited)

Brandi, Brandi let me tell the rest. Princess sees the body bag, Jim is inside, she freaks. She is howlin' and yowlin', she rips the bag open, starts lickin' Jim's face, and that ol' wino he bops up out the bag, alive as can be...baby, those medics about had heart failure themselves.

BRANDI

Oh, we were screaming, we were screaming. They make Jim

go to the hospital anyway. 'Cause even though, true, he is not dead...still he don't look all that well, either. Fade in, fade out. Nobody around here ever sees Jim again. Maybe he died, maybe he didn't.

Next day on the corner I see Princess shaking. She don't know what hit her. She just knows the wino's not there. The look they get. I said to myself, "This dog is not gonna last out here."

TINA

CAR PULL OVER

Brandi, you promise you won't ever let 'em put me into a body bag, unless you prepared to rip that bag open and lick my face.

BRANDI

Hey, are we family?

(To driver)

Here, pull over.

} RAIN BUMP #2

(Window down, calls out)

-- DOEPLER HORN

Hey Trudy! Trudy!

CAR HORN

Over here.

(To driver)

Give me ten. Better make it twenty. They raised prices.

(To TRUDY)

Hold on, Trudy. Here, run inside Howard Johnson's, get Tina chocolate soda, yourself fried clams. Don't get wet.

} RAIN RESTORE #2

(Window up)

CAR PULL AWAY #2

(To driver)

Go back around.

TINA

You know, Brandi, the tune that keeps playin' over in my mind. That dog knew Jim was alive. We didn't. Not those medics, and life and death is their expertise. That dog knew something about life didn't none of us know.

BRANDI

You can't say that dog knew more about life than us...Tina.
It's just that she knew something more about Jim.

(To driver)

I know about life. People tell me things. Forget it. Things they don't tell to people they're close to, because...

(Shrugs)

...people don't want sex so much as they want somebody who'll listen.

TINA

(Leans in, sotto voce into recorder)

Yeah, that's the first thing you learn after fellatio is how to listen.

BRANDI

(Shocked, slaps playfully at TINA rolls her eyes)

Tina! We got a sensitive writer here. Look, you made me muss my hair. I got a story for you. Is that thing on? A bunch of us was doin' a stroll around the waterfront. This guy shows up, young guy, sensitive type, soft,. He just talks. He doesn't know what to do with his life....thinkin' he'd do some hustlin'...put himself through beauty school and would I give him some pointers on the life?

TINA

(Leans in)

Girl, girl, you're too open with people.

BRANDI

I'm not gonna tell his real name.

(To driver)

So, we're walkin' across the pier to this bar when this car pulls up. This guy leans out and yells, something about something about a ferry. I go over to the car, I come back, and the kid is standing there with this look on his face like he don't know what hit him. Like if you was to see right before your very eyes every sad movie that was ever made, this was the look he had.

(To driver)

Turns out he thinks the guy was makin' fun of him...makin' a crack, you know, 'fairy.' He was gay, and it hurt him. I told him the guy really wanted directions to the Staten Island Ferry.

The kid breaks down...he starts telling me about the time his dad caught him wearing his mother's satin house robe...how ashamed his dad made him feel. I said, like the shame you felt now?

BRANDI (cont'd)

I told him, "Bucci,...

(Hand flies to mouth)

Oh, Tina, I said his name. I said his name, didn't I. Oy.

I told him the only thing he should be ashamed of is being ashamed. Fade out, fade in. I end up stakin' him to beauty school.

(Checks hair in mirror)

Him in the streets, he wouldn't last three weeks. My hair... before Bucci, I didn't have split ends, I had split roots. Here, but I want you to feel this, isn't that soft and silky?

He is now the top hair stylist at a certain Fifth Avenue salon...which shall remain nameless, so Bucci's real name must not be used. You swear, come on, swear?

TINA

Brandi, you're just too open with people.

(To driver)

If you noticed, I held back. I'm not selling the screenplay to my life for no fifty dollars.

(To BRANDI)

We could get a tape recorder, we could be writers.

(To driver)

We could talk as good as you could write if what you're writin' is what we're talkin'. When that article comes out, it's gonna say, "Written by him." It should at least say, "Lived by Brandi and Tina."

BRANDI

(Looks at driver)

Yeah. Yeah.

} RAIN PUSH

THUNDER

--HOJO MUSIC

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

} HOJO MUSIC

TRUDY

(To counterman)

DISTANT THUNDER II-3 Chocolate soda. Side of clams.

I got money. So nice and dry in here, Howard. I've got a big night planned for my space chums. Violin concert, all kids, should be a peak experience.

(To customer)

You mind if I spread out here on this counter? I gotta get this data collated.

DUMP POST ITS

My space chums and I...we've been studying Howard, on superficiality first began showing up in human nature. We can't be certain, but at one point we were hunters and gatherers; and then all of a sudden we became partygoers.

Hey, some of this stuff we find, Howard, I'd just as soon not know. We got new evidence as to what motivated man to walk upright: to free his hands for masturbation.

TRUDY (cont'd)

Hey, Howard, do you mind sliding those condiments out of sight. When my space chums get here, I'll be all night explaining tartar sauce. And turn off that music, Howard. I cannot collate to that beat.

Hey, listen to this: "When humankind had its first thought, most likely we did not know what to think." It's hard to think, Howard. Without words, you haven't got a clue as to what you're thinking. Communication was at a standstill.

Then, we figure, one day, primitive man is walking along barefoot, as he did in those days. He stubbed his toe, he said, "Ouch". He thought, "Hmm, I wonder what I meant by that?" Pretty soon, Howard, he felt his toe throbbing and he knew the meaning of 'ouch'. Hey Howard, when primitive man had his 'ouch' experience, he couldn't have known he was paving the way years later for Helen Keller to have her 'wa-wa' experience. What a break-through.

PEN OUT #4

PEN AWAY #4

Oh, they figure that's how language began. I personally think we developed language because of our deep inner need to complain.

TRUDY (cont'd)

Right after we talked to each other we began to talk behind each other's backs. Sometimes it was vicious gossip, other times a casual critical remark like, "Geez, did you see the hair on her

back?"

When everyone realized that not only could they talk but they could also be talked about, primitive man began to show signs of paranoia. With everyone paranoid, war soon broke out; with war came stress and the rest is history.

POST-IT'S INTO BAG

(Clearing notes off counter.)

It's just a back-breaking task, Howard, trying to collate all this info, not to mention the stress of trying to make sense out of it all.

My space chums are really quite concerned about the Stress Factor we are so susceptible to. They said to me, "Trudy, beyond any bio-force we have ever encountered, Human Nature is the most thought-stirring, neuro-numbing, heart-boggling of all."

TRUDY (cont'd)

Just as the whole chemistry of the ocean can be found in each drop of seawater, all the profound emotional polarities of Human Nature are crammed into each bio-container, or to use our term, 'human body'. It could be just too much for any one bio-container to grapple with.

I'm so stressed Howard. My adrenals are totally depleted. It's these people we meet when we time travelling– they get under my skin. Then I never see them again; they're hard to track down. Oh, sometimes it happens. Sheer coincidence, random connectivity, Jungian synchronicity, call it what you will.

Like that teenage kid, Howard – the one who left fingerprints on the Velveeta – I never did see her again. I saw her father... once, that molecular biologist...just in time to see him look up from his work, clutch his chest and drop dead. I can't prove it, but from the look on his face, I believe he suddenly understood something so deeply, he simply keeled over and died of wonder.

TRUDY (cont'd)

My space chums, Howard. Something they said makes me think they're planning to leave here. They said they wanted to pick up a few souvenirs and some post cards. So I took 'em to some souvenir shops around Broadway and, frankly, I was embarrassed for my species. Everything was in such bad taste. But they understand; they said, "Earth is a planet still in its puberty."

I said, "Okay, okay, you're learning a lot about us, but tell me this and be honest, what do you think of people as a whole?"

(Conspiratorially, making eye contact)

They said they thought it would be an excellent idea.

DS TO FEM

--CHILDREN PLAYING

ACT TWO

SCENE FOUR

} CHILDREN PLAYING

LYN

Everything on this side of the yard is for sale,
everything, even the waterbed.

WATERBED #1

} CHILDREN FADE

KIDS TAG

I don't know. Let me ask them...kids? Kids,
should we sell the botacca encounter bats? You don't
remember the botacca bats?

(To customer)

You can have them for nothing. This is a samadhi flotation
tank. It makes a wonderful storage bin.

TANK OPEN #1

(Opens lid)

Ah, there it is.

TANK CLOSE #1

(Closes lid)

My old journal.

(Crosses with journal, reads)

LYN (cont'd)

Listen to this...1970..."Women's Strike for
AIN'T NO MTN #1 Equality. "My best friends Edie and Marge
and I were there that August, marching with 50,000 others
down Fifth Avenue. We thought we were
going to change it all.

SISTERHOOD / FRIEDAN

BETTY FRIEDAN V.O.

We tonight...

LYN

Betty Friedan...

BETTY FRIEDAN V.O.

"We learned the power of our Sisterhood!"

LYN

"The power of our Sisterhood. The power of our Sisterhood!
Oh I feel such a rush of positive 'woman-energy'. When
women get equality...social and economic equality, ah, there'll
be no more hunger.

EDIE

Right on sister. When woman get power, we'll know what to
do with it, no more wars.

LYN

Oh, Edie, women don't want to fight. Right, Marge?

MARGE

Hell, no. We'd rather sit around in a circle and process?

LYN

Ah, sisters, just think, this movement is about moving the
whole species forward, not just half

--} AIN'T MTN MAJESTIC of it.

(Reads from newspaper to C.R. group.)

} AIN'T NO MTN RESTORE Progress report; "Boy Scouts of America allows girls into its
Explorer Scout Division." "Girls are appointed as Senate pages
for the first time in history."

(Reads with put-on enthusiasm)

And "The University of Minnesota has decided to let women
into its marching band."

MTN HIT #1

(Drops needle onto record)

AIN'T NO MTN OUT

Oh thank you Minnesota, being just a majorette was sapping
my woman-strength and making me barf. "I am woman, hear
me roar," okay.

STAY TOGETHER #1

EDIE

(Dancing, then executes pool break)

CHALK #1

So did the sisters hear, I may interview Gloria Steinem...Ms.
“this is a revolution” herself.

POOL BREAK #1

LYN

Eddie. Great news.

(Proudly)

Eddie works for a liberal left newspaper. She writes a column,
"Boycotts of the Month."

MARGE

(Tamping cigarette)

...and she wears camouflage fatigues all the time.

(To EDIE)

Honey, you couldn't be more anti-war, but if it weren't for army
surplus, you'd have nothing to wear.

LYN

(Proudly)

Take-charge-Marge...

MARGE

I'm not exaggerating, Lyn. Edie was in my plant shop in that
camouflage get up - I almost watered her.

EDIE

Hey, sis...water this...

(Raising her arms)

Tah-dah!!

MARGE

What is that? - - Spanish moss?

LYN

(To audience)

Edie, hair under the arms!

MARGE

How did you manage that much growth? I mean the Women's
Movement is still young.

EDIE

You know Marge your problem is...your role models are models. The lib in Women's Lib stands for liberation, not libido. What good is it, Sis, to have sexual freedom, if you become a slave to it? Marge, you've got COSMO damage.

LYN

Ah, Edie at least Marge has figured out from those women's magazines what shape face she has. Something I have never been sure of.

EDIE

So she can apply make-up to overcome flaws? That's what these consciousness raising, self-examinations are all about. I look at my self...

(Sitting to examine self with speculum, looking at self in mirror.)

ERA#1

I don't see any flaws.

LYN

Hey, hey, whatta ya say, ratify the ERA. Look, Edie, what do you want from me? I have marched and rallied 'til I'm bleary eyed - for Shirley Chisholm, for Bella... I promised Peter I would go skiing and that's it. Yes, Edie, yes,

ERA #1 BUMP OUT
said.

Peter is suppressive, but no more so than you ...I wish I'd

KLEENEX #1

So, Doctor...

(Tearful, takes tissue)

...we started fighting on the ski lift and Peter let slip he didn't think a woman could make a good

KLEENEX #2

president. And the feminist movement was making a monster of me.

Okay, but Gestalt therapy is new to me.

(Sits, tries it out)

In this chair I role-play Peter, In this chair I role-play myself; and in that chair you role-play the doctor?

(Role playing 'LYN')

"Peter, I am sick of this suppressive, you-do-as-I-say macho number you have been putting me through."

(Role playing 'PETER')

"And I'm sick of this suppressive feminist trip you've been dumping on me."

LYN (cont'd)

(Turns back, puzzled)

Doctor, who said that?

(As 'PETER')

"I'd like just a glimpse of the nurturant female you and your butch/rad/fem friends harp on so much about. I want a woman, not a feminist!!!"

(As 'LYN')

"Ah ha! All it is with you is Sex, sex, sex!

(As 'PETER')

"And with you...sex, sex, sexual politics! I have had it!"

(Storms out, then to audience, delighted)

I don't know how it happened, but, somehow, I had just walked out on myself.

GYM TEACHER

(Excited, moving down row to seat)

I saw Edie at the concert waving me over...excuse me...excuse me, Sister...

(Expansive hug)

...excuse me...

(Sits next to EDIE)

Edie looked so different. She was wearing Indian cotton drawstring pants, Birkenstock sandals and a "Sisters of Silkwood" T-shirt. She introduced me to her friend, Pam. Edie was clearly into a new phase. So....And then someone very attractive came over passing out candles. Janet was an artist from the Woman's Building.

LYN (cont'd)

She was wearing Indian cotton drawstring pants, Birkenstock sandals and...

(Eyes widen)

a "Lesbians Ignite" tee shirt. She'd made the candles herself.

(Holds candle in palms)

Not the usual phallic shaped.

(Eyes widen again)

They were formed like a beautiful labia majora.

(To JANET)

Very nice. The wick, Edie pointed out,

GYM TEACHER FADE OUT symbolized a tampon string.

SWEET WOMAN

Ah, maybe it was my break up with Peter or maybe I just felt like widening the parameters of my sexuality. Janet turned out to be a regular 'Don Juanita'. Oh, she loved to make love and when she got tired, she had an old vibrator that would heat up to such an extent, sometimes I thought I'd have to get up, go in the kitchen and get an oven mitt.

JOHN CAGE

Janet was a multi-media performance artist. I was her muse. One weekend she put white greasepaint on my face, draped me in gauze veils and had me sit in a downtown gallery on a stack of HARVARD CLASSICS, while dazed art patrons milled around me.

LYN (cont'd)

I sat for forty minutes under the veils. And then Janet's little five year old, Agnus, came in carrying a candle, which, for reasons known only to Janet, was burning at both ends. Thank you, Agnus.

(Blowing out flame)

(Realizes veil is on fire)

Agnus, honey, sweetheart...sweetheart, step back, step back, step back.

(Snatches off veil, stomps out fire)

(Awkward)

Marge, how come no one lifted a finger to help?

MARGE

(Good naturedly, apologizing)

Frankly, honey, we were confused. We thought it was part of the act. But I loved it.

(Referring to date)

Daniel loved it.

EDIE

Let's face it, sis, since you fell in love with Dashing Danny over there, you love everything. You probably even love that music? But what does it mean?

LYN

That's the point. Janet says no one knowing what it means is what it's about. Janet's theory, see...having no information whatsoever forces us to confront new information.

(Listens)

Well, good point.

(Calls out)

JOHN CAGE BUMP OUT Janet, honey, new information about what?

The evening ended in total chaos; Janet said that I was hopelessly linear.

KLEENEX #3 *(Takes tissue)*

Oh there were fire trucks were everywhere. Agnus had called them to put out the veil. Patrons were fleeing the gallery.

Janet got the whole thing on video, including our break-up. And I asked her to dub me off a copy. Two suppressive relationships in a row have put me under a lot of stress.

TM, INDIAN MUSIC

(In lotus position)

I met Bob at the TM Center. I was there getting my mantra. He was having his checked. He was wearing Indian cotton drawstring pants, Birkenstock sandals and a T-shirt that said, "Whales, Save Us."

LYN (cont'd)

Oh I liked him right off. He had a post-psychedelic air about him like somebody who'd maybe read Gurdjieff or the Tibetan Book of the Dead on acid. We split to this vegetarian place nearby.

(To BOB)

Thank you.

Being with Bob was such a high. He listened with an intensity most other people have only when talking.

(To BOB, enthused)

I have a Masters in Art History, but I realized too late, it didn't exactly insure my future.

I'm getting a degree in Marketing. I went to Art School, but I developed creative block. Then I worked in a gallery and I realized that some people when they develop creative block are doing the world a big favor.

(As they walk, impressed)

I would love to see the Samadhi flotation tank that you're building... another time.

LYN (cont'd)

(Notices SHE has his bag)

Looks like we have the same taste in bags.

(Exchanges bags)

TM TAG

My shift at the Rape Crisis Hotline is from ten to midnight, and then I split. Oh my heart was pounding. The herb tea had been caffeine free...if it wasn't the tea, what was happening to me?

STAY TOGETHER #2

EDIE

(Dancing)

Well, I'll believe this Prince Charming when I see him.

LYN

Ah Edie, Bob is the most futuristic thinking person I've ever dated. Marge, he's formed this group, Society to Advance Humanity's Option for Success. He's not a political animal that you are Edie. Ah, but he had planetary consciousness.

MARGE

How come I never meet a guy like that?

EDIE

(Making pool shot)

POOL BREAK #2

Because you go to the singles bar instead
of the TM Center.

LYN

(Rhapsodic)

And Edie, next to you, Bob is the truest feminist I've ever met.
He's the only man I've ever known who knew where he was
when Sylvia Plath died.

(Apologizing)

STAY TOG #2 FADE OUT

He has a Master's in Business, but what changed his life: in
college, he read the Wall Street
Journal on acid.

(To audience)

Bob has this dream to be a holistic capitalist.

ROMANTIC #1

In the hallway, outside his apartment, I heard New Age music.

LYN (cont'd)

(To BOB)

Oh, patchouli incense.

CHIMES

(Touches wind chimes)

Bob and I looked through his collection of futurist magazines and then he showed me this

TANK OPEN-CLOSE

samadhi floatation tank he was building himself. He said it would alter my consciousness. What he didn't know was that my attraction for him had already put me in an altered state.

WATERBED

(Lies down next to bob)

WATERBED

We made love and then Bob we talked into the night about the eco-system, and ending world hunger through

WATERBED

tofu consciousness. We made love again and then we talked into the dawn about global warming and fossil fuel and then we fell asleep.

ROMANTIC #3

By morning, we were in love.

[incl WILDERNESS]

LYN (cont'd)

Ah Bob...Bob was a dream come true - -

(Puts on backpack, treks around the stage.)

For our honeymoon, we went on a transformational-wilderness-back-packing retreat that promised higher consciousness and body awareness through mountain climbing and transcendental trout fishing. Money back guaranteed. The brochure promised we would find ourselves.

We not only did not find ourselves, we lost contact with the rest of the group and spent our wedding night sleeping in the woods on a bed of leaves that turned out to be poison ivy. We couldn't ask for our money back. Between our sexual attraction for one another and the poison ivy, we had never known such body awareness.

ROMANTIC #4

(Excited)

Honey, whatever it is, Bob, it's the perfect wedding gift because it comes from you. What is it? A Geodesic Dome Home? Kit? We have to build it ourselves? But Bob, you've been working on that Samadhi tank since before we met and it still leaks.

ROMANTIC OUT

(To AUDIENCE)

It was the first squelching thing I'd ever said to

ERA #2

Bob.

LYN (cont'd)

(Marching)

E.R.A.! E.R.A.! Equal rights, equal pay. Did Marge tell you about the great new P.R. job I have?

(Pause)

Well okay, maybe I should say the person I'm working under has a great job. Oh, but Edie there's lots of growth potential...

(Clears throat)

PHONES

...for him and then for me ... I'm sure.

--ERA #2 OUT

E.R.A.! E.R.A.! EQUAL RIGHTS!

(Answering phone)

Rape Crisis Hot Line.

(Taking information, upset)

Oh, no. Oh God, no, no, we'll be there in just a few minutes.

PHONE FADE OUT

(Hangs up)

Pam, call Edie. Tell her to meet us at Cedars. The Emergency Room. It's Marge.

(To BOB)

Honey, it's Marge's first night home.

(Insistent)

I don't want her to be alone. Oh, Daniel split. He didn't even come to the hospital.

(On phone)

If you're not busy, please say 'yes'. Marge, we are finishing up the house. We need your touch. Bring lots of plants.

LYN (cont'd)

Do you think the ceiling was meant to be this

ECHO

high, Bob? I bet we added the garage pieces to the ceiling by mistake. Now all we have left for the garage are these pieces that are supposed to be our closet.

DOORBELL #1

MARGE

(Smoking, looking up at dome)

Good God, you don't need just plants, you need Yosemite Park.

ECHO

Bob fix me a drink, make it a stiff one.

(Reacts to his disapproval)

Oh, c'mon, you two, don't give me that look.

ICE

I've discovered a great medical cure for sobriety - alcoholism!

(Laughs, begins making drink)

LYN

Oh Marge it is so ironic...I mean a woman as nurturing as you could be so self-destructive.

MARGE

I will tell you what is ironic

(Takes drink)

The rapist made off with my Mark Cross rape whistle. Perfect.

MARGE (cont'd)

Come on, let's unload the van.

(Unsteady)

I've got Japonicas, ficas, wonderful palms. You two go on. I'm just gonna freshen my drink.

(Pours another, drinks it)

(Calls out)

What this room needs is a few decorative touches...like some right angles.

ECHO

LYN

(Chopping vegetables)

SLICING

Oh Bob, I am so excited. But let's not talk about my promotion when Pam and Edie get here. Bob, be nice to Edie just this once, please. She's had such a terrible blow, first her brother Todd is tested positive, and now her newspaper's been turned into a tabloid.

DOORBELL #2

EDIE

I didn't get to quit. They fired my radical black ass. I'm back working on my book, "What's Left of the Left".

(Pointedly)

Going to be a slim volume, y'all. Lyn, did you hear, that Pam's pioneer work in teaching men to cry earned her a paragraph in Psychology Today?

(To BOB)

EDIE (cont'd)

Bob, you should sign up for Pam's seminar, "Anima, Animus,

Animosity".

(To PAM, reading catalogue)

I have to commend you, Bob, your solar thing you're into is admirable, but this new age catalogue...is this your only option for success? Aura goggles. Pyramid salt and pepper shakers. Bumper stickers: Honk, Honk, Honk is not a mantra. You know, Bob, some of this stuff you're selling is New Age chotchkies.

LYN

BOARD SCRAPES

(To audience)

HAVING MY BABY

I'd give anything if I'd taken Bob's side.

Oh, wow, doctor...pregnant. Bob!...We are thrilled even though we had planned to wait.

(Reacting to record)

Bob... Keep playing that record and I will throw up again.

RECORD SCRATCH

(Deliberately scratches record)

LYN (cont'd)

(Dialing the phone.)

I haven't told the office I'm pregnant; it might effect my promotion. This morning I threw up at a board meeting, but nobody seemed to think anything about it. Apparently it is quite common for people to throw up in board meetings.

(On phone)

Edie! Edie, we're having a baby!

(Delighted)

You, too!

(To audience)

Pam and Edie are having a baby. Artificial insemination. They used a turkey baster, then they just let nature take its course.

ROMANTIC #5

*(Hangs up, moves to sleeping twins, whispers,
to audience)*

Twin boys! Somehow I blamed the waterbed.

(To BOB)

Honey, the doctor says they're both hyperactive, but how bad could this little angel be?

(Baby almost squirms away)

You little tadpole. Honey, we have our hands full!

(Puts baby in crib, lies down next to BOB.)

LYN (cont'd)

Oh, we can do it, Bob.

WATERBED #5

This time we will split the chores right down the middle. Oh, honey, we can have it all. We already have it all. We just got it all at once, that's all.

ALARM #1

--TEA KETTLE

Bob, be honest, do you think I'm a good mother?

(Pouring BOB's tea)

I mean, do you find it hard sometimes to tell the twins apart. Hildy says that I mix them up. Of course it's her word against mine.

Pam and Edie are already giving little Ivan violin lessons. There's this tiny tot transformation seminar. I know we can't afford it, but, honey, I want the boys to have everything we never had.

I've got to run. I have to get to the office.

(Takes coat, kisses BOB)

Hildy will be here any minute.

(Takes wrong bag, lightly)

LYN (cont'd)

I'm getting an assistant, Bob. Take some of the workload off.

Look at this, we bought the

1ST INTERCOM X2

same bag again.

(Rushes out)

Sindell has got to be out of his mind.

(Grabbing office phone)

2ND INTERCOM X4

DRAWER CLOSE

Marge, Marge, I can't talk right now.

(Takes BOB'S call)

Bob, Honey, I forgot to remind you, you have the twins tonight. But, it's my assertiveness training.

You finished your sensitivity training last week. Why would you sign up for an advanced class? Bob, I don't think I can take you being any more sensitive. Oh, honey, I'm sorry, wait, wait...

Listen to me, I'm sorry, sweetheart, I'm sorry, I'm sorry....

(Hangs up)

(To audience)

I worry sometimes, maybe Bob has gotten too much in touch with his feminine side. Last night, I'm pretty sure he faked an orgasm.

(Lying down next to BOB)

WATERBED #6

Bob, today Marge picked the boys up at the office.

LYN (cont'd)

And when she brought them back, I had a feeling she'd been drinking. Ah, but I had to forgive her, they looked so adorable. They were wearing little Indian cotton drawstring pants, little baby Birkenstock sandals, their tee shirts... "Small is beautiful".

ROMANTIC #6

Oh honey, they looked just like you did when we first met.

(Crosses to sleeping twins)

Sometimes when the twins are sleeping, I look down at them and I feel this rush of tenderness

ROMANTIC #6 PUSH

and I am amazed at the love I feel. And then they wake up.

Hyperactive twins!

(Opens drawer, shakes out pills)

When they turned four, the doctor prescribed Ritalin. I wouldn't dream of giving drugs to my children, but it does help when I take it myself.

(Takes pills)

At some point, they looked at one another, realized that there were two of them and only one of me. It got so bad, sometimes I'd brew up 'Sleepy Time' herb tea, pour it over ice, serve it in Spiderman glasses.

LYN (cont'd)

(To twins)

"It's a new flavor Kool-Aid." Imagine my guilt as I watched their little heads nod out.

One rainy day I stayed home from the office, sick. They were unusually hyper.

(To twins)

Do you want mommy to teach you a new game?

RAINY DAY

(Dragging twins thru rain, putting them in car)

I actually dragged them out to my car through the pouring rain, put them in the back seat, "Stay there and play car wash."

RAINY DAY FADE OUT

Oh, Hildy was no help. She let them get away with murder. I came home one day to find her stretched out on the floor, motionless. I feared the worst. Suddenly, they leaped out, jumped on Hildy, marked her earlobe with a magic marker. Turns out, they were playing, "Wild Kingdom." Hildy was an elephant dying of thirst. She had to be tagged and moved to a waterhole.

3RD INTERCOM X4

(Grabs office phone)

Oh, Edie, Edie, I'm so glad that it's you. I need you to call Marge, maybe get together...Ah, Edie, she sounded so down. I had to cancel lunch on her, it's been a terrible day.

LYN (cont'd)

I just had to fire Chrissy. Can you use someone with no skills?

And the weekend is out. Sindell insists I do this conference-thing. Don't laugh, "Woman On The Way Up". And tonight I've got Bob penciled in.

(Hangs up)

(To audience)

I don't know how I functioned before this conference. I learned 'desk-top-gardening,' 'office isometrics' and 'power dressing'. A concept whose basic thrust consists mainly in wearing something around the neck that looks sort of like a scarf and sort of like a tie and sort of like a ruffle and doesn't threaten anyone, because you don't look good in it.

(Calls out)

Honey, Bob, sweetheart, I'm home. I cancelled my meeting so that we could spend the evening together.

(Follows BOB to the door, waves goodbye)

Well, if it's your Aikido class, you've got to go. I didn't know you were taking Aikido.

(Back inside, pouring drink, on phone)

LYN (cont'd)

Edie, Marge called. She wanted the boys to spend the weekend again. Her drinking is just getting worse. I had to tell her she can't take the twins anymore. Could you go by tonight, see if she's okay? Bob's away on a buying trip.

CAN OPENER

(Opening can, calls out)

Come on, boys! Supper's almost ready.

And did you hear? Daniel split again. Oh, he never got over the rape. I thought maybe we could invite her over we could all work on the quilt together. I found a great picture of Todd with all of us. Just a second. You know our agreement, if you're going to fight, use your botacca encounter bats.

(To EDIE)

Is that little Ivan I hear playing the violin? I'll get him a set of bats; we better start protecting those hands. Bob sells them. I tell you the twins are much less aggressive.

LYN (cont'd)

(Hangs up, to audience)

Oh, raise or no raise, I need a housekeeper. Hildy will not lift a finger except for the kids. Last week, in desperation, I just picked up all the junk--

(Opens samadhi tank)

TANK OPEN #2

--tossed it into the samadhi tank, and forgot

TANK CLOSE #2

about it. That is until Bob, testing it, filled it with water; it began to overflow and out came all the stuff I'd forgotten. And, well, I'm not proud of this, but I let Bob think the twins had done it.

(Lies down)

WATERBED #7

If I'd known this is what it would be like to have it all, I might have been willing to settle for less.

SUICIDE PHONE

(Gets up slowly, goes to phone.)

SUICIDE PHONE BUMP OUT

STAY TOGETHER #3

Oh, Edie, oh God, I knew that she was in pain...Bob, something terrible, Marge is dead. She's hanged herself.

They found her hanging from a macramé planter. What do you mean, how? I guess she took the plant out and put her head in!

STAY TOGETHER #3 OUT

LYN (cont'd)

(To audience)

We had a memorial service for Marge at her store. Janet was

there. When I asked about Agnus, she'd lost custody. Agnus was living with her father and his new wife. I felt so grateful for Bob and the kids.

CHOPPING

(Chopping vegetables, furiously)

Honey, from now on, I will be Mega-Mom,

CHOPPING BUMP OUT

Wonder-Working-Woman-Willing-Wife.

-- ROMANTIC #7

Bob, I will be anything...

WATERBED #8

(Affectionately)

...for a night or two. Oh honey, honey, let's not lose what we have. Let's try to be there for each other... Bob.

(Pause)

ROMANTIC #7 FADE OUT ...Bob.

ALARM #2

ALARM #2 BUMP OUT

-- 4TH INTERCOM X4

(Grabs office phone)

I had no idea that they'd taken the bats to school with them.

Just give me a list of the damage and I will pay for it.

(Rushing out)

LYN (cont'd)

Oh, Bob, let's face it, we are raising two Darth Vaders.

IRONING BOARD

Boys, boys, take your bats and go outside. Please stop complaining about the cleaning not being back. I can't take one more complaint. I said take your bats and go outside.

STEAM IRON repeats

It's one thing to be a modern housewife. But modern isn't good enough for you. I have to be organic, holistic, learn millet recipes, make beet juice, wait around for sourdough to rise.

It just so happens the last sourdough we had was not sourdough - it was Play Dough. Oh, you two have a highly developed sense of humor. And we didn't even notice the difference, Bob. So much for conscious cooking. And the ecology pageant. Robert wants to go as a Hole in the Ozone layer; McCord, wants to be the hundredth monkey. Do you think I can buy costumes like that at K-Mart? No, I have to make them.

LYN (cont'd)

And wok cooking! You said it was fast!

(Throws down ironing)

Give me those bats. And go outside. It is fast.

(Striking BOB)

What takes time is having to go to Chinatown for all those Chinese vegetables.

(HE grabs bat, strikes HER)

I'd never seen Bob so angry.

(Grabs other bat, strikes HIM)

You're not so damn Zen, after all. You are passive-aggressive. Somehow we both mistook that for spirituality.

WATERBED #9

(Backs onto waterbed)

Bob threw things up to me - like the time I let the clothes pile up for so long, by the time I got around to it, the twins had outgrown the ironing.

(To BOB)

Bob, Bob, it's clear what you and I both need:

5TH INTERCOM X4

a wife!

(Grabs office phone)

6TH INTERCOM X2

Edie, I can't go to the quilt march...Just a second.

(Into intercom)

Tell Sindell I will be there in a moment.

(To EDIE, as SHE gets bag from drawer.)

DRAWER OPEN-CLOSE

I'm gonna write you a check. How do I make it out?

LYN (cont'd)

(Looking in bag)

Oh, I've got to call you back. I've got Bob's bag.

(Hangs up, finds letter)

7TH INTERCOM X12

(Into intercom, very upset)

7TH INTERCOM BUMP OUT

Tell Sindell that I will be there in a moment.

(Businesslike, to Sindell)

I really have to say to you that I was sure you were thinking of me for that promotion. I mean, for you to hire somebody from outside the company to do a job you know I can do because I have been doing it...and doing my own job...I wanted to take the scarf-ruffle-tie thing from around my neck and strangle him.

I had no choice but to quit, Bob. It's been a great day.

(Makes drink)

Remember last week, that fight that we had? And the one before that? Didn't you notice, we never made up. We don't even make the effort to make up any more.

(Confronts HIM)

I know that you're involved with someone.

(Hangs up bag, pointedly)

I tore up the letter.

(Angry and hurt)

LYN (cont'd)

Who is it? Is it that checkout girl at the Health-Mart? I should've known you couldn't have that many Aikido classes each week. Who is it?!!

(Subdued, sad)

Oh, I can just imagine what she's like. If she knows Aikido, she probably knows the Kama-Sutra. You're probably having this great tantric sex thing.

(Takes karate pose)

I wish I'd been taking Karate classes; I would love for these hands to be weapons.

She probably has time to make good money and to meditate. Don't tell me...her tofu tastes like lasagna. She knows what shape face she has and where she's going and how to get there neatly.

Feel free to interrupt me at any time.

KLEENEX x 2

(Takes tissue.)

KLEENEX x 5

(Then offers the box To BOB)

LYN (cont'd)

But, Doctor Pre-Menstrual Syndrome? I'm getting divorced. I'm raising twin boys. I have a lot of job pressure - I've got to find one. The ERA didn't pass. Not long ago I lost a very dear friend, and the woman... my husband...is in love with is quite a bit younger than I am....And you think it's my period and not my life?

PAPER TEARS

(Tears up prescription)

ROMANTIC #8

The day we signed the divorce papers, all I could think of was
all the mistakes we've made

ELEVATOR #1

and was this going to be another one.

(Entering elevator, to BOB)

Are you going down to the garage?

(Making conversation, strained)

I took the boys to see Santa Claus. When Santa Claus asked
Robert what he wanted for Christmas, Robert said he wanted
the hole in the ozone layer patched up. And then McCord
yanked Santa's beard off and said, "What animal got killed for
this?"

(Softening)

ELEVATOR #2

I knew you'd be proud.

(Stepping out)

LYN (cont'd)

I mean for a kid that age to have the spirit to confront Santa Claus on what he thought was a moral issue.

(Calls out)

Maybe we did some things right, after all. I watched Bob walk away and then I had to smile. He couldn't get his electric car started.

STAY TOGETHER TINA

EDIE

(Dancing)

Pam and I are moving to New York. Ivan got that violin scholarship. Gonna play a solo at Carnegie Hall. Can you believe that that turkey baster kid is a prodigy? I knew we had something special when he was born on Thanksgiving.

Oh, he cries about leaving the twins. They've been his good buddies.

(Chalking pool cue)

CHALK #2

You know how those bullies at school gang up on him, playing the violin the way he does. Got one blue eye and one hazel, two mommies and no daddy. Anybody picked on him those twins were right there with those botacca bats.

POOL RIP

(Stumbling while attempting shot)

EDIE (cont'd)

Aw, it's these damn pumps. You said that you were back in the work farce...but you didn't say what.

LYN

I'm a partner, Edie. We import ethnic clothing, mostly from South America. And don't say it...I don't think we are exploiting cheap labor. So much as I think we are giving work to people

} STAY TOGETHER OUT who would be out of work...

(Admitting it)

...if we weren't exploiting cheap labor.

It's hard to be politically conscious and upwardly mobile at the same time.

How naive to think there was a time when we actually thought we were going to change the system, and all the time...

AIN'T NO MTN #2

-- CHILDREN PLAYING

LYN (cont'd)

Oh, there is something odd-looking about a garage sale outside
a dome home...especially when it's in your closet.

Everything goes...even the house. We still have the boxes it
came in.

(Crosses to tank)

This is a Samadhi Flotation Tank.

TANK OPEN #3 *(Opens lid, tries to be up,*

--CHILDREN #2 FADE OUT *but voice cracks)*

It makes a wonderful...storage bin. Everything inside goes.

(Sees something, reaches in, pulls it out)

Except this tee shirt.

(Smiles at memory)

"Whales, save us."

I'm keeping this.

AIN'T NO MTN SWELL

DS TO MEANING OF LIFE

--THUNDER

--VIOLIN SOLO

ACT TWO

SCENE FIVE

}VIOLIN

TRUDY

What a violin concert! It made me proud of my species.

(Crosses down stage.)

Afterwards, my space chums and I got somewhat smashed on Riunite off ice. We have been having an electro-magnetic field day. Pun intended.

Just listen, amazing. Inside my head, I can still hear that violin concert.

VIOLIN SWELL

What is it in our brains lets us recall the music after it's over? Why is it when we hear some music we get a lump in our throat? My space chums wonder how come we don't get the lump in our ear. They're impressed with our ability to get lumps in the throat; apparently we're unique in that respect. They asked me did it feel like goosebumps. I said you folks never felt goosebumps. They said, "No."

TRUDY (cont'd)

This set us waxing philosophic?????. All this searching, all these trances, all this data. And all we really know is how little we know about what it all means. Plus, there's the added

question of what it means to know something. They said to me, “Trudy we see now that intelligence is just the tip of the iceberg. The more you know the less knowing the meaning of things means. So forget the meaning of life. I didn't tell them, of course, I had.

See, it's not so much what we know, but how we know and what it is about us needs to know. The intriguing part, no matter how much we know, we still don't know where did the desire to want to know come from? Aw, don't look at me, this is the way they talk.

We know a lot about the beginnings of life, biogenesis. What's more impressive is that from biogenesis evolved life forms intelligent enough to think up a word like `biogenesis'.

TRUDY (cont'd)

So, no matter how much we know, there's more to knowing than we could ever know.

APPLE OUT OF BAG

Even Sir Isaac Newton...secretly admitted to some friends he understood how gravity behaved but not how it worked!

APPLE CRUNCH

(Polishes apple, bites)

The operative word here is what? Apple! Who said, 'Soup'?

We're thinking maybe the secrets about life we don't understand are the 'cosmic carrots' in front of our noses that keep us going. So maybe we should stop trying to figure out the meaning of life and sit back and enjoy the mystery of life. The operative word here is what? Mystery! Not meaning. This should be comforting, especially to those who think life is meaningless. Looks like it just might be.

WRAP APPLE

VIOLIN 2ND MOVEMENT And, yet, if life is meaningless, this is the greatest mystery of all!!!! And, the more meaningless, then the greater the mystery.

TRUDY (cont'd)

But if all of this is meaningless, then why the hell bring up the subject? If life is meaningless, this discussion is even more so. This is so typical of what I do.

Ah, we thought about this but not for long. It's disappointing, but no matter how expanded your mind gets, your span of concentration remains as short as ever. I decided to take them some place to get goose bumps. They wanna see what it feels like. I think we should take in a play. I got goose bumps once that way.

TRUDY (cont'd)

(Wraps panty hose around neck with flourish)

Panty hose! Makes a excellent theatre cape.

VIOLIN TAG

On the way to the play, we stopped to look at the stars. And as usual, I felt in awe. And then I felt even deeper in awe at this capacity we have to be in awe about something. And then I became even more awe-struck at the thought I was in some small way a part of that which I was in awe about.

And this feeling of awe went on and on and on and on. My space chums got a word for it, 'awe infinitum'. 'Cause at the moment you are most in awe of all you don't understand, you're closer to understanding it all then at any other time. And I felt so good inside, my heart felt so full, I decided to set time aside each day to do

VIOLIN TAG PUSH

'awe-robics'.

DS TO KATE II

ACT TWO

SCENE SIX

--THUNDER / PIANO

KATE

(Entering elegant restaurant, dabbing rain off face, energized)

Oh, Lonnie, Lonnie, doesn't the rain feel good? I have had the most extraordinary evening.

(Orders)

Is that a Remy? I'll have the same.

Have you never been here? I come for the pianist. So much has happened since I've seen you that I feel like a new person.

(Reacts)

No, no, it's not my new fingertip.

(Comparing little fingers)

Good, though, isn't it?

(Looking through purse)

No, this evening, first this little boy played the violin, absolute genius.

Before I forget, here's that article about boredom. Oh, no, that's not it. That's my suicide note. Well, not my suicide note...where shall I start?

KATE (cont'd)

(Settling in)

When I was in L.A., I found this suicide note in the street...where my exercise class is. I don't know why I picked it up. You know it's more my nature to step over things.

(Laughs lightly)

But something compelled me...It was right outside this metaphysical bookstore. I thought it could be a sign. Lately, I seem to look for signs. The closer I get to menopause, the more metaphysical I'm becoming.

SMALL THUNDER

(Tries to laugh but there is an underlying urgency in her voice)

Cheers. Oh I had no idea who it belonged to. Anyone living in that neighborhood had reason to want to end it all.

(Again laughs, attempting to be light)

I felt so sad at what she'd written in the note, but, Lonnie, I felt even worse when I realized that losing the note could only add to her feelings of low self-esteem, further evidence she could never do anything right. I should imagine there's only one thing more depressing than writing a suicide note, and that's losing the one you've just written.

(Mood, lightens a beat, then serious again)

KATE (cont'd)

For awhile I kept it in my wallet. And then I grew concerned. Well, supposing I got hit by a car, or, in that neighborhood, a beer bottle, I go unconscious, the paramedics come, they

discover the note, they think it's mine and they give it to Freddie.

(Laughs at how ridiculous she is sounding)

Well, it would seem very strange that I just happened to be carrying someone else's suicide note.

(Serious again)

So I started...

(Squirms in seat)

...keeping it at home in one of those fireproof boxes with my important papers. And then the thought, again, what if something happened? The note would be discovered and be given great importance because it was with my important papers.

(Leans in closer)

So, I began moving it around the house. Lonnie, I am becoming so forgetful. I was so afraid I would misplace it. So I wrote myself a note telling me where I'd put it.

(Leans back in chair, exasperated with herself)

KATE (cont'd)

Now, I had the suicide note and the note telling me where the suicide note was hidden. So I have decided it is best kept in my purse, but I have written a note explaining the whole business.

(Shakes head in disbelief as of talking to self)

Well go ahead and say it: I am possessed. What is it about this phantom person that is so compelling? She seemed so fragile and yet, courageous, too. Ironically, there is in this suicide note

more feeling, more forgiveness, more yearning for life...

(Voice trails off)

Whatever this person is, or was, she was not jaded. She was not bored. If she ever did commit suicide, it would be out of feeling too much, not too little.

(Pause, reflects, not sure what she means)

There's hardly a trace of bitterness or self-pity or petty anything. Her only real complaint is something she calls, "This business of false hopes." That's really something, don't you think? I mean, in writing a suicide note the real person must come out.

(Searching for answer)

KATE (cont'd)

I tell you there's nothing dramatic, no big tragedy...no, no terminal illness it seems, just a lifetime...

(Pause)

of being...dismissed...by everyone apparently.

(Pause)

...except me.

(Pause)

Lonnie, this experience has had such an effect on me, made me aware of just how closed off I've been to people's suffering, even my own.

This evening, after the concert, I saw these two prostitutes on the corner...

(Laughing)

talking with this...this street crazy, this bag lady. And I actually stopped to watch them, even though it had begun to rain.

And I remembered something I think it was Kafka wrote... about having been filled with a sense of endless astonishment at simply seeing a group of people cheerfully assembled.

KATE (cont'd)

I saw this young man go up, obviously from out of town. Lonnie, he had the most dazzling eyes, and he asked them, "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?" And the bag lady said,

"Practice!" And we glanced at each other - the prostitutes, the bag lady, the young man and I. We all burst out laughing.

There we were laughing together in the pouring rain and then the bag lady did the dearest thing. She offered me her umbrella hat. She said that I needed it more than she did, because one side of my hair was beginning to shrink.

And, Lonnie, I did the strangest thing, I took it!

LOUD THUNDER #1

LOUD THUNDER #2

(In dark, lightening flashes and for an instant we see KATE wearing umbrella hat)

DS TO END OF PLAY

ACT TWO

SCENE SEVEN

TRUDY

Hey, what's this?

(Picks up letter, reads)

"Dear Trudy, thanks for making our stay here so jam-packed and fun-filled.

(SHE looks upwards)

We have orders to go to a higher bio-vibrational plane.

Just wanted you to know, the neuro- chemical imprints of our cardio-cortical experiences here on earth will remain with us always, but what we take with us into space that we cherish most is the 'goose bump' experience."

(To audience)

TRUDY (cont'd)

Yeah, remember that night I took 'em to the theatre. We're standing there in the dark, I feel one of 'em tug my sleeve, he whispers, "Trudy, look." I said, "Yeah, goose bumps. You really like the play that much?" They said it wasn't the play gave 'em goose bumps, it was the audience. I forgot to tell 'em to watch the play, they'd been watching the audience.

(Shakes head in amazement)

Yeah, to see a group of strangers sitting together in the dark,
laughing and crying about the same things just knocked 'em
out. They said; "Trudy, the play was soup - the audience - art."

(Lights up for bow.)

(LILY exits.)

BOOGIE PIANO

(LILY returns for second bow.)

(LILY exits after for last -third- bow.)

(END OF ACT TWO)

II – 1 – page * arabic5

II – 2 – page * arabic9

II – 3 – page * arabic5

II – 4 – page * arabic17

II – 5 – page * arabic5

II – 6 – page * arabic6

II – 7 – page * arabic2