

On a Queer Day
Or
The Winds of Ariston

A play
by
Patrick Hurley

"Are you a god? Would you create me new? Transform me then, and
to your power I'll yield."

-William Shakespeare

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This play is dedicated to:
Anthony Sorrells, Joey Fabrizi, Grant Hodges, Davis J.
Anderson, Carson Robinette, and Casey Kringlen.

Six men who taught me how to tell this story, and gave a piece
of themselves in the process.

CHARACTERS: (All Actors play multiple roles)

Actor 1-Geo-Guy-George-Hyacinthus; Any ethnicity (Mid 20s)

Actor 2-Walt-Howard-Walter-Young Athenian; Any Ethnicity (25-30)

Actor 3-Glory-Room Service Attendant-John Rogers-Apollo; Any ethnicity, Appears in full drag. (40-50)

Actor 4-Russ-Bellhop-Fitzsimmons-Zephyrus; Any ethnicity (50+)

Actor 5-Lee-Tommy-Theodore-Testaclees; Any ethnicity (Early 20s)

Setting: This play takes place in a theatrical space, in the middle of the gay experience. All time periods overlap. The stories take place in the the Ariston Bathhouse in Manhattan, 1903. The Dover Hotel in Los Angeles 1969, a hillside in Ancient Greece, and a 2015 gay wedding. This could be as simple as three benches set in different places on the stage and platforms behind them to signify the four different times and spaces. It should ultimately feel like a theatrical event. Once the actors enter they are always visible in neutral actor positions watching the show when they are not involved in a scene. If a stage direction says a character exits, this simply means he exits the space of the scene.

These stories are based on real sources. In 1903, in New York a sting happened on The Ariston Bathhouse. And the characters in this story are all dramatic versions of real people.

Likewise, Howard Efland actually existed, as did the Dover Hotel.

The story of Apollo and Hyacinthus is from *Metamorphoses* by Ovid. Loosely based, of course.

/ Indicates where dialogue should overlap.

Act One

The lights on the stage are already on. The actors enter through the audience, they are all dressed in the costumes that they would wear in the wedding scenes, and they will remain only in these costumes. They form a tableau on stage and speak as a chorus to the audience.

CHORUS

Prologue!

Apollo takes his place on the platform behind them.

Actor 1 takes center stage as Geo. He looks out at the audience in a neutral state. The rest of the actors give him the space. He and Apollo are very theatrically lit.

GEO

Let us speak about bodies changed into new forms. You, gods, since you are the ones who alter these, and all other things, inspire my attempt, and spin out a continuous thread of words, from the world's first origins...
to my own time.

CHORUS

And thus appeared the god Apollo!

APOLLO

Before there was earth. Before the sea, the sky, the heavens. Inert matter. A fire deep within. Waiting. The ticking of an invisible clock holding its breath in anticipation of the bang to follow. And then-
Chaos. Temporal havoc- for a time.
Then human- a longer time. You see time isn't a thread stretched from one place to another, but a million, tiny little threads, balled up into a massive constellation of space that we call eternity. It begins and ends where we are. Now. There is only now. What happened in the first cave with the first thought of the first brain changes where you parked your car tonight. So the universe, plucked from the whimsy of some divine instigator, finds herself all aflutter, infested. A corporeal incursion. Human beings. Flawed and finite, susceptible to will of the gods. And driven always by avarice.

Then rage. And flood.

Destroyed.

Rebirth.

And humanity found its way. Or rather is finding.

And I, alone, atop this cloud, moved and incited by these lesser creatures, had grown terribly, terribly bored with them. Humans. Until now.

Now let me sing to you about how humans turn into other things.

And so we come upon a purpose. Think of this as a spiritual overture. Exposition unto declaration.

And it begins...

Upon a desolate cloud, near the beginning of time, bent as it is, so also nearer the end-

With perfect eyes imperfect sight, I do behold this.

A boy.

And though moved as I might be by the beauty of him, I am compelled to ask-

What is this stirring? In imitation of the very inert suspense that did create the world, there is an explosion tied to a fuse that this boy has ignited.

Another world born of fire. A panic pierced through the soul of blackness, disturbed gentle ignorance with anguish, and ignited the first dreamer, and this... the first dream.

For this boy I have discovered the birth of a fiery new world.

This fire. Rages inside. And with it the words that have never been uttered from the lips of one man to another...I love you.

Young Hyacinthus.

Zephyrus takes his place on the other side of the platform and when he speaks, the light on Apollo fades and his rises.

APOLLO (Cont'd)

And as sure as the westerly winds do nightly carry your dreams up to the heavens, I give my word that I will know what it is to love you—My young and /beautiful boy.

ZEPHYRUS

/Beautiful boy.

Air overhangs you. Heavier than fire.

Lighter than earth.

Vapor and thunder do shake the minds of human beings, and stir the hearts of the gods.

I am Zephyrus! God of the westerly wind; the fructifying wind.

Beholden to the direction of my tempestuous brethren, so as not to tear the world in two.

I have been carried here
through all the ages
to find

You!

Whispers of the gods are carried on the backs of mortal men. For time ends where it begins, and begins where it ends. The great circle of confusion. And of lust. You will feel me at your back when you step over your grave. An icy wind- diamond sharp- cuts through your lungs and shreds to ribbons your perfect breath. The mighty Apollo has thrown into the wind such an utterance as to change the very course of the world itself.

"I love you, young Hyacinthus."

He loves a mortal man. And foolheartedly believes he is the first.

But he is deceived.

For it was in the darkness, before the merciless fire of creation that I first caught sight of you. As nothing more than a shadow. Lurking in the ignorance of all mankind, waiting to be born. To be loved.

I saw you first.

And though our story is but an Ancient one to those who, at this moment, look upon it with aged eyes. It is not so. For we begin and end in the same place. And here at the end of the world, where it begins, we are not history.

But prophecy.

I am the wind- at least in one direction. And so there is nowhere I cannot go- in that direction. And I will follow you. And protect you from the vengeful wrath of others.

So long as my affections are not unrequited.

If you would only love me back. And share your beauty with me for all time. And all who will follow in your footsteps.

Wherever you seek the sweet repose of love's gentle hand..

There you will find me..

Among the shadows..

Waiting for you.

He becomes a shadow. Then.

All of the actors should be somewhere in shadow for the opening.

CHORUS

Part one..."One moment can change everything!"

*The lights shift to the dim Ariston
Bathroom lighting. Actor 1 is now*

George, and Actor 2 is Walter. They stare at each other. The other actors are watching on the periphery; shadows.

BATHHOUSE:

WALTER

Hello.

GEORGE

Hello.

They stare for a moment.

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Difficult to see.

WALTER

It's said to be a good place to get lost. In the steam.

GEORGE

It's also said to be good for the sinus.

WALTER

Is that why you came here?

GEORGE

To be lost?

Beat. Walter smiles.

WALTER

I meant for your sinus.

GEORGE

Oh. Yes.

I suppose it is.

Would you be uncomfortable if I sat down?

WALTER

No. Would you be uncomfortable?

GEORGE

No.

Long Pause. Does he sit?

GEORGE (Cont'd)

I've been experiencing difficulty. Sinus difficulty.

WALTER

Oh.

GEORGE

Yes. I was told by the concierge upstairs that the steam might be...useful.

WALTER

And here you are.

One more beat.

GEORGE

It does seem to be helping already.

WALTER

Good thing you found us, then.

Beat.

GEORGE

I already feel myself...able to breathe...easier.

Actor 1 rises and is now Guy. The lights shift to the Dover Hotel lighting. Actor 2 is now Howard Efland, sitting on a hotel bed. Guy walks past an imaginary door, see's Howard and backs up. He is intrigued. From the imagined Hotel hallway he begins to speak.

HOTEL:

GUY

Excuse me? Excuse me, sir. You left your door open.

HOWARD

Did I? I wonder why I would do a thing like that.

Guy slowly enters the room.

GUY

Hello?

HOWARD

Hmm. He's handsome.

GUY

Your door was open.

HOWARD

You already said that.

GUY

Okay.

Beat.

GUY (Cont'd)

Did you want me to shut it?

HOWARD

That depends.

GUY

On what?

HOWARD

On what side of it you're on when you do.

Beat.

GUY

Oh.

HOWARD

Sorry. I didn't mean to shock you.

GUY

This is a shitty room.

HOWARD

My apologies. I've only just checked in and haven't had time to make it presentable.

GUY

Whatever. I'm headin' outta town.

HOWARD
Uh-huh.

GUY
I'm not actually stayin' here.

HOWARD
Uh-huh.

GUY
I just...I was just on my way outta town.

HOWARD
Hmm. He's redundant.

GUY
I want you to know I'm not looking for anything. I'm just passing through.

HOWARD
And you wanted a bone...voyage!

GUY
You sound funny.

HOWARD
Do I?

GUY
You don't sound like a man.

HOWARD
What do I sound like?

Beat.

GUY
I should go.

Guy starts to walk away. Howard sits up.

HOWARD
You don't have to.

Guy stops.

GUY

I can't breathe in here.

HOWARD

Sorry. Terrible smoking habit. I suppose it satiates my insatiable oral fixation.

Beat.

GUY

Yeah, I can't. I gotta...

HOWARD

Hmm. He's rattled.
Do me a favor...
don't close the door.

Actor 2 rises and gets into position for the next scene. Actor 1 sits and prepares as well, when they are in position the lights shift to the 2015 Wedding scene. Geo is sewing his jacket when Walt enters the room.

WEDDING:

WALT

There you are. Handsome man.

GEO

Hello, my love.

WALT

What happened there?

GEO

My jacket got caught on a nail in one of the door frame's downstairs. I can't even imagine what kind of omen that is.

WALT

What? Getting nailed on your wedding day? I'd say it's a pretty good one.

They kiss.

GEO (Cont'd)

How much time do I have?

WALT

Like twenty minutes. *(Coyly, maybe batting his eyelashes)* So, I was thinking..

GEO

Seriously?

WALT

What?

GEO

Here?

WALT

Why not?

Walt takes the jacket and needle from Geo.

GEO

Wait, I'm not done with that.

WALT

It's a small tear. It can wait.

Walt gets handsy.

GEO

That's so tacky.

WALT

It's hot.

GEO

I know, it's unseasonable, right? You know I read somewhere that—

WALT

Stop. You know I only get more aroused when you start waxing meteorologically.

GEO

(Starting to acquiesce)

Is that even a word?

WALT

Yes. A big one. Now, speaking of big ones—

GEO

Stop! We're supposed to wait until after the wedding.

WALT

That's a stupid hetero-rule.

Walt grabs and kisses him, Geo pulls away playfully.

GEO

I mean it, stop.

Walt puts his arms back around Geo's waist.

GEO (Cont'd)

You're wrinkling me.

WALT

I am not. Besides...mother nature already beat me to it.

GEO

Fuck you. I don't have wrinkles.

WALT

Right there. *(He touches a wrinkle between Geo's eyebrows)*
Whenever you're upset, you crinkle that part of your face, right there, and now /it's always there.

GEO

/That's genetic. I inherited my mother's angry bitch face. I should get Botox for it.

Walt laughs as Geo squirms a little to get away.

WALT

You're so vain.

GEO

Okay, Carly Simon, take it easy.

Geo tries to pull away in a playful way, Walt won't relent.

Hey! Hey!

WALT

Geo stops squirming and looks at Walt intensely.

Yes?

GEO

Beat.

I'm happy.

WALT

GEO

Aww, that is so gay balls. Now unhand me good sir, or I shall refuse to consummate our nuptials tonight!

WALT

You wouldn't dare.

GEO

You wanna try me? Now stop. I have to darn my garments, dear. We can have sex later.

Walt kisses Geo one more time and lets him go. Geo goes back to his sewing.

WALT

Why do I put up with you?

GEO

Please. Without me, your life would be an utter disaster. I keep you sane. And you do love my unusually large vocabulary.

WALT

God help me, I do.

GEO

Plus, I'm relentlessly charming.

WALT

Oh really? That I didn't know.

GEO

Whatever. From the moment you saw me. What did you say, (*very dramatic*) "it must be the winds of fate that brought us together!" Such a sap. I did look pretty good though.

WALT

I think it's your humility that I find most appealing.

GEO

You had that smile that you get when you're nervous.

WALT

What this one?

Walt smiles awkwardly.

GEO

And you just stared at me. Like you were looking for something past my eyes. You stared right through me. It was a tad creepy, actually.

WALT

Hey you were staring right back.

GEO

I was marveling at your ability to hold that ridiculous smile on your face.

Beat. Walt stares at Geo as he finishes his jacket while he talks.

GEO (Cont'd)

I wasn't even going to go to that party. I was supposed to see someone else that night. But. I guess the winds of fate were blowing me in a different direction. It's funny how one moment can change everything. Just a last minute decision to go to a party. And now...(*He looks At Walt pointedly*) You.

They have a moment. Then Geo holds up his jacket and smiles.

GEO (Cont'd)

Done. (*Beat*) I love you too.

WALT

Did I say I loved you?

GEO
How much time we got?

Beat.

WALT
Why?

GEO
Well, I was thinking—

Lee abruptly enters the wedding.

LEE
Oh my god! Walt?! Walt!? Are you in here? Ugh! Walt?! Where the hell are you?

GEO
Look up from your phone, jackass!

LEE
Oh my god! There you are! Thank god! This place is like a labyrinth.

WALT
Hi Lee.

GEO
Lee. You're here. Walt. Look who's in the room. Your ex-boyfriend! That's amazing.

LEE
Ohmagod! Okay, and I want to take a minute and tell you both how fierce you look. Like for real, I'm digging the colors and that foundation is like giving me life, but I can't because I'm on a mission.

GEO
I'm not wearing foundation.

LEE
Have either of you seen the news?

WALT
No, I don't have my phone on me. Why, what's going on?

LEE

Okay, you are being so basic right now, and like I want to address that, but you need to see this first.

Lee types something into his phone and hands it to Walt.

GEO

Couldn't this wait until after the wedding?

LEE

No. Like for real. This will change the whole wedding. And girl, you have to tell me who makes that foundation.

GEO

It's my skin.

LEE

Like just text me a pic of the label.

GEO

We're not having a conversation, are we?

Walt looks up from the phone.

WALT

What does this mean?

LEE

It means. Drum roll please.

Beat.

WALT

Yeah, we're not actually/ gonna do a drumroll!

GEO

Just tell us!

Lee closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

GEO

Oh my god!

LEE

It means. The ruling on gay marriage from the motherfucking Supreme Court is about to be announced.

Beat.

GEO

That's it!? That's why you're being so dramatic?

LEE

Girl?! I don't think you heard me.

GEO

No, I don't think you're hearing you.

Walt is still scrolling the news on the phone.

WALT

Wait a second. Wait a second. Can we just take a second here? Okay, so what, the court's gonna announce, basically, like whether a ban on gay marriage is unconstitutional or not?

LEE

Right.

WALT

And if they rule that it is, that means—

LEE

That means gay marriage will be legal in all fifty states. In like thirty minutes. This is not a drill. This is the real thing. We need to plan accordingly. Those shoes are too brown.

WALT

They are not.

GEO

What do you mean "We?"

WALT

And what does that mean? Plan what?

LEE

Ugh! You are exhausting! Okay. So you know how I'm sleeping with that guy who works at the New York Times?

WALT

Doesn't he edit obituaries?

LEE

Well he has a contact that he's sleeping with at CNN. And he told me that he contacted that guy and that both outlets are now interested in coming to do a story about the first gay couple to get married after the announcement! So like, your wedding could be on the news. This is not a little thing, bitches. This is motherfucking go time!

GEO

Okay, well I'm gonna make like a fat tourist and segue. Walt, do you think you could like go make sure everyone is ready to start this thing?

Walt looks at Geo, but is too distracted by what Lee has said.

WALT

CNN's coming?

GEO

Did I not just say that out loud?

Lee is nodding and is back on his phone.

LEE

Everyone is talking about it. I think we should like move the ceremony outside and do it at sunset, cuz that's like the best time to shoot something. I want to look good! And also, you guys will need way more make-up. That foundation will only get you so far in life, girl! Where the hell is Glory?

GEO

/Last time! There is no foundation!

WALT

Babe. This is so exciting.

GEO

What? No, it's not.

WALT

What do you mean? Yeah, it is.

LEE

Oh my god!

APOLLO

I am a god.

LEE

Oh my God!

APOLLO

/I am a god. Why do I feel such misgivings?

GEO

What?!

LEE

This is like really happening.

APOLLO

/Where is my lowly hand? Where is he that I may unburden my burdens upon?

WALT

All right. Let me go find out what's going on.

GEO

Are you not hearing me when I speak?

APOLLO

/Testaclees! Where are you sycophant?

WALT

I'll be right back.

GEO

Walt-

WALT

/Relax, it's just one minute.

Actor 2 clears the space, Actor 1 takes his place for the next scene as actor 5 climbs up the platform to join Apollo, he is now the lowly hand of Apollo, Testaclees. The lights shift to an Ancient Greek hillside.

HILLSIDE:

CHORUS

Enter Testaclees! Foil. Lowly hand of the mighty Apollo!

TESTACLEES

O great Apollo. How verily does it hang, your mightiness?

APOLLO

Cease your useless blather, my oafish peasant. Testaclees, have you seen him? The boy on the hillside?

He points to Hyacinthus, who is probably frolicking, tossing his discus, or something else totally innocent.

TESTACLEES

Oh him? Who hasn't seen him? We've all seen him. I wanna see more of him.

APOLLO

There's something about him that fascinates me.

TESTACLEES

Some would say that the parts of him that make him ambulatory are impressive. But I rather fancy the way the back of his arms twitch and glisten when he tosses that thing. Oh look, there, he did it again. What do you call that part of the arm? And why doesn't mine have that same shape? Am I fat?

APOLLO

No, it's something more. Something deeper. Do you know what I speak of?

TESTACLEES

Sure. Deeper. I'd go deeper. I wanna go deeper. How deep you wanna go here?

APOLLO

Seal your verbal crack! I'm speaking about something much more profound than mere physical gratification, you simple-minded goat!

TESTACLEES

It's just so lonely atop this mythical mountain.

APOLLO

Look at him toss!

TESTACLEES
I have. I am. I will.

CHORUS
They watch him toss!

APOLLO
Let us watch him frolic.

CHORUS
They watch him frolic!

BATHHOUSE:

George is nervous. Sound of wind.

GEORGE
The Winds of Ariston are blowing tonight.

Walter smiles at this. Pause.

WALTER
What's your name?

GEORGE
I'm George.

WALTER
Good evening, George.

GEORGE
Ariston was the king of Sparta.

WALTER
Okay.

GEORGE
This is The Ariston, yes?

WALTER
It is.

GEORGE
And the words...those are correct too? I would hate to misspeak.

WALTER

No, you got them right. The Winds of Ariston are blowing tonight. You haven't been to the Ariston before.

GEORGE

No.

Beat. George sits. They both look out rather than at each other.

WALTER

I'm Walter.

GEORGE

It's nice to meet you.

Beat.

WALTER

You were staring.

GEORGE

If my manners were remiss, I must apologize.

WALTER

They weren't. There was more hope in that stare than I've seen in quite some time.

Beat. Shadows.

WALTER

You have to do it slower?

George shoots him a look

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're breathing too fast.

Beat.

GEORGE

It's hot.

WALTER

Yes, it is.

GEORGE

And yet, somehow I feel as if I've never known how to really breathe before now.

WALTER

Something in the air. Maybe.

Beat.

GEORGE

Herodotus tells us that Ariston, the king of Sparta, was so enraptured with the idea of beauty, that he held it hostage.

WALTER

How did he do that?

GEORGE

He created a prison. Dark and far away from the rest of the world. Beauty is fleeting. Insignificant. In the grander scheme of truth. It's like a shadow. You can't really touch it. It's just there.
And the gods mostly pursue beauty for their own pleasure.

WALTER

And what do they do when they capture it?

Beat. George breathes.

GEORGE

They destroy it.

I should go.

George leaves

HILLSIDE:

APOLLO

The boy on the hillside. I love him.

TESTACLEES

Oh no. Not this again. We've been through this. What are you going to do? Take the shape of a bow and hope he plucks you? That didn't work last time.

APOLLO

No. this is more. I must profess my love to him.

TESTACLEES

Oh no.

APOLLO

I want to feel every part of him.

TESTACLEES

Why don't you just shapeshift like you do. You know. Become a bird or whatnot.

APOLLO

I want to know the love of two men. Not one man and a pigeon!

TESTACLEES

Well that's fair. I'd also like that. I do have working parts, you know! I'm not just some plot device. I'm a thing!

Young Athenian dramatically enters and poses opposite Hyacinthus.

APOLLO

Silence! A young Athenian has dramatically entered.

CHORUS

That's our line!

APOLLO

Sorry. I'm very worked up!

Beat.

CHORUS

Well, we're not gonna say it now!

YOUNG ATHENIAN

You there. Pretty boy on a hillside tossing a disc.

Hyacinthus turns to him.

HYACINTHUS

Yes? Is it I to whom you are speaking?

YOUNG ATHENIAN

The most unusual thing has just occurred. I was walking past this hillside, doing as any normal young Athenian of our time would do. Contemplating all of life. Discerning my place in society. Plus math. When suddenly a shift in the wind caused me to look westerly, and there you were. Perfect, beautiful boy. And I am stiff. With trepidation. And hard. With fear. I have

never felt such for a boy. And I'm filled with...everything.
Isn't that strange?

HYACINTHUS

No. I would do the same were I to catch sight of myself.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

It's as if the heavens dropped you here.

HYACINTHUS

And you've crawled out from under a rock.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

As if the wind carried you to me on its very back.

HYACINTHUS

And you were shat out of the sea.

Beat.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

And I am struck dumb.

Hyacinthus goes to speak.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

No, please don't speak.
You don't need words.

HYACINTHUS

Yes. I don't suppose I have the poet's tongue. Mine are gifts of
physical perfection, as you can plainly see.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

And all because of a shift in the wind.

APOLLO

A shift in the wind! That bastard! He's sent a foible! An
obstacle. An impediment meant to stop me from getting what I
want. Oh he is very good at story structure.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

Would you care to find a patch of shade where we might discover
these feelings? Be it with hand, or foot, or wagging tongues?

HYACINTHUS

I would!

YOUNG ATHENIAN

Thank the gods!

They frolic off together.

CHORUS

Watch them frolic!

TESTACLEES

Oh, look at them frolic!

APOLLO

Shut up! I will watch. And long. O piteous day!
My heart doth bleed for him.
But I will devise a plan. A ruse. A ruse-y plan!
Shut up!
He must be mine!

The actors all move into the space.

CHORUS

Part Two..."He Can Linger All He Likes!"

HOTEL:

HOWARD

What are you waiting for?

GUY

I'm not waiting.

HOWARD

You're lingering then. Like smog. Like my daddy's religion. Like that erection of yours.

GUY

It's not an erection.

HOWARD

Well then...god bless your genetics.

GUY

It's nothing.

HOWARD

Quite the contrary by the looks of it. I could help you with that, you know.

GUY

You people are too fucking eager!

HOWARD

Well that was a tonal shift. And I do appreciate the depreciatory use of the phrase "you people."

GUY

All you do is fuck, right?

HOWARD

Well, I do try.

GUY

What else is there? I mean your whole life is one big fucking joke.

HOWARD

You mean my joke life is one big fucking hole.

GUY

See! It's a fucking joke to you.

HOWARD

I beg your pardon. Apart from the one time I got frisky with a Dolores Park street clown, fucking has never been a joke to me.

GUY

You can't go one sentence without talking about sex.

HOWARD

I wasn't aware this was an inquisition.

GUY

That's a false equivalency.

HOWARD

Hmm. He knows words.

GUY

You wanna fuck me, right?

HOWARD

Well-

GUY

Oh please. You want to fuck me.

HOWARD

Or we can swap the pronouns.

GUY

Because that's all you know how to do. Fucking pathetic.

HOWARD

Well, I'll tell you what, as much as I do enjoy a good tongue-lashing after dinner, I'm going to have to call foul on your privileged little ass and suggest you either put that mouth to better use or be on your merry little way. Because whether it's all I know how to do or not, the only concern you should have is whether or not I would even choose in a million years to do it with a closeted, homophobic little prick like you. So shut the door, or vacate it. Tick, tock, baby. The world ain't waitin' for either of us.

Guy goes into the hallway.

HOWARD

Until next time...

HILLSIDE:

YOUNG ATHENIAN

Until next time.

Young Athenian exits.

APOLLO

There must not be a next time! I never should have confessed my desire atop a cloud when the wind was westerly! This is the work of that intrepid blowhard! He has heard my longing, and placing it on the wind has seduced others with the same desire. Oh yes, The pitiful god's lustful wind doth blow.

TESTACLEES

Yes!

Wait, can he do that?

APOLLO

That wind-swept warthog! Of course he can. Whispers of the gods are always carried on the wind. And corrupt all those who are corruptible by mortality.

TESTACLEES

Really? I've never /heard that.

APOLLO

Look it up!

It is often the desire of the gods that persuade the actions of men.

But what is he up to? What is his devious plan?

TESTACLEES

Do you suppose—

APOLLO

I suppose you will do as I say! You will track the wind and report back to me his every move!

TESTACLEES

You want me to spy on the wind?

APOLLO

Precisely!

TESTACLEES

Isn't that, just by definition, impossible?

APOLLO

You will do as I say! Now. I have had enough of you for this day. I must go and set the sun. But I shan't enjoy it. Not this day!

TESTACLEES

Okay, then. I guess I'll figure out a way to track the wind.

Apollo exits. Testaclees walks away.

WEDDING:

Lee is now on his phone. Geo is irritated with him.

GEO

Are you just gonna linger in here?

LEE

Hmm. *(He looks up)* You look really nice.

GEO

Ugh. Thank you.
It is my wedding day.

LEE

You could be in like textbooks.

GEO

Yeah, I don't know what that means.

LEE

Like if this thing goes our way. You could actually be like gay symbols. Like heroes. Like in textbooks and shit.

GEO

I don't want to be in textbooks and shit. Lee Harvey Oswald is in textbooks. Atilla the Hun and Genghis Khan are in textbooks.

LEE

Do you know how many gay stories are not in textbooks?

Beat.

GEO

I feel like that's a trick question.

LEE

I was wearing my Remember Stonewall T-shirt at the center the other day and this eighteen-year old twink comes up to me and asked what Stonewall was.

GEO

And did you burst into flames?

LEE

We have a responsibility to tell the next generation about their own history.

GEO

Why?

LEE

To preserve it. We don't have the benefit of genealogy, so we have to embrace our history as stories and keep telling them.

GEO

Are you saying we're an oral people?

LEE

Yes! Exactly! And we need to preserve our culture.

GEO

And what exactly is gay culture anyway?

Beat.

LEE

Look I totally get it. I think marriage is fucking stupid. It's a heteronormative, patriarchal practice that's completely reliant upon wishful thinking and illogical expectations.

GEO

Please include that in your toast.

LEE

And don't even get me started on the archaic adherence to gender norms. But like the significance of legislating against our right to marry is way more fucked up than marriage itself.

GEO

I'm not sure I'm tracking all of your threads here.

LEE

You're part of a story! Like all of us.

GEO

What does that have to do with-

LEE

And we should hold onto our history!

GEO

You're talking about what? The history of being gay?

LEE

I'm talking about the history of queer people, yeah.

GEO

So, a history of sex?

LEE

That's part of it, sure.

GEO

Oh, I'm sorry, is there more? Seems to me that it started from a place of repressed desire that was greeted by a hostile society. Thus making sex an all-important and forbidden fruit. Pun intended. So, we wanted to fuck each other. Couldn't. Figured out ways to do it in the dark. Started doing it all the time. Found liberation, blah, blah, blah, started perfecting our physical appearance so we could have value in a community that only values the physical. Then lots more sex. Then AIDS. Long gap to get past that. And now, finally, back to square one.

LEE

Wow! That's what you think our history is?

GEO

That and the occasional theme party.

LEE

That's the most ridiculous and homophobic thing I've ever heard! How can you not see that we're all the same? How can you believe such insulting/cliched bullshit!

GEO

How is it something I believe? Truth is truth.

LEE

Oh my god!

GEO

Can you tell me a story about gay men that isn't about sex? Or the need to look good? So they can have more sex?

LEE

You're biased. You're not considering any cultural perspective.

GEO

There's that word again! Gay culture is what? Pop music and men in short shorts with either a handbag and a prance, or big muscles and a swagger. Drunk or high. Top or bottom. Non-threatening punchlines. Or shallow sex maniacs. Can you find anything else?

LEE

You think every gay man is an effeminate, vain whore?

GEO

Gee, I don't know. How many men at this wedding have you fucked? Girl?

Beat.

LEE

I don't have to answer that.

GEO

Enough said!

LEE

Why are you so angry?!

GEO

Why are you engaging with me? I don't even like you!

LEE

Because you're about to represent me and all of us with this wedding, and your attitude /about us is embarrassing!

GEO

Represent you?!

LEE

Yeah! The world might be watching!

GEO

Are you really trying to make the stakes that high here?

LEE

And you don't even know who you are?

GEO

Oh what, you mean because I'm gay, I'm supposed to be obnoxious about it?

LEE

I'm not saying-

GEO

That I'm supposed to walk around like you do with a huge pink chip on my shoulder to show the world /how me and my people have suffered?

LEE

Pink chip? Are you fucking kidding me?

GEO

My whole life I have tried to avoid being seen as the "gay" guy.

BATHHOUSE:

Geo turns and he's George, and Walter is across the steam room, sitting, waiting for him.

WALTER

Hi again.

GEORGE

Hello.

WALTER

Back to the shadows, huh?

GEORGE

Difficulty breathing out there.

Beat. George sits.

WALTER

I'm glad you/ came back.

GEORGE

I woke in the middle of the night. Convinced it was a dream. Inside another dream. The walls were weeping. Like painted blood. Dripping nearer and nearer to my body. I could feel the surge of blood from inside me. What makes me? What is in the deepest part of me? Something vile and foul. My eyes shot straight open as if I were aware that something was there that wasn't before and I could see something; shadows, dancing on the wall. The wind outside was howling. Beckoning. So I left my body in my bed. And just my shadow peeled away from my body sleeping there. I put my overcoat across it. Trundled down the stairs to the street, and I just let the wind lift me up and carry me here.

I don't know how much of me is left asleep in my bed. Away from this.

WALTER

I'm in bed too. Mine's farther away. Long Island. Two trains to get here. Heart racing. Fists gripped. Jaw clenched. Eyes low. But hopes high.

I came back to find you.

GEORGE

For all of my life I have been certain of one thing. And that certainty has pulled me out of my body and I fear what I'm capable of without it.

WALTER

I'm hopeful.

Beat.

WALTER

Will you come closer?

GEORGE

What if I'm not really here?

WALTER

You look real enough to me.

They are both breathing rather heavily.

GEORGE

I lose my soul. The price for adhesion. The sacrifice of my body. I lose my soul. In this, fleshless existence. How I long to believe I could lose my body and keep my soul when facing judgment day. To know that the longing of my flesh doesn't go deep enough to poison my soul.

When I walk down the street, I see in the eyes of so many shadows. So many people separate from their corporeal selves, just floating away, waiting to be reunited with the better part of themselves. In private places. Where the dream world and the real world collide. Somewhere in the middle of the night. Total darkness.

WALTER

At least until morning comes.

GEORGE

And what happens if it never does?

WALTER

Wouldn't that be lovely? Let our bodies lie in bed, and our souls stay awake.

GEORGE

But in the dark.
Always.

WALTER

Sometimes you have to see something in the dark before you can face it in the light of day.

GEORGE

I don't know if I can do this.

WALTER

You're doing it. It's just your shadow, remember? Or maybe it's just your body, and your soul can stay safely in bed. Maybe that's all this is. A dream.

GEORGE

My body dreams what my soul cannot.

Back to Wedding.

WEDDING:

LEE

What?

GEO

Stereotypical gay guy is what I meant.

LEE

Yeah, I think I know what you meant.

GEO

Oh God! now you're gonna get all homo-activist on me.

LEE

Yeah, you're damn right I am!

GEO

I don't have to be a spokesman for my sexuality.

LEE

What the fuck does that mean?

GEO

I don't expect you to get it.

LEE

Oh, I think I do get it.

GEO
Oh really!?

LEE
You hate gay men!

GEO
Of course that's what you heard.

Walt is at the doorway.

WALT
What the hell's going on?

LEE
Your fiancé is a /homophobe.

GEO
Your ex is a faggot.

WALT
Whoa! Okay. What the hell? I was gone for like two minutes!

GEO
How could you ever go for someone like that!?

LEE
Someone like what? Exactly?

GEO
You! You're a fucking cliché! You're a giant dildo wrapped in a rainbow flag being shoved inside the asshole of a flaming unicorn!

WALT
Okay. Lee, maybe this would be a good time to take your leave.

GEO
Yeah, why don't you swish on out of here!

WALT
G! Stop!

GEO
Are you about to take the side of your ex-boyfriend? On our wedding day!?

He's not-

WALT

He needs to go!

GEO

He's not the problem here, Geo!

WALT

I'm not talking to you with him in the room!

GEO

This is ridiculous.

WALT

I'll go. It's fine.

LEE

*Lee exits. Geo becomes Hyacinthus.
He turns and is face to face with
Zephyrus.*

HILLSIDE:

Who are you?

HYACINTHUS

Don't mind me, I'm just passing through. *(He says his name as if
he's whispering it on the wind)* Hyacinthus.

ZEPHYRUS

How do you know my name?

HYACINTHUS

A whisper on the wind.

ZEPHYRUS

That's strange.

HYACINTHUS

I have been admiring you for some time.

ZEPHYRUS

Why?

HYACINTHUS

ZEPHYRUS

Because you're beautiful.

HYACINTHUS

Is that a fair reason?

ZEPHYRUS

I love you.

HYACINTHUS

Go away. I am busy.

ZEPHYRUS

You're standing.

HYACINTHUS

I'm frolicking.

He tries to frolic.

See?

ZEPHYRUS

I would give you anything you desire.

HYACINTHUS

Why do you flatter me, good sir?

ZEPHYRUS

Call it benevolence.

HYACINTHUS

I will call it no such thing. But only because I don't know what that word means.

You are attempting to thwart my attention from something. And for some strange reason... It seems to be working. I can only glean that it is because of my flesh. Yes? And though I don't hate that. I most likely should.

But I don't.

Oh wait.

All of this attention-

Yes, the explanation for this sudden attention is because of how I appear.

Well, you will not thwart me for such a trivial purpose.

ZEPHYRUS

There are others who will attempt such thwarting. You must reject them.

HYACINTHUS

I will reject you.
And pray that this awareness does not poison my mind with
further reason. I was quite happy knowing nothing on my
hillside, thank you very much!

Hyacinthus frolics away.

ZEPHYRUS

I will have you.

BATHHOUSE

George and Walter are closer together.

GEORGE

When was the first time? I mean, when you-

WALTER

It was years ago. A friendly tussling. A punch. Rolling on the
ground in a heated rage and then...

GEORGE

You don't have to say.

WALTER

You're very handsome.

GEORGE

So are you.

WALTER

I don't want to talk anymore.

GEORGE

Neither do I.

WALTER

Then we should stop. Talking. And...

*Walter leans into George, George steps
back a bit.*

GEORGE

You laugh at yourself, when you say clever things.

WALTER

Do I?

GEORGE

Yes. And it gives me great joy to be the reason you smile. When you smile, I feel something like excitement. I was never told that this might happen. Not for a fellow. I don't really understand what it means.

WALTER

I think it means you should try to make me smile more.

Walter smiles. They stare intently as if they will kiss any moment. Fitzsimmons walks by, lustfully staring at George. He nods when he passes them.

FITZSIMMONS

Gentlemen.

George leans in to whisper to Walter

GEORGE

I think it means I don't ever want to leave.

FITZSIMMONS

The winds of Ariston are blowing tonight.

Beat.

HOTEL:

Bellhop enters Guy tries not to be seen by him. Howard is smoking in his room.

BELLHOP

Welcome to the Dover Hotel! Los Angeles! It's 1969, baby. The era of free love, Woodstock and Vietnam, man. It's all coming to a head, pun intended. As are all the men who reside in the Dover Hotel! See aforementioned pun.

We are a respectable establishment, to be sure. But for a price. Progress only comes, like our boys, for a price. But let me share with you our special amenities just to make sure you're not in the wrong place, sweetie. Okay? Wouldn't want you to get caught in someone-thing! Some thing-you weren't expecting. *(To someone in the audience)* This guy get's it!

Check-in is after midnight and you can check out anytime. We have a clothing optional Latino buffet, where you can enjoy all

the exotic flavors of undocumented asshole and cock. Next to that is our fellatio lounge, perfect for an after-dinner refreshment. Down that hallway is a Gym, a Bobby and a Peter! It's an open-door policy. Naturally. Just remember this cute little jingle. "If you happen upon an open door...you can fuck the guy behind it."

And what rooms we have! Complete with in-wall lubricant dispensers, and complimentary poppers. All of our beds are equipped with either stirrups or suspension straps. And there are communal vibrators in lieu of a Bible in every nightstand drawer. Praise Venus. Is the name of the brand. The counters in the bathroom are slip proof and just the right height for taking it in the ass. So you don't have to stop even when you need to floss that man right out of your teeth. It's 1969, pubic hair is out of control. What?! Grow up!

Bellhop sees Guy.

BELLHOP

Well, well, well, what have we here? Hello handsome.

GUY

Me?

BELLHOP

Being slow on the up-take usually a fair indicator of being fast on the down give.

Guy is confused.

GUY

Where the fuck am I?

BELLHOP

The Dover Hotel, of course! Can I find you a room, handsome? Can I be in your room, handsome? Can I be in your...you, handsome?

GUY

I think I'm in the wrong place.

BELLHOP

So sexy.

GUY

Umm-

BELLHOP

Uh. Forgive me. I come on to men so strong because I like strong men to cum on me.

GUY

Yeah, I don't think I wanna-

BELLHOP

No! Don't refuse me yet. I haven't even told you the best part. *(Big whisper, hand next to mouth kinda way)* It's sex.

There's something familiar about you. You see that too, right? We wander the earth terrified of our own shadows because the darkest parts of us can lead us into precarious situations. But sometimes that's exactly where we want to be. I'll be your darkest part, if you'll be mine.

GUY

I'm gonna go.

BELLHOP

But I'll kill you!

GUY

What?!

BELLHOP

What? I didn't say anything.
If you go, I'll have you murdered.

GUY

What?!

BELLHOP

Hmm?
You're hearing things.
I love you so much I'll drown myself if you don't fuck me.

GUY

Okay! Thanks for...whatever this was.

Guy walks away. Bellhop turns very serious.

BELLHOP

This was fate. I've waited for you.
He lingers...

He can linger all he likes.

Guy moves into Howard's Room.

BELLHOP

No. No, not that one. He doesn't get to have him.
I'll make sure of that.

Bellhop walks away.

WEDDING:

Back to before.

WALT

What the hell was that?

GEO

He started it.

WALT

Oh, okay. What are you five?

GEO

I don't want to talk about your ex on my wedding day!

WALT

Fine!

GEO

Fine!!!

Beat.

WALT

Will you just give me like a little hint about what's going on with you?

Geo sighs and resigns to what he must say.

GEO

Walt.

When I was in college, I've never told you this, but I hooked up with one of my professors. Russ. Terrible name. He was older. And he was a, uh, a medieval scholar, you know. He was all about history and mythology and how it kept re-telling the same

stories over and over again. And I was fascinated by him and by what he was saying about history and learning about, you know, all of it, because if we learn what caused it we can stop it from happening again. This was right after I came out.

WALT

Okay.
And?

GEO

And, I was kind of obsessed with learning everything about being gay. About our history. All the things you want to know when you come out, right? Like searching for some kind of meaning to who I am. And I learned so much of it. Like days and days, months just pouring over every story, everything I could find. And at the end of an entire year I spent doing this, I realized that I learned enough to understand that I could only do one thing with all of this historical knowledge.

WALT

Which is what?

GEO

Reject it.
And so that's what I did. And that's how I feel about our history. I'm rejecting it.

Beat. Walt is confused.

WALT

What?

GEO

The thought of being an extension of that history. Of being some kind of symbol for a group of people I don't identify with. It just, it sickens me, Walt.

Beat. Again, Walt tries to gather his thoughts.

WALT

A group of-you mean the gay community?

GEO

Okay, well that's a bullshit term. There is no community, Walt.

WALT

So then, you just mean gay men in general?

GEO

Gay men who pretend to be a part of a "community" yes.

WALT

Wait-
That's-
You just said-
I-
I don't get it.

GEO

There's more. There's a lot more.

WALT

Okay. Um.
What?

Lee bursts in again.

LEE

Hey! Sorry. I'm not intruding, I swear. Geo, your mom's looking for you.

GEO

Fuck.

LEE

She's heading toward the bar.

GEO

Of course she is.

Geo gets up to leave.

WALT

Wait! You can't just-

GEO

I'm sorry.
Just give me a minute, Walt. I'll be right back.

Geo walks away quickly and bumps right into Russ. Geo is startled and takes a few steps back. They stare.

Geo?
RUSS

Russ?
GEO

BATHHOUSE

Fitzsimmons is walking up to George.

You're a pretty one.
FITZSIMMONS

I'm sorry. I didn't come here for that sort of thing.
GEORGE

Fitzsimmons gets too close and stops.

What sort of thing?
FITZSIMMONS

I'm here with...
GEORGE

George looks over and sees Walter sitting, and just watching them.

I'm not alone.
GEORGE

You're the most handsome gentleman in here.
FITZSIMMONS

George doesn't move

I have a private room. You should join me.
FITZSIMMONS

I don't think—
GEORGE

Testaclees sneezes. Fitzsimmons turns toward the sneeze and is now Zephyrus. He goes to where Testaclees is hiding and exposes him.

HILLSIDE:

ZEPHYRUS

Ah, Testaclees! I see your legendary cowardice is not waived.

TESTACLEES

I'm sure I don't know what you mean!

Zephyrus takes one step toward him and Testaclees flinches.

TESTACLEES (Cont'd)

Don't hurt me.

ZEPHYRUS

Where is your lord and master?

TESTACLEES

My who?

ZEPHYRUS

The almighty Apollo. I haven't seen his dogged face in far too many sunrises or whatever.

TESTACLEES

What do you want with him? I'll never talk. Never! Do you hear me!

Zephyrus takes another step toward him. Testaclees again recoils; This should not be silent.

ZEPHYRUS

I assure you, my intentions are pure. I am just a soft breeze rustling through your hair.

He is very close to Testaclees and he gently blows into his ear, Testaclees gets the shivers.

TESTACLEES

So cold.

BATHHOUSE

Zephyrus turns from Testaclees, and he is now Fitzsimmons face to face with George.

FITZSIMMONS

Don't be so cold. I could please you. I want to please you.

GEORGE

You have the wrong man.

FITZSIMMONS

And he's the right one?

Fitzsimmons motions to Walter.

GEORGE

I don't know what you're talking about.

FITZSIMMONS

I know what you want. And I want to give it to you.

GEORGE

I'm not like you.

Fitzsimmons turns to Testaclees.

HILLSIDE

ZEPHYRUS

There is an Athenian boy. From Amykles. Son of Pierus and Clio.

Testaclees chuckles nervously.

ZEPHYRUS (Cont'd)

This boy frolics daily on a hillside. Hyacinthus is what he is called.

TESTACLEES

Oh him? Yes, his mightiness is quite taken with him.

ZEPHYRUS

Yes. I have taken mighty notice of his mightinesses...taken...ness's...?

Beat. Testaclees opens his eyes.

ZEPHYRUS (Cont'd)

With the boy.

TESTACLEES

Yes. But, /you should go away.

BATHHOUSE:

GEORGE

Please go away.

FITZSIMMONS

You're the only one. The only gentleman in this entire establishment that has stirred me this night. So let me stir you back. It's only fair.

HILLSIDE:

Zephyrus doubles his efforts.

ZEPHYRUS

You followed me!

TESTACLEES

Be gone, wind man!

ZEPHYRUS

I know the mighty Apollo will do anything he can to see the boy. We both know he cannot resist. Tell me when and how.

TESTACLEES

I mustn't!

ZEPHYRUS

You must!

TESTACLEES

I shan't!

ZEPHYRUS

You shan!

BATHHOUSE:

GEORGE

Please go. I won't join you.

FITZSIMMONS

I think you will. I think you see in me the same thing I see in you. You cannot resist. Meet me.

GEORGE

Where?

HILLSIDE:

TESTACLEES

He...

ZEPHYRUS

Yes?

Beat.

TESTACLEES

He is to take the shape of a mortal and meet him posthaste on that fertile hill. Where they will most hastily be...fertile.

ZEPHYRUS

You may have saved the boy's life. Well done. Sycophant.

BATHHOUSE:

GEORGE

After midnight?

FIZSIMMONS

Room number three. I'll be waiting for you.

Zephyrus/Fitzsimmons moves to where Russ was standing.

TESTACLEES

Oh no. What did I do?

Testaclees exits.

GEORGE

Yeah. Yeah, okay.

They stare.

WEDDING:

Geo and Russ are the same as before.

GEO
What are you doing here?

RUSS
I had to see you.

GEO
Russ, you can't be here.

RUSS
Please don't be angry.

GEO
Are you crazy? You have to go.

RUSS
Wait. Just hear me out.

GEO
What?

Beat.

RUSS
You look amazing.

GEO
Okay, bye-bye now.

*Geo goes to leave. Russ pulls his arm,
Geo pulls away.*

RUSS
I know how this looks. And I know that you have made your
feelings clear.

GEO
And yet here you are!

RUSS
It's just. This moment. This...I couldn't wait. You can't do this.

GEO
Yeah, this is really none of your business.

RUSS

Just hear me out.

GEO

No. You need to leave. This is my wedding day. You are wildly out of order!

RUSS

I love you.

GEO

Oh my god. Am I losing my fucking mind? I don't care! Go away.

RUSS

This. Us. I carry it with me. Always.

GEO

Well then put it down! There is no us.

RUSS

It's as unexplainable as life itself. It's as Ancient as the very idea of love. Don't you remember the talks we used to have?

GEO

Russ?

RUSS

Please. Don't make this mistake. You deserve more than this.

GEO

Lower your voice! And you're wasting your time. It's never going to be you. Okay? So just—

RUSS

You don't want this. Do you? I know you.

GEO

You don't know me.

RUSS

So, you want to get married on the six o'clock news? I wouldn't have seen that coming.

GEO

Whatever it is that I want or don't want, it has nothing to do with you, Russ.

RUSS

All those talks. All those nights. Everything I taught you-

GEO

That was a long time ago.

RUSS

It's all I have. You are the only man I will ever love.

GEO

That's...

That's just sad, Russ.

RUSS

Geo?

Beat.

GEO

What?

Russ takes a letter out of his pocket.

RUSS

The letter that you wrote me-

GEO

Oh Jesus, I'm done! No stop!

Get out of here and don't come back!

All the actors enter the space.

CHORUS

Part Three..."A little farther down the road."

Back to the wedding. Lee enters.

LEE

So can we talk about the guy you're about to marry?

WALT

I don't want to talk about anything right now.

LEE

Okay. That seems healthy.

Glory moves into the scene.

GLORY

Make way for Glory, girls! We can finally start this shindig. Your officiator is officially here.

WALT

AHH! Glory! Get over here, girl!

Glory and Walt hug.

LEE

Always an entrance.

GLORY

You don't even want to know what I had to go through to get here today. The bus riding element in this city has gone to utter shit. I question the future of humankind. I can't believe in her infinite wisdom that the lord envisioned a midtown bus ride when she was dreaming up the world.

LEE

I told you we could come together. I mean/I was at your—

GLORY

/Ohmagod, shup up!
The grown-ups are talking.

Now they're all awkward. Walt is kind of shocked.

WALT

Wait! Did you /two?

GLORY

Unh-uh!

WALT

Should I—

GLORY

Nope.

WALT

Is there—

GLORY

Stop!

Beat.

WALT

Well at least tell me you actually did finish getting officiated.

GLORY

Don't worry puddin' pop, Glory's got ya. I can legally marry anyone now thanks to our online friends at the New World Chapel of Light and Divine Spectacle. I am ordained. I am sanctified.

Glory fans herself waiting.

WALT

How've you been, Glory?

There it is. She takes a deep breath.

GLORY

The biblical word for what I am is...deific. Exquisite. I'm heavenly, girl, I'm heavenly. Getting on, though. I look in the mirror now and all I see is the body work that needs to be done! the paint is chipping, the engine ain't what it used to be! And my face is starting to look like a Halloween pumpkin on Christmas. But you know, I'm holding on to what my great granny always said, "Though outwardly I am wasting away, inwardly I am renewed day by day."

WALT

A wise woman.

GLORY

But you...what is this I hear about that man of yours. Lee filled me in on all the drama.

LEE

I texted what's going on.

GLORY

He can hear me. Lee. Ain't nothin' wrong with his hearing. You ain't gotta be translating my words. Chill out.

LEE

Oh, did I cross a line? So sorry your bitchiness.

GLORY

He knows me! He and his man, they met at my party.

LEE

Yeah, I was there.

GLORY

I'll never forget it. It was at the summer solstice gathering I hold every spring. The two of you were enchanted. From the moment you laid eyes on each other. Nobody could talk of anything else. It was magic. Incandescent. I could see it. The stirring, the pull. The dirty thoughts you were wearing on your face like cheap lipstick.

Hmm. I saw something I had never felt myself. Though dreams have revealed to me that someday I will.

But there you were. Two asteroids about to collide into each other in a galaxy of desire!

True love!

So why's he being a fucking idiot about this wedding?

WALT

He's not. He's just, he get's nervous. He's gonna come around. He will. He will.

LEE

Uh-huh. Sure.

WALT

Glory, where's your man?

GLORY

Ugh! Flavor of the month turned out to be spilled milk, because I have not shed even a single tear over his unfaithful, ugly ass.

WALT

He cheated?

GLORY

Well one of his did, anyway, It doesn't really matter.

LEE

/So many things to say.

WALT

I'm sorry, girl.

GLORY

No! No pity. This is your day not mine.

LEE

So he deserves the pity?

GLORY

Stop talking!

WALT

It's fine. He's just having a moment.

GLORY

Don't worry. Let Glory help. I have the power of foresight. Did I tell you I'm clairvoyant now? I get that from Granny too. It's not always strong, but sometimes when the moon is highest, and the wind is just right...I can see a little farther down the road than most.

BATHHOUSE

Glory crosses to the bathhouse and becomes John Rogers. George enters and is surprised not to see Walter there.

GEORGE

Oh. Hello.

JOHN

Hello, handsome stranger! It is my pleasure to introduce myself. I am John Rogers, at your service. Whatever service your pleasure may be.

GEORGE

Umm-

WALTER

Leave him alone, John. He's with me.

JOHN

So I see. And this, despoiler of the English language is Theodore.

THEODORE

He make joke. I speak no so good English.

JOHN

Slovenly. But what he lacks in etiquette, he makes up for in...girth.

THEODORE

I no understand.

JOHN

Just sit! You no need understand.

Theodore smiles at George.

JOHN

Cute, isn't he?

THEODORE

Handsome face.

WALTER

Doesn't he?

JOHN

Indeed. I hope we were not intruding.

WALTER

It's a public place.

JOHN

So let's be public! Ugh! If only. How have you been, Walter?

WALTER

I'm fine, John.

JOHN

Isn't that the cruel beauty of it all? We can hold our heads high so long as we don't hold another man's. It wasn't always this way you know? And it won't always be. We end where we start. Someone very wise said that. But god dammit, I can't remember who!

GEORGE

I'm sorry, are you-
Are you wearing pink stockings?

They all look at John's legs.

JOHN

I am. I pinched them from Wanamaker's

THEODORE

You steal?!

JOHN

The prices are criminal! I needed them. Sometimes the things we need are not the things we can afford. But we need them nonetheless. And who would deny themselves a fashionable concupiscence all because of insufficient remunerations. I speak rhetorically, of course.

Amateurs, that's who! Dime-a-dozen amateurs. But let me tell you a secret-

We'll never have anything we want in this world if we don't grab it and run.

THEODORE

Big words.

JOHN

Small brains.

So talk to me Gentlemen. Tell me all of your secrets.

WEDDING:

GLORY

So, tell Glory what's going on?

WALT

He's just...He's just a very private, shy person. You know?

GLORY

Honey, in my experience private means closeted and shy means inattentive.

LEE

Seriously. You know this one time-

GLORY

Nobody wants to hear you.
Sit down.

Lee mumbles something and sits.

GLORY

(To Walt)

What were you saying?

WALT

I don't know. He said something before he left. Something about not wanting to be a part of history, or something. I don't know it sounded vaguely homophobic. He doesn't like the idea of being recognized for doing something within the "community," or whatever.

GLORY

Well, I don't know about any of that, but maybe you just need to let him vent. Let him get it all out and he'll see that this is the right thing to do. I mean, he will see that. I didn't come all the way out here in my Sunday best to not officiate a wedding.

LEE

Are you trying to make this about you?

GLORY

Are you still here?

LEE

Can't you see he's upset?

GLORY

And I am trying to help him!
We don't need you in here commentary-ing. So make like every man you have ever slept with and flee before anyone sees you.

Now, tell Glory what she can do to help.

BATHHOUSE

JOHN

You're a nervous little hayseed, huh?

GEORGE

I'm sorry?

WALTER

John? Maybe you and your friend should find a room.

JOHN

With this one? No, he's not the kind you take to a room. He's the kind you take in front of all the other boys in the cooling room. On a wet cot. In full view. It's primal. Show the other, younger predators that you're still more than capable. It's all so animalistic. Reminds us that no matter how elevated our

discourse, we haven't really evolved past being a rutting, grunting animal.

THEODORE

We go to the sex?

JOHN

So very soon, my boy.

WALTER

You're unsalvageable.

JOHN

Aren't we all? But I do enjoy his youthful company.

Are you two in love?

Beat.

GEORGE

That's /ridiculous.

WALTER

We've only just met.

JOHN

Uh-huh. Okay ladies, if you must protest so much.

GEORGE

In love is...that's impossible.

JOHN

I'm sure it seems so.

I'm sure you've never dreamed, never entertained the notion.

In your little office.

In your little suit.

In your little life.

Never for a moment gave into the notion that what you desire could ever be anything more than shadows on some wall in some cave somewhere. Plato. Good friend of mine.

I'm sure you can't imagine what hope looks like on the other side of that shadow you stare yourself to sleep looking at.

Or

Can you?

WEDDING

GLORY

The shadows of our past will always find us.

LEE

Is that supposed to be comforting?

GLORY

Okay, one more word—

WALT

Hey! It's fine.
I'll talk to him. It'll be okay.
It will.

GLORY

All right, girl. But just remember. I am here as a mediator. To bring the two of you together. A holy vessel with the godlike power of consummation.

LEE

Jesus, Glory! You got a twenty-dollar officiator's license from a website in New Jersey. Calm down.

GLORY

Not engaging. (*Deep breath; She takes Walt's hands*)
I wish I had what you have. I wish I felt this way about someone. I'm not unhappy, don't mistake me. I play this part and when I go to sleep at night, sometimes it's not alone. It's on my terms. Imagine. All the lives that preceded us to make us who we are. Dreaming in the dark of someday having the things we have. Gifts bestowed upon us by our foreskinned queerfathers, and toughskinned queermothers. Brave souls. Shadows surrounding us. This moment is just as much theirs.
Lemme go find that man of yours and tell him all of that. That was good.

WALT

Thanks Glory.

GLORY

Love you, poodle.

WALT

Love you.

LEE

I know I'm like totally against marriage and everything. But this might be national news. Glory! If they don't do this thing, you wanna marry me? We could be famous.

GLORY

I'd rather be famous for cannibalism. Now stop talking.

Lee and Glory start to go.

LEE

Did you just threaten to eat me?

GLORY

Don't flatter yourself. I wouldn't put these lips anywhere near anything you got going on.

LEE

That's not what you said last night.

GLORY

Shut up. And come here.

Glory pulls Lee off to the side.

LEE

What are you doing?

GLORY

Do you see that guy over there?

Glory points to Russ

LEE

Where? The older guy? What about him?

GLORY

Who is he?

LEE

I don't know. Why do you always assume I know every man everywhere we go?

GLORY

A reputation is earned, sister! Now shut up and listen to me. I have a bad feeling about that guy. Something about him...Do me a favor and keep an eye on him.

LEE

Why can't you do that?

GLORY

I have to find a groom and keep this wedding on track! Just do it! Jesus.

LEE

Fine. Can I come over again tonight?

GLORY

That did not happen.
You are never to speak of that again.

LEE

I'll do that thing that drives you crazy.

Beat. Glory doesn't want to give in.

GLORY

Service entrance.

LEE

Of course.

GLORY

And don't let him out of your sight.

Glory leaves. Lee turns to Walt and smiles. Walt chuckles a little when he sees his shadow.

WALT

Shadows. Sometimes I think people from the past are stuck to us. We just keep reliving the same stories over and over again, but the longer it goes, maybe the more of us there are, the better our chances.

LEE

For what?

WALT

Community, I guess.
Geo said to me the other night, there's no such thing as queer culture. There is no gay community. We're just extensions of the generations before us made to hide. And we're slowly just assimilating into the rest of the world.

LEE

Do you believe that?

WALT

I don't think I know what that culture could be if it's not driven by fear and desire- usually at the same time.

LEE

You ever think about us?

WALT

Yeah. Yeah, of course I do.

LEE

We weren't always a terrible couple, were we?

WALT

No, we had at least five, six minutes of something special.

LEE

I never wanted a relationship. I don't believe in any of this. But now that it might be happening...

WALT

What?

Lee shrugs.

LEE

I can't help but think of all the people who came before. The one's who would have given anything to be here. Right here. Right now. And I never even wanted it.

WALT

So what, you feel guilty?

LEE

No.

Maybe.

Yeah.

I knew a guy. He was eighty years old when he came out, and he never had anyone. Like never. He was a total virgin. At eighty! But he wanted so much to be a part of something, even at his age, to be a part of this community. Finally. He came to the Center for every event, he made friends with whoever would have him. But he was just too late. There were too many things

standing in his way. There was so much he was never gonna do. But his sense of belonging, that look on his face when he was there. Whatever that look was- that's...imagine seeing the sun for the first time after being buried underground for eighty years. Maybe that's all it is. Maybe just being in the same room and not hiding anything. Maybe that's all it is. But it's not nothing.

WALT

Yeah. It's silly but, I kind of feel like on days like this, like they're all around us. You know?

LEE

Shadows.

WALT

Shadows. Peeled off of some cosmic, Platonic cave wall, dreaming the future. Looking to us. Pieces of their stories stuck inside ours. Isn't that all history is? Isn't that all we want? If he doesn't want this...I have to tell him how much it means to me that we do this. He needs to know. It's everything.

They both smile. Walt nods.

LEE

I love you.

Walt nods.

WALT

Always.

HOTEL

Howard sits on the bed. Tommy enters his room. Guy leans in to hear.

HOWARD

Baby boy!

TOMMY

What's up, man?

HOWARD

Where have you been hiding that pretty little face of yours?

TOMMY

Oh man, I been stoned outta my mind. I went to San Francisco with Diego and we got nuts!
Or was it San Diego with Francisco? I mean, who knows?!
I was in a different city with a sexy man from Peru, and we were on some hardcore shit. At one point, all I remember was getting pissed on by a police horse when Diego stole the pig's gun!

HOWARD

Scandalous. And to think I allow myself to be seen with such street trash.

TOMMY

You love me.

HOWARD

Against all of my better judgment, I do!
Well don't just stand there, give me some of that. I'm in desperate need of human contact.

Tommy practically jumps on Howard. They hold each other. It's not sexual.

TOMMY

No luck with the boys tonight?

HOWARD

It's a veritable Vietnam around here. I can't think of one good reason to stay, and yet I can't even get downed by friendly fire.

Guy comes close to re-entering the room. When Room Service Attendant appears.

ATTENDANT

Room service, coming through! Well, hey there! You lost, sugar? Or just pondering all of existence?

Guy looks at Attendant and shrugs.

ATTENDANT

Aww. Yeah. Hang on, let me set this down.

GUY

No, that's not...necessary?

Attendant set the imaginary tray down.

ATTENDANT

You need a hug.

GUY

No, I don't think I do.

ATTENDANT

You do.

GUY

I'm good.

ATTENDANT

Stop fighting it.

GUY

What kind of place is this, anyway?

ATTENDANT

It's the kind of place that is created from all the corners of time. You see time is a square. Not the shape, but like a bumper. Like an un-hip daddy-o. Time is such a square. It's so punctual. And unctuous. It's never fucking late to anything. And it finds all of us, wherever we go, however clever we think we are. Time is cleverer.

GUY

That's true. Time sucks.
Are you wearing high heels?

ATTENDANT

I need the support. Emotionally.

GUY

I wore them once. I got a hard-on. I don't know why I just said that out loud.

ATTENDANT

I understand. I bring it out in people. I persuade and inspire. Sugar, I'm like an aggressive cross-armed head nod, cuz I'm a genie, baby.

He does the I Dream of Jeannie Cross-armed nod.

GUY

Right on.

ATTENDANT

Mmhmm. That's right, sugar. And never forget what I told you.

GUY

Time is a square.

ATTENDANT

We think there's more of it in front of us than beside us and way more behind us. But it's not so. It's square. Equal parts on all sides, surrounding us with the inescapable truth that we can't escape it. It just repeats. And repeats. And so we stand in a moment that exists from somewhere else. It's happening now, but it also happened then. And maybe it'll happen again tomorrow. And no matter how much we want to, we'll never change the fact that time is not running out- we are. And this moment. Right now. Fiction. Creation. You're a device. A statistic. You were created to give someone else agency. Someone else had this story, but now it's yours! For right now. Tomorrow maybe someone else's. And your desire, and joy, your pain and that existential dread that sort of makes you a broody, sexy little thing, it was all manifest for some other purpose. Because, and this is the real bitch of it all--We all have to share the same time. And maybe your time means less than the next schmuck who will come along and parade these halls in liberation, completely unaware of you and your struggle. So, hours dissolve to minutes, to seconds, to instances of truth. Of recorded history. A blip. A sentence on a page in a book no one reads. One line. All this time. And just one line. Tragic. If you could write your entire life in a line. What would it say?

Guy thinks but only briefly and shrugs.

GUY

I haven't done anything worth writing about.

ATTENDANT

But that's all bullshit. We're sentenced to our fate. Free will is the punchline of a god with a twisted sense of humor, but... Like most things in the queer world, it's all happened before until...it hasn't. And sugar, that's where you come in. The gods, plural, laid a plan, singular, for all mankind, but there was a snag, a tiny particle- a speck of sequins- a fleck of a piece of glitter caught in the thread of predetermined time and blossomed something that even the gods couldn't muster.

And the further down the road we traverse, the larger the snag, the bigger the speck, the shinier the glitter. But we're stuck. Four corners of time are all perfectly aligned together at any given moment- it's a square, remember, and when one part is stuck, all humankind waits. So the next move...that will change everything. And you've got to make it.

GUY

You're a weird room service attendant. What are you serving anyway?

ATTENDANT

A narrative device.

A tiny push of motivation, lest I stay trapped in this existence.

It's all for a greater good. To create something bigger than us. Do you know how culture is created?

GUY

No.

ATTENDANT

Through the propagation of microorganisms in a growth medium. Encouraging one thing to mix with another thing to create a new thing.

But what do I know, *(He picks back up the tray)* I'm just another grain in the hourglass. Tick, tock, baby...Go! Mingle your thing with another thing. Get some culture up in this bitch! That should be our slogan: The Dover Hotel- Get your culture on! Bye, baby.

Attendant exits. Guy looks confused. Bellhop is staring at him from the end of the hallway.

GUY

Are you following me?

BELLHOP

I'm just the other side of your shadow. The winds are blowing. A storm is mounting. I wouldn't go back into that room if I were you...His destiny's not a sunny one.

Guy goes back into Howard's room.

HOWARD

What did I tell you about giving your heart away?

TOMMY

But I thought I loved him.

HOWARD

Of course you did.

TOMMY

And I thought we'd be together forever.

HOWARD

Of course, you did.

TOMMY

I cheated on him!

HOWARD

Of course, you did.

TOMMY

Why did I do that?

HOWARD

Baby boy, we are not the same as the straight world. We should never try to play by their rules. They told us to be ashamed of our own desire. We protected ourselves from our own truth, so when that truth comes out, baby. It's gotta come all the way out. As I always say, "Don't be so hard on yourself, be hard for someone else."

They see Guy.

TOMMY

Hey man.

HOWARD

Welcome back.

Tommy stands to go.

TOMMY

Well, don't let me stand in the way.

HOWARD

I'm not sure there's anything to stand in the way of.
Is there?

They both stare at Guy. He shrugs.

TOMMY

Decisive this one.

HOWARD

Just a baby bird. Afraid of his own wings. You remember that, don't you?

TOMMY

Shit, I was born ready to fly.
Well if there's one thing I hate more than being a third wheel, it's small talk.
Have a good night, gentleman.
Should I close the door?

Beat. Howard looks at Guy.

GUY

Yeah.

Howard smiles.

TOMMY

Been a long time since I closed this door.
Peace, man.
Love you, Howie.

HOWARD

Love you back, baby boy.

Tommy leaves.

HOWARD

Well. To what do I owe this unexpected /pleasure?

GUY

I want to fuck you.

Apollo Moans

HILLSIDE:

TESTACLEES

Your mightiness. I have hearkened your cries of anguish in the dead of night. And I have come to tell you news of the boy! As

you had requested, I surreptitiously tracked the wind, and/ I saw-

APOLLO

Your words are far too abundant for a lowly bootlicker.

TESTACLEES

I am deeply penitent, your worshipfulness. But I have news.

APOLLO

It is he!

TESTACLEES

Oh yes. He! I do hope you've abandoned your whimsical notion of shifting your shape and stealing his company.

APOLLO

I do often envision how changed the day would be, were I in his company.

TESTACLEES

Yes, he does have an allure that-

APOLLO

But he is smitten with that Young Athenian! How may I persuade him? What do I do Testaclees! What do I do?

Beat.

TESTACLEES

Well-

APOLLO

You hang so low, Testaclees, in the grand scheme of this hierarchal patriarchy. Why should I listen to anything you have to say?

TESTACLEES

It may be above my indentured wages, your fabulousness, but it seems to me...

APOLLO

Words, Testaclees, more words. I am peppered with a pestilent pain! For pity's sake!

TESTACLEES

Yes, but my liege-

Young Athenian enters. Apollo gasps.

CHORUS

The Young Athenian has returned!

APOLLO

Look! He sees him!

Apollo rises.

Hyacinthus sees the Young Athenian.

YOUNG ATHENIAN

I have returned.

HYACINTHUS

I see you!

Hyacinthus puts his hand out for the Young Athenian. They slowly cross to one another.

APOLLO (Cont'd)

My heart blisters like the sear from a million suns at just the sight of him. What shall I do? Testaclees! You must tell me!

TESTACLEES

Well, your grace, as low as I'm sure my opinion is...

APOLLO

Say it! You feeble beggar of a man.

TESTACLEES

Yes, and as much as I'm against the idea—

APOLLO

I will smite the Young Athenian! I will smote his entire family.

TESTACLEES

Is that a word?

APOLLO

I will command a herd of goats to rape and pillage them all!

TESTACLEES

Yes, excellent idea, your magnificence. But may I remind you—

APOLLO

O! Bitter day! O! vile fate!

TESTACLEES

Yes, but you are a god!
Sire.

Apollo stops and remembers that this is true.

APOLLO

This is true. I needn't long for something. There is nothing in this world that I cannot claim.

TESTACLEES

And as much as I fear the consequences of such an action, you could...take-the-shape-of-the-Young-Athenian. (*He covers his mouth*)

Beat.

APOLLO

What an idea! What a beautiful idea!

TESTACLEES

Yeah, but I have to say—

APOLLO

I will disguise myself behind this pretense. And in the guise of this mortal, I shall succumb to the earthly desire that I do so long for. There must be no other way now.

TESTACLEES

Yes. The guise of passion... for the passion of guys.

Beat.

APOLLO

No.

TESTACLEES

Right.

APOLLO

And whatever happens, my lowly backslapping friend, it will be entirely because of you.

Oh...
TESTACLEES

Apollo walks away mulling over his plan.

Shit!
TESTACLEES (Cont'd)

WEDDING

Geo is pacing alone when Glory enters.

Hey girl.
GLORY

GEO
Hi. Look. I don't want to be rude, Glory, but I just need a minute.

Yeah, I get it.
GLORY

Glory walks toward Geo.

GLORY
I hear you got some issues with this whole thing going down. How 'bout you tell Glory your troubles.

I'm good.
GEO

GLORY
Glory is here for you, girl. Anything you need.

Beat. Glory gets comfortable.

GLORY
What do you need, girl? What do you need?

GEO
Didn't I-
I just said I need a minute.

GLORY
We're all more than one thing. You know?

GEO

Ugh! Fuck my life.

GLORY

It takes a lot more than eye shadow and divine providence to make this Glory whole.

Beat. Geo wants to respond. Not sure how.

GLORY

You don't think I know what people see when they look at me? I know what they see. They see this glittering presentment you see in front of you. Smoke and mirrors ain't just the name of a sexy funhouse on Fire Island, you know, it's also a creed.

GEO

That's great. I don't know what that means. I mean, I want to celebrate that. But I also just want to be /left alone.

GLORY

What sign are you?

GEO

I'm gonna kill myself.

GLORY

I'll bet you're a Scorpio.

GEO

I'm not.

GLORY

Stubborn. Determined. Dismissive. Taurus?

GEO

You left out irritated. Deeply, deeply irritated.

GLORY

The stars say a lot about who a person is.

GEO

Do they? Do they though?

GLORY

You're afraid. It's okay. We've all been afraid.

GEO

I'm not afraid.

GLORY

And cynical. It's your wedding day. You're supposed to be carried away with love and excitement. What is wrong with you?

GEO

I don't think-

GLORY

Who cares if the whole world is watching? Who cares? This is your day. This is our day!

GEO

Yeah, I don't see how-

GLORY

And how do you know that somewhere in like the vortex of time, or whatever, you're not releasing the pain and suffering of all of our ancestors when you take this giant leap forward?

GEO

I'm sorry. What?

GLORY

You are opening doors to so many who have come before us, unable to move. What if they're stuck, and now because of you, they get to be free? Finally. You could be changing history by making a new future. Imagine that.

GEO

I don't want...look, I appreciate your lack of boundaries and whatnot, but this is really none of your business.

GLORY

I am officiating this wedding. Your future husband is one of my best friends. I sat on a midtown bus for an hour and a half to get here. A woman peed in the last row. We made eye contact. That's something I have to live with. I have a small stake in the outcome of this thing. Girl, I think the problem-

GEO

Stop calling me girl!

Beat.

GLORY

I'm sorry.

GEO

Jesus! I just...
I just don't know what to do. Okay?

GLORY

You think any of us know what to do? You don't think we're all terrified and lonely and pulled apart from the insides. The world is a terrible place sometimes. Awful, hateful place.

GEO

Are you trying to cheer me up?

GLORY

But sometimes. The lucky ones. We find a small spot somewhere we can just breathe. With someone, anyone who wants nothing more than just the same thing. You think you're the first? The first to feel that uncertainty in your gut, that fist of dread climbing from the pit of your stomach all the way to your throat? The thing that's telling you to run. Run from you. From him. From us. All of time sits on the edge of a blade. A tiny razor-sharp point, insignificant. It's not moving forward. Not really. But all around us, in every direction. For eternity. The blink of an eye. That's our contribution. So stop being so dramatic.
Girl.

Glory walks away.

HOTEL

HOWARD

You got a name?

GUY

Yeah, I got a name. Who doesn't got a name?

HOWARD

Well passive-aggressive rhetorical aside, my name is Howard Efland. Ever heard of me?

GUY

No.

HOWARD

No reason you should have. But you'll never forget it now.

GUY

Confident, huh?

HOWARD

Desperately so.

They stare. Guy looks away first.

GUY

You stare too much.

HOWARD

You have too many rules.

I'm sure someone who looks like you is well acquainted with the incessant lingering of the gaze. But you're just a stranger in this land, right? Out of place. Out of time- that one means two things. I do like ambiguity. Stops me from having to make any real decisions. And it keeps strangers on their toes.

Guy shrugs this off and then turns back to Howard.

GUY

Can you tell?

HOWARD

That you're a stranger?

GUY

You know what I mean.

Beat. Howard smiles.

HOWARD

I'm a nurse.

GUY

Okay.

HOWARD

Small talk. To alleviate the dread you're clearly cloaked in. What do you do?

GUY

I just dropped out of school.

HOWARD

Please tell me it was college.

GUY

Yeah, how old do you think I am?

HOWARD

Who can tell these days? Everyone has long hair and loose morals. It's one big gender-blind orgy now. What was your major?

GUY

Art. I'm a painter.

HOWARD

Amazing. And why did you drop out of school?

GUY

Cuz fuck the establishment.

HOWARD

Right on, man!

GUY

My old man...well...he didn't approve of my getting a deferment. Thought I'd be better, "killing those gooks in fucking Vietnam,"

HOWARD

Military man, huh?

GUY

No, he's just an asshole.

HOWARD

And can he tell?

Beat.

GUY

You're a nurse?

HOWARD

Mmhmm.

GUY

Ain't that a woman's job?

HOWARD

Well ain't that a man's question?

GUY

Do you ever think you might be a woman?

Howard looks down at his body and then back to Guy.

HOWARD

Not so far.

GUY

No, I mean...

Guy shakes his head and doesn't know how to say it.

GUY

Forget it.

Guy is frustrated.

HOWARD

I used to wear my mom's shoes. Heels, mostly. I started doing this when I was about ten. We were the same size for a year. She had this glorious pair of Herbert Levine Lavender Silk pumps- My god!

They would scream my name in the middle of the night. I could hear them from their little satiny box. That muffled cry of a damsel in distress.

But I always had to wait for her and father to vacate the premises, and then I could sneak into her room, unearth the little darlings from their closeted prison and slip my youthful foot, one toe at a time. And then just walk. I'd walk across the floor, feeling this sort of illicit femininity, as a kind of power. I saw women as holding power when it came to their relationships with men. Withholding or sacred somehow. And I wanted this.

Then I started with make-up. Bits of it at a time. My mother had a vanity mirror that lit up, and when she was out of the house, I would dab lipstick, rouge, powder. Soft pink eyeshadow. Again, the expression seemed to be to attract a man.

It was power. It was glorious.

Howard rises

GUY

That's fucking weird, man.

HOWARD

I didn't want to be a woman. I wanted to reconcile that what I wanted from a man was the same. To feel closer to being right. Or correct. My manner, my thoughts, my dreams-even the one's that spilled from my brain while I slept, that I had no control over- were so, so, incorrect.

You don't have to want to be a woman to want to feel like one. It's just needing to understand what you could feel like if you hadn't been born aberrant.

GUY

You think I'm the same?

HOWARD

I think you want to know.
What it feels like.
To be correct.

BATHHOUSE

George and Walter are on opposite sides of the playing space. They walk toward each other, slowly, as they speak.

GEORGE

I'm an architect.

WALTER

That's impressive.

GEORGE

I designed the hotel above us.

WALTER

You designed The Ariston?

GEORGE

Yes.

WALTER

That's incredible! Congratulations. It's a beautiful building.

GEORGE

Thank you. It's strange that I'm back here.

WALTER

You mean submerged beneath it? Some kind of shadow self. I suppose that's ironic. Or poetic. A man who creates something, dwells underneath it as something else. It's like you're part of the place. Victor Hugo may have written a novel about you.

GEORGE

You like Victor Hugo?

WALTER

Of course! *Huntchback*, are you kidding? A man cast from society for being different finds love and belonging in a place he can't have it. I could have written it.

GEORGE

I never liked that book.

WALTER

It's a massive slog, took me a month to read it. But, it certainly spoke to me.

GEORGE

I've started to look forward to the night time.

This was a non-sequitur and he knows it. Beat

WALTER

Me too.

GEORGE

I came here because I couldn't sleep. I mean, most nights now. I toss and turn.

WALTER

I haven't had more than two hours in weeks.

GEORGE

I've been having dreams.

WALTER

Me too.

GEORGE

Sometimes I can't tell the difference between a dream and a prayer.

WALTER

You pray?

GEORGE

And I think I've only thought something, so it can't damn me. I've only entertained ideas not actions. I have to believe that actions are what god holds most significant. But when I pray, I start to dream. And I'm losing.

WALTER

I don't believe in god.

They are closer now. George is shocked.

GEORGE

What freedom that would be.

WALTER

If I kiss you, I might change my mind.

HOTEL:

HOWARD

Tell me something you've never told anyone.

GUY

Why?

HOWARD

Adhesion. Quid pro quo. I'll show you mine, etcetera.

Beat. Guy thinks and then.

GUY

I jerk off.

HOWARD

Okay.

GUY

All the time. Like all the time. I'm pretty sure I'd rather be doing that right now. I think about women. When I'm doing it. I make myself think about women. And there's this awful sense of disappointment every time. Every time the images slowly start to morph, or the woman I see has a faceless man next to her, on top of her, inside of her. And the man, the faceless man he has

everything I want. And I convince myself that what I want is her. Somehow. I still believe it. But...

HOWARD

But you don't really.

GUY

No.

HOWARD

Because?

GUY

I want something else.

HOWARD

Be careful. Your intentions are showing.

GUY

Don't make me say it.

HOWARD

Say what?

GUY

The thing you know I want.

HOWARD

You don't have to say it.
You may have to actually do it.
You know what they say about actions, right?

GUY

I don't know how. But can I...?

HOWARD

What?

GUY

Can I look at you? Just look?
I just want to see you.

They stare.

WEDDING:

Walt enters where Geo is.

WALT
Is everything okay?

GEO
Sure!

WALT
I meant with your mom.

GEO
Oh. Yeah. She's fine.
Am I being punished?

WALT
What?

GEO
I know it sounds crazy.

WALT
G?

GEO
We can't outrun it, Walt.

WALT
I don't know what that means.

GEO
The realness. The person we really are. Sometimes the shadow parts of us, the parts we only let out at night. When we're alone. Sometimes that's the real us.

WALT
Stop with the metaphors, G. Just talk to me.

GEO
Something's happening to me.

Geo sits.

GEO
I want to run.

WALT
From what? From this? From us?

GEO

Everything just keeps repeating. The same conclusion. I did something wrong! I don't believe in fate.

WALT

There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

GEO

That's the Pilates.

Walt chuckles at this and sits and takes Geo's hand.

WALT

G?

GEO

I mean it. Something terrible is about to happen, Walt. And I can't stop it. And I think it's happening because of me.

WALT

That's ridiculous.

GEO

No. No, Walt there's something I haven't told you.

Beat.

WALT

So tell me.

BATHHOUSE

As George talks, a slow light change happens. Actors 3,4 and 5 slowly move back into the opening tableau.

GEORGE

I had a dream. The other night. I was on a green hillside. Somewhere far away. And the sky, the bluest you've ever seen, with streaks of clouds. Like marbled sapphire. And the hill sequined in buds of lilac. And I was a boy. A beautiful boy waiting there.

WALTER

Waiting for what?

GEORGE

I don't know. God maybe.

WALTER

An absolution?

GEORGE

No. I think I'm waiting for god to kill me.

APOLLO

You rise and blossom on the green turf!

GEORGE

I can feel my heartbeat in my throat. And then he appears.

WALTER

Who?

APOLLO

My love.

GEORGE

A man. A stranger. Sent from heaven to save me.
Or damn me. To put me back together again. But correctly this
time.

HOTEL

Howard and Guy are staring

HOWARD

If you stare long enough...

GUY

I'm not who you think I am.

HOWARD

How do you know who I think you are?

GUY

I've ruined people's lives. My parents, they're never going to
get over this.

HOWARD

Do you always predict the future?

GUY

It's true.

HOWARD

So, what can be done?

GUY

Only one thing.

BATHHOUSE

WALTER

Then what happens?

GEORGE

A wind. Stronger than you've ever felt.

APOLLO

Sent it awirl, with enough strength to cleft a cloud in two.

GEORGE

And something's struck. And something bleeds. And I fall to the ground.

And I wake up.

Alone. On the other side of the room. Of the world. From a place where time began. And ended. I'm a shadow staring at my sleeping self.

APOLLO & TESTACLEES

O Hyacinthus!

GEORGE

And I know what I want.

WEDDING

WALT

G. Just tell me. We can tell each other everything. Remember? I know you're going through something. And we can work it out. But only if you tell me. No matter what it is.

GEO

Walt?

BATHHOUSE

GEORGE

I want to be with you. Tonight. Just for tonight.
And when the sun rises, I want to run. And never look back. For
my life to come. I will run as far from here as I can. From you,
from this. If only my body remembers the way out.

HOTEL

HOWARD

What do you really want?

GUY

I want to fuck you.
And then
I'm gonna blow my brains out.

WEDDING

WALT

Tell me.

GEO

I can't marry you, Walt.
I can't.

*The opening moment has been repeated.
Geo rises and all the actors exit from
the same place they entered at the top
of the show.*

End of Act One.

ACT TWO

With the house lights and music still on, the actors re-enter the theater from the same place they exited. They get on stage and resume the tableau.

CHORUS

Part four...“What happens next will change everything!”

The actors clear the space. Actor 1 poses as Hyacinthus.

HILLSIDE:

CHORUS

Enter the pretty boy, frolicking on a hillside.

Back to Ancient Greece.

HYACINTHUS

O! Woe is me. Poor pretty boy frolicking on these hillsides. Waiting for the curious stranger that has stirred my insides. That rhymed. But where is he? Where? Where? Tell me where?

Young Athenian enters, Apollo rushes in after him, shoves him out of the space and speaks to the audience.

APOLLO

I am now disguised as the Young Athenian.

Hyacinthus turns and sees him.

HYACINTHUS

It is you!

APOLLO

And it is you!

HYACINTHUS

I had a dream of you.

APOLLO

I dreamed you would. I love you.

Beat.

HYACINTHUS

How impetuous your tongue must be to declare something so...completely. I do wonder what else your tongue be capable of.

APOLLO

Do you love me?

HYACINTHUS

(Aside)

Love? He speaks of lust. It is my beauty that has transfixed him as well. I do not know if I wish to play this part for all eternity.

Zephyrus crosses the perimeter of the scene.

ZEPHYRUS
(Whispering)

Hyacinthus...

*Actors 2 and 5 echo a staggered
whispering of his name.*

HYACINTHUS

What was that?

APOLLO

The wind. It's only the meager, weak wind. Pay it no mind. Tell me you love me!

HYANCINTHUS
(He coos and then aside)

And yet, I am afeared. There is no love, save in the performance of ignorance. Henceforth, perhaps all boys who are as striking as I shall have the same fate. Oh what a curse to be so desired, so attractive. So full of oneself as to exclude the possibility of all others. Maybe I should unpack that? He is waiting. I fear this moment will change forever the destiny of all who are perceived as objects of lustful desire.

APOLLO

Will you not say it?

HYACINTHUS

I love you.

APOLLO

Yes.

BATHHOUSE

*George and Walter are standing close
together. It's tense.*

GEORGE

My mother used to say, "Better the devil you know, than the one disguised as an angel."

WALTER

Do you ever grow tired of it?

GEORGE
Of what?

WALTER
The disguise?

Beat.

GEORGE
What choice is there?

WALTER
The world is changing. There's a place, not far from here, they call it The Black Rabbit. A place like you've never seen. The boys of the place present themselves to you. Such shameless manner. Winks. Lips pursed. Faces painted like street walkers. Whole groups of them mingling with the tourists and drunkards. Just asking for your hand. As if they were ladies. And the dark rooms just behind, full of the same shadows that haunt this place.
There are other places.

GEORGE
Why would anyone go to such a place?

WALTER
How can you ask that?

GEORGE
Well, there is comfort in the disguise. At least here I am convinced of a chaste purpose. But to flaunt it, and in the company of strangers. It's...

WALTER
Better the devil you know.

George goes up to Walter. John smiles from somewhere nearby and as George places his hand on Walter's chest, John speaks.

JOHN
Fate leads the willing..

George is breathing heavier.

GEORGE

What will happen when night fades and the sun shines again? When the dust has settled and morning raises her restful eyes upon us?

WALTER

We disappear. Maybe.

They go to kiss but George turns suddenly toward John and lights change.

HILLSIDE

APOLLO

I must go.

HYACINTHUS

No, it mustn't be so.

APOLLO

But I will return ere the setting sun.

HYACINTHUS

Do be swift. We have only just begun.

APOLLO

For this love I would dazzle you with my celestial ride.

HYACINTHUS

Oh how I dream of being always by your side.

APOLLO

You are the most perfect creature in all the world.

HYACINTHUS

I know.

BATHHOUSE

George and Walter with George's hand on Walter's body. They are almost kissing.

GEORGE

Would you ever dare this in the light of day?

WALTER

I wish I could answer yes, but it seems beyond me. But I dream

that it is so. If time goes as far as I believe, then surely someday.

GEORGE

I have always felt that I was born in the wrong time.

WALTER

I want to kiss you.

They lean in more. Fitzsimmons enters.

FITZSIMMONS

Gentlemen.

They pull away from each other.

FITZSIMMONS

Oh please, don't stop on my account.

HILLSIDE

HYACINTHUS

You have returned.

ZEPHYRUS

You are still tossing.

HYACINTHUS

Yes. I am a tosser. It is what I am known for.

ZEPHYRUS

Where is your Young Athenian friend?

HYACINTHUS

Why?

ZEPHYRUS

I've seen you spend a great deal of time with him.

Testaclees happens by unseen, and hides to overhear.

HYACINTHUS

Why should you care?

ZEPHYRUS

Is it not obvious?

HYACINTHUS

Very few things are to me.

ZEPHYRUS

This is your destiny.

HYACINTHUS

What it?

ZEPHYRUS

Our love.

HYACINTHUS

(Aside)

Oh god. Another one!

BATHHOUSE

FITZSIMMONS

Don't stop. Show me. Show me how.

GEORGE

I think you've come into the wrong room.

WALTER

We're just having a conversation.

FITZSIMMONS

Hard of hearing are you?

George is confused by this.

FITZSIMMONS

You're terribly close. Must be hard of hearing.

George moves away.

GEORGE

I was just passing by.

HILLSIDE

ZEPHYRUS

Would you give yourself over to one who must disguise himself to love you? Or to one who can love you completely?

HYACINTHUS

You are blustering in a charmy sort of way.

ZEPHYRUS

Try not to interrupt. He is jealous and vengeful and it will lead to nothing but shame and loss. And the story will be written in the blood of that shame, stifled by sorrow. Or it can soar eternally on the back of the westerly wind.

HYACINTHUS

Wow. You do much words.

ZEPHYRUS

Which way do you go?

BATHHOUSE

FITZSIMMONS

Since you two are not otherwise engaged. Why not show me to the cooling room?

WALTER

Look fella, he's with me. So, wander off somewhere else okay?

FITZSIMMONS

Oh. He's with you? What a thing for a fellow to say of another fellow. Show me?

WALTER

Maybe later.

FITZSIMMONS

How much later?

WALTER

You got a room?

FITZSIMMONS

That depends. Is he part of the bargain?

GEORGE

I will be a part of no bargain.

FITZSIMMONS

You're a very beautiful man.

GEORGE

Please go away.

HILLSIDE

ZEPHYRUS

Choose me.

HYACINTHUS

Must I do it now?

ZEPHYRUS

I will give you until the new moon.

Beat. Hyacinthus doesn't understand.

HYACINTHUS

Why?

ZEPHYRUS

Dramatic tension. Don't worry about it. I find mortals to be less inclined to procrastinate when faced by a ticking clock.

HYACINTHUS

Fine. Until the new moon. Whatever that means.

ZEPHYRUS

When the sky is darkest. No moon.

HYACINTHUS

No moon? I thought you said new moon?

ZEPHYRUS

No moon is new moon.

HYACINTHUS

How can no moon be new?

ZEPHYRUS

I don't know. I didn't make up the rules. Ask him!

HYACNITHUS

Ask who?

ZEPHYRUS

The moon!

HYACINTHUS

Can we start over? And what is a clock?

I will return!

ZEPHYRUS

When there is no moon?

HYACINTHUS

Yes.

ZEPHYRUS

Very well.

HYACINTHUS

May I kiss you?

ZEPHYRUS

No.

HYACINTHUS

BATHHOUSE

I followed you in here.

FITZSIMMONS

Why?

GEORGE

The way you looked at me.

FITZSIMMONS

I wasn't looking at you for any particular reason.

GEORGE

I have been waiting in this darkness for longer than you know. I will not be refused now. When I saw you...you are the most handsome man here. I have waited too long. I cannot wait any longer.

FITZSIMMONS

No one's ever-
There is something, isn't there?

GEORGE

Yes. At the stroke of midnight. Find me.

FITZSIMMONS

Beat. George is nervous.

FITZSIMMONS

You are so beautiful. I'd hate to think what I'd do if you don't come to me. I'd hate to think of it.

Fitzsimmons moves away.

WALTER

Are you okay?

GEORGE

There is something inside of me, that I never dared to dream. But suddenly, I can't help but be persuaded toward it. And this feeling of desire, it's...I like it.

WALTER

You are very desired.

GEORGE

I want more.

Walter smiles. John and Theodore are somewhere in the shadows. Walter goes up to George.

WEDDING:

WALT

G, we don't have to get married today. If all of this is too much. We can reschedule. /We can do this another time.

GEO

Walt? No. It's not-
It's more than that, Walt. There's more.

Beat.

WALT

Oh god. What? You don't love me?

GEO

Of course I do.

WALT

You're cheating on me?

GEO

No.

WALT

You want to break up?

GEO

Stop guessing!

WALT

Well shit, Geo! What am I supposed to do? It's our wedding day. We've been planning it for months. Our families are here.

GEO

I know.
I know!
I'm sorry.

WALT

You're sorry? For what, Geo? What are you sorry for?

Beat.

GEO

I can't do this.

WALT

Yeah, you've said that. Tell me why.

GEO

I don't like this story, Walt.

WALT

Okay. I don't know what that means.

GEO

I don't want it. I mean I would never choose this.

WALT

Choose what? Me?

GEO

No.

WALT

What then!? Jesus!

GEO

This! A fucking wedding! Marriage? Really? So what, we can feel normal? We're so diluted by self-sabotage that we celebrate our newly found inclusion in a bigoted religious ritual that never wanted us in the first place?! No. I'm reject that, Walt. All of it. All the history and bullshit that led to this stupid, fucking moment! It's ridiculous and I'm not doing it.

Beat.

WALT

Okay. And that's-

Like I totally get what you're saying, and we should probably sit down and try to unpack all of that, but it's our wedding day.

GEO

I know.

WALT

There are guests, and caterers, and a fucking ice sculpture next to a champagne fountain for some fucking reason.

GEO

My mom's friend makes them.

WALT

Wasn't there like any other time in the last, oh I don't know, two years you could have brought this up?

GEO

It's not just that.

WALT

Oh my god! There's more?!

GEO

Stop yelling!

WALT

I'm not yelling! What else, Geo? You already said you don't want to get married, what else could you possibly say on our wedding day? What, did you hire someone to kill me?

GEO

Do you think maybe you could be a little more dramatic?

WALT

Just tell me!

GEO

Fine!

I think you're part of the problem, Walt!

Beat

WALT

The-

The pro-what problem?

GEO

Do you remember our second date? You took me to Coney Island.

WALT

Yeah, of course I remember.

GEO

You were so excited to take me to this place you used to go to when you were a kid. And I just kept thinking, who is this guy? Why is he so into me? What possible reason could he have for wanting to share parts of his childhood with me? You were so sure so quickly. And I wasn't. You had to know I wasn't.

WALT

I wasn't thinking about that, Geo. I liked you.

GEO

I know. And you took my hand. Do you remember, we were near that ring toss booth with the spitter. That guy who kept spitting as he was yelling for people to come try a toss.

APOLLO

(As the ring toss guy)

Fancy a toss?

Beat. It's almost as if Geo has heard this.

WALT

What is this all leading to, Geo?

GEO

You wanted me to be something. You had this idea, I think, of who I should be, and you fit me into that little box, and now, two years later, we're just...

WALT

We're just what?

GEO

This is what you wanted. To be normal, I guess.

WALT

Normal?

GEO

I don't want it. I'm sorry. I can't do this. This isn't my story. It might be yours, but it's not mine. And if I don't get out of it now, something terrible will happen. You should find another guy to play this part, Walt. I'm sorry, but it's not me.

Beat. Walt is hurt.

GEO

I'm so sorry.

Walt nods and walks away.

GEO

Walt?

Walt leaves. Geo backs up right into Russ.

GEO

(With a start)

Ahh!

RUSS

Okay, just hear me out!

GEO

Jesus!
You scared me.
You're like a Disney villain.
Have you been lurking here the whole time?

RUSS

Lurking is a very negative way of putting it.

GEO

Russ, what do you want? I already told you. I don't want to see you. I don't know how many other words to say it in!

RUSS

You don't mean that. After all the times we-

GEO

Russ! It didn't mean anything to me. Okay. Not the way it did to you. I was young and impressionable and you tried to take advantage of that.

RUSS

I never took advantage.

GEO

You fucked me in your office, Russ!

RUSS

That-wait a minute. I didn't take advantage. You were into me as much /as I was into you.

GEO

You were my professor. I wanted you to talk to me. I wasn't interested in you. I'm not interested in you. Okay?

RUSS

But Geo-

GEO

No.

RUSS

You let me in.

GEO

Ugh! what are you a vampire? I let you in? Well now I'm kicking you out!

RUSS

You were the one who kept coming back.

GEO

No!

RUSS

You came back to see me. Again and Again.

GEO

Russ?

RUSS

I love you, Geo.

GEO

Don't say that. Jesus!

RUSS

I understand that you were young, and that you didn't know how to handle what we had. But Geo, this is the only thing that's ever been real in my life, and I know it's the same for you. I know you.

GEO

You don't. I didn't even really like you, Russ.

RUSS

How can you say that?

GEO

I hated myself. You were just the self-fulfilling prophecy. I used you to prove I wasn't worth anything better than a pathetic, perverted, older-I mean look at you! You are twice my age, fucking crashing my wedding to tell me you can't live without me like some fucking idiotic teenager. How I was ever insane enough to even speak to you I can't fathom. But if you think that I would ever even consider you as a viable option is beyond ridiculous. You don't think I know how much better than you I can do?

Russ goes to speak.

GEO

Shut up! I don't care! And all that bullshit you used to feed me about being a new kind of gay man. All that manipulative bullshit so you could fuck me. It was gross, Russ! You're disgusting! I was a teenager! You filled my head with nonsense so you could be some kind of savior, you could control me or whatever fucking creepy shit you were doing. But it didn't work. I figured it out, Russ. And I've heard it all from plenty of other drunken old losers hiding in the corners of bars, needing that fifth gin and tonic to screw up their courage enough to come talk to the hot guy. Oh they try to convince me I'm not

worth anything so I'll take them home for the night to feel better about myself. Or they'll praise my beauty and youth as something they know they're just not worthy of, trying to squeeze out a pity fuck. Or get me drunk enough so my ability to say no evaporates and they can just have your way. Don't you get it? I've heard it all. There's nothing original or new about you Russ. Nothing.

Beat. Russ is hurt.

GEO

New kind of gay man- you're not a new kind of gay man, Russ. You're a lonely old faggot that wasted his life chasing youth. Lusting after a fucking impossibility that will never happen. It's not your fault, that's what gay men do. When you can't fuck whoever you want anymore, what do you have left? It's too late for you! It's way too late for you, Russ. But it's not for me. I haven't wasted my life! So, if you don't mind, could you please fuck off now.

Geo exits.

Russ is defeated.

HILLSIDE:

Apollo senses Zephyrus. Zephyrus is sad.

APOLLO

Well, well, well if it isn't the old bag of wind, himself! Zephyrus.

ZEPHYRUS

Apollo. I should have known you'd be here.

APOLLO

What's the matter? Get tired of blowing yourself?

ZEPHYRUS

That's a good one. You're really "on" today.

APOLLO

Don't pretend you're not a big fan!

ZEPHYRUS

What do you want!?

APOLLO

I've come to warn you to leave the boy alone.

ZEPHYRUS

But I love him. And love is miserable and awful and rips us to shreds, but we can't seem to live without it.

APOLLO

Well I saw him first!

ZEPHYRUS

Are you calling dibs?

APOLLO

You bet your squally ass I am!

ZEPHYRUS

Why don't we just let the boy decide?

APOLLO

You dream in a thousand unrisen moons that he would ever even entertain the ridiculous notion of choosing you?

ZEPHYRUS

I'm not-
I didn't track that.

APOLLO

Shall we make a wager?

ZEPHYRUS

Is the eternal love of the boy not enough for your avaricious appetite?

APOLLO

No.

ZEPHYRUS

What then?

APOLLO

What would you be willing to surrender?

ZEPHYRUS

For his love?

I would have relinquished the westerly wind for all time if the boy returned my love. I would have lived as a mortal. Imperfect, flawed. Resigned to the ticking clock of mortality. I would give it all up.

Time doesn't move in one direction. It surrounds us. Always.

With impossible heartbreak, and endless suffering.

Awareness of the thing makes the thing real.

Dammit.

Now I have to go back and fix the ending, or we'll have no more beginning.

APOLLO

Are you monologuing?

ZEPHYRUS

Just make him declare his love so we can be done with this.

APOLLO

How do you suggest I do that?

Testaclees sneezes.

ZEPHYRUS

Fucking Testaclees! Yes. Let your lowly sycophant ask him. And we shall both be forced to live with his answer.

APOLLO

Fine! But this seems really anti-climactic.

ZEPHYRUS

This day hence. The sun will rise, the wind will blow. Another day. And when love is struck, let the god's fury descend upon himself. And only. Himself. And let's be done with this. Once and for all.

the hardest part of knowing something isn't the knowledge of what the thing is, but the loss of what you wanted it to be.

"And the last streak of twilight must always surrender to the dark."

I was wrong.

Zephyrus walks away. Apollo is confused about Zephyrus' depressed mood.

APOLLO

What the fuck was that?

BATHHOUSE

Walter and George touch. George pulls away.

GEORGE

Do you fish?

Walter can't help but smile at this.

WALTER

Um, sure.

GEORGE

I always throw them back in the water. Can't even kill a fish.

Walter speaks as he gently touches George.

WALTER

When I was a kid, my dad would take us fishing up north. We'd hop on a steamer train hauling coal, and we'd snake our way through the countryside, the tracks-like a giant steel river-cut right through the trees.

I used to love trees. I studied them. I would get books from the library. Dendrology it's called.

The trees of the world. The whole of humanity is connected through foliage. History, war, hunting, gathering, all somehow a series of interconnected stories told in the branches, leaves, roots of these worldly trees.

Silly, I know.

GEORGE

It's not silly.

WALTER

I would place these trees on our train rides. I would imagine trees from all over the world were passing us on the hillsides of upstate New York. I would point them out and tell my father what they were. Not that he knew the difference. I guess I always liked the idea of things that were out of place belonging together. I'd say those are Greek Olive trees next to Japanese Cherry Blossoms. Off in the distance we'd see a giant red cedar of the Amazon giving shade to the delicate sugar maples of Canada. Then rows of orchid orchards and Coconut trees lining a pasture of poppies. And hyacinth. Hills of purple

and pink rolling to the edge of the sea. A little bit of everywhere in one spot.
Like us. Just like this.

They both smile.

GEORGE

Sounds beautiful.

WALTER

And I think...someday.

HOTEL

Howard and Guy are touching. Howard talks to ease him.

HOWARD

You're a painter?

GUY

Yeah.

HOWARD

What do you paint?

GUY

My insides.

HOWARD

That's profound.

GUY

My last painting was a landscape.

HOWARD

What did it look like?

GUY

It's a hillside. With a thick fog. But it ain't green.

It's harsh. The color of old metal.

Infertile.

And the sky overhead is russet, sunburnt brown Like old, cracked leather. And the fog is impenetrable, gray-silver almost arctic.

And thick. Like wool.

But hostile and lifeless.

But in the background- It's just after sunset, the mirror image of the soft pastels of sunrise.

The sky, cloaked in sheets of deepening gray, has one tiny streak of sun. A single razor-blade slice of color. A strand of honey-orange, a golden thread stretched from horizon to heaven. Milton's dangling golden chain. Touching all of man to all of heaven.

And off in the distance, where the sky and the world meet blurs together in an ashen haze. Eddies of dusk. A Turkish blue trellis lining the edge of the world.

And hidden in this gritty fog there's a boy, or a man I should say. A young man.

He's wrapped in something. It looks like some kind of cloth. But that's not what this is, no this is his shadow. Remnants of who he once was. Like a skin long since shed and refused to let go of.

He's wearing his shadow, like a shroud. And he's waiting in the fog, wrapped in the idea of who he used to be.

He's perfect, right. The most beautiful man you've ever seen. Or never seen, maybe. From a different time. Wandering into a place he's not welcome.

And he's stuck. Trapped by the impossible confusion around him.

And he's looking past the fog, he's staring right at me.

Or maybe right through me. Like he recognizes something inside of me. Something not of this world, maybe.

But you can't see him. He's too hidden.

The fog

it's impossible.

No, only I can see him.

And the only thing he can see is me seeing him.

And the only thing he knows is that he'll never be free.

And he'll never see the promise of dawn streaked in the sky just behind him. Because he can't turn around. He's stuck.

And I put him there.

Playing god.

When everyone else looks, they only see dreary swirls of windswept fog, but right behind it, glaring out with desperate eyes, is this man. This lost man. Silently pleading.

Stuck forever between day and night. Shadow and light. Real and imaginary. And time. All of time happening in every direction possible. But not for him. Cursed with the knowledge of it, but unable to participate in it. A blink away from hope.

Always.

HOWARD

This man that I can't see, what's he look like?

GUY

I'll never tell.

HOWARD

And he's just waiting to be found.

GUY

Sometimes awareness of the thing makes the thing more powerful.

HOWARD

What thing?

GUY

I don't know. The truth, I guess.

HOWARD

Self-portrait, huh?

GUY

Probably.

HOWARD

One moment of hope, before you leave this world.

GUY

Yeah. Maybe.

They kiss. As they kiss, the lights shift.

BATHHOUSE:

George and Walter are also kissing.

GEORGE

I have waited-

WALTER

I know.

GEORGE

I have prayed for this to be ripped from me. I still pray. Every night.

WALTER

Please don't.

GEORGE

You can't save me. When we speak of this, it will be in coded words, in clever anecdotes about a place, far away, beneath the city, swallowed in shadow. There are no words that will ever be enough to explain what is taken from us.

WALTER

I love you.

Beat.

GEORGE

Don't say that.

WALTER

It's all I know now.

GEORGE

Please.

WALTER

Let me show you.

GEORGE

We cannot speak words like normal people. We cannot imagine that this is the same as what love is supposed to be.

WALTER

Then we won't speak.
We'll just...

*They kiss and move toward the bench.
Zephyrus and Apollo appear above.*

BATHHOUSE/HILLSIDE/HOTEL

ZEPHYRUS

Where the hell is he?

APOLLO

He'll be here!

Testaclees enters behind them.

TESTACLEES

Forgive me my lateness, your most holy vessel.

APOLLO

About time! This is of utmost importance! Do you understand, Testaclees?

TESTACLESS

Yes, your worshipfulness!

ZEPHYRUS

And try to remember not to sway his answer to favor your lord and master. Remember, I too am a god. I have abilities that would blow you away.

TESTACLEES

Oh. What are you going to do?

Back to the hotel. We'll now exist in the Hotel and Ancient Greece at once.

GUY

What are you going to do?

HOWARD

Shh...

Howard sits Guy down, kissing his neck and his chest. He is on his knees.

APOLLO

He was speaking literally, he can blow you away, he's a human hair dryer!

TESTACLEES

Oh god. I don't want to be blown!

Testaclees hyperventilates. Howard is now blowing Guy.

ZEPHYRUS

Oh for crying out loud! What now?

APOLLO

He get's nervous. He'll be fine.

Oh! Oh god!
TESTACLEES

Oh god!
GUY

How long does this last?
ZEPHYRUS

Give him a minute.
APOLLO

We must disguise ourselves.
ZEPHYRUS

Oh god!
GUY

Oh God!
TESTACLEES

Is he going to be able to do this?
ZEPHYRUS

Yes. He'll be fine. Won't you?
APOLLO

Howard increases his intensity.

Oh fuck!
GUY

I just have to breathe!
TESTACLEES

The boy is coming.
ZEPHYRUS

Uh, uh, I'm coming.
GUY

Come on!
ZEPHYRUS

Oh my god, I'm coming.
GUY

He's coming!

TESTACLEES

Guy has an orgasm. No one else says anything until this is over. Then back to the scene in Greece.

He is nigh.

ZEPHYRUS

Nigh?

APOLLO

I hate your face.

ZEPHYRUS

Beat

/Cunt!

APOLLO

/Cunt!

ZEPHYRUS

AHH! Jinx! (*Apollo laughs. Zephyrus flips him off*)
Eat a dick.

APOLLO

Apollo and Zephyrus exit.

WEDDING:

Lee and Glory enter.

So? Who is that guy?

GLORY

Oh my god, wait til you hear this!

LEE

What?

GLORY

He was his professor.

LEE

GLORY

Geo's?

LEE

Yeah! Like his professor.

Glory gasps.

GLORY

No!

LEE

Yeah!

Geo is at the door.

GEO

Are you fucking kidding me?
Really, eavesdropping?

LEE

Oh hey. What's up? You look great.

GLORY

Okay, stop talking.

GEO

You two are really something, you know that? What are you following me around?

GLORY

Do you meditate?

GEO

What?!

GLORY

Have you ever had your tarot done? I'm a born reader.

LEE

Okay, how is that helpful?

GLORY

I was changing the /subject.

LEE

You're an idiot!

GEO

Oh my god! You're both idiots!

GLORY

I was just concerned for you.

LEE

And I was trying to prove you were doing something wrong.

GEO

Could you please leave.

GLORY

This is your wedding day, /why are you being-

GEO

You know what!? It's not! The wedding is off.

LEE

What?

GLORY

Whoa! Okay, slow down girl, you can't just call off a wedding. This isn't like a blind date. Or a yoga class. Or a search party. This is way too big of a deal.

GEO

I'm not talking to either of you anymore. You don't have to sneak around and spy on me, and you don't have to worry about who that guy is, okay! There is no wedding, so just...get the fuck out.

GLORY

Okay, you need to calm your little drama queen ass right the fuck down! I did not play matchmaker for the two of you and spend a year licking my wounds, and mending my broken heart over your sorry ass for nothing.

They stare at Glory.

GEO

I'm sorry, what?!

LEE

Glory-

GLORY

Do you know why I invited you to that party?

LEE

Glory?

GLORY

Lee?!

GEO

What party? What are you talking about?

GLORY

Do you remember the day we met?

GEO

Not exactly, no. I was working at that coffee shop. I made you coffee. I saw you all the time. What is the point of this?

GLORY

I went there almost every day.

GEO

Sure. Okay.

GLORY

Because of you.

GEO

What?

GLORY

When I saw you the/ first time-

LEE

Why are you telling him this?

GLORY

Yeah, I know it's embarrassing, I know.
I was so in love with you.

Beat

GEO

What? No you weren't.

GLORY

I thought you were flirting back. That's why I invited you to my party. That party. That fucking party. The winds of fate were indeed blowing in a different direction. That's where you met Walt. And you never noticed me. So, I had to get over it. And I had to be happy for the two of you. Because I refuse to be a cocksucking cliché, girl.

LEE

Uh...

GLORY

Yeah, I heard it!

GEO

That's-

I feel like I'm insane, right now. I had no idea. I didn't know/that.

GLORY

Yeah, no shit sherlock, we could fill the acropolis with all the shit you don't know.

LEE

What is the point of all of this?!

GLORY

Oh please, you were into him too?

GEO

Oh my God!

LEE

I was not!

GLORY

Oh please, a young pretty boy brought into our little group. We all circled you like vultures over a zebra carcass. But you only wanted him.

GEO

(To Lee)

You had the hots for me?

LEE

(To Glory)

I fucking hate you.

GLORY

You should have seen when he tried to talk to you the first time.

HILLSIDE

TESTACLEES

Oh my. He is even better to perceive from this distance. I feel sick. How is one as lowly and doggish as I meant to converse with one so...so...

Hyacinthus bends over to pick up his discus.

TESTACLEES (Cont'd)

Oh god of mercy! Should I see more, or should I speak at this? Speak? What language could I even begin to utter at him? What if I speak incoherently? I should speak? Am I not speaking? Can you not hear me!?

Hyacinthus turns to him.

HYACINTHUS

Oh. I didn't see you there.

TESTACLEES

(Completely enamored)

Well. That's...I've...yeah.

HYACINTHUS

Who are you?

TESTACLEES

No, no, the question is...who am I?

Beat.

HYACINTHUS

You look pale. Are you unwell?

TESTACLEES

How sweet of you to be concerned. No, I'm just naturally anemic.

HYACINTHUS

Why do you come to my hillside?

TESTACLEES

You're arms are glistening.

Hyacinthus getting frustrated, breaks character and snaps at Testaclees.

HYACINTHUS

What do you want?

He then immediately goes back into Hyacinthus pose.

TESTACLEES

Yes. There are two Athenians that...you know...

Testaclees makes a sex gesture with his hands. This should in no way look like sex.

TESTACLEES (Cont'd)

You are most desired by these two Athenians. I expect. And I must ask you if you are in love with one of them.

HYACINTHUS

(Aside)

This is the decision all pretty young boys must make. I must resign myself to one of them.

There is a young Athenian.

TESTACLEES

Yes!

HYACINTHUS

We have had a toss.

TESTACLEES

Oh. Oh, you mean the disc thing. Right. You choose him?

HYACINTHUS

Yes, I suppose I would. I find myself lost in thoughts of him. I've never been so sure of something so...unsure. I want him. I choose him.

WEDDING:

GEO

What is the point of all this?

GLORY

I think that's my question.

GEO

I don't have to answer to you!

LEE

I think what Glory means is-

GLORY

Oh, you are not about to speak for me!

LEE

You're making all of this so /much worse!

GLORY

And you think anyone wants to hear what you think?

GEO

Excuse me!

Could the two of you please play out your melodrama somewhere else?

The wedding's off. Leave me alone!

HOTEL

Howard and Guy are lying in bed together.

GUY

I should go.

HOWARD

Why?

GUY

Did you want to finish?

HOWARD

There's no rush.

GUY

Sorry, I didn't mean to-

It was faster than /I thought-

HOWARD

You're young. I get it. It's all so new. That will go away.

GUY

And it's really all I can think about.

HOWARD

You mean in-between the self-hate and suicidal ideology?

GUY

You don't know mw.

HOWARD

You are not as novel as you think.

GUY

Oh yeah, what am I gonna do next?

Beat.

HOWARD

You're going to stay the night.

Guy looks at him.

GUY

Oh, Am I?

HOWARD

Just one night. You stay with me. And I'll show you something. Something you will never see on your own. And then when we wake in the morning, or late afternoon-let's stay real. I don't do mornings. I always say, "morning is only for people who've lost something." So, in the afternoon, you can decide if everything inside of you is still malignant and ill-fated.

Or

Maybe you'll want another night. Maybe that shadow of yours will finally peel away from who you used to be and you'll be free. Free to turn around and see that glorious sunrise.

Guy doesn't know what to say.

HOWARD

One night can change everything.
Just one night.

WALTER

It doesn't have to be.
Please.

Whatever waits out there in the darkness for us, I can face it, I can face anything, if I know that I can come back here. If I know I can come back here and I'll find you. I can do anything in my life. I can work, I can eat, I can pretend I'm just like everyone else that I sleepwalk past in the inertia of this god awful city! I can do that. But only if I can turn that corner and walk down those stairs and know that I'll find you in here. Waiting for me. That's it. That's the best I can do for all of my life.

GEORGE

That's not a life.

WALTER

Then run away with me.

GEORGE

What?

WALTER

We can leave this behind. We can live far away. Or somewhere where there is no one else. We can't be the first to think of this. Do you want to live your life in the safety of blind abstinence, or scrape out some kind of pleasure?

GEORGE

Isolated? Totally away from the rest of the world.

WALTER

And why not? What offer could the rest of the world give you that would mean half as much as what we could have.

Beat.

GEORGE

I should never have come here.

WALTER

Please don't say that.

GEORGE

I wish I had never met you. Why would god have made you in such close proximity? Why am I being tested like this?

WALTER
My love!

HILLSIDE:

APOLLO
My love!

HYACINTHUS
(Aside)
Oh God!

He snaps into Character.

HYACINTHUS
My dearest!

APOLLO
(Aside)
He has chosen me! Remember I am still disguised as the Young Athenian.
How I have missed you.

HYACINTHUS
And I you!

APOLLO
What shall we do first?

HYACINTHUS
Fancy a toss?

APOLLO
I'll stand farther off!

CHORUS
His fate will be decided!

WALT
Geo.

CHORUS
Suddenly! A gust of wind!

WALT
Geo!

And then...!
CHORUS

GEO!
WALT

What?!
GEO

Geo snaps out of it.

WEDDING:

What are you doing?
WALT

Geo is confused. He looks away.

CHORUS
Part five: "My name is Howard Efland."

Walt goes up to Geo.

He killed him.
GEO

What?
WALT

GEO
When he tossed the disc, he forgot his godly strength and he
threw it too hard. And it killed him.

Beat. They're all confused.

WALT
Okay. I don't know what you're talking about.

Geo turns to Walt.

GEO
Some say the jealous wind was what killed him, but it was just
his overwhelming desire to fuck the young one.
Isn't that what drives all of us?
I don't want it, Walt.

WALT

You don't want what?

GEO

This story. I don't want what comes next.

WALT

You don't know what comes next, Geo. None of us do.

GEO

It's always the same. It's coming. I can't stop it.

Russ enters.

RUSS

Geo?

GLORY

Uh, who is this?

RUSS

Geo, please. Here me out.

WALT

I'm sorry, who are you?

GEO

It's happening...

BATHHOUSE:

WALTER

Run away with me?

GEORGE

It might be the only way I can live with myself.

WALTER

Then you will?

GEORGE

I will.

JOHN

Close your eyes.
Count to ten.
And then...

A whistle is heard.

FITZSIMMONS

Come on ladies, let's go!

CHORUS

You're all under arrest!

GEORGE

What is that?

A knock is heard.

WALTER

Oh no! I have to go. We can't be found together.

Another knock.

GEORGE

No. I don't...I can't.

WALTER

I have to go.

GEORGE

No. Don't.

WALTER

I have to. It's the police! They're going to come in here. /Lock this door and don't come out.

GEORGE

Wait. Wait. Wait! Wait!!!

George pulls Walter into him.

WALTER

I'm so sorry.

GEORGE

You can't go.

WALTER

I have to.

GEORGE

No, no don't go. What if I never see you again.

WALTER

There's a lock on the door. When I leave, you have to lock it.

Another knock!

GEORGE

What is that?!

HOTEL

GUY

Are you expecting someone?

HOWARD

This can't be good.

Another knock.

BELLHOP

Hello? Is this the Police Department? Oh good. I thought it might interest you to know about the immoral and perverted acts that are transpiring at this very moment in the establishment where I work.

Mmmhmm. The Dover hotel. Room 219.

You should hurry.

Another knock.

GUY

It's the cops.

CHORUS

Open this door!

HOWARD

Get under the bed!

GUY

What?

CHORUS

Let's go pervert!

HOWARD

I said, get under the bed and stay there.

GUY

What about you?

HOWARD

They know I'm in here. You're not a guest.

CHORUS

We'll break it down, /faggot!

HOWARD

Go!

GUY

Wait!

Howard starts shoving Guy

HOWARD

I said now! And don't move!

GUY

You can't/ just-

HOWARD

Stay down!

CHORUS

Open this fucking door!

*Knocking. Howard walks toward the door.
Guy jumps up.*

GUY

NO!

BATHHOUSE

Walter rushes to George.

WALTER

We had to separate.

GEORGE

Will I ever see you again?

WALTER

We had to be far away from each other. In case they suspected us of being...initimate.

GEORGE

We shouldn't have stayed. We should have left when we had the chance. This is a punishment. This is what I deserve.

WALTER

No! Stop. Someday, someday this will be the story of us. Our story. We couldn't have gone. We didn't have the legs to carry us, nor the will to shake us from this certainty. It was supposed to be this way.

GEORGE

But—

WALTER

I love you.

They kiss.

WALTER (Cont'd)

And for my life to come, I will be the man I was for you. I love you.

Walter leaves.

GEORGE

Goodbye.

Fitzsimmons comes forward.

FITZSIMMONS

Your honor. I seen the defendant Galbert, him (*He points to George*) approach the couch that the defendant, Bennett, (*He points to Walter*) was lying on...and place his penis in the anus of the defendant Bennett.

The penis of Galbert was in a state of erection at the time. When he put it in the rectum of the defendant.....He made motions, that is backward and forward motions. Then they they had their arms about one another. Then Galbert took the penis of the defendant, Bennett, in his mouth and worked his head backward and forward.

I noticed the penis of the defendant, Bennett. When Galbert took it in his mouth, it was in a state of erection. I noticed the penis of Bennett, when Galbert withdrew his head from it, it was in a state of erection.

And then they laid back on the bed in a state of collapse, both the defendant Galbert and the defendant Bennett. I remained in that room for a short time afterwards. The time consumed in going through this act was about two or three minutes.

And, after the penis was withdrawn, I did look at it, closely. I didn't have to stoop over. It was in a state of collapse after he withdrew it from the anus of the defendant. It was not in an entire state of collapse, but it was limber.

Then, they threw their arms about one another. I saw Bennett have his arms around Galbert. They were just holding each other as if what they had just done was...it was very enraging your honor. They were just holding each other. It repulsed me.

WEDDING:

GEO

Did you know he served seven years? And his friend John served twenty. Did you know that?

WALT

G, who are you talking to?

GEO

And I- He- killed himself. Buried in an unmarked grave. Too much shame on the family. What a scandal, right? They never saw each other again.

HOWARD

And what about me?

GEO

No.

RUSS

Geo?

GEO

What do you want Russ? Declare your love for me in front of my fiancé? Let everyone know just how pathetic you are? Fulfill

that last bit of cliché you've always known you had in you but were too afraid to fulfill. Or what?

RUSS

No. I want to-

GEO

Yeah, I know what you want, Russ!

RUSS

It's the same thing you want!

GEO

I don't want anything you want, Russ!

RUSS

You don't want to be gay, Geo!

Beat.

RUSS

And neither do I. It's that simple.

Beat. Geo laughs.

GEO

All this effort to be something new. You're just gonna reduce that to we just don't want to be what we are? Because these fucking shadows that came before us keep finding us! And our fate is the same as theirs?

HOWARD

Don't I get my ending?

GEO

Reject it, we said. Be something better, we said. Better than what, Russ? I don't want to be known as the gay guy because gay guys get killed. And gay guys fuck themselves to death. And suffer! And now, live in a narcissistic bubble of "I can be the best, I can look the best, and nothing else." Fuck me or ignore me.

I wanted to change it. We wanted to change it.

HOWARD

The reason it happened to me, is the same reason it'll happen to you.

GEO

Fuck you!

Russ goes to Geo.

RUSS

Geo! I'm sorry. Listen to me! I'm so sorry.

GEO

I can't help you, Russ!

RUSS

Then let me help you.

Geo is surprised by this.

GEO

What?

RUSS

I didn't have this. I didn't have someone ahead of me telling me what to expect. Telling me what the road looked like that I was blindly heading down. I didn't have that. I didn't have someone tell me it was okay. That it was okay that I became a man in a bathroom stall on a cold November day when I was seventeen. I didn't have anyone tell me that it was normal to reach out for anyone, anyone that would reach back. Because after a lifetime of feeling so out of place the first kindness, the first like-minded kindness doesn't have to be true love. Or age-appropriate. I didn't have a father to tell me what to do. So, yeah, I found one in, in a bathroom, in a time when a third of our community was less than a decade away from being dead. Because I didn't have anyone else. I didn't have anyone, Geo, because there was no one. Because we were all just...lost. A generation born too late to die and too soon to live.

I didn't have anyone because the men that came before me, that were supposed to tell me what was coming, they died. And for the next ten years of my life I would watch more and more and more of them die. And so, I stopped making friends with them. And I did what everyone else did, I feared them. I never, ever slept with them, I wouldn't even kiss them. I don't remember his name. The first man from the bathroom. And what an awful fucking representation, right? We had to go to a bathroom stall! This man who had less than five months to live, reduced to the seemly archetype of the sex-driven homosexual male. Kissing a minor, nonetheless, in a bathroom stall! Because the

urge was greater than, I don't know, watching whatever movie we both were supposed to be seeing. And he didn't know! He wasn't trying to kill me, he was just trying to feel valid as a human! Was he a perv? As your generation would call him? No, he was just a man that the world rejected and who just needed to connect with someone. Because that's what people need. That's what all people need. But at some point, for us, people became the enemy. The threat. A man is a risk. And back then, a real fucking scary end-of-the-road risk. Every eye you catch, every nod, every possibility- could be your executioner. So I tried to convince myself I could be more. That there was a different thread of the story to follow. Because if we follow that one to its logical conclusion- where the fuck do we end up, Geo? So I convinced myself I could be different. Better. And that's what I did to you. And I'm sorry. We can't reject it, Geo. We have to re-tell it. Or it'll haunt us forever.

HOTEL:

HOWARD

My name is Howard Efland.

RUSS

You a pervert.

HOWARD

No. My name is Howard Efland.

RUSS & GLORY

Shut the fuck up faggot.

HOWARD

I'm a patron of this establishment.

CHORUS

You arguing with a police officer?

HOWARD

No.

CHORUS

This fucking faggot just touched me.

HOWARD

I didn't mean to-

CHORUS

Don't you put your fucking faggot fingers on me!

GEO

Stop! Stop! Stop!
I can't! I can't!
I fucking can't!

*Geo runs off. He exits the theater.
Long pause. Everyone looks around not
sure what to do. Glory eventually runs
after him. Lights should come up to
full. Nothing theatrical happening
here. After a moment Geo and Glory
return.*

GEO

How can I do this? How can I be a part of this? I rejected all of this. All of you. I'm not like you. I wanted to change this. Not participate in it. But I didn't change anything. I failed. And I'm not a part of anything. History has broken us. I'm not the result of anything but shadows. It's found me. At long last. It's caught up to me. I can't go on.

LEE

The real tragedy here is that the one who's story isn't done is the one giving up.
Fuck that!
Get up, girl. Get up and continue the story.

GEO

I don't want to.

LEE

Well too bad! Neither did he. Or any of them!

GEO

I just wanted to change it.

GLORY

So let's change it.

GEO

How?

Walt goes up to Geo.

WALT

Look at me.

They stare.

WALT

You're a pain the ass, Geo.
You're demanding. You're unforgiving. You use way too much product in your hair. You take all the blankets on the bed, you turn the air conditioner on in December. You never close cereal boxes all the way, so they get stale the day we buy them. The bathroom sink has toothpaste caked in it every night, and I don't think you've done one load of laundry since I met you.

GLORY

Did they write their own vows?

WALT

But these are not the things I think about, Geo. When you're not there. These are not the things that make you, you. When you look at something the way you want hoping to convince yourself of something, you lose what's real. What's actually there.

GEO

All these stories, Walt-

WALT

It's our story.
Let's tell it our way.

GEO

Yeah, but what does that mean?
I don't even know who we are.
Who are we?

WALT

My name is Howard Efland.

GEO

Okay, stop! That's not gonna change /anything!

WALT

My name-
Is Howard Efland.

*Walt holds Geo's hands. They stare.
Walt smiles.*

WALT

I'm a patron of this establishment, and I have every right to be here.

The other actor's approach and say their lines lovingly, sarcastically, any way they can to lighten it and make it soft. They should wiping stage make-up off. Taking off their shoes, doing things that imply they are shedding who they used to be and becoming this new group. And always with love.

WALT

Good evening, officers? What seems to be the trouble?

GLORY

You a pervert?

HOWARD

No. My name is Howard Efland-

LEE

Shut the fuck up faggot.

HOWARD

I've paid for this room.

RUSS

You arguing with a police officer?

HOWARD

No.

RUSS

This fucking faggot just touched me.

HOWARD

I didn't mean to-

CHORUS

Don't you put your fucking faggot fingers on us.

HOWARD

I'm sorry.

GEO

They dragged him from his hotel room.

CHORUS

He was naked.

GEO

They dragged him down the hallway.

CHORUS

He was screaming.

GEO

They dragged him down two flights of stairs and into the street.

CHORUS

He was bleeding.

GEO

Once they were in the street, they started punching him. Kicking him. Spitting on him.

CHORUS

People were watching.

GEO

His blood ran in the streets. His hair. Pieces of teeth.

CHORUS

They stomped on him.

GEO

His chest would cave in. His skull would shatter. His body would break. But before he left the world he reached a hand out toward the crowd..

Howard reaches toward the crowd.

HOWARD

Help me. My god. Someone help me.

Glory takes Howard's hand.

GEO

They took him, in the police car. And drove away with him.

GLORY

Hours later his body was found on the Hollywood freeway.

LEE

They booked him for resisting arrest. And later the LAPD would rule it as an excusable homicide.

RUSS

And that's how it stands to this day.

HOWARD

But I'm still here. The shadow just behind you.

They all stare and eventually embrace. They are smiling or crying or both. Then...Actor 2 looks at Actor 1 and very pointedly begins the following..

WALT

My name is Howard Efland.

Geo takes Walt's hand and nods. The following should all overlap, ending with Actor 1 saying his real name.

ACTOR 2

/My name is Young Athenian. My name is Walter Bennett. My name is (Actual name of Actor 2)

ACTOR 3

/My name is Glory, girl. My name is Apollo. My name is John Rogers. My name is Attendant. My name is (Actual name of Actor 3)

ACTOR 5

/My name is Lee. My name is Testaclees. My name is Tommy. My name Theodore. My name is (Actual name of Actor 5)

ACTOR 4

/My name is Russ. My name is Zephyrus. My name is Bellhop. My name is Norman Fitzsimmons. My name is (Actual name of Actor 4)

ACTOR 1

/My name is Geo. My name is Hyacinthus. My name is George Caldwell. My name is Guy. My name is (Actual name of Actor 1)

*Slow fade to black as they hold onto
each other.*

End of play.