

THE SEEKER

A Play in Two Acts by William Ivor Fowkes

Tommy Hamilton's looking for God, love, and sex—but not necessarily in that order.

SEMI-FINALIST

Promising Playwright Award, Colonial Players, Annapolis, MD, 2015

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Princess Grace Playwriting Award, 2015

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If that's all there is, my friend, then let's keep dancing.
– Peggy Lee

THE SEEKER

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SETTING

Tommy Hamilton's mind, with stops in Ohio, New York City, Maine, and India.

TIME

1972-2000

DEVELOPMENT HISTORY

- 2010. Development at the Turtle Shell Productions Playwrights Platform, NYC.
- 2013. Further development at the Pulse Ensemble Theatre Playwrights' Lab, NYC.
- 2014. A closed reading at the Unitarian Universalist Congregation at Shelter Rock in Manhasset, NY.
- 2015. Named SEMI-FINALIST, Promising Playwright Award, Colonial Players, Annapolis, MD.
- 2015. Named SEMI-FINALIST, Princess Grace Playwriting Award.
- 2019. Further development at the Dramatists Guild Playwrights' Group, NYC.
- 2020. Zoom and monologue versions created.
- 2022. Current draft.

CAST LIST:**6 actors playing 40 roles****(32 speaking parts, 5 off-stage voices, and 3 non-speaking parts)**

Actor # 1 (male)	Tommy Hamilton
Actor # 2 (male)	Christian Barrie Male GoGo Dancer (non-speaking role) Voice #2
Actor # 3 (female)	Molly McCormack Voice #1
Actor # 4 (male)	Professor Rosenstein Pastor Dave AIDS Ghost Master (aka Guruji Singh) Voice #3 Man with Flyers Praying Man Shady Man Patrick
Actor # 5 (female)	Mrs. Hamilton Aunt Mildred Liza Minnelli Doris Day Speaker Peggy Lee Indian Dancer (non-speaking role) Woman with Tray (non-speaking role) Voice #4 Jillian Dolly Parton Woman at Gym
Actor # 6 (male)	Comic Mr. Hamilton Kevin Anonymous Man Uvi Voice #5 Man at Pier Mourner Barker Rosebud (non-speaking role) Man at Gym Doctor (non-speaking role)

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN:

	Gender	Characters	Scenes	Age
#1	Male	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Tommy Hamilton: From Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Asthmatic. Curious. Well-read. Asks too many questions. Dry wit. 	Part 1 Parts 2, 3, 4 Part 5	19 30s 30s-40s
#2	Male	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Christian Barrie: From South Carolina. Endearing but troubled and naïve. Struggling with his sexual identity. 	Part 1 Part 3 & 4 Part 5	19 30s 30s-40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Male GoGo Dancer (non-speaking role) 	Part 2	20s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Voice #2 	Part 2 & 3	Any age
#3	Female	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Voice #1 	Part 1, 2, 3	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Molly McCormack: Irish beauty. Sincere. A bit goofy. Copywriter. Member of The Master's Way. 	Part 2, 3, 4 Part 5	30s 30s-40s
#4	Male	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Professor Rosenstein: Philosophy professor. 	Part 1	40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Pastor Dave: Charismatic minister trying to relate to college kids. Wears hippie clothing. 	Part 1	Early 30s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> AIDS Ghost: a scary figure 	Part 2	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Master (Guruji Singh): Gentle, but charismatic. White hair and beard. Wears a robe and turban. 	Part 2 & 3	60s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Voice #3 	Part 3	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Man with Flyers 	Part 4	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Praying Man 	Part 4	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shady Man 	Part 4	Any age
#5	Female	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Patrick: sensitive, pragmatic. 	Part 5	30s/40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mrs. Hamilton: Tommy's mother. Loving and supportive, but a little overwhelmed. 	Part 1 & 5	50s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Aunt Mildred: Tommy's great aunt. Owner of Book World. Supportive but concerned. Maine accent. 	Part 1	70s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Liza Minnelli 	Part 1	30s/40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Doris Day 	Part 1	30s/40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Speaker: Professionally dressed "yuppie." 	Part 2, 4, 5	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Peggy Lee 	Part 3 & 5	40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Indian Dancer (non-speaking role) 	Part 3	30s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Woman with Tray (non-speaking role) 	Part 3	30s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Voice #4 	Part 3	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Jillian: an enthusiastic American at the ashram 	Part 3 & 4	Any age
#6	Male	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dolly Parton 	Part 4	40s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Woman at gym 	Part 5	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Comic: a Catskills-style comedian 	Part 1-5	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mr. Hamilton: Tommy's father. Stern. 	Part 1, 2, 5	50s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Kevin: a student at Retreat House. 	Part 1	19
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Anonymous Man 	Part 2	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Uvi: Indian. Helper at the ashram. Serious but silly. 	Part 3 & 5	20s
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Voice #5 	Part 3	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Man at Pier 	Part 4	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mourner 	Part 5	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Barker: a carnival barker 	Part 5	Any age
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Rosebud (non-speaking role) 	Part 5	Any age
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Man at Gym 	Part 5	Any age		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Doctor (non-speaking role) 	Part 5	Any age		

ACT ONE

Part 1: Christian Triangles - 1972

A Hospital Room
Columbia University, NYC
Cleveland Heights, OH
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Part 2: Maya - 1985

Manhattan
Queens
Baltimore

Part 3: The Sub-Continent - 1986-1987

Manhattan
India

ACT TWO

Part 4: Diving Deeper - 1987

India
Manhattan
Queens

Part 5: Rest in Peace - 1988-2000

Manhattan
A Hospital Room

PRODUCTION NOTES

The entire play takes place in Tommy Hamilton's mind, with most of the action occurring in flashbacks. As a result, the play changes settings often—and quickly. There is no scenery per se—just (optional) projections, some furniture, and props.

- **Projections.** If desired, projections of images may be used to present the play's many and fleeting settings. Suggested projections are noted throughout the script. A complete list of suggested projections may be found at the end of the script.
- **Furniture and Props.** See list at end of script.
- **Suggested Transitions Using a Curtain.** One possible device for scene changes and entrances and exits is the use of white hospital curtains. Examples of these transitions are noted in the script but are merely suggestions. In some cases, a character pulls a curtain across the stage to reveal another character or situation. When that happens, a second curtain might be revealed and used as a backdrop for the new scene or situation. Sometimes a curtain is pulled completely across and off the stage, like a wipe or swipe in a movie.
- **Hospital Bed and Equipment.** A hospital bed occupied by a sleeping patient hooked up to medical equipment appears upstage or off to the side throughout much of the play, although it is illuminated only when indicated. The medical equipment should include a mechanical respirator—its tube in the patient's mouth—an intravenous feeding tube, and a catheter.
- **“God,” “Love,” and “Sex.”** In a shameless attempt at thematic clarification, I have introduced the use of three signs that are meant to be lowered and raised (or illuminated and turned off) as indicated in the script. This device is optional. Or perhaps the director may want to substitute a different device.
- **Alternate opening and ending.** In my preferred version of this script, the main character enters the play (that is, sinks into a coma) by coming down a playground slide and landing on stage. At the end of the play, he exits--that is, dies and heads into the unknown or nothingness--by climbing up the ladder, sliding down, and landing offstage. However, realizing that the use of a slide may be impractical for some theater companies, I have rewritten the opening and ending without a slide--though I've kept it in the stage directions as an “alternate version.”

ACT ONE

PART ONE: CHRISTIAN TRIANGLES

[PROJECTION: “Part One: Christian Triangles”]

A white hospital curtain forms a backdrop across the stage. Lights come up slowly. TOMMY HAMILTON enters breathless and wearing running clothes.

[ALTERNATE VERSION: A large playground slide rolls onstage, positioned so that the ladder end remains offstage. TOMMY HAMILTON enters sliding down the slide.]

TOMMY

Hey, don't shove me!

(checking his pockets urgently.

Shit, where's my inhaler?

(calling out)

Hey! Where's my inhaler?!

[ALTERNATE VERSION: The slide retracts and exits.]

TOMMY looks around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where am I? Patrick—are you here? Patrick! Hey, what's going on?

(hopefully)

Wait—have you arranged a surprise party for me?

Drum roll and cymbal crash. Spotlight up. A Borscht Belt COMIC enters holding a microphone.

COMIC

Ladies and germs! Have we got a fantastic show for you tonight! But first—have you heard the one about the Plotnick diamond? Ya see, on a flight to Miami, this woman admires the ring on the lady sitting next to her and says, “Excuse the intrusion, but I can’t help admiring your ring. That diamond is so lovely!” “Thank you. It’s the Plotnick Diamond, you know.” “It has a name? How wonderful!” “But it comes with a curse.” “A curse? How romantic!” “Believe me, it’s not romantic! It’s horrible!” “What’s the curse?”

TOMMY

Mister Plotnick?

SOUND: Rim shot.

COMIC

Damn—you’ve heard it!

The COMIC exits pulling the hospital curtain off with him, revealing a hospital bed occupied by a sleeping patient. The patient is hooked up to a mechanical respirator with its tube in the patient’s mouth, an intravenous feeding tube, and a catheter.

TOMMY

I don’t get it. Is this part of the show?

TOMMY inspects the patient and then addresses the audience, as if talking to the patient.

TOMMY (CONT’D)

Are you all right? That’s an awful lot of equipment—what are you? Frankenstein’s monster? Sorry—bad joke. You look very familiar. Do I know you? Sorry—I didn’t catch that. Hello? That’s okay—you don’t have to talk. So, what are we supposed to do until Patrick and the others arrive?

(beat)

Hey, why don’t I tell you a story? It starts in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, where I drive my parents nuts by asking too many questions all the time.

Lights up on MR. HAMILTON reading a newspaper.

MR. HAMILTON

(responding to a question)

Because if you don’t mow the lawn, Tommy, it will become wild.

(responding to another question)

Because the neighbors won’t be happy.

(and so on)

Because we have to get along with our neighbors.

Because no man is an island.
(and so on)

Fine—go live on an island!
(snapping)

Lights down on MR. HAMILTON. Lights up on MRS. HAMILTON whisking something in a bowl.

MRS. HAMILTON
(responding to a question)
Because your vegetables are good for you.

(responding to another question)
Because they have important nutrients in them.

(and so on)
I don't know what nutrients are. I just know you have to eat them to live.
(and so on)

Why should you live? What kind of a question is that?
(more urgently)

And don't forget your inhaler!

Lights down on MRS. HAMILTON.

TOMMY
So, what's my problem? Well, for one thing, my asthma always makes me self-conscious and nervous. At any moment, I could break out into a coughing fit so bad I'll . . . well, I don't even want to go there. I'm also anxious about—well, *everything*! What if gravity suddenly gives out, and we all float up to the sun and get burned alive? What's gonna happen when we die? Oh, and the big one—what should I do with my life if I don't know why I'm here in the first place? I think they have drugs for all this now, but back in my day, I'm on my own. So, when I head off to college, I know exactly what I want to do.

Lights up on MR. HAMILTON.

MR. HAMILTON
I didn't say you *can't* major in philosophy, Tommy. I just said you should think twice about it. All those questions with no answers. Where's that going to get you?
(responding)

Yes, I realize that's a question with no answer, too.

Lights up on MRS. HAMILTON.

MRS. HAMILTON
Listen to your father, honey. The Beekmans' son majored in philosophy, and now he refuses to get out of bed.

Lights down on MR. & MRS. HAMILTON and the patient.

TOMMY pulls a hospital curtain revealing PROFESSOR ROSENSTEIN.

[PROJECTION: a view of Columbia University]

PROFESSOR ROSENSTEIN

All right, men of Columbia—and ladies from Barnard—focus on this painting.

A painting of a green triangle is lowered into view.

PROFESSOR ROSENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(responding to a question from the class)

No—I'm not going to hypnotize you.

(dramatically)

I'm going to blow your mind! Tell me—*where* do triangles exist?

(waiting for an answer)

No one? Careful--it's a trick question. This painted green object isn't really a triangle at all, is it? Triangles are nothing more than three-sided geometrical figures. As such, they don't exist in space. Only triangularly shaped *objects* do. Now tell me—*when* do you think triangles first came into being? Careful—it's another trick question.

(waiting for an answer)

No one?

(staring disapprovingly at the class)

Oh, I hope you don't think they were invented by human beings.

TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain back across the stage covering up PROFESSOR ROSENSTEIN.

[PROJECTION OFF]

TOMMY

Professor Rosenstein is right—he does blow my mind. We humans didn't invent triangles! We *discovered* them, because they'd always been there, just as they'll always be there when we're long gone. And if triangles exist beyond earthly time and space—if they're *eternal*—then so are *all* mathematical concepts. Think about that! That means an eternal realm might really exist—and it might contain all sorts of other wonderful things. And I bet there's no asthma out there! I don't know—but this all seems a lot more exciting and meaningful than anything they ever talk about at my family's church back in Ohio.

TOMMY pulls the curtain offstage, revealing a pulpit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(sermonizing at the pulpit)

Good morning, people! Thanks for inviting me to participate in College Youth Sunday, but the only reason I've come is to tell you all to *go home!* I know you have questions—I have

questions—believe me, I have questions—but this is the wrong place to address them. Guys, do you think these boring services and rituals accomplish anything?

TOMMY starts to heave and cough. Uses his inhaler.
Calms down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(catching his breath)

I'm fine . . . I'm fine . . . So . . . So, let's all just leave this church. Let's go sit in a field somewhere—believers in God, believers in Buddha or triangles or nothing at all—and just talk. Amen and peace!

TOMMY exits pushing the podium offstage.
Lights up on MR. HAMILTON.

MR. HAMILTON

It's easy to mock religion, Tommy, but where will that leave you when you're lying there on your deathbed? Have you thought about that?

Cross fade to MRS. HAMILTON.

MRS. HAMILTON

I think you embarrassed your father. And judging by that asthmatic attack, I don't think God was too pleased either.

Cross fade to MR. HAMILTON.

MR. HAMILTON

Have you asked yourself . . .? Wait—

(grabbing his chest)

Good God! What's happening?

MR. HAMILTON slumps over in his chair. Tommy rushes back on stage.

TOMMY

Dad!

Cross fade to MRS. HAMILTON wearing a black shroud.

MRS. HAMILTON

It's not your fault, Tommy. The doctor said he'd never seen such a massive coronary. There's nothing any of us could have done. At least he didn't suffer.

VOICE #1

I'm so sorry for your loss.

MRS. HAMILTON

At least he didn't—Funny . . . I feel a little . . . I think I need to sit down.

TOMMY gets his mother a chair.

TOMMY

Here you go, Mother.

MRS. HAMILTON sits down. Slumps in the chair. Has a few spasms. Collapses completely.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mother!

TOMMY shakes his mother. She is dead.

VOICE #1

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Cross fade to the patient.

TOMMY
(shell-shocked)

My parents aren't even 50 years old, and I'm suddenly an orphan. What is the universe trying to tell me?

(to the patient)

How old are you, by the way? Oh, I don't mean to suggest you're going to die anytime soon. Excuse me a moment.

TOMMY approaches the audience.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(quietly and conspiratorially)

To be honest—the way he looks—I'm not sure he'll even make it through the night.

Lights down on the patient.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Poor guy. But maybe we're all in the same boat, all of us liable to die any minute now. No, wait--not me! I'm in the middle of my story. I've still got plenty of time left—I mean in my story. But in my story, my parents' death knocks the wind out of me. And my asthma doesn't help—no pun intended. I really could die any minute. So, I decide I better focus on what really matters in life and screw the rest. But how do we know what matters?

(calling out)

Hey, can someone tell me what matters in this life? Help me out here!

The word "GOD" appears.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

God? Seriously? I was hoping I could stop thinking about that. I don't even know if "God" exists!

The word "LOVE" appears.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Love? Okay, that's better! We're born alone. We die alone. In between, we need connection. Please! Let there be love in my life!

The word "SEX" appears.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sex? Yes! There will be sex in this story! I hope that makes you happy. It makes *me* happy.
(beat)

So, after my parents die, I go back to Columbia, where I take a philosophy class that changes my life. It's a course on phenomenology. You know what that is, right? No? Maybe I better explain.

A phone rings.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, excuse me.

"GOD," "LOVE," and "SEX" disappear.

AUNT MILDRED enters. (AUNT MILDRED, in her 70s, is all dolled up, complete with a beauty shop hairdo.)

AUNT MILDRED

(in her Maine accent)

Tommy, de-uh. It's your Aunt Mildred. Ah've been worried about yuh. You're all alone in the world now. And goin' right back to college—that can't've been easy. So, ah think yuh need a change of scenery. How about comin' up to Maine for the summa."

TOMMY

(on the phone)

Oh, I wouldn't want to impose.

AUNT MILDRED

Yuh won't be imposin'. I intend to put yuh to work! I want yuh to help run ma bookshop in Boothbay Hahbuh [Harbor]. AY-yuh, there's no remedy for grief like good hard work. Promise me yuh'll think about it!

TOMMY

I will. Hey, do you know what time it is?

AUNT MILDRED checks her watch.

AUNT MILDRED

1972.

TOMMY

(to the audience)

I told you—plenty of time!

AUNT MILDRED exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Turns out Aunt Mildred's right. Working in her bookshop helps. But I'm still sad and lonely a lot of the time—until one afternoon. Oh, in case you don't know—I'm gay. I know that's no big deal, but in those days, it's still categorized as a mental disorder by the American Psychiatric Association. But I don't let that stop me.

[PROJECTION: The interior of Book World, a bookstore.]

TOMMY rolls a bookrack onstage. CHRISTIAN enters.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

May I help you?

CHRISTIAN

(in his southern accent)

You've got an awful lot of books on philosophy.

(holding up a book)

Have you read this one?

TOMMY

Don't bother—it's insipid!

(handing him a book)

Try this one—*The Phenomenology of Christianity*.

CHRISTIAN

(disdainfully)

I've heard this one's insipid, too.

TOMMY

Are you kidding? It's far out! He's a groovy writer!

(grabbing the book away)

Oh, wait—you're making fun of me.

CHRISTIAN

(grabbing the book back)

No, no, kind Bookshop Proprietor. I shall take your recommendation seriously.

(studying the book)

I like books about Christianity. I'm a practicin' Christian, ya know.

TOMMY

So am I—sort of.

CHRISTIAN

“Sort of”? But I don't know about this big word—

(struggling)

“phenomen—phenomeno—ology”?

TOMMY

It's mind-blowing, man!

CHRISTIAN

We don't like to blow minds in South Carolina.

TOMMY

Well, we do at Columbia University.

CHRISTIAN

I get the picture.

TOMMY

(provocatively)

Do you?

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN stare at each other for an awkward moment.

CHRISTIAN

Uh . . . maybe I don't.

(nervously changing subjects)

So, tell me about this mind-blowing book.

TOMMY

Well, you've heard of phenomenology, right?

CHRISTIAN

Heard of it? I can't even pronounce it.

TOMMY

(getting excited—speaking rapidly)

It's a kind of philosophy. It tries to describe human experience without considering the validity or invalidity of our underlying beliefs.

CHRISTIAN

Slow down, Yankee!

TOMMY

You see, I used to have all these questions about God and the meaning of life and all that, and they used to drive me crazy or depress me or I don't know what, but then my parents died—

CHRISTIAN

Oh, I'm sorry.

TOMMY

I looked at their lives: Dad went to work. Mom cooked dinner. And then they died. So, what was the point? But thanks to phenomenology, I realized I could just push all the questions aside. I could focus on the world around me instead and see everything more clearly. So, I'm not looking for God anymore. Or anything. I'm just looking and enjoying being in awe.

CHRISTIAN

I don't get it, but I'd like to hear more sometime.

TOMMY

(announcing)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Book World is now closed! We'll re-open after dinner!

[PROJECTION OFF]

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(grabbing Tommy's arm)

Okay—let's go!

CHRISTIAN

Wait—we haven't even been introduced!

TOMMY

I'm sorry. I'm Tommy Hamilton. And who might you be?

CHRISTIAN

I might be Jonas Salk, but I happen to be Christian Barrie.

TOMMY

Cool! Now, let's go! I've only got an hour off.

“SEX” appears.

CHRISTIAN

Where are we going?

TOMMY

Back to my place, of course. Or where are you staying?

CHRISTIAN

Out on Barbers Island.

TOMMY

That’s thirty minutes away—so it’s got to be my place. Let’s go, man!

CHRISTIAN

What are we gonna do?

TOMMY

We’re gonna—you know—

CHRISTIAN

I don’t know.

TOMMY

Are you playing hard to get?

“SEX” disappears quickly—or is yanked away.

TOMMY (CONT’D

(seeing Christian’s confusion—soberly)

Uh-oh. I’m sorry—I think I just jumped to a conclusion.

CHRISTIAN

What did you want to do?

TOMMY

Forget it.

(brightening at an idea)

Or, hey—how about a picnic on the rocks out at Ocean Point?

CHRISTIAN

My fate is in your hands, Yankee!

CHRISTIAN pulls the hospital curtain across the stage.
The word “LOVE” appears.

MRS. HAMILTON enters.

MRS. HAMILTON

Tommy, life is so fleeting—and precious. You’ve got asthma. We had weak hearts. You’ve got our genes. Think about all that. Don’t waste your life.

TOMMY

What are you saying?

MRS. HAMILTON

All this philosophy you keep reading—it’s fine, but you have to have love in your life, too. Like what your father and I had.

TOMMY

But, Mother, you know how I am, don’t you?

MRS. HAMILTON

I had my suspicions. But you can still find love.

TOMMY

Are you saying Christian might be the one?

MRS. HAMILTON

Oh, excuse me, dear, your father’s calling.

(exiting)

And don’t forget your inhaler!

MRS. HAMILTON exits.

“LOVE” disappears.

TOMMY pulls the curtain, revealing CHRISTIAN.

[PROJECTION: the coast of Maine.]

TOMMY re-enters. Sits with CHRISTIAN. They eat sandwiches and look out to sea.

CHRISTIAN

You realize we’ll never get back in time. Will you get in trouble?

TOMMY

I need a friend more than a job.

(looking at Christian)

You’re cute, you know.

CHRISTIAN
(uncomfortably)

Why are you staring at me?

TOMMY

I'm sorry. I just thought—Hey, look at that view! Isn't it incredible?

CHRISTIAN

It's very nice.

TOMMY

Is that all you can say?

CHRISTIAN

It's magnificent! Okay? Now what about that book? What did you mean--you're not looking for God; you're just in "awe"?

TOMMY

Well, like this whole scene out here. Those sea gulls swooping back and forth. The bells clanging. The sea surging. Who cares if all this serves some purpose? I mean isn't it possible to take it all in and just, you know, marvel at it, man?

CHRISTIAN

Do Columbia students smoke a lot of pot? I've never indulged. You're forgetting that what we're witnessing is God's work. If there's anything to marvel at, it's God. Didn't you say you were a Christian—"sort of"?

TOMMY

Well, I was raised Episcopalian.

CHRISTIAN

That explains it! Those traditional Protestant denominations are just breeding grounds for atheists and agnostics.

TOMMY

Have you always been so intense?

CHRISTIAN

One day I prayed to Jesus to make my momma and daddy stop fighting—and they did. So, now I owe Him everything.

TOMMY

And you think Jesus doesn't want you to get close to me?

CHRISTIAN

I better explain. I'm staying at a Christian retreat for the summer. Back home I go to a

Christian men's college. Only the most devout students get invited up here. And we've all taken a vow of chastity—so it's "ixnay" on the "exsay." No sex. So, I haven't been ignoring your advances—I'm not blind, and you're not very subtle.

TOMMY

Your retreat sounds like a prison.

CHRISTIAN

It's a sanctuary from all the temptations to turn away from God. Ya see, I think He sent you as a test—so I'd appreciate it if you'd help me pass. Will you do that for me, Tommy?

TOMMY

(sadly)

Funny how your passing means my failing.

[PROJECTION: The interior of a bookstore.]

CHRISTIAN

I thought this place would never clear out!

TOMMY

What are you doing in town so late? If your cult finds you in this den of sin, won't they lock you up?

CHRISTIAN

Let me buy you a soda. We're not allowed to drink, by the way.

TOMMY

I'm busy.

CHRISTIAN

You want me to leave?

TOMMY

Or you can watch me close up if that's your idea of a good time.

TOMMY starts to heave and cough. Takes out his inhaler. Calms down.

CHRISTIAN

Are you all right?

TOMMY

(catching his breath)

I'm fine . . . I'm fine . . . It's just asthma. Now, what did you want?

CHRISTIAN

After plying you with root beer, I was gonna ask you to drive me to Retreat House. I don't have any way to get back there.

TOMMY

Spend the night with me at Aunt Mildred's. I'll sneak you in.

CHRISTIAN

Tommy, I told you about temptation. Ask yourself—what would Jesus do in this situation?

[PROJECTION off.]

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN sit on two chairs as if in a car.
TOMMY drives.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

That's Retreat House down there. Do me a favor. Turn off the lights. Now turn off the motor.

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN stare at the scenery.

TOMMY

I had no idea it was so beautiful out here!

CHRISTIAN

Shhh! Let's just take it all in for a moment.

TOMMY

(mocking)

Don't you mean we should marvel at God's work?

CHRISTIAN

Just shush!

CHRISTIAN turns slowly. Stares at TOMMY intensely.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

God, give me strength!

"SEX" appears.

CHRISTIAN grabs TOMMY's face. Kisses him long and hard, then sits upright like it never happened.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

No, I'll be strong! I want you to respect me. I want the Lord to respect me. And I want to respect myself. Will you help me do that, Tommy?

TOMMY

Kiss me! I promise I'll still respect you!

CHRISTIAN

(seeing something in the distance)

Oh, shit! It's Pastor Dave!

"SEX" disappears quickly. CHRISTIAN jumps out of the car as PASTOR DAVE enters. (PASTOR DAVE sports a beard, bell-bottom jeans, T-shirt, and strings of beads.)

PASTOR DAVE

Let me thank this Good Samaritan! I'm David Odell, the minister here at Retreat House.

TOMMY reaches out to shake hands. PASTOR DAVE engulfs him in a big hug.

TOMMY

(coming up for air)

Uh . . . Nice to meet you, too, Reverend Odell.

PASTOR DAVE

Please—call me Pastor Dave. Jesus thanks you for driving Christian home.

TOMMY

Tell him it was nothing.

PASTOR DAVE

Why don't you come join us inside? We're just in the middle of a "rap" session.

KEVIN enters and sits with PASTOR DAVE, CHRISTIAN, and TOMMY in a circle.

KEVIN

So, I told Randy I'd agree to fight him, but only if he beat me at a game of backgammon first.

PASTOR DAVE

A brilliant maneuver, Kevin. Whenever you use words to deflect violence, Jesus smiles at you. Now why did Randy want to fight you?

KEVIN

It doesn't matter.

TOMMY

So, what happened? Who won the game?

KEVIN

Well, I lost at backgammon, but I won the fight. Made him cry, "Uncle"!

All but PASTOR DAVE laugh.

PASTOR DAVE

Guys, the problem with resorting to violence, however justified it seems, is that the loser will just perpetuate the cycle. But don't worry—at least you gave peace a chance.

TOMMY

I love a minister who quotes the Beatles!

PASTOR DAVE

Christian, thank you for bringing your charming friend around. And, Tommy, if you enjoy our company, please stop by often.

TOMMY

Sure thing! I could even bring some beers or pot.

CHRISTIAN

(urging him to say the right thing)

You don't use those things, right?

TOMMY

(bluffing)

Uh . . . no, no! Sorry—bad joke.

PASTOR DAVE

We don't use intoxicants, Tommy. We like to meet Jesus with a clear head. But no hard feelings. Let's show him, guys.

They engulf TOMMY in a hug. KEVIN and PASTOR DAVE exit. TOMMY and CHRISTIAN sit in the car again.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks for driving me home again.

TOMMY

I thought we'd never get to be alone! Pastor Dave's a great guy and all, but does he have to join us every night?

CHRISTIAN

You're sweet.

"SEX" appears. CHRISTIAN reaches over and kisses TOMMY. The kiss becomes passionate.

TOMMY

Hey, come back to Aunt Mildred's with me.

CHRISTIAN

(shyly)

If that's what you'd like.

TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain across the stage, revealing AUNT MILDRED.

TOMMY

(spotting trouble)

Uh-oh. Be cool!

AUNT MILDRED

(in her Maine accent)

Oh, they you ah, Tommy!

AUNT MILDRED grabs TOMMY's hand. Tries to drag him across the stage.

AUNT MILDRED (CONT'D)

I need yuh help. Betty Strook's a wicked bad piano playuh. AY-yuh. She's ruinin' mah musical soiree. Would you please rescue me, dee-uh, and play somethin' to entertain mah church friends?

TOMMY

(signaling to Christian to come along)

Aunt Mildred, this is my friend, Christian Barrie. He's from South Carolina. He stopped by to . . . to pick up some books.

AUNT MILDRED

(distractedly)

Pleased to meet yuh, Mr. Barrie. Now please come along!

AUNT MILDRED drags TOMMY and CHRISTIAN across the stage. Exits. TOMMY and CHRISTIAN enter TOMMY's bedroom and finally burst out laughing.

TOMMY

Can you believe how awful they were?

CHRISTIAN

I thought they were sweet. Especially your aunt.

TOMMY

She's my great-aunt, actually, but I'm just happy she liked you. That'll make the rest of this summer go much more smoothly.

CHRISTIAN

What do you mean?

TOMMY throws himself onto the bed and assumes a seductive pose.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I see.

CHRISTIAN and TOMMY resume kissing. TOMMY grabs him between his legs.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

No, Tommy. Please!

TOMMY
(yelling)

C'mon! What's the problem? I know you want it! And I want you!

"SEX" disappears. CHRISTIAN sits up.

CHRISTIAN

Will you please drive me back to Barter's Island?

CHRISTIAN exits. Lights up on the patient. TOMMY fluffs the patient's pillow.

TOMMY

So, what do you think? Am I a sap? Well, fortunately there's more to my summer than a few asthma attacks and these repeated bouts of *coitus interruptus*. I'm truly starting to enjoy my time at the Retreat and the company of these odd, celibate guys and their talented guardian of young souls, Pastor Dave.

PASTOR DAVE, KEVIN and CHRISTIAN enter and join TOMMY in a circle. Lights down on the patient.

PASTOR DAVE

I think we're making great progress this summer, guys. I'm glad you're all settling your differences. Just remember to keep Jesus in your heart, and things will always work out. Now, Tommy, would you honor us by saying grace?

They all join hands and stare downward.

TOMMY

Oh, sure.

(robotically—with lowered eyes)

Lord, we thank thee for the gifts we are about to receive.

(to the patient/audience)

Okay, I cheat—I use the only grace I know, the one my father used to say at dinner. But then something comes over me. I don't know where the words come from.

(resuming his prayer—sincerely)

But our professed gratitude does not begin to express the extent of our appreciation. You're showing us the way. You are the way. With you at our side, our very brief lives will not be for nothing.

(to the patient/audience)

Maybe I'm imagining things, but I feel a sudden clearing in my lungs—as if I might never need to use my inhaler again.

“GOD” appears.

The stage lights up in a dramatic way.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(a dramatic transformation)

Yes—I can really feel it! You are why we live. You are the meaning of life.

TOMMY stares at CHRISTIAN, who stares back at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(becoming more animated)

It's your love we feel as we look into each other's eyes. Your love we pass among us as we stand here hand in hand. Amen.

EVERYONE ELSE

Amen.

TOMMY

(to the audience)

Praise the Lord and forget phenomenology! I've found the way out of all my confusion and loneliness and into eternity! And I've found a way to show Christian the love he won't let me express physically. I come to believe—no, I come to see—that he and I—and all our fellow believers—are essentially one Being united by a common spirit, one I don't mind calling “Jesus” this summer.

KEVIN sings. TOMMY repeats the melody of each line but with his own words.

KEVIN
(singing the hymn, *Jesus Loves Me*)

Jesus loves me this I know

TOMMY
(singing)

Christian loves me this I know

KEVIN
(singing)

For the Bible tells me so.

TOMMY
(singing)

For his Savior tells me so.

KEVIN
(singing)

Little ones to Him belong

TOMMY
(singing)

How could such a love be wrong?

KEVIN
(singing)

They are weak but He is strong.

TOMMY
(singing)

Jesus, sing my new love song!

KEVIN
(singing)

*Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.*

TOMMY
(singing)

*Yes, Christian loves me!
Yes, Christian loves me!
Yes, Christian loves me!
His savior tells me so.*

TOMMY

Amen!

(to the audience)

I am overflowing with love—Hallelujah and Praise Jesus!

PASTOR DAVE stares at TOMMY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(staring back at Pastor Dave)

Pastor Dave seems to appreciate the change in me, too.

PASTOR DAVE pulls the hospital curtain across the stage, revealing a table. TOMMY and PASTOR DAVE sit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to Pastor Dave)

I gave up on the church back in Ohio, but now, thanks to you, Christ is back in my life. I feel like a new man, Pastor! Shall we pray?

PASTOR DAVE

Uh, not right now. And please call me Dave. I want to be your friend.

TOMMY

Okay, then, Dave . . . “my friend Dave” . . . “my good pal Dave.”

PASTOR DAVE

Our meeting was no accident. The Lord sent Christian to your bookshop to bring you to me—I’m sure of it now.”

PASTOR DAVE grabs TOMMY’s hands across the table.

PASTOR DAVE (CONT'D)

You know where this is heading, don’t you?

TOMMY
(nervously)

Do I?

PASTOR DAVE

Let’s go upstairs. I’ve booked a room.

“GOD” disappears as “SEX” appears.

PASTOR DAVE removes his shirt. Pulls the hospital curtain all the way across the stage, first covering TOMMY then revealing TOMMY standing shirtless. They put their shirts back on.

PASTOR DAVE (CONT'D)

Uh, Tommy, you won’t say anything about this to Christian, will you? He’s already suffering because I haven’t responded to any of his overtures.

TOMMY
(suspiciously)

What overtures?

PASTOR DAVE

Sometimes I can feel him hoping I'll make a move. I never would, of course, but I worry he'd be hurt if he knew I responded to you.

TOMMY

I didn't initiate this!

PASTOR DAVE

You didn't know you wanted this, but you did. I responded to your desire.

TOMMY

I don't accept that interpretation!

PASTOR DAVE

The point is—you're here. We're here. And this is good, right? So, please don't say anything to Christian.

TOMMY

That I can promise you.

PASTOR DAVE exits.
"SEX" disappears.
Spotlight up on LIZA MINNELLI.

LIZA MINNELLI
(singing)

*Maybe this time I'll be lucky.
Maybe this time he'll stay.*

TOMMY

Liza Minnelli, what are you doing here?

LIZA MINNELLI

You boys always turn to me for advice. I heard you were having man trouble!

TOMMY

With which one?

LIZA MINNELLI

Well, gee—how many do you have?

TOMMY

One who can't get enough of me and one who won't let me get to first base.

LIZA MINNELLI

Let me guess—it's the second one you just gotta have.

TOMMY

So, what should I do?

LIZA MINNELLI

Well, what good is sittin' alone in your room? Go get him!

LIZA MINNELLI pulls the curtain across the stage. Steps forward to sing.

LIZA MINNELLI (CONT'D)

(singing)

Maybe this time you'll [sic] get [sic] lucky.

Maybe this time he'll stay.

LIZA MINNELLI pulls the hospital curtain offstage, revealing TOMMY and CHRISTIAN on TOMMY'S bed kissing passionately. CHRISTIAN suddenly jumps up.

TOMMY

(furious)

What now?!

CHRISTIAN

I love you, Tommy!

"LOVE" appears.

TOMMY

(suddenly elated)

Praise Jesus! I've been waiting all summer to hear you say that!

TOMMY jumps up. Grabs CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN

But I don't want to do this!

TOMMY

Why not? I don't get it!

(releasing Christian--defeated)

But don't worry—I'm not gonna force you to do anything you don't want to do.

TOMMY starts to pace. Finally—

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(his thoughts come spilling out quickly)

Look, here's the situation: All summer I've been trying to get you to sleep with me, but after what we've been through—I mean now that Jesus has shown me how we're all connected spiritually—I mean now that I feel that connection with you—I've come to realize how much I love you. And that's what I want more than anything.

CHRISTIAN

(relieved)

Oh, good. I thought you just wanted sex.

TOMMY

I've been looking for something to give my life meaning, and this is it—I'm sure of it! But please—you have to let me love you—I mean physically—or I'll go mad!

"SEX" also appears.

They resume their passionate kissing. CHRISTIAN stops suddenly again.

CHRISTIAN

I can't do this! I love you, but I can't do this!

"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY

That's so fucked up, Christian! You're going back to South Carolina next week. Are you gonna live your whole life without ever having sex? Or are you holding out for a proper Christian marriage to some woman you'll never be attracted to?

CHRISTIAN

(crying)

No, no—not that. I can't sleep with you because I'm already involved with someone else. I haven't said anything because it's a tricky situation—it's Pastor Dave.

TOMMY

What?!

TOMMY is outraged, but then bursts out laughing.

CHRISTIAN

What's so funny?

TOMMY

I've seen this scene before! Remember in the movie *Cabaret* when Liza Minnelli taunts Michael York about her relationship with that German Baron?

CHRISTIAN

Maximilian?

TOMMY

Right—then Michael York says, “Screw him!” And Liza stares back at him with daggers in her eyes and says, “I do!”

CHRISTIAN

(getting excited)

Yes! Yes! Then he stares right back at her and says, “Well, so do I!” What a great scene!

(suddenly getting Tommy's point)

Have you been sleeping with Pastor Dave?

TOMMY

He asked me not to tell you because he didn't want to hurt you—but he obviously had other motives.

CHRISTIAN

Excuse me—I've got to go.

CHRISTIAN runs out.

“LOVE” disappears.

TOMMY

Christian! Don't! Shit!

TOMMY heaves and coughs. Someone knocks.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(through his coughs)

Christian?

AUNT MILDRED

(from offstage)

Tommy? Ah ya up? I need yuh help.

AUNT MILDRED enters. TOMMY uses his inhaler.

AUNT MILDRED (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Is that your asthma actin' up? Ah didn't realize it was so serious. Ah you all right?

TOMMY

I'm fine, Aunt Mildred.

AUNT MILDRED

Ah mean in general. Yuh've bin lookin kinda down lately.

(suddenly chipper)

Hey, ah know what'll cheer you up! Come with me to the Methodist Church—it's Bingo Night! You can bring yuh friend, too.

TOMMY

No, thanks. I've got plans.

AUNT MILDRED

Do you go to church, mind my askin'?

TOMMY

Not really.

AUNT MILDRED

Sometimes ah feel like ah'm all alone in the world, too. Maybe ya need Jesus in yuh life. I find him a great comfort.

TOMMY

Trust me, I've been very involved with Jesus lately. Now why did you stop by?

AUNT MILDRED

Oh, right! It's the kitchen light. The darned thing's gone out again! Would ya mind comin' down and replacin' the bulb for me?

TOMMY

Sure, no problem.

AUNT MILDRED

You're a wonderful nephew, dee-uh, and a very special young man.

AUNT MILDRED kisses TOMMY sloppily on the cheek.

AUNT MILDRED (CONT'D)

AY-yuh. A very special young man.

AUNT MILDRED exits.

TOMMY

Apparently just not special enough.

Musical intro. Spotlight up on DORIS DAY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And now Doris Day, too? Boy, this show really does get top talent! Do you think I'm special, too, Miss Day?

DORIS DAY

Of course, I do, Tommy!

TOMMY

But was I wrong to sleep with Pastor Dave?

DORIS DAY

Who's to say? I recorded hundreds of love songs in my time, but I still don't understand the first thing about love.

TOMMY

But why didn't Christian let me love him?

DORIS DAY

People are fools! That's why I stopped singing and started taking care of dogs. And if you prefer "man's best friend," too, you can send a tax-deductible contribution to the Doris Day Animal Foundation!

TOMMY

Will I be judged for what I did? Is there a heaven or a hell waiting for me? Is there anything waiting for me?

DORIS DAY

Gosh, I don't know, Tommy. All I know is this—Maestro, if you please!

An arpeggio sounds.

DORIS DAY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Que sera, sera! Whatever will be will be . . .

(calling out)

Let me know what you find out!

Lights out on DORIS DAY.

[PROJECTION: The interior of Book World.]

PASTOR DAVE rushes in.

PASTOR DAVE

Christian never came home last night! Someone said he came into town to see you.

TOMMY

Right on! And he told me something really far out! So, I told him *our* little secret. Man, our Pastor Dave—our *friend* Dave—has been two-timing his pet student with the local bookstore manager! Or is it the other way around? He ran out, and that's all I know.

PASTOR DAVE

The poor boy—God help him!

TOMMY

You really think God would respond to an abuser like you?

PASTOR DAVE

You can't possibly believe his story! Where did you see him last?

TOMMY

That's none of your business.

PASTOR DAVE

I just want to find him before he does something drastic. Please tell me what you know.

TOMMY

If you must know—I lured Christian to my room because I wanted to sleep with him, but he wouldn't let me. He's never let me all summer. But this time he finally offered an explanation—so the jig is up, Mister Reverend.

PASTOR DAVE

He must have made up that story to put you off without insulting you. But when you told him *your* news—well, you're not to blame, but with someone as fragile as Christian, there's no telling what he might do. I better keep looking.

PASTOR DAVE exits.

[PROJECTION off.]

TOMMY

(to the audience)

Am I the bad guy here?

AUNT MILDRED enters wearing a pair of wings.

AUNT MILDRED

(consoling him)

You're not a bad guy, Tommy. Just a little confused sometimes.

TOMMY

Of course, I'm confused. I don't know what to believe.

"GOD" appears.

AUNT MILDRED

Well, ah'll tell ya one thing. Yuh've gotta believe in God. AY-yuh! What's the point of livin' if there's nothin' to look forwahd to? And if ah hadna believed in God, ah'da missed out on all those socials at the Methodist church.

TOMMY

I need your help. My life's been a waste so far. And I'm worried it's going to be a very short one, so I need to know if there's any point to all this. Any hope. Can you tell me? You've already passed on, right?

AUNT MILDRED
(gently scolding)

Oh, it's not polite to mention that.

TOMMY

But I need to know! Have you met the Man Upstairs? Or the Woman? Have you seen anything up there? How about a triangle or two?

AUNT MILDRED

Oops—gotta go! My favorite TV story's startin'! I'll say hi to your parents for ya!

AUNT MILDRED pulls the curtain across the stage as she
rushes off, revealing KEVIN smoking a cigarette.KEVIN
(to Tommy—coolly)

They're all inside praying for Christian's soul.

TOMMY

Has anyone heard anything?

KEVIN

We're not supposed to divulge information to outsiders.

TOMMY

Look, I don't care if you guys are plotting to take over the world or whatever the fuck you're doing. I just want to find out if my friend is all right. Can you help me or not?

KEVIN

You're awfully cute when you're upset. I bet Dave had a real good time with you. But what are you gonna do now that he's dumped you? Are you gonna run away, too?

TOMMY starts to exit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(calling him back)

Hey, come back here! I'll come clean with you.

(less belligerently)

You see, Pastor Dave and I had a—well, we had a relationship, too, until we came up here to Maine. I was stupid to think I could just sneak into his room like that. But I'm glad I caught him with Christian, 'cause he started payin' more attention to me again. Made me his special adviser. Then I discovered Randy was his special advisor, too. And Karl. And Gary. Well, the list is long.

TOMMY starts to exit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Don't bother checking his room! All his stuff's gone.

TOMMY stops again.

TOMMY

So, at least we know he's alive.

KEVIN

How do you know someone else didn't remove his stuff?

TOMMY
(angrily)

Just tell me what you know, goddammit!

KEVIN

Swearing's the sign of a tortured soul, Tommy.

TOMMY

That's because you and your whole pack of Jesus freaks have been torturing me all summer! It's all games and deception with you people, isn't it? Christian Barrie—the sweet, sensitive guy who's also one sick boy. Pastor Dave—the caring Christian leader who's really a deceitful opportunist. The God who's three gods in one. The son who's human but also not just human. The wine that changes into blood; the bread that changes into—it's all just one big sordid mystery!

KEVIN

You think too much, Mr. Bookseller.

TOMMY

I certainly hope I do! Now leave me alone! No—I'll leave you alone! All of you! You're all just full of—Jesus Christ!

TOMMY storms off.

KEVIN

Amen.

“GOD” disappears.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO: MAYA

[PROJECTION: "Part Two: Maya"]

Spotlight up on the COMIC.

COMIC

How do you like our show so far, Tommy? Now, wait—I've got some new material! You see, this guy walks into a bar and asks the bartender if he'll give him a free drink if he shows him something he's never seen before. The bartender agrees—reluctantly—so the guy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tiny piano. He reaches into his other pocket and pulls out a tiny man. The tiny man sits down at the tiny piano and plays *Claire de Lune* flawlessly. So, the bartender says, "He's incredible! Sure, I'll give you a free drink. But tell me—where'd you get him?" The guy replies, "From my stupid fairy godmother—she thought I asked for a 10-inch pianist [pronounced "peen-ist"]!"

Rim shot. TOMMY enters.

TOMMY

That's terrible! And it's in bad taste!

COMIC

I thought you'd *like* it! Especially being the way you are.

The COMIC exits. Lights up on the patient.

TOMMY

After that summer, I give up on Jesus and all his groupies. I figure if my days are numbered anyway, maybe I shouldn't worry so much. Maybe I should take up phenomenology again. Or maybe I should just have more fun.

(to the patient—just realizing)

That's odd—I never need my inhaler when I'm around you. Maybe you've got curative powers.

(resuming his story)

Anyway—soon enough I find a *new* religion. It's called Advertising. And by the early 1980s, I'm one of its most devoted—and highly-paid—acolytes. By the way, do you have the time?

TOMMY lifts the patient's arm and looks at his watch.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

1985? That's right--I remember.

TOMMY pulls the curtain across the stage, revealing MOLLY MCCORMACK at a table with drinks.

[PROJECTION: Interior of an East Side singles bar.]

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Molly McCormack, a fellow copywriter at my agency, invites me out for a drink to thank me for helping her out with an assignment. Then she swerves the conversation in an unexpected direction.

TOMMY joins MOLLY at the table.

MOLLY
(coyly)

By the way, are you seeing anyone?

TOMMY
(suspiciously)

Uh—no, I'm not.

MOLLY

Me neither.

TOMMY

I find that shocking!

MOLLY

Well, for one thing, I don't drink, and most men like to get fairly drunk on dates—don't ask me why.

TOMMY

Have you tried picking up guys at AA meetings?

MOLLY

I'm not a recovering alcoholic! I also don't sleep with the men I date.

TOMMY

Oh, so you're a recovering sexual compulsive?

MOLLY

No! I just don't believe in sex outside of marriage. All right, here's the rest—I'm also a strict vegetarian; I meditate two hours a day; and I follow a Master in India who's my direct conduit to the Lord. You're probably thinking I'm very weird, but I feel like I can talk to you. No one at the agency knows about any of this stuff.

TOMMY

You mean you're not joking?

MOLLY
(laughing)

So, you do think I'm weird! Let me explain. I belong to this group called "The Master's Way." The members are called Satsangis—a Sanskrit word meaning "seeker of truth."

TOMMY

Well, I've always been a seeker of truth, so I guess that makes me a Satsangi, too.

MOLLY

Not exactly. We all follow a holy man—a master—named Guruji Singh. Wait, let me show you!

MOLLY reaches into her wallet. Hands TOMMY a photo.

TOMMY

Cute. Love the white turban and beard.

MOLLY

You're probably wondering why this nut's carrying around a picture of an old Indian guy, but if you came to my apartment, you'd see a big one over my bed, too. God, I'm still not making sense, am I? Look, a few years ago an old high school friend dragged me to a meeting. I just went to be polite, but something clicked that night. So, here I am, a total misfit in a world of sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll—though I still kinda like rock 'n roll.

TOMMY

So, why are you telling me all this?

MOLLY

Well—OK, here goes—I like you, Tommy. I don't like many guys. And I don't see many guys, for reasons that are now obvious. I was hoping you might want to go out with me. You know, date or something. But I thought I owed you an explanation right up front. No sex, no drinking, and the chick checks out for two hours a day—good luck writing copy to sell that product.

TOMMY

(unsure how to respond)

Gosh, that's very flattering, Molly—

MOLLY

Ouch! Forget I said anything!

TOMMY

No, please. I like you, too. In fact, you're everything I could ask for in a potential—I don't know—girlfriend or something? But, believe me, I'm all wrong for you. Nobody at work knows this about me, but I live a pretty wild life. Don't ask! I hope we'll become good

friends—I'll even go along to one of your meetings sometime—but I just don't think we're fated to be a couple.

MOLLY

Wow. Thanks for letting me down so gently. I knew you were a decent guy.
(setting him up)

But can I ask you something?

(with a glint in her eye)

You said I'm everything you could ask for—

TOMMY

Uh, yeah, but I meant—

MOLLY

(cutting him off)

What if I quit the Master's Way and dropped my policy of not having sex? Would you go out with me then?

TOMMY

(nervously)

Well—

MOLLY

Just kidding!

(slapping the table)

Gottcha, Tommy!

TOMMY pulls the curtain across, covering MOLLY.

[PROJECTION off.]

TOMMY

(to the audience)

What I told Molly was no lie. I was leading a very wild life indeed—that is, until the big pooper showed up at the party. But I wasn't gonna let the AIDS crisis slow me down too much.

Lights up on MR. HAMILTON.

MR. HAMILTON

Uh, Tommy, we never had that father-son-sex talk. And if I'd known about your—you know—your orientation or whatever they call it—I'm not sure I would have been much help anyway. But I've heard about the Christopher Street Pier. Please don't go there!

TOMMY
(covering his ears)

Don't! You don't understand. You're not gay! I've got to do these things!

Lights down on MR. HAMILTON.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Patrick—don't watch this part! You're not going to like it!

"SEX" appears.

TOMMY pulls the curtain off, revealing ANONYMOUS MAN lurking around, barely visible in the dark. TOMMY and ANONYMOUS MAN check each other out until ANONYMOUS MAN approaches TOMMY. They start to make out.

TOMMY
(coming up for air)

You come here often?

ANONYMOUS MAN

Shh!

TOMMY

Live around here?

ANONYMOUS MAN

I said shh!

TOMMY

What do you like to do?

ANONYMOUS MAN

Hey man, what's with all these questions?

TOMMY

So, you do talk!

ANONYMOUS MAN

You wanna do this or don't ya? Are you a top or a bottom?

TOMMY

What are you looking for?

ANONYMOUS MAN

A bottom.

TOMMY

Then I'm a bottom—a big bottom.

ANONYMOUS MAN

Now put a plug in it and bend over.

TOMMY

I'll bend over, but the rest is your job.

TOMMY and ANONYMOUS MAN have sex in the dark.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah! Yeah! That's it! Keep it up!

ANONYMOUS MAN

Oh, shit! The fuckin' condom broke.

TOMMY
(blissfully)

It's all right—I've got more.

ANONYMOUS MAN

No, you don't understand—I'm positive!

TOMMY

I get it—you said the fuckin' condom broke!

ANONYMOUS MAN

No, I mean—I'm HIV positive!

TOMMY

Oh, shit!

ANONYMOUS MAN

You better get tested, man!

"SEX" disappears.
Lights up on the AIDS GHOST grabbing his belly in pain.

AIDS GHOST
(revving up)

Oh, no . . . Oh, no!

(blood-curdling cries)

Owww! . . . Oh, God!! . . . Owww!

ANONYMOUS MAN grabs his stomach.

ANONYMOUS MAN

Owww! Help me!

AIDS GHOST
(to Tommy)

You, too, mister. This plague won't spare anyone!

TOMMY grabs his stomach and bends over in pain.

TOMMY, ANONYMOUS MAN, & AIDS GHOST
(in unison)

Owww! Owww!

TOMMY
(to the AIDS Ghost)

Make this stop! God, please make this stop!

Everyone stops suddenly. ANONYMOUS MAN exits quietly. The AIDS GHOST stands up straight and tall.

AIDS GHOST
(making an announcement)

Thomas William Hamilton—I am the Ghost of Things Yet to Come!

TOMMY

My things or someone else's things?

AIDS GHOST

We won't know that until you get tested.

TOMMY

But Spirit, tell me this—if I alter my behavior, can I alter these shadows of the things to come?

AIDS GHOST

Hell no! This ain't no Christmas Carol!

TOMMY

But the thing is—I hate pain!

AIDS GHOST

You should've thought about that before!

TOMMY

But I didn't know! None of us did! What kind of a God would allow this to happen? Will you please ask him that for me?

AIDS GHOST

I don't even know if God exists! I'm just a whimsical dramatic device.

Lights out on the AIDS GHOST.

TOMMY

You call that whimsical?!

"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain, revealing a podium and two chairs. TOMMY and MOLLY enter.

MOLLY

I'm glad you finally decided to come along to a meeting.

TOMMY

I had no idea so many people came to these things. I've never seen so many South Asians in my life!

MOLLY

Just sit down and listen.

"GOD" is lowered into view.

MOLLY and TOMMY sit. The SPEAKER enters.

Approaches the podium. Addresses the audience.

SPEAKER

A good friend of mine died unexpectedly last month. But I didn't cry for her.

(after a dramatic pause)

You're probably thinking, "What's wrong with this lady?" Isn't death the worst thing that can happen to a person? Most people try to ignore death by filling their lives with material possessions, or sleeping around, or diluting their minds with drugs and alcohol. But here at The Master's Way, we have a different strategy—we *embrace* death, for we know that all the attractions of this world are just illusion, or what our Master calls Maya [pronounced "my-uh"]. Master teaches us how to commune with God through meditation. When we surrender ourselves, we anticipate the process of dying and see beyond the Maya. Which brings me back to my good friend. I didn't cry for her because now we share a deeper connection. Death holds no terror for me—or for any Satsangi—because it's simply one step in our journey back home to the Lord. Thank you.

TOMMY stands up and applauds. The SPEAKER exits.

MOLLY
(scolding Tommy)

What are you doing?

TOMMY

That lady deserves an Oscar for that performance!

MOLLY

She's not acting!

TOMMY

Then maybe she's the victim of a mind control experiment--she's undergone some sort of psychological transformation.

MOLLY

We've all undergone that transformation—and we've done it voluntarily, thank you very much.

TOMMY

You mean you believe this stuff?

MOLLY

I guess bringing you here was a mistake—you think we're all ridiculous.

TOMMY

No, not at all. I don't get it, but I respect and admire you.

MOLLY
(flirtatiously)

Then will you come to more meetings with me?

TOMMY

Uh—we'll see.

"GOD" disappears.
MOLLY exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to the audience)

Yes, I think they're all ridiculous! But with an imminent death sentence hanging over me, I begin to think this might be the answer. Then a few months later, I get another answer, and it's negative. As in "not infected." I AM GOING TO LIVE! At least for now. Praise Master!

Spotlight up on MALE GOGO DANCER gyrating to music and trying to lure TOMMY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

My first thought is to take a victory tour of all the gay bars and bathhouses awaiting my triumphant return. But I think about the next time I might have to take that test. And the time after that. And the time the result comes back positive. I make a very easy decision.

Lights out on MALE GOGO DANCER

TOMMY (CONT'D)

C'mon—we're going to the Baltimore Convention Center for a different kind of good time!

"GOD" is lowered into view.

A fanfare plays. Spotlight up on MASTER GURUJI SINGH.
Stands proudly and tall.

MASTER

(in his Indian accent, speaking cockily and dramatically—like a TV host on steroids)

I am Master Guruji Singh, the sixth in a most beautiful and noble line of Masters going back over centuries! I am your direct conduit to the Lord. To many people I am GOD!! But you may call me, "Master."

(change of voice--waving his arms)

No! No! No! I don't say things like that!

(Indicating the spotlight)

And turn that off!

Spotlight off.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Tommy, I think you confuse me with Elvis Presley.

(humbly)

I am just a man. A servant of the Lord. Let us start the proceedings.

MASTER sits.

VOICE #2

You are about to be initiated into the Master's Way and the practice of meditation. You will receive two tools to guide you in this ancient practice. The first is the image of Master's face—what we call his *darshan*. This will be your portal to the Lord. Please step forward now and face Master!

TOMMY approaches MASTER. Stares at MASTER'S face, occasionally leaning in to get a better look. MASTER smiles back, almost trying to make TOMMY like him. TOMMY turns to address the audience.

TOMMY

I find this profoundly silly—yet oddly thrilling.

VOICE #2

You will now receive the second tool--your mantra--those special syllables that propel your consciousness deeper and deeper within.

MASTER stands. Whispers something into TOMMY's ear. TOMMY whispers something back into MASTER's ear. MASTER nods his approval.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And that's it! I am now a Satsangi!

"GOD" disappears. MASTER exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Six months later, I'm a changed man. No one at work knows I'm a card-carrying follower of Guruji, a celibate traveler on The Master's Way. The truth is—I enjoy having a new secret—almost as much as I enjoy learning how to meditate properly.

TOMMY sits on the floor close to the audience. Closes his eyes. His head slumps forward. After a moment, he falls all the way forward into a sleeping position. Snaps awake and sits back up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(falsely protesting)

I'm not asleep! Oh—maybe I was. And maybe that keeps happening whenever I try to meditate. But soon everything proceeds as expected. The relaxation—

TOMMY resumes the meditative position. Closes his eyes again. Settles into his meditation.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The mantra—

VOICE #1

Tama-Somay Jyo-Teer Gamaya. *

[*This is adapted from a Hindu mantra meaning, "From darkness lead me to light."]

TOMMY

The images floating before my mind's eye.

"GOD" appears.

[PROJECTION: Master's face.]

VOICE #1

Tama-Somay Jyo-Teer Gamaya.

TOMMY

I see Master's face—his darshan—approaching and receding. Yes, yes—love me, Master!

VOICE #1

Tama-Somay Jyo-Teer Gamaya.

“SEX” appears, too.

[PROJECTION: MASTER's image is replaced by a montage of hot men and male body parts—shoulders, biceps, smiles, butts, etc.]

TOMMY

And now I see—what the fu—?! Men! Hot men! Chests! Shoulders! Biceps! Smiles! Butts!
(loudly)

TAMA-SOMAY JYO-TEER GAMAYA.

“LOVE” appears, too.

[PROJECTION: CHRISTIAN's image alternating with images of MR. HAMILTON and MRS. HAMILTON.]

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm trying to meditate, people!

(screaming)

TAMA-SOMAY JYO-TEER GAMAYA!

A lightshow begins—flashes of colors and lights—something like the lightshow in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. After a few moments, everything stops suddenly.

[PROJECTIONS OFF]

TOMMY sits up straight. Looks at his watch.

“GOD,” “LOVE,” and “SEX” all disappear.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Has it been two hours yet?

(staring at the audience)

Maybe I should ask for my money back.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE: THE SUBCONTINENT

[PROJECTION: "Part Three: The Subcontinent"]

Spotlight up on the COMIC.

COMIC

Now, don't cut me off, Tommy! I've found the perfect joke for you—*The* perfect joke. Not only is it in good taste, it also gets to the heart of what I think you're trying to do here. It goes like this—a catholic priest, a reformed rabbi, and an agnostic walk into a bar. The bartender sizes them up and says, "I'll give you a free drink if you answer one question for me: What is the meaning of life?"

(an aside)

I knew you'd like this one.

(back to the joke)

Now, the priest says, "That's easy—it's to accept Christ as our savior."

TOMMY enters.

TOMMY

(cutting the Comic off)

Please—not now!

TOMMY grabs the COMIC by the arm. Pulls him offstage.

THE COMIC

Hey, watch the material! It's rented!

Lights up on the patient. TOMMY re-enters. Approaches the patient.

TOMMY

(to the patient)

Does that guy annoy you as much as he annoys me?

(examining the patient)

Wait a second! You just blinked. Do that again! Blink twice if you can hear me!

(to the audience)

Too bad—I thought we might get something going here. But I still think he looks very familiar.

(to the patient)

Are we related?

Spotlight up on PEGGY LEE.

PEGGY LEE
(singing)

Is that all there is? Is that all there is?

TOMMY

Peggy Lee, are you asking me—or him?

PEGGY LEE

I'm just asking! When you imagined what it would be like to be on your deathbed, didn't you think there'd be more to it—

(indicating the patient)

than that?

TOMMY

Oh, I'm not the one that's dying.

PEGGY LEE

We're all dying, Tommy.

TOMMY

But you're already dead, aren't you?

PEGGY LEE

At this point in your sweet little story, I'm still in the prime of my career, thank you very much!

TOMMY

But you'll be gone long before I will, right?

PEGGY LEE
(sincerely)

Oh, my darling, darling Tommy. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but I'll outlive you by two years.

TOMMY

What?!

PEGGY LEE

Didn't you have a question?

TOMMY

Oh, right! Where do triangles exist? No, no, that's not it. Where's the Lord, Peggy Lee? That's it! Whenever I meditate, all I see is a bunch of images and colors. Is that all there is?

PEGGY LEE

I have no idea! But I know a little lady who might know. And she's kinda sweet on you—in

case you hadn't noticed.

PEGGY LEE pulls the hospital curtain off, revealing
MOLLY relaxing at her desk. Lights out on the patient.

[PROJECTION: The skyline of Manhattan as seen from
an office window]

TOMMY enters

TOMMY

Molly—I'm in trouble! I need your help!

MOLLY

Oh, my gosh! Are the police after you?

TOMMY

Not that kind of trouble. I'm having trouble meditating.

MOLLY

Oh, is that all?

TOMMY

This is serious! Look, before I found Master, I was in a bad way—I could have died.

MOLLY

Is this about your asthma?

TOMMY

Well, there's always that, but I mean I was doing things that could've killed me.

MOLLY

(seriously)

Tommy, what's this all about?

TOMMY

I took a big leap by joining the Master's Way—I thought it could save me, but if I can't make it work, I may sink right back into the same black hole.

MOLLY

I don't understand--but tell me how I can help.

TOMMY

Whenever I try to meditate, my mind starts to wander. I start thinking about—

(embarrassed)

Well, I start having these intense sexual feelings.

MOLLY

Is that all? Relax—you're not having sex, so your mind's just compensating.

TOMMY

But then people start barging into my thoughts.

MOLLY

(teasing)

Oh, is some old girlfriend bothering you?

TOMMY

There must be some little trick I missed. Tell me what I'm doing wrong!

MOLLY

Guruji says we shouldn't talk about what happens during meditation. Hey, maybe you should go to his ashram. You'd love it! I go every year.

TOMMY

You mean India? The land of stomachaches and diarrhea with no toilet paper in sight?

MOLLY

It's not like that.

(a bit flirtatiously)

And if you went in February, we could go together.

MOLLY exits.

[PROJECTION off]

TOMMY

Molly's seriously deluded if she's hoping we'll fall in love under the Punjabi moon. But I think about her proposal and all that it implies and decide that being with Molly might not be such a bad thing. Maybe this is the new beginning I need—a spiritual and worldly one.

TOMMY pulls the curtain, revealing an INDIAN DANCER dancing her way around the stage Bollywood-style.

TOMMY re-enters. Watches her, mesmerized. Starts to follow her offstage. MOLLY rushes in. Drags him across the stage. They exit and immediately re-enter with two chairs. They sit as if on a train.

[PROJECTION: A view of Delhi, India.]

TOMMY

That flight took forever! And that taxi ride made me sick. Now where are we going?

MOLLY

This train takes us right to the ashram.

TOMMY

I don't know if I can make it. How long will it take?

MOLLY

Only eight hours.

TOMMY

Good god!

UVI enters.

[PROJECTION off.]

UVI

(Indian accent)

My name is Uvi, and I will be your chaperone until we reach the ashram of Master Guruji Singh. I must warn you that we will pass through parts of the Punjab where we sometimes encounter trouble from local separatists. It is most necessary that you stay close to me.

TOMMY

If you're worried about bombs, it's gonna take a lot more than a Satsangi to protect us!

UVI

Oh, my friend, you mustn't joke. My job is to get you safely to Guruji. Please stay out of harm's way.

(with a smile and a chuckle)

Rather, choose The *Master's* Way.

UVI sits. Everyone falls asleep. MOLLY snuggles up to TOMMY.

[PROJECTION: The Indian countryside.]

WOMAN WITH TRAY enters. She carries a tray of brown objects on her head. Walks slowly and gracefully across the stage. TOMMY nudges MOLLY awake.

TOMMY

Hey, what's that woman carrying on her head?

MOLLY
(waking up)

What? Oh—that's just a tray of cow dung patties.

TOMMY

Very funny.

UVI
(waking suddenly)

Your friend is not joking. The woman is carrying round bricks made of cow manure.

TOMMY

And why would she do that?

UVI

Those precious bricks are the secret to survival out here in the country. They serve as building blocks. Look there! See that hut? And there, another!

The WOMAN WITH TRAY exits.

TOMMY

Gives new meaning to the term, "shit house."

UVI

But that is not all—when it gets cold, these precious bricks serve as fuel to heat the home.

MOLLY

See—these people are onto something. No waiting around for the oil truck.

[PROJECTION OFF}

MOLLY and UVI exit. The WOMAN WITH TRAY re-enters. Walks slowly back across the stage.

TOMMY
(to the audience)

I continue watching the cow dung patties for mile after mile—*trays* of cow dung, *piles* of cow dung, *walls* of cow dung—cow shit as far as the eye can see—and in the process gain insight into the origin of Satsangi thinking.

The WOMAN WITH TRAY exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This world is nothing but Maya, we are taught. Some of the Western teachers translate this as "shit." You must turn inward—to the Lord—to escape the shit. But I have no idea this

takes on such a literal meaning in India. And am I just creating more shit by coming here with Molly?

The lights begin to brighten.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But when we arrive at the ashram, I'm distracted by throngs of smiling, well-behaved believers and feel like an interloper at a Donny and Marie Osmond convention. I figure they must be passing out Xanax or OxyContin to the masses but look in vain for the dispensers. Then I discover the non-medical explanation.

TOMMY sits downstage in a meditational position, as before.

[PROJECTION: The face of Master.]

FIVE VOICES

(Overlapping, sweet voices)

VOICE #1

Tama-Somay
Jyo-Teer
Gamaya.

VOICE #2

Tama-Somay
Jyo-Teer
Gamaya.

VOICE #3

Tama-Somay
Jyo-Teer
Gamaya.

VOICE #4

Tama-Somay
Jyo-Teer
Gamaya.

VOICE #5

Tama-Somay
Jyo-Teer
Gamaya.

"GOD" appears.

Bright light floods the stage. Triumphant trumpets sound.
TOMMY pops his eyes open.

TOMMY

(joyfully)

Praise, Guruji! Mission accomplished!

[PROJECTION OFF]

"GOD" disappears.

MOLLY enters with JILLIAN.

MOLLY

Tommy, come meet Jillian! She's from Hawaii.

TOMMY

Why would someone from paradise choose to become a Satsangi?

MOLLY

Don't mind him.

JILLIAN

No, it's a good question. To turn your back on all that beauty, you've got to be really committed. But the world within is even more beautiful. So, how are you guys enjoying this place?

TOMMY

To be honest, it feels like a prison—

MOLLY

What am I going to do with him?

TOMMY

Let me finish! But I'm starting to accept the tradeoff because I'm finally learning how to meditate properly. Now when I meditate, I'm beyond all pain, all worries. I feel such—bliss!

JILLIAN

Don't forget that feeling when you're back in the States and tempted to give it all up. You're such a cute couple. Are you guys married?

TOMMY

(nervously changing the subject)

So, what's on the agenda tonight? What do we do for fun around here?

JILLIAN

You mean you haven't been going to the Master's Q&A meetings? They're special sessions just for the Westerners? C'mon, you've got to check this out!

JILLIAN exits pulling the hospital curtain, revealing an empty chair. TOMMY, MOLLY, JILLIAN and SATSANGI #3 (CHRISTIAN) enter with chairs, create a row facing the empty chair, and stand behind their chairs.

"GOD" appears.

MASTER enters. Bows to the others. Sits in his chair. The others bow. All but JILLIAN sit.

JILLIAN

Guruji, thank you for permitting us to visit your ashram. As always, I am humbled to be here and in your presence.

MASTER
(Indian accent)

Please—this is your home, too—although the one the Lord has set aside for us when we rejoin him is our true home. And please do not be humbled in my presence. I am just the Lord's messenger.

JILLIAN

Thank you for that clarification. Master, I am embarrassed to confess that sometimes I forget my mantra. What can I do about that?

TOMMY
(to Molly)

She's clearly been spending too much time in the Hawaiian sun.

MASTER
(smiling)

My poor child—when I was a schoolboy and my father drilled me on the great Hindu epic, the Ramayana, there was one passage that gave me great trouble; so, he offered to reward me with an ice cream cone every time I recited it correctly. The next day—and for the rest of the week—I enjoyed much ice cream. So, think of meditation as an ice cream cone, though a less fattening one, and deprive yourself of its pleasure until you can recall your mantra. And if that doesn't work, speak to your initiator. Next?

JILLIAN sits. SATSANGI #3 stands up.

SATSANGI #3 (CHRISTIAN)
(nervously--and in a southern accent)

Guruji! Uh, Master—my question is: How should a gay Satsangi live? I mean—is there any way for him to express his sexuality that's acceptable to you

MASTER

My friend, why spend your time concerning yourself with sex? It does not help you progress toward the Lord.

SATSANGI #3 (CHRISTIAN)
(defensively)

But married Satsangis are allowed to have sex.

MASTER

We Satsangis say that sexual relations must be confined to marriage, for that is the best way to ensure that our physical urges do not undermine the community. Next question, please.

MOLLY stands up.

MOLLY

Master, my question concerns a passage from one of your printed lectures.

SATSANGI #3 (CHRISTIAN)

(still standing)

You haven't answered my question, Master! Why is it okay for straight people to have sex but not for gay people to do the same?

MASTER

(annoyed)

Heterosexuality is the animal kingdom's way of perpetuating itself. Procreation is its ultimate purpose.

SATSANGI #3 (CHRISTIAN)

But what about older married heterosexual couples? They can't procreate, but they're allowed to have sex.

MASTER

(angrily)

Homosexuality has no higher purpose—it is pure physicality, pure lust! If that is what you want to do with your life, then you are on the wrong path!

MASTER exits abruptly.

"GOD" disappears.

Spotlights on CHRISTIAN and TOMMY, everyone else is in blackout. TOMMY stands.

TOMMY

(calling out)

Christian! Christian Barrie?

CHRISTIAN

Yes, Tommy. It's me.

END OF PART THREE

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

PART FOUR: DIVING DEEPER

[PROJECTION: “Part Four: Diving Deeper”]

Spotlight up on the COMIC.

COMIC

So, the bartender sizes them up and says, “I’ll give you a free drink if you answer one question for me: What is the meaning of life?” Now, the rabbi says, “Yahweh makes it very clear—it’s to do His will” —

TOMMY rushes in.

TOMMY

(cutting the Comic off)

I said, “Not now!” Please leave us in peace!

Spotlight off on the COMIC.

TOMMY (CONT’D)

(to the audience)

I’m sorry about that.

CHRISTIAN enters.

CHRISTIAN

Are you sure we’re allowed to leave the grounds?

[PROJECTION: The Beas River]

TOMMY

Live dangerously! I wanted to get you alone. Why did you come all the way to India to track me down? What do you want?

CHRISTIAN

Don’t flatter yourself! I had no idea you’d be here. But since you are—tell me why you didn’t try to find me after I ran away from the Retreat in Maine.

TOMMY

I kept calling your school in South Carolina, but they wouldn't tell me anything. I finally gave up. I figured you wanted nothing to do with me.

CHRISTIAN

I thought about you all the time. I even went up to New York to look you up once—West 116th Street, right? But I chickened out at the last minute and went to see Grant's Tomb instead. I was confused. And very young. And now to run into you here—it's all just a little overwhelming!

TOMMY

Well, it's certainly a shock.

CHRISTIAN

Is that all you can say?

TOMMY

I'm afraid to say more. I was young, too. And then when Pastor Dave messed everything up--

CHRISTIAN

Please don't mention that name!

TOMMY

Well, he let us all down, didn't he? After that, I wasn't too crazy about his friend Jesus either.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I dropped Him, too. I finally realized nobody knows anything about Him—not really. They just make up their own version of Him and use it to beat us up.

TOMMY

Amen! I thought your question last night was a good one, by the way. I think maybe you're still that boy I met one summer in Maine--that boy who was tormented by his sexuality.

CHRISTIAN

Tommy, don't ruin a beautiful day.

TOMMY

Seriously—what made you think this would be a good place to sort that all out?

CHRISTIAN

Well, what are you doin' here?

TOMMY

In case you haven't heard, there's a plague happening back home.

CHRISTIAN

So, maybe we're both hiding out.

TOMMY

It's more than that. I was doing a lot of dangerous stuff that maybe I shouldn't have.

CHRISTIAN

Are you HIV positive?

TOMMY

No, but it was a wake-up call. Between my family's coronary history and my own health issues, I don't know how many years I've got left. I have to find the right way to spend them. I agree with these people—there has to be more to life than Maya.

CHRISTIAN

Then why are you cutting class today?

TOMMY

(dreamily)

Because sometimes I'm still a sucker for Maya.

(looking around)

It's so beautiful out here! Look at that river! You think it cares that thousands of seekers have come from all over the world to look for the Lord here?

CHRISTIAN

Or that one of them wants to kiss you more than anything else on Earth?

"LOVE" and "SEX" appear.

CHRISTIAN kisses TOMMY. TOMMY unbuttons

CHRISTIAN's shirt. Kisses his chest.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Please, Tommy—Master would not approve!

"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY

C'mon! You did these things with Pastor Dave, didn't you?

CHRISTIAN

I've taken a new vow. And so have you. So, let's just hold each other—I don't think that's prohibited.

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN embrace.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Wait—someone's coming. Master might have spies.

"LOVE" disappears.
[PROJECTION off.]

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN exit quickly. TOMMY pulls the curtain, revealing MOLLY sipping tea.

MOLLY
(sternly)

That makes three days in a row you've missed mid-day satsang, Tommy.

TOMMY

I'm sorry, but I just don't enjoy sitting out in the hot sun—and I don't speak Punjabi.

MOLLY

So, where have you been?

TOMMY
(lying)

Hanging out in the library.

MOLLY
(over-reacting)

Don't do that, Tommy! We're here to soak up Guruji's presence and take it home with us till we need to come back for another fix. No, wait, did I really say that?

TOMMY
(softening)

Look, this whole crazy thing you've gotten me involved in is a big part of my life now. I'm not going to jeopardize it. And I haven't missed any of Master's *evening* sessions, have I? You know, the ones in *English*? I'll be there tonight, as always.

MOLLY

But last night you sat with your strange friend. What's his problem anyway?

TOMMY

Be nice—Christian has a soul, too. I'm gonna go take a nap. Save me a seat later.

TOMMY pecks MOLLY on the cheek. MOLLY exits.
TOMMY rolls a bed onstage. Lies down. Falls asleep.
CHRISTIAN enters. Prods TOMMY awake.

I'm not asleep!

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(softening)

Oh, Christian—it's you.

"LOVE" appears.

CHRISTIAN

I've been thinking about us. Now that the Lord's brought you back to me, we need to decide how we're gonna spend our life together. That's what's gonna happen, right?

TOMMY

Is that what you really want?

CHRISTIAN

Of course, it is!

TOMMY

Then show me you mean it!

CHRISTIAN

How?

TOMMY

You let Pastor Dave love you. I want you to let me love you, too. I want us to do what every couple in love does. We've both waited much too long for this.

CHRISTIAN

OK, Tommy—I will.

"SEX" appears.

TOMMY pulls CHRISTIAN down onto the bed. They begin to make love. Lights dim.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to the audience)

You don't really need to see this, do you?

TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain across the stage, revealing CHRISTIAN soundly asleep.

"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY sits by CHRISTIAN and watches him sleep.

CHRISTIAN
(waking up)

Are you angry with me? I wanted to do it, but I just couldn't. I've spoiled everything!

TOMMY

At least you stayed this time.

CHRISTIAN

Wait a second. I wrote something I want to read you.

CHRISTIAN takes out a piece of paper. Stands up. Starts to read it aloud.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

"Dear Tommy. This isn't your fault."

TOMMY

Stop! Put that away! That comes later!

CHRISTIAN

It does? Then, what happens here? Oh, wait—I remember.

CHRISTIAN puts the piece of paper away.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I say, "You understand why I wouldn't go through with it, don't you?"

TOMMY

Right. And I say, "I just have to keep reminding myself that you don't join The Master's Way to have sex."

CHRISTIAN

But you want to be with me, right? Even though we won't be able to have sex.

TOMMY

Right. I just want to be with you.

CHRISTIAN

Praise Guruj! Can we tell Molly our news at dinner tonight?

TOMMY

Please don't say anything to her right now—or anyone else.

CHRISTIAN
(enthusiastically)

Oh, come on, Tommy! I want to share our news with the whole world! I want to grab the

mike out of Master's hand and tell all the Satsangis out there, "I'm in love with a wonderful guy!"

TOMMY

You don't understand—Molly doesn't know I'm gay.

CHRISTIAN

Is she blind?

TOMMY

And I think she, you know, kind of likes me.

CHRISTIAN
(taken aback)

What? Oh, I see.

TOMMY

So, I just think we should—

CHRISTIAN

So . . . wait. What you're really saying is—you and Molly came over here as a couple.

TOMMY

Not exactly.

CHRISTIAN

And now I've come along and ruined everything. Well, I hope you and Molly have a wonderful life together!

"LOVE" disappears.
CHRISTIAN runs out.

TOMMY

Christian!

TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain, revealing MOLLY.

MOLLY

I saved you a seat at the Q&A session tonight, but you obviously had no intention of showing up.

TOMMY

I'm sorry, Molly—I overslept. I didn't mean to—honest!

MOLLY

So, where's your friend?

Christian?
TOMMY

MOLLY
I certainly don't mean Guruji, because, Lord knows, he probably wouldn't recognize you anymore!

TOMMY
I see Master every time I meditate! As for Christian, what am I, his keeper?

MOLLY
Well, you're his something! You know he's gay, don't you?

TOMMY
I think his question to Master made that clear.

MOLLY
So, is there anything you want to tell me?

TOMMY starts to heave and cough. Quickly uses his inhaler and calms down.

TOMMY
I'm fine.

MOLLY
That's the first time I've seen you use your inhaler since we came to India.

TOMMY
I'm going for a walk.

MOLLY
Wait for me!

TOMMY
You need to eat.

MOLLY
I've lost my appetite. I just want to be with you.

MOLLY takes his arm. They start to stroll. MOLLY stares up at the sky.

[PROJECTION: The evening sky & moon.]

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(sweetly)

Gosh, it's so different at night, isn't it? And that moon—it's so full! I know it's the same moon as the one back in the States, but it seems more dramatic or something here.

MOLLY gently pushes TOMMY's face up to look at the moon.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't you think it's beautiful?

TOMMY

Yeah, I guess it is.

MOLLY positions her face next to TOMMY's. TOMMY looks at her a moment. Starts to kiss her. Stops a moment later.

MOLLY
(disappointed but quickly recovering)

Hey, you remember once upon a time when I told you how hard it was to find a man who'd want to date someone like me.

TOMMY

You've always underestimated yourself, Molly.

MOLLY

I've been hurt too many times, that's all. Well, now that you've been here and experienced life with Master, maybe your priorities are changing, too.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

MOLLY

I mean Satsangis can fulfill all their needs and desires just like everyone else. They can get married, have kids, have sex—but it can be even better, because they have the right perspective on life.

TOMMY
(calling out)

Stop! Help!

The COMIC enters.

COMIC

Cut her off with a joke, Tommy! Tell her the one about the Plotnick diamond.

TOMMY

(in a poor imitation of the comic)

Uh, Sweetie, if you're about to propose to me, I better warn ya—I expect something at least as big as the Plotnick diamond!

MOLLY

The what?

TOMMY

Never mind.

COMIC

You gotta work on your delivery, Tommy.

The COMIC exits.

TOMMY

I mean you're not really asking me to marry you, are you?

MOLLY

What if I am?

TOMMY

(more seriously)

Uh, Molly, that's a really big step. I don't know what to say. Can we talk about this some time back in New York?

MOLLY

(disappointed)

Oh, sure

TOMMY

(executing a fake yawn)

Well, I think I better get to bed. We've got a long flight tomorrow.

MOLLY

You want some company?

TOMMY

Thanks, but I think I can find my way back to the dorm.

MOLLY

(shyly)

No, I mean *in* the dorm. In your bed.

Oh.
TOMMY

MOLLY
We don't have to be pure *all* the time.

TOMMY
But it's an all-male dorm.

MOLLY
If we're quick, I'm sure you can sneak me in.

TOMMY
Uh, I don't know. I'd like to, but—maybe some other time.

MOLLY
(sadly)
Sure—no problem.

TOMMY
Are you okay?

MOLLY
I'm fine. It's just—it's our last night. I wanted it to be special.

TOMMY takes MOLLY's hand.

TOMMY
(softening)
This whole trip has been special. Thanks for bringing me here, Molly.

TOMMY engulfs MOLLY in his arms.
Spotlight up on DOLLY PARTON.

DOLLY PARTON
(singing)

And I will always love you!

(speaking)
Marriage is a big deal, Tommy. If you don't want to take that step with Molly, tell her how much you care, and then wish her well. That's the best way to say goodbye and set her free.

TOMMY
(still holding Molly)
Do I have to set her free, Dolly?

DOLLY PARTON

Well, I'm just a simple country gal, but that's what I think ya oughtta do.

TOMMY

Will that make me a shit?

DOLLY PARTON

Not at all, Sugar. You're just doin' what you have to do. You've found someone to love. Now set her free to find someone to love, too.

Lights out on DOLLY PARTON. TOMMY resumes comforting MOLLY. CHRISTIAN enters. Watches them. TOMMY looks at MOLLY tenderly.

TOMMY

I love you, Molly.

MOLLY

Careful what you say. I've been waiting a very long time to hear you say that. I love you, too, Tommy!

MOLLY kisses TOMMY enthusiastically. Stops and breaks out of the hug.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you go to bed now.

(seductively)

But if you decide you're not really tired, you know where to find me.

MOLLY exits. Lights up on DOLLY PARTON.

DOLLY PARTON

I think you screwed that up, darlin'!

Lights down on DOLLY PARTON.

CHRISTIAN

You two make a very pretty couple.

TOMMY

(startled)

Jesus! I thought you ran away--like you always do when you can't handle a situation!

CHRISTIAN

Is that what you're calling your perverse relationship with that girl? Didn't you once accuse me of wanting a sexless relationship with a woman for the sake of appearances?

TOMMY

Can you offer me anything better?

CHRISTIAN
(sadly)

Maybe I can't.

TOMMY
(softening)

Look, I owe Molly a lot—she introduced me to the Master's Way. She saved my life. And I really like her. So, sometimes I think a relationship with her—I don't know, call it a marriage of convenience—might not be such a bad idea.

CHRISTIAN

I think I'm gonna be sick.

TOMMY

Let me finish! The thing is, now I'm not so sure. Being with you tonight back in my room—just kissing and holding you—God, it was better than all the sexual encounters I've ever had! I guess it really is about who you're with, not what you do.

“LOVE” appears.

CHRISTIAN

So, you mean you still want to be with me?

TOMMY

Yes, I do. But I'll be honest. I've had sex with lots of men in my time—

CHRISTIAN

I'm not sure I want to hear this.

TOMMY

I mean I get these urges. Sometimes they get me in trouble. I can't say I've mastered them.

CHRISTIAN

I struggle with them all the time.

“GOD” appears.

TOMMY

But I think God's trying to show me the way. I think I'm ready to settle down and have a proper Satsangi relationship with you. A spiritual one. As you once said—ixnay on the exsay—no sex. But lots of tenderness and sharing. I love you, Christian.

And I love you!

CHRISTIAN

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN hug.

Can we tell Molly now?

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

TOMMY

I promise I'll explain everything when we're all back in New York. Let's just leave her alone for now, okay?

CHRISTIAN

Whatever you say, Yankee.

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN embrace again. Molly enters.
They break apart.
"LOVE" and "GOD" disappear.

MOLLY

(very embarrassed)

Oh . . . uh . . . I didn't mean to interrupt. I just wanted one more look at the moon.

TOMMY

(awkwardly)

Uh, you know Christian, right?

MOLLY

Right—you're the guy who's been keeping Tommy away from all the satsangs.

TOMMY

That's not fair, Molly! All right, I should explain something.

CHRISTIAN

I'll leave you two alone—

TOMMY

No—you should hear this, too.

MOLLY

So, I haven't been imagining things.

TOMMY

I really like you and I owe you a lot. That means I also owe you the truth. I haven't responded to you the way you had every right to expect because the truth is I've never dated women. I only date men.

MOLLY

Are you telling me you and Christian are lovers?

CHRISTIAN

We haven't done anything!

TOMMY

We haven't figured out what we want to be yet.

CHRISTIAN

But we want to be together, right?

TOMMY

Right—something like that.

MOLLY
(angrily)

Then why'd you come with me on this trip?

TOMMY

I was having trouble meditating.

MOLLY
(snapping)

You didn't have to come all the way to India!

TOMMY
(snapping back)

You told me I had to!

MOLLY

You told me you loved me!

TOMMY

I do, but not in that way.

MOLLY

I don't want the other way!

TOMMY
(consoling her)

I'm so sorry.

MOLLY
(rebuffing him)

But what about what you two do together?

TOMMY
We just told you we don't do anything together.

MOLLY
Don't you know it's wrong? The pope says it's wrong! Master says it's wrong! Everyone does! It's disgusting! I don't know what I'm saying—I'm not this judgmental.
(to Christian)

You did this to him, didn't you?

TOMMY
Leave him out of this!

MOLLY
I'm sorry. This is just . . . I'm just—Oh, Tommy! How could you?

Spotlight up on DOLLY PARTON again.

DOLLY PARTON
(singing earnestly)
And I will always love you!

MOLLY
(to Dolly Parton)
Oh, shut up!!

MOLLY runs out. Lights out on DOLLY PARTON.
CHRISTIAN exits. Lights up on the patient.

TOMMY
(to the patient)
What's wrong with me? Why didn't I just tell Molly I was gay when I first met her?
(defensively)

Most gay people didn't come out to their colleagues at work back then, okay? You could still get fired just for being gay—okay, maybe not so much in advertising—but you could never be sure. And since gay people were second-class citizens if not outright degenerates in most people's eyes, why expose yourself? And there was something exciting about living a double life—it made the secret one that much wilder and more thrilling. Just wait—in the next century, once gay people have all their rights and come pouring out of the closet, watch how dull their lives will be!

(still to the patient)
Why are you looking at me like that?
(more honestly)

All right—the truth is I enjoyed her attraction to me. Who doesn't want to be wanted? I guess that's selfish. Molly—if you're out there somewhere—I'm so sorry I was such a bastard.

(still to the patient)

Interesting. That confession seems to have relaxed you. You seem more at peace. You seem so—wait a minute. I still think I know you! Are we related?

Lights out on the patient. CHRISTIAN re-enters.

CHRISTIAN

(getting upset)

Tommy—what are we going to do? She's weirded me out! And she's right! They kill people like us in the Middle East. Everyone says it's wrong.

TOMMY

That's bullshit!

CHRISTIAN

You mean it's not wrong?

TOMMY

(calmly)

It doesn't matter what I think. Master's right—concerning ourselves with sex is just a distraction from making spiritual progress.

CHRISTIAN

(calming down)

Thank you. See—you're going to be the perfect mate for me.

TOMMY

That's what I intend to be.

[PROJECTION off]

CHRISTIAN exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Did I really mean it? Or did all those years in advertising corrupt me? But does it count as a lie if you convince yourself you do really mean it? Especially if you have no idea what temptations are waiting for you back home?

“SEX” appears.

The lights dim. MAN AT PIER enters. Looks around.

TOMMY
(concerned)

Oh, yes, I remember this. Back to the Christopher Street Pier. Patrick—don't watch this part either!

TOMMY and MAN AT PIER check each other out.

TOMMY
(seductively)

Hey, guy. Do you have the time?

MAN AT PIER

1987.

TOMMY

Thanks, man.

TOMMY and MAN AT PIER start to have sex. MAN WITH FLYERS enters trying to pass out flyers.

MAN WITH FLYERS

The epidemic isn't over, guys! Unsafe sex can kill you!

MAN AT PIER

Fuck you! We don't care!

MAN WITH FLYERS exits. Spotlight up on SPEAKER.

SPEAKER

Many people seek fleeting physical connections, hoping to dilute their consciousness of death. But this strategy is doomed to fail.

MAN AT PIER
(crying out)

Yes, do it to me, man! Do it to me!

Spotlight up on PRAYING MAN.

PRAYING MAN
(sincerely)

Jesus, help me walk through the valley of temptations without making choices that will destroy my ability to live a full and productive life.

MAN AT PIER

That's it! That's it! Don't stop!

SPEAKER

Tama-Somay Jyo-Teer Gamaya.
Tama-Somay Jyo-Teer Gamaya

PRAYING MAN

Help me, Jesus! Please help me!
Help me, Jesus! Please help me!

Spotlights off. TOMMY breaks away from the MAN AT PIER.

MAN AT PIER

Hey, what's the matter?

TOMMY

Nothing, I just—I need a break.

MAN AT PIER exits. TOMMY walks around in the dim light. CHRISTIAN enters. Watches TOMMY. TOMMY accidentally bumps into CHRISTIAN.

TOMMY

Oh, sorry, man.

CHRISTIAN

No problem, Tommy.

TOMMY

Christian! What are you doing here?

CHRISTIAN

I followed you. You've been sneaking out a lot lately. I wanted to see where you go.

TOMMY

Uh, we need to talk.

CHRISTIAN

So, talk.

TOMMY

Now? Well, everything seemed so simple back in India. It's not so simple here. There's—
(indicating the pier)

this!

CHRISTIAN

You're telling me you want this?

TOMMY

I want something.

SHADY MAN enters. Slinks up to them.

SHADY MAN

Hey, fellas, looking for X or coke?

TOMMY

No, thank you.

SHADY MAN

I can get you anything you want. How about weapons?

(to Christian)

You want knives? I can get you guns.

CHRISTIAN

Uh, no thanks.

SHADY MAN

Well, you know where to find me. And I accept all major credit cards.

SHADY MAN exits.

TOMMY

Let's go home.

CHRISTIAN

Not so fast. I wanna stay and watch.

TOMMY

(angrily)

No, you mean you want to participate. Right?

CHRISTIAN

Gay Satsangis aren't supposed to have sex, but if you're starting to do it, why can't I?

TOMMY

I don't want you to do it

CHRISTIAN

That's hypocritical!

TOMMY

(softening)

I don't mean to do it. I'm just . . .weak.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, hey—I'm here for you, Tommy.

TOMMY

But you may not be enough.

CHRISTIAN

Then maybe we need to re-commit to Master.

TOMMY

Guruji? I almost forgot about him. But I can't afford to go back to India.

CHRISTIAN

How about those meetings out in Queens? It's about time we reconnect with our fellow travelers.

"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY exits. CHRISTIAN steps forward. Addresses the audience.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

If sexual relations between married Satsangi men and women are considered part of the natural order of things, what about men for whom the natural order is to be with other men?

(beginning to get agitated)

What does Master say about that?

A pause.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(agitated)

If God is love, and all people are capable of love, why can't two men express their love sexually? Someone please go to India and ask Master!

A pause.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(crying desperately)

What does He expect us to do?! How are we supposed to live?!

CHRISTIAN exits.

[PROJECTION: A Manhattan view.]

TOMMY enters carrying a jacket over his arm.

TOMMY

(calling out)

Christian! Come on! Let's go!

CHRISTIAN enters eating a bagel.

CHRISTIAN

Go ahead without me. I'm sick of all these meetings.

TOMMY

But they're part of the deal. And Molly's expecting us.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, but I don't particularly enjoy hanging out with your girlfriend. Every time I see her, I can't help remembering how much we disgust her—me especially.

TOMMY

Molly's not really like that. All things considered, I think she's adjusting very well to—

CHRISTIAN

(cutting Tommy off)

To finding out her best friend and potential husband is a faggot? I bet. Anyway, they don't appreciate my questions at those meetings so why should I bother?

TOMMY

Why do you keep badgering them?

CHRISTIAN

Those little robots in Queens can believe whatever they want, but it's another thing if Master believes these things, too. He's the Lord's spokesman. I need him to tell me that what we want is okay. Otherwise—I don't know. Anyway, I've got things to do. You go commune with the Lord your way, and I'll do it my way.

TOMMY

But you're still planning to come along when Master visits New York next month, right?

CHRISTIAN

We'll see.

TOMMY

Christian—this is a big deal! It's been five years since Guruji's been in New York.

CHRISTIAN

(sarcastically)

Oh, then let's take him out to dinner and a Broadway show! You think he'd like *Cats*?

TOMMY

I hope you're in a better mood when I come home tonight.

CHRISTIAN
(softening)

Hey, I don't mean to be difficult. I'm just—I don't know.

CHRISTIAN kisses TOMMY. TOMMY pulls the curtain,
revealing MOLLY standing in Central Park.

PROJECTION: An outdoor crowd scene in Central Park.

MOLLY
(calling out)

Over here! Tommy!

TOMMY enters.

TOMMY

Sorry, I'm late.

MOLLY

It's so exciting to be doing this in Central Park! Isn't this crowd huge?

TOMMY

For a guru, it's huge. For Diana Ross—not so huge. Maybe he needs a backup group.

MOLLY

Where's Christian?

TOMMY

He refused to come. I tried.

MOLLY

He'll be sorry.

TOMMY

That's just it—I'm not sure he will be.

JILLIAN enters waving.

JILLIAN

Yoo-hoo! Molly! Tommy!

MOLLY

Jillian! What are you doing here?

JILLIAN

I couldn't wait till next year to see Master again. Hey, are you two married yet?

TOMMY

(looking at Molly and laughing)

Not yet—but you’ll be the first to know!

JILLIAN

(looking offstage—getting excited)

Oh, look! I think he’s coming!

(calling offstage)

Praise Guruji!

MOLLY

Praise Guruji!

JILLIAN

Yes, yes! Here he comes!

Everyone looks offstage.

JILLIAN (CONT’D)

Praise Guruji!

MOLLY and TOMMY

Praise Guruji!

JILLIAN

Master! Over here! It’s Jillian!

TOMMY

He knows you by name?

JILLIAN

A girl can dream, can’t she? Praise Guruji!

EVERYONE

Praise Guruji!

A shot rings out.

JILLIAN

(looking offstage)

What was that?

MOLLY

Someone fired a shot!

TOMMY

Master's been hit!

JILLIAN

No!! No!! Don't shoot Master, you cowards!

MOLLY

He's collapsed! Oh, my god! This can't be happening!

END OF PART FOUR

PART FIVE: REST IN PEACE

[PROJECTION: “Part Five: Rest in Peace”]

Lights up. TOMMY paces the room. CHRISTIAN sits in bed smoking a cigarette.

[PROJECTION: A Manhattan view.]

TOMMY

Who would want to kill Guruji?

CHRISTIAN
(bored by the conversation)

What’s the difference? He survived.

TOMMY

It had to be an inside job. These religious organizations always have internal power struggles. I bet one of his assistants did it.

CHRISTIAN puts out his cigarette. Immediately lights up another one.

CHRISTIAN

You’ve been harping on this for a month now. You’re starting to bore me.

TOMMY

You can quit The Master’s Way, but I’m still trying to hang on.

CHRISTIAN

Trust me—things are much better out here. Now, just drop it.

TOMMY

I can’t drop it! If Master is such a poor judge of character, how can I expect him to lead me to the Lord?

CHRISTIAN

Exactly! Anyway, I’ve got a much better idea how to occupy your time.

CHRISTIAN gets up. Starts to kiss and undress TOMMY.

TOMMY

Not now!

You've always wanted it.

CHRISTIAN

We made a vow.

TOMMY

I'm breaking it.

CHRISTIAN

CHRISTIAN resumes undressing and kissing TOMMY.

Just pretend I'm one of those guys down at the pier.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

CHRISTIAN tries to go down on TOMMY.

Christian!

TOMMY

"LOVE" appears.
CHRISTIAN holds TOMMY. Stares into his eyes.

I've got so much to give you—so much I've been holding back. Please let me show you.

CHRISTIAN
(tenderly imploring)

I do love you. I've always loved you.

TOMMY
(looking at Christian—in a new tone)

And I love you. So, what's stopping us?

CHRISTIAN

TOMMY and CHRISTIAN embrace. TOMMY breaks out and pulls the curtain across the stage. Steps forward.

And then—after all these years—it finally happens. Our coitus interruptus is *interruptused*. Praise Guruji!

TOMMY
(to the audience)

"SEX" is lowered into view.
TOMMY pulls the curtain. Slips into bed with CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN

See, I'm not such a loser after all. And the world didn't come to an end! Are you okay with this?

TOMMY

I'm way beyond okay! How about you?

CHRISTIAN

Hold that thought!

CHRISTIAN lights up another cigarette.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(exhaling smoke)

God, that's good!

TOMMY

Do you have to?

CHRISTIAN

I'm through depriving myself of things I want.

TOMMY

But why so many? You're starting to smell.

CHRISTIAN

You can't get too much of a good thing.

TOMMY

Are you sure you're okay?

CHRISTIAN
(sadly)

Sometimes I don't know.

(indicating the cigarette)

These help.

TOMMY

But they're disgusting!

CHRISTIAN
(sarcastically)

I love you, too.

TOMMY

Christian! I don't understand what's wrong with you.

CHRISTIAN

Go ask Master! Isn't he supposed to understand everything?

TOMMY

I'm sorry being a Satsangi didn't work out for you, but I still need it. So, if you're going to be an obstacle, we've got a big problem.

CHRISTIAN

You mean I ruined everything by coming back into your life?

TOMMY

(sweetly)

No, no, no. You brought love back into my life. But I still want the Lord in my life, too. And now that we're sleeping together, I feel like I've finally got everything I've ever wanted.

CHRISTIAN

Spoken like a true copywriter! Your life's finally as beautiful as a TV commercial. "Looking for God, love, and sex? Let Tommy Hamilton show you how to have it all!"

TOMMY

(amused)

Maybe you should become a copywriter, too.

CHRISTIAN

I'm perfectly happy with my temp job at the bank.

TOMMY

But you get my point, right?

CHRISTIAN

I'm bored with your point.

TOMMY

(frustrated)

Christian, I'm on a spiritual path, and I'm not giving up on it, goddammit!

CHRISTIAN

If they allow swearing on this path, maybe I should reconsider. Can I smoke there, too?

TOMMY

Be serious! Or maybe you're not the man for me after all.

CHRISTIAN

What—you think Guruji loves you the way I do? You think he'd fuck you the way I just did?

TOMMY

Grow up, Christian! This behavior isn't cute anymore. Right now, I think you're pathetic!

CHRISTIAN

Then what are you doing wasting your time with me?

TOMMY

Good question!

TOMMY prepares to exit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You can stay here and smoke yourself to death for all I care!

CHRISTIAN

Don't bother—*I'm* the one that always runs away, remember?

"LOVE" and "SEX" disappear.

CHRISTIAN grabs his shirt and exits.

[PROJECTION: A gallery of Impressionist art at the MET.]

CHRISTIAN enters. Points out into the audience.

CHRISTIAN

(like a mad man)

Maya! Maya! It's all Maya!

TOMMY enters.

TOMMY

Christian, what are you doing?

CHRISTIAN

What's it to you, fellow?

TOMMY

It's me—Tommy!

CHRISTIAN

I know who you are, Tommy Hamilton. I'm not deranged!

TOMMY

What are you doing at the Met? Why aren't you at work?

CHRISTIAN

I was fired. Do you have a problem with that? And why aren't you at work?

TOMMY

I'm here for work. I'm doing some research for an ad assignment.

CHRISTIAN

Which one—the heartbreak of psoriasis or the indignity of halitosis?

TOMMY

Are you planning to look for another job?

CHRISTIAN

Money's not the answer!

TOMMY

Neither is poverty.

CHRISTIAN

(oddly)

Did you ever stop to ask—if everything's just illusion, why is there so much beauty in the world? Can you tell me that? Look around this place. Look at all the colors. Don't you think these paintings are beautiful?

TOMMY

Uh—sure.

CHRISTIAN

Then why wouldn't God want us to enjoy this? Or maybe this is God. Can't they see that? He has to be stopped, Tommy. They all have to be stopped.

TOMMY

Are you all right?

CHRISTIAN

(snapping out of it)

Yes, I'm fine.

TOMMY

I mean since you ran away.

CHRISTIAN

Never been better.

TOMMY

Where have you been staying?

CHRISTIAN

There are lots of ports in a storm in this city.

TOMMY

Why don't you let me get you something to eat?

CHRISTIAN

I don't need food. It's just more Maya.

TOMMY

Then come back home with me. I miss you.

CHRISTIAN

(ignoring Tommy's offer)

Hey, can I show you something?

TOMMY

(defeated)

Sure.

CHRISTIAN walks TOMMY across the stage.

[PROJECTION: A gallery of Greek and Roman art at the MET.]

CHRISTIAN

This is the hall of Greek and Roman art. Come—look!

(pointing at something)

That's a *hydria*—an ancient Greek vase. Now, look closely—see what they're doing?

TOMMY looks more closely.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Those two men are fuckin'! Ya see—there's historical precedent for guys like us. And remember—this is art!

TOMMY

(gently)

Please let me take you home.

CHRISTIAN

No, no, no! I like it just fine right here—close to our people.

Then I'll stay here with you.

TOMMY

Don't you have work to do?

CHRISTIAN

It can wait.

TOMMY

I'm so sorry. Are you angry with me?

CHRISTIAN
(softening)

You're more important than my job.

TOMMY

I mean for what I did.

CHRISTIAN

It was my fault. I shouldn't have said what I said.

TOMMY

No, I mean the other thing.

CHRISTIAN

What other thing?

TOMMY

You'll find out soon enough.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, didn't you love that Greek vase?

(change of mood—suddenly laughing)

Sh. Sh. Don't think about anything. I'm here.

TOMMY

You've always been so good to me. I'm so sorry.

CHRISTIAN

Sh. Sh. Hey, why don't you show me something else you've found?

TOMMY

May I? Follow me!

CHRISTIAN
(like an excited child)

CHRISTIAN leads TOMMY across the stage.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Do you know this guy Vermeer?

[PROJECTION off.]

CHRISTIAN exits. TOMMY pulls the hospital curtain across the stage. Addresses the audience.

TOMMY

Am I failing Christian? I thought loving him would be enough. But maybe it's not even love-- maybe it's just some sort of obsessive craving. Something certifiable. Whatever it is, it's taken over my life twice now. And once again it looks like it's not going to work out. But maybe it's not my fault. Maybe his family and church already damaged him beyond all hope before I ever met him. Maybe he's incapable of loving me the way I want to be loved. I just don't know. And you know how much I hate not having answers.

(defeated)

I don't think I want to talk about this anymore—especially the next part.

(calling out)

Hey, can we end this now? I think I've provided more than enough entertainment, don't you?

The COMIC enters.

COMIC

You call this entertainment? You know *nothing* about showbiz! And no, we can't just end this. So, fasten your seatbelt—this show's going on!

The COMIC pulls the curtain, revealing CHRISTIAN sitting on the sofa, staring into space.

COMIC (CONT'D)

C'mon, you can do this, Tommy! But, if you don't mind, I think I'd rather not watch.

The COMIC exits quickly.

TOMMY

(to the audience)

All right—Christian comes back home with me that night. When we go to bed, he's very loving—very sweet—but then he starts shaking, like he has the chills. I hold him and stroke him for hours until he finally calms down and falls asleep. When I wake up the next morning, I'm all alone in bed, so I go out to the living room.

(to Christian)

Oh, there you are! Are you sleeping? Christian, c'mon, wake up!

TOMMY sits next to CHRISTIAN. Shakes him gently.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

C'mon, wake up!

TOMMY continues to shake CHRISTIAN. Frantically checks his eyes, mouth, and pulse. Jumps up off the sofa.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(crying)

What the fuck did you do, Christian?! Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Somebody, help me!

TOMMY starts to heave and cough—his worst asthma attack so far. He takes out his inhaler. Drops it. His attack worsens. He struggles to retrieve the inhaler. Finally succeeds. Uses the inhaler.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

God damn it! God damn it!

TOMMY uses the inhaler some more. Starts to calm down. Spots a note left behind. Picks it up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Are you shitting me?! You *planned* this?

TOMMY sits and reads the note. CHRISTIAN stands up. Recites the note as TOMMY reads it.

CHRISTIAN

“Dear Tommy. This isn’t your fault. It has nothing to do with the things you said to me last week. It’s about Master. Things might have been different if he had been a real servant of the Lord. But he’s no better than any good ole Christian fundamentalist. They don’t see that love should be blessed, not shunned. I tried to stop Guruji, but it turns out I’m a terrible shot. I guess someone else will have to finish the job. I love you, Tommy—always remember that. Love, Christian.”

CHRISTIAN exits. TOMMY howls in despair. The howl is amplified and continues until CHRISTIAN re-enters and pulls the hospital curtain slowly and somberly across the stage and off, revealing TOMMY in a chair staring into space, looking shell shocked. MOLLY and the MOURNER stand facing the audience a few feet away on each side.

MOLLY

Oh, Tommy. Christian and I had our differences, but I know how much you loved him. I'm so sorry.

MOLLY exits.

MOURNER

So sorry for your loss.

TOMMY

I don't want your sorrow! I want Christian!

MOURNER

(singing in the style of a slow blues)

Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

TOMMY

I don't want Jesus either!

MOURNER

(sugar-sweetly)

But he *loves* you!

The MOURNER exits. Lights up on the SPEAKER.

SPEAKER

At the Master's Way, we conduct ourselves like scientists and teach you how to experience the Lord.

TOMMY

Well, the experiment failed, lady! I never found your Lord. And as for Master, your so-called conduit to the Lord—

SPEAKER

(cutting Tommy off)

Don't speak ill of Guruji! He's a very nice man.

TOMMY

He's a terrorist! He terrorized the man I loved!

Lights down on the SPEAKER. Spotlight up on a carnival BARKER with top hat and cane. TOMMY approaches.

[PROJECTION: A carnival tent.]

“GOD” appears.

BARKER

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! If you’re looking for God, don’t go any further—we’ve got hundreds of religions waiting for you inside! Take your pick! Big ones! Small ones! Some as big as your head! No one goes home empty handed!

(to Tommy)

How about you, sir? Are you looking for God?

TOMMY

Nope! Not interested! Never again!

BARKER

You’ll be sorry.

TOMMY

Add that to the list!

BARKER

And God’ll be very angry with you!

TOMMY

(snapping)

Oh, yeah? Ask Him to step out here and tell me so to my face!

BARKER

(looking offstage)

Uh . . . sorry, he’s in a meeting.

“GOD” disappears.

TOMMY starts to exit.

BARKER (CONT’D)

Wait! What are you going to do?

TOMMY

I don’t know how much longer I’ve got, so I’m gonna start gathering rosebuds instead. *Lots* of rosebuds. The hotter and more anonymous the better.

[PROJECTION off.]

“SEX” appears.

PATRICK enters.

PATRICK
Is this where I come in, Tommy?

TOMMY
Not yet, Patrick.

ROSEBUD enters. Starts to grope TOMMY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I need to gather my rosebuds.

TOMMY and ROSEBUD start to make out. PATRICK exits. After a moment, TOMMY and ROSEBUD exit. After another moment, PATRICK enters again.

PATRICK
How about now?

TOMMY and ROSEBUD re-enter. Resume making out.

TOMMY
I'm still gathering rosebuds, Patrick!

PATRICK
That's the same one as before!

TOMMY
We can't afford a larger cast, okay?

PATRICK exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, what time is it, Rosebud #47?

TOMMY checks ROSEBUD's watch.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ah, yes—1995. Thanks, man.

ROSEBUD exits.
"SEX" disappears.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
That's the year I finally find a different kind of rosebud, one I can settle down with.
(calling out)
That's your cue, Patrick!

PATRICK rushes in, in the middle of getting dressed.

Sorry!

PATRICK

Why are you up so early?

TOMMY
(sleepily)

It's Easter Sunday, remember? I'm going to church.

PATRICK

What church?

TOMMY
(shocked)

I thought I'd try St. Patrick's—I like the name.

PATRICK

PATRICK kisses TOMMY. Starts to exit.

Hey! You can't just spring something like that on me and then run out. Are you a closeted Catholic?

TOMMY
(calling out)

I don't like labels.

PATRICK

So, you believe in a Son of God who was crucified and resurrected?

TOMMY

I think of that as a metaphor.

PATRICK

And the infallibility of the pope and all that crap?

TOMMY

I ignore a lot of that stuff.

PATRICK

Wouldn't you rather go to the Easter parade? All those hats? We can go together!

TOMMY
(softening)

PATRICK

I'm going to church.

TOMMY
(obnoxiously)

Most of the people I know who go to church are just complacent bigots who go to hedge their bets and check out each other's outfits. I'm just saying.

"GOD" appears.

PATRICK

Has it ever occurred to you that some of those people are acting on a spiritual impulse?

TOMMY

Frankly—no.

PATRICK

Look, I agree with you. Most organized religions—maybe *all* of them—are ridiculous. But don't we all feel the pull of the unknown? The urge to make sense of life? To connect with something deeper—something eternal? *You've* got that urge—I've heard you talk about it.

TOMMY

But religions are the worst place to do that! And don't get me started on what they do to gay people! It's all evil!

PATRICK

Right, that's what I'm saying.

TOMMY
(deflated)

It is?

PATRICK

I'm agreeing that religion is bullshit—well, most of it. But underneath all its absurdities and abuses, the spiritual urge that leads people there might just be authentic.

(mocking Tommy)

"I'm just saying."

"GOD" disappears.

PATRICK exits. Lights up on MR. HAMILTON.

MR. HAMILTON

It's easy to mock religion, Tommy, but where will that leave you when you're lying there on your deathbed?

TOMMY

Hey, what time is it, Dad?

MR. HAMILTON

It's later than you think, Tommy.

TOMMY

Could you please be more specific?

MR. HAMILTON
(checking his watch)

2000.

Lights down on MR. HAMILTON.

TOMMY
(worried)

That's not good.

(to the audience)

Now wait—how would I ever know I was on my deathbed? I don't even know what I *look* like.

TOMMY changes into running clothes.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The last time I remember seeing myself, I was running on the treadmill at the gym.

TOMMY starts to run in place.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Looking in the mirror thinking, "Not so bad for someone almost 50!"

TOMMY runs faster. Stares out into the audience.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Look at you go, boy! What a hot-looking dude you are in your sexy running clothes! You run as fast as you can, you hot man! *Faster!* This is your moment—*Faster!* You've never felt so alive—*Faster!* Eight miles an hour—*Faster!* Eight and a half—*Faster!* Go for nine! Yes, yes, yes! Nothing can stop you now, mister! Hey, don't shove me!!

TOMMY stumbles. Falls onto the floor. MAN AT GYM enters quickly. Looks down at TOMMY.

MAN AT GYM

Can you hear me, fella?

(calling out)

Someone get the defibrillator!

WOMAN AT GYM runs on stage with a defibrillator.
MAN AT GYM uses the device on TOMMY three times.
Each time, TOMMY spasms then remains still afterwards.

WOMAN AT GYM

No luck! He's got no pulse.

MAN AND WOMAN AT GYM exit. TOMMY sits up slowly, as if recovering from a fall. Lights up on the patient. The DOCTOR enters. Examines the patient.

TOMMY

Really?! Dad and Mother *never* exercised. I avoided fatty foods. Ate lots of fruit and vegetables. I thought my *asthma* would do me in.

(pointing at the patient)

But there I am—not even 50—and, yes, apparently on my deathbed. Shit. How pathetic is that?

TOMMY stands up. Approaches the audience. Speaks confidentially.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So, okay, Dad, I'll grant you this much: this whole waiting-for-Godot thing has been a big bust. My life keeps running by me like a video loop—everything I regret. The few things I'm proud of. The many things I'm mortified by. And I can't change a damn thing. I don't know anything more about God or eternity than I did when I started asking questions. At least I'm not in pain. You'll be happy to know there's no pain, folks—don't ask me why.

DOCTOR exits. TOMMY hovers around the patient.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So, okay, let's get on with it!

(reconsidering)

Or wait! Not so fast! What's going to become of me when they pull the plug? Will anything besides triangles live on? If there really is *nothing*, I think I'm gonna be pissed off!

PEGGY LEE enters.

PEGGY LEE

(singing)

If that's all there is, my friend, then let's keep dancing.

There has to be a better song!
 Uvi, help me out!

TOMMY
 (calling offstage)

UVI enters dancing Bollywood-style while singing.

UVI
 (singing to his own made-up melody)

Cow dung in the morning
Cow dung in the night
Cow dung patties everywhere
How I love the sight!

UVI exits dancing.

TOMMY
 (to the audience)

Yes—a much happier tune! Cow dung can be beautiful. We all want to know if there's anything waiting for us after we die, but the bigger question is how to live in the absence of that knowledge. I've shown you how I answered that question, and it wasn't always pretty. There was a lot of shit. But I say—blessed be the shit!

(to Peggy Lee)

You're the one I pity, Peggy Lee.

PEGGY LEE

“Why? Because I had a brilliant career, and you were just an overpaid advertising hack?”

TOMMY

Because you keep asking, “Is that all there is?” What have I got to complain about? All right—I haven't met God. I haven't answered any of the big questions. But I have had love. Not always requited. Some of it painful. And sex—believe me I've had sex! And lots of beautiful and exciting things I never expected. Like the full moon rising over Master's ashram. Sitting on the rocks at Ocean Point lusting after Christian. The unexpected bliss of meditation. And what about art and music? The Hamilton household tried to shield me from them, but I found them anyway. Van Gogh. Mozart. Kandinsky. Stravinsky. Botticelli. But wait—as a good copywriter, I know I have to offer you more. How about running in Central Park in the snow? Making love in the middle of the night? Watching Hitchcock's *Vertigo* for the 10th time?

(with disgust)

And you ask—is that all there is, Peggy Lee?

PEGGY LEE
 (irritated)

Relax! It's just a song!

PEGGY LEE exits.

TOMMY

But enough about what I think.

PATRICK and the DOCTOR enter.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's time for my liberation!

MOLLY enters. Rushes up to PATRICK.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, Molly—I wish I'd had nine lives. I'd have gladly given you one of them.

MOLLY and PATRICK stare down at the patient. MRS. HAMILTON enters. Looks on from the side of the stage.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mother, too? Boy, it seems everyone's come to help me die.

(an insight)

That's it, isn't it? We're all in this together. We're all connected.

(a revelation)

And maybe that's God! All right—I can live with that.

CHRISTIAN enters.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And now Christian?

(happily)

This is too much!

CHRISTIAN

I wouldn't miss this for the world, sweetheart.

TOMMY takes CHRISTIAN's hand. They go to look at the patient. The doctor attends to the equipment. PATRICK and MOLLY continue to look on.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're just in time. They're about to do it. That's right, Doctor—just yank the damn plug out of the socket!

The DOCTOR turns off the respirator. Removes the tube from the patient's mouth. The DOCTOR, MRS. HAMILTON, and MOLLY exit quietly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Don't go, mother! Molly?

CHRISTIAN
I have to go, too.

TOMMY
But I'll see you in a minute, right?

CHRISTIAN
I don't think that's how this works.

CHRISTIAN exits.

TOMMY
Ah, Patrick! You look stone-faced at the moment. Like you're watching someone die.

PATRICK exits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Oh—you, too? Goodbye, Patrick!
(to the patient)
Well, looks like it's just us now. I hope I've been good company.

[ALTERNATE VERSION: A large playground slide rolls backwards on stage, positioned so that the bottom portion remains offstage.]

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I guess it's time.

TOMMY starts to exit. Pauses. Looks up, down, and around, as if expecting something to happen.

[ALTERNATE VERSION: TOMMY approaches the slide. Hesitates. Starts to climb the ladder. Stops midway up. Looks up, down, and around, as if expecting something to happen.]

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(a sad confession)
Who am I kidding? A couple of sunsets, some travel, some sex—and that's it? I was hoping there'd be—I don't know—something more. I mean—*something!*

(reflecting)
Of course, I haven't completely died yet, right? I know, I know, I know—that's gonna

happen any second now. But it hasn't happened *yet*. So, there's still hope!
 (more optimistically)

Maybe they're waiting for that specific moment to spring something really special on me.
 Like a surprise party! Wouldn't that be something!

Lights off on the patient. Spotlight up on the COMIC.

COMIC

Tommy, can I finish my joke now?

[ALTERNATE VERSION: TOMMY sits down at the top of the slide, about to slide down.]

TOMMY

(to the comic)

Sure—but please don't be offended if I don't hang around for the punch line. I've gotta see what they're planning for me! How do I look? Well, here I go!

(exiting)

Here I come, people!

TOMMY disappears out of sight.

[ALTERNATE VERSION: TOMMY starts to slide down.]

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(sliding down)

Wheeeeeee!

TOMMY disappears out of sight.]

COMIC

So, the bartender sizes them up and says, "I'll give you a free drink if you answer one question for me: What is the meaning of life? Now, the priest says, "It's to accept Christ as our savior." Then the rabbi says, "It's to do Yahweh's will."

(beat--dramatically and triumphantly)

But *then*--the agnostic smiles like a sly fox and says—

Sudden blackout.

END OF PLAY

THE SEEKER

List of Suggested Projections

ACT ONE.

PART ONE

- “Part One: Christian Triangles”
- A view of Columbia University.
- The interior of Book World, a bookstore.
- The coast of Maine.
- (Repeated) The interior of Book World, a bookstore.
- (Repeated) The interior of Book World, a bookstore.

PART TWO

- “Part Two: Maya”
- Interior of an East Side singles bar.
- Master’s face.
- Montage of hot men and male body parts—shoulders, biceps, smiles, butts, etc.
- Christian’s image alternating with images of Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton.
- A lightshow with flashes of colors and lights.

PART THREE

- “Part Three: The Subcontinent”
- The skyline of Manhattan as seen from an office window.
- A view of Delhi, India.
- The Indian countryside.
- (Repeated) Master’s face.

ACT TWO:

PART FOUR

- “Part Four: Diving Deeper”
- The Beas River.
- The evening sky and moon.
- A Manhattan view.
- An outdoor crowd scene in Central Park.

PART FIVE

- “Part Five: Rest in Peace”
- A Manhattan view.
- A gallery of Impressionist art at the MET.
- A gallery of Greek and Roman art at the MET.
- A carnival tent.

FURNITURE

- In ALTERNATE VERSION only: Playground slide on wheels
- A white hospital curtain
- Hospital bed with dummy (or an actor), a pillow, and medical equipment (mechanical respirator, intravenous feeding tube, and catheter)
- Pulpit/podium
- 5 chairs
- Bookrack on wheels
- Large rock (for sitting)
- A bed
- A table
- Desk

PROPS (Partial List)

- An inhaler for asthma
- Hand-held microphone
- Newspaper
- Bowl and a whisk
- Painting of a green triangle
- 2 books
- 2 sandwiches
- A pair of wings (like an angel's)
- Cigarettes
- A wallet photo
- Tray with brown bricks
- A suicide note
- Flyers
- A bagel
- A defibrillator