

WE WERE THERE

A Play in Seven Scenes

by  
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WE WERE THERE was first produced by Other Side Productions (Peter Mercurio, Artistic Director) at the Bank Street Theatre in New York City on September 26, 2002. It was directed by the author, with set design by C.J. Howard, lighting design by Rob Hilliard, sound design by Roger Anderson, costume design by Claire Verlaet and hair design by Bettie O. Rogers. The stage manager was Jeffery Wain. The cast was as follows:

JEAN ..... Ken Mason  
DOUGLAS ..... Robert Gomes

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT ONE

Scene 1:            Saturday, June 28, 1969            Noon.  
Scene 2:            Sunday, June 30, 1974            Three A.M.

### ACT TWO

Scene 3:            Sunday, June 24, 1979            Three P.M.  
Scene 4:            Monday, June 25, 1984            Two A.M.

### ACT THREE

Scene 5:            Sunday, June 25, 1989            Eleven A.M.  
Scene 6:            Saturday, June 25, 1994            Ten P.M.  
Scene 7:            Monday, October 19, 1998            Five P.M.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Using a mix of music, photographic and sound effects media, the transition sequences pre-Acts and between scenes suggest time and place, as well as illustrating the progression of relative cultural and political events.

The original production featured year-appropriate Dionne Warwick recordings when the apartment radio or stereo is on.

1. The April Fools
2. Then Came You
3. Once You Hit the Road
4. Out of My Hands
5. Take the Long Way Home
6. All the Love in the World
7. How Long
8. Another Chance to Love
9. All the Time
10. No Night So Long
11. Love at First Sight (Curtain Call)

[SFX: 1969 TRANSITION]

ACT ONE

Scene 1

(Lights up. The top floor apartment of a three-floor walk-up on Gay Street, Greenwich Village. June 28, 1969. Saturday morning. A queen size bed, behind which is a row of windows to the street-side of the building. Doors to the hallway and bathroom. A kitchen area with a countertop and stools. Hand-me down furniture. Music equipment and lots of records. DOUGLAS in bed, asleep. HE wears an oversize T-shirt. JEAN at the kitchen counter, fully dressed, sipping coffee from a cardboard cup, smoking a cigarette. HE watches DOUGLAS who stirs, gently. DOUGLAS opens his eyes, looks around the room. Sees JEAN staring at him)

Morning.

JEAN

Hey.

DOUGLAS

I didn't know how you took your coffee. It's on the night table. But it's black. If you want milk, I've got some. In the icebox. The fridge. Do you even drink coffee?

JEAN

Sure. Good morning.

DOUGLAS

Sorry, good morning. Jimmy, my friend, he had no coffee. Only tea. Herbal tea, at that. I looked all over, but no coffee. I ran down to the deli. I need coffee in the morning. I don't know about you.

JEAN

I'm not a morning person.

DOUGLAS

Oh. Right. Sorry.

JEAN

But I will take the coffee.

DOUGLAS

WE WERE THERE I-1-2

Milk? JEAN

Sure. DOUGLAS

Sugar? JEAN

Is it raw? DOUGLAS

Huh? JEAN

If it's been refined, no thanks. DOUGLAS

Refined? Like... dignified? JEAN

No, man. Like processed. DOUGLAS

Oh. JEAN  
(A long pause)  
I really don't know its pedigree.

Is it white? DOUGLAS

The sugar? Well, yes, sure, it's white. JEAN

Hmmm... No, thanks. DOUGLAS  
(A long pause)

What color should it be? JEAN

Doesn't matter. DOUGLAS  
(JEAN hands him the coffee)  
Thanks. So, Jimmy is... Is he home?

Well, it's a studio apartment. JEAN

Oh, I didn't... DOUGLAS

So, no, he's not here. JEAN

You're kinda hostile. DOUGLAS

JEAN

I'm sorry. Lack of sleep, I think. Jimmy's doing summer stock. For the summer. He's out of town. For the summer. He's an actor. He's playing Anne Jeffrey's butler. Or chauffeur. Or Carolyn Jones. I don't remember.

DOUGLAS

I don't know any actors. Is he on Broadway?

JEAN

No, he's doing summer stock. In New York he works mostly Off-Broadway. Off-Off-Broadway, really. It's where all of the most interesting work is being done. Off-Off-Broadway is very political, you know. They look at all the... the topics that affect us today. I've heard that a lot of you yuppies get your ideas from the theatre.

DOUGLAS

I don't get you.

JEAN

You know, the way they march, they get their ideas from... the protests, sit-ins, whatever... they're theatrical... Actually, maybe it's the theatre that's taking its inspiration from the protests. I forget now. But Jimmy told me all about it.

DOUGLAS

I'm not a full-fledged yuppie, really. I decided to drive up for the peace rally because... well, I felt that it... I wanted to feel the vibe. There's not much of a scene where I am. And I heard if you can't make it to Haight-Ashberry, Washington Square Park is the next best thing.

JEAN

I suppose.

DOUGLAS

It just seemed important to be here, you know?

JEAN

Uh-huh.

(A pause)  
Important how?

DOUGLAS

Aren't you going?

JEAN

Oh, I don't know. I'm not really a joiner.

DOUGLAS

What the fuck does that mean? Do you have any idea what's going on over there in the name of quote, unquote freedom?

JEAN

Not really.

DOUGLAS

And what will you do, God forbid, if you get drafted?

WE WERE THERE I-1-4

(A pause)

JEAN

Tell them I'm queer, I guess. What will you do?

(A pause)

I'm sorry. You don't have to talk to me. Really, you don't. I understand if you'd rather just slip out. The shower's... well, you know where. If you want to. I picked up a paper, if you want to...

DOUGLAS

I didn't mean to... Sorry. Like I said. Not a morning person. This is awful. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, but I don't remember your name.

JEAN

Well, it was noisy in there.

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) And the beer...

JEAN

I understand. I had trouble hearing you, too.

DOUGLAS

You remember my name?

JEAN

Yes.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS

You're from the city, right?

JEAN

Yeah. Just not this city.

DOUGLAS

Oh.

JEAN

San Francisco.

DOUGLAS

Right. It's coming back to me now. Slowly but surely. I bet you don't remember where I'm from.

JEAN

State College, PA.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, right.

(A pause)

Good memory.

JEAN

Uh-huh. Also, I looked through your wallet while you were sleeping.

Oh.  
DOUGLAS

JEAN  
Don't worry, I didn't take anything. I wouldn't have told you about looking if I'd stolen anything, would I?

DOUGLAS  
What was it you were looking for?

JEAN  
(Shrugs:) I'm a snoop. You can find out a lot about a person by what they keep in their wallet. Stuff they'd never tell.

DOUGLAS  
What'd you find out?

JEAN  
Not a damn thing.

DOUGLAS  
You must feel right at home in San Francisco.  
(A pause)  
Well, I hear there are quite a lot of... of people... like you in San Francisco.

JEAN  
People like me?

DOUGLAS  
Yeah.  
(A pause)  
This was sort of an experiment for me. A friend of mine told me I was way too uptight... you know... about... sex. It's like, he said, just because you like meatloaf, that doesn't mean that's the only thing you should eat. You know?

JEAN  
I suppose.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS  
Good coffee.

JEAN  
Thanks. I'm saying that like I made it.

DOUGLAS  
Well, no, but you got it. That was a nice thing.

JEAN  
You're welcome.

DOUGLAS  
I'm sorry, I'm not sure how two guys are supposed to be... you know. After.

WE WERE THERE I-1-6

There's... no rules. JEAN

Do you do this a lot? DOUGLAS

Fly to New York? Drink deli-made coffee? Ball a total stranger? Which? JEAN

All of 'em. DOUGLAS  
(JEAN shrugs. A pause)  
Vacation?

What? No. Uh-uh. JEAN

Family thing? DOUGLAS

If I tell you, you'll laugh. JEAN

Well now you have to tell me. DOUGLAS

I don't want to. JEAN

I won't laugh. DOUGLAS

No, but you'll think I'm a bigger fairy than you probably already do. JEAN  
(A long pause)  
I wanted to go to Judy Garland's funeral.

(A long pause)

Oh. DOUGLAS

(A pause)

See what I mean? JEAN

(A long pause)

Well? How was it? DOUGLAS

(A pause)

Sad. JEAN

(A pause)

Well, good. DOUGLAS

I'm changing the subject. JEAN

Well, no, tell me... How was... did they...? DOUGLAS  
(A pause)  
How'd she look?

Pretty much dead. Well... um... I'm sorry I can't leave here. JEAN  
to let you get ready, so... I'll... um, just sit over

(HE moves to the other side of the room,  
takes the newspaper, coffee. Sits.  
Tries to read the paper)

You can leave if you like. I'm not gonna rip you off, man. DOUGLAS

Oh, that wasn't... I mean, the door... the keys... you wouldn't, um, be able to... JEAN

Bullshit. DOUGLAS

Well, I haven't even known you twelve hours yet. And it's not my apartment. Or I would. Leave. Sorry. JEAN

(A pause)

) You seen my pants? DOUGLAS

On the floor. JEAN

Would you mind...? I... um... I don't have underwear on. DOUGLAS

(HE hands DOUGLAS the jeans from off the floor)

After what I let you do to me, I wouldn't think... I mean, I should be the shy one. JEAN

It's just, you know, morning. DOUGLAS

(A pause)

WE WERE THERE I-1-8

JEAN  
That was my first time, too.

DOUGLAS  
Fist time what?

JEAN  
That.

DOUGLAS  
Wow. You're good. And you're from San Francisco.

JEAN  
Well, the Summer of Love ignored me. I told myself I'd lose it in New York or die trying.

DOUGLAS  
You acted so cool at the bar.

JEAN  
I thought you were coming over to punch me.

DOUGLAS  
Do you have... a roommate?

JEAN  
I live with my Mom.

DOUGLAS  
So your mom knows... about...

JEAN  
That I'm a fairy. She encouraged it, almost. All of her friends... She works for a theatre company out there. She makes costumes.

DOUGLAS  
Oh, well, then, sure. Is your dad okay with it, too?

JEAN  
I don't know. We've never met. I see your anti-war rally rates a nice big article on Page 3.

DOUGLAS  
So your mom's into, like, free love.

JEAN  
Well, something like that. The faggots will undoubtedly be buried on page fifty-six.

(DOUGLAS takes a section of the paper)

DOUGLAS  
Anything in here about what happened last night?

JEAN

Well, it was, like three in the morning. This was printed at midnight.

DOUGLAS

Really?

JEAN

They said at the deli there's gonna be another protest tonight.

DOUGLAS

Is that what it was? A protest?

JEAN

I guess. A buncha screaming queens. Probably just Max Factor discontinued "Great Lash" without warning.

(Points to an item in the paper)

Nixon's in town to go to the dentist. Really. All the news that's fit to print.

(DOUGLAS dances around the room a bit)

DOUGLAS

Sorry, where's the...? I've got to... um... I forget which...

JEAN

The door with the locks on it goes to the hall. The only other door is the bathroom.

DOUGLAS

Thanks.

(HE exits to the bathroom)

(Off:) Oh, that's why you made the joke about Jimmy... A studio apartment. That means only one room, right? Oh, I get it.

(A pause)

(Off:) You can still talk to me, I can hear you.

JEAN

Are you staying at a hotel?

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Did you say something?

JEAN

Not important.

(A pause)

If you're hungry, we'll have to go out. There's no food here.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Sorry, what?

JEAN

Nothing.

WE WERE THERE I-1-10

DOUGLAS

(Off:) No, you can keep talking. Just speak up a little bit.

JEAN

Okay.

(A long pause while JEAN tries to think of something to shout back. Gives up and picks up his newspaper)

Hey, there's a flyer somebody put in my newspaper. (HE reads:) "Do You Think Homosexuals Are Revolting? You Bet Your Sweet Ass We Are!" It's about last night. And yes, there's another... wait, they call it an "action"... tonight. Wanna go? Get your picture in the paper?

(DOUGLAS comes out of the bathroom, holding his shirt)

DOUGLAS

Sorry, I didn't get a word of that.

JEAN

Nothing big. Never mind.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry, but do you think I could maybe borrow a shirt? This one, um... got some, um...

(HE shows JEAN a stain on the shirt)

JEAN

Oh. Sorry. How embarrassing.

DOUGLAS

No, no problem. But if I could... I'll mail it back to you, promise. Or just loan me one and I'll buy you a new one, if you like.

JEAN

Don't worry about it. Just take one of Jimmy's t-shirts, he won't miss it. In the closet. Pick one.

(DOUGLAS goes to the closet, looks in)

DOUGLAS

Jeez. Millions.

JEAN

It's all he wears. (By way of explanation:) Actor.

DOUGLAS

So many cool colors.

JEAN

He dyes most of them himself.

DOUGLAS

Twenty shades of yellow?

JEAN

It's his best color.

(DOUGLAS slips on the shirt)

DOUGLAS

How can you smoke cigarettes? Don't you realize American tobacco is financing the war?

JEAN

I thought it was Dow Chemical. Or U.S. Steel.

(A long pause)

DOUGLAS

Them too.

JEAN

So should I just not use any American products?

DOUGLAS

That'd be a good start. Did we smoke the last joint?

JEAN

Was there more than one?

DOUGLAS

I thought I still had one.

JEAN

Coming from somebody who uses Old Spice cologne, that's pretty funny.

DOUGLAS

Why?

JEAN

I took you as the Sandalwood and sweat type. Or at least Yardley of London.

DOUGLAS

My dad always taught me to use after shave, what can I say? Oh, now I get it. You only remembered my name 'cause you looked in my wallet.

(A long pause)

JEAN

So where are you staying in town?

DOUGLAS

So, like, because I didn't remember your name, you're not gonna tell me what it is?

JEAN

Jean.

DOUGLAS

Eugene?

WE WERE THERE I-1-12

JEAN

No. Just Jean.

DOUGLAS

With a "G"?

JEAN

No, "J." My mom loved Jean Marais in BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. She figured the name would work no matter what came out. So she cursed me with a girl's name.

DOUGLAS

Why don't you pronounce it the right way?

JEAN

Yeah, sure. You try to get a classroom full of American six years olds to pronounce a French name correctly. Never mind the teachers. "Peggy! Bobby! Would you call 'Jean' in from recess?" What was she thinking?

DOUGLAS

It's just a name.

JEAN

Easy for you to say. You have a man's name.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, but kids make fun of you anyway. No matter what. One kid always used to call me "Douglassss." Always held out that last "s", the bastard. "Oh, here comes Douglassss..."

JEAN

Yeah, kids are rotten.

DOUGLAS

Some guys, you practically have to ball a chick right in front of them before they leave you alone.

JEAN

I suppose. Where are you staying while you're here?

DOUGLAS

You trying to get rid of me?

JEAN

No!

DOUGLAS

'Cause you keep asking me that question.

JEAN

Well, cause you didn't answer.

DOUGLAS

Look, I'm ready to go, if that's what you want. Jesus.

JEAN

No, I don't. Really.

DOUGLAS

I wake up, you're all showered and dressed, coffee all ready, you don't seem to want to talk, it just feels like you're hassling me to leave.

JEAN

No. I'm sorry. I'm sure it looks that way, but I just wanted to make it easy for you.

DOUGLAS

Easy?

JEAN

To leave. Go while the going's good. If that's what you want.

DOUGLAS

Why would I want that?

JEAN

Well, like you said. Your first time. Maybe you want to run back to your hotel room and vomit.

DOUGLAS

C'mere.

(HE goes to the upstage window, throws it open)

JEAN

Now you gonna throw me out the window?

DOUGLAS

Why would I do that?

JEAN

I don't know. Embarrassment. Disgust. You know those stories about the guy who invites another guy back to his place and they find him the next morning in an alley strangled with his own underpants and with his dick cut off and stuck in his mouth.

DOUGLAS

No, I don't know those stories. Jeez, man, you seem to dislike yourself even more than I do.

JEAN

You don't like me either?

DOUGLAS

I do, I do. I meant me.

JEAN

Mary Martin. Robert Preston.

DOUGLAS

What?

WE WERE THERE I-1-14

JEAN  
"I Do! I Do!" Musical comedy. (Shrugs) A fairy's first  
line of defense.

DOUGLAS  
Forget it.

(HE shuts the window)

JEAN  
No, what?

DOUGLAS  
Never mind. Now I'm afraid you'll take everything the wrong  
way.

JEAN  
I'm sorry. Really.  
(JEAN goes to the window, opens it)  
What?  
(DOUGLAS crosses toward the window)  
(Stopping him:) Actually, stay over there and tell me.

DOUGLAS  
Okay. Look out the window and to your right.

(Slowly, JEAN does as he's told)

JEAN  
Okay. What?

DOUGLAS  
That's where I'm staying.

JEAN  
What am I looking at?

DOUGLAS  
Yellow VW on the cross street?

JEAN  
The bug?

DOUGLAS  
Uh-huh.

JEAN  
Parked?

DOUGLAS  
Uh-huh.

JEAN  
So?

DOUGLAS  
So, until the street cleaners make me move it, that's where  
I'm staying.

JEAN

Oh.

DOUGLAS

Which is why I didn't want to tell you.

JEAN

Oh. How... San Franciscan.

DOUGLAS

'Cause I figured if I did, you'd think I was just trying to get an invite here, which I'm not, but which is what I would think if you'd told me the same thing.

JEAN

Well, no, you're more than welcome to stay here. If you want to, that is.

DOUGLAS

No, that wasn't what I...

JEAN

But you don't have to, of course.

DOUGLAS

No, I wouldn't want you to think its only because...

JEAN

I'm mean, it would be nice if you stayed. I'd like you to stay here. With me. Is what I'm trying to say.

DOUGLAS

I'd like to, too. And not just because it's a bed instead of a back seat. I'd like to stay. With you. Because of you. Not the bed.

JEAN

Stay.

DOUGLAS

Okay.

(A long pause)

So...

JEAN

I was just afraid that if I said I wanted you to stay, you'd think I was falling in love with you or something...

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) Besides, it's not just supposed to be about sex. My friend, Owen? Who told me I had to experience more? Said I needed to find different ways to connect. It wasn't just supposed to be about getting my dick... you know... With men and women, he said. Relationships... this is sounding fucked up, I know, but I know what I'm doing. I gotta try to connect with you in ways that aren't just about screwing. And not just the typical male buddy bullshit. You know? Owen's very much into finding ways of connecting... and equality... between men and women, man to man, brother to brother...

JEAN

Is he colored?

DOUGLAS

No, no, man. I meant "brother" in the global sense. Communication isn't just a black and white thing. I don't know. Maybe sometimes you can't really talk about it. There's too much goddamn talking sometimes, huh? Nobody's really feeling. Expressing. Everybody's just talking.

JEAN

Midnight Cowboy.

DOUGLAS

I don't get you.

JEAN

"Everybody's Talkin'" That song?

DOUGLAS

Oh. Uh-huh.

JEAN

Did you see the movie?

DOUGLAS

Nope.

JEAN

Good movie. Wanna go to a movie?

DOUGLAS

No, no, let's just rap... like we're doing. This is good.

JEAN

Oh, okay. I mean, I'll pay, my treat, if that's the problem...

DOUGLAS

Come here, man. Jeez, you're uptight. Here. Sit down. I'll show you something Owen taught me.

(HE sits JEAN in a chair, stands behind him and starts to massage his neck)

JEAN

(Feeling it:) Oh my God!

DOUGLAS

See? Uptight. Owen got this off a Korean chick. Ancient Oriental secret. Right here. Relax.

JEAN

Owww!

DOUGLAS

It's gonna keep hurting until you relax.

JEAN  
Okay, Doctor. My life is in your hands.  
(JEAN giggles. A long pause)  
So why'd you leave beautiful State College, PA?

DOUGLAS  
Simple. Old man threw me out. Or woulda, if I'd given him  
the chance. I decided to leave first.

JEAN  
What, you a bum? Get some girl pregnant?

DOUGLAS  
You happen to look at my birthday when you were snooping in  
my wallet?

JEAN  
Actually, yes. You're a Virgo. I like Virgos. My mom is a  
Virgo.

DOUGLAS  
No, the date. September 14th.

JEAN  
So?

DOUGLAS  
Doesn't mean anything to you?

JEAN  
Some Catholic Saint's Day?

DOUGLAS  
Nope.

JEAN  
Somebody famous born then?

DOUGLAS  
Not that I know of.

(JEAN shrugs)

JEAN  
You got me.

DOUGLAS  
Draft.

JEAN  
Huh?

DOUGLAS  
Lottery. First date picked.

JEAN  
Oh. Shit.



JEAN

Think so.

DOUGLAS

Well, I'll figure it out when I get there, I guess.

JEAN

There was no money in your wallet.

DOUGLAS

No, I stuffed it in the toe of my shoe. My dad warned me.

JEAN

There must be something else you can do. There's a doctor in San Francisco who will write a medical excuse just for the asking.

DOUGLAS

That's San Francisco. My doctor asks when I'm gonna make myself a hero.

JEAN

Become a priest. I don't know. Say you're a conscientious objector. Or get married. Have a kid.

DOUGLAS

You're not telling me anything I haven't thought of already. This is the only thing that makes sense to me right now. Keep protesting and keep running. There was a girl at school would've married me. But her dad, I think he got wind of what I wanted to do. Suddenly she's not so hot on the idea.

JEAN

Maybe her dad got wind of some other things, too...

DOUGLAS

Like what?

JEAN

Well...

DOUGLAS

I don't act queer! Do I?

JEAN

"Act" queer? Don't ask me. For me, it's not a question of acting.

DOUGLAS

You said you thought I was straight when you met me.

JEAN

Well, the fact that you were in a bar called The Snake Pit at two in the morning calmed my suspicions a little.

DOUGLAS

What, are you saying you don't think I could pass?

WE WERE THERE I-1-20

JEAN

Oh, I don't know. Sure. If that's what you want. Pass. Pass away.

(A loud bang from down on the street,  
followed by some indistinguishable  
shouting)

What the hell is that?

(DOUGLAS goes to the window, looks out)

DOUGLAS

Somebody's shooting off firecrackers. There's a stream of people coming down the street toward the park. What time is that protest supposed to start?

JEAN

Not till tonight.

DOUGLAS

Looks like people are starting to come together early. Come on.

JEAN

What?

DOUGLAS

Let's go. See what's going down.

JEAN

You sure?

DOUGLAS

Any protest is good. Sure.

JEAN

What if you're seen? How're you gonna explain your little experiment?

DOUGLAS

Oh, who cares? Let's go.

(JEAN goes to the stereo system and  
turns the radio on full)

What're you...? I thought we were leaving?

JEAN

We are. See, Jimmy's been robbed a couple of times. He likes to leave a radio on when he's not home.

DOUGLAS

Robbers don't rob you if you listen to the radio?

JEAN

No, they think that... oh, shut up.

DOUGLAS

Are we going?

JEAN

Sure. Something you can tell your grandchildren.

(THEY start to exit)

DOUGLAS  
Hey. Should I take my stuff?

JEAN  
Aren't you coming back?

DOUGLAS  
Am I?

JEAN  
I hope so. Unless, I mean, if you don't want to.

DOUGLAS  
No, I want to. Do you want me to?

JEAN  
I want you to.

(THEY kiss. JEAN moves DOUGLAS toward  
the bed. DOUGLAS breaks the kiss)

DOUGLAS  
But for now, let's make war.

(HE pulls JEAN out the door. The music  
comes up)

BLACKOUT

SEQUE TRANSITION

WE WERE THERE I-1-22

[SFX: 1974 TRANSITION]

Scene 2

(June 30, 1974. Late Saturday/  
early Sunday morning. Probably  
the only thing that's changed in  
the apartment is the lightbulbs.  
The radio is blaring<sup>2</sup>. A key in  
the lock and JEAN enters. His  
hair is now red. HE wears  
eyeglasses. DOUGLAS follows him  
in. His hair is shorter and  
curly, he wears long sideburns)

Get comfortable. JEAN

Is your roommate here? DOUGLAS

Don't have one. JEAN

The radio... DOUGLAS

(JEAN clicks it off)

Oh, did you want music? JEAN

Doesn't matter. DOUGLAS

My friend leaves it on when he goes out of town. JEAN

When'd he leave? DOUGLAS

About three weeks ago. JEAN

Jeez. No wonder there's an energy crisis. DOUGLAS

Yep, that radio is solely responsible for the depletion of the ozone layer. JEAN

You're gonna think this is weird, but I think I've actually been here before. DOUGLAS

New York. JEAN

WE WERE THERE I-2-24

DOUGLAS  
No, this apartment. About five years ago. The night the riots happened. Are you sure that you...? Where did you say you were from?

JEAN  
I don't think that I did.

DOUGLAS  
I met this kid. His friend had the apartment. He was an actor, yeah. The friend, I mean. Do you know who lived here about five years ago?

JEAN  
Hmmm...

DOUGLAS  
He used to keep the radio on, too. For protection.

JEAN  
So you were there?

DOUGLAS  
Where?

JEAN  
At the Stonewall? The night of the riots?

DOUGLAS  
I was... outside, and then... well, yeah, I was there.

JEAN  
Wow. Tell me about it.

DOUGLAS  
Well, it was... What can I say? It was a riot, man. People were pissed off.

JEAN  
I've never met anyone who was really there. You were actually inside the bar when the police came in?

DOUGLAS  
Sure, yeah, yeah. It was a scene.

JEAN  
I'll bet. And the guy, the friend. He was in there with you?

DOUGLAS  
Um... yeah. He met me... No, I guess I met him there.

JEAN  
Wow. You get arrested, you two?

DOUGLAS  
No, no... um, when the cops... see, we knew it was a raid, so we, um, left and... man, I was stoned on top of it all.

JEAN  
Was he a boyfriend?

DOUGLAS  
Who, the guy?

JEAN  
The guy that was with you.

DOUGLAS  
Oh, no. No. It was a one-night thing. Well, a three night thing, really.

JEAN  
Really? Haven't you heard the line "Once, he was drunk. Twice, he liked it?"

DOUGLAS  
No, I've never heard that.

JEAN  
How 'bout your wife? Has she heard it?

(DOUGLAS goes to the bathroom, opens the door)

DOUGLAS  
This was the bathroom. Yep. I knew I shouldn't have said anything about my wife. You dragged that outta me.

JEAN  
No, it's okay about your wife. No problem. You shouldn't have said anything about your daughter, though.

DOUGLAS  
I couldn't help it. You're very easy to talk to. Usually, I go into a bar, it's like pulling teeth.

JEAN  
Well, I guess now that Jagger talks about fucking guys and the psychiatrists no longer think we're sick in the head, everything's totally cool, huh? Your family doesn't mind this going into gay bars habit?

DOUGLAS  
I only do it when I'm in New York. Or Philly.

JEAN  
And how often is that?

DOUGLAS  
Not often enough.

(HE goes to JEAN, starts to kiss him)

JEAN  
Please. Don't. Sorry, I'm not into kissing.

(HE starts to undo DOUGLAS' belt)

WE WERE THERE I-2-26

Hey, man, hang on. DOUGLAS

Let's just fuck. JEAN

Come on, there must've been something about me. DOUGLAS

JEAN  
You reminded me of someone. A guy from out of town. I met him here in the Village. He was just in for a few days. So was I. But I wanted to make that weekend last. Just a crush, I guess. Stupid, huh? The streets were wild. Sirens around the clock. People shouting, screaming. Things breaking. Bloodied boys and girls lining the streets, in the gutters, like a war. Like the war he was escaping. He was running away from the draft. That's where he is now, I hope. Still running. That's the way I think of him. Something untamed, running into the wilderness. Like I said. Stupid.

I knew it. DOUGLAS

Did not. JEAN

Did you know it was me right off? DOUGLAS

Not until I got next to you. JEAN

And then? DOUGLAS

JEAN  
Old Spice. And you never even set foot in the Stonewall, you lying sack of shit. You permed your hair.

You like it? DOUGLAS

It... it looks preposterous. JEAN

I was fishing. DOUGLAS

You asked. Your hair was beautiful. JEAN

At least it doesn't glow in the dark. DOUGLAS

It's for a job. JEAN

DOUGLAS  
Spokesman for Howdy Doody?

JEAN  
Pretty much. I'm working with a theatre company. We do...  
experimental work. I'm playing Susan Hayward. On acid.

DOUGLAS  
Then it works.

JEAN  
This guy saw our show in San Francisco and thought it would  
work in New York. We'll see. We just started performances.

DOUGLAS  
Your actor friend...

JEAN  
Jimmy.

DOUGLAS  
He's in the show too?

JEAN  
No, he's spending the summer touring the country singing and  
dancing around Alice Faye.

DOUGLAS  
That sounds like fun.

JEAN  
Kansas City in August? Think again. I've sublet the place  
for three months.

DOUGLAS  
So, you're like... a drag queen?

JEAN  
I am not. I'm an actor playing a role that happens to be  
female.

DOUGLAS  
Oh. Uh-huh.

JEAN  
I got raves. Fuck you. There's a guy down the street who's  
playing Camille and selling out every performance. I'd  
invite you to come see my show if I thought you had a sense  
of humor.

DOUGLAS  
My daughter thinks I'm funny.

JEAN  
I'll just bet she does.

DOUGLAS  
So. You've become an actor.

WE WERE THERE I-2-28

JEAN

The show's really funny. It's sort of "I Want To Live" meets "Rebecca" meets "A Star is Born."

DOUGLAS

Those are what? Movies?

JEAN

If you weren't just about to let me go down on you, I'd think you were straight.

DOUGLAS

I don't like labels.

JEAN

So, listen, now that you've been unmasked, you can take off if you want.

DOUGLAS

Why are you still trying to shove me out the door?

JEAN

I just figured that since the clandestine thrill is gone, you'll want to...

DOUGLAS

I tried calling you, you know.

JEAN

You what?

DOUGLAS

I called you in San Francisco.

JEAN

Bullshit.

DOUGLAS

No, I did. I guess I got your mother. But I didn't want to leave a message.

JEAN

When?

DOUGLAS

A couple of months after we met. December.

JEAN

Did you really?  
(A long pause)  
What'd you want?

DOUGLAS

Just sayin' hi.

JEAN

Please.

DOUGLAS  
I needed somebody to talk to.

JEAN  
You weren't, I assume, in Canada?

DOUGLAS  
I went back home. I couldn't... Now I feel like I've got the strength to pull it off, you know, pack it up, leave. Back then I didn't. Isn't it funny how that works? Now I don't need to.

JEAN  
Want a drink?

DOUGLAS  
Sure.

JEAN  
Now I don't know if there's anything here.  
(HE looks in the refrigerator)  
Beer?

DOUGLAS  
Nothing stronger?  
(JEAN looks in a cupboard)

JEAN  
Crème de Menthe?

DOUGLAS  
Beer is fine.  
(JEAN gives him the beer)  
Aren't you drinking?

JEAN  
I'm okay.

DOUGLAS  
Five years.

JEAN  
Feels like fifty.

DOUGLAS  
You said it. Are you... you know, with anyone?

JEAN  
Nope. Not for lack of trying. But everyone wants to be "free." I don't, particularly. How far did you make it?

DOUGLAS  
Not very. I spent my five hundred dollars while I was here, I had to go home.

JEAN  
Oh. I'm sorry.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, well.

JEAN

I'm as sorry for me as for you. I really wanted to keep that image of you on the Canadian prairie, clouds across the moon, wind blowing your hair, thinking of me. Playing a saxophone.

DOUGLAS

A saxophone?

JEAN

I don't know. A harmonica? Something romantic and wistful.

DOUGLAS

I can't play anything. So who died?

JEAN

Huh?

DOUGLAS

Last time you were here for a funeral.

JEAN

Yeah, right. Well, Candy Darling died. But the memorial was last month.

DOUGLAS

Who?

JEAN

Candy Darling? Famous drag queen?

DOUGLAS

Not an actor playing a female role?

JEAN

No, bastard. Drag queen.

DOUGLAS

Suicide?

JEAN

Cancer. So what are you up in arms about this time?

DOUGLAS

Oh, everything.

JEAN

Are you here for some action? Sit-in? Be-in? Walk-out?

DOUGLAS

Don't really have to protest anymore. Everyone's starting to figure out what's going on now. Five years ago when we called Nixon a crook, everyone thought we were strung-out, counterculture extremist nuts. Now everyone stands around watching him go down. Throw the fucking bastard in jail.

JEAN

They won't.

DOUGLAS

They should. Federal prison's too good for him. Let him rot in state prison. Let him be some smack-addicted Hell's Angel's plaything. That would be far out.

JEAN

Do people still say "far out?"

DOUGLAS

They still say "fuck you." Nah. I'm up here for some interviews. I'm going back to school.

JEAN

Isn't it a little... late?

DOUGLAS

Well, I got a late start. So what?

JEAN

To study what?

DOUGLAS

Education. I'm teaching in State College. But not much is gonna happen for me if I don't get my Master's.

JEAN

Do you teach at the college?

DOUGLAS

I teach fourth grade.

JEAN

Yikes.

DOUGLAS

It's great.

JEAN

Must be hard.

DOUGLAS

Only because I've got just six hours to get them to unlearn everything their parents have taught them.

JEAN

You're kidding.

DOUGLAS

Sort of. How's your Mom?

JEAN

Oh, she's okay, for her. She sounded funny on the phone last night. I think she's not used to me being away for such a long time. She sounded... I don't know. Weird. Well, no, she's always weird. Weirder. I thought she had a boyfriend this spring, but I don't know what happened there. Well, like mother... we're not good with men, for some reason.

DOUGLAS

I remember you being very good. Why don't you want to be free?

JEAN

Listen, if you still want to fuck...

DOUGLAS

What's the rush?

JEAN

Well, I want you to be free. I want you to be able to go out and get twenty four blow jobs in your twenty four hours in the big city. Be free. Get out there and find it, whatever the hell it is you're looking for, wipe your ass and get back on the bus to State College. "Hi, honey, I'm home!"

DOUGLAS

I'm not really married.

JEAN

You lied?

DOUGLAS

I've discovered that if I tell boys I'm married, the sex is always better. Go figure.

JEAN

So you don't have a kid, either?

DOUGLAS

No, I have a daughter.

JEAN

I don't get it.

DOUGLAS

You don't actually have to get married to reproduce.

(A pause)

The mother of my daughter didn't want her. I wanted her. So she's mine.

JEAN

But if you didn't get married... I thought you were going to be drafted.

DOUGLAS

I was. I wouldn't go.

JEAN  
So how'd you get out of it?

DOUGLAS  
I guess I didn't. They locked me up.

(A long pause)

JEAN  
You mean, like, prison?  
(A pause)  
How long?

DOUGLAS  
Two years. Almost. A year and ten months.

JEAN  
Jesus.

DOUGLAS  
Actually, it was good for me. In the long run. The first couple of months were rough. That's when I called you. I knew you'd be there... with pity, at least. I was tired of my own.

JEAN  
I don't know what to say. Ummm... Did you get any tattoos?

DOUGLAS  
I was in Federal prison. I got tax shelter advice.

JEAN  
Progressive school system, letting ex-cons teach the kiddies.

DOUGLAS  
The principal is an old friend. He watches over me.

JEAN  
Now I'm getting all hot. I've never slept with a jailbird before.

DOUGLAS  
Shut up. Those kids' parents would rather think that I'm holding up convenience stores than be up here getting ready to get it on.

JEAN  
Hmmm. How old's your daughter?

DOUGLAS  
Eighteen months.

JEAN  
Let's see.

DOUGLAS  
See what?

JEAN

The picture I'm sure you've got in your wallet.

DOUGLAS

(Taking it out:) Yeah, you'll just go through it while I'm sleeping, right?

JEAN

Assuming you'll be sleeping here. (To picture:) Adorable. So what happened, you had a wet dream and the mother sat in it?

DOUGLAS

We had sex. She was great sex.

JEAN

Oh, really? Better than... with a guy?

DOUGLAS

Better than with you, you mean?

JEAN

Okay. Better than me?

DOUGLAS

Sexuality is fluid, I think. It's not fixed like... your hair color, or something.

JEAN

You're wrong. It is. It is like your hair color. You're stuck with it.

DOUGLAS

Even if it is... I can still perm my hair, if I want.

JEAN

Yeah, but you're still straight at the root. So to speak.

DOUGLAS

I can still choose to color my hair.

JEAN

And I can choose to speak with a French accent if I want to, but that doesn't mean it's ever going to sound natural. Or feel comfortable.

DOUGLAS

It could in time. What have you got against women?

JEAN

Fuck you, I have nothing against women. I love women. I idolize them.

DOUGLAS

You don't think they're beautiful?

JEAN

Of course. Aesthetically.

DOUGLAS  
You can't get an aesthetic hard-on?

JEAN  
No.

DOUGLAS  
What can I say? Beauty makes me hot. It's just taste.  
Sometimes I want pizza. Sometimes I want a cupcake.

JEAN  
Awww. Am I a cupcake?

DOUGLAS  
Huh. You're... a popsicle.

JEAN  
Men give better head.

DOUGLAS  
That is such a crock. That's like saying... only Italians  
know how to eat spaghetti.

JEAN  
Can we get off the food analogies? They're making me  
nauseous. God save me from guys who come out late.

DOUGLAS  
Huh?

JEAN  
You want to talk about sex all the time. Like boys in the  
locker room. It's so... juvenile. Aren't we capable of  
doing anything but talking about sex twenty-four hours a  
day?

DOUGLAS  
So you don't think straight guys talk about sex all the  
time?

JEAN  
Not to their girlfriends, they don't.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS  
So you see yourself as my girlfriend?

JEAN  
I'm sorry, I... I regretted that the... Can we just  
pretend I didn't say that, okay?

DOUGLAS  
No, man, I think we should explore that.

JEAN  
"Explore" it?

DOUGLAS

Well, I feel like you're trying to control what's going on here. And I don't want to be controlled.

JEAN

Shit, has EST made it this far east already?

DOUGLAS

I mean, you get like a bit of freedom... to explore, to play, you all want to be liberated...

JEAN

"You all?"

DOUGLAS

And the first thing you want to be is your mother. No, not even. Your mom sounds pretty cool. You want to be my mother.

JEAN

I've found freedom lonely. And my Mom isn't cool by choice.  
(HE picks up the phone and dials during this)

When my mom was doing what modern women do, it was considered totally uncool. It was considered pathetic. Raising a child alone. Going to work, trying to make a living. Not dependent on a man. She'd have loved to be square.

DOUGLAS

Who are you calling?

JEAN

My mom, so you can tell her how cool she is.

DOUGLAS

It's three in the morning.

JEAN

Not out there.

DOUGLAS

Why are you so hostile?

JEAN

I'm not hostile, I'm... I'm... I don't know what I am. I'm upset that she's not picking up.

DOUGLAS

She's supposed to sit at home mending your socks?

JEAN

No, no, but she... she shouldn't go out. She goes out and she drinks. And she shouldn't. She knows if she's feeling blue it only makes her feel worse, and yet... I'm just scared about what I'll come home to in September.

DOUGLAS

Something I can do to make it better?

JEAN  
Awww. Sweet. Thank you.

DOUGLAS  
Well?

JEAN  
No, nothing. Just listen. That's more than most guys will do. I just start thinking about... oh, what the hell am I doing here anyway? Three months in New York making no money in a play that nobody will see me in. It's... so... And then I go back home in September with nothing.

DOUGLAS  
Nobody's coming to your play?

JEAN  
Well, no, it's selling out, but nobody who means anything. I mean, it's not like I'm gonna get a TV series playing Susan Hayward.

DOUGLAS  
Is that what you want? A TV series?

JEAN  
God forbid. No, no, I don't... I just...

DOUGLAS  
And if you'd stayed home? What would you be doing? Just taking care of Mommy?

JEAN  
That was mean.

DOUGLAS  
Well?

JEAN  
Your point is made. And who's taking care of... what's her name? Beardette? Closetina?

DOUGLAS  
That's worse than mean, that's nasty.

JEAN  
Sorry, I'm sure she's a sugarplum. So, what, you dump her on Mom's doorstep while you cover the waterfront?

DOUGLAS  
No, I have custody.

JEAN  
What, she's stashed in a hotel room somewhere?

DOUGLAS  
No, I have a friend who takes care of her.

JEAN  
Good friend.

Yeah, he is. DOUGLAS

Oh. I gotcha. JEAN

My friend Owen. We've been... close... for awhile now. DOUGLAS

He's the one who talked you into exploring your... non-masculine side. JEAN

You're really on a roll, huh? DOUGLAS

So Owen doesn't mind you coming up here and... how do I put this...? Fucking your brains out? JEAN

No, he's totally cool with it. He's welcome to do it too, if he wants to. DOUGLAS

In State College? With whom? JEAN

There are a lot of confused undergraduates, kiddo. DOUGLAS

No doubt. JEAN

I owe him a lot. I really do. DOUGLAS

"I owe Owen." That's cute. JEAN

He's the only one who offered me a job after I got out. All the other patriotic ass-wipes down there spit on me for standing up. Owen saved my life. DOUGLAS

Oh, so Owen's the educator with the heart of gold. JEAN

Well, he's risking his own neck by keeping me on. If it got out that I was in prison... DOUGLAS

Or a cocksucker... JEAN

Shut up. And he loves Jennifer. DOUGLAS

Jennifer? How sixties. JEAN

DOUGLAS

Why are you being like this?

JEAN

Well, no, it's good, because this way when you shout out "Oh, Owen!" when you've got your dick up my ass, I'll know who you're talking about.

DOUGLAS

You sure you're not playing Donna Reed in this show you're doing? Or Pat Nixon? How fifties.

JEAN

Be glad I'm not really Susan Hayward, or I'd be having your balls for breakfast. Speaking of which, I have a matinee in about ten hours, so... you're welcome to stay. You can even have the bed. But I've...

(HE starts to undress)

DOUGLAS

Oh. Okay. Well, no, I can go.

JEAN

No, really, it's okay.

(HE exits into the bathroom. DOUGLAS looks around, confused. HE sits on the edge of the bed. HE takes off a shoe. Stops. JEAN re-enters in a bathrobe)

JEAN

If you want to brush your teeth or anything...

DOUGLAS

I really do like you, you know.

JEAN

I love you.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS

That's just not possible. I'm sorry.

JEAN

So be it.

DOUGLAS

You don't even know me. Really.

JEAN

No, but I know me. I've thought about you all the time.

(HE gets a blanket and spreads it on the floor)

DOUGLAS

Well, I've thought about you, too. Just not in a wedding dress. Why didn't you... why did you pretend you didn't know me? At the bar?

JEAN

I don't know. It was stupid, I know. I wanted to throw myself at you. And then I saw you see me, or, rather, not see me, and... I couldn't believe you'd forgotten me. And I can't get you out of my head.

(HE takes off the robe. HE's left his underwear on. HE lies down on the floor, wraps himself in the blanket)

Turn out the light before you go to sleep.

DOUGLAS

Okay.

(HE jumps up from the bed and clicks off the light. Streetlight shines through the windows)

JEAN

You can stay up if you like. I don't care.

DOUGLAS

No...

(HE sits back on the bed, still one shoe on, one shoe off)

JEAN

If you want to put on music...

DOUGLAS

Okay.

(He jumps up, clicks on the stereo<sup>3</sup>)

This okay?

(Silence. Just the music. Suddenly, a sharp intake of breath from JEAN. HE's crying)

Oh, don't...

JEAN

I'm never going to see you again.

DOUGLAS

But I'm right here.

JEAN

But then tomorrow you'll be gone and it'll be even worse.

DOUGLAS

Don't think about that. Just think about now.

(HE starts to undress)

JEAN

I don't know. I can try. Please. Stay with me.

(DOUGLAS goes to JEAN, picks him up in his arms)

I love you. DOUGLAS

Don't, don't lie to me. JEAN

Shhh, I'm not. Tonight. Right now, I love you. DOUGLAS

(HE takes him to the bed)

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT ONE

WE WERE THERE I-2-42

[SFX: 1979 TRANSITION]

Act Two

Scene 3

(Lights up. Early afternoon. Sunday, June 24, 1979. JEAN and DOUGLAS both in bed, asleep in a tangle of sheets. JEAN'S hair is brown once more. DOUGLAS' perm is gone. HE wears a moustache. The sun comes out from behind a cloud and wakes DOUGLAS up. HE gingerly tries to move, but tugs the sheet around JEAN, who wakes)

JEEZ-UHS.  
JEAN

Sorry. Didn't mean to wake you.  
DOUGLAS

Any idea what time it is?  
JEAN

Can't see the clock. Can't reach my glasses.  
DOUGLAS

(JEAN looks towards the kitchen clock)

I can't focus.  
JEAN

Okay, it's time for Jimmy to move into the 80's and invest in an air conditioner.  
DOUGLAS  
(HE peels the sheet off)  
And you'd think after ten years he'd at least get a new set of sheets.

(DOUGLAS picks up the phone from his side of the bed, dials)

You and I have probably spent more time on these sheets than he has.  
JEAN

At the tone the time will be... Two-forty-one. And twenty seconds.  
DOUGLAS

(HE hangs up)

Shit, we'll miss the whole parade.  
JEAN

DOUGLAS

Ah, it'll go on all day.

(JEAN takes a cigarette off the nightstand,  
lights it)

JEAN

Well, I don't know what I can offer you. I may have some coffee.  
You're boycotting orange juice, I hope?

DOUGLAS

Nothing with caffeine.

JEAN

After what we ingested last night you're worried about caffeine?  
There's nothing to eat.

DOUGLAS

That's okay. I'm doing a macrobiotic thing, anyway.

JEAN

Oh, I see. And that was organic coke you were snorting all  
night?

DOUGLAS

Weekends I let myself go a little bit.

JEAN

Only caffeine is completely off-limits. Makes sense.

DOUGLAS

Shut up. (Pointing to JEAN's cigarette:) You're not lit.

JEAN

Actually, I think I still am. What was that you gave me? Was  
that a Quaalude?

DOUGLAS

Yeah, like you've never had one.

JEAN

Actually, I haven't. You could've parallel parked a Buick up my  
ass, I wouldn't have felt a thing.  
Did you have fun last night?

DOUGLAS

I still don't understand how you got us into Studio.

JEAN

What, you don't think I could get in on the strength of my own  
fabulousness?

(HE looks at DOUGLAS. A pause)

Schmuck. Darling, I had six lines in a movie that got nominated  
for Best Picture. I can get in anywhere. So are we just gonna  
lie here in bed all day?

DOUGLAS

Sounds good to me. So who's Jimmy dancing around this summer?

JEAN

Actually, Jimmy fell in love with a Park Avenue dermatologist with a house in Amagansett. So he's spending the summer waiting in line for gas behind Lauren Bacall.

DOUGLAS

Gonna be a long hot summer.

JEAN

I'm flying back on Wednesday.

DOUGLAS

Oh... I was kind of... thinking that we could spend some time, you know... I mean, I thought it would be nice to see you more than... this once-a-year thing is getting a little... I don't know...

JEAN

(Overlapping:) Awww... That's so sweet... Well, I can't... It depends on what... I hate to talk about this stuff before it happens. But... I came into town to read for something. This is so absurd. Here I am, finally in L.A. and most of what I do is this hole-in-the-wall theatre stuff that no one gives a shit about and I finally get seen for a movie and I have to come to New York to test for it. So I've got this test on Monday. And if it works out, which would be amazing, because it's actually a role, with lines, in more than one scene, I would get to stay in the city because it shoots here all summer. And they'd put me up in a fabulous hotel and then we wouldn't have to sweat wrapped up in these sticky sheets and we could lie in bed with the air conditioner going full blast and order room service.

DOUGLAS

That sounds more than decent.

JEAN

Yes, which is why I don't want to talk about it any more and jinx it.

DOUGLAS

Fingers crossed.

JEAN

When do you go back?

DOUGLAS

Not sure. I sublet this dump on Avenue A for the summer.

JEAN

Oh, right, you get the summer off, lucky shit.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, sort of.

JEAN

I suppose I should start thinking about finding a real job, huh? Now that my odometer has hit the big three-oh. Be a grown-up, right? That's what you're thinking. No, you're not, I'm sorry, you've always been great about that. But you know, I start to think sometimes a steady paycheck and... and benefits and stuff... you know, nine-to-five... oh, I guess the grass is always greener, huh? Listen to me. Sounds like I'm about ready for another Quaalude, huh?

(HE laughs)

DOUGLAS

You want one?

JEAN

No, no, I was just saying...

DOUGLAS

How's your mother?

(A long pause)

Is she still in the hospital?

JEAN

In and out. Currently in.

DOUGLAS

Is she...? Has she been... you know... How's she doin'?

(A pause)

Don't make me work so hard here.

JEAN

She's stabilized. Whatever the hell that means. They throw handfuls of pills down her throat and when she stops trying to jump out the window, they claim success.

DOUGLAS

How much longer?

JEAN

The rest of her life, I suppose.

DOUGLAS

In the hospital?

JEAN

Oh, I thought you meant the drugs. I don't know. They said another month three months ago, so... I just wish I could afford... for her to... not be where she is right now. But I'm getting more work, and if I can just manage a gig like this movie every six months or so, that'll certainly help. Let's go dancing.

DOUGLAS

Right now?

JEAN

No, tonight.

DOUGLAS

I'd kind of like to go to CBGB's. It's a rock club. I hear it's a scene.

JEAN

I know what it is. Oh, honey, don't you think you're a little... how do I put this? That crowd is somewhat... hmmm....

DOUGLAS

What?

JEAN

Don't you think you've... outgrown that?

DOUGLAS

Fuck you.

JEAN

That's right, you're still twenty-nine. Forget I said anything.

DOUGLAS

You're right. Now that we're thirty we have no choice but to go down the street and sit at the piano bar and drink whisky sours and sing dirty versions of "You're the Top." I'm realizing that that edge you have that I thought was attractive is really just one side of a square.

JEAN

Well, sure, you're on Avenue A and want your neighborhood to seem chic. When did you move in?

DOUGLAS

About two months ago.

JEAN

The school year ends early in State College.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, well, I'm not teaching anymore.

JEAN

I don't... You mean for the year?

DOUGLAS

No, I mean for... I was fired.

JEAN

How could you get fired? Isn't Owen your boss?

DOUGLAS

Yeah, he was. And he fired me.

(A pause)

JEAN

Oh.

(A pause)

How could...? What, some kind of a lover's spat?

DOUGLAS

Well, yeah, eventually. There was a boy at school. One of my students.

JEAN

Oh, no...

DOUGLAS

No, now please, don't immediately think the worst. Please. My students are nine years old, for Christ's sake. Try not to think like everybody else. Do you really see me as the type to fuck a nine-year-old?

JEAN

No, no, of course not.

DOUGLAS

Thank you.

JEAN

So you and Owen are... no longer... you know, a couple?

DOUGLAS

(Not without humor:) Is that really the only thing you care about?

JEAN

No, no, sorry. Trying to find a bright side. So the kid...?

DOUGLAS

He was just... Well, he proved truth to the "nature versus nurture" argument. I mean, he's nine, he doesn't even know what sex is, really... but I know he's gay. Or will be, once he starts fantasizing about something other than meeting Barbra Streisand. Unfortunately, all of the other boys know it too, and... Anyway, I scheduled a parent teacher conference in the hope that I could... I don't know what I thought. I guess I just wanted to see if he had someplace, any place safe to go to. And his mother was just as sweet as she could be and she asked me if I was gay. Actually, she asked me if I was "a homosexual." And I said yes.

JEAN

You didn't.

DOUGLAS

Well, with the hope that she would see... I don't know, someone normal, if she didn't know any other gay men. Someone who would be there for her son. Someone her son could... look up to.

JEAN

Uh-oh.

DOUGLAS

And she stayed just as sweet, thanking me for taking an interest in her son and how I'd have to come by for dinner, and she brought the meeting to an end. And within twenty-four hours, the police were at my door asking about how many times I'd been alone with him and I was being called before the school board and reporters from the local newspaper were ringing my phone off the hook.

JEAN

And what happened when the police showed up at your door and saw the school principal on the other side of your bed?

DOUGLAS

I guess they only needed one scapegoat. Owen asked me to move out. Oh, I didn't blame him. Why should we both be unemployed?

JEAN

You're nuts. Forgive me.

DOUGLAS

Oh, Owen's always had a way of making his choices seem like the right choices. Of course, now that I'm unemployed and bathing in the kitchen on Avenue A, things are coming a little more into focus. I thought I could do something, change something that nobody but me wants changed. And Owen... well, I don't know. I'm glad I found out where his priorities were before I...

JEAN

Before what? You've known him ten years.

DOUGLAS

Fifteen. The only thing that really upsets me is that I don't have Jennifer anymore.

JEAN

Oh, God.

DOUGLAS

Back to her mother. Who hadn't even seen her in five years. But no, better an uncaring parent than a gay one. The world doesn't understand that having a vagina does not necessarily make you a better parent. And could you explain the logic that thinks because I like to sleep with adult men that I'm also in danger of fucking a seven year old girl?

JEAN

Well, no, there isn't any. So are you here, like, for good?

DOUGLAS

For good? Who knows? I'm not really thinking much beyond dinner tonight.

(A pause)

JEAN

So I guess we better go to CBGB's. Since your whole future seems to be pinned on it.

DOUGLAS

Yes, thank you.

JEAN

No, I can't. Shit. I'm sorry. I totally blanked out. There's a party... My agent warned me that if I didn't go, he'd drop me.

DOUGLAS

Really?

JEAN

Well, no, he was kidding, but sarcasm in Hollywood is the only way people there can tell the truth.

DOUGLAS

Listen, the only thing I've got to wear are T-shirts.

(A pause)

JEAN

Oh.

(A pause)

Oh, honey, you can't go with me.

DOUGLAS

Oh.

JEAN

I'm sorry. If I could... but... how do I put this...? You'll cramp my style.

DOUGLAS

Oh.

JEAN

This producer will get pissed off if I show up with a boyfriend, is all.

(A pause)

I have to flirt.

DOUGLAS

Oh.

(A pause)

Is he cute?

JEAN

God, no. Wears caftans. But listen, you never know. And he's good friends with one of the producers of the movie. And the casting director. And the star of the movie may be there. It would just be a smart thing to do.

DOUGLAS

The star of the movie is gay?

JEAN

No. Hmm... I don't know. No, I don't think so. But he knows he needs to do a little more outreach to the community, if he knows what's good for him.

DOUGLAS

Who?

JEAN

I told you, I'm not going to talk about it.  
(A pause)  
But you can guess.

DOUGLAS

I'm not good at that. I don't know anybody's name.

JEAN

He's a big star on Broadway right now.

DOUGLAS

I give up.

JEAN

I told you, I'm not going to tell you. The Times is on the counter.

DOUGLAS

I hate games. You're really gonna make me get up?

JEAN

Oh, I forgot. Should I close my eyes? Jimmy's bathrobe is on the floor of the bathroom. Here, put on a T-shirt.  
(HE takes one off the headboard, throws it to him. DOUGLAS slips it on, gets out of bed. The shirt has a legend: "Under Construction." HE takes the paper off the table)  
And, as long as you're up... coffee would be nice.

DOUGLAS

Awwwww...

JEAN

I'm always the hostess; it's your turn.

(DOUGLAS goes to the kitchen, turns on the burner under the kettle as he looks through the paper)

DOUGLAS

Shit. Lowell George from Little Feat died.

JEAN

Who?

DOUGLAS

Little Feat. They had a lot of hits. "Dixie Chicken"? "All That You Dream"?

JEAN

Unless they covered "Send in the Clowns," I don't know them.

DOUGLAS

God. Heart attack. Thirty-four. God.

JEAN

That's just... a freak of nature. Or drugs, probably.

DOUGLAS

Even so, so young... Who dies at thirty-four? I'm sorry, I don't know who the stars of "Sweeney Todd" are.

JEAN

He's not in "Sweeney Todd." Think Shakespeare.

DOUGLAS

Oh, no.

(A pause)

Tell me it's not the Pacino movie.

JEAN

Why?

DOUGLAS

Oh, God, no. Tell me it's not.

JEAN

Why?

DOUGLAS

It is, isn't it? Well, you can't. You can't do it.

JEAN

What are you talking about?

DOUGLAS

Haven't you heard about that movie?

JEAN

You mean the gossip from people who haven't even read the script?

DOUGLAS

Have you read the script?

JEAN

I've read some of my scenes. Look, you've got me saying "my" scenes.

DOUGLAS

Is it about a gay serial killer?

JEAN

Supposedly. I don't know.

DOUGLAS

Well, don't you want to find out before you agree to do it?

JEAN

Do you know how lucky I would be to get this? I have, like, five scenes. With Pacino. I'd be nuts to turn it down. Look at me, I haven't even read for it and I'm talking about turning it down.

DOUGLAS

But you can't... you have... you owe it to... It's because of this shit that I'm fighting to get my daughter back.

JEAN

That's crap.

(A pause)

Besides, let's say I turn it down. So what? The movie's gonna get made anyway. So why should somebody else do it? Maybe if I do it, I can bring a clearer understanding... offer the role more dimension, more complexity, take it away from the stereotype...

DOUGLAS

No. No. Don't try to make it good. That's worse.

JEAN

What you don't seem to get is that there is not a wealth of parts for... people like me. I can't pick and choose. They don't make movies for us. Sorry, didn't mean to stereotype you. For me. I gotta take what I can.

DOUGLAS

What happened to the guy who used to make his living playing Susan Hayward?

JEAN

Camp don't pay the rent.

DOUGLAS

Well, you do what you're gonna do. But I tell you, when I'm behind that picket line, I'll save my biggest tomato for you.

JEAN

Fine.

DOUGLAS

Fine.

(A long pause)

JEAN

You still want to go to this parade?

DOUGLAS

Sure. Why don't you dress up as Norman Bates? Head up the "Famous Gay Stereotypes" contingent?

JEAN

Ten years ago you didn't even know who Norman Bates was. I'm glad I've had some kind of influence.

(A pause)

I'm sorry. Can we just forget all of this for the day? At midnight you can be mad at me again, I promise. I hear there actually going to be a float this year. We've hit the big time.

DOUGLAS

I'm just saying, don't try to beat them at their own game. They hold all the cards. Start your own game.

JEAN

And what's the practical translation of that? Go out and open my own movie studio?

DOUGLAS

You can create work for yourself. Control your own destiny. You don't have to sit around waiting for the phone to ring.

JEAN

Oh, I love sitting around waiting for the phone to ring! It's what I do best!

(JEAN sits at the kitchen counter, lights a cigarette)

So how are you creating your destiny? Self-actualizing? Re-aligning? Whatever the term of the moment is?

DOUGLAS

I wander. I walk the streets.

JEAN

All day long?

(DOUGLAS exits to the bathroom)

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Not days. Nights. Guess I'm making up for living in a town that rolls up the sidewalk at ten o'clock. Three, four, five in the morning, there's always something to hear, see, smell... whatever.

JEAN

Taste?

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Watch out. On a hot night, if I walk long enough and far enough I wear myself out so I can sleep.

JEAN

Why can't you sleep?

(JEAN begins to dress)

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Don't know. Thinking too much. How do I move forward when I don't even know where I've been? Two years in jail. Gone. Four years with someone who didn't really love me after all. Gone.

JEAN

He loved you.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Not really. Gone.

JEAN

Sounds like a midlife crisis to me.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) So you're saying I'm not going to live to sixty? There's one guy I keep seeing. Don't know who he is, we've never spoken, but I keep seeing him, popping up all hours of the day and night. And beautiful. Don't get jealous.

JEAN

Oh, I'm over that.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) I've started to follow him. In fact, I saw him last night at Studio. He went up to the balcony and I lost him.

JEAN

Careful. People have been known to go into Studio's balcony and never be heard from again...

DOUGLAS

(Off:) First time I saw him, he was waiting on line to get into Plato's Retreat. So I thought he was straight. But then I saw him coming out of the toilet at the 14th Street subway station.

JEAN

Maybe he had to pee.

(DOUGLAS re-enters)

DOUGLAS

I saw him down by the piers two Saturdays ago. I tried following him, but it's like a maze down there. There's a backroom bar a couple of blocks west. I saw him there, too. We even made eye contact. He gave me this wicked smile and then disappeared.

JEAN

Listen, I flew in from the coast for this shindig. Put your pants on, please.

(DOUGLAS does. JEAN goes to the window)

I don't like the look of that sky. Something's moving in. It's gonna rain on our parade.

DOUGLAS

I'm warning you. If you start singing Streisand, you're on your own.

WE WERE THERE II-3-56

(HE puts on his sneakers)

JEAN

Not one note.

(JEAN closes the windows)

DOUGLAS

Don't close them, it'll be a coffin by the time we get home.

JEAN

Jimmy'll pitch a fit if it rains in. He once chewed me out for not using a coaster.

DOUGLAS

Tell him it's his own fault for not getting an air-conditioner.

JEAN

No, there's a storm coming. You can smell it.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, let's close the windows and don't forget to turn the radio on full blast.

JEAN

Thanks. I almost forgot.

(HE turns on the radio<sup>4</sup> and THEY start to head out the door. The sky darkens and a crack of thunder is heard)

DOUGLAS

Don't worry about the electric bill, don't worry about the neighbors, don't worry that we won't be able to breathe when we get home, but worry about the curtains...

JEAN

DON'T tell me not to live, just sit and putter...

DOUGLAS

I warned you.

JEAN

You said don't sing. I'm not singing. (Spoken:) Don't tell me not to march, my heart's a drummer. Nobody, no - nobody is gonna rain on...

(And DOUGLAS shoves him out the door and slams the door behind them. The thunder continues)

BLACKOUT

SEQUE TRANSITION

[SFX: 1984 TRANSITION]

Scene 4

(Lights up. Early Monday morning, June 25, 1984. Music blaring<sup>5</sup>. Thunder. A beat. Keys in the lock, and JEAN and DOUGLAS crash in. JEAN wears a white linen suit, pastel T-shirt and artful stubble. His hair is several shades of blond and is combed forward to cover a receding hairline. DOUGLAS is in an expensive business suit. Clean shaven, hair cut short. There's blood coming from a cut above his eye, some of which is on JEAN's suit. Their dialogue overlaps)

JEAN

Just let me... let me...

DOUGLAS

I just wanna see it...

(HE runs toward the bathroom)

JEAN

Please, would you please... just come with me to the hospital, please. If you won't let me call the police, please at least just let a doctor look at it.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) No, no, it's fine. I just want to see it myself. It doesn't look too... it's not deep at all. It's just bleeding a lot.

JEAN

I'm telling you, it needs a stitch, at least...

DOUGLAS

(Off:) It's really okay. Please. Could you turn off the goddamn music?

(JEAN does)

JEAN

You could get tetanus, or something...

DOUGLAS

(Off:) It wasn't metal; it was a bottle.

JEAN

Are you sure?

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Sure I'm sure. I heard glass breaking. There's no...  
I'm just cleaning it out; it'll be fine.

JEAN

There should be peroxide... Use that.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) I don't see any.

JEAN

Jimmy keeps peroxide in a Shalimar bottle. So only his  
hairdresser knows for sure. Clean it good.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Yes, Mommy.

(HE comes out of the bathroom)

It's fine.

JEAN

Let me see.

DOUGLAS

It's fine!

JEAN

Let me see or I'm calling the police and an ambulance.

DOUGLAS

Oh, for Christ's...

JEAN

Oh, honey, it's deep!

DOUGLAS

I'm telling you... I got blood all over you.

JEAN

Don't worry about it.

DOUGLAS

Looks expensive.

JEAN

Didn't cost a cent; I got it off a job.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS

I just don't get it. Why, out of the blue, would they just...?

JEAN

Didn't "Kill that fag" tip you off?

DOUGLAS

But I'm wearing a suit! I've got a... I don't know. I mean, I  
don't look...

JEAN

Oh my God, you're not going to say what I think you are.

DOUGLAS

Well, I don't understand...

JEAN

Honey, they were Neanderthals, but we're two men walking alone on Christopher Street on Gay Pride Day. They had a hunch. Please let me call the police.

DOUGLAS

Please, please, I can't deal with cops right now. Have you got any, I don't know... painkillers? Aspirin? A joint? Anything?

JEAN

Jimmy usually keeps some Percodan in a Cream of Tartar bottle in the spice rack.

DOUGLAS

And can we open a goddamned window in here? God, I'll pay for an air conditioner for this dump.

(HE throws open the windows and sticks his head out, sucking in air)

JEAN

Come back in! Sure, show them which apartment we're in.

DOUGLAS

They're long gone.

(DOUGLAS goes to the kitchen, finds the pills, takes two)

Where's Jimmy this summer?

JEAN

St. Vincent's.

DOUGLAS

The Caribbean?

JEAN

The hospital.

DOUGLAS

Is it...?

JEAN

Don't know yet. It's a host of things. They're assuming. You could actually meet him this year, if you like.

DOUGLAS

Oh...

(A pause)

WE WERE THERE II-4-60

JEAN

Or not. He was making his Broadway debut. Two weeks ago he was dancing around George Hearn. Now he's dancing around an IV pole. You're still bleeding.

DOUGLAS

Shit.

JEAN

Apply pressure. Here, let me...

DOUGLAS

It's fine, really, don't...

JEAN

You don't want police, doctors or me. Fine. Why not just go back on the street and bleed...

DOUGLAS

Sorry, I'm... shaky. And your bedside manner isn't exactly...

JEAN

Sorry. I'm freaked too. I really wish you'd at least let a doctor look at that thing.

DOUGLAS

I hate hospitals. No. Thank God I had the foresight to pick up some Scotch.

(HE takes a bottle out of the kitchen cabinet, goes to the refrigerator for ice)

Do you want a drink?

JEAN

What? God, yes.

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) Jesus, has this thing been defrosted since 1969?

JEAN

Calm down.

DOUGLAS

Well, if I could get some ice! Christ!

JEAN

Let me. Sit.

(HE moves to the kitchen, shoves DOUGLAS toward the bed)

JEAN

Do you want water? Or soda? I don't think there is any soda.

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) Just ice. Is my eye swelling? It looks like it is.

JEAN

It looks okay. I'll bring you some ice for that, too.

DOUGLAS

I'm gonna look great at this presentation tomorrow morning. A black eye and a gash on my head. "Good morning, gentlemen! Trust me with your money!" Please clean off that blood. It's freaking me out.

JEAN

Sorry.

(HE takes off his jacket and shirt and puts on one of Jimmy's T-shirts)

DOUGLAS

Really. Send me the cleaning bill.

JEAN

Oh, I will. And may I take your...? Correct me if I'm wrong, but...

(HE takes DOUGLAS' jacket, looks inside)  
Armani. Thought so. You are doing well.

DOUGLAS

I was. Tomorrow morning I'll probably be fired.

JEAN

You can afford Armani and you still wear Old Spice.

DOUGLAS

Old habits...

JEAN

Once it heals, it'll be... You could say you cut yourself shaving... your head... you cut yourself combing... hmmm...

DOUGLAS

Why don't I wear a bandana and an eye patch? "Yo-ho-ho, ye investment banking maties!" It's not just that. I saw one of the other VPs at the parade. And he saw me. With you.

JEAN

Well, what was he doing there?

DOUGLAS

Good point.

JEAN

Just tell 'em you were doing marketing research. You're gonna target the gay community for your... whatever it is.

DOUGLAS

Won't fly. Everyone knows it's a shrinking market.

JEAN

Good point.

WE WERE THERE II-4-62

DOUGLAS

Also, it'd be kind of hard to explain my shouting "Shame, shame, shame" in front of St. Patrick's. Let's go back to my hotel for the night. We can have air conditioning and I can get the valet to clean my suit for the morning.

JEAN

But it's... oh, it won't be the same. I love this apartment. I don't mind the heat.

DOUGLAS

But we can afford to move on. The past, this apartment, has nothing to offer us. The only thing that counts is what we can do now. This moment.

JEAN

If I didn't just see you wash down two Percodan with a glass of Scotch, I'd think you were in recovery. Sorry, now that the drink is hitting me, I don't feel like going anywhere.

(HE slips off his pants, shoes, socks)

DOUGLAS

I don't suppose Jimmy has a working alarm clock?

JEAN

How bourgeois!

DOUGLAS

Well, I'm gonna need a wake-up call.

JEAN

I'll get you up. An hour ago you were talking about quitting.

DOUGLAS

I'm always talking about quitting. I could. I could retire if I wanted to. Or I should be able to, if I get these guys on board tomorrow.

(HE goes to the phone, dials)

Wow! Pushbuttons!

JEAN

Will you be my sugar daddy?

DOUGLAS

You must be doing okay. I see you all the time.

JEAN

You watch television?

DOUGLAS

Yeah, sometimes. Really, I've only got the job for Jennifer. I figure the only thing more attractive to the family court judge than heterosexuality is a big pile of cash.

DOUGLAS (continued)

(Into the phone): Hi. It's me. I'm just leaving a message to ask you to please wake me up tomorrow at seven. The number here, in case you lost it, oh, hi. I didn't mean for you to pick up. Did I wake you up? Sorry...Well, you shouldn't've picked up, I could've just left... I'm sorry, okay? I just need a wake-up call. Seven. Do you still have the number? It's on the... yeah, that's it. I'll be fine. Yes, I know what time it is, and I'm telling you, I'll be fine. Well, the longer we stay on the phone... No, I didn't need it. I didn't forget it, I don't need it. I can do the presentation with the prototype. They'll still get it. Well, then, you should have come up with me if you think... I'm hanging up now. Talk to you in the morning.

(HE hangs up)

God, when it comes to money, everybody goes ballistic.

JEAN

Was that...?

DOUGLAS

Uh-huh. Joel.

JEAN

Sounds a little tense.

DOUGLAS

Oh, it's... what it is. I keep reminding myself that he really did rescue me. And then some. I mean...

(HE gestures to his clothes)

I mean, I work my ass off for him, he can't deny that.

JEAN

Nice of him to trust you in New York on pride weekend.

DOUGLAS

Are you kidding? He's fucking his brains out. And I'm about to make him several million dollars.

(HE takes off his shirt, looks at the blood)

I think this is a goner.

JEAN

Have you lost weight?

DOUGLAS

I've been on the Hollywood Diet. You must know about it.

JEAN

No one I know in Hollywood is on the Hollywood Diet. I think it must've been the brainstorm of someone in Omaha.

DOUGLAS

Omaha, huh?

JEAN

State College, maybe.

DOUGLAS

I've missed you, you bitch.

(HE moves to him. THEY kiss. JEAN moves to pull DOUGLAS' undershirt off)

Uh-uh-uh. What's the rush?

JEAN

Don't you need to be all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in... five hours?

DOUGLAS

You know me. The living dead. We don't sleep.

JEAN

You've done a miserable job with that bandage. Let me take a shot.

(HE exits to the bathroom)

DOUGLAS

I really did like you in that TV movie.

JEAN

Hasn't done much, but my name's getting around. I did a bit in a pilot that got picked up.

(HE re-enters with peroxide, gauze, cotton and tape)

I'm hoping they'll bring me back, if only for an episode or two. The money's amazing. It was a bit, but my buzz was good.

DOUGLAS

Your buzz?

JEAN

Of course, I finally get my name in boldface type in Arthur Bell's column and he croaks.

DOUGLAS

So you've gone Hollywood?

JEAN

No, darling, three jobs a year and nights spent monitoring Mommy's medication is not going Hollywood.

DOUGLAS

Must be good for your love life.

JEAN

It's kind of difficult to bring people to the house these days. I have to tell them not to get too alarmed when my mother has a psychotic episode and runs into my bedroom screaming in the middle of the night.

DOUGLAS

Wouldn't she be better in a hospital?

JEAN

No. We're not talking about hospitals, remember? So Philadelphia agrees with you. House?

Condo.

DOUGLAS

Nice. Station wagon?

JEAN

Please. BMW.

DOUGLAS

Huh. What's the community like?

JEAN

What community?

DOUGLAS

Is there a decent gay community?

JEAN

I don't spend all my time in gay bars.

DOUGLAS

Well, there's a community beyond gay bars.

JEAN

I really don't pay much attention.

DOUGLAS

You haven't lost a lot of friends?

JEAN

Huh? Oh, you mean...? No, not that I know of. I really don't know many gay people down there.

DOUGLAS

You're kidding.

JEAN

I just find the more time I spend around gay men, the more I discover how little I have in common with most of them.

DOUGLAS

Hmmm.

JEAN

What?

DOUGLAS

Nothing. I just find it... interesting. You used to be... such a... I don't know...

JEAN

Used to be?

DOUGLAS

Just funny that now that you're in a position... that you can afford to be of some help, you back off.

DOUGLAS

Help how?

JEAN

Well, you can finally put some money where your mouth is. And you don't.

DOUGLAS

I should donate all my money to something that... well, that's not my fault?

JEAN

You think it's somebody's fault? Hmmm.

DOUGLAS

Well, no. Of course not. It's just... up till now, it hasn't really...

JEAN

What, you need a stack of corpses on your front lawn?

DOUGLAS

I just don't see that I could do much good. And it doesn't seem that those people know how to spend the money once they get it. But I haven't really been paying attention. I told you, my priorities have been... elsewhere. I can't afford to go back to being a hippie, if that's what you mean.

JEAN

There are a lot of men out there, just like you, who are going through something... I can't even find the words...

DOUGLAS

But I told you, I don't think they are very much like me.

JEAN

Ummm... They're gay.

DOUGLAS

You know I've never liked to be labeled.

JEAN

Bullshit. You don't like it if you think the label might do you some damage. If it works to your advantage, I'm sure you're more than happy to hide behind a label. When you fill out an application, do you put your full name?

DOUGLAS

What kind of application?

JEAN

An application! A job, a credit card, whatever. Do you put "Douglas" or just the letter "D"?

DOUGLAS

My name isn't "D."

JEAN

So you don't mind labeling yourself a man.

DOUGLAS

What?

JEAN

Well, not too many women named "Douglas." Do you check "male" where it says "sex"? Or do you write "none of your fucking business"?

DOUGLAS

Where it says "sex", I write "yes".

JEAN

Ha-ha. What do you put where it says "race"? Do you check "white"? I'll bet that label's no problem for you. Next time, just write "human." See what happens.

DOUGLAS

Okay, I get it.

JEAN

I just don't think it's fair to be able to choose what labels you like and don't like.

DOUGLAS

Why? 'Cause you can't choose "heterosexual"?

JEAN

Exactly, cocksucker, because I can't. 'Cause my friend, who may kick the bucket at any minute, who's in the hospital with no health insurance can't. Who has to scream for a nurse because no one wants to go near him. Who, if he wants a Q-Tip, has to wait half an hour for the nurse to encase herself in rubber before she'll enter the room. Whose family won't even call, never mind visit, terrified that the cooties are going to swim through the phone lines into their ears. I'm the only person he knows who will touch him.

(A long pause)

I don't want to get to the point where no one will touch me. I want it back the way it was.

DOUGLAS

I'll always be willing to touch you.

(DOUGLAS goes to him, puts his arm around him)

JEAN

I miss it. I want to be able to trust again.

DOUGLAS

You can't. You shouldn't. Sorry.

JEAN

I trust you.

DOUGLAS

Don't.

JEAN

I want it the way it was with you back in... Remember? '74? '75?

DOUGLAS

It's different. For one, I hope we've both grown up a little since then.

JEAN

I don't wanna be a grown-up tonight. Not with you.  
(HE kisses DOUGLAS, tries to take DOUGLAS' shirt off. DOUGLAS takes his hand)  
What, have you gotten even more shy than you used to be?

DOUGLAS

Do you have condoms with you?

JEAN

Don't be silly.

DOUGLAS

I'm not. Does Jimmy have any?

JEAN

I doubt it, but I'll...  
(HE goes to the night table, looks through it)  
I don't really... Talk about killing the mood... I've never really used them. I can't imagine using them after all these years. I don't see any.

DOUGLAS

Jimmy probably keeps them in the flour canister, or something.

JEAN

It's like having to switch to a salt substitute. It'll do if you're desperate, but all you have is the memory of salt.

DOUGLAS

Well, if salt is gonna kill you...

JEAN

I'll take my chances and enjoy life. I still smoke, too.

DOUGLAS

Don't put me in this position.

JEAN

What position? I'm telling you, I don't care.

DOUGLAS

I care.

(A pause)

Oh, I see. JEAN

Don't... DOUGLAS

No, that's fair. JEAN  
(A pause)  
But I'm not a big slut, you know.

That has nothing to do with it. DOUGLAS

No, I know. JEAN  
(A pause)  
But just so you know, the last time I had sex was with you.

I'm sorry. DOUGLAS

That wasn't said for pity. JEAN

I just don't think it's a good idea. My head is pounding. DOUGLAS

Oh, you mean you don't want to. "Honey, I have a headache." JEAN  
That's okay, I guess we don't always have to... Jeez, it looks  
like it's going to rain again.  
(During this, DOUGLAS, facing downstage, has  
slipped his T-shirt over his head, his back  
to JEAN. JEAN stares at his back. A long  
pause)  
Did... did that happen in the fight?

It's been there a month. DOUGLAS

Have you seen anybody about it? JEAN

You're the first person who's seen it. DOUGLAS

You mean even Owen... no, not Owen, I meant... JEAN

Joel hasn't seen me naked in... awhile. DOUGLAS

Or a doctor? JEAN

No. DOUGLAS

WE WERE THERE II-4-70

JEAN

Well, you can't possibly be sick. You live on broccoli, bean sprouts and brown rice. Let's... let's go find out that it's nothing. Let's go find out that it's a rash. An allergy. You won't be alone. I won't leave you alone.

DOUGLAS

Tomorrow.

JEAN

Your cut's opened up again.

(Blood is, in fact, dripping down the side of DOUGLAS' face)

DOUGLAS

Shit. Careful. Don't get it on you.

JEAN

I don't care. Please. Don't make me spend the next year worrying about you.

(A long pause as THEY look at each other. DOUGLAS puts his T-shirt back on)

DOUGLAS

You won't leave me there.

JEAN

Not a chance.

DOUGLAS

Let's go.

JEAN

Thank you.

(JEAN opens the door. DOUGLAS starts out)

DOUGLAS

We left the window open.

JEAN

Leave it. Jimmy's not worried about his curtains anymore. Let the rain pour in.

(THEY exit as the rain splatters on the windowsill into the room)

END OF ACT TWO

[SFX: 1989 TRANSITION]

Act Three

Scene 5

(Lights up. Sunday, June 25, 1989. Noon. Music is coming from the stereo<sup>6</sup>. JEAN sits at the kitchen counter, a pile of papers, a calculator in front of him. HE wears glasses. His hair is back to being brown, but most of it looks like an expensive hairpiece. Designer T-shirt and jeans. The only significant changes to the apartment are the addition of an air-conditioner and a new bedspread. JEAN works with difficulty at some bit of arithmetic)

JEAN

Fuck this shit.

(HE looks at his watch, shouts off:)

You better shake a leg, they're gonna be waiting.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Like Julian has never kept me waiting.

JEAN

He can afford to keep people waiting.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) What the hell does that mean?

JEAN

Nothing. Jeez. I just mean that he won't wait and then you'll never be able to find him.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) Which would actually be preferable.

(JEAN takes out a cigarette, goes to the window, opens it, and sticks his head out to exhale)

JEAN

Wally will keep him entertained until you get there. No doubt.

(A pause. HE smokes)

Now I'm not telling you again that the party is at five-thirty. So I don't care who you're cruising or who's cruising you, get your ass there. I don't want to be stuck alone there any longer than I have to.

WE WERE THERE III-5-72

(DOUGLAS enters, shorts and a "War is Not Healthy For Children and Other Living Things" T-shirt, with the word "War" crossed out and the word "AIDS" hand-written over it. A bandana is tied around his head, suggesting his head is shaved. Goatee. Probably a tattoo)

Is that what you're planning to wear to the party? I think that shirt's still got some mothballs clinging to it.

(A pause. DOUGLAS glares at him)

DOUGLAS

You spend two hours at the gym, come home and light up a cigarette.

(DOUGLAS clicks off the stereo)

JEAN

I'd light up at the gym, if there were ashtrays on the StairMaster.

DOUGLAS

It's insane.

JEAN

(Shrugs) Well, people who go to church still commit sins.

DOUGLAS

That analogy makes no sense.

JEAN

Well, I'd take this lecture seriously if you hadn't spent most of last night in a K hole.

DOUGLAS

K doesn't cause cancer.

JEAN

Oh, excuse me. Logic prevails.

(HE tosses the cigarette out the window)

There. It's out. Happy?

DOUGLAS

Hopefully no one was down there, or there's another way cigarettes can kill.

(JEAN closes the window, clicks on the air conditioner)

Actually, would you mind not running the air conditioner? I've got a little bit of a chill.

JEAN

Yeah. Sure. Well, then, you should wear something warmer. Did you eat?

DOUGLAS

Yes, Mom.

JEAN

Well, I'm starving.

(HE stays in the kitchen, makes a sandwich)  
You sure you don't want me to make you a sandwich?

DOUGLAS

You sure you don't want me to hit you?

JEAN

Fine, fine.

(A pause. DOUGLAS gestures to the paperwork)

DOUGLAS

So did you figure it out?

JEAN

What I figured out is that I want to toss the whole mess into the incinerator.

DOUGLAS

Well, that's what accountants are for.

JEAN

Yes, but I have to know what it is before I bring it to the accountant, I can't just throw all this... God, who would have thought a chorus boy could have such complicated finances?

DOUGLAS

There won't be anything left, will there?

JEAN

Not a chance.

DOUGLAS

So what's the point?

JEAN

When his cheap sister demands an accounting of how every last penny was spent, I can throw the hospital bills in her face.

DOUGLAS

Is she gonna take the apartment?

JEAN

Are you kidding? I'm sure she wants it all soaked in gasoline and burned. She knows there's nothing of value here or she'd be here right now, picking through everything with a magnifying glass and a surgical mask. I feel like sending her his old dildo with a note: "Jimmy really wanted you to have this."

(JEAN's wristwatch beeps)

11:30. Take your zidovudine.

DOUGLAS

Where is it?

WE WERE THERE III-5-74

JEAN

Bathroom.

(DOUGLAS goes to the fridge, takes out a bottle of wine)

Milk.

DOUGLAS

Ugh.

(HE puts the wine back, pours himself a glass of milk, exits to the bathroom. JEAN sits at the counter and eats his sandwich)

JEAN

If somebody told me I'd have to be an executor twice in one year, I'd've left town and not come back.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) It's more fun when you actually get something back.

JEAN

Rub it in, Moneybags.

DOUGLAS

(Off:) So what happens to the apartment?

(A pause)

JEAN

I was kinda thinking I'd see if I can get the lease. I mean, Jimmy was paying about a buck ninety-eight for it, I figure if I make any kind of a decent offer...

DOUGLAS

(Off:) And do what with it?

JEAN

Well, I'm gonna need someplace to stay in New York. This place is as good as any.

(DOUGLAS re-enters)

DOUGLAS

This neighborhood is sinking into the toilet.

JEAN

So I'll put you up at the fucking Waldorf. I'll stay here.

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) Now can I have a glass of wine?

JEAN

You may.

DOUGLAS

Want some?

JEAN

It's early.

DOUGLAS

It's our once-a-year day. Live a little.  
(HE pours him a glass)  
I can't believe you're really not coming with us.

JEAN

It's just... the timing is off.

DOUGLAS

What's the big deal? It's not like you're some matinee idol. No offense.

JEAN

Lots taken.

DOUGLAS

I mean, your character never even has sex, from what I can tell.

JEAN

I just don't think that two months before my spin-off goes on the air is a good time to commit career suicide.

DOUGLAS

Darling, everybody knows you're gay.

JEAN

Perfect. Then there's no reason to come out.

DOUGLAS

I wish you would understand what it could mean. All the good you would do.

JEAN

Me? I'm inconsequential.

DOUGLAS

Please.

JEAN

In Hollywood terms I am. Listen, be grateful. I could be one of those sitcom stars who thinks what they're doing is important.

DOUGLAS

I'm just saying you could be. It would have made a difference in my life if there'd been somebody gay on TV when I was a kid.

JEAN

There was, darling.

DOUGLAS

You know what I mean.

WE WERE THERE III-5-76

JEAN

That was then, when it would have meant something. Nowadays folks would just yawn and click to see what else was on. You're the activist in the family. You'll do more good without me.

DOUGLAS

Not with Julian tagging along. Wally and me will be screaming about survival drugs and he'll be complaining that his mousse isn't holding up.

JEAN

He means well.

DOUGLAS

Doesn't matter. He's an albatross.

JEAN

Can you at least wait until he's in the vicinity before you turn cranky? And can you tell me why there are two gallons of blood in the kitchen?

(HE picks two gallon-size water bottles off the floor and puts them on the countertop)

DOUGLAS

Your prop guy taught me how to make it. We're going to stick our hands in it and leave handprints on all the bus shelters and phone booths.

JEAN

Don't you think you're a little old for practical jokes?

DOUGLAS

It is absolutely not a joke. It's theatre. And you're older.

JEAN

So this means you're gonna show up at the party covered in blood?

DOUGLAS

Well, that's the thing. I don't know that I'm gonna make it to the party.

(A pause. JEAN glares at him)

A bunch of guys from the New York chapter are having a thing after, and I think we're gonna be so hyped... it'll just be... Well, I think I'd just rather be there.

JEAN

You said you were going.

DOUGLAS

Well, I'd rather not.

JEAN

You told me... Fine.

DOUGLAS

I just think that we're all gonna be...

JEAN

I said fine.

DOUGLAS

Sorry. Don't trust anyone over forty, as they used to say.

JEAN

Actually, they used to say don't trust anyone over thirty, so you've been untrustworthy for the past ten years.

DOUGLAS

Well, what they're saying now is that forty is the new thirty.

JEAN

That's just your attempt to convince yourself that you're not turning into your father. You'll be in the nursing home saying, "You know, eighty is the new seventy."

DOUGLAS

I can't believe there's actually a new bedspread.

JEAN

Well, Jimmy shit all over the old one. I had to trash it.

(A long pause)

Did you call Jennifer back?

DOUGLAS

Uh-huh.

JEAN

What'd she want?

DOUGLAS

Just checking in.

JEAN

Is she coming up?

DOUGLAS

Nope.

JEAN

I'd love to see her.

(A pause)

I don't suppose she gives a shit.

DOUGLAS

Oh, please. Don't whine.

JEAN

I'm not... it's just... You get to grow old and have a family around you...

DOUGLAS

Assuming I get to grow old...

WE WERE THERE III-5-78

JEAN

...while I'm gonna wind up some bitter old queen falling off a barstool at Fedora after my third vodka gimlet...

DOUGLAS

Listen, if you're angry at me, I wish you'd just get angry.

JEAN

Well, it's difficult.

DOUGLAS

After all that therapy?

JEAN

Well, 'cause what I'm really angry at is the fact that when I come over to kiss you, you turn away, or suddenly remember that the freesia needs to be watered, or you just want to finish the chapter you're reading, or you just need a few more hours sleep, and then you go out and spend three and a half hours fucking Wally.

DOUGLAS

I'm not fucking Wally.

JEAN

Bullshit.

DOUGLAS

I'm not.

JEAN

Then why are you always with him?

DOUGLAS

We work together. We have a lot in common. And I like him. Why do you spend so much time with Julian?

JEAN

Don't deflect it back to me.

DOUGLAS

Only because you're trying to create this diversion of me and Wally having sex to throw the spotlight off your affair with Julian.

JEAN

We're not...

DOUGLAS

Really, don't bother, because I don't care. If it's important to you, or to your career, or your ego, whatever. Do whatever you need to do. But leave my friendships alone.

JEAN

But I can say that Julian means absolutely nothing to me. Can you say the same about Wally?

DOUGLAS

No. Should I? Would you consider that noble, somehow? Admirable? That the time I spend away from you, which seems to increase with each passing day, is spent with someone I have no feeling for whatsoever?

JEAN

So what am I supposed to do? In order to be as close to you as Wally, I need to... what? Sero-convert?

(A pause)

DOUGLAS

I don't know. Maybe.

(A pause)

Well, what should I say? It's an issue. There are things that you won't... that you can't understand. At least Wally and I are good for each other. We feed each other's compassion, each other's anger. We move each other into action. You seem to have picked up all of Julian's bad points.

JEAN

Such as?

DOUGLAS

His fucking superiority. His need to treat everyone like the pool boy. Including me.

JEAN

He treats you like the pool boy?

DOUGLAS

Well, yes, he does, but I meant you.

JEAN

I actually treat my pool boys very well.

(A pause)

I treat you... how?

DOUGLAS

You've got this... I don't know, this sense of entitlement. Which I guess you and Julian have cultivated at work. Which is fine, get all you can out of them, you deserve it, they'll try to screw you any way they can. But then you bring it home with you. It can be... I just turn off.

JEAN

I hate Los Angeles.

DOUGLAS

It's me, it's me. I'm tired of feeling kept. I like to see myself as this free spirit and yet I've been dependent on one guy after another for the past twenty years. First Owen. Then Joel, now you.

JEAN

With what you got from Joel's estate, you certainly don't need my money.

WE WERE THERE III-5-80

DOUGLAS

It's not really money. I just need to feel useful. I need to be needed. To contribute. You don't really need me anymore.

JEAN

I don't know what you mean.

DOUGLAS

Yes you do. And I feel like I have nothing to offer. Your house. Your car. Your food. Your furniture. I'm forty years old...

JEAN

Almost.

DOUGLAS

... and I have nothing tangible that's mine. My daughter, maybe.

(A pause)

JEAN

So? Where do we go from here? You want to start paying me rent? Split the food bills? I don't know what you want.

DOUGLAS

I thought I'd like to stay East for a while.

(A pause)

JEAN

Oh.

DOUGLAS

More wine?

JEAN

That sounds like a good idea.

(DOUGLAS refills their glasses)

DOUGLAS

On the phone, Jennifer told me my mother's really not doing well. I'd like to spend some time with her.

JEAN

Oh.

(A pause)

Well, don't you think she'd rather... um... I mean wouldn't she prefer to... um... recuperate on the beach in Malibu than in State College? Bring her out.

DOUGLAS

(Overlapping:) All her doctors are in Pennsylvania. It's not only that, it's not only that. I don't like seeing Jennifer only in the summer. I want more time with her, too. I'm missing the best part of her life. And she and her mother... it's like they can't spend five minutes in the same room without creating nuclear war.

JEAN

Jennifer loves it in L.A. That's no problem.

DOUGLAS

Oh, come on, she's at the top of her class. I'm not gonna uproot her now. Stop trying to rescue everyone; you're not that good at it. Let's just give it a few months. Maybe by the time winter rolls around I'll be so sick of State College, I'll crawl through broken glass to go to one of Julian's parties.

JEAN

Somehow I doubt it.

DOUGLAS

I'm gonna be closer to D.C., so I can get a lot more done than I can four thousand miles away. Things are happening overnight. We're achieving a modicum of power. I need to be here.

JEAN

But I need you at home. If the show takes off, I'm gonna need you even more.

DOUGLAS

To do what? What I do you can pay somebody to do. They'll do it better, and they'll probably enjoy it. Two weeks ago I woke up with one thing to do. I was supposed to write a brief letter to our senator about diverting money into research. I would create the base letter and we'd all send it individually. One letter. And I got up and I had my coffee and I fed the dog and I sat down at your desk to write. And the gardener showed up. And he was new; what's-his-name was on vacation. So I had to show him where everything was, and how you like the side hedge to be trimmed, and what had already been planted and what still needed to be planted. Fine. I had something to eat and I sat back down at the desk and the plumber came to fix the broken pipe in the Jacuzzi that we never use. Then the garage called and I spent half an hour writing down what was being done to the Audi and what it would cost and what had to be done immediately and what could wait and how long it would take. And by then Maria had finished cleaning and asked if I could give her cash, since she had to buy her son's Boy Scout uniform by four o'clock. So I discovered there wasn't enough cash in the house and I had to drive her to the bank. And coming back it was rush hour, so it took twice as long to get home and when I walked in I went to pour myself a stiff one which is when I discovered that the freezer was broken and that we had no ice. So I spent another thirty minutes trying to track down an open repair shop, and the repairman said he'd be there the next day between nine and six, so be sure to be home. And I sat back down at the desk and realized it was eight o'clock and that you'd be home in half an hour and I hadn't done a damn thing all day but housework.

JEAN

I guess I think of it as a home.

DOUGLAS

How would you know? It's a house. You're gone sixteen hours a day, and when you do come home, excuse me, when you do come home, you flop into bed.

WE WERE THERE III-5-82

(A long pause. JEAN inhales deeply)

JEAN

Okay, and while you're doing that, I'm on the set and I've always got one eye on the clock and I'm thinking, "God, it's four-thirty. Is he remembering to take his pill? And the director's prattling on about nonsense and I'm thinking we'll be breaking soon and I can call home, excuse me, call the house and make sure and I call and I get the machine and I spend the next three and a half hours wondering where you are and if you've remembered. And then I get home and yes, I do flop into bed and then wake up in the middle of the night soaking wet from you and I strip the bed and do the laundry at five in the morning so Maria won't get suspicious and split. And then as I'm finally dropping back off to sleep, the alarm goes off for your six-thirty pill and I wake you up again 'cause you're dead to the world and you snap at me and go back to sleep. And then I can't fall back asleep, but what does it matter, it's time to get up and start the whole thing over. It's all some kind of compromise, you idiot.

(A pause)

Please. Stay with me.

DOUGLAS

Oh, honey. You'll be fine.

JEAN

No, no. I know you'll take this the wrong way, but, well, I hope you don't. I don't think you take very good care of yourself. I'm afraid not to be there.

(A pause)

DOUGLAS

Maybe I don't want you to watch me die.

(A long pause. JEAN looks at him. DOUGLAS goes to the window, looks out)

What, exactly, does the Northern Dispensary dispense?

JEAN

Huh?

DOUGLAS

The building in the triangle across the street. There's a big sign: Northern Dispensary. No one ever goes in or comes out. It's always locked. Never lights on. Yet somebody washes the windows. Looks like it was built in 1853 or something, but it's not dilapidated. It's well cared-for, just no one's ever there. Just stands there, waiting.

(JEAN picks up his cigarettes, joins DOUGLAS at the window. Opens it and sits on the sill, smoking)

JEAN

What do you think it is?

DOUGLAS

Not a clue.

JEAN

Dispensary. Must be something medical. Maybe it's where Walt Whitman got his condoms.

DOUGLAS

He didn't need 'em.

(A long pause)

Okay, well, I'm gonna hit the road.

(JEAN looks at him. Nods. Looks back out the window. DOUGLAS opens the door)

JEAN

Don't forget your blood.

(HE gestures to the kitchen counter. DOUGLAS and JEAN look at each other)

BLACKOUT

SEQUE TRANSITION

WE WERE THERE III-5-84

[SFX: 1994 TRANSITION]

Scene 6

(Lights up. Saturday, June 25, 1994. Around ten o'clock at night. JEAN is alone in the apartment. The stereo is blasting. His toupee is gone, his salt and pepper hair is buzzed short. HE's checking himself in the mirror. HE pulls off the black T-shirt he's wearing, throws it on the bed. Goes to an open suitcase, takes out another black T-shirt, slips it on. Checks himself. Checks his profile. Dissatisfied, he pulls it off, throws it on the floor. Stands looking at himself shirtless in the mirror. Touches his stomach. Pinches a love handle. Moves in closer to study his face. There's a knock at the door. HE jumps. HE runs to the suitcase, grabs another black T-shirt, slips it on. Another knock. HE opens the door. DOUGLAS stands in the hall. His hair has grown out a little. Clean-shaven. Blue jeans, tank top. A long pause while THEY take each other in)

JEAN

God.

DOUGLAS

I was hoping... I saw the light from the street and I thought I'd take a chance. Then I heard the music. So I was sure you wouldn't be here.

JEAN

No, sometimes I actually play music and stay in the room.

(A pause)

I'm so glad you're here. Come on, come in.

(HE turns off the stereo. DOUGLAS enters.  
THEY kiss)

DOUGLAS

Mmmm. So that's what flavor of the month tastes like.

JEAN

That's disgusting. Besides, this better last more than a month, I just bought a co-op. So is that why you're here? A little star-fucking?

WE WERE THERE III-6-86

DOUGLAS

Honey, it doesn't count as star-fucking when I've known you longer as a nobody than as a star. But congratulations. I'm proud of you.

JEAN

Ah, bah hum bug. There should be a gay pride version of that. Bah fag hag. No, it doesn't work. Well, for somebody who should be dead by now, you're looking pretty damn fabulous.

DOUGLAS

One day at a time.

JEAN

I keep hearing good things. Like a vaccine isn't far off.

DOUGLAS

A vaccine won't do me much good, darlin'.

JEAN

Must be liberating, living each day as if it might be the last.

DOUGLAS

Not necessarily. You still get in bed at night and go: "And...?" But I think what you've done is really... Look at me, I'm choking up.

JEAN

No, don't do that, or you're gonna make me... You want a drink?

DOUGLAS

No, thanks. I'm sober.

JEAN

Get out of town.

DOUGLAS

No, really. Two years.

JEAN

Just liquor? I mean... Sorry, that sounded terrible...

DOUGLAS

Everything.

JEAN

Wow. Anything I've done is small potatoes.

DOUGLAS

Thanks. But you can go ahead, it won't bother me. I knew you had that courage in you somewhere.

JEAN

What courage? You'll notice I waited until we'd been renewed for the season.

DOUGLAS

So? How does it feel?

JEAN

I have no idea. Yet. I mean, if I thought I was living a public life before... nothing could have prepared me for this deluge. Check back in a month or two when the dust settles and no one returns my phone calls.

DOUGLAS

I imagine tomorrow's gonna feel pretty fabulous. Those crowds are gonna be screaming like you're Madonna. Or the madonna. One or the other.

JEAN

Oh, bah cum rag. Getting there, what do you think? Anyway, I'm not even in the officially-sanctioned parade. I'm with the renegades up Fifth Avenue.

DOUGLAS

I should hope so.

JEAN

Who are you marching with?

DOUGLAS

I'm just gonna watch, I think. No one seems to give a shit what Act Up has to say anymore. Who else is there? I'm sorry, I can't seem to get behind this "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" bullshit. From "1-2-3-4, we don't want your fucking war" to "Please let me join the army. Be a cop. Be a priest. Get married." None of it seems like progress to me.

JEAN

Join me.

DOUGLAS

No, I'd feel... I don't know.

(A cell phone rings)

JEAN

Is that me or you?

DOUGLAS

Huh?

JEAN

Is that my phone?

DOUGLAS

It is, unless my large intestine just started ringing.

JEAN

(Looks at the number on display:) Who the hell...? Hello?

(A pause)

Excuse me, I'm gonna stop you. How the hell did you get this number? Don't use it again.

(A pause)

What? None of your goddamned business. I'll tell you what. I'll answer that question if you publish the answer next to a close-up photograph of your cunt.

(HE clicks off)

Ugh!

(He throws the phone into the wastebasket)

Sorry, I won't make that mistake again.

DOUGLAS

I guess things have gotten pretty wild.

JEAN

Those calls are when I miss you the most, I think. I know you'd be having a field day if you had to talk to these press assholes. I always stop and think, "What would Douglas do?" Oh, wait, let me show you something.

(HE goes to the dresser, takes out a length of material. Unfurls it on the bed. It's made of dozens of yellow squares)

What do you think?

DOUGLAS

What is it?

JEAN

I made a panel for the quilt. For Jimmy. I'm sending it off next week.

DOUGLAS

I don't... For Jimmy, it seems a little plain. I expected at least one sequin.

JEAN

Do you see what it is?

DOUGLAS

Do the yellow squares represent...? I give up.

JEAN

It's just his old T-shirts. I took a square out of each one. Yellow was his best color. But they're all different in some way. I like this one best.

(HE points to a square)

DOUGLAS

Why that one?

JEAN

See? Cum stain. I don't know if it's his. And this one. Blood. Actually, I think it's yours. From the night you got beat up.

DOUGLAS

It's beautiful. He'd love it.

JEAN

I hope.

DOUGLAS

You really... No one could ask for a better friend.

JEAN

Bah butt plug. Oooh, that might be the winner. So, can I fix you a drink? Sorry, I forgot. God. I still get nervous around you. Isn't that amazing?

DOUGLAS

We're still getting to know each other. I never thought you could surprise me. And then you go and... So, I want the details. Did the Enquirer get a picture of you coming out of some sleazy waterfront dive with your pants down?

JEAN

What, you think the only way I would come out is to be forced? I drove up to San Francisco a couple of months ago to sell my mother's house. Denial. I just couldn't deal with it before then. And I decided to take the few things I wanted to keep from her and drive back. Anyway, on the drive back, they were doing construction or something on the coast highway, just south of Monterey where the cliffs are particularly rocky and the turns in the road are particularly sharp and the drops are particularly steep. And I see this sign before this one stretch: "Be Prepared to Stop." So I'm making these turns at ten miles an hour, terrified of what's waiting behind the next curve. I make each turn thinking it's going to be my last, three tons of granite will come sliding down on my car, or the road is just going to end and I'll plummet off into the sea. And there's a string of cars piling up behind me, sitting on their horns, giving me the finger. And I creep along until about twenty miles later I see a sign: "End Construction Zone." There was nothing. Not one workman. They were at lunch, they had the day off, whatever. No reason to stop. And I sped up. And of course this is the way I live my life. Be prepared to stop. And what am I so worried about? I take a turn too fast, I can correct myself. I'm driving a convertible on a sunny day past some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and I'm only focused on the ten feet of asphalt directly in front of me. And it's a rental from the studio; it doesn't matter if I total the fucking thing. And even if I go flying off into space, so what? At least I had a fabulous ride up till then. I got home, called my producer and told him how and when I was coming out. Actually, working out the logistics of the actual event was a riot. Who gets the story? Oprah? Entertainment Tonight? The only thing I was really clear about was that I wanted to do it on the anniversary of the day my mother killed herself. I wanted that date to finally mean something else to me.

DOUGLAS

Where's Julian?

WE WERE THERE III-6-90

JEAN

Oh, you really didn't think that Julian was... was anything... Well, was anything. And when I... made my announcement, he saw the gravy train drying up. So it's just me.

DOUGLAS

What do you do for sex?

JEAN

Sex isn't a problem. Remember, I live in L.A., where you can put a blowjob on your MasterCard. And you?

DOUGLAS

Well, it's kinda like you with your mom. It's a little hard to bring somebody home. The noise from Dad's oxygen tent tends to spoil the mood.

JEAN

And Jennifer?

DOUGLAS

Valedictorian.

JEAN

Wow. You did something right. I wish I had something silver to give you.

DOUGLAS

Huh?

JEAN

Twenty-five years, baby.

DOUGLAS

Would you have thought...? That first night?

JEAN

Please, you know me. I was picking out china patterns on the way home from the bar. Have you seen The Voice? Or this month's Advocate? All these Stonewall veterans crawling out of the woodwork to tell what it was really like that night. I swear, if everyone who says they were at the Stonewall had actually been there, the place would have had to have been the size of the Coliseum. I guess that's why I feel like such a fraud. Leading this parade. They make it sound like they didn't invite me because I'm a TV star who came out, but to offer my unique historical perspective on the events of that night. Bullshit. Yeah, like I was there.

DOUGLAS

But you were. We were. We were there.

JEAN

I wasn't inside the bar. I wasn't part of the raid. Didn't get arrested, didn't get thrown in the paddywagon.

DOUGLAS

So what? You were still there. You saw it go down.

JEAN

Oh, sure, from the sidelines. Standing behind the real warriors. Sure, you shouted at few curses and I threw a penny at a cop and then ran for my life and let somebody else take the heat.

DOUGLAS

None of that matters. What matters is that we were there. We saw what went down. We know what went before. And what happened after. There aren't a lot of us left who remember. And now the ones who were on the front lines are gone and it's up to us to step forward. So what if you didn't charge into the fray then and there? Get out on the street and do it now.

JEAN

Well, if I was there then you were there and I want you sitting next to me in that car tomorrow.

DOUGLAS

Sure.

(THEY kiss)

But what should we do for the twelve hours until that happens?

(A pause)

JEAN

(Smiles) Got any ideas?

DOUGLAS

Yeah, but that quilt's gonna get a few new stains.

JEAN

Somehow I think Jimmy would approve.

(THEY move to the bed. Each takes two corners of the panel and THEY fold it in half. THEY move towards each other to continue the folding. THEY meet center and kiss)

BLACKOUT

SEQUE TRANSITION

WE WERE THERE III-6-92

[SFX: 1998 TRANSITION]

Scene 7

(The transition sequence fades with images and/or media audio related to the Matthew Wayne Shepard killing and scheduled candlelight vigils. Music from the stereo quietly filters in<sup>8</sup>.)

Lights up. Monday, October 19, 1998. 5:00 P.M. The only light in the room spills from the bathroom. JEAN is on the bed, face down, at the end of a crying jag. His hair is longer now and totally silver. HE's wearing Jimmy's old bathrobe. After a beat, HE rolls onto his back as DOUGLAS appears in the bathroom doorway. His hair is long once more; in fact, HE looks pretty much as he did in Scene 1. HE watches JEAN for a beat. HE moves towards him, then pulls back)

DOUGLAS  
So you just gonna lie there and cry all night?

(A pause)

JEAN  
(Shrugs) I might.

DOUGLAS  
Please. Don't.

JEAN  
Got a better idea?

DOUGLAS  
Get. Dressed. Go. Out. Sitting in here with the shades drawn won't change anything. Join that crowd. They start to gather at six. Just go out into the streets. Anything.

JEAN  
I don't want to be with a thousand other mourners, I wanna do it alone.

DOUGLAS  
Are you crying for the kid?

JEAN  
What do you think?

WE WERE THERE III-7-94

DOUGLAS

I hope you're not crying for me. Don't you dare. He was murdered.

(A pause)

I'm sorry, okay? Is that what you want? It was going to happen eventually. It could just have well have been you and I'd be the one lying face down on the bed.

JEAN

Somehow I doubt that. Oh, I wish. I wish it was me.

DOUGLAS

And miss all this drama? I doubt that.

JEAN

(Laughs) Good point. You could at least have had the grace to wait until June, so we could've hit thirty years. It's times like this I'm sorry I quit smoking.

DOUGLAS

Can we at least listen to something other than "Music to Slit Your Wrists By"?

JEAN

I like it. It comforts me.

DOUGLAS

How 'bout something from this decade, at least?

JEAN

But this brings back my youth. When I was happy.

DOUGLAS

I got news for you. I was there for your youth. You weren't that happy.

(JEAN gets out of bed, goes to the stereo)

JEAN

I'll find something more upbeat. But I refuse to move past 1979.  
(HE changes records<sup>9</sup>)  
So here's my bad news. I've sold the apartment.

DOUGLAS

Uh-huh.

JEAN

Now don't be your usual unsentimental self.

DOUGLAS

Not if you don't want me to be. Should I burst into tears? Throw things?

JEAN

No, but get sarcastic, by all means.

DOUGLAS

Sorry.

JEAN

I was going to keep it, but I honestly can't even bring myself to re-decorate. I can't throw anything away. The thought of repainting makes my eyes well up. New kitchen fixtures? Forget it. I'd have to be sedated. I can't even take out the garbage. There might be something in there you threw away.

DOUGLAS

Let it go. Please get dressed.

(JEAN goes to his open suitcase, rummages through it. Holds something up)

Don't you want to try something a little more... butch?

JEAN

Oh, please. I'm sick of all these trompe l'oeil he-men. Looks hard as granite, but scratch off a little of the veneer and underneath they're pure chiffon.

DOUGLAS

What's wrong with a little play-acting?

JEAN

Nothing, but what's wrong with chiffon, for Christ's sake? Chiffon is beautiful too. At least it's a more honest form of drag than some guy in leather chaps and a New York State Police T-shirt raving about who danced "Giselle" last night at ABT. What's happened over the past thirty years that "straight acting" became a compliment?

DOUGLAS

Oh, that younger generation.

JEAN

Well, really. They're still killing us.

DOUGLAS

Are you saying we served no purpose whatsoever?

JEAN

Mmmm.

(A pause)

I was on the subway Friday morning. There were two lovers sitting across from me. Two boys. Not much older than... probably about the age we were when we met. One was asleep against the other. His head on his lover's shoulder. The one boy picked an eyelash off his sleeping lover's face. It was so intimate in such a public place. And they were so unaware of everyone around them. They were beautiful. Well, no, they weren't "beautiful." The sleeper was skinny and kind of gawky. The other boy had imperfect skin and had dyed his hair a silly color. But to me they were beautiful. And no one paid them much attention. I mean, I could hear the woman next to me clucking her tongue, but that was about it. A construction worker sitting across from them didn't even look up from his Daily News. And there was nothing about them that... they weren't angry. They weren't afraid. They weren't defiant. They were just... going to work. So, if nothing else, we helped that moment happen, I think. Let the two of them try to do all that we've been unable to.

WE WERE THERE III-7-96

DOUGLAS

No. Join them. Make noise.

JEAN

I've made my share of noise.

DOUGLAS

Make mine. Take over my share. Scream and shout for me. For both of us.

JEAN

I'll go out on the street, somebody passes by, I'll get a whiff of Old Spice, I'll get a hard-on and then I'll burst into tears. I'm hopeless. Why does a happy ending always have to have two people? Why can't it ever be "And so he lived happily ever after...?"

DOUGLAS

He was twenty-two. I remember you at twenty-two. Do you? Look at yourself. Now see yourself twenty-eight years ago. He could be you. He just didn't live long enough to lose his hair.

JEAN

Fuck you. Sorry, me I don't remember. But you I can still see.

DOUGLAS

Then remember what I would've done at twenty-two. Don't be sad. Or go ahead, be sad. But please. Get out in the street and be angry, too.

(A pause)

JEAN

Okay, I'm getting dressed.  
(HE takes off his robe, slips on a pair of jeans and a yellow T-shirt)  
Too young for me?

DOUGLAS

Not a bit.  
(HE goes to the stereo, puts on a new record<sup>10</sup>)  
Don't turn on the music.

JEAN

I have to. I can't come home alone to an empty place.

DOUGLAS

So. Don't come home alone.

JEAN

I can't...

DOUGLAS

Do you want me to come with you?

JEAN

No, no, that'll make it worse.

DOUGLAS

Go. Go out. I'll be here if you need me. But try to let me go.

(A pause. JEAN makes eye contact with DOUGLAS for the first time. DOUGLAS turns and exits to the bathroom. JEAN turns up the volume on the stereo, looks around the room. HE goes to the bathroom, reaches his arm in and clicks off the light. Picks up his keys from the kitchen counter. Stops at the door. A beat. Then, he opens the door to the apartment and exits)

THE PLAY IS OVER.