

ACT 1

PROLOGUE

In the blackout, the sound of heart monitoring equipment is heard with its continuous, rhythmic beeping noise. Lights rise slowly on a hospital bed. Lying unconscious on the bed is GREGORY who recently celebrated (or tried to celebrate) his fifty-third birthday and is still very handsome though it would be hard to convince him of that. His masters degree in organizational psychology along with an MBA has afforded him the luxury of early retirement from a successful consulting career though he wouldn't agree that he has actually retired even though he could if he really wanted to. Music begins. It is a recording of a waltz that sounds like it's being played from an old 78 RPM record on equipment that would've been available in the 1930s. The lights very slowly rise on THE LADY as if she were materializing from the darkness while the recorded music fades and a live band continues to play. The Lady is an unidentifiable Hollywood silver screen icon and wears a turban, perhaps long gloves or several rings and has the elegant, world-weary demeanor and glamor of a romantic star. She is an amalgamation of Marlena, Greta, Joan, Gloria, Tallulah, Bette and is also a man in drag, uncanny in the realness of the disguise. The lighting and music suggest that she is performing in an elaborate finale from a big, movie musical from the 1930s with a European flair - a bit of German Expressionism perhaps. However, it's all suggested since she is the only person performing for the audience.

THE LADY
(singing "The Way Of The World")

THE FLUTTER OF BUTTERFLY WINGS
BRINGS A STORM TO THE DISTANT TERRAINS AND
EXPLAINS HOW THE DUST IN THE BREEZE
AND A SNEEZE
CAUSED AN ELEPHANT STAMPEDE ON THE PLAINS

WHEN IT RAINS AND IT RAINS AND IT RAINS
IN A PLACE THAT'S UNBEARABLY DRY
TRY THE SPORES THAT HAD SPRUNG
FROM THE ELEPHANT'S DUNG
THAT WERE FLUNG TO THE WINDS IN THE SKY

SO THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD MY FRIENDS
IT DEPENDS ON EACH MOVEMENT WE MAKE
WHAT'S AT STAKE
IN A SMALL CHANGE IN THE AIR
IS ALL OF THE WHAT AND THE WHERE
IN THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(During a short musical break, THE LADY waltzes
to the bed around and positions it so that Gregory
can see her though he continues to lie unconscious.)

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING
BRING THE PEOPLE TO PICNIC AND PLAY
WHEN THEY SET DOWN THE CLOTH
THEY ATTRACTED A MOTH
AND A BEE NEAR THE TREE WHERE THEY LAY

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY SWATTED THE MOTH
NEAR A SPOT WITH THE BEE IN THE WAY
WHO CAN SAY IF THE BEE
DIDN'T STING WHAT IT STUNG
WHO AMONG US WOULD BE HERE TODAY

SO THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD MY PET
LET'S VET IT USING LOGIC AND MATH
BECAUSE OF ONE STRAND
OF HAIR DOWN THE DRAIN
A HURRICANE CAN STRAY IN ITS PATH
THROUGH THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(GREGORY begins to stir during this next musical break as THE LADY moves closer and sings the next stanza directly to him.)

THE LADY

SO WHEN YOU ARE NEARING THE END
THAT ISN'T THE TIME TO PRETEND
LOOKING AT ME ALL BLEARY-EYED
NOT HEARING ANY OF
THIS THEORY I'D MUCH RECOMMEND

FOR THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD MY DEAR
THOUGH IT VEERS
FROM MOST POPULAR THOUGHT
CAUGHT LIKE THE MAD HATTER
WE BLAME THEN WE FLATTER
WE DON'T KNOW IT MATTERS SO MUCH
AND SUCH IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(As the song nears the end, THE LADY moves away from GREGORY for her big finish and turns her attention back out to the audience. At the end of the song, Gregory looks around, confused, not knowing where he is. The Lady crosses to the bed and picks up a stethoscope and clipboard.)

GREGORY

Where-- Who are you? I know you. Don't I?

THE LADY

(waving the stethoscope)

I'm your doctor. Do you know where you are?

GREGORY

In a hospital. But I don't remember how I got here. Who are you again?

THE LADY

Short term memory loss is not terribly unusual in your case. I'm your surgeon.

GREGORY

(seeing him as THE LADY)

A surgeon? Uh-- Really?

THE LADY

You've had an emergency bypass surgery. Do you have your own doctor?

GREGORY

I don't-- I think I do. But -- I know I know you. I must know you.

THE LADY

It's alright. You should recover your memory.

(GREGORY looks down at himself and sees the wires and tubes and realizes that he's been sliced and scarred.)

GREGORY

Oh no.

THE LADY

Have you had any TIA episodes recently?

GREGORY

TIA?

THE LADY

(GREGORY looks at her confused)

Apparently not that you know about. It's a small stroke. Have you recently had a short episode of confusion, dizziness, maybe some numbness on one side of your body, flashing lights, auditory hallucinations?

GREGORY

I don't remember. I do remember. Yes. A strange night. Not that long ago.

THE LADY

And so - Wait. Let's go back to that night.

(GREGORY and THE LADY look at the audience. Gregory gets up from the bed, removes the wires and tubes as the bed and machinery slide off stage. He removes his hospital gown. Underneath he is wearing pressed jeans and a fashionable but casual shirt. He moves toward another area of the stage in dim light. THE LADY crosses the stage and gestures to GREGORY's living room as the lights rise on Gregory's living room.)

THE LADY

Here is where it all began.

SCENE 1

Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative - Oscar Wilde

*GREGORY sits behind a desk. The flooring and the window suspended behind him suggest a restored Victorian typically found in the city of San Francisco. He sips a glass of wine without taking his eyes off a computer screen on the desk. There should be objects around him suggesting that he is a big fan of glamorous Hollywood icons, movies and musicals from an earlier era. He is very concentrated, excited, aroused. He looks at his laptop screen, sips his wine, sighs and slaps the laptop closed as if he's given up in disgust. He gets up from the desk, goes to his couch and flops down drinking from the wine glass and then putting it down. He picks up a remote and points to an unseen television screen, then clicks the power button to turn on the set. He hears the last few lines of the classic Bette Davis movie *Now Voyager*: "But will you be happy, Charolette? Jerry, don't let's ask for the moon. We have the stars." He listens and is moved once again by this classic ending. As the music swells, he clicks the television off and then stares at the ground looking bothered. He looks around him at his collection. He gets up from the couch and walks over to an unseen painting on the wall. He raises his glass and toasts the painting. He suddenly feels light headed and loses his balance. A light flashes as he shakes his head. He moves carefully back to the couch and sits down wondering what just happened to him. Another flash of light and an image of THE LADY appears posed as if she were the painting Gregory just toasted. Gregory blinks and looks around the room. He reclines on the sofa closing his eyes and taking deep breaths.*

THE LADY
(THE LADY is not in light.)

I'm not used to being ignored.

GREGORY
(peering into the darkness toward her)

What?

THE LADY
It's very rude of you.

GREGORY
(still not seeing anything and shouting)
Whoever you are, I've already called the police.

THE LADY
(appearing in dim light)
Do you know who I am?

GREGORY
(mumbling to himself)
A nervous breakdown.

THE LADY
How dull that would be darling.

(GREGORY sniffs and studies the wine, decides
it's not drugged and takes another sip.)

GREGORY
A psychotic drag queen who forgot to take her meds? San Francisco has plenty of those.

THE LADY
Is that where we are? How provincial.

GREGORY
How about a haunting? Maybe you're an angry ghost seeking vengeance. You know
that old story.

THE LADY
Nonsense. Do I seem angry to you?

GREGORY
How do I get rid of you? Shock treatment?

THE LADY

Electrocution, darling?

GREGORY

Well?

THE LADY

You don't get rid of me. I get rid of you.

GREGORY

How does that work?

(THE LADY stands up and walks into the living room. GREGORY seeing her moving toward him, gets up from the couch and backs away from her.)

GREGORY

Is that a secret?

THE LADY

(sitting on the couch)

Nothing secret. There's just no turning back now.

GREGORY

Turning back? How did you get here?

THE LADY

Have look around you. I'm everywhere. On the walls, in the book shelves, on the mantle, even painted on the lamp shade. So?

GREGORY

Am I supposed to believe that you walked off of the lamp shade?

THE LADY

(looking toward the audience)

One should always take the opportunity to create an aura of mystery and allure, darling.

(to GREGORY)

Don't you agree?

GREGORY

I'm a bit old for that kind of thing. Besides it's not in my nature.

THE LADY

Ah- so you're just ordinary then?

GREGORY

Ordinary. Yes. Very ordinary.

(to himself)

You know this is really quite interesting.

THE LADY

What is?

GREGORY

Having a conversation with a “spirit guide.” Right out of the Jungian cook book. Though I expect even he would be surprised to see something like whatever you are pop out.

THE LADY

Oh? Not your idea of spirit guide?

GREGORY

You’re hardly a creature from ancient mythology. More like something from the gay cultural curriculum.

THE LADY

(sarcastically)

You seem to know a lot about it.

GREGORY

I did an in-depth study of the Jung’s personality types for my thesis in organizational psychology.

THE LADY

Really?

GREGORY

Generally considered Jung’s greatest achievement and the basis of the Myers-Briggs personality test which is my area of expertise.

(THE LADY looks at GREGORY not understanding what he’s referring to.)

My thesis was entitled “Schema Theory and Myers- Briggs.” You see-

THE LADY

Pardon me but it all sounds incredibly tiresome darling.

GREGORY

I suppose it is. Compared to some of the crazier things Jung did later in his life. You might like this.

THE LADY

Yes?

GREGORY

Jung used to stroll around his garden conversing with his “spirit guide” -- an old man with wings who was “real” but somehow dead. How did that happen? Jung was one of the most brilliant psychologists that ever lived. Did he turn insane?

THE LADY

More important - what did the old man with the wings have to say?

GREGORY

Great mysteries about the existence of the psyche and the mind. Inside information. You! You have any to offer? To me?

THE LADY

I hate to disappoint you. But then again, I don't mind really. Anyway, what you're up to there is much more interesting.

(THE LADY gestures toward an upstage screen, flicks her arm causing a projection to appear on the screen of a website called “a-guy-named-chance.com.” There is a picture of shirtless and beautiful young man posed in very seductive manner. He has an extraordinary physique. Under the picture is a link that says “click for some webcam fun.”)

THE LADY

What fantasies you have at your fingertips.

(GREGORY walks over to his desk and opens the notebook, looks back at the screen, back at the notebook and then at THE LADY wondering how she accomplished the projection of the website.)

GREGORY

Now I'm embarrassed. Should I be?

THE LADY

I don't see why.

THE LADY

What ARE you doing by the way?

GREGORY

I thought you knew.

THE LADY

Oh yes. I just don't understand how.

GREGORY

Do you know what the internet is?

THE LADY

Sounds like an foreign espionage organization.

GREGORY

Everyone is interconnected and able to communicate instantly from almost anywhere.

THE LADY

My. Well, what do you use it for?

GREGORY

I use it the way most men around fifty use it. Pornography.

THE LADY

(scrutinizing the computer monitor screen
image of CHANCE)

In my day, we couldn't find things like this so easily or quite so . . . anonymously. Is it abundant?

GREGORY

Yes. And it's taking up way too much of my time these days.

THE LADY

Too much of a good thing?

GREGORY

Just a distraction. As if I'm avoiding something. Why am I telling you this?

THE LADY

I'm your spirit guide. Right?

GREGORY

Are you? Okay. I like the idea. But you can't be real.

THE LADY

(pointing to the projection)

As real as the young man in your machine.

GREGORY

(not agreeing and proving it)

Oh? Do you know what a webcam is?

THE LADY

A kind of camera for a spider?

GREGORY

A camera built in here. I can see him on my screen in real time. He's in his house while I'm in mine.

THE LADY

Can he see you?

GREGORY

No.

THE LADY

Ah, so it only goes one way and he has no idea who you are really?

GREGORY

That's right.

THE LADY

Or vice versa.

GREGORY

We can type messages back and forth.

THE LADY

You'll have to show me.

GREGORY

I've never tried it before.

THE LADY

Why not?

GREGORY

Lots of reasons. It's one thing just to look at the pictures but - I would never want to meet a person who would do what he does for a living. It could be dangerous. Anyway it's just an impossible fantasy.

THE LADY

You've been looking at those pictures of him for nearly a year. Why not take the plunge?

GREGORY

This isn't romantic or anything you know.

THE LADY

So what if he's a gigolo?

GREGORY

Much worse than that. You wouldn't understand.

THE LADY

I understand. Just another fantasy.

(Music begins.)

GREGORY

That's right. So what's the point?

THE LADY

You have to start somewhere.

GREGORY

Somewhere. Where is somewhere?

(CHANCE appears in another part of the stage ready for a date. He is the same man that appears on the picture on the screen. He's looking very clean and sexy, ready for a date. He sings.)

CHANCE

(singing "Days Going By")

SOMEWHERE IN TIME
THERE'S A MAN IN A ROOM
AND TO WHOM IT CONCERNS
HE'S EVADED

AND ALTHOUGH HE'S NOT OLD
HE PREFERS TO ASSUME
THAT THE BLOOM OF HIS YOUTH
HAS FADED

(THE LADY turns away from GREGORY, enters
an abstract space and sings. GREGORY continues
looking at his computer, typing and sipping wine.)

THE LADY

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE
WHERE A CHILL FILLS THE AIR
HE WILL STARE IN THE FACE
OF HIS CANDOR

BUT THE TRUTH THAT HE'S TOLD
SHE WILL HOLD SAFE INSIDE
RIGHT ALONG WITH THE DREAMS
HE WILL HAND HER

THE LADY AND CHANCE

IN THESE DAYS GOING BY
CAN YOU OPEN YOUR HEART?
WHILE WAITING FOR WHAT TO BELIEVE IN
CAN YOU GET THROUGH THE PART
WHERE THE FEAR WILL START?
AND DELIGHT IN THE ART OF THE GIVING?
IN LIVING THE DAYS GOING BY

(GREGORY stands up and moves away from his
desk leaving this office and stepping into the
abstract space.)

GREGORY

SOMEWHERE IN HERE
WITH THE YEARS FLYING BY
HE WILL SHY FROM THE LIGHT
OF HIS LONGING

BUT THESE COOL SUMMER WINDS
WILL BEGIN HIS RETURN
TO A WORLD THAT BELIEVES
IN BELONGING

ALL

IN THESE DAYS GOING BY
CAN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES?
TO EVERYTHING LIVING AROUND YOU?
CAN YOU GET THROUGH THE PART
OF A BROKEN HEART
AND INVITE IN THE LIGHT OF FORGIVING?
IN LIVING THE DAYS GOING BY
LIVING THE DAYS
LIVING THE DAYS
LIVING THE DAYS GOING BY
DAYS GOING BY

(As the song ends, CHANCE turns and leaves the stage. THE LADY and GREGORY return to their previous areas back in the scene in Gregory's house.)

THE LADY

Well if you're not going to show me what's in the can or wherever you put him-

GREGORY

Alright. Alright. But can't you disappear or something?
(He hesitates, looking at the screen.)

THE LADY

You 'vant' to be alone, darling?

GREGORY

Yes. I 'vant' to be alone. This is private.

THE LADY

Go on. Prove it to me. Well?

GREGORY

He wants money. Twenty dollars.

THE LADY

So? Click him the twenty dollars and get on with it.

(GREGORY looks at the THE LADY then looks back at his screen. The Lady makes a gesture with her hand that causes GREGORY to decisively click. A message appears on the screen "Give me a minute.")

THE LADY

Now what?

GREGORY

Give him a minute.

(The screen moves away and lights rise slowly on CHANCE sitting facing downstage and concentrating on a laptop computer on a table in front of him. He's suspended in an abstract space and his legs are not visible under the table. He is a torso with a computer in front of him. The webcam is built into the MacBook near the top. He is wearing a robe that is partially open revealing his naked upper body. He speaks to laptop computer.)

CHANCE

Hi. What's up?

THE LADY

He spoke!

(GREGORY is surprised as well but then realizes it's perfectly logical. There is a built-in microphone. GREGORY types a message back.)

CHANCE

Okay. Well, what's your name?

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Greg? So Greg, what are you into?

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Sorry. Gregory.

(GREGORY types a message back.)

That's my real name. Tennessee Williams play? Chance Wayne? No. That's not my name.

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Paul Newman? Don't know him. So like what are you looking for? How 'bout like turning on your webcam so I can see you too?

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Alright. Well. How about this?

(CHANCE stands up and starts to remove his robe letting it slowly slide down his arms while looking seductively at the webcam. He reads the message on his screen from GREGORY.)

CHANCE

No?

(CHANCE sits back down, slipping the robe back on his shoulders but leaving it open.)

CHANCE

It's your time. So like where do you live?

(CHANCE reads a message and starts to chuckle.)

THE LADY

What are you saying to him?

CHANCE

Have you ever seen me around before? I'm in the Castro a lot.

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Thanks. I designed the entire website myself.

(GREGORY types a message back.)

I'm glad you like it. So would you like to meet me? In person?

(THE LADY looks at GREGORY gesturing encouragement. Gregory types a message. Chance shrugs his shoulders at Gregory's negative response.)

CHANCE

Up to you. I am better in person. So Gregory, what do you look like?

(GREGORY types a message back.)

Hmm. Sounds hot. I love men at 45. Like old enough to be really experienced in bed and like young enough to still be sexy. You like to kiss?

(GREGORY types a message back while

THE LADY gives him an incredulous

look at his last lie.)

So you want to see more?

(CHANCE drops the robe around his waist and leans back in the chair stretching his arms seductively. GREGORY types a message back.)

THE LADY

I want to see more.

GREGORY

(to the LADY)

I'm not going to continue if you don't leave.

THE LADY

Oh. Very well.

(GREGORY watches her as she starts to leave. Once he believes she's gone, he types another message. CHANCE leans forward to the webcam.)

CHANCE

You want to meet me and find out?

THE LADY

(Suddenly reappearing)

Absolutely.

(GREGORY gives her a stern look. She shrugs her shoulders. Gregory continues to glare at her.)

CHANCE

Well, I guess our time is almost up here so, Gregory, shall we just say goodbye?

(GREGORY types another message.)

I'll have to like go find that old movie. Thanks. You seem like a really great guy.

(GREGORY hesitates, looks over at THE LADY and back at his computer monitor pondering.)

CHANCE

Still there Gregory?

(GREGORY types another message. CHANCE smiles as he reads it.)

CHANCE

Two hundred dollars for an hour of my time. Sound okay?

(CHANCE reaches down into his robe and starts to move his hand down his stomach, toward his crotch. GREGORY types another message.)

CHANCE

Just tell me when and where though it's like better if we meet at your place.

(GREGORY types another message.)

My place is okay too. You'll have to call me from the street and I'll come down and let you in.

(GREGORY types another message.)

And be sure to like unblock the number so that I'll know it's you. Okay?

(GREGORY types another message.)

I'm a really easy going , nice guy. You'll enjoy yourself. I promise. Really looking forward to like meeting you in person Gregory.

CHANCE

Bye.

(GREGORY clicks and quickly shuts off the website and chat screen.)

Aren't you going to say goodbye?

(CHANCE, seeing that Gregory has signed off so abruptly, shrugs his shoulders and pulls the robe tightly around him and smile to himself.)

CHANCE

I guess not.

(CHANCE leans forward and switches off the webcam. Lights down abruptly. Music begins.)

THE LADY

Well! Lucky for you. So it seems.

GREGORY

I've never done anything like this before. But his name. I couldn't resist. I wonder if his mother did that on purpose?

THE LADY

Probably another poor, star struck dirt farmer. But that movie? Very depressing.

(LIGHTS fade on GREGORY as THE LADY turns to the audience.)

THE LADY

SO THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD MY FRIENDS
IT DEPENDS ON EACH MOVEMENT WE MAKE
THE PATH YOU MAY PICK
FROM JUST ONE LITTLE CLICK
IS A PATH YOU THINK YOU'D NEVER TAKE
THROUGH THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(When the song ends, the lights dim and the set pieces move off the stage along with the actors with the exception of GREGORY who circles around for the beginning of the next scene.)

SCENE 2

Experience is one thing you can't get for nothing. - Oscar Wilde

Lights up on GREGORY standing in a pool of light with his cell phone to his ear. It's night and chilly outside. GREGORY looks up at an unseen apartment building. He doesn't like the way it looks. He looks around him, apprehensive about the safety of the neighborhood. GREGORY peers into the light coming from the cell phone wondering why no one is answering. He puts it back to his ear. CHANCE enters from behind him with his cell phone to his ear talking to GREGORY. Even though it's cold out, his leather jacket is open and his shirt is unbuttoned almost down to his waist revealing his muscular torso. Gregory turns around, somewhat startled as Chance moves in very close, too close for Gregory's comfort. Chance smiles and looks Gregory up and down as Gregory backs away.

CHANCE

Hi Gregory. You look hot.

GREGORY

(suspiciously)

Hi. You were here all the time?

CHANCE

Just making sure you'd be safe.

(GREGORY looks at him wonderingly)

I mean, I thought that like the neighborhood might bother you.

GREGORY

The neighborhood doesn't frighten me.

CHANCE

So what do think? Disappointed?

GREGORY

I can't say that I am.

CHANCE

I need to ask you-- are you a cop?

GREGORY

(Put off by the question.)

No. Are you?

(CHANCE laughs, moving closer toward GREGORY and reaching for his hands to examine them. GREGORY quickly gives in.)

CHANCE

I can tell a lot about a guy from his hands.

(CHANCE moves closer and puts GREGORY's hands on his chest then slowly leads them down his torso to his waistline. Gregory starts to give in.)

CHANCE

You have like beautiful hands.

(CHANCE slowly moves GREGORY's hands and arms around his body and leans towards GREGORY as if to kiss him.)

GREGORY

Not here. Someone could be watching.

CHANCE

Let's go inside.

(GREGORY looks at CHANCE and smiles then looks up at the building apprehensively.)

CHANCE

It's alright.

(CHANCE takes GREGORY's hand and leads him as a couch slide onto the stage. The light becomes harsher, like office lighting. Gregory continues to look apprehensive as they enter the apartment. There are old 1980s and 1990s rock posters suspended in the air, a made up bed on the floor and a couch that is quite old and shabby.)

CHANCE

Take off your coat. Sit down.

(GREGORY leaves his coat on but sits down on the couch. Dust flies into the light. Gregory looks around the room unhappy with the harsh lights and tawdry atmosphere of the apartment.)

CHANCE

Would you like a beer?

GREGORY

No thanks. Actually, yes. I would like a beer.

(CHANCE leaves and GREGORY surveys the room. He's nervous and uncomfortable. Chance enters with two cans of beer, hands one of the cans to Gregory, puts his down and reaches for something in his pocket.)

CHANCE

I've got like something stronger too if you want.

(GREGORY looks at him knowing what he is referring to, indicates "no" and takes the beer and sips it.)

GREGORY

I really liked your website and those pictures of you are fantastic.

CHANCE

Thanks. I took classes at Community College and it like really like paid off.

GREGORY

Have you lived here long?

CHANCE

This is just temporary. I'm like waiting to get into my new place in the Castro. It's going to be really nice.

(GREGORY stares down at the floor while
CHANCE scrutinizes him.)

CHANCE

Alright. I know this is not like what you had in mind and maybe you're a little disappointed but I'm here and I think you're a really attractive guy. Really attractive. I'd like to do things to you, daddy.

(Music begins as CHANCE puts down the beer and moves closer. He pulls his shirt out of his pants as he moves toward GREGORY. Chance unzips Gregory's coat and removes it. THE LADY suddenly enters the scene from behind and watches. Chance continues to seduce Gregory who is still too self conscious and put off by Chance's referring to him as "daddy." When The Lady starts to sing to the audience, Gregory becomes aware of her presence and turns his attention to her as she sings.)

THE LADY

(singing "The Way To Happiness")

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS
I MUST CONFESS, I DO NOT KNOW
IT'S NOT THE WAY I DRESS
THIS IMAGE IS PART OF THE SHOW
WORLD WEARY AND WISE
I PUT ON THIS DISGUISE
TO WEAR ON THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

(CHANCE moves away from GREGORY as if he's stepped out of their scene into an abstract space.)

CHANCE

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS
I'LL TAKE A GUESS THOUGH I'M NOT SURE
A TOUCH THEN A CARESS
A FANTASY THAT CAN ENDURE
FROM DAY TO DAY
IT'S BASED ON WHAT YOU PAY
TO STAY ON THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

GREGORY

(moving to the abstract space as is he's
left the scene.)

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS
I COULDN'T SAY, IT'S SUCH A MESS
YOU LOSE WHAT YOU INVEST
LESS ISN'T MORE WHEN ALL YOU HAVE IS LESS
LESS TIME TO SPEND
LESS CHANCE TO FIND A FRIEND
FOR THE END OF THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

THE LADY

THEY SAY YOU'LL KNOW THE WAY
THE DAY YOU WANT TO STAY

CHANCE

NOTHING GAINED IS NOTHING
LEFT TO LOSE
IF TODAY WAS YOUR LAST DAY
YOU WOULD CHOOSE

GREGORY

EVERYTHING IS WAITING
TODAY YOU CREATE ANOTHER CHANCE
FOR HAPPINESS

ALL

WORLD WEARY AND YET
YOU NEVER CAN FORGET

THE LADY

WHAT YOU LET ON THE WAY TO

CHANCE

HOW YOU SWEAT ON THE WAY TO

GREGORY

WHAT YOU REGRET ON THE WAY TO

ALL

HAPPINESS

(As the song ends, CHANCE and GREGORY
return back into the scene in the apartment where
they left off. THE LADY slowly fades into
darkness.)

GREGORY

(quickly moving away from CHANCE.)

Where's the camera?

CHANCE

What camera?

GREGORY

The webcam.

CHANCE

Oh that. It's like built into my Mac.

(GREGORY looks around for it.)

Which is shut down over there. You need to relax. Let me rub your neck. I give a great
massage.

(CHANCE moves closer to him on the couch.)

CHANCE

Turn around.

(GREGORY obeys and CHANCE moves in closer putting his hands on Gregory's neck and pressing his body against Gregory's back. Gregory has trouble giving into the massage as Chance's hands move down to Gregory's shoulders. Gregory responds by moving his hands backwards onto Chance's thighs. Chance kisses Gregory's neck then slowly maneuvers Gregory around as Chance gets to his knees between Gregory's legs. Gregory looks down at Chance. Chance looks up at Gregory.)

GREGORY

This isn't going to work.

(CHANCE stands up and start to put his hand in his pocket.)

CHANCE

You want some-

GREGORY

No. It's just. It's not what I wanted. You're not. .. I can't. . .

CHANCE

(trying to make a joke)

Can't get over yourself?

GREGORY

That's none of your god damn business. And anyway how would someone like you know anything about it.

CHANCE

Get out.

(GREGORY doesn't move from the couch.)

Right now. I'm not kidding. I don't need to take shit from you.

GREGORY

Alright. But It's not really all your fault. Here let me pay you at least.

CHANCE

Keep your fuckin' money.

GREGORY

It's just that I don't buy this, and well, I'm not young. This just seems all wrong and I can't fool myself anymore. I'm not reliable.

CHANCE

Yeah? Well, I am reliable. I've never had any complaints. Ever.

GREGORY

Why don't you just take the money.

(CHANCE looks at the money, says nothing.
GREGORY misinterprets his silence.)

GREGORY

Have it your way.

(GREGORY gets up off the couch, puts on his coat
to leave.)

GREGORY

Are you proud of what you do?

CHANCE

Prouder than you are for buying what I do.

GREGORY

(surprised by the astute observation)

I've got an idea.

CHANCE

(wondering if Gregory wants to give it
another try in some different way.)

Yeah?

GREGORY

How about half of the money we agreed to. I think that's fair. You put some time and effort into this and really, it's not your fault. Maybe it's just too much for me. You're too much for me. So?

(GREGORY holds the money out and CHANCE
takes it.)

CHANCE

(not liking the professional psychologist
tone of the last speech)

But I want the full amount.

(GREGORY hands him the rest of the cash.)

CHANCE

You know I can figure which guys like might be dangerous. And which guys to just stay away from. But I can never tell about the guys that are going freeze up. Those are the guys that like really bug the shit out me.

GREGORY

Why's that?

CHANCE

Well, those guys know what we're doing and they've already decided to go ahead and like have their fantasy made real. Then it's like they close down in the moment, like they can't stop watching themselves. It really pisses me off.

GREGORY

Like me?

CHANCE

Well. Yeah. You know love always costs you something. So why not just be like fuckin' honest about it. Figure it out.

(GREGORY shrugs an "oh well" but gets
the point.)

You know, I just realized, it's like. . . never mind.

GREGORY

What? Tell me.

CHANCE

I'm like really very good at what I do. Really. No matter what you like think of it. What are you good at?

GREGORY

Making an ass of myself.

(CHANCE hands GREGORY his coat and offers a
handshake. GREGORY looks at the hand then
leans forward and lightly kisses CHANCE on the
cheek then quickly turns and leaves.)

SCENE 3

Illusion is the first of all pleasures. -Oscar Wilde

Music and spotlight up on THE LADY posed as if she was performing in a nightclub for an unseen audience.

THE LADY

(singing "Somethin' Cooked Up In Your Mind")

YOU'D BETTER TAKE CARE
WHEN IT'S GNAWING AT YOU
YOU'D BETTER TELL THEM ALL YOU'VE RESIGNED
YOU CAN'T PURGE THAT URGE
THINK A CHERRY PIE IF YOU MUST
LIKE LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOU MIND

CREATE A CREPE SUZETTE
HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO
USE A FILLING RICH AND REFINED
A BIT OF GRAND MARNIER,
POWDERED SUGAR TO DUST
LIKE LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

YOU THINK IT'S ALL BEYOND YOU
YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE FLAME
YOU BAKE IT SLOW
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW
ONLY YOU CAN TAKE THE BLAME

YOU THINK IT'S ONE WAY
WHEN YOU OPEN THAT DOOR
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MAY FIND
SO SOFT ON THE INSIDE
WITH A LIGHT AND FLAKY CRUST
LIKE LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

(The unseen jazz band improvises through the verse
in the traditional manner.)

THE LADY moves to the music. Lights up on CHANCE, dressed seductively and holding a beer, looking around the unseen bar he's in, hoping to catch anyone looking him over. Lights up on GREGORY wearing his coat and hunching from the cold. Gregory stops, unzips his coat as a tall, round table, typical of the kind found in bars, slides onto the stage toward him with a alcoholic beverage in a glass. Gregory takes the glass and sips the drink. Chance and Gregory continue their separate scenes during the next part of the song.)

THE LADY

YOU THINK IT'S ALL OUTSIDE YOU
NO CHANCE TO SEE IT CHANGED
YOU BACK AWAY
WHEN IT'S NOT OKAY
FROM A SCENE YOU'VE CONCEIVED AND ARRANGED.

PUT EVERYTHING LEFT
ALTOGETHER, LET IT STEW
WITH SWEET DESSERTS AFTER YOU'VE DINED
YOU MAY THINK IT DELICIOUS
BUT DON'T FORGET THAT IT'S JUST
LIKE LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

IT'S JUST LIKE LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

(During the last phrase of the song, GREGORY looks up and sees CHANCE across the stage. Chance sees Gregory staring at him and sees the desire in Gregory's eyes. THE LADY slowly bows to her audience as the lights fade.)

SCENE 4

Most people die of a sort of creeping common sense, and discover when it is too late that the only things one never regrets are one's mistakes. - Oscar Wilde

Lights up as GREGORY enters wearing the same coat he wore in the previous scene.

As he enters, he removes the coat throws it on a chair. He seems unnerved but relieved and happy to be home. The lights rise slowly on THE LADY. She is scrutinizing him.

GREGORY

Interesting. The goddess is still here. Come down to earth just for me. Well, what have you to say?

THE LADY

You flatter yourself .

(GREGORY flops down into the chair, puts his head back to relax.)

THE LADY

So .Was it as delightful as it looks?

GREGORY

No. It was a flop. I flopped.

THE LADY

Nerves?

GREGORY

Basically.

THE LADY

In my profession, this is the most difficult thing of all.

GREGORY

In your *profession*?

THE LADY

In spite of how glorious you may think our lives are, we are all worn down by nerves. Nerves! Never sure we'll get it right every time we step out in front of the lights. It takes a lot of strength to survive it over and over again. And it never gets any easier, darling. Why do you think so many of us succumb to pills and liquor?

GREGORY

But it's not like that for me. You see I thought I wanted it, but, well, it looks good in the window, then when you go to try it on, it doesn't seem to fit very well.

THE LADY

So. What did you really want then?

GREGORY

Don't get me wrong. He was perfect. Straight from central casting. Well, not straight.

THE LADY

But you were wrong for the part?

GREGORY

If we're going to make stage metaphors then yes, I can't play that scene twice. I'm a method actor.

THE LADY

Then maybe the art director got it all wrong, darling. It happens- wrong costume, wrong scenery, doesn't create the right ambience. Difficult to play, darling.

GREGORY

Yes. You could be right. I studied set design, you know.

THE LADY

I know.

GREGORY

How do you know?

THE LADY

It's written all over your face. Well, your life. Why just look at what you've created all around you right here, darling. Broad strokes of romance!

GREGORY

I feel a song coming on.

(Music begins.)

THE LADY

You would say that.

GREGORY

You'd know more about it than I do.

THE LADY

Plenty more.

(singing "The Angle of the Light")

IF THE ANGLE OF THE LIGHT ISN'T RIGHT
THEN GO BACK AND GET IT RIGHT OR YOU MIGHT
HAVE TO RECREATE THE SCENE, AND I MEAN
THAT'S A TRICKY THING TO DO

(GREGORY indicates that he doesn't agree).

THE LADY

It's true.

IF THE LIPSTICK AND THE WIG AREN'T THERE
THAT IS WHERE YOU HAVE TO STOP AND TAKE CARE
TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE CREW ISN'T THROUGH
WITH THE MAKEUP AND THE HAIR

C'est la guerre.

AND SPEAKING PHILOSOPHICALLY
CHECK YOUR SKIN MICROSCOPICALLY
FOR THE CAMERA NEVER WILL LIE
SO YOU MUST RELY
ON THAT BRUSH THEY APPLY

WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS THE MOOD THAT YOU SET
AND THE LEADING MAN THAT YOU GET
HE MAY LOOK PERFECT
BUT HE'S NOT READY YET
EXPECT HE'LL FORGET
THE BLOCKING YOU'VE SET

SO IF THE POSTERS ON HIS WALL
AREN'T ALL WHAT YOU LIKE
AND THAT ONE BEHIND HIS DOOR YOU ABHOR
HIS FLIMSY CURTAINS AND INSTEAD OF A BED
THERE'S A MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR

And what's more-

THE FLUORESCENT LIGHT OVERHEAD
MAKES YOU LOOK MORE DEAD THAN THE DEAD
LIKE I SAID HE MAY NOT ACT THE PRINCE
BUT HE CAN CONVINCED
IN SPITE OF THE CHINTZ

IN A PLACE WHERE HE'S NOT LOOKING HIS BEST
YOU CAN BET HE'LL NOT PASS THE TEST
THEN A CASTING CALL WILL BE MADE
BUT WHO COULD MAKE THE GRADE?
WHEN THE SET IS HOMEMADE

SO IF THE ANGLE OF THE LIGHT ISN'T RIGHT
THEN STAY THERE AND GET IT RIGHT OR YOU MIGHT
NEVER RECREATE THE SCENE AND I MEAN
YOU MAY NEVER GET YOUR CHANCE

No. Not Chance. A chance. What I meant was-

(During the last lines of the song, the spotlight on
THE LADY moves off her face. She motions to the
unseen crew in the ceiling to move the light until it
hits her face at the perfect angle and she is
satisfied.)

ROMANCE IS IN
THE ANGLE OF THE LIGHT

Alright?

GREGORY

Alright. I get it.

THE LADY

Finally.

(After the final notes of the song, the lights dim.
THE LADY walks off the stage and GREGORY
walks off the stage in the opposite direction. The
set pieces from this scene are taken off the stage.
The scenery pieces for the next scene are moved
onto the stage.)

SCENE 5

"The world was my oyster but I used the wrong fork." - Oscar Wilde

*A balcony of a first class suite in one the most
elegant hotels in San Francisco.*

It is night with bright stars above and low, thick fog hugging the horizon off in the distance. An amber glow from the city lights illuminate the fog. GREGORY, casually dressed, is sipping champagne looking out over the balcony with his back to CHANCE. Chance, nicely dressed and groomed holding his glass, looking at Gregory across the balcony.

CHANCE

It's getting cold out here. Don't you think?

GREGORY

A little.

CHANCE

You want to go back inside? The hotel suite is nice and warm. I mean this is the Mandarin Oriental.

GREGORY

Not just yet.

CHANCE

I've never seen the city from here. I mean up so high like this. A great place for kissing. Yeah?

(GREGORY turns and looks at CHANCE but doesn't move toward him, rejecting the offer.)

You know a few years back, I had this totally awesome relationship with this older guy. Man, did he make me feel special. It was almost worth getting caught the way we did.

GREGORY

(sarcastically)

Caught? What? Were you under age?

CHANCE

Nothing like that. I had joined the army see. I know, I know. Crazy. But it was like the only way out of that rural hell hole I was born into. So I figured I could live through just about anything until I got to boot camp.

GREGORY

(turning toward CHANCE)

I can't imagine.

CHANCE

But you know, after the first month I thought I was gonna die but then I like noticed my body had become rock hard and really muscular. One of the officers noticed it too and well, like one thing led to another. Cuz of him, boot camp got a lot easier for me. But I messed it up.

GREGORY

That's where you got caught?

CHANCE

I couldn't get enough of him and broke some rules we had and-- it was in his office. So fucking stupid of me. But it was like the first time in my life that I ever felt wanted.

GREGORY

Really? You? What happened?

CHANCE

Dishonorable discharge. Both of us. Though much worse for him cuz he was an officer.

GREGORY

You came here then?

CHANCE

Yeah. I'd already bought an old car and managed to save some money so- saw the whole country on my way out here. Never saw him again though. You ever been like in love?

GREGORY

Maybe.

CHANCE

I know what you mean. It's like hard to know what it's supposed to be like.

GREGORY

I don't really want to talk about it with you. Sorry. That came out the wrong way.

CHANCE

(seeing an opening and moving in, putting his arm around GREGORY's back)

It's alright.

GREGORY

(moving in a bit closer and lightly running his hand down CHANCE's torso)

When you get to be my age, you begin to realize that there are these very important moments when you make certain choices that completely change the course of your life. It's hard to spot them when they're happening. But you can see them looking back. It doesn't always look good. Not at all.

CHANCE

(putting his arms around GREGORY's neck)

Having one now?

GREGORY

(putting his arms around CHANCE's neck)

Ask me again in a few years. You know that famous Zen saying? The journey of a thousand miles begins with a tank full of gas and an engine tune up.

CHANCE

Zen? You mean like Buddhist?

GREGORY

I mean "*Zen And The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.*"

CHANCE

What's that?

GREGORY

Never mind. It's way before your time.

(GREGORY turns out and away from the embrace and isolated by light as CHANCE becomes a dark outline behind him. In the following song, the characters move in and out of the scene with each other.)

GREGORY

(singing "Give In")

SO ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT
YOU TRIED TO GET IT RIGHT
FROM SETTING A MOOD THAT'S SO URBANE
TO ORDERING THE FOOD AND CHAMPAGNE

It's insane.

THEN HE WANTS TO FIND OUT MORE
LIKE WAS I IN LOVE BEFORE?
WHAT A QUESTION TO CONTEMPLATE
I DIDN'T BRING HIM HERE
FOR A DEBATE

(to CHANCE)

More champagne?

CHANCE
(holding his now filled glass)

NOT GOING GREAT
AND I KNOW IT'S GETTING LATE
WHY DID I TALK ABOUT MY PAST?
I'M LOSING HIM
I'D BETTER GET HIM FAST

GREGORY

HE LOOKS SO YOUNG
I FEEL SO OLD
SO I TOLD MYSELF SOME LIES

CHANCE

I'M PUT ON HOLD
AND IT'S NO SURPRISE
SO COME ON
LOOK ME IN THE EYES

GREGORY
HE HAS BEAUTIFUL
EYES
I KNOW IT'S TIME
THAT I BEGIN

CHANCE
I KNOW
HE TRIES TO LET IT
GO

CHANCE AND GREGORY

GIVE IN!

GREGORY
I think I need to go to the bathroom.

(GREGORY turns and walks a few paces away as if he has left the room and then studies himself in an unseen mirror.)

CHANCE

WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?

GREGORY
(checking himself in the mirror)

LIKE I DON'T KNOW HOW

CHANCE

I MADE A VERY BAD MISTAKE

GREGORY
(giving up on his hair and turning away from the mirror and heading back to CHANCE.)

IS HE BEING REAL?
OR IS HE JUST A FAKE?

GREGORY
(to CHANCE)

More drinks?

CHANCE

Good idea.

(CHANCE takes the cocktail shaker and pours apple martinis in the cocktail glasses then silently toasts GREGORY.)

CHANCE
(puts down the glass without drinking any and moves closer to GREGORY to embrace him.)

FOLLOW ME
READ MY LIPS
TOUCH ME SKIN TO SKIN

GREGORY

PUT DOWN THE GLASS
FIRST A FEW MORE SIPS
GET READY TO JUMP IN

CHANCE
HEAR ME CALLING
THE ONLY THING
YOU CAN DO

GREGORY
I AM FALLING AND
FALLING
SOMETIMES IT'S
ALL YOU CAN DO

CHANCE AND GREGORY

GIVE IN!

(Music swells as the lights on GREGORY and CHANCE fade leaving them silhouetted in an embrace against the nighttime city sky. The actors leave the stage as the furniture is moved on for the next scene.)

SCENE 6

Deceiving others. That is what the world calls a romance - Oscar Wilde

A few set pieces suggest an elegant, first class hotel. A bed, a table, two chairs. GREGORY enters wearing a robe and sits down on the chair picking up the newspaper as he sits, starting the scene in character. CHANCE enters in a robe, he quickly takes it off and gets into the bed. The scene begins with CHANCE sleeping, his partially blanketed body reveals his extraordinary physique. GREGORY continues reading a newspaper. The lighting suggests a beautiful morning.

THE LADY dressed as a male waiter and wearing a traditional Sikh turban enters pushing a cart containing breakfast and coffee. Something about the character reveals that it is The Lady in disguise. Gregory looks up bothered by the intrusion but magically cannot see the disguise.

THE LADY

You'll forgive but I did not wish to disturb.

(THE LADY begins to set the table and placing the breakfast and coffee near GREGORY while making quick, appreciative glances at CHANCE still sleeping on the bed. Gregory notices and gestures his impatience. The Lady smiles and starts to pour the coffee.)

GREGORY

I can do that myself. Thank you.

THE LADY

They all look so innocent when they are asleep.

(GREGORY looks up surprised at the remark.)

THE LADY

Is there anything else you require?

GREGORY

Thank you.

(THE LADY starts to exit. GREGORY scrutinizes her as she walks away.)

GREGORY

Just a minute.

THE LADY

Yes?

GREGORY

(studying THE LADY)

Never mind.

(GREGORY gives THE LADY a tip and she bows slightly to Gregory who nods a farewell and a thank you. Gregory pours coffee while CHANCE begins to stir, stretching and purposefully showing off his draped torso. CHANCE gets out of the bed wearing only his underwear.)

GREGORY

After you put something on, there's coffee.

(CHANCE puts on the hotel provided robe. He joins GREGORY at the table striking a subtle but seductive pose.)

CHANCE

Anything interesting?

GREGORY

Nothing noteworthy. Not in the paper. Just checking the market.

CHANCE

Bonds? Stocks? Going up?

GREGORY

Hmm. Interesting commentary on the future of the economy.

CHANCE

So are you like a banker or something?

GREGORY

No.

CHANCE

So like what do you do?

GREGORY

I'm a semi-retired consultant.

CHANCE

Like for what?

GREGORY

I have a masters in organizational psychology and an MBA.

CHANCE

Wow. What's that mean?

GREGORY

I analyze organizational cultural structures for large corporations and make recommendations to HR executives that improve the efficiency and effectiveness of the employees.

CHANCE

I'm not sure I get it but you must like make lots of money.

GREGORY

It's not that interesting. To a layman.

(GREGORY shrugs it off as CHANCE looks around feeling that the conversation is going somewhere he can't keep up with. He stretches, showing off his torso.)

GREGORY

Hungry?

CHANCE

For?

GREGORY

Breakfast. There's breakfast for you on the table.

CHANCE

I've never been in this hotel before. Must be like pretty pricey. Aren't you going to have some?

GREGORY

I ordered it for you.

CHANCE

I'm always hungry after a great night and that was like a particularly great night. Sure you won't like have any?

GREGORY

No thanks. I usually don't eat breakfast.

CHANCE

Hung over? There's too much here for one person. No? You're a funny guy. You get like a little uptight sometimes but overall you're really awesome. You treat me really well. It's been a while since anyone has treated me this well.

GREGORY

Oh?

CHANCE

This is like the best hotel in the city. One of the best in the world.

GREGORY

I don't know.

CHANCE

You really know how to take care of a guy like me.

GREGORY

I picked this place for me. Not for you.

CHANCE

I know. But still it made this like really romantic for me too. Like this was a special experience for me. As well as for you.

GREGORY

Don't worry. I already planned to give you a tip.

CHANCE

Do you want me to leave?

GREGORY

(shakes his head and then picks up the coffee urn.)

Have some coffee first.

(GREGORY pours CHANCE a cup as Chance leans forward and places his hand on Gregory's thigh letting his bathrobe fall open. Gregory hands him the cup and saucer forcing Chance to sit up and move away. Gregory pushes the coffee cup and saucer so that Chance spills the coffee on his robe. Chance puts the cup and saucer on the table instead of drinking the rest of it and attempts to wipe up the coffee stain on the robe with a napkin.)

CHANCE

I think I'd better just get dressed and go. I'd like to get to know you better but-forget it. And have a nice life.

GREGORY

My apologies. I really didn't mean for the coffee to spill on you. Let me pour you a fresh cup.

CHANCE

(sitting down and pouring milk and sugar
in the coffee.)

So are you married? I mean to another guy or maybe you have like a wife?

GREGORY

No. I'm not married.

CHANCE

Anyone special in your life? A guy like you probably gets a lot of offers.

GREGORY

I don't get out much these days. I'm not a kid anymore. In case you didn't notice.

CHANCE

There's lots of guys over fifty out there. Maybe not as good looking as you. Definitely not as rich. I mean-- what do I mean?

GREGORY

I hope you don't take this the wrong way but, do you see a doctor regularly?

CHANCE

What?

GREGORY

Just wondering.

CHANCE

I go to a clinic when I need to if that's what you're asking? Can't afford to have my own doctor. You probably don't have that problem.

GREGORY

When did you last go?

CHANCE

I don't remember. Anyway, I'm an expert at being safe. Believe me, we were very safe.

GREGORY

I meant for yourself. Too make sure you stay healthy. With your lifestyle and all.

CHANCE

Maybe I should like ask you the same question?

GREGORY

Fair enough. You could say I'm sort of a closet hypochondriac. I avoid going to see doctors so I won't have to hear about all the terrible diseases I probably have.

CHANCE

A guy your age should probably get checked out more often. I like never, ever get sick.

GREGORY

(responding to another remark on his age)

Well, there's always a first time.

CHANCE

(referring to their first failed encounter)

Yes. There is always a first time.

GREGORY

How does a young man like you wind up in a place like this anyway? You're very attractive and obviously intelligent. You have so much going for you.

CHANCE

No more than what I am. Or what you want. All of that like doesn't amount to much in this world.

GREGORY

What I have doesn't amount to much either. And it all disappears eventually. Don't fool yourself.

CHANCE

That's oh so very easy for you to say. Sounds good doesn't it? You don't have like a clue about it.

GREGORY

I think I do.

CHANCE

People who are rich always try to downplay it. Like they feel guilty or something so they have to pretend to themselves that it doesn't matter.

If you had any experience of what it's like to be really poor, I mean more than poor, and you've lost everything, you wouldn't say shit like that.

(GREGORY reaches for his pants, pulls out his wallet and hands CHANCE a fifty dollar bill.)

GREGORY

The tip.

(CHANCE looks puzzled. A tip is nice to get but it seems like an odd moment to get one.)

GREGORY

You probably deserve more.

CHANCE

Man, you are messed up.

(CHANCE takes the money, finds his clothes and quickly dresses being careful to turn his back and dress with the robe covering his nakedness as much as possible. Chance changes his mind and drops the robe while he puts on his shirt making sure Gregory has a good view of his shirtless body. When Chance is dressed, he goes over to Gregory. Chance puts his arms around Gregory's neck and gives him a long, deep sensual kiss on the mouth.)

CHANCE

On the house.

(CHANCE turns and leaves the scene. GREGORY watches him go.)

GREGORY

Damn!

(Lights fade.)

SCENE 7

Life is never fair, and perhaps it is a good thing for most of us that it is not. - Oscar Wilde

As CHANCE nearly walks off stage, he turns and strolls back on as the lights come up on him. MUSIC begins. He pauses, looks up toward the sky. He reaches into his pocket, takes out the money, counts it and puts it back in his pocket.

CHANCE
(singing "What You Have")

WHAT YOU HAVE
ALL YOUR BONDS AND YOUR STOCKS
WHAT I HAVE
I COULD FIT IN ONE BOX

AND YOU SAY WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE IN THIS PLACE?
AND I SAY WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE IN THIS EMBRACE?
YOU'VE BEEN LED ASTRAY
BUT YOU CAN PAY
SO IT'S OKAY TO TAKE
WHAT YOU HAVE
YOU HAVE

WHAT I HAVE
WASN'T HANDED TO ME
WHAT YOU HAVE
LANDED WITH YOUR MASTERS DEGREE

BUT I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT
AND THERE'S A LOT TO GO AROUND
THOUGH MY HEAD IS IN THE CLOUDS SOMETIMES
MY FEET ARE ON THE GROUND
WHAT I HAVEN'T FOUND
IS HOW TO STAY
OR FIND A WAY TO HAVE
WHAT YOU HAVE YOU HAVE

A LITTLE HOPEFUL THING
OR THE WORLD ON A STRING
ARE THE DIFFERENCES IN FATE
FOR YOU AND ME

AND EVEN THOUGH YOU HESITATE
I HAVE A TALENT TO WAIT
AND TO BE FOR YOU JUST
WHO YOU WANT ME TO BE

DON'T YOU SEE?
DON'T YOU SEE?
THAT IS WHAT I HAVE
I HAVE

WHAT YOU HAVE
SOMETHING MAYBE YOU DON'T SEE
WHAT I HAVE
SOMETHING YOU NEVER GET FOR FREE

SO YOU WANT WHAT YOU WANT
BUT THEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO GIVE
WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL THAT IT'S REAL
YOU'RE FORGETTING HOW TO LIVE
BUT TO ME IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A SHAME
THOUGH I CAN'T CLAIM
NOT TO WANT WHAT YOU HAVE
YOU HAVE
WHAT I HAVE I HAVE

(Light fades on CHANCE while lights up on THE
LADY and GREGORY back at Gregory's home.
He is having a glass of wine while sitting in his
living room. The Lady is in her separate, abstract
space sitting at her vanity.)

GREGORY

It wasn't until the next morning that I started to wonder if it was all a big mistake.

THE LADY

Mistake? No mistake. Not for us.

GREGORY

Not for you maybe. For me- he suddenly got very interested in how much the whole *affair* cost.

THE LADY

You realize that he was thinking of that all the time? Of course he was. Perhaps he became more bold toward the end. Not surprising. Not very smart. They always give themselves away. But why worry about it?

GREGORY

Not worried. Just seemed to kill the moment.

THE LADY

Silly man. That's part of the big game we all play. Give them a bit of what they want. But you must always leave them wanting more, darling. You must keep your guard.

(She sings "What You Have 2")

WHAT YOU HAVE
WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS
THEY'LL ASK YOU HOW
SO SAVOR YOUR RESPONSE
TO JEALOUS HANDS
CAUGHT REACHING FOR A TURN AT YOUR GAME
AND ZEALOUS FANS BESEECHING
FOR A PIECE OF YOUR NAME
JUST GIVE THEM THE SAME
LITTLE BITS FROM THE HEAP OF YOUR FAME
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

WHAT YOU HAVE
THE FIRE AND THE ICE
THEY'LL NEVER HAVE
THEY WILL NOT PAY THE PRICE
OF ALWAYS TO BE WATCHING
AND ALWAYS BEING WATCHED
THEN RACING ROUND THE CORNER
WHEN YOUR CAMOUFLAGE IS BOTCHED
THEN YOU NOTCH UP ANOTHER WIN
AND YOU'RE IN WITH THE CROWD
HOW LOUD IS THE APPLAUSE
BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU HAVE

GREGORY
(interrupting her)

NO, NO, NO, WHERE NOT THE SAME
BUT YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME
FOR SOMETHING YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND

THE LADY

Try me.

GREGORY

I'm not sure I understand either.

(singing "This Is Just The Place")

THERE'S A WORLD OUT THERE
FOR WHICH I DO NOT CARE
PEOPLE GRASPING AT ANY STRAW
IN THEIR QUIET DESPERATION
SPINNING YEAR AFTER YEAR
ALL THE RAGGED NERVES RUBBED RAW
LIKE IT WAS THE LAW
BUT IT'S NOT THE LAW

NOW ON THIS STAGE I'VE SET
ALL THAT I CAN FORGET
AS LITTLE BY LITTLE IT GROWS
WITH THESE OBJECTS THAT SURROUND ME
LIKE A SAFETY NET
AND EVERYTHING IS SOMETHING I CHOSE
SO THAT IS HOW IT GOES
AND HARDLY ANYONE KNOWS
NO, NOBODY KNOWS

THIS IS JUST THE PLACE
TO ENCASE ALL I OWN
IN PAINTED ROOMS AND BOOKSHELVES AND BINS
HIGH ATOP THIS HILL
I CAN DO WHAT I WILL
I DON'T HAVE TO LET ANYONE IN
NO, I DON'T NEED TO LET ANYONE IN

THE LADY

Safety net? Where?

THE FAMOUS POSTER THERE
THE STATUETTE, THE CHAIR
THE SOUVENIRS, THE MAHOGANY CASE
THE AUTOGRAPHS AND THE SCREENS
MOVING IMAGES AND SCENES
AND THAT MYSTERIOUS LIGHT ON YOUR FACE
AND OVER THERE A PERFECT SPOT FOR AN EMBRACE
JUST IN CASE

THIS IS JUST THE PLACE
TO ESCAPE THE LAND OF DRONES
THAT'S WHERE I'M KNOWN
AS A VERY CHARMING GUY
I'LL PRETEND I'M YOUR FRIEND
BEFORE I WAVE GOODBYE
AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL ANYONE WHY
NO I DON'T NEED TO TELL ANYONE WHY
THEN TO HOME I FLY
LEAVING HARDLY ANY TRACE
YES, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE

(CHANCE appears holding a cell phone from his pocket and scrolls through his phone book for GREGORY's number. Chance pushes a button then holds the phone to his ear. Gregory's phone rings and he looks at it the cell phone screen to see who's calling. When he realizes it's Chance, Gregory hesitates and almost doesn't answer but then changes his mind and answers the phone.)

GREGORY

Hello?

CHANCE

Hi. Gregory? I like never, ever do this but I called to say hi. So, hi.

GREGORY

Okay. Hi. Who is this?

CHANCE

It's me. Chance. Remember me? You remember me.

GREGORY

How could I ever forget you?

CHANCE

So. Hi. So like what's going on?

GREGORY

Nothing. Everything.

CHANCE

You're probably like surprised to hear from me.

GREGORY

It's the last thing I expected.

CHANCE

So, I was just wondering if you'd ever like to maybe see me again.

GREGORY

I'm not as rich as you think I am.

CHANCE

How rich do you think I think you are?

GREGORY

I guess I wouldn't know but it's not what you think.

CHANCE

I didn't call you for that.

GREGORY

What did you call for?

CHANCE

I wanted you to know that I like really go for older guys. Older guys like you I mean.

GREGORY

Like me?

CHANCE

Yeah- you still look really great. Like for your age. But I mean I like your age. You know, an older guy like you is usually the best.

GREGORY

The best what?

CHANCE

You know. Someone who like knows what they're doing. Someone who can take care of someone like me. I mean give me advice and things like that. You probably know a lot of stuff.

GREGORY

Stuff?

CHANCE

Like living in the world and all.

GREGORY

I wish that were true.

CHANCE

Look at you. Come on. You've got it all.

GREGORY

Before you go on and on, I just want you to know. I can't afford to do that again. Twice was enough. Okay?

CHANCE

I wasn't asking for that.

GREGORY

What are you asking for then?

CHANCE

Well. Come out and like have a drink with me. That's all.

GREGORY

I don't know if that's a good idea.

CHANCE

It's on me. We can meet at the same place I saw you. You know, after that first night? I know you saw me there.

GREGORY

(put off by being reminded of that first encounter between them.)

I know.

CHANCE

What's the harm? Come on.

GREGORY

Drinks are on you?

CHANCE

I pay this time. Just don't order any of that ultra tequila or that yuppie vodka or anything like that. Well, you can if you want. It's cool.

GREGORY

(sarcastically)

This is irresistible. When?

CHANCE

Tomorrow night? At 10?

GREGORY

That's late for me. How about 7?

CHANCE

Promise you'll be there?

GREGORY

Promise.

CHANCE

Well then. Bye, Gregory. See you then. This is good. This is good. Okay. Bye.

(CHANCE ends the call quickly before GREGORY can say anything more. Lights down on Chance abruptly. THE LADY smirks at Gregory. Gregory shrugs his shoulders.)

GREGORY

He's buying.

(Lights fade on the scene as THE LADY moves forward into a spotlight and prepares to sing to her unseen fans.)

THE LADY

(singing a reprise of "Somethin' Cooked Up In Your Mind")

YOU'RE SURE THAT IT'S YOUR WAY
BUT WHEN YOU OPEN THAT DOOR
BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU WILL FIND
SO IN SPITE OF THE PLANS YOU MADE
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO ADJUST
FOR LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

SO PLAY THE SCENE FOR THE LAUGHTER
THAT'S A BREEZY, EASY WAY TO BE
IT'S JUST FOR SHOW
YOU CAN ALWAYS GO
BUT NO, IT'S A TRAGICOMEDY

(Light slowly rise on GREGORY standing beside a tall table similar to the one used in the earlier bar scene. He looks around somewhat impatiently and wondering he's been stood up for the date.)

THE LADY
(singing)

YOU CAN TURN AWAY FROM IT
PRETEND YOU'RE NOT AWARE
BUT IT MIGHT SNEAK UP FROM BEHIND
YOU THINK IT'S COMPLICATED
AND YOU'D NEVER PUT YOUR TRUST
IN LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

IT'S JUST LUST
SOMETHIN' COOKED UP IN YOUR MIND

(Lights fade as GREGORY continues to look around and THE LADY leaves the stage. Just before the lights are completely out, Gregory spots the person he's been looking for and gestures making sure CHANCE sees him at the table in the bar where he's been waiting.)

SCENE 8

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

- Oscar Wilde

GREGORY and CHANCE standing on either side of a tall table similar to the one used in the earlier scene. They are each holding their drinks. Chance has a tall glass with something pink in it and Gregory is sipping on a martini. Gregory is wearing the same coat from previous scenes. Chance also wears the same coat but it is opened and his shirt is unbuttoned down to the waist.

CHANCE

I'm glad you came. Sorry I was late. Are you glad you came?

GREGORY

I'm glad I came.

CHANCE

Are you really glad you came?

GREGORY

I'm really glad I came.

CHANCE

That's good 'cuz I'm really glad you came too.

GREGORY

I got that.

CHANCE

Do you think I'm stupid?

GREGORY

No. I think you're quite intelligent.

CHANCE

Oh?

GREGORY

You might not have a liberal arts education but you obviously have great natural insight into human nature.

CHANCE

Really?

GREGORY

Sure. You're paying a lot attention to me right now and picking up a lot of information from my gestures and expressions. That's how you're able to so successfully manipulate your-- what do you call them-- your *clients* right?

CHANCE

I'm not manipulating anybody.

GREGORY

Sure you are. Come on. You certainly figured out how to press all my buttons. You are doing it now.

CHANCE

I am not. How?

GREGORY

Look at you. You've got your shirt unbuttoned down to Never-Never-Land and you keep leaning forward so I can see your body. You're watching me like a hawk. Ready to swoop down on your prey when the moment is right. You even convinced me to come here and meet you. And thanks for the drink by the way. I'll have another of these yuppie martinis please.

CHANCE

(buttoning up his shirt)

I don't do that.

GREGORY

Hey don't knock it. These are great skills to have. Something you can't learn at school.

CHANCE

I asked you here 'cuz I'm trying to show you that I really like you. And I think you're like special.

GREGORY

Why? I haven't done anything in particular. Other than taking you to the Mandarin Oriental for the night. That made an impression, no?

(CHANCE give him a petulant look.)

Have another drink.

CHANCE

You know I don't do this all the time.

GREGORY

So that means you have tried this before.

(CHANCE gestures his irritation.)

What? With the men, I mean the clients you think have lots of money and aren't too unappetizing? Is that how it works?

CHANCE

This isn't going the way I wanted it to go.

GREGORY

Don't worry. I'm going along with it.

CHANCE

I'm really just trying to change my life.

GREGORY

Change your life?

CHANCE

I want to get out of the business. You know I've been at this for like almost two years and I've been feeling like really tired lately. You said yourself that I'm smart so-

GREGORY

Thinking of only having just one client? For now?

(CHANCE downs the rest of his drink in one gulp, puts the glass down and moves around so that he's standing behind GREGORY. Chance reaches his arms under Gregory's arms putting his hands on Gregory's chest. Chance pushes himself against Gregory and starts to gently kiss his neck.)

CHANCE

Give me a chance, will you?

GREGORY

(enjoying the caresses)

Give Chance a chance. I'll have a tee shirt made and wear it around town.

CHANCE

Let's go to my place.

GREGORY

I don't want to go there.

CHANCE

This is just between you and me. You know that.

GREGORY

(leaning back, enjoying it)

This is a good swoop you're doing here.

(hesitating, not sure he wants to say what he's about to say but, being a bit drunk, surrenders to the moment.)

Let's go to my house.

(CHANCE moves away, takes GREGORY's hand and starts to lead him away. Gregory turns toward the table and picks up his martini glass.)

GREGORY

This a helluva way to get out of buying me another. Bottoms up.

(GREGORY looks at the martini glass and then finishes it off in one gulp. He smiles at CHANCE and Chance leads him by the hand out of the bar and into the night.)

SCENE 9

There are only two tragedies in life: one is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. - Oscar Wilde

GREGORY and CHANCE are walking on the street toward GREGORY's house. The night is cool and there are pools of light from the street lamps. They arrive.

GREGORY

This is it.

CHANCE

This is really nice.

GREGORY

(Hesitating. Not sure he wants to let CHANCE see his secret life.)

Shall we go in?

(They enter. CHANCE looks around the room overwhelmed by GREGORY's collection of memorabilia.)

CHANCE

You have lots of old movie stuff. You a collector?

GREGORY

Yes. I'm not crazy or anything. I started when I was a kid and just kept going. Would you like a drink?

(GREGORY pours two glasses, hands one to CHANCE. They move closer as GREGORY clings his glass against Chance's. The lights change as GREGORY puts down his glass and moves into an abstract space as music begins. Chance remains still during the song.)

GREGORY

(singing "Out From Under Me")

I'M ON THE OUTSIDE
LOOKING IN
FOR WHERE TO BEGIN

NOT REALLY KNOWING
WHERE TO START
TO TAKE IT APART

I DON'T BELIEVE IN YESTERDAY
OR WONDER WHAT WILL BE TAKEN AWAY
OUT FROM UNDER ME
SOMETHING I CAN'T SEE

IS IT A QUESTION
OF WHAT'S RIGHT?
OR WHO WINS THE FIGHT?

DO I SURRENDER?
TO THE PLAN
OR TAKE WHAT I CAN

FROM THE RANDOM WAY THAT THINGS COLLIDE
LIKE A STORM OUT AT SEA THAT PULLS THE TIDE
OUT FROM UNDER ME

WHY CAN'T I BE?
JUST FOR THE MOMENT
SOMEONE WHO
SEEMS ALL SHINY AND NEW

STANDING HERE WATCHING
WHAT YOU DO
AWAITING MY CUE

YOU SHOW YOUR HAND AND I JUST SHRUG
AND THEN YOU SMILE AND PULL THE RUG
OUT FROM UNDER ME
I FAIL TO SEE

THAT WE NEVER KNOW
WHAT THIS WAY COMES
AT BEST WE GUESS
BY THE PRICKING OF OUR THUMBS
AND THEN WE DO THE DUMBEST THINGS
WITH WHAT LIFE BRINGS TO US

SO I WASN'T THINKING
VERY CLEAR
TO BE WITH YOU HERE
ON A ROLLER COASTER
ROUND AND ROUND
AND GAINING NO GROUND

I'M HOLDING ON WITH FINGERS CURLED
I DON'T EXPECT TO LOSE THE WORLD
OUT FROM UNDER ME

NOW I CAN SEE
I'M TOO NEAR THE EDGE
STANDING ON THIS LEDGE
AND I WONDER WHEN WILL I BE
OUT FROM UNDER ME
OUT FROM UNDER ME

(Lights change as GREGORY re-enters the room and takes CHANCE's glass, puts it down and returns to Chance where he puts his arms around Chance, face to face. Chance moves slowly in for a kiss. Suddenly, Gregory throws his head back, gasping for air. Chance lets him drop to the floor. Gregory, on his back, looks at Chance unable to speak but pleading for help. Chance starts to panic not sure what to do as Gregory's mouth starts to open and close rapidly. Gregory clenches his teeth and hisses and his eyes become blank. Chance moves around the room checking in drawers and other places for small but expensive items to take. He puts a few in his pocket- perhaps jewelry and small electronic devices. He moves over toward Gregory who is now helpless and puts his hands in Gregory's pockets pulling out all the cash that he can find. Chance stands up, takes a last glance around and then heads for the door leaving Gregory shivering on the floor. He hesitates and looks back at Gregory. He reaches for his cell phone, starts to dial 911 but then changes his mind. He looks around the room and spots a blanket. He takes a blanket from the couch, lays it next to Gregory and then rolls Gregory onto the blanket wrapping the blanket around Gregory like a cocoon. Chance moves away, looks around nervously and then heads for the doorway. He leaves the house and then glances back one more time before running off the stage. Gregory is left alone and trembling, wrapped in the blanket. Lights up on THE LADY looking at Gregory.)

THE LADY

(singing)

SOMEWHERE IN TIME

THERE'S A MAN IN A ROOM

(THE LADY looks at GREGORY and shrugs her shoulders as if she doesn't know but also has expected that this will happen all along.)

There's a resigned quality in her manner but also peaceful quality as if this was meant to be and the rest will happen in its own time. Lights fade to black with the final chord of music.)

ACT II

SCENE 1

“I sometimes think that God in creating man somewhat overestimated his ability.”

- Oscar Wilde

Music begins in the dark with a low resonate note, the banging of drums followed by blasts of horns resembling the traditional religious music of Tibet. THE LADY, dressed as a male Tibetan monk in saffron robes, enters and faces an unseen audience. She bows from the neck with palms together and sits on a throne-like chair that appears to be up on a pedestal. She has her full movie star makeup on and is more or less disguised as the monk. The other characters do not see this. Musical theme for the opening song blends into the traditional sounding Tibetan music and eventually takes over.

THE LADY

(as the Tibetan spiritual teacher)

Nothing exists separate, alone. Idea of independent existence is unhappy delusion.

Understand this, open door to happiness. Question how to open door?

(Lights rise on Gregory sitting cross legged on a meditation cushion on the floor and wearing a light, loose fitting, brightly colored outfit specifically created for meditation.)

GREGORY

(singing “The Last Little Year”)

THE LAST LITTLE YEAR

IT TOOK FOREVER

I THOUGHT I’D NEVER MAKE IT HERE

BUT I’M HERE

NOT EVER KNOWING

IF I WAS GOING TO MAKE IT PAST

THIS LAST LITTLE YEAR

THE LADY

Forgiveness? Vital! Destructive emotions, ah, reduced.

(Lights up on CHANCE. He looks pale with blotchy skin and dark circles under his eyes. His hair is greasy and disheveled and looks like he needs a shave and a shower.)

CHANCE

THE LAST LITTLE YEAR
I LOST MY FOOTING
AND THERE'S NO PUTTING IT IN GEAR

AND I FEAR
MY HEALTH IS GOING
AND I'VE BEEN GROWING OLD TOO FAST
IN THIS LAST LITTLE YEAR

THE LADY

All humans want to be happy. All. Remember this. You see?

CHANCE & GREGORY

AT EVERY TURN
YOU LEARN TO FACE
THE THING YOU FEAR
AND THOUGH YOU TRY
YOU CAN'T DENY
YOU'RE NEVER SURE
YOU MUST ENDURE
AND JUST GET PAST
THE LAST DAY OF
THIS LAST LITTLE YEAR

THE LADY

An exercise- giving and taking. Start with someone easy. Friend that is ill. Breathe in suffering and give back good feeling. Okay? Yes?

CHANCE

THE LAST LITTLE YEAR

GREGORY

A NEW DIRECTION?

CHANCE
WITH NO
PROTECTION FOR
ME HERE

GREGORY
THE LAST LITTLE
YEAR

CHANCE

TIRED AND RED-EYED

GREGORY

WHOEVER SAID I'D VOLUNTEER?

CHANCE AND GREGORY

FOR THIS LAST LITTLE YEAR

THE LADY

Think of person terrible to you. See that person as suffering being. Give your happiness. Next, same for worst enemy. Good?

CHANCE AND GREGORY

YOU TRY TO CHOOSE
THEN LOSE YOUR WAY
FROM THERE TO HERE
THERE'S NO CONTROL
YOU HAVE TO ROLL

CHANCE
FROM PUNCH TO
PUNCH

GREGORY
FROM HUNCH TO
HUNCH

CHANCE
WHICH WAY TO
GO?

GREGORY
YOU NEVER KNOW

CHANCE AND GREGORY

WILL YOU OUTLAST
THE LAST DAY OF
THIS LAST LITTLE YEAR

(THE LADY as Tibetan spiritual teacher looks at GREGORY and walks over toward him. Gregory closes his eyes pretending to be involved in the suggested exercise. The Lady stands next to him peering at him and smiling. Gregory opens one eye and looks toward her making sure she doesn't realize that he is "cheating". She does and she pokes him.)

THE LADY

I see you have small opening. Flicker of insight.

GREGORY

I have? About what?

THE LADY

How to open door.

(THE LADY gives a knowing look out to the audience and then turns and leaves. GREGORY smiles but then looks confused having no idea what she is referring to.)

GREGORY

THE LAST LITTLE YEAR
AM I PRETENDING?

CHANCE

IS IT ENDING?

(Lights fade except for a tight spot on GREGORY from above as he closes his eyes and tries to meditate. He opens his eyes, sighs, relaxes his posture. He's getting bored and frustrated.)

He sits upright, closes his eyes and makes the effort to try again.)

SCENE 2

"Always forgive your enemies - nothing annoys them so much." -Oscar Wilde

The scenery moves around GREGORY as he sits in a meditation pose . Lights up and he is back in his living room. He opens his eyes, still feeling frustrated and then gets up from the floor and begins to move away when he is stopped by THE LADY speaking but not seen.

THE LADY

Darling. Where have you been?

(GREGORY looks around as lights rise slowly on THE LADY smiling and amused.)

GREGORY

You!

THE LADY

Yes it's me. What *have* you been up to?

GREGORY

Where have you been? The last time I saw you was in a hallucination in the intensive care unit.

THE LADY

I don't remember being there.

GREGORY

You were in a musical that was going on at the foot of my bed. What a show! Some number about butterflies, the mad hatter and the weather?

THE LADY

Was I working on the stage again? I hate the stage.

GREGORY

You were terrific by the way.

THE LADY

Thank you. But what I want to know is, what are you wearing?

GREGORY

This? It's loose and comfortable. Perfect for meditation.

(THE LADY gestures disapproval of the
bright color.)

It's supposed to be a happy color.

THE LADY

Meditation?

GREGORY

Sure. What do you think happens to most well-to-do, gay men over fifty in San Francisco after they've survived a heart attack?

THE LADY

I haven't the faintest.

GREGORY

They turn into Buddhists. Then there's also the jew-boos.

THE LADY

The jew-boos? Is that anything like the heebie jeebies?

GREGORY

Jewish Buddhists. I suppose that makes me a Ga-Jew-Boo.

THE LADY

Ga-zunt-heit.

GREGORY

Gay Jewish Buddhist. They do say that meditation is supposed to have great health benefits and I think I'd like to live a bit longer. Well-- than I did before. With a better outlook. Don't you watch Oprah?

THE LADY

Oprah?

GREGORY

Alright, alright. I admit meditation is boring. I try.

THE LADY

I see.

GREGORY

Do you? I'm disfigured now. Scarred from here to here. Certainly unappealing and kind of gross. I try not to look. And then there was my brush with death.

THE LADY

I don't want to hear about it. Leave it for the Buddhists.

GREGORY

Don't you have something a little more profound to say?

THE LADY

Well- "life is a banquet, and most poor suckers are starving to death!"

GREGORY

Can't you do any better than that? Jung had Philemon and I get you.

THE LADY

Philemon?

GREGORY

That imaginary old man with the wings. Jung called him Philemon. I researched it. I found out that Jung had wild, startling visions during a heart attack he suffered when he was 69 years old. Very similar to my story except you disappeared after my heart attack. I must admit, I'm glad you came back.

THE LADY

You do realize that you've known me a long while. And that you left me behind years ago. Along with a thousand other dreams.

GREGORY

That idea of being a professional set designer? I put that one away when I moved here.

THE LADY

I was there. You didn't notice.

GREGORY

Well then you must also know how I struggled away down in Los Angeles- movies and theater. I wanted so much to be a part of it. But I did give it up.

(THE LADY gestures her disagreement)

Okay. I didn't try very hard. See I thought I'd have an easier, simpler life up here. A cooler, foggier life. And I have had that. But sometimes I wonder about what must be missing.

THE LADY

Perhaps I am all you know about love.

GREGORY

What's that supposed to mean?

THE LADY

You think love is about the moon and the stars, silent stares and sharing cigarettes.

GREGORY

I know what love is.

THE LADY

Do you? I thought you gave that up as well?

GREGORY

Gave it up?

THE LADY

How many years have you lived alone?

GREGORY

I've had a few romances along the way.

THE LADY

That's not what I asked you.

GREGORY

Well, when I was very young and first moved here, I let a young man I'd gotten involved with move into my first, groovy pad. At the time, I was a poor, hippie type and I had rented a small flat above a used clothing store. That was before they called it "vintage." It was nice enough.

THE LADY

So you lived with this young man?

GREGORY

A year and then some.

THE LADY

What happened?

GREGORY

He was an early victim of AIDS. We called it the gay cancer then because we didn't know what it was. He got very sick and went home to die. In those days, our families weren't told about our relationships and probably didn't want to know.

I wanted him to stay with me and I'd try to take care of him but he thought that wasn't a good idea and I think he really wanted to go back home to his family and die there. He knew he was going to die I think.

THE LADY

What did you do?

GREGORY

I just let him go. I never heard from him again. I don't even know when or how he died.

THE LADY

That's quite a story. Well, where's my violin?

GREGORY

You don't understand. Someone my age, someone who lived here at that time. We were too young for that. So many people to be dying all at once.

THE LADY

I don't understand. What people?

GREGORY

Neighbors, coworkers, friends, lovers. How can I explain it? Even to myself. So many hospital rooms, so many memorials, so much crying and- What do you do? You get angry. You shake your fists at the government, at Reverend Falwell, at the sky. You act up. But it doesn't help. The suffering and dying goes on and- then it stopped. And we just went on. So here I am. I don't know what's happened to me.

THE LADY

You haven't loved anyone since then.

GREGORY

I don't know if I was in love then either. I suppose I was now that I think of it. It seemed so tenuous, so easy to just live together and then it just disappeared so quickly as if it never happened.

THE LADY

And you've always lived alone since then, no?

GREGORY

Yes. That's true. I'm happy this way and I've avoided a lot of drama.

THE LADY

Yet you love drama. From a distance. And as for happy-

GREGORY

Spirit guide -- be gone!

(GREGORY falls to the floor and takes his meditation pose trying to get rid of the Tulpa he thinks he's created. THE LADY starts to laugh at him.)

THE LADY

I don't think that's going to work.

GREGORY

You can laugh all you want. I have some more important work to do. An assignment, given to me by the teacher.

THE LADY

What is that?

GREGORY

To send loving kindness and forgiveness to someone who has harmed me. You?

THE LADY

Me? Try that gigolo that robbed you and left you for dead.

GREGORY

Are you crazy?

THE LADY

Well?

GREGORY

He's a criminal. He's not worthy of it.

THE LADY

Of what? It's not like you're actually going to see him ever again.

(GREGORY looks at her as a light bulb goes off in his head.)

What difference does it make? It only matters to you.

GREGORY

(lost in thought)

Yes. See him again.

THE LADY
(mistaking his agreement)

See him again?

GREGORY
Maybe I *should* consider trying to actually see him again.

THE LADY
Are you mad?

GREGORY
I feel silly just picturing him in my head.

THE LADY
You'll be making a big mistake.
(music begins)

GREGORY
No.

THE LADY
There is a simpler way.

GREGORY
Yes?

THE LADY
Yes.

THE LADY
(singing the reprise of "The Way To
Happiness")

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS
FINESSE IS ALL IT TAKES TO WIN
ONE FAILURE, ONE SUCCESS
ONE DAY YOU'RE OUT, THE NEXT YOU'RE IN
YOUR MOOD MAY SWING
SO SMILE AT EVERYTHING
YOU BRING ON THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

GREGORY

No. I don't see it that way.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS
THE MESS WE MAKE FROM HERE TO THERE
WE TRY HARD TO IMPRESS
AND NEVER GUESS WE'RE SIMPLY UNAWARE
WE'VE GOT IT WRONG
WE'VE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG
WE BELONG ON THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

GREGORY

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T
IGNORE IT
YOU MUST TRY
TO FIND A WAY TO
RESTORE IT
SO FACE YOUR
FEAR
AND IT MIGHT
DISAPPEAR
AND COULD CLEAR
THE WAY TO
HAPPINESS

THE LADY

DON'T TRY TO
UNDERSTAND
YOU HAVE THE
UPPER HAND
WHAT YOU HAVE
HERE
IT MIGHT
DISAPPEAR
NOWHERE NEAR
THE WAY TO
HAPPINESS

GREGORY

You know what? I am going to get in touch with Chance. Tell him I forgive him.

THE LADY

You ARE mad!

GREGORY

No. This is the right thing to do. I have a gut feeling about this. I'm going to try to see him.

THE LADY

A casual stroll into the lion's den?

GREGORY

That's one way to put it. But. Yes. Where's my cell?

THE LADY

That little phone thingy without the cord or the padded kind?

GREGORY

A cell phone, a cell phone, my kingdom for a cell phone.

THE LADY

That's dreadful.

(GREGORY finds the cell phone and starts to scroll through the screens looking for CHANCE's number. He finds it and presses the dial button.)

THE LADY

Don't you think you're being a bit overly enthusiastic darling? Perhaps you should-

(Lights up on CHANCE, looking at his cell phone and not knowing who is calling him.)

CHANCE

Yeah?

GREGORY

Chance. It's me.

CHANCE

You? You? You! I erased you. I guess you're like alive.

GREGORY

And you're not hanging up on me.

CHANCE

No.

GREGORY

Good.

CHANCE

So like why did you call me?

GREGORY

I have something I needed to tell you.

CHANCE

Is it good thing or bad thing?

GREGORY

I think it's good.

CHANCE

I'm not looking that great these days. Lost some weight and, well- you might not like what you see and, uh, it might not work like it used to.

GREGORY

I want to know something. What were you thinking when you left me lying there?

CHANCE

I don't know.

GREGORY

It's important for me to understand.

CHANCE

I like got into a panic. I thought you were dying and I didn't think I could do anything and I didn't want to get like involved. You know? So I figured- you wouldn't be needing the stuff I took and who would ever know? Put yourself in my place.

GREGORY

Ah. The true colors.

CHANCE

Why did you like call me?

GREGORY

Well. It's hard to explain but I've changed a lot. And-

CHANCE

What's the difference? I'll probably be dead in a year.

GREGORY

You? Why?

CHANCE

Forget it.

GREGORY

Will you meet me?

CHANCE

For what?

GREGORY

I don't want to do this on the phone.

CHANCE

Do what?

GREGORY

Just meet me okay? Our favorite bar? Tonight? Seven o'clock?

CHANCE

I might. I might not.

GREGORY

I'll just be there and hope you show up. Okay?

CHANCE

Have it your way. But I'm not making any promises.

(CHANCE hangs up the phone as the lights fade on him. THE LADY shakes her head at GREGORY.)

GREGORY

I was trying, I was trying. I don't know.

THE LADY

Trying? What?

GREGORY

Taking on the suffering. Giving back-- shit!

THE LADY

Or as we used to say, more politely- merde! Watch your step.

(Lights fade.)

SCENE 3

"A dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world." -Oscar Wilde

THE LADY is talking to GREGORY who is off stage dressing. During the scene, Gregory pokes his head out during the course of the conversation.)

THE LADY

(watching Gregory offstage)

Oh, stop fussing. What are you planning to say to him?

(imitating Bette Davis)

“I'd like to kiss you, but I just washed my hair.”

GREGORY

If you're going to quote the great Bette Davis, why not pick something more apropos?

THE LADY

Do you have something in mind?

GREGORY

The immortal last lines from “Now Voyager.” You must know them.

THE LADY

(imitating another movie icon)

Hmm. I think- maybe. How about “twas beauty killed the beast.” But that's not Bette Davis. Is it?

GREGORY

(entering and almost finished dressing and carrying his coat.)

Why am I worried about this? Wonder if you'll be here when I get back. I'm not sure if that will be a good thing or a bad thing. We shall see.

(THE LADY watches GREGORY leave the stage as the music begins.)

THE LADY

“The untold want by life and land ne'er granted, Now voyager sail thou forth to seek and find.” No. That's not it. Something like this:

THE LADY

(singing “Don't Ask For The Moon”)

WHEN YOU HAVE THE STARS
DON'T ASK FOR THE MOON
FOR THE STARS, THEY WILL SOON FADE AWAY

BUT YOU WANT TO HAVE IT ALL
AND YOU KNOW THAT NIGHT MUST FALL
THOUGH TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY

SO PLAY IT, SAM
AND DON'T GIVE A DAMN
IF THE FLIM FLAM MAN COMES TO STAY

WHEN YOUR SWEET BIRD HAS FLOWN
AND YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN
WHAT YOU'VE SOWN ISN'T GONE, NEVER CEASED

IS IT FAMINE, IS IT FEAST?
OR AT LEAST IS IT ENOUGH
OF THE STUFF THAT KILLED THE BEAST?

YEAH, THERE'S NO CUPID
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID
NOW YOUR BIRD HAS BEEN RELEASED

(During the musical break, GREGORY returns to the stage, zipped up against the cold and making his way through the streets. Lights up on CHANCE seated on a high stool in front of small round table with a beverage. He is in the same bar as before waiting for Gregory. The light is dim and he is keeping his face in the shadow so that it can't be seen.)

THE LADY

YOU CAN SEE ALL THE SIGNS FROM AFAR
THOUGH YOU QUESTION WHAT IT TAKES
OTHER GUYS GET ALL THE BREAKS
IT'S THE FAKES THAT WILL SAY AU REVOIR

THAT'S WHO YOU ARE
IN THIS FILM NOIR
AND THE STARS WILL SHINE FOR YOU SOON
BUT YOU JUST DON'T ASK FOR THE MOON

(Lights fade slowly on THE LADY as the song ends.)

SCENE 4

"Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live." -Oscar Wilde

Gregory enters the bar and looks around but doesn't spot Chance as Chance's face is purposely hidden in the dark. Chance carefully looks around the bar and then scrutinizes Gregory before he feels safe enough to signal to Gregory. Gregory spots him and makes his way to the table. Gregory, smiling nervously, sits at the stool across from Chance.

GREGORY

Hello. Fancy meeting you here.

CHANCE

It's good to see you. I'm like glad you made it. And -- that you're like -- alive. You look good.

GREGORY

I was lucky.

CHANCE

What happened?

GREGORY

You didn't close the door properly. Left it slightly opened. A neighbor just coming home noticed it. I woke up in the ICU. Don't know when or how.

CHANCE

That's good. You really look terrific.

GREGORY

No I don't. When I look at my own body, it's ravaged, scary. I can't see you very well.

CHANCE

Has your eyesight gone bad too?

GREGORY

This is the darkest corner in the place.

CHANCE

(leaning forward into the light)

You seem to be okay. You're still so sexy.

(GREGORY is taken aback by when he sees the change in CHANCE's face and body. After a moment, Gregory regains his composure and smiles at Chance.)

CHANCE

I haven't been well.

GREGORY

What's wrong?

CHANCE

Don't know yet. I've had some tests but like they can't afford to do too much at the clinic. I'm like having more soon. But I have to wait. Something they don't understand.

(GREGORY gives him a frightened look)

It's not AIDs if that's what you're worried about man. I've been tested more than once. It's always negative.

GREGORY

Then what's this about your dying and all?

CHANCE

The doctors say no but I think like maybe they're lying to me. Doctors.

GREGORY

Maybe not.

CHANCE

It's not your problem. I don't want to talk about it.

GREGORY

I wanted to see you because I wanted you to know that I forgive you for what happened.

CHANCE

(sarcastically)

Aw. Thanks. Now I can sleep again.

GREGORY

Because of you, I should be dead right now.

CHANCE

I didn't give you a heart attack, man.

GREGORY

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I've been through a lot and I'm trying to come to terms with everything.

CHANCE

I'm sorry too. I shouldn't have left you there. It's just that- you wouldn't get it.

GREGORY

You've said that before.

CHANCE

(trying to explain himself)

Okay. See where I came from- the land of the bullies- every Sunday my father made me go shoot at deer with him while he got drunk in the woods and my mother watched this guy on TV who promised salvation on a 24 hour prayer line. Shit. I had to like get out of there. You know? I came here because I saw that Harvey Milk documentary on TV when I was a kid and where he says like "come to San Francisco and we'll be your family." Something like that. So that's why I came here. But it's not like that here. No, it's not. It's just a lonely, big city like any other. But-

(CHANCE notices that GREGORY is consciously breathing and Gregory's eyes flutter as he tries to find the right mental state.)

Like what're you doing?

GREGORY

It's an exercise I learned from a Buddhist teacher, an enlightened master from Tibet. Taking on the suffering-

CHANCE

Mine?

GREGORY

Well. Not exactly like that but-

CHANCE

How about taking me home instead? What do you think? Yeah?

GREGORY

Now you're making fun of me.

CHANCE

No I mean it. It's been awhile since I've had any and you'd be really like helping me out.

GREGORY

No. Absolutely not.

CHANCE

Why not?

GREGORY

I think I want to leave now.

CHANCE

Don't go yet.

GREGORY

No. I did what I needed to do.

CHANCE

What about what I need you to do?

GREGORY

It's not going to happen. No, no-

CHANCE

I'm really desperate. Honestly. I don't have a place to live-

GREGORY

Here. I'll give you everything I've got on me. Here.

(GREGORY reaches into his pocket and takes out the cash he has and it doesn't add up to much. He hands CHANCE half of the bills he has.)

CHANCE

I don't want it.

GREGORY

Take it. Go on. You need it.

(CHANCE gets up and attempts to put his arms around GREGORY's neck. Gregory quickly pulls away, disgusted.)

CHANCE

What? I'm not your fantasy anymore? Don't have what you want? You don't like this body anymore? Don't want a big, messy kiss? You liked it before.

(CHANCE lunges toward GREGORY as Gregory avoids him. Gregory puts the cash on the table and backs away to leave.)

CHANCE

Don't go. I can't take it anymore.

(GREGORY hesitates then reaches into his pocket and puts the rest of the cash on the table.)

GREGORY

Here. Take it.

CHANCE

(looking at the money with disgust)

You think you're so fucking spiritual for coming here to forgive me and giving me your nothing little bit of charity. You smug asshole. You've got everything. Had everything handed to you. So you've just used everyone around you while you like stayed outside of it all. I had to be strong. And you-- See, I've lived my life with courage while you locked yourself in a safe little cage with money scattered on the bottom to catch your shit. And you'll die that way- in that cage, a lonely, old bastard, unloved and unwanted except for your money. You think I'm the loser but, fuck you -you're the loser.

(GREGORY stares at CHANCE, speechless. Gregory looks down at the floor, composes himself, looks back at Chance and then realizes what he should do to take control of the situation. Gregory reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet and pulls out a card. He hands the card to Chance.)

GREGORY

This is a good place. A spiritual center. They can help you there.

CHANCE

(after reading the card)

You selfish bastard. You're so full of shit. When I'm about to die- and I'm going to die - it'll be raining. I know it. It'll be like raining and raining and, and- I'll just come to your house and puke my guts out right in front of your door and die right there. In the rain. Then you can step in my puke and I'll be laughing at you when I'm dead. Just laughing and laughing. I'll never stop laughing.

(GREGORY looks at CHANCE in a panic not knowing what to do.

Gregory tries to think of something to say, can't find anything and then turns and quickly leaves Chance at the table with his drink, a pile of cash and the card. Chance stares at the table, hunched over, dejected, unable to move having completely surrendered to his fate. Music begins. Throughout the song, lights change slowly, brightening from one direction as if the clouds had parted and the sun is rising. The light seems magical as if the ocean were just off the stage. Chance faces the direction of the light as if he can feel the sea air as it is mysteriously getting closer to him.)

CHANCE
(singing "Lands End")

THERE ISN'T A THING TO SAY
NOTHING LEFT TO DEFEND
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT TO TURN TO
NO REASON TO PRETEND

SO RUN, JUST RUN
AND DON'T SLOW DOWN
IT'S JUST AROUND THE BEND
SOON YOU'LL REACH LANDS END

IT'S A LONG AND A LONELY HIGHWAY
WESTERLY IT WENDS
IT ENDS AT A GATE CALLED GOLDEN
TO THE OCEAN, IT DESCENDS

SO DRIVE, JUST DRIVE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
YOU'LL NEVER LACK FOR A FRIEND
TO POINT YOU TO LANDS END

YOU STAND ALONE
YOU'VE GROWN SO THIN
THE WIND COULD PUSH YOU
OFF OF THIS LEDGE

YOU'VE COME SO FAR
BUT HERE YOU ARE AGAIN
LOOKING DOWN THE END
TRYING TO SUSPEND
ON THIS RAZOR'S EDGE
ON THIS RAZOR'S EDGE

THE TURBULENT, CHURNING OCEAN
TAKES THE MESSAGE THAT YOU SEND
AND ANSWERS YOU BACK IN SILENCE
AND WITH WINGS, SO YOU ASCEND

TO BREATHE, TO BREATHE
JUST BREATHE THE AIR
IT'S THERE YOU CAN TRANSCEND
FALLING OFF LANDS END
FALLING OFF LANDS END
FALLING OFF LANDS END

(CHANCE, bathed in the light coming from the side, looks back down to the table. He looks at the money but doesn't move. He looks up at the light as if it beckons him. He looks back at the money on the table. He finally makes a decision and carefully gathers the money and puts it in his pocket. He looks up back at the light as if he's not sure of his decision. Finally, he comes to a conclusion. He turns away from the light and walks off into the opposite direction as the visionary light fades. The sound of a door slamming is heard just as the lights rise in GREGORY's house.)

SCENE 5

"Hatred is blind, as well as love." -Oscar Wilde

GREGORY is standing with his back to a door that has appeared during the scene transition.

He has just entered from outside and the sound of the door heard previously was caused by Gregory slamming it behind just prior to this moment. THE LADY watches him as he catches his breath. He's obviously shaken. He doesn't remove his coat.

THE LADY

Back so soon?

GREGORY

That was a mistake. It's okay now. I shouldn't have gone.

THE LADY

Need a drink? I could use one. Pour me a bourbon on the rocks.

GREGORY

No. I shouldn't be drinking. You need one? That doesn't make any sense. What for?

THE LADY

Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world-

GREGORY

Alright. I get it.

(GREGORY takes off his coat, heads to table with wheels designed to be a portable bar with the necessary bottles, ice bucket and glasses. He prepares the drink but puts it down on the table.)

GREGORY

No, no, no. Not going to have this.

(He puts the glass back on the cart.)

What does he want from me? I'm not responsible for him. He ran away leaving me to die. He doesn't care one tiny bit about me. I hardly know him. What was I thinking.

THE LADY

You're not responsible for anyone.

GREGORY

Just myself.

THE LADY

Just yourself.

GREGORY
(picking the drink up)

I set myself up.

THE LADY

You set yourself up.

GREGORY
I go there to forgive him. I end up giving him almost all the cash I had in my pocket. Just kept enough to get home. And-

THE LADY

Now you're home. So?

GREGORY

Damn it. Stop agreeing with me.

(GREGORY looks at the glass in his hand. Drinks from it. Then slams it down on the table. Music begins.)

THE LADY

You're the one who started this you know.

GREGORY
(singing)

NO IT WAS WITH YOU THIS ALL BEGAN

THE LADY

Face facts. Be a man.

GREGORY

WHAT YOU DIDN'T SAY IS WHAT I HEARD

THE LADY

That's absurd!

GREGORY

NO. YOU'VE BEEN TOYING WITH ME
DESTROYING ALL MY-

THE LADY

(interrupting)

This isn't about me. It was *never* about me. You made your own mess.

GREGORY

OH I CAN GUESS WHAT NEXT YOU'LL SAY

THE LADY

You want to get rid of me

GREGORY

Yes!

(GREGORY moves menacingly toward THE LADY.)

THE LADY

Don't come any nearer

GREGORY

BUT YOU HAVE TO GO AWAY

THE LADY

Okay.

THEN LOOK IN THE MIRROR

GREGORY

What?

THE LADY

I CAN'T MAKE IT ANY CLEARER

(GREGORY turns away from her and looks at himself in the unseen mirror. He turns back towards her and she gestures back to the mirror. He looks back into the mirror and notices that THE LADY doesn't appear in the mirror as he would expect.)

GREGORY
(singing "This Is Not The Way")

THIS IS NOT A PLACE I THOUGHT
I'D EVER FIND MYSELF
THIS IS NOT THE FACE OF THE CLEVER MAN
WHO MADE HIMSELF

I WAS TRAINED TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD
EXPLAINED ITS DISARRAY

(THE LADY laughs. GREGORY looks at her.)

AND NOW I MUST CONFESS
THAT I HAVE MADE A MESS
AND THIS IS NOT THE WAY
THIS IS NOT THE WAY

Not the way to what? THE LADY

GREGORY

NOT THE WAY TO OPEN DOORS
BEFORE I CAN GO THROUGH

Well. If you want- THE LADY

GREGORY

AND IT'S VERY NICE TO GET ADVICE AND ALL
BUT I WILL DO WHAT I MUST DO
SHOVED ACROSS THE FINISH LINE
AND LOVED BY VERY FEW

Uh hmm. THE LADY

GREGORY

SO I TAKE IT BACK
IT'S TRUE, I DON'T KNOW JACK
BUT WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

THE LADY

Don't you know yet?

GREGORY

HOW IS THAT YOU CAME TO BE?

THE LADY

You know.

GREGORY

WHY DID YOU START TO QUESTION ME?

THE LADY

Someone had to.

GREGORY

I KNOW YOU WELL AND WELL, WE DO AGREE

THE LADY

Can't you see?

GREGORY

BUT DON'T PRETEND YOU ARE A PART OF ME

THE LADY

Pretending?

GREGORY

AND YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO SAY
YOU'VE MADE YOUR PLAY
IT'S TIME TO GO AWAY

THE LADY
You know-

GREGORY

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR
"IT COULD BE WORSE"
YOU'VE PLACED YOUR CURSE
AND THIS IS NOT THE WAY

THE LADY
There is no other way.

GREGORY

THIS IS NOT THE WAY

THE LADY
Look in the mirror.

GREGORY
(looking at himself in the mirror, turning
away from THE LADY. Trying to
understand.)

I WAS TRAINED TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD
BUT I PLAYED MY HAND ALL WRONG
I DON'T KNOW WHO MADE IT START
TO FALL APART
WAS IT ONLY ME ALL ALONG?

GREGORY
Oh my god - he's been here. He knows where I live. He could show up.

THE LADY
And?

GREGORY
He said something about dying on my doorstep. What am I going to do?

THE LADY
What are you going to do?

GREGORY
It started raining.

THE LADY

You're not making any sense.

GREGORY

Oh my god, it's raining.

THE LADY

Well, then he'd just go home. No?

GREGORY

It's really raining out there.

(CHANCE enters and knocks on the door.)

THE LADY

Aren't you going to answer it?

(GREGORY gets a suitcase and opens it.)

GREGORY

I don't know. I have to get out of here.

THE LADY

You don't even know who it is.

GREGORY

I know who it is.

CHANCE

(muttering, incoherent, leaning against the door)

No, I can't, raining. raining. It's not raining. I'm laughing.

(GREGORY backs away from the door, looks around the room, gets his coat and reaches into his pocket for his cell phone. He flips it open and starts to dial a number but then stops. He stares at the phone. He looks around again. He puts his coat on, still holding the cell phone. He looks around the room. He starts to punch in some numbers on his cell phone but then stops. He stares at this hands. He listens to the rain. Is it raining harder or is it letting up? He looks back at his phone. Perhaps he starts to laugh.

Perhaps he throws the cell phone away and closes the suitcase and then sits down on his suitcase, coat on, not ready or willing to leave after all.)

GREGORY

(quoting the Tibetan master from scene 1)

Idea of individual existence is unhappy delusion.

THE LADY

(prompting him to understand)

Really?

GREGORY

It was me all along.

THE LADY

Then where do I fit in?

GREGORY

(quietly)

You don't.

(LADY smiles and leaves. GREGORY goes to the door and opens it. CHANCE falls backwards halfway inside and lying on his back. He's practically unconscious. Gregory bends down and slowly puts his arms around Chance and brings him inside. Gregory gently gets Chance to his feet while Chance shivers. His shivers become more violent as Gregory tries to warm Chance by rubbing Chance's arms. Gregory maneuvers Chance over to the couch and lays him down. He looks around and sees the same blanket from Act I draped on his couch. Gregory gets the blanket and brings it back to Chance lying on the couch. Gregory gently wraps the blanket around Chance, lifting Chance up as needed. Chance lies on the couch, in a cocoon, eyes closed and slowly relaxing as Gregory attempts to warm him by rubbing Chances' shoulders and arms now inside the blanket. Chance breathes a sigh of relief and comfort as if all is well now, opens his eyes and smiles at Gregory. Lights fade on Gregory and Chance. THE LADY enters.)

SCENE 6

“Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth.” -Oscar Wilde

THE LADY looks in her dressing mirror and begins to remove her turban revealing that she is a man. She begins to remove her makeup as the waltzing music from “The Way Of The World” plays. She looks at the audience, continues to remove her makeup and finally sings.

THE LADY
(singing “The Way Of The World”)

SO THIS IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD MY FRIENDS
IT DEPENDS ON EACH MOVEMENT WE MAKE
YOU MAY OPEN A DOOR
AND FALL FLAT ON THE FLOOR
BUT BE GLAD THAT YOU MADE A MISTAKE
AND TO AWAKE IN THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(THE LADY has removed her makeup and we see the actor who played The Lady. Music begins as GREGORY and CHANCE enter.)

CHANCE
(singing “Somewhere In Time”)

SOMEWHERE IN TIME
THERE’S A MAN IN A ROOM
SOMEWHERE IN TIME
HE WILL RISE
HE WILL RISE

THE LADY

SOMEWHERE IN TIME
A LIFE WILL RESUME
SOME PLACE IN TIME
THAT NEVER DIES
NEVER DIES

GREGORY

SOMEHOW HE KNOWS
THAT IT GOES ON ITS OWN
SO UNKNOWN AND YET SO CLEAR

CHANCE

A FACE IN THE CROWD
THAT'S SHOUTING OUT LOUD

GREGORY

I AM HERE

CHANCE

I AM THERE

THE LADY

I AM EVERYWHERE

ALL

SOMEWHERE IN TIME

GREGORY

HE WILL RISE

CHANCE

NEVER DIES

THE LADY

SOMETHING SURVIVES

ALL

IN LIVING THE DAYS
LIVING THE DAYS
LIVING THE DAYS
LIVING THE DAYS GOING BY
SOMEWHERE IN TIME

THE END