

THE HEROES

RIFT: Gang leader; master dyke; arrogant; charismatic; holds power; cocky; cool people; smart; smooth-talking with the women; including the dykes, but understands to them; distant.

MARY JANE: Always seeks approval from RIFT; nervous; gets lost around; nervy; used by everything, including the law.

ACTON: RIFT's lieutenant; delicate bell of lily; explosive; low impulse-control; would knock in someone's face first and ask questions later; real stupid.

SACONKA: dressed in army fatigues; shell-shocked; plays guerrilla war all the time; has no speaking lines in the play.

LOVER BOY: Don Juan type; tries to seduce the women; approaches them physically; whereas RIFT is more aloof.

KIMBERLY, TITANY & VYVIAN: some Valley girls, for short; MARIA: RIFT's sister; in transition from subservience to independence; changing into a dyke and fears repercussions from RIFT.

TONY: handsome; down-to-earth nature; no longer wants to be involved in gang scenes; turning gay.

GAY SIDE STORY

a play in three acts

THE QUEENS

DIANE: gang leader; charismatic; diabolical; suave; has her leader's act; chain and leather; guarded; distant; greasy hair.

HUSTLER: young street hustler; sarcastic; makes references to sex and selling it.

QUEEN B: drag queen; unwilling to be stepped on by anyone; includes the own gang members; campy; 'dishes the dirt'; respects DIANE, notwithstanding surface disagreements.

SISTER TURBIDIA COX: a sister of the respectful indulgence; high camp; glibness as his mission; dressed in nun's habit; craves himself also.

CLONE: bar owner; T-shirt; masculine uniform; over-the-top; partly early respectful and fond of QUEEN B.

BENEDICT: bar dyke; arrives pool one around; flannel and jeans.

ISIS: witch; heart; real flaky; dressed in 'bag dyke'; 'energy', 'energy', 'empowerment'; 'brashy'.

ANITA: the political; theatrical; "PC"; wears SOPHIA about loving straight women; criticizes QUEEN B; lesbian mother.

EMMA: ANITA's daughter.

SOPHIA: falls in love with MARIA; nice, down-to-earth dyke; moving away from gang scenes; wants to become country dyke; is teased about this by other gang members.

DAVID: not really part of the gang; masculine 'respectable' gay activist; campaign manager for local gay ordinance; also runs falls in love with TONY.

THE COPS

OFFICER KAPRER

LIEUTENANT SCHWANE

NEW MAN: faces at the dance; embodies everything a bleeding-heart liberal is.

GAY SIDE STORY - THE CHARACTERS

THE HETS

- RIFF: gang leader; macho drag; arrogant; charismatic; holds people together; cools people out; smooth-talking with the women, including the dykes, but condescends to them; distant.
- BABY JOHN: Always seeks approval from RIFF; nervous; gets led around; nerdy; awed by everything, including the fact that he's a HET.
- ACTION: RIFF's lieutenant; catlike ball of fury, explosive, low impulse-control; would knock in someone's face first and ask questions later; real stupid.
- BAZOOKA: dressed in army fatigues; shell-shocked; plays guerrilla war all the time; has no speaking lines in the play.
- LOVER BOY: Don Juan type; tries to seduce the women; approaches them physically, whereas RIFF is more aloof.
- KIMBERLEY, TIFFANY & YVETTE: Totally awesome Valley girls, fer shurr!
- MARIA: RIFF's sister; in transition from subservience to independence; changing into a dyke and fears repercussions from RIFF.
- TONY: handsome; down-to-earth; becoming more mature; no longer wants to be involved in gang scene; turning gay.

THE QUEERS

- DIESEL: gang leader; charismatic; diesel-dyke; suave; has her tender moments; chains and leather; guarded; distant; greasy hair.
- HUSTLER: young street hustler; sarcastic; makes references to sex and selling it.
- QUEEN B: drag queen; unwilling to be stepped on by anyone, including own gang members; campy, 'dishes the dirt'; respects DIESEL, notwithstanding surface disagreements.
- SISTER TURGIDA COX: a Sister of the Perpetual Indulgence; high camp; guiltlessness is his mission; dressed in nun's habit; crosses himself alot.
- CLONE: bar clone; T-shirt/moustache uniform; narcissistic; particularly respectful and fond of QUEEN B.
- BERNICE: bar dyke; carries pool cue around; flannel and jeans.
- ISIS: witch; healer; real flaky; dressed in 'hag drag'; 'energy', 'centering', 'empowerment'; preachy.
- ANITA: the politico; rhetorical; "PC"; warns SOPHIA about loving straight women; criticizes QUEEN B; Lesbian mother.
- EMMA: ANITA's daughter.
- SOPHIA: falls in love with MARIA; nice, down-to-earth dyke; moving away from gang scene: wants to become country dyke, is teased about this by other gang members.
- DAVID: not really part of the gang; mainstream 'respectable' gay activist; campaign manager for local gay ordinance; nice man; falls in love with TONY.

THE COPS

OFFICER KRUPKE

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

NEW MAN: Emcee at the dance; embodies everything a bleeding-heart liberal is.

ACT I

Scene 1

The Neighborhood. A suggestion of city streets and alleyways. The opening is musical: half-danced, half-mimed with occasional phrases of dialogue. It displays the rivalry between two street gangs - the HETS and the QUEERS, each of which has its own prideful uniform - very stereotyped.

The action begins with the HETS in possession of the area, playing around with a basketball. The HETS' ladies are nearby.

The first interruption of the HETS' sunny mood is the sharply punctuated entrance of DIESEL, gang-leader of the QUEERS, who is carrying clipboard and posterboard, looking purposeful - like she is in a hurry to get somewhere. They half-dance, half-mime an altercation, exchanging remarks and shouts occasionally. DIESEL exits. Enter QUEEN B, SISTER TURGIDA COX, and BERNICE - also carrying clipboard and posterboard, also appearing hurried. They dance and mime an altercation with HETS. They exit. Enter DIESEL with all QUEER gang members, except ISIS and HUSTLER, and both gangs dance and mime an altercation, tripping each other, knocking things out of hands, playing "Monkey in the Middle" with BABY JOHN when they snatch the basketball from him, chasing each other, diving between each other's legs, etc.

The altercation continues until the end of the opening music. A police whistle blows and both gangs scatter - dancing and miming this, giving the impression that the police are nearby and they all need to split.

BLACKOUT lights. Gay-Straight Alliance Office storefront. Lights come up. HUSTLER is standing outside office, glancing at his watch, looking impatient, tapping his foot, etc. QUEERS (except ISIS) enter from opposite stage, looking harassed, angry, gesticulating wildly.

QUEEN B: I've had it with those Hets. They think they own the neighborhood. And they made me break my nail!

BERNICE: They act like we don't have the right to walk the streets.

ANITA: Well, Bernice, according to them, we don't, and if they had their way, we never would.

CLONE: Damn bunch of queerbashers!

ANITA: Typical male behavior... (to CLONE) No offense, dear.

DIESEL: Okay, let's just forget about them for now. We have important work to do for this here gay rights ordinance.

HUSTLER (waiting at table): Where have you all been?! Do you know how much thirty minutes of my time is worth of these streets?

SISTER: Hustler, my dear, we'll pass the collection plate for you; you're a worthy cause.

DIESEL (as if learning the appropriate rhetoric): We have just been victimized by the homophobia running rampant in the streets due to the (aside, to ANITA) Anita, what does that pamphlet from the office say?

ANITA: "Due to the heterosexism which is one of the foundations of Western patriarchal culture."

SOPHIA (to BERNICE): They mean we had a rumble with the Hets.

BERNICE: And my pool cue got cracked!

QUEEN B: And my nail got broken, and nobody cares!

DIESEL: FOCUS! Our priority is not nails or pool sticks. Now let's get going.

Enter ISIS, a flurry of flapping robes, swinging talismans, etc.

ISIS: Oh, I'm sorry I'm late. I'm sorry, so sorry. We had a late ritual last night.

ALL (in unison): Here's Isis!

ISIS: Oh, you all look so uncentered! What happened?

SOPHIA: We just had a little rumble with the Hets.

BERNICE: And my pool cue got cracked!

QUEEN B: And my nail got broken!

ISIS: Oh, poor dears, poor dears, do you need a healing? Here, let me look in my pouch for something.

DIESEL: No, that's okay, Isis, we're really alright. We have to get started on these petitions now.

ISIS: Well, then, Diesel, let me at least bless this space, and all of you. (Goes to her bag for herbs, sprinkles them around.)

DIESEL (to everyone): Humor her, humor her.

HUSTLER: Ever since she changed her name from Mildred Pratt to that goddess-type, things ain't been the same around here.

DIESEL: Lay off... who knows, one of these days she and her friends might come up with a potion that makes each of them one of us. Alright everyone, let's come together. The Gay-Straight Alliance is dependin' on us to get this neighborhood to support this here new gay rights

ordinance. This is our chance to prove that we're not just a bunch of cruisin' street thugs.

HUSTLER: Well, some of us are!

ANITA: You fellas have always been slow on the political uptake.

CLONE: Yeah, Anita, but we get a helluva lot more nookie!

DIESEL: That is enough! We ain't never done nothin' of social import before, except that time we rescued Mrs. Adams cat from that tree.

HUSTLER: Yeah, while I was rescuin' Mr. Adams in the back room.

SOPHIA (referring to HUSTLER): Isis, do you have anything in that bag there for binding pricks?

ISIS: No, but I believe there's something here for binding bowels.

CLONE: Shee-it.

DIESEL: Quiet down and listen! Sometimes I think we treat each other worse than the Hets treat us. Now, we could get a lotta recognition for this. Hey, we could end up rubbin' shoulders with that classy group in New York, what is it?... The National Gay Task Force? Who knows, someday I could even be president -- it's the craze these days for gays to be in high places.

HUSTLER: Diesel, the only high place you'll ever be comes from coke.

SISTER: Coke?! Did I hear coke mentioned? Aah, my dear, what a painless way to heaven... just spoon your way to Paradise!

DIESEL: Okay, Bernie, put down your pool stick and get people to sign these petitions on the corner of Congress and High. Clone, you go to Monument Square are try to stay out of the library tearoom.

QUEEN B: But when you gotta go, you gotta go!

SOPHIA: Goddess! What am I doing working with these men?

SISTER: Men? Where? There ain't been a good man in these parts since I picked up this habit.

DIESEL: Hustler, you take a bunch down to the Community Center. There should be people there gettin' the joint ready for the dance tonight. You might round up a couple to help you in the West End.

QUEEN B: West End, East End... as long as I get it in the end!

DIESEL: Sophia, you and Anita stay here and get people as they come by. Queen B, Sister, and Isis, you come with me where I can keep an eye on you for your own protection... Now, all of you be polite to people. Tomorrow night is the rally and we gotta show them high class

Missing page

types that we can be counted on. Let's fill up these petitions by tomorrow night!

BERNICE: But Diesel, what do we say to people when they come up to us?

DIESEL: Do I always have to lead you by the hand? (Sighs) Well, let's practice. Sophia, you be your typical poison on the street.

QUEERS position themselves. SISTER stands looking purposeful.

SOPHIA: Sir, will this ordinance let gay teachers into the schools who will recruit our children?

SISTER: No no no no: We have a seperate organization handling recruitment. You could sign the little angels up here if you like.

ISIS: Sir, far be it from me to care what they do in their own homes, but will this new law give them license to publically display their affections?

SISTER: No no no no: We don't need a license for that!

HUSTLER: If this here law passes, won't there be more homosexuals?

SISTER (crosses himself): God willing!

HETS saunter in looking threatening, cocky, out for trouble, condescending, making fun of the QUEERS, RIFF is bouncing basketball in a very deliberate manner.

RIFF: Hey, Diesel, sweetheart, whatcha doin'?

ACTION: You fruitcakes havin' a party and weren't invited? Riff, come on, come on, let's just do 'em in now. (Punching his fist into the palm of his hand.)

RIFF: Cool it, Action boy.

BABY JOHN (excitedly, jumping about): Riff, Riff, can I go over and get one o'those papers? Can I, Riff, huh? Can I?

RIFF: Go for it, Baby John.

LOVER BOY: Hey, Isis, you're lookin' cuter, every day. When ya gonna come up and see me sometime?

ISIS: When the Winter Solstice falls in July, Lover Boy.

ACTION: The winter what? Must be some kind of queer sport like tetherball.

BABY JOHN (bringing back the leaflets): Here, Riff, here they are.

RIFF (still bouncing ball): Read it, Baby John.

BABY JOHN (struggling with the words): "We, the undersigned, support the City Council's passage of a gay rights ordinance prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual preference in employment, housing, public accommodation, and access to credit." And this one says, "Dance! Dance! Dance! Two dollars admission. Live music. All proceeds go to the Gay-Straight Alliance in support of the gay rights ordinance. 8 P.M. West End Community Center. Call David, 772-One thousand for further information."

ACTION (laughing): Hey, the Queers are getting into politics! (RIFF motions for him to be silent.)

KIMBERLEY: I could just D-I-E die G-A-G gag, I'm shurr!

RIFF: What's the mattah, Diesel, you can't hold the streets alone anymore? You gotta get those fancy dudes on your side?

TIFFANY (to KIMBERLEY): Gahd, that Riff, he's a way-bitchin' dude,... awesome!

KIMBERLEY: Totally!

DIESEL lifts her head, obviously insulted. She motions for other QUEERS to join her.. She slowly moves around, snaps her fingers for rest of her gang. QUEERS slowly start to gather and encircle HETS. Meanwhile as HETS begin verbal assaults on QUEERS, MARIA looks around nervously and curiously, tries to get other HET women to approach SOPHIA (who has leaflets) with her. They refuse, so shyly, she walks up alone. Spotlight on SOPHIA and MARIA. SOPHIA gives MARIA a leaflet; the two begin to have warm conversation. As QUEERS begin to approach HETS, that light blacks them out momentarily.

SOPHIA: Uh-oh, trouble. I'm getting really tired of this. You better go. So, do you think you'll make it to the dance tonight?

MARIA: Will you be there?

SOPHIA: Oh sure, I'll be there. Here -- would you like to take this article? It might answer some questions you have.

MARIA (lightly touching SOPHIA's shoulder): Okay, sure. I'll see you tonight.

Both women rejoin their gangs. Light comes back up on the two gangs. Music starts; gangs begin to swing and snap their fingers to the beat,

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MARIA (lightly touching SOPHIA's shoulder): Okay, sure. I'll see you tonight.

Both women rejoin their gangs. Light comes back up on the two gangs. Music starts; gangs begin to swing and snap their fingers to the beat,

JOHN (springing back the leaflets): Here, Riff, here they are.

JOHN (still bounding ball): Here is, Baby John.

BABY JOHN (singing with the words): We, the undersigned, support the

Gay Community's demand of a gay rights ordinance prohibiting discrimination

on the basis of sexual preference in employment, housing, public

accommodation, and access to credit. And this one says, "Cancel Ganser!

Ganser! Two dollars admission. Live music. All proceeds go to the

Gay-Straight Alliance in support of the gay rights ordinance. 8 P.M.

West End Community Center. Call David, 775-One thousand for further

information."

JOHN (laughing): Hey, the queers are getting into politics! (Riff

motions for him to be silent.)

KIMBERLEY: I could just D-I-E the G-A-Y dog. I'm short!

RIF: What's the matter, Diesel, you can't hold the streets alone any-

more? You gotta get those fancy dudes on your side?

TIPPA (to KIMBERLEY): Gander, Diesel, he's a way-ditchin' dude...

asshole!

KIMBERLEY: Totally!

DIESEL lifts her head, obviously insulted. She motions for other QUEERS to join her. And slowly moves around, snags her fingers for beer at her back. QUEERS slowly start to gather and snicker HETS. Meanwhile as HETS begin verbal assaults on QUEERS, MARIA looks around nervously and curiously, tries to get other HET women to approach SOPHIA (who has leaflets) with her. They refuse, so shyly, she walks up alone. Spot-light on SOPHIA and MARIA. SOPHIA gives MARIA a leaflet; the two begin to have warm conversation. As QUEERS begin to approach HETS, spot light blacks them out momentarily.

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SOPHIA: Oh sure, I'll be there. Here -- would you like to take this

article? It might answer some questions you have.

MARIA (lightly touching SOPHIA's shoulder): Okay, sure. I'll see you

tonight.

Both women regain their gangs. Light comes back up on the two gangs. Music starts; gangs begin to swirl and snap their fingers to the beat.

still encircling and their faces looking more and more threatening to each other. They break into a dance/mime of an altercation.

A whistle blows shrilly several times. OFFICER KRUPKE, in uniform, and LIEUTENANT SCHRANK, in plainclothes, enter. Gang members quickly jump to attention, looking very proper with hands folded in front of them, or in back of them.

KRUPKE: Knock it off! Settle down!

RIFF: Why, Officer Krupke...

DIESEL: And Lieutenant Schrank...

RIFF and DIESEL together, turn to their respective gang, and "conduct" them in politely and properly saying in unison, "Top of the day."

KRUPKE: So, what are you delinquents up to now?

QUEEN B: Officer Krupke, dear, the word is deviates, not delinquents.

DIESEL: Look, Officer Krupke, we was just expressin' our First Amendment rights when these homophobes came over and started swingin'.

SCHRANK (to RIFF): Look, Riffy boy, you can get these queers, but not on my beat, please. It looks bad on my record.

KRUPKE (sauntering by SISTER and QUEEN B, giving them the twice-over): Boy, what your kind have done to this neighborhood. And now you want to dress like that and get a job?

QUEEN B: I'd rather dress in chiffon!

SISTER: It's not a job; it's a vocation.

SCHRANK: Which one of 'em clobbered you, Action?

ACTION (holding his jaw): It was that great big diesel-dyke over there -- the one with the chains around her waist.

DIESEL: Simply a matter of self-defense, Officer Krupke. I learned it in my street-fighting course. You guys don't do nothin' about queerbashing or violence against women, so we gotta take care of ourselves.

KRUPKE (with a sigh of frustration): Stow that women's lib crap.

SISTER (crossing himself, looking towards heaven): Lord, forgive him; he knows not what he says.

ISIS: Diesel, let me put a hex on him!

KRUPKE: Now I want the whole damn bunch of you to clear out!

LOVER BOY (going over to QUEEN B, shielding ears): Why Officer Krupke, watch your tongue in front of a lady!

QUEEN B: Lover Boy, come on, what decent, respectable lady would dress like this?

KRUPKE: Diesel, do you and your friends have a permit?

DIESEL and other QUEERS look nervously at each other, shrugging their shoulders, whispering, not sure whether they need one or not.

DIESEL: David didn't say nothin' about no permit.

ANITA: Why, Officer Krupke, you're always sayin' it's a free country. We don't need a permit. We are exercisin' our rights to participate in our democratic political system. (Sarcastically said, with final phrase said slowly with emphasis and revulsion.)

SCHRANK: You don't get a permit and we run you in for soliciting.

HUSTLER: I don't solicit in the street: the park's my territory.

KRUPKE: You all gotta go to City Hall.

DIESEL: So, Officer Krupke, are you sayin' we can go march on City Hall?

QUEERS gather up leaflets, get into marching formation. As they begin to march out:

KRUPKE: We better not hear you caused any trouble down there.

QUEERS (turning toward KRUPKE): UUUSSSS -- cause trouble??

SOPHIA (to DIESEL): I'm going to find David and see if he needs help putting up the dance posters.

QUEERS march out whistling "My Country Tis of Thee".

SCHRANK (to departing QUEERS): Look, you guys, I'm up for promotion next month. Cool it.

KRUPKE (mockingly): Bye, boys and girls -- or should that be "women"?

Exit SCHRANK and KRUPKE. Blackout. HETS exit. Lights come up to QUEERS sitting dejectedly and angrily outside City Hall, faces in hands, or throwing pebbles out into street, etc.

QUEEN B: I have never been so humiliated in all my life!

BERNICE: The noive of them cops tellin' us we need a permit! We don't need no permit. Didn't I feel like a fool. I'd like to stick this cuestick up their...

ISIS: Diesel, how about just one little tiny hex, huh? huh?

HUSTLER: Diesel, I've had enough of this politics garbage. It's a big waste of time. All this walkin' up and down the streets, when I could be makin' a few bucks doin' just about the same thing.

ANITA: Will you cut it! Do you think fighting for our rights will be all fun and games ?! (Standing up, facing QUEERS angrily) Hell, we're losing our jobs, getting beaten up by hets, being kicked out of our apartments, having our bars raided by the cops, having our kids taken away from us, just because we're lesbians and gay men! Now, some of those people down at the Alliance office say that this ordinance won't do a whole lot, and we'll still have to fight. But it's a start! Now why don't you stop complainin' and get to work -- we've got a lot of petitions to fill up.

DIESEL: Anita's right. If ya ain't rich, white, straight, able-bodied, and male in this country, ya gotta fight to stay alive!

CLONE (standing up, points finger at DIESEL): Hey! You!

DIESEL: Me, Officer Krupke?!

CLONE: Yeah, you! Gimme one good reason why I shouldn't drag you down to the station house, you pervert.

DIESEL (singing):

Dear, kindly Sergeant Krupke
You'll never understand
To be gay is a blessing
The hets are very bland.
We're working for a new world
A world that's free and just --
Golly Goddess -- What is all the fuss??!!

ALL:

Gee, Officer Krupke, we're very upset,
We never had the love that every gay oughta get.
To be gay's not easy,
We're misunderstood,
But we believe that gay is good.

Gay is good
 Gay is good, gay is good
 Gay is good, good, good,
 We will teach the world that gay is good!!

CLONE ("Krupke"): That's a touchin' good story.

ANITA: Lemme tell it to the world!

CLONE ("KRUPKE"): Just tell it to the judge.

ANITA:

Dear kindly Judge, your Honor,
 The law denies our rights.
 We lose our jobs, our children,
 But not without a fight,
 No longer will we stand by
 Your patriarchal rules,
 If we did so, we would just be fools.

SISTER ("JUDGE"):

Officer Krupke, you're really a square;
 These gays don't need a judge, they need an analyst's care!
 It's just their neurosis that oughta be curbed --
 They're psychologically disturbed!

ALL:

We're disturbed.

We're disturbed, we're disturbed,
 We're the most disturbed,
 Like we're psychologically disturbed.

SISTER ("JUDGE"): Hear ye! Hear ye! In the opinion of this court,
 these gays are depraved on account they ain't had a normal home.

HUSTLER: Hey, we're depraved on accounta we're deprived!

SISTER ("JUDGE"): So, take them to a headshrinker.

HUSTLER (to "PSYCHIATRIST"):

We're told that we're abnormal,
 We're told that we are sick,
 We're told that it's hormonal,
 And that we should be fixed.
 They call it mental illness,
 When we all call it bliss!

Watch me, Doctor, give my love a kiss! (Grabs CLONE and kisses him
 defiantly.)

QUEEN B ("PSYCHIATRIST"):

Officer Krupke, you're really a slob.
 This fag don't need a doctor, just a good honest job.
 Society's played him a terrible trick,
 And sociologically he's sick.

HUSTLER: I am sick!

ALL:

We are sick, we are sick,
We are sick, sick, sick,
Like we're sociologically sick!

QUEEN B ("PSYCHIATRIST"): So take him to a social worker.

BERNICE (to "SOCIAL WORKER"):

We're told that we hurt children,
They'd just as soon we die,
They try to keep us hidden,
And then they wonder why
We're filled with lots of anger
At all the countless lies.
Stand back, watch us, we are on the rise!

ISIS ("SOCIAL WORKER"):

Ugh!
Officer Krupke, you've done it again.
This dyke don't need a job,
She needs a year in the pen.
It ain't just a question of misunderstood,
Deep down inside her, she's no good!

BERNICE: I'm no good!

ALL:

We're no good, we're no good,
We're no earthly good,
Like the best of us is no damn good!

SISTER: The trouble is they're crazy.

QUEEN B: The trouble is they stink.

ISIS: The trouble is they're lazy.

SISTER: Let's send them to the clink.

SISTER: The trouble is they're growing.

QUEEN B: The trouble is they've grown.

ALL: Krupke, you've got trouble of your own.

ALL (singing):

Gee, Officer Krupke,
We're up on our feet.
Just stand by as we march up your ever-lovin' beat,
Gee, Officer Krupke,
What are you to do?
Gee, Officer Krupke,
Krup you!

DIESEL: Okay, gang, let's get goin'. This here law's gonna pass and we're gonna be a part of it!

ANITA: Diesel, I gotta go and meet Emma when she gets home from school. I'll catch ya all later.

QUEERS say 'goodbye' to ANITA as she is exitting.

DIESEL: Thanks, Anita, ya got a good head. (They touch.)

QUEEN B: We'll be by the shop later to pick up a few things for the dance.

DIM OUT.

BLACKOUT. Exit QUEERS. Enter HETS. Lights up.

ACTION: Boy, I've had it with them queers. A gang that don't own the street is nothin'. They're bustin' into our territory. People are goin' to start thinkin' we're fruitcakes.

RIFF: We do own it! (Like an army command) Hets! Square off! Now, listen up and listen good. We are Number One in this neighborhood and we're gonna stay Number One. We fought hard for this territory and it's ours. We're gonna get them once and for all. I got an idea. At ease, Acemen! (HETS gather around RIFF.) We're gonna go to that dance tonight and find out as much as we can about that rally in Monument Square they're having tomorrow night. If I have it figured right they're all gonna be at that rally. And, when they're at that rally, we bust into their headquarters: that there (sarcastically) Gay-Straight Alliance office.

ACTION: Hey, Riff, ya mean we can drop a bomb on 'em! (looks up at the sky, big smile on his face, waves hands around) Fire! Smoke! Flames! Sirens! Oh, boy!

RIFF: Cool it, Action boy. I've got somethin' more sophisticated in mind. We're gonna take their mailin' lists, see, all their money, bust up all their equipment, and grab all them important papers they must have laying around. We're gonna wreck their plans and wreck 'em good. I bet a lot of people in this town would pay a pretty penny for them there mailin' lists.

KIMBERLEY: Bitchin'!

BABY JOHN: Boy, Riff, boy -- You're real smart, Riff. Wow, Riff, what a brain you got.

LOVER BOY: Riff, if you're gonna pull off somethin' as big as this, you gotta take a lieutenant.

ACTION: That's me!

RIFF: That's Tony.

ACTION: Who needs Tony?

RIFF: Against the Queers we need everyone we got.

ACTION: Tony don't belong no more: he's gotten soft.

RIFF: Cut it, Action boy. I and Tony started the Hets.

BABY JOHN: Who wouldn't wanna belong to the Hets?! Tony saved my ever-lovin' neck that time we burned tem fags out on Fore Street.

RIFF: Right. He always come through for us and he will now.

Music starts.

RIFF (singing):

When you're a Het,
You're a Het all the way.
You've got God on your side
Till your last dyin' day.

When you're a Het
Everything is so clear.
All the men are the kings
And the girls let us steer.

A Het's a real man
His truck's in mint condition.
Just look at his tan,
His girl and his religion;
It's male tradition.

We are the Hets
Spelled with capital H's
Which the Queers will regret
When we throw them in cages.

When you're a Het
You stay
A Het!

(Speaks:) I know Tony like I know me. I guarantee you he's just like us.

TIFFANY: Tony, schmony -- he's acting bu-fu!

KIMBERLEY: Bite the ice, Tiff -- he's a mega-dude!

YVETTE: And he drives a buf cruisemobile!

RIFF: Tony's a man, so of course he'll hang with us.

KIMBERLEY: God, I don't know, huh...

YVETTE: So, umm, like everyone go to the mall and dress real cas.

RIFF: Meet me and Tony at 10.

YVETTE: Like be cas.

ACTION: We're always cas.

BABY JOHN: Like, we're the Hets!

TIFFANT: To the max!

KIMBERLEY, TIFFANY, YVETTE (singing):

When you're a Het
And it's you're turn to serve,
If he trips at the net,
Wo, like really a nerd.

A Val is all set
At the 7-Eleven,
'Cause we cruise there for dudes.
It's maximum heaven.

We go to the Mall
To get some Bubblicious.
A buf, awesome doll
Goes, "Say, you look delicious."
Totally vicious!

HETS:

Here come the Hets
Like a bomber from hell --
A Queer gets in our way,
A Queer don't feel so well.

Here come the Hets
With a license to kill
Any race, creed or color;
Send the Army the bill.

Like everyone knows,
A Queer is just a thistle.
Well, we are the rose.
We're gonna chew their gristle.
We're blowin' the whistle.

Here come the Hets
And no queer better mess,
'Cause we're better than them;
We're the white, rich, straight best!

We're the white,
rich -- straight -- male -- best!

DIM OUT.

ACT I
Scene 2

At a park bench near Doc's, center stage front, TONY is arranging plastic flowers in a styrofoam brick. RIFF is haranguing.

RIFF: Why not? ... You can't say you won't, Tony boy, without sayin' why not.

TONY (grins): Why not?

RIFF: Because it's me askin': Riff. Womb to tomb!

TONY: Sperm to worm! (surveying his bouquet) You sure this looks okay?

RIFF (puzzled, sarcastically): Yeah, it's gorgeous.

TONY: Twenty seven years the boss has had that drugstore. I want to surprise him with this bouquet.

RIFF (shaking TONY by the arm): Tony, this is important!

TONY (rolling his eyes): Yeah, very important.

RIFF: What's with you? Four and one half years I live with a buddy and his family. Four and one half years, I think I know a man's character. Buddy boy, I am victim of disappointment in you.

TONY: End your suffering, little man. Why don't you pack up your gear and clear out?

RIFF: 'Cause your ma's hot for me. (TONY grabs his arm and twists it.) No! 'Cause I hate living with my... uncle! Uncle! UNCLE!

TONY releases him and sits back down, resuming flower arranging.

TONY: Now go play nice with the Hets.

RIFF: The Hets are the greatest!

TONY: Were.

RIFF: Are. You found something better?

TONY: No. But--

RIFF: But what?

TONY: You won't dig it.

RIFF: Try me.

TONY: Okay. Every single damn night for the last month, I wake up and I'm reaching out.

RIFF: For what?

TONY: I don't know. It's right outside the door, around the corner. But it's comin'!

RIFF: What is? Tell me!

TONY: I don't know! It's --- like the kick I used to get from being a Het.

RIFF (quietly): Or from being buddies.

TONY: We're still buddies, Riff.

RIFF: The kick comes from people, buddy boy.

TONY: Yeah, but not from being a Het.

RIFF: No? Without a gang you're an orphan. With a gang you walk in twos, threes, fours. And when your gang is the best, when you're a Het, buddy boy, you're out in the sun and home free home!

TONY: Riff, I've had it.

PAUSE.

RIFF: Tony, the trouble is large: them fags and them lezzies -- they're spreadin' their filth; they're disgustin'. You could catch it; I could catch it. Tony, ya gotta be at the dance tonight!

During the above, RIFF becomes more and more agitated: his voice raises with each statement; he gets closer and closer to TONY. At the end, he winds up much closer than any true "man" should be to one another. RIFF suddenly realizes he is too close and subtly pulls back and looks away. TONY smiles understandingly.

RIFF (looking down, murmuring): Besides, I already told them you'd be there.

TONY (after a short pause, pulls RIFF around so they are once again eye-to-eye, grins): What time?

RIFF: Ten?

TONY: Ten it is.

RIFF: Womb to tomb!

TONY: Sperm to worm! And I'll live to regret this.

RIFF: Who knows? Maybe what you're waitin' for will be twitchin' at the dance! (He runs off.)

TONY: Who knows? (Music starts and he sings:)

Could be! ...

Who knows? ...

There's something due any day;

I will know right away

Soon as it shows.

It may come cannonballing down through the sky,

Gleam in its eye,

Bright as a rose!

Who knows? ...

It's only just out of reach,

Down the block, on a beach,

Under a tree.

I got a feeling there's a miracle due,

Gonna come true,

Coming to me!

Could it be? Yes, it could.

Something's coming, something good,

If I can wait!

Something's coming, I don't know what it is

But it is

Gonna be great!

With a click, with a shock,

Phone'll jungle, door'll knock,

Open the latch!

Something's coming, don't know when, but it's soon --

Catch the moon,

One-handed catch!

Around the corner,

Or whistling down the river,

Come on -- deliver

To me!

Will it be? Yes, it will.

Maybe just by holding still

It'll be there!

Come on, something, come on in, don't be shy,

Meet a guy,

Pull up a chair!

The air is humming,

And something great is coming!

Who knows?

It's only just out of reach, down the block, on a beach ...

Maybe tonight...

As applause is ending for song, TONY walks to bench, center stage front to continue work on flower arrangement. DAVID enters stage right, putting up flyers for dance.

TONY notices DAVID, is immediately turned on, becomes flustered, drops flower arrangement. This startles DAVID, who looks at TONY, is immediately turned on, becomes flustered, drops flyers. Eye contact throughout all of following. Each picks up what he has dropped. David slowly backs out, exits. TONY walks slowly over to read flyer. DIM OUT as TONY reads.

Enter DIESEL and SOPHIA.

DIESEL: Hi, Anita. (To EMMA, a little stiffly) Hello, Emma.

SOPHIA: Where's my favorite little person? (Goes to EMMA and gives her a big hug.)

ANITA: Sophia, she's a woman, not a person.

EMMA: I'm a potatohead.

SOPHIA: Ah, Anita. There's a whole political definition that even you haven't heard of.

DIESEL: I feel politics coming on.

SOPHIA (with mocking affection): Potatoheads, the latest oppressed minority. (SOPHIA and EMMA make believe they are potatoheads.) Pic-

ture it: There we were, nestled snugly in our humble but clean and houses, when we were wrested from our homes by strangers who sell us at market as if we were pieces of meat. (She says this with vegetarian righteousness.) And, as if that wasn't enough, we are forced to sit next to low-class Canadian potatoe. (Now in her own persona.) Ah, well, I guess no minority is perfect. Even potatoe can be bigote.

DIESEL: You two, you're always going at it. Come on, let's pick out our buds for the dance.

ACT II
Scene 1

Setting: Red Rose Old Clothes, a thrift store where ANITA works. ANITA is a lesbian mother and lives in the apartment above the shop so her child, EMMA, is often in and out of the store. As scene opens, ANITA is alone inside the shop, reading. Soon EMMA comes home from school. Later DIESEL and SOPHIA come in to select outfits for the dance.

EMMA: Hi, Mom.

ANITA: Hi, Honey (goes to EMMA, they embrace) How was school today?

EMMA: It was okay. We went to the library downtown and Sam Levins had a bloody nose all over the big dictionary.

ANITA (laughing): Any particular page?

EMMA: No, the teacher had just told us this dictionary had all the words in the world in it. So Sam walked over to the book and he began to turn the pages. There were so many words there, I guess he got scared. But he'll bleed at anything. (ANITA laughs.)

Enter DIESEL and SOPHIA.

DIESEL: Hi, Anita. (To EMMA, a little stiffly) Hello, Emma.

SOPHIA: Where's my favorite little person? (Goes to EMMA and gives her a big hug.)

ANITA: Sophia, she's a woman, not a person.

EMMA: I'm a potatohead.

SOPHIA: Aha, Anita. There's a whole political definition that even you haven't heard of.

DIESEL: I feel politics coming on.

SOPHIA (with mocking affection): Potatoheads, the latest oppressed minority. (SOPHIA and EMMA make believe they are potatoheads.) Picture it: There we were, nestled snugly in our humble but clean sod houses, when we were wrested from our homes by strangers who sell us at market as if we were pieces of meat. (She says this with vegetarian righteousness.) And, as if that wasn't enough, we are forced to sit next to low-class Canadian potatoes. (Now in her own persona.) Ah, well, I guess no minority is perfect. Even potatoes can be bigots.

DIESEL: You two, you're always going at it. Come on, let's pick out our duds for the dance.

11-1 20
DIESEL and SOPHIA move to the rack with ANITA following thoughtfully, trying to figure how she can get the last word.

SOPHIA: Yeah, I need something special.

ANITA: Did you meet Ms. Right, Soph? (provocatively)

SOPHIA (seriously): I met a woman I'd like to get to know better.

ANITA: Well, be sure and tell her about "The Land". She may not want to follow you to the boonies. (Looking through the rack.) Here it is! It's you! (She holds up a pair of lavender overalls.) It's what all the back-to-the-land dykes are wearing these days... because they're so practical. After a late afternoon in town at the grange, you can come home and milk the goats and not even have to change.

FAGS enter street stage right and are in conversation about tonight's dance. (SISTER, QUEEN B, DAVID, CLONE). They are also talking about clothes as they cross stage towards shop. During conversation, DYKES continue looking at clothes.

QUEEN B: Yesterday afternoon I cast my eyes upon that gorgeous gown in there. I would simply kill for it. If that rag from Sherman Street got her claws into it, I'll rip her eyes out.

CLONE: Oh, Queenie, not to worry. You look great in anything. Not as great as me, of course, but...

FAGS enter Red Rose Old Clothes. After hellos FAGS go to background pawing through clothes. Continue DYKES' conversation.

ANITA: And I have just the thing for you, Diesel. It'll set off your leather jacket. (She produces a white scarf.) There! Now you look just like Amelia Earhart.

DIESEL: Who's she?

ANITA: She was one of the first woman airplane pilots... and she was very cute.

DIESEL (primping): Well, of course!

DAVID (to SOPHIA): So, I hear there might be a new woman in your life?

SOPHIA: Oh, David, yes... Infatuations! I love them, I hate them. I hear through the grapevine though, that I'm not the only one. You got your eye on someone, too, huh?

DAVID: But I just met him! I haven't even spoken to him yet. How could you have heard?

SOPHIA: Oh, you know the gay grapevine...

QUEEN B: Yeah, it's osmosis. We know all, we see all, and Big Sister is watching you, Sugar.

DYKES continue conversation.

EMMA: Do I get to go to the dance, Mom?

ANITA: Yes. There's going to be child care, isn't there, Diesel?

DIESEL: Yeah, Proctor's gonna do it tonight.

SOPHIA: Emma, how about coming with me? We could stop at Second Ceres and get something to eat on the way.

EMMA: Oh, goodie!

FAGS have been looking through old clothes. QUEEN B finds the perfect dress, true "trash with flash", and holds it up to himself to admire the vision in the mirror.

ANITA: Queenie, why is it that we feminists try our damndest to get women to see that wearing clothes like that is oppressive and makes them easy victims...

DIESEL: And you turn around and jump right into them?

QUEEN B: If that is the case, then women should definitely not wear them; leave 'em to me! You know, Diesel Sweetheart, the only difference between you and me is that you go for the rougher, tougher drag -- yes, I said drag -- while I, on the other hand, tend toward the finer fabrics... The more delicate apparel.

DYKES begin to exit, somewhat irritated at QUEEN B, while ANITA goes back to her reading.

QUEEN B: Toodle-oo, ladies.

DIESEL and SOPHIA (with EMMA) turn irritated.

DIESEL: How would you like to eat that chiffon, Queen B?

DIESEL, after short pause, remembers that QUEEN B is, after all, a QUEER, and though they have differences, they are ultimately allies.

DIESEL (putting 'good buddy' arm around QUEEN B'S shoulders): I'll hate ya till I die, Queenie.

QUEEN B (all pretense dropped, for once): But I'll still be in your life.

DAVID (to SOPHIA): I hope tonight's wonderful for you.

SOPHIA: For you, too, David. (Light kiss or hug.)

Exit DIESEL, SOPHIA, EMMA.

QUEEN B (lifting dress to himself again): This is it. I know I'm gonna meet him tonight.

CLONE: Him who?

QUEEN B: Why, him, dontcha-know. He'll be tall; he'll be dark; he'll be handsome; he'll be enveloped in leather...

CLONE (aside, to DAVID): Sounds like Diesel...

QUEEN B: He'll be Mr. Right. At least Right for the night.

CLONE (becoming more and more involved with the mirror; it becomes obvious that he is describing himself): My man's gonna have dark short hair, a moustache, a tight T-shirt, hot jeans...

Music begins: epitome of girl-group sound. CLONE does lead; SISTER and QUEEN B do backup. Ronettes with a hint of Harlettes.

CLONE (singing):

I want him and I need him
And someday...someday
Wo-wo-wo, I'll meet him.
He'll be kind of shy
And real good-looking, too.
And I'll be certain he's my guy
By the things we like to do
Like walking in the rain
And wishin' on the stars up above
And being so in love.

When he's near me, I'll kiss him
And when he leaves me,
Wo-wo-wo, I'll miss him.
Though sometimes we'll fight
I won't really care
And I'll know it's gonna be alright
Cause we got so much we share

QUEEN & SISTER (singing):

Doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo
...kind of shy
And real good-looking, too.
And I'll be certain he's my guy
Doo, Doo, doo
Aaah, Aaah, Aaah.
...And wishin' up above

Doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo
...sometimes we'll fight
I won't really care
And I'll know it's gonna be alright
Doo, doo, doo

Like walking in the rain
And wishin' on the stars up above
And being so in love

Aaah, aaah, aaah
...And wishin' up above

Wo-oh-oh
Where can he be?
Wo-oh-oh
I've been wishin' and hopin'
Where can he be?
Wo-oh-oh

Ooo-ooo-ooo

ooo-ooo-ooo

Ooo-ooo-ooo

SISTER (holding up a habit of a different order): I do wish this thing came in vinyl... As for me, tonight I'll meet my Prince of Peace. He'll have long, straight hair, he'll be Jewish, he'll have stigmata. His Second Coming will be ever better than the first! And if he doesn't show tonight (shrugs) well, all men were made in his image.

During above, DAVID is somewhat removed from the chatter (dreaming of TONY?)

QUEEN B: So, David, tell Mother about your Mr. Right, Mr. Correct, Mr. Politically Correct.

DAVID (describing TONY slowly and dreamily, more physical description can be added when actor is picked): He's so tough on the outside, but he doesn't fool me. Inside he is a warm, caring, sensitive individual. And he is just now learning those things about himself. He still thinks he's straight, but I, my dear Queen, am out to change that tonight! (Music beginning for "I Feel Pretty.")

QUEEN B: Oh, God, I feel another song coming on. (Grabs SISTER, who crosses herself, and rushes into place behind DAVID.)

DAVID: (singing)

I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and gay!
And I pity
Any boy who isn't me today.

I feel charming,
Oh, so charming --
It's alarming how charming I feel!
And so pretty
That I hardly can believe I'm real.

See the pretty boy in the mirror there:
 Who can that attractive boy be?
 Such a pretty face,
 Such a pretty dress,
 Such a pretty smile,
 Such a pretty me!

I feel stunning
 And entrancing --
 Feel like running and dancing for joy,
 For I'm loved
 By a pretty wonderful boy!

SISTER AND QUEEN B:

Have you met my real good friend, David?
 The craziest fag on the block?
 You'll know him the minute you see him --
 He's the one who is in an advanced state of shock.

QUEEN B. (to SISTER):

She thinks she's in love.
 She thinks she's in Spain.
 She isn't in love,
 She's merely insane.

SISTER (to QUEEN B):

It must be the heat
 Or too little stiff
 Or too much to eat
 Or maybe it's syph!

SISTER and QUEEN B:

Keep away from him --
 Send for Diesel!
 This is not the David we
 we know:

Polished, correct,
 Polite and refined,
 In love and erect
 And out of his mind!

DAVID:

I feel pretty,
 Oh, so pretty,
 That the city should give me its key.
 A committee
 Should be organized to honor me.

I feel dizzy,
I feel sunny,
I feel fuzzy and funny and fine,
And so pretty,
Miss America can just resign!

See the pretty boy in the mirror there:

CLONE: What mirror, where?

DAVID:

Who can that attractive boy be?
Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

ALL:

I feel stunning
And entrancing --
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved
By a pretty wonderful boy!

BLIP OUT

ACT II
Scene 2

Lights up on Gay-Straight Alliance dance. Loudish new wave or disco music. Mirror ball hanging from center stage. Couples dancing. Enter TONY and MARIA. They are curious but somewhat uncomfortable. TONY spots DAVID. DAVID goes and asks TONY to dance. TONY looks around to make sure no other HETS are there and accepts. After dancing a short time, they stop. Music volume lowers while others continue to dance. DAVID and TONY awkwardly try to make conversation. All the while they are together, spotlight is on them.

TONY: Thanks

DAVID (reaching out to touch TONY, with feeling): Sure.

TONY: Y'know, at first it felt really weird to be dancing with another guy, but after awhile it felt right.

DAVID: Yeah, that's the way it is with a lot of things... I remember my first time at a gay dance. I felt like a real sissy at first, then I realized, "Hell, that's what I am, so flow with it." It's just a part of who I am, now.

TONY (looking around uneasily): Look, can we get outa here for awhile? ...Go for a walk or something? I need to talk and there's just too many people here.

DAVID: Whatever you say.

TONY: Oh, damn, I was supposed to meet Riff here. He's gonna be pissed. Oh, well, I'll deal with that later. Let's go.

Exit DAVID and TONY. Enter HETS shortly after. QUEERS are dancing up a storm. HETS survey the scene, looking around obviously amused and sneering.

RIFF: Hey, Diesel -- Where are all the straights in this Gay-Straight Alliance of yours?

DIESEL: You're here, Riffy-boy, or am my eyes deceivin' me?

ANITA: Yeah, boys, thanks for the donations!

The two gangs dance with their own. The line between the two gangs is sharply defined. Enter KRUPKE and NEW MAN, an overly cheerful, bleeding heart liberal-type.

NEW MAN (beaming): Alright, boys and girls! Oh, excuse me! 'Womer'!! Sorry, ladies! Heh, heh. May I have your attention, please?

11-2
Hum of talk.

KRUPKE: Attention!

The talk stops.

NEW MAN: Thank you. Welcome to the Gay-Straight Alliance benefit dance for the gay rights ordinance. It sure is a fine turnout tonight. My name is New Man and I'm the Chairperson of Straights for Ho-mo-sexuals. (Pronounces "homosexual" very distinctly as uncomfortable straights tend to do.)

ANITA: Yeah -- the chairperson and the only member!

QUEERS grumble.

NEW MAN: We want to make friends here. One of the goals of the Alliance is to build bridges between the straights and the ho-mo-sexuals.

ACTION: I'd rather push 'em over the side, damn queers.

NEW MAN (ignoring this): So, we're going to have a few get-together dances.

Gangs grumble sarcastically, "Oh peachy keen," "Nifty," etc.

NEW MAN (cheerily): Well, it certainly won't hurt you to try!

QUEEN B (limping holding his leg): Oh, it hurts, it hurts!

QUEERS smile at QUEEN B appreciatively. Gangs don't move. NEW MAN looks to KRUPKE for help.

KRUPKE: Move it (sarcastically) "boys and girls"! NOW!!

Gangs move slowly into place.

NEW MAN (tries to laugh): Alright. Now -- when the music stops, each person dances with whomever is opposite. Okay? Okay.

Music starts.

NEW MAN: Okay -- here we go. (Circles reluctantly start moving) That's it, kids. Keep the circles rolling. Round and round it goes goes and where it stops, nobody knows.

NEW MAN and KRUPKE are in the middle of the circles, NEW MAN with a whistle to his mouth. He blows the whistle and the music stops. A moment of tenseness, then RIFF reaches for a HET girl, DIESEL for a QUEER, SISTER for QUEEN B, etc. The "get-together" has failed. Each gang goes to its side of the stage. Dance turns into a challenge dance. Two gangs really go at it -- glancing periodically and competitively at each other -- try to outdo the other. Song is over. Slow music starts; couples dance. Women's conversation begins.

ISIS: Isn't that the woman you were talking with on the street this afternoon?

SOPHIA: Yup.

BERNICE: Yup?! You had more than that to say afterwards.

ANITA: Sophia, she's straight.

SOPHIA: So?

ANITA: You mean you are interested in her?

BERNICE (with hyperbole): Sophia has been smitten!

SOPHIA: We had a great conversation while all of you were playing your war games today. She's interested in the ordinance.

ANITA (scoffing): So, she's a libreal interested in a new experience.

ISIS: Well, I think it's wonderful. Go over and ask her to dance.

SOPHIA: But what will she think?

BERNICE: She'll think you like her.

ISIS: Sophia, don't you think it's 'interesting' that she's here? Have your auras connected yet?

ANITA: Isis, will you cut it out? Remember who she came with.

BERNICE: That doesn't mean anything: Tony hasn't been on the streets for weeks. I hear he even went and got himself a job!

ANITA: Okay, Okay, but remember, she is Riff's sister! Diesel will have your head if she finds out. (stomps off)

ISIS: If she didn't want to be here, she wouldn't be here. Now go and connect with her. I empower you.

SOPHIA walks over to MARIA. Spotlight on the two.

SOPHIA: Hi.

MARIA (relieved to see someone she recognizes): Oh, hi! (Awkward silence.)

SOPHIA (falling back onto safe territory): Did you get a chance to look at the literature I gave you this afternoon?

MARIA: Yes, I read it over and over. It was strange; I could see parts of myself in those pages. (Grasping for the feeling) I felt... I... it was like...

SOPHIA: Like coming home?

MARIA: Yes, how did you know?

SOPHIA: Because that's the way it was for me when I came out.

MARIA: Came out?

SOPHIA: I'm sorry. "Coming out" means realizing you're a lesbian. Feeling gay and proud. Shouting it from the rooftops. I've told my family, but I haven't gotten it together to tell the people at work yet.

MARIA (slowly): Am I coming out?

SOPHIA: ~~That~~, depends on how you're feeling.

MARIA: Well, I have feeling for you.

SOPHIA (smiling, excited): You do?

MARIA: Is it all right to feel this way about another woman?

SOPHIA: That depends on who you ask: (cockily indicating the HETS) Them, or (taking MARIA and turning her toward her) me.

MARIA: I'm asking you.

SOPHIA: Maria, if you feel okay about it in your heart, then it can be a wonderful way of life. It's not always easy. There can be no maps. We are creating our own.

MARIA: Sophia, all my life I've been different. Too loud; too funny; too smart. I could never be myself around boys. And now I'm realizing I can be myself and people... someone... will care for me.

At this point, RIFF spots MARIA and SOPHIA warmly talking and becomes angry. Just as MARIA reaches for SOPHIA, RIFF interrupts them. HETS begin to gather around.

RIFF (to SOPHIA): Go home, dyke.

MARIA (reaching for his arm): Slow down, Riff.

RIFF (to SOPHIA): Stay away from my sister. (to MARIA) Do you want people to call you a lezzie?

TIFFANY (Overhearing): Oh, grody to the max!

KIMBERLEY (in agreement): Barf me to the stone age!

CLONE, QUEEN B, SISTER approach.

CLONE: Trouble, Riffy-boy?

SISTER: Lay off, Riff.

MARIA (to RIFF): Can't I talk to whoever I want?

RIFF: You... go home.

MARIA (confusedly, near tears): But I'm the same person I was ten minutes ago!

Exit MARIA in a daze, very confused. Dance continues. MARIA goes to stage left or right, pivots flat where we can see she is home looking through her window. Fade-out of dance music. Blackout of lights on everyone except two spotlights on SOPHIA and MARIA.

SOPHIA: Maria...

Song starts.

ANITA (in darkness): Stay with your own kind, Sophia.

BERNIE (in darkness): Aw, leave her alone.

Alone in light, SOPHIA and MARIA sing "Maria".

SOPHIA (speaking dreamily over music): Maria... (sing softly:)
The most beautiful sound I ever heard.

FOUR DYKES (in darkness):
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria...

SOPHIA:
All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word:

FOUR DYKES (in darkness):
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria...
(Swelling in intensity)
Maria, Maria

SOPHIA:
Maria!
I've just met a girl named Maria,
And suddenly that name
Will never be the same

MARIA:

Sophia!
I've just met a girl named Sophia,
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound
Can be!

SOPHIA:

Maria!

SOPHIA and MARIA:

Say it loud and there's music playing --
Say it soft and it's almost like praying --

SOPHIA:

Maria...
I'll never stop saying
Maria!

SOPHIA and MARIA:

I've just met a girl named Maria (Sophia)
And suddenly that name
Will never be the same
To me.
Maria (Sophia) --
I've just met a girl named Maria (Sophia),
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound
Can be!

MARIA:

Sophia --

SOPHIA and MARIA:

Say it loud and there's music playing --
Say it soft and it's almost like praying --

MARIA:

Sophia --

SOPHIA and MARIA:

I'll never stop saying Maria (Sophia)!
The most beautiful sound I ever heard --
Maria (Sophia).

ACT III
Scene 1

The morning after the dance. Different parts of the city. Day-light on the street. Everyone waiting expectantly for night's arrival, but for very different reasons. A montage is sung. Spotlights pick out RIFF and the HETS, DIESEL and the QUEERS, MARIA, SOPHIA, DAVID and TONY as they sing. People can emerge from their different places, looking like they are starting their day. Singing:

HETS: The Hets are gonna have their way
Tonight

QUEERS: The Queers are gonna have their day
Tonight

HETS: The Queers will start to grumble
Gay Rights
But then we'll make 'em tumble
They'll be through tonight.

QUEERS: We'll give this city a surprise
Tonight

HETS: We're gonna cut 'em down to size
Tonight

QUEERS: We'll march together real tall
Come out
The Hets who have oppressed us
We're turning about tonight.
We're gonna rock it tonight,
We're gonna jazz it up and have us a ball.

HETS: They're gonna get it tonight;
The more they turn it on the harder they'll fall!
Well, they began it!

QUEERS: Well, they began it --

HETS and QUEERS: And we're the ones to stop 'em once and for all.

TONY: Oh, Tony's gonna get his kicks
Tonight.
We'll have our private little mix
Tonight.
He'll walk in hot and tired

So what?
 Don't matter if he's tired
 As long as he's hot
 Tonight.

SOPHIA:

Tonight, tonight
 Won't be just any night,
 Tonight there will be no morning star.

Tonight, tonight,
 I'll see my love tonight.
 And for us, stars will stop where they are.

MARIA:

Today the minutes seem like hours,
 The hours go so slowly,
 And still the sky is light...
 Oh, moon, grow bright,
 And make this endless day endless night!

HETS:

The Hets are coming out on top
 Tonight
 We're gonna watch all the Queers drop
 Tonight
 Those queer lezzies and fags'll
 Go down
 And when they've hollered Uncle
 We'll push 'em from town
 Tonight.

The following parts are sung simultaneously.

DAVID: Sings "Tonight" throughout.

TONY: We're gonna mix it tonight.

We're gonna have us a ball. (throughout)

HETS and QUEERS:

We're gonna rock it tonight! Right!
 We're gonna flatten 'em good! Right!
 They're gonna get it tonight! Right!
 We're gonna have us a ball! Right!

At a certain cue in David's "Tonight", HETS and QUEERS come in singing the following simultaneously:

QUEERS:

We're gonna jazz it tonight,
They're gonna see us tonight -- tonight.
They began it -- They began it
And we're the ones
To stop 'em once and for all!
The Queers are gonna have their way,
They Queers are gonna have their day,
We're gonna rock it tonight --
Tonight!

HETS (but not joining in until the third line of above song):

They began it -- They began it.
We'll stop 'em once and for all!
The Hets are gonna have their way,
The Hets are gonna have their day,
We're gonna rock it tonight --
Tonight!

SOPHIA and MARIA (coming in, singing with DAVID):

Today
The minutes seem like hours,
The hours go so slowly,
And still the sky is light
Oh moon, grow bright,
And make this endless day endless night!
Tonight!!

It must be engineered so that everyone ends at the same time.

ACT III
Scene 2

Twilight of the day following the dance. Street. QUEERS bustling around working on signs for rally and march. Laughter, general aura of excitement. DYKES stage left, writing signs. FAGS, stage right, working on banner and signs. DIESEL supervising activity.

BERNICE: Dis is great! I ain't never been to a rally before!

SOPHIA: Yeah, isn't it exciting?

DIESEL (referring to signs): These are great! (Turns to FAGS)
How you guys comin'?

HUSTLER: Almost done.

BERNICE: So, Sophia, how'd it go last night with Maria?

ANITA shoots nasty look to SOPHIA, who ignores her.

SOPHIA (clutching her hand to her heart): She's wonderful!

ANITA: She's straight.

BERNICE: Shh! Don't let Diesel hear ya!

Enter QUEEN B, dressed flamboyantly, but not full drag.

QUEEN B: Am I late? I do hope a lovely banquet will be served immediately following this exhibition. I'm sure to be **ravished**!

CLONE: Not to mention ravishing, Queenie.

QUEEN B: Thank you dear. So whaddaya think? (Referring to self)
My debut: high fashion hits Middle America. You think Mr. and Mrs. Mainstream will be ready for this?

ANITA: You are disgusting! You merely confirm the oppressive stereotypical image of the effeminate homosexual that the hetero-sexist, homophobic society upholds!

QUEEN B (toughly, arms akimbo): Listen, Sugar, the Queens started this movement and you're lookin' at one queen that's gonna stick it through to the end -- without relinquishing her right to fine fashion!

ISIS (taking each by an arm): Now, now, Anita; come, Queen B. This city ordinance is for all of us. Enough negative energy is being emanated already without us adding to it. Let's all work on creating

a space that craves our differences, that appreciates our uniqueness, that allows the world a renewed sense of belonging and a universal understanding of the life force that nurtures all beauty...

CLONE: Especially moustaches and muscles!

ISIS: Come, let's invoke the goddesses to empower us during our rally.

HUSTLER: Oh, no, not that again, Mildred.

DIESEL (to HUSTLER): Humor her, humor her.

As ISIS is saying the above, DYKES and FAGS have ended their work and are drifting over toward center stage, women on the side of ISIS where ANITA is standing, men on the side where QUEEN B is standing.

ISIS (chanting/singing):

Diana, Hecate, Isis,
Athena, Kale, Artemis,
I call on you to lend us your
Power, love, and protection
Against those who would harm us.

FAGS and DYKES form separate circles. Do grapevine dance and sing.

FAGS:

When gay men love,
The earth will shine;
When gay men love,
The earth will shine -
Earth will shine.

DYKES:

When women love,
The earth will shine;
When women love,
The earth will shine -
Earth will shine.

Then QUEERS from one circle (boy-girl-boy-girl) continue grapevine dance and sing.

ALL:

When we march,
The earth will shake;
When we march,
The earth will shake -
Earth will shake.

Hugs/smiles/loving gestures all around. Enter DAVID.

SISTER: David's here! (Genuflects to him.)

DAVID: Everything all set? I just finished my speech. You want to hear some of it?

BERNICE: Yeah!

DAVID: Oh, by the way. Something came up and I'm gonna have to leave right after the rally. I hope I'm not leaving you in the lurch but this is really important. Diesel, you think you can handle it?

DIESEL: Sure, no prob, no prob.

DAVID is going to read only the best excerpts from his speech. QUEERS cheer at the appropriate places.

DAVID: Let's see... oh, here's a good part. (Reading): "In consideration of this ordinance, the city is faced with a chance to protect all of its citizenry from vicious discrimination. For too long, we have been evicted from our homes, fired from our jobs, if not denied employment -- all without legal recourse." ...Oh, yeah, this point's good: "We have been told 'the only good queer is a closeted queer.' We say, 'Never again!' We are in your schools, in your nursing homes, on your city councils. We are lawmakers, homemakers, taxpayers. We are everywhere!"

As QUEERS are cheering, enter ACTION who sizes up the situation. He beckons other HETS who drift in and stand around periphery of stage left.

DAVID (continuing reading): "We do not ask approval for the manner in which we choose to live our lives: we don't need it! We do demand protection which is the right of any person in this society."

QUEERS cheer. HETS prance around, limp-wristing, acting "queer."

BABY JOHN: Oh, they want their right to be normal!

TIFFANY: Omigod! They're so skanky!

KIMBERLEY: Fer shurr!

LOVER BOY: Aw, da lezzie-girls are all upset. Come on over here to Lover Boy -- I'll make ya normal!

DAVID (uneasily trying to ignore HETS): And the final part is going to be about how crazy and oppressive living in America is for gay people.

ACTION (threateningly): Hey, dat's my country you're cuttin' down.

RIFF: Yeah, faggot, America's the greatest... just like the Hets!

RIFF (singing):

A - mer - i - ca
 Dis is my country.
 We got the flag, got our rights here;
 Country where we got some chances.
 Always got time for romances.
 Like we got some chicks (yeah!)
 Got some booze, some wheels (yeah!)
 We don't need nobody
 Don't need no reds, don't need no queers.
 You gays don't really belong here.

HETS: I like to be in America.
 Okay by me in America.
 Everything free in America.
QUEERS: Jail is for me in America.

HETS: Things are alright in America
ANITA: If you're male, straight and white in America.
HETS: Our lives are not glum in America.
QUEERS: We live in the slums of America.

HETS: You don't need to carry an I.D.
SISTER: If you're the Moral Majority.
QUEERS: We're out to stay, on that you can bet.
HETS: Why don't you go back to your closets!

HETS: You get lots of breaks in America,
DIESEL: Unless you're a dyke in America.
QUEERS: The cops are a drag in America
CLONE: If you're a fag in America.

HETS: Nuclear power in America!
QUEERS: Atomic shower in America.
 When the wind blows in America
ISIS: We're all aglow in America!

QUEERS
 (mockingly): Ho-mo-sex-u-al-i-ty
 Shhh! It's not very pretty!
 To be like the others you must pretend
 If you do not want to offend.

(angrily,
 strongly): We must all be the same in America:
 That's the name of the game in America.
 Well, we live our lives in America.
 Together we'll rise in America!

Lights dim. During song, it must be apparent that the two gangs are taunting, baiting each other through the words, with an obvious victory by the QUEERS at the end, of course!

ACT III
Scene 3

Street scene. Immediately after QUEERS have exited to go to rally. HETS are onstage in a cluster. They are all present except BABY JOHN.

RIFF: Gather round, Hets! (slaps his hands together, motions for them to gather around him; they form a huddle.) Where's Baby John?

ACTION (sarcastically): Probably his Mom kept him in; it's past his curfew time.

RIFF: Cut it, Action boy, we need every man we have.

ACTION (impatiently, fidgety): Whammo, bammo! Let's get crackin'!

RIFF: Easy, Action, save your steam!

ACTION: I swear, the next fag or lezzie I see before we run them out of town, I'll...

RIFF: You'll laugh. Yeah. Now you all better...

BABY JOHN races in, out of breath.

ACTION: Where the hell have you been?

BABY JOHN: I got caught sneakin' outa the movies.

LOVER BOY: Sneakin' out?! Whatya do that for?

BABY JOHN: I sneaked in.

All regard him disgustedly.

RIFF: Okay, buddy-boys, as I was sayin', you all better dig this and dig it the most. No matter who or what eats at you, you show it buddy boys, and you are dead. You wanna live? You play it cool. (Music starts.)

ACTION: I wanna get even!

RIFF: Get cool.

LOVER BOY: I wanna bust!

RIFF: Bust cool.

BABY JOHN: I wanna go!

RIFF: Go cool.

RIFF (singing):

Boy, boy, crazy, boy --

Get cool, boy!

Gotta rocket in your pocket --

Keep coolly cool, boy!

Don't get hot,

'Cause queers have got

Us all feelin' down.

Take it slow and Daddy-O,

We'll get 'em and run 'em out of town.

Boy, Boy, crazy, boy --

Stay loose, boy --

Breeze it, buzz it, easy does it --

Turn off the juice boy!

Go, man, go,

But not like a yo-

Yo school-boy --

Just play it cool, boy,

Real cool!

RIFF (speaking): Easy Action, easy.

This leads into a wild dance in which the HETS release their emotion and get "cool." Spotlight moves to stage right where, unknown to the gang, MARIA is looking on in the shadows.

RIFF: Okay, buddy-boys, who's got the crowbar?

ACTION (taking it from jacket and waves it around): Chung, chung!

RIFF: The flashlights.

BABY JOHN (showing flashlight): I do, Riff, I do. And I got them long-life, never-fail batteries.

RIFF (impatiently): Good job, Baby John, good job. The screwdriver and the pipe wrench.

LOVER BOY: Cracko jacko; right here, Riff.

RIFF: Buddy-boys, we are ready to roll. Now, they should be tied up at that march for a good 'nother hour. We go and go quick, and when they go back to that office, will they be in for a surprise! By this time tomorrow, them queers won't just have no more ordinance -- they won't have no more nothin' in this town. Now I'm gonna go down and

case out the joint. You all wait on Congress and Oak, and follow me in ten minutes sharp.

RIFF motions for them to follow as he is exiting. All of them begin to exit excitedly. RIFF, remembering he's supposed to be 'cool,' stops, and turns toward rest of HETS.

RIFF: Cool!

Dramatic change in behavior. HETS all overdo the 'cool,' snap fingers, swagger, etc. Exit HETS. MARIA comes out nearer center stage, looking worried.

MARIA: Oh, God, where's Sophia?

Exit MARIA, running.

Act III
Scene 4

Lights come up on Red Rose Old Clothes, where SOPHIA is humming "Maria," dancing around, holding clothes in front of her, twirling, etc., anticipating the impending rendezvous with her newfound love, MARIA. Enter ANITA.

ANITA: Sophia, why aren't you at the march? That's got into you?

SOPHIA: Why aren't you there?

ANITA: I came to look for you! (Angrily) This isn't like you -- missing a march that's as important as this one!

SOPHIA: I have something more important to do!

ANITA (with contempt): Sophia, are you waiting here for her?

SOPHIA: Yeah -- what of it?

ANITA: Sophia, you're out of your mind! Going after one of the Hets -- and Riff's sister to boot! Not only is the political correctness of this highly questionable, but we'll all end up at the bottom of the river for sure, if Riff ever finds out!

SOPHIA (fast, excitedly): Anita -- I love her, and she loves me, and she wants to move to the country, too, and plant a garden, and raise goats, and be a country dyke just like I do. And I'm not going to let all these immature war games come between us!

Music starts.

ANITA (singing):

A girl like that just wants to use you
She'll get her kicks from something so new,
Find one of your own kind!
Stick to your own kind!

A girl like that will give you sorrow
You'll meet a real live dyke tomorrow!
One of your own kind,
Stick to your own kind!

A girl like that cannot love
A girl like that has no heart
And she's the girl who gets your love
And gets your heart!
Very smart, Sophia, very smart!

A girl like that wants one thing only,
 And when she's done, she'll leave you lonely.
 She'll break your heart Soph, She'll break your heart.
 Just wait and see--
 Just wait, Sophia,
 Just wait and see.

SOPHIA:

Oh no, Anita, no--
 Anita no!
 It isn't true, not for me,
 She's through with men, wait and see,
 I hear your words--
 And in my head
 I know they're smart,
 But my heart, Anita,
 But my heart
 Knows they're wrong
 And my heart
 Is too strong,
 Can't I belong
 To her alone, and her to me?
 One thing I know:
 I am hers,
 I don't care what she is,
 If she's het, dyke or bi,
 And I don't know why.
 Oh, no, Anita, no--you should know better!
 You've been in love-- or so you said.
 You should know better...

ANITA: (Simultaneously)
 A girl like that, etc.

I have a love, and its one thing I need,
 Let us be, It's what I must do.
 I love her, she's kind,
 I want her to be mine.
 Is that wrong?
 We have a dream, that's what life is about.
 Not just hate, and money and war.
 I love you, my friend,
 Like willows that can bend,
 Understand what I feel.
 I'll nourish, hold and caress her.
 I want her near, to color
 The rest of my life!

ANITA and SOPHIA:

When love comes so strong,
 There is no right or wrong,
 Your love is your life.

Enter Maria, breathlessly, upset

MARIA: Sophia! Sophia!

ANITA: (sarcastically) Well, speak of the devil.

SOPHIA (holding MARIA's shoulders): Maria, what's going on?!

MARIA: Riff and the Hets are gonna make real trouble for you all!

SOPHIA: What?!

ANITA: What are you talking about?

SOPHIA: Oh, Maria, this is a friend of mine, Anita. Anita, this is Maria.

ANITA (extends her hand mockingly): Charmed, I'm sure. How do you Het-girls say it, "Barf me out the door!"

SOPHIA (angrily): Anita, that's enough! Now, Maria, what's going on?

MARIA: I overheard them on the street. They're goin' down to the Gay-Straight Alliance office and they're takin' wrenches and crowbars to bust up the place.

ANITA: Goddess, Sophia, all the money is down there, and the mailing lists -- and my favorite coffee cup!

SOPHIA: Maria, anything else? Do you know anything else?!

MARIA: That's all I heard. My big brother has sure gone too far this time!

ANITA: They're always going too far. I better round up the gang pronto. Time's a-wastin'. Meet me down there, and be careful if you get there before we do.

ANITA begins to exit. Stops. Turns to face MARIA.

ANITA: Maria... Thanks, we owe you one. (Gives her "thumbs up," genuinely friendly.)

Exit ANITA.

SOPHIA: When will it stop? When will it stop?

MARIA: From what little I've seen, Sophia, never, as long as Riff and people like him think the way they do.

SOPHIA: There's so much hate floatin' around. So much intolerance for differences.

MARIA: I know, I know. But I've seen it among gay people, too. You know, I love Riff -- hell, he's my brother. He's practically raised

me since Mom and Pop split up, and he's really the only person who's ever been there for me whenever I've needed someone. Maybe he can come around, I don't know. Or maybe he's so full of fear and ignorance about this that he never will. I don't know... I just don't know.

SOPHIA: Well, I better get down there.

MARIA: I'm going with you.

SOPHIA: Maria, Riff will know for sure then -- about us, I mean.

MARIA: He's gonna have to know sooner or later, and it may as well be sooner. I know he really loves me alot. If anything will make him think twice about what he's doin', this might. Otherwise, maybe there is no hope.

SOPHIA (taking MARIA into her arms, kissing her): I love you, Maria.

MARIA: I love you, too, Sophia.

Music starts.

SOPHIA (singing):

Make of our hands one hand,
Make of our hearts one heart,
Make of our vows one last vow;
Homophobes won't part us now.

MARIA:

Make of our lives one life,
Day after day, one life.

SOPHIA and MARIA:

Now it begins, now we start
One hand, one heart --
Homephobes won't part us now.

SOPHIA and MARIA embrace and kiss. SOPHIA takes MARIA's hand and hurriedly begin to exit.

SOPHIA: Let's get going!

Exit SOPHIA and MARIA. Lights out.

ACT III
Scene 5

Dim, romantic (reddish) lighting inside Gay-Straight Alliance Office. Low, instrumental "Let's Get Physical" music playing. DAVID and TONY are talking, mixed in with "getting physical": touching, smooching, etc. Their shirts are off, pants unbuckled and unzipped.

TONY: I don't know. I've never felt like this about anybody or anything before. I love it. I love you!

DAVID: I know; this is wild! I have been with so many men and none of them has touched my heart like you.

TONY: Do you love me, too?

DAVID: This feels wonderful. I want to continue spending time with you. But, love? I don't really know what "love" is. I love the way you smell; I love the way you touch me. And, yeah, I feel that funny weak feeling in the pit of my stomach when I see you. But is that love? I don't know...

TONY: Maybe we could find out together.

DAVID: Yeah, maybe we can.

Embrace warmly. TONY looks at DAVID.

TONY: David, can we, aah, y'know, can we...

DAVID (smiling reassuringly): It's alright, Tony, you can ask me.

TONY (smiling): Can we do it again?

DAVID (laughing): Of course!

TONY and DAVID begin to make love. Enter RIFF suddenly. Flicks light switch, lights go to harsh blue-white. TONY grabs his shirt and holds it in front of him. DAVID begins dressing.

TONY (jumping up): No! Wait, Riff! I can explain.

RIFF (angry, confused, shaking, near tears): You're a fucking faggot! YOU! A faggot! A God-damn queer! I hate you! I hate you! You lied to me. I thought you were my friend and you're a fucking queer. I looked up to you. I respected you. I wanted to be like you. And you're nothin' but a fucking queer-boy.

ACT III
Scene 5

Dim, romantic (reddish) lighting inside Gay-Straight Alliance Office. "Dear Men," by Charlie Murphy is playing on the office radio. DAVID and TONY are talking, cuddling. They have obviously just finished making love -- clothing in disarray, etc. Song ends. DAVID reaches over, turns off radio.

TONY: Was he really singing about loving men?

DAVID: Oh Tony, there's a whole new culture waiting for you filled with men loving men. I can't begin to tell you how far we've come in the last ten years. We're learning to appreciate ourselves in all our diversity. We are butch, we are drag queens, we are sissies, we are men like me,... and men like you.

(Short pause)

TONY: David, ... I've never felt like this about anyone or anything before. I love it... I love you.

DAVID: I know. I've been with so many men and none of them has touched my heart like you.

TONY: Do you love me, too?

DAVID: This feels wonderful -- I hope it grows into love. And if we both decide that that's what we want, it will.

TONY: I know I want it. (Pause... begins to smile) Do you know what else I want?

TONY kisses DAVID warmly; begin to make love. Enter RIFF suddenly. Flicks light switch. Lights go to harsh blue-white. TONY and DAVID quickly straighten out their clothes (whatever's undone).

TONY (jumping up): No! Wait, Riff! I can explain.

RIFF (angry, confused, shaking, near tears): You're a fucking faggot! YOU! A faggot! A God-damn queer! I hate you! I hate you! You lied to me. I thought you were my friend and you're a fucking queer. I looked up to you. I respected you. I wanted to be like you. And you're nothin' but a fucking queer-boy.

Dim. romantic (redacted) (redacted) inside Gay-Straiton-Mission Office.
"Dear Mom," by Charlie Murphy is playing on the office radio. DAVID
and TONY are talking, snuggling. They have obviously just finished
making love -- clothing in disarray, etc. Song ends. DAVID reaches
over, turns off radio.

TONY: Was he really singing about loving men?

DAVID: Oh TONY, there's a whole new culture waiting for you filled
with men loving men. I can't begin to tell you how far we've come in
the last ten years. We're learning to appreciate ourselves in all
our diversity. We are butch, we are drag queens, we are misand, we
are men like me... and men like you.

(Short pause)

TONY: David... I've never felt like this about anyone or anything
before. I love it... I love you.

DAVID: I know. I've been with so many men and none of them has touched
my heart like you.

TONY: Do you love me, too?

DAVID: This feels wonderful -- I hope it grows into love. And if we
both decide that that's what we want, it will.

TONY: I know I want it. (Pause... begins to smile) Do you know what
else I want?

TONY kisses DAVID warmly; begins to make love. Enter RIFF suddenly.
Riff's light switch. Lights go to harsh blue-white. TONY and DAVID
quickly straighten out their clothes (whatever's undone).

TONY (jumping up): Not Wait, Riff! I can explain.

RIFF (angry, confused, shaking, near tears): You're a fucking terrorist!
YOU! A terrorist! A God-damn queer! I hate you! I hate you! You lied
to me. I thought you were my friend and you're a fucking queer. I
looked up to you. I respected you. I wanted to be like you. And
you're nothing, but a fucking queer-boy.

ACT III
Scene 5

Dim, romantic (reddish) lighting inside Gay-Straight Alliance Office. "Dear Men," by Charlie Murphy is playing on the office radio. DAVID and TONY are talking, cuddling. They have obviously just finished making love -- clothing in disarray, etc. Song ends. DAVID reaches over, turns off radio.

TONY: Was he really singing about loving men?

DAVID: Oh Tony, there's a whole new culture waiting for you filled with men loving men. I can't begin to tell you how far we've come in the last ten years. We're learning to appreciate ourselves in all our diversity. We are butch, we are drag queens, we are sissies, we are men like me,... and men like you.

(Short pause)

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DAVID: This feels wonderful -- I hope it grows into love. And if we both decide that that's what we want, it will.

TONY: I know I want it. (Pause... begins to smile) Do you know what else I want?

TONY kisses DAVID warmly; begin to make love. Enter RIFF suddenly. Flicks light switch. Lights go to harsh blue-white. TONY and DAVID quickly straighten out their clothes (whatever's undone).

TONY (jumping up): No! Wait, Riff! I can explain.

RIFF (angry, confused, shaking, near tears): You're a fucking faggot! YOU! A faggot! A God-damn queer! I hate you! I hate you! You lied to me. I thought you were my friend and you're a fucking queer. I looked up to you. I respected you. I wanted to be like you. And you're nothin' but a fucking queer-boy.

DAVID, offended at this onslaught of verbal abuse, starts to respond. TONY quiets him with a touch and a look.

TONY: No, Riff, you got it wrong. I never lied to you. I didn't know, myself, until yesterday. That was the piece that was missing, don't you understand? That was the something that needed to change. It feels right. I know; I know this is it. I don't know why... I don't really care why. Riff, you've always been the most important guy in my life. You're my buddy -- that doesn't change -- unless you want it to.

RIFF: Christ, man, I don't know. You didn't even wait for me at the dance like you said you would. I need time. I need time to think.

TONY: So do I...

RIFF (becoming angry again, feeling betrayed): You're different now. How can I be buddies with a queer?! (Pause) Man, everything I know tells me it's sick and disgustin' and here I find you rubbin' yourself all over this faggot (indicating DAVID. TONY gets angry, but DAVID who is observing this exchange as an interested bystander, calms TONY with a similar touch and look as TONY did to him before) and you're tellin' me I should be your friend?!

TONY: Not tellin', just askin'

RIFF (disgustedly): Sperm (referring to DAVID) to worm (referring to TONY).

TONY (affirming): That's right -- womb to tomb, Riff.

MARIA and SOPHIA, hand in hand, bound in suddenly.

MARIA (breathlessly): They're gonna break in!

Two women abruptly stop, aware immediately of the situation.

RIFF (looks from couple to couple): I gotta get outa here.

Exit RIFF to street. The four regard one another worriedly and head for the door. Lights dim and go out in Office as they come up on street while SOPHIA, MARIA, TONY and DAVID exit to street.

RIFF (standing center stage front, turning to MARIA, resigned, defeated):
You, too?

MARIA (tenderly): Yeah, me too, Big Brother.

TONY goes to RIFF, puts arm around his shoulder supportively. QUEERS
rush in, except SISTER, stage right back, excited.

DIESEL: The Hets are comin'!

HETS enter stage left back, led by ACTION.

ACTION: There they are, guys. Let's get 'em!

QUEEN B: Come on, Diesel, no one's gonna push us off the streets!

DIESEL: Yeah, if ya gotta break one of those nails of yours, it might
as well be on their faces!

Fight/struggle about to break out.

RIFF (just as two groups meet): Cool it, Action. We been fightin'
the wrong people.

ACTION (dumbfounded - emphasis on dumb): Duh-huh?

DIESEL: Yeah. Whaddaya say we get together and fight the real,
aah, what's that word? ... oppressors.

Enter OFFICER KRUPKE and LIEUTENANT SCHRANK. Mutters of "Speakin'
of which..." etc.

SCHRANK: So the bums and the perverts and callin' us names?

ANITA: No, Schrank, don't flatter yourself. It's a helluva lot bigger
that you two. We are refferin' to the patriarchy in conjunction with
the military-industrial-nuclear complex.

ACTION: Duh-huh?

KRUPKE: Okay to whatever you said. You kids play your little games.
Just not on my beat, understand? (looks lovingly at SCHRANK and takes
his hand) I've got better things to do.

ACTION (witnessing this): Duh-huh?!

QUEEN B: If you live up to your name, Action-dear, I'll explain it
all to you later.

RIFF (to TONY): Tony, it's all happenin' so fast. Everything's different now. What's it gonna be like? Too much change all of a sudden...

TONY: We'll be all right; I know we will.

RIFF: But it's not just us. It's everything around us.

TONY: Then we'll find someplace where nothing can get to us; not one of them, not anything...

At this point, music for "There's a Place For Us" begins. SISTER descends from heaven with praying hands.

ALL (singing):

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and light and air
Wait for us
Somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care
Some day!

Somewhere
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere
Somewhere...

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Someday,
Somehow,
Somewhere!

The LOVERS hold out their hands to each other; The OTHERS follow suit; HETS to QUEERS; QUEERS to HETS.

TONY and DAVID & MARIA and SOPHIA:

Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there

ALL:

Some day,
Somehow!
Somewhere!

Lights dim. During applause, lights come back up. ACTORS take bow. Encore of "There's a Place For Us" as ACTORS file down into audience, still singing. (Lyrics will be printed in playbill, so audience can join in.)

ALL (singing):

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and light and air
Wait for us
Somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care
Some day!

Somewhere
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere
Somewhere...

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Some day,
Somehow,
Somewhere!

The LOVERS hold out their hands to each other. The OTHERS follow with
HETS to QUEERS! QUEERS to

TONY and DAVID & MARIA and
Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there