

My Husband

By Huston Watson

Character List

John Flowers (Papa) 65: A smart ass, but loving and caring. Very snide and crude. Also has a MOUTH.

Tim Goodman (Dad) 72: Patient, passionate and loving. Has poor fashion taste. Avoids foul language as best he can.

Joyce Goodman-Flowers (Joy) 37: Fierce, supportive, and sensitive. Just wants what's best for her dads. Also has a mouth. Perfected insults from her Papa.

Young John Flowers (20)/ Also plays James

Young Tim Goodman (28)/ Also plays Teo

An Ensemble of five actors reenact scenes from the past (“memory-flashbacks”) in roles including soldiers, dancers, wedding and memorial guests, and minor character roles such as Jacuelyn, and Priest.

Settings

Tim's apartment. A bed with a night stand next to it. Small and bland. A TV on in the other room.

A hospital room. It's bland but specific. A fern, a nondescript watercolor painting, a table. A hospital bed of course and a TV.

The Goodman-Flowers residence. A mess, with boxes and memorabilia everywhere. A couch in the center of the living room and a small kitchen area.

The Park and a memorial inside a park. There's a small stage and an area for people to gather. In another section: a park bench in center stage with a tree in the background.

Time

This is a memory play. Some scenes take place in the past, 1990s, as memory-flashbacks. The other action in the play takes place in the present-ish, 2020s.

Prologue

December, 1990 Newark,
New Jersey. Tim's apartment.

Lights are dim on the stage.
It's bare except for a bed,
nightstand and a table. A
crime show can be heard
playing in the distance with a
woman commenting loudly
on its happenings.

A spotlight up on Young Tim
(28) who is sitting on the
edge of his bed reading a
letter. He's dressed in a tank
top and boxers.

Young John (20) enters
wearing his airforce uniform;
he finds his own spotlight.
While he speaks, he slowly
undresses down to his boxers.

Young John

My dearest Timothy,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and in a lack of clothing. I'm writing to you to express my gratitude for your kindness and generosity. I know it wasn't easy for you to help me, and you risked a lot by sticking your neck out. And I know I didn't make it easy for you either. Pushing your buttons, testing the limits, embarrassing you a bit. I do apologize for my behavior, I've not had someone that made me feel comfortable around them like the way you do. If, that is, you were bothered by it. I suspect however you were not. Maybe you were at first, but by the time you left I could tell you were going to miss me. Which is part of the reason I'm writing to you. Fear not, for I cannot be with you in person, but I am in spirit. And we can have even more fun like this when it's just the two of us, right sir? So why don't you write me, and tell me how you really feel? Tell me what you really want to do to me when no one's looking sir. Tell me-

Sound of TV stops.

Jacquelyn (20s) bursts into
Young Tim's bedroom.
Young John's light goes out,
and he hastily exits.

Jacquelyn

You ready? It's Tuesday night and you should be-

Tim jumps off the side of the
bed and rushes to her, kissing
her deeply.

Jacquelyn

Oh... what-

He kisses her again and drags
her to the bed. Pushes her
down on it and climbs on top
of her.

Young Tim

You want to know what I really want, what I think, what I really feel?

He goes back in and kisses
her.

Young Tim

I love you, John.

He screams in ecstasy.

Blackout.

Jacquelyn

Who the fuck is John!

Part I

Forty-five years later. Lights up in a hospital room. The room is rather large but bare. There is maybe a muddled painting on the back wall. A fern-like plant in the corner, a coffee table next to the bed along with a wooden chair. Oddly the bed lies in the center of the stage and the television is somewhere off stage.

In the bed lies John, wearing a traditional hospital gown. He's sitting up, relaxing, watching TV. It's not clear what he's watching. He leans forward while shouting.

John (shouting)

Go for the balls!!!!

(pause)

You should always go for the balls.

He leans back in his bed. He's got grey hair, and his voice is way more rugged and hoarse than it was in the prior scene. His face though clearly older still looks jovial and cunning.

He sits up again clearly invested in the show he's watching.

John

AHHH.

He shakes his head in disgust and shuts the TV off. He leans back in his bed still shaking his head until.

Tim walks into the hospital room. He catches John's eye.

John

Now... What. Do. We. Have. Here?

Tim looks disheveled but also like he's trying to keep it together. The outfit he has on is very basic and doesn't look good. He's handsome and well-groomed however. He slowly walks over to John. He's aged gracefully. His hair has grayed but he looks muscular and fit. He has a warm smile once he sees John.

John

Now, aren't you a sight for sore eyes.

Tim

Hello John.

John

And I know you! It would seem. What can I do for you, handsome stranger?

Tim sits on the edge of the bed.

Tim

I came to see you John. How are you doing?

John ignores the question and looks at Tim harder.

John

Say... you know, you kinda look like my husband.

John lays his hand on top of Tim's stroking it, looking intently at him.

John

You know, I met him when we were in the Air Force...

Tim

What do you remember about meeting him?

John thinks for a second.

John

He was sweet, charming. He never let anyone hurt me.

Lights transition as John starts telling the story.

John

We met in the air force. He was my commanding officer.

Lights now indicate a memory-flashback. A group of soldiers march on stage dressed in air force uniforms. One of the soldiers is Young John (20) from the prologue, and another is Young Tim

(28), who is giving orders to the group.

Young Tim (shouting)
ATTENTION!

The airmen turn and face him saluting.

Soldiers
Sir, yes sir!

Young John
Yes Sir!

Young Tim scowls as Young John raises his eyebrows.

Young Tim (to Young John)
Nevermind you, I'll deal with you later. You men are needed in the mess hall.

Soldiers
Yes Sir!

Young Tim exits stage.

The Soldiers burst out laughing.

Soldier #1
What are you? Crazy? You'll get us all in trouble.

Young John
Maybe I am crazy.

Young John puffs up his chest and starts to walk away.

Soldier #2
No you idiot, he's one of them queers.

Soldier #3

You've got a thing for that commanding officer dontcha?

Soldier #3 grabs hold of
Young John.

Young John

So what if I do? Huh?

Soldier #2

Ahh so you want to talk back? You know what we have to do boys.

Soldier #1

Beat the queer outa him.

The three Soldiers descend
on Young John like vultures.

Lights fade out on the
memory-flashback as the
soldiers make their attack.

Spotlight up on the older
couple together on the
hospital bed.

Tim

Those boys were ruthless. I know you went through a lot.

John

It was nothing I couldn't handle. Probably. To be honest I don't remember most of it. I try to block it out.

Tim gets up from the bed and
gets some water. He paces
back and forth trying to
remember for himself.

Tim

So you don't remember them beating you up?

John shifts uncomfortably.
Like he can only recall the
feeling.

John

I-

Tim

Or the pranks? That time they covered your bed in ants?

John shivers.

John

That sounds horrible, / I.

Lights up again on the
memory-flashback. Young
John and the Soldiers act out
the scenes that Tim is
describing.

Young John wanders around
the stage looking lost and
confused.

Tim

Or the time they drove you out into the desert on a "camping trip" and left you out there. And when you made it back in the morning you INSISTED nothing was wrong?

John rubs his arms.

John

I'm sorry, How do / you?

The soldiers rush on stage
and suddenly pin Young John
to the ground.

Tim

Or the time they rallied the other boys into holding you down / and?

Young John and the Soldiers
exit the stage

John (*yelling*)

That's enough. Why are you telling me these things? Did I do something wrong? I can't remember...

Tim takes a breath while
John's talking.

Tim

I need you to. Remember John. Remember me.

John

You? But I don't know you.

Tim pulls out the chair from
the side table.

Tim

Yes, You do.

He sits in it.

Tim

Remember that night?

Young John (22) and the
Soldiers are back on stage.
The soldiers are backing
Young John up to the front of
the stage.

Tim

The other boys had caught wind of your promotion.

John chuckles.

John

Oh yeah, I remember that. They were NOT happy let me tell you.

Tim

Do you remember what happened?

John

I- I think...

Tim

They dragged you up to the roof.

John

That's right. They beat me senseless and threatened to throw me off if I took the promotion.

Young John falls on the ground and feels behind him. There's no more stage. He looks down.

John

And that's when he came in.

Young Tim (30) enters behind the Soldiers.

Young Tim

WHAT is going on here.

The Soldiers jump and turn to face him.

Soldier #2

We're just teaching this queer a lesson sir.

Soldier #1

He can't get promoted before us!

Soldier #3

He needs to be put in his place.

Young Tim

That's enough out of you three. You think he's less than you just because he's gay?

Soldier #2

/ Yeah.

Young Tim

I said that's enough.

Young Tim is shaking. He's not sure what he's going to do next.

A beat

Soldier #3 looks closer at Young Tim.

Soldier #3

Are you? Are you one of them fags?

Young Tim clears his throat; this comment oddly centers him.

Young Tim (proudly)

So what if I am?

He walks over to Young John, pushing past the Soldiers. He helps Young John up.

John

Yes! I do remember! He told those boys to run thirty laps around the building. While we watched from the roof.

The three Soldiers
shamefully exit the stage.

Young John is left staring
into Young Tim's eyes as they
hold each other.

Young Tim then kisses him
deeply.

Tim

I felt it. Right then and there. You were my love.

Young John and Young Tim
kiss for a long beat.

After they pull back and look
into each other's eyes for a
second.

John

Then he told me to drop and give him twenty!

Young John drops young
Tim's pants.

John

So I dropped his pants, and gave him twenty he'd never forget.

Young John is positioned
right in front of Young Tim's
crotch.

Tim goes red and playfully punches older John in the arm.

Young John and Young Tim exit. Lights out on memory-flashback.

John

What?! That's what happened!

Tim

I know, I know. It's just...

He looks around the room. To make sure no one is listening.

John

You afraid someones going to tell on me? Ha! I made love to my man! I'll scream it from the rooftops!

John clears his throat and sits up.

John

I sucked my husband's / big!

Tim lunges and covers his mouth with his hand.

Tim

Ok, that's enough of that.

They both laugh.

Tim

Tell me, what else do you remember about your husband.

John

My memory is foggy, it keeps getting worse. I remember we were very happy together. I only recall one time we almost broke up

Tim

Almost!?

John

Well I guess we did break up. I just remember I hated going on without him. We got back together shortly after.

He pauses and thinks some more.

John

I did have some fun of my own though while we were apart. Don't tell him though. Ya hear?

Tim mimes running a zipper across his mouth and throwing away the key.

Tim

Do you remember what the fight was about?

John sits up and squints at him.

John

As a matter of fact I do! What's it to you?

Tim

I /just.

John

And what's your name anyway. What right do you have stifling my speech, interrogating me and dredging up these awful feelings?

Tim

Hold on, Calm down.

John

I will not answer another one of your questions until I have a name, mister. Why are you here?

Tim

John, It's / me.

John

I don't want any it's me, / who is me?

Tim

Would you just let me finish?

John dramatically rolls his eyes and lets out a sigh. He crosses his arms and lays back in his bed.

John

Fine.

Tim smiles and chuckles a bit.

Tim

Thank you.

He takes a minute to collect himself.

Tim

It's me, John. Tim. You're husband.

John sits there for a minute looking at him.

John

Tim, Tim, Tim...

Trying to remember.

John

Tim... Hm.

He doesn't.

John

You know my husband's name is Tim. We met in the Air force-

Tim

Yes, I know.

John

I'm sorry did I tell that story? I tend to-

Tim

No, I- I'm...

John

You're handsome! My Husband should be here soon, you should meet him! He'll be happy to know there's someone out there with worse fashion sense than him.

Tim smiles a tired smile and leans back in his chair.

They both enjoy each other's company for a beat.

Tim

You know... you were my first love.

John

Get out! I would have certainly remembered a beauty like you!

Tim

It's true. Sure I had girlfriends, and flings but... it never clicked ya know?

John

Trust me. I know better than anyone. A homo is a homo.

Young Tim (28) and his three friends come out from stage left. They stand in a semi circle.

Tim

My friends would talk about how in love they were with their girlfriends, how hot they were

Friend #1

My girlfriend goes to the gym every day, and her ass... looks incredible.

Friend #2

My girl has this sweet and sexy perfume that she puts on, when we kiss it's like the electrizer bunny, you know what I'm saying?

Friend #3

This chick I'm seeing, she has the biggest tits. Guys, she is so fine, I could hit that ass all day.

Tim

And I never got it. I never understood what they were talking about. I didn't get what was so hot about red lipstick, or the clack of heels. The hourglass figure or long hair.

I just went with it. Cause that's what boys are supposed to do.

John notices this is a soft spot for Tim and puts his hand on his hand. Tim notices and smiles.

Tim

That is until I met you.

The three friends fade away as Young John (20) enters stage. The lights on him like an angel from above.

Tim

When I would look into your eyes, I got it. When you told me off, I understood. When you went away, you were the only thing I could think about. That's when I knew. What it meant to be in love.

Tim puts his other hand on top of John's.

Young John and Young Tim meet briefly in the spot but break away at the start of the next line.

John

Well Tim never really told me how he felt at the beginning of our relationship. He should be here soon, I think you two would get along, your stories sound similar. And he is beautiful. So I don't mind if you look. You can even touch too! I'm good at sharing.

He winks at Tim.

Tim pulls back with a hefty laugh and a wide smile.

Tim

And that's what I fell in love with! Your brazen sexuality, your snarky remarks, your selflessness and your foul mouth.

John

What can I say? I'm the one and only!

Young Tim and Young John are drawn back together as Young Tim leads Young John in a waltz.

Tim

And you chose me.

A beat. Young Tim spins Young John.

Tim

You chose me to focus your profanity, rebellion, love and support. I had never been chosen before. You could have been a bit less obvious of your choice but chose me all the same.

John

Really? What did I do?

Young John and Young Tim
circle around each other at
arm's length.

Tim

You hated calling me sir. So instead you'd call / me.

John (Remembering)

Daddy!

Young John and Young Tim
waltz again.

Tim

That's the one.

John

Mmm he HATED that. I loved it. Oh if you could see his face! He made me run so many laps, clean out the bathrooms with a toothbrush. I didn't care. I knew he secretly liked it.

Tim

I did. Not at first though. Emily loved poking fun at me. "How's your boy doing?", she'd say.

John laughs.

Tim

But eventually I'd look at her and smile. I'd say: He's doing really well.

Young Tim leans Young John
back and kisses him.

John

Wait, what was your name again, Handsome?

Tim

Tim, John. It's me.

Young Tim and Young John
go back to circling each
other. But the gap grows
wider and wider between
them

John

Tim, my husband's name is Tim. He should be here soon actually, you just have to meet him!

Tim

Does he come every day?

John

I'm not sure. It's all hazy up here.

He points to his head.

Young John and Young Tim
look off into the distance,
wistfully.

Tim

Well he should. He's lucky to have you.

Tim reaches for John's hand
this time. John pulls away,
still comfortable with him but
confused.

Young John and Tim come
back together and this time
Young John leads.

John

Lucky! That man should be grateful I pranced into his life and saved him from his own closeted ass.

Tim breaks out in laughter again. John smiles satisfied with his joke.

John

No, no. I'm the lucky one.

I'm lucky I was able to find someone to put up with all my shit and still love me in the morning. I'm lucky I found a man to care for me, and about me. I'm lucky I got to raise a beautiful girl and have a family. I'm lucky I got to have my dream wedding.

I'm lucky he came back to me after what happened... I'm lucky because he truly loves me.

I'm lucky because he's smoking hot, got a big banana and knows how to use it too!

They both laugh. Tim playfully punches John in the arm.

Young John dips Young Tim and kisses him. Then they both bow and exit. Lights out on memory-flashback.

John looks warmly into Tim's eyes. Not strained or trying to remember anymore. Relaxed and natural.

Tim (to himself)

It's working... what else...

John

What's working?

Tim

It's nothing I was just thinking about what else you might remember.

John

Ah.

Tim

You said you were able to raise a daughter? Do you remember her at all?

John

Why yes! Of course! My Beautiful Joyce. She was here yesterday I think. Wherever here is anyway.

Tim

Do you remember the story of how you ended up with a daughter? Did you adopt? Find a surrogate?

John

Of course I remember!

He sits there as Tim waits for a response.

Tim

Well?

John

What?

Tim

How did you end up with Joyce?

John

Joyce? She's my daughter.

Tim

Right but how did... How did she come about?

John

Well handsome. If you get any closer, I might just have to show / you.

Tim

You know what I mean.

John

She just... appeared. Right? Fine you got me. Just another thing lost in the mush.

Tim

It's ok. I'm here to help you through it. You'll be ok. Whatever you need to know just ask.

John

Well now I really want to know! How did it happen beautiful stranger?

Tim

Oddly enough, it was actually because of you.

John

Because of Me?! She's not biologically mine? Now that! I would have remembered. Lady parts!

Tim

Calm down don't get your tighty whities in a bunch.

John

I wear thongs thank you very much. I prefer to show off the goods at all times. Never know when one of these / nurses.

Tim

Anyway. As I was saying. You wrote me a letter.

John

Mm. Sounds like something I would do. What did it say?

Tim

I can't even remember it exactly but it did get me really...

He sits for a beat trying to think.

John

Really what? Emotional?

Tim

No-

John

Heartbroken.

Tim

No not that.

John

In love?

Tim

Got me... aroused, turned on...ready for take-off.

John

Horny? Got you wanting to fuck? Jesus there's no way I would have married a prude.

Tim bites his lip.

Tim

Yeah well, my girlfriend at the time came into the room right as I'd finished reading your letter and I / just.

John

Oh My God, you fucked her thinking of me.

I'm truly flattered.

Tim

Something just came over me. The way you led me on.

John

And so that's how we have Joyce huh?

Tim

Yup nine months later she sprang into this world.

John

What a joy.

Tim

I remember from as soon as she could walk she would walk around copying your every finger wag and eye roll.

John

She was the spitting image of me. If she didn't look like you everyone would think I'm the father!

Tim

I'd say she still is. I've long accepted you were her favorite John.

John

Damn straight. If I wasn't the favorite... Why I don't know what I'd do!?

Tim

Well, you didn't always like her ya know.

John

Preposterous!

Tim

What it's true! You would say: (*mocking him*) I fill a room to twice the capacity on my own! I do not need a mini me taking up MY spotlight!

John

What a drama queen. There's no way I'd say that.

Tim

That and worse my friend. That and worse.

John rolls his eyes, shakes his head and makes a yapping sign with his hands.

John

How is she anyway?

Tim

You said you saw her yesterday?

John

I probably said I think I saw her yesterday. I can never be sure of what I think, and the rest I make up.

Tim

Well, what do you think you might have seen yesterday?

John

I think I might have MAYBE seen my daughter yesterday. Mmm lets see she was talking about... something or another.

Tim

Anything in specific.

John

Wanted to know the day I think. The month and the year. Where I live, what car I drive, how many dudes I've fucked-

Tim

She didn't ask you that.

John

I just said I have a habit of making things up handsome.

Tim

Ugh. anyway.

John

Anyway she wanted to know a lot of little logistics, it's supposed to help with my memory or something I don't know. I was never one to get bogged down in the logistics anyway. Monday, Thursday, who cares so long as I'm alive and moving it could be Vensday for all I care.

Tim

Right well you ARE supposed to be practicing that. In fact I should / have.

John

Wait!

Tim pauses in his thoughts.

John

There is something she wanted me to remember.

Tim

What was it?

John

It was... hmm give me a second.

Tim sits waiting patiently.

John

Hm she... she pulled out her phone and showed me a picture.

Tim

Ok.

John

Now, I'm NOT making this up ok. She said. Papa, listen to me ok? This right here. That's your husband.

Tim

She showed you a picture of me?

John

Not you, my husband. She said look don't forget what he looks like ok? That's us at me and Sammy's wedding.

Tim pulls out his phone and starts scrolling through his pictures.

John

And I told her, I said, "Of course I won't forget my husband Joy. He's the light of my life." And she was all like "Promise me papa, you gotta promise me" yada yada.

Tim finds the picture and gives it to John to see.

John

I tell ya, that girl can be too much sometimes. She gets it from me. What do we have here?

Tim

It's the wedding picture.

John

I see, I see.

Tim

Does it look familiar?

He looks at it for a good long time. (Few beats)

John

Hm... why yes it does actually. It does look familiar. She pointed to that man and said don't forget him dad please...

The last sentence gets drowned out as he's lost in thought. John looks back and forth between the phone and Tim.

Tim stays still, maybe trying to mimic the photo.

John

Why, you kinda. Look like him.

Tim

And what did she say?

John

She said don't forget him Pa. He's...

Tim

He's?

John

He's-

Tim

Yeah?

John

He's your husband papa don't forget him.

Tim

Right / so

John

Of course I wouldn't forget of course. How could I? I can't be that far gone Joyce.

Tim takes a deep breath and looks at him for a beat. Then he has an idea.

Tim

Do you remember that man from your wedding?

John

You want to know about my wedding!

The lights indicate a memory-flashback.

A flashing purple light scans the stage.

A group of dancers enter, skipping across the stage like antelope.

John

It was incredible! Best night of my life! I put on quite a show!

Streamers and confetti flutter onto the stage. Young Tim (48) and Young John (40)

appear in their wedding attire.

Chairs are wheeled on stage and the dancers become guests at the wedding and take their seats.

A priest steps out behind a podium. Young Tim and Young John stand together before the priest.

John

It was perfect. Everyone was there, they brought gifts! There were lights and dancers and Tim! Oh Tim made this grand elaborate performance and serenaded me into our new life together!

Young Tim mimes belting a long high note of a song over dramatically.

Tim

I'm sorry, I did what?

John

Not you! My husband. He / performed.

Tim

No, no, no. I-

He did no such thing.

John

Alright. Then if YOU know so much about MY wedding. Why don't you tell me how it went.

Tim

Ok well first off, there weren't any purple lights.

The purple lights go down.

Tim

There were no dancers.

The dancers/wedding guests
fall wherever they are and
slowly slide themselves
offstage.

Tim

And I, well Tim, did NOT sing any kind of song.

John

Well then, mister-know-it-all, tell me what DID happen.

Tim

It was a serene Saturday afternoon.

Calm classical music starts
playing.

Tim

It was a small church, not too far from here actually.

John

And who came?

Tim

Most of our families came, and all of our friends came.

Joyce (20) walks on stage
waving at the grooms. Emily
follows shortly after again
waving at the grooms.

Tim

Some people didn't show up. But it was ok. We weren't expecting them all to come.

John

And there was no grand performance? I know I wanted something.

Tim

You did. You had gotten this orchestra to play all kinds of music after the ceremony. But...

John

But what?! But What? What happened!

Tim

Well, after we said our vows and kissed, it devolved into a real poop party.

John

A shit show!?

Tim smiles.

John

Well what the fuck happened at my wedding!

Tim

After we said our vows, our families erupted into a rage of hatred and bigotry. They had signs and were chanting it was disgusting.

Family members enter with signs, chanting unintelligible chants.

John

You're kidding me. How could they do this to me! My own family! Oh! The horror! I feel so betrayed! Even my own daughter???

Tim

No no no, Joy was not a part of it.

John

So what did Tim do? Did he give a heroic speech? Oh did he go down there and fight them. I bet he did. Tell me what happens next!!!

Tim

Nothing like that. Emily got up and she told them to F-off

Tim

And then your dad throws a jelly doughnut at her.

John

A Jelly Doughnut! Ugh! My father has no class. None at all I tell you.

So what did she do?

Tim

She ducked out of the way, and it ended up hitting you. Ruining your suit.

John

HE RUINED MY WEDDING SUIT! Oh the Humanity! I don't know if I can take much more of this tragedy! You must tell me how I responded!

Tim

Well you didn't right away. You screamed.

Young John falls to his knees
and screams.

Tim

And the priest had already done his job so he left when the chanting started.

John

No, no. Tell me about ME. I want to know what I did.

Tim

You, you did nothing. Joyce stood up. Said I got you papa! And she throws a piece of food at your father.

Joyce stands up and hurls her
food at her grandfather.

Joyce

Fuck off Grandpa! I gotchu Papa. He can't do that to you.

John

Atta girl!!! That's my Joy! Oh we raised her so well. I'm honored.

Tim

After that it became an all out food war. You ran and grabbed some of our wedding cake and hurled it at your father too. But you missed and hit your mother.

The cake is wheeled onto the stage

John's mother wipes the cake off of her and throws it at Joyce.

Tim runs off the altar, grabs some cake to throw at the bigots but ends up hitting Emily in the head.

John's father picks up some cake to throw at Tim. Hitting him.

Emily scrapes the cake off of the back of her head and throws it at one of the sign bearers hitting him square in the face.

John

What a day! I can't believe that all happened.

Tim

But we had to clean everything up. It took forever. Most of our families left and a few friends stayed to help. Then after we went to the club.

John

I'm sure I danced the night away.

Tim

Well... if by dance you mean in bed-

John

Well of course I fucked on my wedding night! What do you take me for? I gave Tim-

Tim

Not just Tim.

John

I'm sure I gave Tim, AND a select few others-

Tim

It was like *every* man-

John

Don't you! No no no!

John lies back down in his hospital bed, wagging his finger at Tim.

John

There's no way.

Tim

Well maybe not every man but there were a lot. Tim was the one you woke up to the next morning though. Well afternoon.

John

See? Happy ending. I remember being known for "Sleeping around" but I am nothing but loyal to my man. That's why you! Handsome stranger. will be getting none of this!

He waves his hands over his body.

The wedding scene is slowly taken apart as Tim and John tenderly look at each other.

Joyce (Off Stage)

Cute story dad, but that's not how it went.

Joyce slowly enters the hospital room. The dismantling wedding scene stops, and is slowly put back together as Joyce talks.

Joyce

Em said: *Fuck you biggots, why don't you get a life instead of ruining others lives. You can suck dick and eat pussy for all I care, get over yourselves ass holes.*

John

Joy!! Oh my dear Joyce It's so good to see you!

Joyce

And I said. Fuck you Grandpa, that suit was expensive as hell! Papa was looking forward to this day. Why can't you get it together for him?

Tim

Well I paraphrased a bit.

Joyce

And then Grandpa said. Fuck you! You're not even my real granddaughter.

That's when I threw the food at him.

Joyce goes to the bed and hugs John. She gives Tim a kiss on the cheek.

John

You did it for me? I'm so proud of you!

Joyce

No no, I'm not done yet.

Tim and John are silent.

Joyce

And THEN, you two snuck out early and left Em and I to do most of the cleaning.

Tim and John look at each other.

The Wedding scene is now fully dismantled.

John

I'm sure... your father and I had a good reason to.

Joyce

No, the rest of Tim's story was true. I found you both hung over as hell at some hotel in the middle of town. Receptionist said there were guys looking for your room as late as 6 am.

Tim

The early bird catches the worm?

Joyce

There were a whole flock of birds after that worm and they ALL got a piece.

John

HA!

Tim

Joy I-

Joyce

It's ok dad. I'm just glad you could enjoy your wedding night after what happened.

Tim smiles. He hugs Joy.

John

Joy?

Joyce

Yeah?

John

Why are you calling this man Dad? He's not your father.

Joyce and Tim exchange a worried look. John looks on in confusion.

Tim

He's been like this all morning I've been / trying...

John

Been like what all morning.

Joyce

He said he was excited to see you when I visited yesterday. I / guess...

John

Look. If you two don't want to talk to me, there's the door. I may be old but I can still hear you.

Joyce turns and puts her hand on John's shoulder. He's comforted by this.

Joyce

I'm sorry Papa, I just need to have a few words with Tim here.

John

Hot one isn't he! Is that your boyfriend? What was it Solomon?

Joyce

Ew, gross!

She slaps him on the shoulder and he flinches.

John

What! What? He's hot! He's a good catch.

Joyce

He's my FATHER. And my HUSBAND'S name is Sammy!

John

Pfffft.

He rolls his eyes.

John

Potato tomato.

Joyce

UGH!

Look, Papa. Just give us a few minutes ok?

He waves them off. Joyce ushers Tim to just outside the hospital room.

The lights dim as they whisper.

Joyce

What are we going to do?

Tim

About what?

Joyce

About papa!

Tim

What do you mean what choice do we have?

Joyce

We can't just leave him here... he's only going to get worse.

Tim (*A frustrated whisper*)

What do you want me to do, Joy? He can't go to your house. He can't come back home with me. It would be like living with a stranger for him.

Joyce

Is he still really that bad? I'd / hoped.

Tim (*still frustrated*)

It is. It is still that bad. And you're right it'll only get worse.

Joy looks back at John. He pretends not to notice. She smiles.

Joyce

So we just leave him here?

Tim

He's close, Joy. So close. I can feel it. I just need...

He's grasping at straws.

He can't find it.

Joyce

I just don't want... I just don't want the last memories he makes to be here.

They both look back at him this time. He's still looking away in distrust and indignity.

Joyce

Have we made any progress?

Tim

Well, he remembered your husband.

Joyce raises an eyebrow.

Tim

Actually no. I had to help him with that.

Joyce

Did you ask what day of the week it was, what year it is?

Tim

No, I got caught up in my emotions. Seeing him. Like this. It's hard.

Joyce

God. Why you of all people. You're the love of his life. Were you guys ok? I just don't get it.

Tim

We were great. Good as we ever had been. I don't remember fighting over anything major.

Blackout.

When lights come back on they indicate a memory-flashback. Young Tim stands where Tim was in the prior scene. Joyce is gone and John in the hospital bed is also no longer there.

Joyce comes running in – she is younger, in her thirties.

Joyce

Dad! Oh great, you're back early, Papa's...

She looks at Young Tim.

Joyce

Are you ok?

Young Tim

Yes, I'm fine Joy, What's the matter with John.

She hesitates for a moment
then continues.

Joyce

Uh, right, Papa's meeting with some young vets, and they want another opinion. Also he needs help planning the "Serving Looks for Your Country" fundraiser.

Young Tim

Right, right that's / coming.

Joyce

Are you ok?

Young Tim

I'm fine.

Joyce

Really? Cause you look like shit. John can't stop complaining, and it feels like you're away more and more. I just...

Young Tim comforts her.

Young Tim

There's no need to worry. I'll be fine. I'm not doing anything dangerous these days but my country still needs me.

Joyce

But what do you need?

Young Tim pauses for a
moment.

Young Tim

What?

Joyce

What do you need Tim?

Young Tim backs away from her.

Joyce keeps chanting.

Joyce

What do you need? What do you need?

Slowly members of the ensemble enter one by one chanting “What do you need? What do you need?”

Then Young John runs on stage.

Young John

What do you need?

The ensemble pushes John’s hospital bed back on stage, chanting.

Ensemble

What do you need? What do you need?

John slowly walks on stage up to his bed Chanting.

John

What do you need?

Finally Tim walks back to where he was standing. There’s a pause in the chanting.

Tim

Am I ok?

John gets in bed. Joyce walks back around to where she was standing before as Young Tim runs off stage. The ensemble and young John disperse, chanting again.

Lights fade on the memory-flashback, and back to the hospital room.

Joyce

Maybe it's something we're missing. I think I have an idea.

Tim takes a moment and shakes his head as if he splashed cold water on it after just waking up. He looks at his arms and feels his face.

Joyce drags her father back over to John who slowly turns to face them.

John

Have you two worked out whatever that was?

Joyce

Look. Papa. This-

Joyce

Is my father.

She points to Tim.

John

Ok... but that would / mean.

Joyce

Exactly!

John

But there's no / way.

Joyce

Yes! Yes there is. This is it. He's been right here in front of you. Find something small. What do you remember about your husband?

John sits for a beat. Looking into Tim's eyes intensely.

He then shakes his head and looks up at the ceiling.

John

What was our fight about?

Tim steps up closer to him. Joyce backs away.

Tim

You're going to have to be more specific, you piece of work.

John looks at him sharply.

John

The fight. If you're him, you'll know which one.

Tim takes another step forward.

Tim

But if it's the one I'm thinking of... we said we'd never bring it / up.

John

But! I'm asking you to tell me. I know. I need to know if you know.

Tim

This was going so well / I don't.

John

Well! I guess you're not the real deal, then. I'm done! See yourself out!

He dramatically flips over, facing away from the two of them. Pulls the blankets up over him as if he's going to sleep.

Joyce

Come on. Don't be like that!

Tim

It's ok. I got this.

He takes another step closer and sits on John's bed again.

He tries to put his hand on John's back but he wiggles it off.

Tim

John, mint chocolate chip is disgusting.

John dramatically flips over pointing his finger at Tim.

John

You... How dare you come into my humble hospital room looking as you do, and insult MY tastes. You should know better than that, you pineapple on pizza / loving.

Tim

How dare you insult my family tradition!

John

Tradition! Tradition, a tradition for rats maybe?

Tim

Rats!?

John

Dare I say rats have even more respect than to put pineapples on pizza. I am so glad you didn't carry on that tradition. I won't have my baby girl eating like a savage.

Joyce

Is that / why?

Tim (Coughing)

Not now.

Joyce

It all makes sense.

John

What does?

Joyce (Laughing)

Sometimes dad and I would go out for Pizza, and we'd sing the pizza song.

John

Excuse me?

Joyce

Yeah, dad remember?

Tim rolls his eyes, then reluctantly.

Tim & Joyce (To the tune of Lime and the coconut)

You put the Pineapple on the Pizza and Eat it all up!

They both laugh.

John

You went behind my back and fed my daughter that rat trash!?

Joyce

Now I get why that was our thing.

Tim

I knew you wouldn't let us do it as a family so I... went...

John

You went behind my back and did it anyway. I see. Joyce, tell me it's not true.

Joyce

I'm not going to lie, we did whenever we went out for pizza on our own.

John turns up his nose to his family.

John

Go ahead then. Just stab me in the back.

Joyce

But wait, what's this about mint chocolate chip ice cream?

Tim

Your father likes it, and I hate it.

Joyce

And you broke up over it, isn't that a little... I don't know childish?

John

It was extremely. Your father simply has no taste. None whatsoever I say. I'm glad you take after me.

Joyce (muttering)

Well...

John

Do you see what this man has on? He looks like an American flag fucked a rainbow, and was abandoned at birth. Don't even get me started on his hair!

Tim

My hair? Michael Jackson would cringe at the amount of bleach you used in your hair.

John

Well, I had to keep up with the style!

Tim

Joyce didn't even recognize you when you stopped using it.

Joyce

It's true.

John

Well. Excuse me for caring about the important things. Appearances and taste. People gossip about that stuff you know.

Joyce

Wait, wait, wait. I need my question answered. It makes perfect sense that you two QUEENS fought over ice cream and pizza-

Tim and John look away from each other embarrassed.

Joyce

But a break up?

They think for a few beats about how to start.

Tim

It made us think about what we needed. What kind of partners we deserve.

John

The amount of kids we wanted, where we wanted to live, whether or not it was a good idea for SOMEONE-

He shoots a look at Tim.

John

To go back overseas.

Young John (25) and Young Tim (33) burst on stage from opposite sides and they meet in the middle. The lights transition to a memory-flashback.

Young Tim

Well you don't have to insult me, it's just a family tradition I / thought

Young John

Up buh buh! No. You didn't think. You know what I think. My tastes.

Young Tim

Right but I thought maybe this could be a place of compromise?

Young John

Compromise! In this very serious battle of virtues I'm afraid my friend there is no compromise.

Young John flips his scarf
(Mimes the motion if he's not
wearing one) and turns away.

Young Tim

John, we're talking about pizza here. You don't even have to eat it.

Young John

But what if I did?

Young Tim takes a step
closer. Tries to put his hand
on Young John's shoulder,
but he brushes it off and takes
a step forward.

Young Tim

What do you mean?

Beat.

You don't have to eat it any more than I won't eat mint chocolate chip.

Young John dramatically
turns around.

Young John

Don't you bring her name into this.

Young Tim (Teasing)

You mean mint chocolate chip? mint chocolate chip.

Young John

She is a delicacy and you're hoe-broken taste buds will eat any ass from off the street.

Young Tim

See this is what I'm talking about. First of all ouch. Second of all, I'm not even from Hoboken.

Young John (Mocking)

"I'm not even from Hoboken"

Young Tim laughs. Takes a step closer and grabs hold of Young John's hands.

Young Tim

Babe. What is this really about?

Young John tries to turn away, but Young Tim is holding him there.

Young Tim

Cause if you really think it's so stylish, trendy and important to you, I will eat mint chocolate chip ice cream and hate every second of it. But I'll do it for you.

Young John blushes, takes a beat.

Young John

You're a doll, but that's not it.

Young Tim

You can tell me anything.

A beat.

Young John

Do you have to go?

Young Tim

What do you mean? I live here too, I'm not going anywhere.

Young John

You know what I mean, don't play dumb with me.

Young Tim strokes Young
John's face.

Young Tim

It's my Job-

Young John

You can leave!

Young Tim

But I love it. I actually love it. I / know.

Young John

I know I know I know, but I love you. And I can't stand the thought of not having you for another three years.

Young Tim

I'll be back. I'll talk to you as often as I can. You know I'm good at that.

Young John

You are. It's just... I need someone who's here for me. Emotionally and physically. I need someone who I can make tea for at night and gossip about work.

Young Tim

John we / can.

Young John

I need someone to hold me when I'm hurting. To help me be alright. I need someone I can spend years at a time with and get married to eventually.

Young Tim

And we can and will do all of those things.

Young John

When?

Young Tim

You know / I.

Young John

When, Tim?

Silence.

Young Tim

So what are you saying?

Young John

I'm saying I need... No, I deserve someone who will be here with me. I can't bear the thought of losing you overseas anymore. I need you to make a choice.

Young Tim

You're serious.

Young John

Yes. I am. I love you but I can't do this. Not anymore.

Lights fade and only a silhouette of them standing together remains. Young Tim leans in and kisses Young John. they hold there for a few beats.

Then young Tim breaks away and runs off stage.

Young John stands there for a beat. Hands still outreached. And then collapses to the ground.

He stays there for a beat and then exits. Lights back up on the Goodman-Flowers family in the hospital room.

Tim

Look, I made my choice, and if I didn't go, we might not have even ended up together.

John

You're right. It took almost losing you to realize... you were all I needed. We could compromise on the other stuff but-

Tim

I couldn't not have you.

Joyce

Aww.

The two sit on bed sharing a moment.

After a few beats.

John

Kiss me.

Tim needs no clarification. He grabs hold of John's hand with one hand and holds his head with the other. He sits on the side of the bed leans in

and they make out for a few beats.

Joyce is taken aback but let's the moment play out.

Tim tries to pull back but John grabs the back of his head with his other free hand and they keep going.

Tim let's go of John's hand and slowly drags it up his arm onto his chest...

Joyce

Ok, I'm happy for you guys but

John

Stop!

Tim backs away quickly.

John

It doesn't feel right. I mean it feels good. I like it but it's not right.

A beat.

John

I don't know for certain. I don't know. It feels good but not right.

He's upset.

John

I'm sorry Joy, I'm sorry. I tried. I tried and it didn't work.

... With himself.

John

I'm sorry... you.

He takes Tim's hand. He's crying now.

John

This must be so hard for you. I'm so sorry, I can't. I can't do it. To him. I... I couldn't live with myself. Because I don't know.

Tim's crying.

John

See. It's hard. You're crying. I don't even know why I'm crying. My brain doesn't work but my emotions...

Joyce puts her hand on top of the two of theirs.

John

My emotions are telling me something completely different. And if I feel this way. And she's telling me it's true but I can't remember... I need to remember. He's too important to me. I'm sorry.

Tim

It's ok. It's ok. I believe you. But I love you John. I love you and I will always be here for you. Always.

Joyce

Always and forever. We're a family and we'll help you through this papa.

The three of them hug.

Joyce

Ok Papa, Tim and I are going to head out now. You'll be ok without us?

They break a part of their hug.

John stares at her.

John

Tim. Hm.

Tim grabs Joyce's arm, they
trade hopeful sadness
expressions.

John

You know my husband's name was Tim. we met / in the.

Joyce

Yeah Papa, we know.

She shakes loose of Tim's
grip and grabs her things.

John

Jeez, watch the attitude little lady. I am still your father.

Joyce

Yeah? Well you better make up some new stories old man.

John lets out a loud laugh.

Joyce grabs Tim by the arm
attempting to drag him away.
He doesn't budge.

Joyce

Dad.

Tim is ripped from his
daydream and turns to face
Joyce.

Joyce

We have to go.

Tim

Ok.

Tim turns back to face John.

Tim

Goodbye, old friend.

John smiles and waves
goodbye to them.

John

Oh! And if you see any hot guys in the lobby, send them my way! One of them should be my husband. Wouldn't mind looking at the rest though. Joyce, is he still coming today?

Joyce turns and looks at Tim.
then back to John.

Joyce

I don't think he'll be here today actually papa.

She then turns to Tim.

Joyce

Maybe He'll make it tomorrow.

John

Ah.

He is a bit hurt but shakes it
off and waves goodbye.

John

Goodbye then.

Joyce

Bye papa.

She turns and exits.

Tim

Goodbye John.

He takes one last long look.
Turns and goes to walk off
but then takes one more final

look. Before he completely
exits the stage.

Black out

End of Part I

Part II**Scene I**

Present day at the Goodman-Flowers residence, a spotlight shines on Tim who is fast asleep on the couch.

He is audibly snoring. John very slowly walks on stage.

A spotlight follows him around the dark stage. He's dressed in a fancy suit. He looks a bit older and a lot more tired than he was in the hospital room.

He picks up a picture frame that's on the coffee table in front of the couch.

He continues walking in a circle around the couch.

John

My dearest Timothy. I write to you because I fear I may not ever see you again. My health and mental presence is declining rapidly, but this is one of my better days. I miss you dearly.

John stops wherever he is on stage and looks at Tim for a few beats who's still asleep on the couch.

He continues walking.

I wanted to apologize. For all of the trouble I've caused you over the years. I know you worry a great deal about me. It was never my intention to cause you any ill will. I'm sure you know this but it makes me feel better to write it all the same.

John stops again for a few
beats looking at Tim.

He continues walking.

I wanted to thank you. For bringing Joyce into my life. For being the most loving and accepting husband I could ever ask for. And for taking such good care of me. Even now, In my old age. I'm sure you're somewhere right now doing your best for me. And I can't express to you in this letter how grateful I am for that.

John stops again for a few
beats looking at Tim.

He strokes the picture frame
in his hand.

He continues walking.

I've missed you these last few years, dearest Timothy. You were away so often. I thought about you every single day. I tried so hard to hold on. But alas. It seems I failed. I haven't seen you since my trip so either you've died, and Joyce fails to tell me.

John stops again for a few
beats looking at Tim.

He continues walking.

Or I can't recognize you anymore. The thought has crossed my mind on several occasions, and I push it away every time. But it's been years I believe. And I would think Joyce would have told me at this point. Who am I kidding, maybe she has and I've forgotten that too. Nevertheless, I'm here now. That's all I can guarantee. And I want to thank you. Thank you thank you thank you. For all that you do.

John looks deeply into the
picture frame.

He stops and delivers the last
line standing.

Forever yours, John.

He stands there in silence for a few long beats.

A door knocking noise is heard.

John places the picture back where it was on the coffee table.

Then again.

John slowly drifts back offstage.

Another door knocking noise is heard again this time with.

Joyce (Muffled)

Dad!

Joyce (A bit Clearer)

Open up!

Joyce

Alright, I'm coming in.

Tim lays asleep on the couch.

She waits a few beats for a response.

Joyce makes her way on stage. She wears a different but similar outfit to the previous scene but one of her defining features is starkly different. A different hairdo.

Lights up on the full room now. It's a mess. There are big brown boxes everywhere

filled with trinkets, pictures, keepsakes and papers. These things are also scattered around the floor and focused around the couch where Tim is laying.

Joyce

Oh my god, It's a mess in here!

She very dramatically steps over the stuff scattered around the floor. And makes her way to the kitchen. She opens the fridge and is disappointed.

Joyce

Ugh, you don't have any food. You have to go shopping.

She waits a few beats looking in the fridge. Tim doesn't respond.

Joyce

Did you hear me? We have to go!

She looks in the cabinet and grabs a breakfast bar.

She opens it and starts eating
Then grabs a few more and puts them in her pocket.

Joyce

You're just going to have to eat on the road. You got any bottles of water?

She looks in the fridge again, nothing. Then looks over at her father on the couch again.

Joyce

Um, Father???

She closes the fridge and makes her way, dramatically, back over to her dad who's still lying on the couch.

Joyce

Come on, we're going to be late.

Tim (*Muttering*)

I...nee...

Joyce

What? Come on!

Tim (*More consistent*)

I... Need.

Joyce

Need what? We have to go.

Joyce

Need me to get-

Tim (*Screaming*)

I need YOU!

She sits on the arm of the couch and shakes him.

She shakes him a bit more violently.

Tim sharply inhales and springs up.

Joyce grabs him and hugs him. She sits on the couch where he had just been laying.

Joyce

Calm down, It's me. You're ok. It's ok.

He's out of breath.

Tim

Oh, Joy. Thank god you're here. We have to go to the hospital.

Joyce

Why? Are you ok?

Tim

I'm fine Joy but your father...

Joyce

But... / you're.

Tim

Not me! You're Papa, he's...

He catches his breath.

He quickly stands up but
wavers for a beat.

Tim

He's- He's at the hospital. We have to go.

Joyce sits on the couch trying
to collect herself.

Tim

Get your stuff, come on.

He brushes his hair quickly,
throws on some shoes and a
jacket.

Tim

Joy, He's been in there for so long. He has to-

He wavers.

Joyce

...

He collects himself.

Tim

I'm not going to tell you again. I'll go by / myself.

Joyce

Dad.

She's crying now.

Tim

Joyce. He's in there. Your father... He's-

And I'm. I'm going to.

Joyce

Stop. Please.

She gets up and goes over to the door.

Tim

Good. Let's-

He's crying now.
He opens the door. She closes it.

Joyce

He's dead. Dad.

They look at each other for a beat. Tim fully coming back to reality

Tim

I know.

I just-

Joyce

It's ok.

Tim

I just...

I miss him so much.

Joyce

Me too.

They hug and she pats him on the back.

They stay like this for a few beats.

Joyce breaks away and wanders around the living room, looking at the papers and trinkets strewn about.

Joyce (*gesturing to the living room*)

Is this his stuff?

He wipes away his tears and looks around.

Tim

Yes, Yes. It's our stuff. I was going through it last night. That must be... why I...

She picks up papers and goes through them.

Joyce

Hospital bills, The papers for the nonprofit, Thank you cards and gifts from all the people you helped.

Tim

Must have been why I had that dream. It was like I was experiencing losing him all over again.

Joyce

Sounds more like a nightmare.

Tim thinks for a moment.

Tim

It sounds bad, but it was also nice. It was like we were sitting back watching our lives play out in front of us. The good, the bad and the dirty.

Joyce

Sounds just like Papa.

Tim

And you were there too!

Joyce recoils.

Joyce

I was where now? Should I be scared of you?

Tim

Oh come on, nothing like that. We were all in a hospital room together and we were trying to get your father to remember me. It was like all those years rolled into one night.

Joyce takes a deep breath

Joyce

We always thought he would come around...

She looks around and sees the picture frame on the coffee table.

She laughs, picks it up and they look at it together.

Joyce

That was probably the last big moment he was all there. I'm glad we got to share it together.

They look at the picture together.

Tim rubs the picture frame.

Tim

So much has happened. So much time we spent together. This is all that's left.

Joyce puts the picture down and sharply turns and looks at Tim.

Joyce

Don't say that. I'm still here. You're still here and we have that Memorial Day gathering today. That was his life's work. He touched so many people, he's still with us.

Tim

You're right. Yes. What time is it? We should go.

He goes over to the bathroom (offstage) We hear some water/brushing sounds.

Joyce

You have your speech? Do you know what you're going to say?

He comes back, wipes his face off with a cloth and brushes his hair more thoroughly.

Tim

You know I did. That's partly why I was going through our stuff. But I think I'm going to speak from here.

He points at his heart.

She smiles.

Joyce

Wow really old man? Didn't think you still had one.

Tim laughs. He smiles for a beat, looking at her.

Tim

Come here.

They embrace again, and he rustles her hair.

Joyce (*pulling away, hands to her hair*)

Hey! I spent a lot of time on that this morning!

Tim

Well you can fix it in the car.

He grabs his car keys, off the coffee table, and stops to look at the wedding picture. He then grabs it, and runs towards offstage.

Joyce

You sure you're good to drive old man? Can't have you forgetting how to break on me.

He stops and turns around.

Tim

Hey!

Joyce

What? Too soon?

Tim

Well...

Joyce

I AM John's daughter, I'm sure he'd say the same.

Tim

And I'm sure he's looking down at us laughing his ass off.

Scene II

Joyce

Good luck. You're going to do great.

Tim

Thank you Joy.

Tim chuckles. Joyce, while fixing her hair walks over to him.

They exit.

Black out.

The stage is set in a park. There is a small platform in the center with a plaque on a stand next to it.

Joyce and Tim enter. She pats him on the back.

They smile, and she goes to join the rest of the crowd.

Tim takes a breath and gathers himself. He then goes and stands in front of the crowd. He puts the picture on the podium in front of him.

Tim

Thank you all for gathering here today, It means... It means the world to me.

The crowd applauds.

Tim

This memorial is in remembrance of A soldier... A veteran... A lover... A father... And- and my husband.

A beat.

He truly meant the world to me and I am grateful that you all are carrying on his work. He loved the community... and gave his all to support LGBTQ+ veterans.

Teo and James enter holding hands.

Tim notices them.

He pulls the picture closer.

Tim

(A Beat) You know, I remember when he came to me with the idea. I had recently come back from-. (A Beat) We- we were going through something- any-anyway. He came to me and said.

He clears his throat.

Tim

He said, you know, not everyone is as lucky as us... We made it through and we can support each other. Not everyone has that. (A Beat) And then he sat there for a minute tapping my hand with his finger, thinking... And so I asked, well, what are you going to do about it. And he sat there. Thinking for a while longer and then he said, I'm going to start something. What, I asked him, what are you going to start? And then he said, I don't know! One of those things people do, a charity, an organization, a foundation I don't know. I'll figure it out later.

A beat.

And then he did! (A Beat) Twenty years later, we've helped so many people transition and adjust with the mentor program... I'm so glad to have met so many of you and I'm honored that I got to help you get going in your new life. We've raised money for charity, through our "Draft a Drag Queen" event. Every year I'm astounded by the talent and artistry our community comes up with

to put these shows on. Especially coming from those of you who said at first you wouldn't be caught dead in drag. You know who you are.

He points to some of the people in the crowd.

Tim

And any time there's some sort of crisis or emergency... It makes me so happy and grateful to see how many of our people come out to give back to the LGBTQ+ community... I'm beyond grateful now, that we were able to create this-. This (A Beat) memorial... in... his name. I know... I know he's proud of all of the work we've done. As well as all that we've yet to do. But please, let's take this time to remember but also celebrate John's work... and all of the work you've done. Thank you all, thank you all very much.

The crowd applauds.

The crowd begins to disperse.
Teo and James greet Tim as he comes off stand.

Teo

Excuse me, Tim?

Tim stops and greets them.

Tim

Yes, That's me.

Teo

I just wanted to thank you and John on behalf of me and my boyfriend.

James

Yes, John helped us both years ago. He's the reason we're together.

Teo

When we heard they were dedicating a memorial to him, we just had to come back, pay our respects.

Tim

Thank you both so much. I'm sure he's glad that you made it back as well. And congratulations, I know starting again isn't easy. I'm glad you had each other.

James

John and you were great examples too. Thank you for being such a big part of the community.

Tim smiles.

James

We'll leave you to it though, no need to be a bother.

Tim

No bother at all, you are welcome any time.

Teo

Thank you Tim.

James

Thank you.

They walk off. Tim watches them exit, then goes back and looks at the plaque. He stays there for a few beats and then exits in the opposite direction.

Black out.

Scene III

Tim sits on a park bench center stage. He looks blissfully off into the distance. The wedding picture on the bench next to him.

Joyce enters, with a plastic bag. There is a cup of ice cream in it..

Joyce

That was a great speech, old man. He'd be proud.

Tim looks up at her and smiles.

Joyce

He really did a lot. He might have come off as self centered, self serving, pompous, pretentious, / attention.

Tim

You're point?

Joyce

Right, he really did care about a lot of people. He was compassionate and showed a depth of empathy I didn't think he could reach. Especially when it came to you.

They both laugh.

Tim

Yeah, he was a piece of work but I will admit I wasn't always the easiest to work with. He was a good man. He was good to me.

Joyce

Yeah. He was.

A beat.

Joyce

Are you ok dad?

Tim looks off, wistfully into the distance.

Tim

...No.

She takes a step closer then
hesitates.

Joyce

Is there anything I / can.

Tim

Oh, no. You've done plenty, thank you. I just need a few moments with him.

He taps the picture next to
him.

Joyce nods. Fully steps next
to him.

Joyce

I know you hate this.

Tim turns to face her.

Joyce

But I figured you might need some right now.

She pulls out a cup of ice
cream from the bag and
hands it to Tim.

He twists his face in disgust
but looks on at Joyce with
thanks.

Joyce

Yeah, Mint Chocolate Chip. Got it from his favorite creamer.

Tim

Thanks Joy.

She nods, and exits.

As she does, John enters from the other side of the stage. He is dressed in all white and has a cup of ice cream as well. He takes a seat on the opposite end of the park bench.

Tim raises his spoon. A toast. John raises a spoon as well.

Tim

To John. And our love that knows no bound.

He eats a spoonful. Tastes bitter sweet.

They eat and sit together in silence for a number of beats.

Black out.

The End.