Kings of New York

A Musical
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE LANDINGS

BARBIE// BERTIE LAKES (17) [ALTO]
Barbie Landing has been living in her small Connecticut neighborhood her whole life. After visiting the city with her brother, she discovered a whole new scene and a whole new part of herself. As Bertie Lakes she finds her confidence flourishing.

MARTY (JUNIOR) (19) [TENOR]
Barbie's older brother. He's a self identified greaser, who has been recently kicked out of the Landing's household.

AUDREY JENNINGS (NÉE LANDING) (20s)
Marty and Barbie's oldest sister. Recently married and a working woman. She's the idealistic child, besides her lack of an inclination to be a housewife. Kinky.

JIMMY JENNINGS (20s)
The meek, almost silent, husband of Audrey.

MARTIN LANDING (50s) [TENOR]
A veteran of World War II, living his post-war American Dream. Very bad with emotions and can't understand when someone is disagreeing with him.

CHERYL LANDING (50s) [SOPRANO]
Cheryl Landing has been living in her small Connecticut neighborhood for most of her children's lives. As a stay at home mother of three, she embodies the housewife society expects. Just wants her family to be *presentable.*

EVE'S

STORMÉ (ambiguous) [FALSETTO]
A trans woman of color who is the host of all the drag king/queen performances and manages the club. Incredibly confident and ready for anything.

JERRY //GLADIS OVER (20s) [TENOR/FALSETTO]
Marty's coworker, friend, and roommate who also does drag at Eve's.

ANNA VERNICIO (30s) [SOPRANO]
Owner of Eve's. Wife of a well known Italian-American gangster and rampantly bisexual. Always well put together and always knows what to say.

EDITH PEARLER // THOMAS DANDY [ALTO] (late 20s)

The ideal housewife with a perfect family and husband. On her "book club nights" she embodies the ultimate lounge singer and heartbreaker, Thomas Dandy.

THE QUEENS (1,2,3) [FALSETTO]

The entire ensemble consists drag queens in scene inspired costumes. (And Kings, however the ensemble is just referred to as 'Queens')For example, in Vietnam, all of the soldiers should still be identifiable as Queens, but wearing Army fatigues. Each queen should idealistically have a staple/identifying trademark. Allow the actors to experiment and have fun creating their own persona.

SETTINGS

(1969, Connecticut/New York City)

THE LANDINGS- In downstate Connecticut- fashionable suburban home. The exterior features some steps leading to the front door, a mailbox, and a front window with curtains. The interior should look pristine with period color choices (mint /or puke green, burnt orange, beige, wood paneling on everything).

JERRY & MARTY'S PLACE- A men's apartment somewhere between Connecticut and New York City. All they need to survive is a couch, a television, and beer. However the place is even more cluttered with Jerry's drag supplies, and Marty's things thrown about.

EVE'S- A cramped New York City gay bar with brick interior. Decorations are minimal at best to keep everything under wraps. Basically, the necessities are a simple stage to perform on, tables and chairs, and a bar with stools. The dressing room at Eve's is filled with costumes, makeup, and vanities.

PRODUCTION NOTES

A live 'big-band' is the preferable accompaniment for the singers.

Characters can be smoking cigarettes whenever they damn well please. It was the 60s, assume everyone was a smoker. The stage could even be filled with a perpetual haze of smoke.

All outfits mentioned are placeholders, and can be changed at the discretion of the performance, however *never* let the characters' personal styles change.

Understandably- there maybe some longer pauses between scenes as actors change and apply makeup. I highly encourage improvised interactions between the audience and characters in drag (or preferably Stormé as the "host"), similar to drag performances. *(See: Extra Material)*

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ACT I

SCENE 1: CONNECTICUT

Curtain opens to a dark stage, after a few moments of *anticipation,* a spotlight shines on STORMÉ. She basks in the attention. In a glamorous fashion, she addresses the audience.

STORMÉ

Ladies, Gentlemen, and... others, I'd like to formally introduce you to 1969. We're here! We made it! And, I don't know if you can believe it but... humankind is still around! How many wars does it take to destroy the world? We still haven't done that right! I mean we've survived at least two of the "world war" kind, but hey! Guess what we did do? We put a guy on the moon!

(claps for moon)

Anyway- Let me set the... stage.

(pause for pun)

1969, Nixon's in office... and a gallon of gas is 35 cents. And I bet you can guess, America still is the racist trash it's always been. But that's a distant thought, honestly. Who cares about civil unrest when your-

Lights up on the Landing family dining room. The table is neatly set with china dishware, placemats, cloth napkins, etc.

Cheryl Landing enters, looking like the pristine housewife she is, with a casserole dish in her oven mitts. She sets it down and goes about making the table absolutely perfect. She freezes.

in Connecticut?

(Throughout the scene, Stormé weaves on and off the stage. Let her mingle with the audience, maybe hang out with the background chorus of Queens. She is unseen to the other people on stage at the moment and can do as she pleases when on stage.)

STORMÉ

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING SO PRISTINE?
A PERFECT LITTLE FAMILY TO SET THE SCENE.
CHERYL LANDING'S OUR FAMILY'S MATRIARCH
ALTHOUGH SHE COMES SECOND TO THE PATRIARCH

Martin Landing comes in, looking like he's just come home from work. Cheryl helps him take his coat off as he kisses her on the cheek. He sits down at the head of the table. They freeze.

MARTIN LANDING NOT ONE TO MESS WITH
HE'S GOT HIS TENURE, AND A TEMPER TO MATCH IT
THEY'VE RUN THIS HOUSE FOR THE PAST FEW DECADES
RAISED THREE CHILDREN, NONE UNSCATHED

I HOPE YOU'VE BRUSHED UP ON YOUR ETIQUETTE
THE EMOTIONAL BALANCE HERE, IT'S DELICATE
BUT WHAT CAN I SAY? WE'RE IN CONNECTICUT

Time unfreezes.

CHERYL

Barbie! Dinner!

BARBIE (OFFSTAGE)

Coming!

MARTIN

Is anyone coming *on time*?

CHERYL

Oh, well Audrey called just before she left, so she should be here soon.

MARTIN

And Junior?

Cheryl's lip's thin as she gives Martin a look as if to say "who knows?" Cheryl goes about making Martin a drink.

After a moment.

CHERYL

(shouting)

Barbie!

(silence)

Barbara!

Barbie Landing enters, tripping over her own two feet. She looks like she's trying to mimic a dark, dramatic Twiggy makeup look. She rights herself.

Cheryl and Martin's eyes widen in shock.

They all freeze.

STORMÉ
BARBIE, YES, JUST LIKE THE DOLL
THE YOUNGEST HERE, LAST OF THEM ALL
SHE'S CHIC, SHE'S TRENDY
SHE'S CONTEMPORARY
AND WHILE THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO QUESTION IT
SHE'S THE FAVORITE

Unfreeze, Cheryl shakes her head.

CHERYL
Take it off.

BARBIE
But mom!

MARTIN
Listen to your mother.

CHERYL
Take it off.

Barbie stomps back offstage. Cheryl and Martin shake their heads.

DING DONG

Cheryl almost hops with joy as she goes to get the door. Martin gestures to the unfinished drink and freezes.

STORMÉ
YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING, WHAT'S THE OCCASION?
SEE THE LANDING'S HERE, NEED A FOUNDATION
SO THEY MEET EACH SUNDAY, FOR A FAMILY DINNER
IT ALL STARTED WITH THE ELDEST SISTER--

Cheryl re-enters with Audrey Jennings (neé Landing) and her husband Jimmy Jennings. They both are dressed in a similar fashion as Cheryl and Martin. Jimmy seems very meek and shy, compared to Audrey's bright personality.

Martin stands, arms wide.

MARTIN
Audrey!

Audrey rushes over to hug him.

STORMÉ
AUDREY'S THE OLDEST, AND MOVED ON QUICK
SHE MET JIMMY IN COLLEGE
AND THEY SEEMED TO CLICK
NOW AUDREY'S A HOUSEWIFE
LIKE CHERYL BEFORE
BUT UNLIKE HER
SHE FINDS IT A BORE

CHERYL
And what did you bring, honey?

Audrey looks around.

AUDREY
Um- myself?

Cheryl rolls her eyes and sighs.

CHERYL
You know honey, I would've really appreciated it if you'd brought a dish or...

AUDREY
Sorry, mom, I got carried away at, uh, book club today. I really couldn't find the time.

Cheryl doesn't look too pleased, but keeps silent.

Audrey and Jimmy find their places at the dinner table (probably hold hands under the table).

AUDREY
Where's Barbie and Marty?

Cheryl is about to answer when Barbie re-enters, face devoid of any makeup and looking red and heavily scrubbed.

Barbie quickly goes to her seat.

BARBIE
Hey Aud.

AUDREY
Hi Barb.

There is a moment of odd silence.

MARTIN
Glad you could rejoin us without the clown makeup.

CHERYL
Martin!

Martin shrugs.

CHERYL
...Well whose hungry? I made chicken à la king! I didn't make a side-dish but...

Cheryl makes a look at Audrey. No one is enthused.
Grace?

Everyone at the table bows their heads and holds hands above the table.

MARTIN
Blessed Oh Lord-

BAM. THUD.

Marty (Junior) Landing barrels in. He has a mechanic's uniform half off tied at the waist, displaying his dirty white undershirt shirt.

He rushes to his seat at the table, pretending he didn't just walk in like that.

Cheryl and Martin look furious.

CHERYL MARTIN

Marty! Junior!

They freeze mid-yell.

STORMÉ (& QUEENS)

(melodic)

MARTY
(JUNIOR)
MARTY
(JUNIOR)
MARTY, HE'S LAST TO ARRIVE
THEY LOOK LIKE
THEY'RE GOING TO EAT HIM ALIVE
HE GOT OUT
AND DROPPED OUT
'CAUSE HE'S
MARTY
(JUNIOR)
MARTY
(JUNIOR)
HE'S IN NO ONE'S FAVOR
WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER-

They unfreeze.

CHERYL MARTIN

Marty! Junior!

Marty stays quiet.

MARTIN

Where have you been?

CHERYL

And what are you wearing?

MARTY

(quietly)

I rushed here from work and...

Cheryl seems to soften a bit.

Grace forgotten, Cheryl starts to serve the chicken à la king.

MARTIN

No excuse for tardiness.

MARTY

(snide)

Who are you? A teacher?

MARTIN

I'm your father, and I deserve more respect than you've ever shown any of your teachers.

Marty rolls his eyes.

CHERYL

Well, I'd rather you be tardy- if you were a bit more cleaned up. Honestly, maybe you could start keeping a change of clothes in your car.

Marty just starts eating his chicken.

Audrey tries to change the subject-

AUDREY

You know- in book club today we talked about Rosemary's Baby and-

MARTIN

Wait a second honey- your brother needs to be held accountable.

Audrey grits her teeth.

CHERYL

It won't happen again, right Marty?

Marty barely nods.

MARTIN

First, my daughter wants to look like a clown, and now my son's displaying his degenerate tendencies. I'll take my dinner upstairs.

There is a chorus of "No don't", "Come on", "Martin", "dad", etc.

Martin takes his plate and drink and walks off stage.

Everyone sits in uncomfortable silence.

AUDREY

Can I speak now?

BARBIE

I don't know, can your husband? Or is he just going to finger you under the table all night?

The whole table erupts in outrage, while Marty and Barbie laugh.

They freeze.

STORMÉ

Yikes.

I HOPE YOU'VE BRUSHED UP ON YOUR ETIQUETTE
THE EMOTIONAL BALANCE HERE, IT'S DELICATE
BUT WHAT CAN I SAY? WE'RE IN CONNECTICUT

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2: PLANS

Marty sits on the steps outside the Landing's home smoking a cigarette.

We hear the conversation inside.

CHERYL
(hysterical)
How did I raise such disgraceful children?

AUDREY
Not me!

BARBIE
Please- once mom finds out your on the pill.

CHERYL
WHAT?

AUDREY
BARBIE!
(quickly explaining)
Mom- really I've been talking to the other ladies at book club and there was this one research article that someone brought in-

Stomping can be heard.

CHERYL
(re: Barbie)
Audrey, we can discuss this later. You come back here young lady!

AUDREY
Jimmy! Are you going to say *something*? Anything?

Barbie bursts through the door and joins Marty on the steps.

He silently offers her a cigarette and she takes it.

MARTY
You really like setting them off.

Barbie shrugs, breathing out a puff of smoke.

BARBIE

They'll all be over it by tomorrow.

MARTY

Ya think? That quick?

BARBIE

Sure, Aud and Mom talk on the phone every day. Its almost like she doesn't live fifteen minutes away.

MARTY

Yeah but aren't they mad at you?

BARBIE

What're they going to do? Kick me out?

Marty lets out an unexpected puff of smoke-

MARTY

It seems like thats what you're trying to do! Trust me, it's not a walk in the park Barb.

Barbie shrugs again. They're quiet for a moment.

MARTY

(lighter)

Ya know I heard theirs gonna be a protest in the city on Saturday.

BARBIE

From who?

MARTY

My friend Jerry from work, you've met him right? He's gonna be there.

BARBIE

Uh no, I don't think I've met him...You mean the person whose letting you sleep on their couch?

MARTY

Yeah he's a real interesting guy.

BARBIE

He's queer right?

MARTY
(caught off guard)
Uh- yeah, he's ... yeah.

Tension builds in the silence between them.

BARBIE
So... are you...?

MARTY
What! No... no, it's not like that!

Barbie laughs, batting Marty's arm- breaking the tension.

BARBIE
Yeah alright macho man... are you going to the protest?

MARTY
Hell yeah. Why not? Jerry said *everyones* gonna be there.
(beat)
You wanna go?

BARBIE
(beat)
Sure.

MARTY
Don't sound too enthusiastic...

BARBIE
Why should I sound enthusiastic about a Vietnam Protest?

MARTY
Everyone's gonna be there!
(Barbie shrugs with disinterest.)
Well what if we hit up a few bars?

Barbie grins.

BARBIE
There we go! Sounds like a plan.

MARTY
Bribery!

BARBIE

Well who would go to the city and *not* get drinks?

MARTY

Aud?

BARBIE

Absolutely not! She'd get shitfaced.

Marty laughs at the thought.

MARTY

Your right- the alcoholism in this family runs too deep.

BARBIE

Heh, maybe that's why-

Cheryl throws the front door open.

CHERYL

Put that cigarette out and come back in here!

Barbie rolls her eyes and stubs the cigarette out.

CHERYL

You too Marty!

MARTY

Can ya let me at least finish it Ma?

Barbie follows her mother back inside as Cheryl just sighs in annoyance.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 3: DEAN MARTIN

Sometime later- The Landings family (minus Martin) and Jimmy sit uncomfortably in the den.

Theres no apology like an “official in front of the family” one.

CHERYL

Barbara?

BARBIE
(coughing it, not even audible)

Sorry Aud.

CHERYL

Please Barbara.

Barbie cringes.

BARBIE

I’m sorry Audrey.

CHERYL

For what?

BARBIE

Um- aren’t I apologizing to *Aud*, Mom? Not you?

CHERYL
(suddenly terrifying)

Young lady, you are not too old to be disciplined.

Silence.

MARTY

Can we hurry this up? Dean Martin comes on soon.

BARBIE
(Annoyed)

Sorry Audrey for exposing your sex life to our *precious* family.

AUDREY
This is ridiculous. We're going home. Jimmy?

Audrey stands and Jimmy follows her.

Love you all. Learn some manners, Barb.

Audrey and Jimmy leave.

Cheryl glances between her two remaining children exasperated.

CHERYL
I'm going to go check on your father.

Cheryl exits.

Barbie rushes over to the television to turn it on. Marty leaps up and walks over the "bar" off to the side.

The an advertisement for the *Dean Martin Show* "coming up next" plays.

Marty is pouring drinks.

MARTY
Want anything specific?

BARBIE
Uhhh- Scotch Old-Fashioned?

Marty goes about making the drinks, a Scotch Old-Fashioned for Barbie, and a mixed martini for himself-- with haphazard measurements.

TELEVISION VOICE
The following programming is brought to you in living color, on NBC.

Lights fade to black, but there is a spotlight on the TV.

Dean Martin sings his opening lines

"Everyone loves somebody sometime."

Barbie chimes in with her own music.

BARBIE
EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY SOMETIME
EVERYBODY FALLS IN LOVE SOMEHOW...
BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS
I DON'T REALLY NEED THAT
RIGHT NOW.

I'M CONTENT, SITTING HERE-- REALLY
WHILE OTHER GIRLS ARE WAITING ON A RING
I HEAR YOU WANT A MAN?
PLEASE SAVE IT.
I NEED SOME TIME, BEFORE I WAIT ON A KING.

WHILE I'M STILL HERE BIDING MY TIME
DINO IS THE ONLY ONE I CAN STAND
I KNOW IT'S CLICHÉ, I'LL TELL YOU ANYWAY
I CAN SING EVERY SONG ON DEMAND

EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY SOMETIME
EVERYBODY FALLS IN LOVE SOMEHOW...
I'M ACTUALLY FEELING LOST
LIKE I'M MISSING OUT SOMEHOW-

ONE THING IS CLEAR, AND I'LL TELL YOU--
I KNOW I SEEM LIKE A JERK
BUT IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY, YOU SEE
AND HONESTLY, NONE OF THIS HAS EVER WORKED.

MARTY OVER THERE, HE'S HATED,
"A DELINQUENT" AS OUR FATHER WOULD SAY
BUT THINGS GOT REALLY BAD
AND I'LL SAY IT
HE'S REALLY GOT NO PLACE TO STAY

AUDREY'S MADE IT WORSE, WITH HER HUSBAND,
AND AS FOR THEIR KINKS, I WOULD KNOW...
WE SHARED A ROOM BEFORE
AND WHEN I WALKED THROUGH THAT DOOR
HE HAD HER CUFFED 'N GIVIN' HER A GO

NOW THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT
JUST NOTHING I WANTED TO SEE
MY PROBLEM LIES WITH HER LYING
AS SHE KISSES UP TO OUR *"MOMMY"*

I'LL GO TO THIS PROTEST WITH MARTY
HANG OUT WITH SOME LIKEMINDED FOLK
AND GET A BREAK FROM THIS STUPID FAMILY
WHO CAN'T TAKE A FUCKING JOKE

Music fades out.

Barbie and Marty both sit on the couch and watch *The Dean Martin Show.*

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4: TWIN BEDS

Martin Landing sits upright in one of the two separate twin beds; smoking a cigarette and nursing a drink. His dirty plate lays on his side table.

Cheryl enters, dressed in her pajamas and hair in a bonnet, she sits on the edge of her bed and grabs her sewing kit from underneath. As she goes about sewing, there is a comfortable silence between the two.

MARTIN

I take it everyone's gone home?

CHERYL

Marty's downstairs watching Dean Martin with Barbie.

MARTIN

Now he can't even get his own television?

CHERYL

I wish you'd stop being so hard on him Marty, you know the two of them love watching that show together.

MARTIN

If I stop being hard on him he'll probably turn into a worse degenerate. Please, hear yourself Cheryl. That boy is going to end up locked up with that mouth of his.

CHERYL

You know Barbie's mouth is just a filthy.

MARTIN

And whose fault is that?

Cheryl feels accused.

CHERYL

Excuse you, she didn't hear those things from me! Between that TV and your own mouth, it's a *real* wonder.

MARTIN

You know damn well she learned that all from Junior.

Cheryl purses her lips. Martin takes a drink. Tense silence.

CHERYL
You should've heard the things she said-

MARTIN
If I wanted to hear them, I would've stayed at dinner.

Conversation is halted again. Cheryl searches for it after a moment.

CHERYL
Did you like the chicken-

MARTIN
For christ sake Cheryl, can a man get some peace and quiet before bed?

CHERYL
I'm sure you had enough 'peace and quiet' when you left me to the wolves down there at dinner!

MARTIN
Oh here we go.

CHERYL
We have to be a united force Marty! The kids think they're all grown up but can't act like proper adults for more than a minute!

MARTIN
And here you are lecturing me for being hard on Junior, make up your mind!

CHERYL
You have to discipline them equally- Junior showed up late because of work! Barbie thinks she can go around dressed like a clown and Audrey thinks being a housewife means she gets to sit at home all day!

MARTIN
I mean, isn't that what you do?

Cheryl looks infuriated. She bites the inside of her mouth, keeping quiet.

After a moment she stands and takes Martin's dirty plate off his side table, exiting.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 5: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?

Some time later, lights come up to a soft fade on Cheryl and Martin's bedroom, they are obviously asleep for the night.

A spotlight shines on Stormé in a white lace night robe as she enters Martin and Cheryl's bedroom.

Lights fade to a blue haze as melodic music slowly fades in.

STORMÉ

HOW TO COMPARE-
A GIRL FROM A MAN?
IM SURE THERES A RULEBOOK SOMEWHERE

FROM THE LACE TO THE PEARLS
WHAT MAKES A GIRL?
WELL I CAN SHOW YOU
ELSEWHERE

Blackout. A chorus of drag queens enter, colorful lights illuminate their silhouettes and spectacular outfits. They sing in the dark as the room switches from Martin and Cheryl's bedroom to...

QUEENS

WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?
WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?
(x2 softly)

Lights up on Jerry sitting in front of a makeshift vanity in his apartment. He is mid-transformation into 'Gladis Over', wig-less.

The apartment is well lived in, but spare- men live here. It has everything they need, a couch, beer, cigarettes, and... makeup?

Stormé saunters in, wearing a spectacular outfit. She circles Gladis, advising her.

STORMÉ
...WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?

DARLING,
YOU KNOW I DIDN'T WAKE UP LIKE THIS

BEING A WOMAN TAKES WORK
AND THE GLAMOR MAKES HALF
SO BEAT A FULL MASK
AND PRACTICE YOUR AUTOGRAPH

Stormé takes a lipstick and writes "Stormé" in large cursive font on a mirror.

AND DARLING-
DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK!~

Gladis is lost in the mirror in front of her. She sings softly. Stormé exits, or maybe watches from afar.

GLADIS
WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?
WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?

WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE -

Marty (Junior) enters, slamming the door behind him and making himself at home, unfazed by Gladis.

MARTY
Hey *Gladis*, lookin' real good! Beer?

Gladis laughs in disbelief, continuing to apply makeup. Marty goes to grab a beer.

GLADIS
Not right now thanks- How was *family night?*

Marty groans.

GLADIS
Really huh? Tell me more.

MARTY

Don't you have a face to paint?

(Marty pops the top off a beer; a beat)

Got to watch some Dean Martin with Barbie, she's coming with us to the protest next Saturday.

GLADIS

Figure out if she's queer yet?

Marty sputters.... flustered.

MARTY

I can't just ask her that! She'll tell me if she is once she's figured it out herself probably

GLADIS

We'll just take her by Eve's after the protest... How do I look?

Gladis turns to Marty and gives him a sultry look.

MARTY

Lookin' real... feminine.

GLADIS

Wanna try?

Marty settles onto the couch, lighting a cigarette.

MARTY

You can't make *this* face look pretty.

GLADIS

I can try~

MARTY

Nah, your the one going out to picking up some *hmmmmmmm.*

GLADIS

(laughing)

Some *hmmmm...*

("Some hmmmmm"= pick up some men)

Dim lights on the Queens, all silhouetted at their vanities, almost aggressively applying makeup. They melodically join in on the *hmmmm...* softly.

QUEENS
(progressively softer)
WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?
WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE FOOLING?
(x2)

Stormé reenters in spectacular fashion.

STORMÉ
SWEETIE-
YOUR STARTIN' TO LOOK REAL GOOD!

YOU LEARN AND YOU GROW
YOU GO WITH THE FLOW
AND WHEN THE LINE BLURS
STICK TO WHAT YOU KNOW!

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE
YOU'RE DOING IT FOR YOU
AND WHEN SOMEONE COMPLAINS
SET THEIR WORLD ASKEW

WE'RE LIVING IN TIMES
WHERE THEY'RE PICKING US APART
PUTTING LABLES ON THINGS
WHILE WE'RE LISTENING TO OUR HEARTS

SO FINISH UP GIRL
PUT ON YOUR WIG
Gladis finally puts her wig on, she stands.
GIVE THAT DRESS A TWIRL
N' MAKE SURE YOU'VE TUCKED IN YOUR DICK
BUT! NONE OF IT MATTERS
IT'S YOUR ATTITUDE AND WIT
Gladis is vogueing for the audience.
AND LOOK AT YOU NOW!
HONEY- YOU'VE GOT IT!

BLACKOUT.

Some time later- The black and white flicker of a television set illuminates the stage.

Marty sits watching intently, still seated on the couch, turned into a makeshift bed. He has draft card in one hand and a cigarette dangling from the other.

TELEVISION VOICE (V.O)

209.
125.
328.

Marty huffs in triumph and stubs out his cigarette.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 6: GET THE FUCK UP

A large crowd gathers outside the auditorium's doors. There is no reason to be quiet, this is a protest. The stage is still dark as they enter down the aisles. Music starts as colorful lights flash with the beat.

QUEENS
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

Marty, Barbie, Stormé, and Jerry (as Gladis Over), along with others make their way to the stage.

MARTY
THE WORLDS ABLAZE
AND ITS NOT MY FAULT
AND IF YOU THINK I'M FIGHTING IN THIS FUCKING WAR
YOU BETTER QUIET ME YOURSELF!

GLADIS
AND IF YOU THINK I'LL BE QUIET
WHILE YOU BEAT US IN THE STREETS
WE'LL KEEP MARCHING ON
UNTIL THERE IS FINALLY PEACE!

STORMÉ
BET YOUR ASS WE'RE ANGRY
WE'VE BEEN SAYING THIS FOR CENTURIES
AND Y'ALL THINK YOUR LIVING IN A WORLD
WHERE SLAVERY IS A DISTANT MEMORY

QUEENS
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

GLADIS & STORMÉ (&QUEENS)

TIMES ARE CHANGING
(GET THE FUCK UP)
TIMES ARE CHANGING
(GET THE FUCK UP)
(GET THE FUCK UP)
GET THE FUCK UP!

STORMÉ

THERE'S SO MANY ISSUES
WE'RE BOILING OVER
SO NOW WE'VE DECIDED
TO UP THE EXPOSURE

Newspaper photographers, television news teams, and spectators flood the house.

MARTY

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU THINK YOU ARE?
MR. PRESIDENT?
COMMITING WAR CRIMES?
NIXON, YOU CAN KISS MY ASS
BEFORE YOU SEE ME ON THE FRONT LINES

Gladis and Marty spot each other in the crowd.

GLADIS
Marty!

MARTY
Jerry!

STORMÉ

IT'S NOT ABOUT GENDER OR RACE
OR IF YOUR WILLING TO GET BLOWN IN THE FACE
HUMAN DECIENCY IS ALL WE ASK
AND APPARENTLY WE WON'T GET IT
WITHOUT ALL THIS SASS

QUEENS

HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

EVERYONE
TIMES ARE CHANGING
GET THE FUCK UP
TIMES ARE CHANGING
GET THE FUCK UP
GET THE FUCK UP
GET THE FUCK UP!

Amongst the chaos Stormé and Gladis pull Marty and Barbie into...

SCENE 7: EVE'S

Stormé leads everyone- somewhere.

A deep thrum of music pulses with dim lighting as we catch quick glimpses of a ... fantastical place. Mirrors hang from every wall and smoke fills the stage. Everything looks to be made of alien crystal.

Drag Queens of every shape and color lounge around angelically, dripping in pearls, jewels, and lace.

Anna Vernicio and Edith Pearler (as Thomas Dandy) are peached near (or on) a glass bar, flirting and completely on top of each other, in their own fantasy world.

Spotlight on Stormé in a bright neon dress as she enters dramatically.

STORMÉ (& QUEENS)
WHERE DO YOU GO ON SATURDAY NIGHT?
(WHERE DO YOU GO ON SATURDAY NIGHT?)

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL RIGHT?
(MAKES YOU FEEL RIGHT)

I CAN SHOW YOU A PLACE-
A PLACE I CALL HOME,
A PLACE WHERE.... YES *GAYS*
HAVE FLOURISHED AND GROWN

(EVE'S)

ANNA
WE'RE OPEN TIL FOUR
(EVES)

QUEEN1
IT'S GOOD FOR A SCORE

THOMAS
YOU MIGHT FIND LOVE
OR SOMETHING UNKNOWN

STORMÉ
COME HERE ENOUGH
AND WE'LL WELCOME YOU HOME!
(EVE'S)

THOMAS
ENJOY A SHOW !

GLADIS
MEET A BEAU!

QUEEN2
MAKE SOME FRIENDS!

GLADIS
AS GENDER BLENDS
(EVE'S)

QUEENS
(shrugging)
IT'S NOT UP TO ME
HOW YOU SPEND YOUR NIGHT

THOMAS
BUT I'LL *PERSONALLY* MAKE SURE
YOU'LL LEAVE HERE FEELIN' RIGHT
(EVE'S)

ANNA
IT'LL BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

STORMÉ
A NIGHT THAT TRANSCENDS

GLADIS
BETTER THAN EVER...
(EVE'S)

ANNA
DEPENDING ON... HOW MUCH YOU SPEND-

STORMÉ
WHERE DO YOU GO ON SATURDAY NIGHT?
(WHERE DO YOU GO ON SATURDAY NIGHT?)

STORMÉ & THOMAS (&QUEENS)
ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL RIGHT?
(MAKES YOU FEEL RIGHT)

ITS A SAFE PLACE-

ANNA
A PLACE THAT I OWN

THOMAS
A PLACE WHERE WE PLAY

ANNA & THOMAS
WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE

STORMÉ
(EVE'S)
A SAFE HAVEN FROM WAR

QUEENS
EVE'S
WHERE WE'RE BEAUTIFUL WHORES!

STORMÉ
NOW TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES

QUEENS
WE KNOW WE LOOK GOOD

THOMAS
LET US MAKE SURE
NOTHINGS MISUNDERSTOOD

QUEENS
IF YOU WANT TO TASTE OUR FRUIT
LIKE EVE DID
(I GUESS)

QUEEN3
UNDERSTAND I'M A DUDE

QUEEN1
YOUR NOT!

QUEEN2
IN THAT DRESS?

STORMÉ
WHERE WILL I BE SATURDAY NIGHT?

QUEENS
GETTING BLITZED DOWN AT EVES!!

GLADIS
BEIN' SOMEONE'S MIDNIGHT DELIGHT

BLACKOUT.

Spotlight still shines down on Stormé, smiling widely at the audience. She takes a microphone and makes her way around the stage, speaking to the audience.

STORMÉ
Oh. That's cute right? We got our own little club. It's pretty beautiful right?

She pauses before laughing. Hard. She can't stop laughing, she catches her breath.
I can't lie to you! Your little gullible faces. It's 1969 people! You think a New York City Bar for "homosexuals" looked like this? I mean maybe after a few lines of blow you could make yourself believe it looks like this. But- eh.

She grimaces, giving the audience a stern look.
See I know your not here looking for a history lesson, but just until 67', two years ago, it was illegal to sell alcohol to homosexuals in *the greatest country in the world.*
(sarcasm, in-fact she snorts afterward)
I mean, it's legal now... But that doesn't mean we've evolved so quickly. You see... who do you go to when you want to do something... illegal. Gay's have been living in a prohibition era longer than the rest of y'all, so what did we do?
(pauses, looking into the audience for answers)
Right! The mafia! Who else was gonna serve us? And think of the perks! Goons come in for a blowie, and we basically have free protection right? And if you think some *legality* was going to change that, you'll have to wait a decade or two. The mafia owns our asses... not that some of us are complaining... Now let me take you to the REAL Eve's.

SCENE 8: EVE'S- TRY AGAIN

Eve's is an old nondescript bar shoved tightly between two other nondescript bars. Inside there are cheap chairs and tables scattered around a stage and a long old bar.

The sign on the door is currently flipped to read "Closed" (Reading "Open" from the inside).

You can still hear the muffled roar of the protest outside, as Stormé and Gladis drag Marty and Barbie inside.

Seated comfortably at the bar is Anna Vernicio, dressed in a mod-chic look, and obviously wealthy. She's reading a newspaper closely with Edith Pearler, who *would* be tending the bar if there were any patrons. She's dressed conservatively, but stylish and feminine. Between them on the bar there's various amounts of paperwork spread across.

Edith glances up at the group that entered and huffs in annoyance.

Stormé makes her way to the bar and makes herself at-

STORMÉ

(sighs)

Home! Edith darling, could you get me a cosmo?

Gladis settles in next to Stormé at the bar, while Marty and Barbie tentatively follow, standing and hovering over their shoulders.

GLADIS

And whatever's on tap for me love.

Edith rolls her eyes and turns around to make the drinks. Anna barely looks up and recrosses her legs.

ANNA

How's the party out there?

GLADIS

Oh it's a gas out there Anna! Wouldn't you two birds rather be out here than this... crypt?

Anna flips the page of her newspaper.

EDITH

(quick, hot anger)

This crypt pays your bills! You-

ANNA

(cutting her off, patient)

Sweetie we just have too much work to do.

Stormé grabs a hand-full of the papers scattered across the bar. She grimaces as she looks them over.

Edith sets down the drinks.

EDITH

(to Marty and Barbie)

And you two?

Everyone turns to Marty and Barbie, Anna seems to have just noticed them.

MARTY

Uh- whatever's on tap for me as-well.

BARBIE

Can I get a scotch old-fashioned?

Edith smirks and gets to making the drinks. However she catches herself after a moment and gives Barbie a look over again .

EDITH

Am I going to have to ask for some ID?

A pregnant pause. Barbie looks over at Marty worriedly.

Edith, Anna, Stormé, and Gladis all erupt in laughter. Gladis reaches over and gives Barbie a playful shove.

GLADIS
She's kidding with ya hon. If we asked everyone here for some IDs, we'd be out of business.

STORMÉ
If we actually screened who we served here, we'd be bankrupt.

ANNA
Okay- I run a *clean* business! I just also tend to stay out of our patron's business.

EDITH
Well color me curious-

Edith puts the drinks on the bar.
How old are you kid?

Barbie takes a sip.

BARBIE
I'm seventeen- and my name's Barbie.

Gladis chuckles.

GLADIS
(sarcastically)
We have real manners here, grilling folks before introducing ourselves.

ANNA
Like I said, I prefer minding my own business.

STORMÉ
Let me do some introductions, this is the Ice Queen around here- Anna, makes sure we all get paid. And behind the bar here is Edith, also known as Thomas Dandy, also known as Anna's side thing.

Anna and Edith look scandalized. Gladis and Stormé laugh.

ANNA
None of anyone's business!

EDITH
Do you go around telling everyone our business, Stormé?

GLADIS
Well she better warn them before they see you two making out in the dressing room.

STORMÉ
More than making out.

ANNA
Enough bedroom talk! In front of these... children!

MARTY
Actually I'm nineteen.

EDITH
And why are these *children* going to be in the dressing room?

Stormé shrugs and talking around the rim of her glass before taking a large gulp.

STORMÉ
Gladis thinks we have a young... performer.

Barbie looks bewildered.

BARBIE
(to Gladis)
What? What would even give you that idea?

GLADIS
Intuition?

MARTY
You've got some pipes-

BARBIE
Barely! Performing? On stage? Are you kidding me?

STORMÉ
At least stay for the show darling- you never know where the groove will take you.

GLADIS
Right on!

MARTY

Right on~

EDITH

Alright flower children- clean up the bar before the rest of the hippies come in, I have to get ready.

Edith drops some rags on the bar and exits, Anna stands up to follow. She turns to wink at Marty and Barbie.

ANNA

If you do a good enough job, maybe I'll give you some spare change tonight.

Anna exits, Gladis grabs a rag and Marty and Barbie follow suit.

STORMÉ

Y'all have fun with that, I have some touch ups to do.

Stormé exits, it's unclear if she meant touch up her makeup or touch up Anna's paperwork, now in her hands, that was previously on the bar.

Gladis shrugs and gets up to go around the bar.

Barbie looks to Marty, who is following Gladis.

MARTY

(shrugs)

More hands make less work.

Barbie groans.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 9: LOVE

The stage is black. You can tell we are still at Eve's. It's packed and everyone rumbles with anticipation.

Seated together, Gladis, Anne, Marty, and Junior relax with some drinks and cigarettes.

Spotlight shines on Stormé; applause.

STORMÉ

Oh please- your just flattering me so you'll get a treat later tonight.

She winks, there's a few hollers from the crowd.

Keep your pants on. We have a house favorite performing tonight- please welcome, Thomas Dandy.

More cheers.

Edith, now fully transformed into Thomas Dandy walks across to center stage, holding a half glass of whiskey in one hand.

Thomas has everyone's eyes. He has the slim, charismatic appeal of Frank Sinatra, but the meticulous perfection only a housewife could provide.

He smiles at the crowd and takes a gulp before setting it on a barstool beside him.

The band behind him starts.

Thomas interacts with the audience as he performs, almost purposely avoiding Anna at the beginning and taking special attention to Barbie. However, Anna is who the song is truly for.

THOMAS

LOVE
YOU MAKE ME GO CRAZY

WHEN I MET YOU IN THAT HAZY ROOM
YOUR EYES GUIDED MY WAY
LIKE A GNAT IN THE NIGHT
DRAWN TO YOU

AND I WAS HOPING YOU BITE
...'CAUSE I DO TOO

THE WAY YOU CARESS ME
IS MY GUARANTY
THAT LOVE BELONGS
TO YOU AND ME

LOVE
BEGINS
WHEN TWO HEARTS LONG
AND WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED
THAT WE WERE WRONG

LOVE
CAME TRUE
WHEN I MET YOU
AND WHO- *TRULY* COULD HAVE GUESSED
THAT I'D BELONG TO YOU

THE WAY YOU CARESS ME
IS MY GUARANTY
THAT LOVE BELONGS
TO YOU AND ME

LOVE
MAKES YOU STRANGE
MAKES YOU FEEL
MAKES YOU... REARRANGE,
QUESTION WHAT'S REAL
LOVES AN EXCHANGE
OF YOUR HIDDEN TRUTHS
AND LOVE MENT NOTHING
UNTIL I MET YOU

THE WAY YOU CARESS ME
IS MY GUARANTY
THAT LOVE BELONGS
TO YOU AND ME

LOVE
CAME TRUE
WHEN I MET YOU
AND WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED
IT'D LEAD ME TO YOU

The crowd erupts in applause. Stormé joins Thomas on stage.

STORMÉ

Thomas Dandy everyone!

More applause.

Barbie looks awed. Marty laughs and points it out to Gladis who gives him a knowing smile, lifts her glass and sips.

THOMAS

Remember to tip your bartender.

Thomas winks before exiting the stage and making his way behind the bar, accepting praise from patrons along the way.

(shouting)

Tip your bartender!

The crowd laughs.

STORMÉ

Alright everyone- I hope you have a drink in your hand now, because it sounds like drinks are about to double in price. We'll be back in ten with another performance from your lovely bartender, Thomas Dandy!

More applause. It is now evident that Thomas didn't go behind the bar to tend, but to make himself another drink.

GLADIS

Pretty good- right Anna?

Anna falls out of a daze and smiles.

ANNA
(to Barbie)
One of the best. What do you think kid?

Barbie still looks starstruck. She turns to Marty.

BARBIE
Can we come back tomorrow?

ANNA
So soon?

MARTY
Why'd we come back tomorrow?

Barbie looks almost embarrassed, but smothers it in newly found confidence.

BARBIE
I want to perform!

MARTY
In what? Drag?

BARBIE
Yeah! Why not?

MARTY
I mean- nothing's stopping you *really.* But you'd need some time to come up with material, something to sing, a theme. This isn't something you just jump into to just *do tomorrow.*

BARBIE
Jesus Marty, your almost sounded responsible there. And it's not like I'm expecting to bring the house down tomorrow night! I just wanna come back here, get some ideas...

GLADIS
(suggestively)
Meet some people.

Marty gives Gladis a look.

MARTY
Hey- I'm not stopping ya. You wanna come back tomorrow, we'll come back tomorrow.

BARBIE
Yes!

ANNA

We can show you the dressing room.

Thomas shows up next to the table and sets his drink down.

THOMAS

Well if it looks anything like it did 20 minutes ago it looks more like a Vietnam war zone than a dressing room.

No one laughs. Thomas extends a hand towards Anna.

But Stormé did say I have ten minutes, if you'd go on tour with me.

He smirks.

Anna looks annoyed. It was a bad joke. However her face shifts to amusement as she takes his hand and stands.

ANNA

I guess we're never off duty huh.

The two quickly make their way off stage.

GLADIS

Ahhhh, true love.

MARTY

More like two true crazies.

GLADIS

Well everyone's crazy.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 10: MEETINGS

Gladis, Marty and Barbie are drunkenly stumbling up towards the steps of the Landing home.

It's late, and the lights are on. You could almost see the figures of Martin and Cheryl in the front window- waiting for their children to return.

Barbie is about to enter the house when Marty and Gladis pause at the bottom of the steps. Marty fumbles around for a cigarette.

BARBIE
You gonna come in?

He laughs and sits down on the steps, waving her on.

GLADIS
We're good out here Barbie. See you tomorrow.

Barbie gives them an annoyed look before entering the house.

Marty lights up his cigarette and sighs. Gladis and Marty overhear the conversation inside.

MARTIN (OFFSTAGE)
Do you know how late it is?

CHERYL (OFFSTAGE)
Where's Junior?

BARBIE (OFFSTAGE)
Ughhh!

Barbie's stomps echo as she exits.

MARTIN (OFFSTAGE)
She's getting worse. Go talk to her.

The front curtain of the Landing's House shifts.

CHERYL (OFFSTAGE)
Your son's outside. Maybe talk to *him*.

The clicking of high heels echos as Cheryl leaves Martin.

Gladis' eyes meet Marty's in horror.

MARTY
(hushed/hurried)
H-He's not gonna come out here.

The door opens. He most definitely is gonna go out there. Martin stands menacingly in the doorway, no matter he's in his robe and loafers. His face has the healthy red glow of a few too many drinks on a Saturday night. His eyes track to Gladis and he snarls.

MARTIN
Why is there a whore on my porch?

Marty jumps to his feet, spinning to meet his father.

MARTY
(heated)
This is my *friend* Gladis- having a good night *dad?*

Martin lets the door slam shut behind him, descending the stairs to get closer in Marty's face.

MARTIN
Why in God's name is my *daughter* hanging around prostitutes Junior?

Marty retreats off the stairs, putting himself between Martin and Gladis. Marty lunges and Gladis grabs him.

MARTY
What the fuck is wrong with you dad?

GLADIS
I-I think we'll be leaving, sir.

Martin sees red. That wasn't a feminine voice. If anything it was a poor imitation of one. He goes in for a swing. Marty and Gladis duck. Marty grabs his arm and shoves him away. They run.

MARTIN

Get out of here!

BLACKOUT.

Crash. Silence.

ACT 2

SCENE 1: SUNDAY

Its a bright early morning outside of the Landing House. The sound of a dialing ring echos.

Barbie exits the front door quietly in her Sunday Best™ outfit. However lace and pearls can't hide the heavy hangover that haunts her face. She has a phone pushed between her cheek and shoulder, with the phone cord trailing through a crack in the door. She rummages around behind the mailbox on the porch. After a moment she procures a cigarette box and lighter. She rejoices!

The phone rings. And rings .

She lights the cigarette.

BARBIE

Ugh! Come on!

More ringing.

Suddenly there's a yank on the cord.

CHERYL (OFFSTAGE)

Barbie!

Cheryl opens the front door, yanking the phone out of Barbie's hands.

BARBIE

Ma! What's wrong with you!

Cheryl grabs Barbie around her jugular and pulls her into the house.

BARBIE

Maa! Ow! Ma! What-

CHERYL

Get in the house!

Cheryl yanks the cigarette out of Barbie's mouth and stubs it out.

BARBIE

Ma!

The door slams behind them.

Marty enters. Maybe- it's hard to tell now that he's wearing his Sunday Best TM outfit. He almost looks presentable- minus the cigarette dangling from his lips.

CHERYL (OFFSTAGE)

Smoking before church! Have you lost your mind?

Marty overhears and quickly stubs out the cigarette.

BARBIE (OFFSTAGE)

Ya know, I bet Jesus smoked.

Marty can almost see the livid look on his mother's face.

MARTY

(shouting)

Hey Ma! Barb?

Cheryl and Barbie reemerge from the house.

BARBIE

Marty!

CHERYL

Junior?

They both descend the porch and Barbie goes in for a hug.

CHERYL

What are you doing here on a Sunday morning? Aren't you supposed to be at work?

MARTY
Can’t a guy go to church with his family?

Barbie laughs. Cheryl gives him a questioning look.

Martin Landing exits the house, waist coat thrown over one arm, locking the front door behind him.

Marty freezes. Martin makes direct eye contact, clenching his jaw. He looks to Cheryl and Barbie.

CHERYL
Look whose joining us Martin!

Marty gives his dad a sheepish look as Barbie pulls him aside.

BARBIE
(hushed)
We’re goin’ tonight right?

MARTY
Yeah, Gladis’ is gonna meet us after church.

BARBIE
Right on.

Marty smiles.

MARTIN
Is this delinquent coming with us to church, Cherl?

CHERYL
I guess so!

MARTY
Yeah- Barbie and I were talkin’ about skipping dinner tonight, so I figured I’d get some family time in now-

CHERYL
How wonderful!

MARTIN
Absolutely not!

MARTY & BARBIE
Huh?

Taking reference from her husband, Cheryl flips.

CHERYL

Y-Yes, absolutely not!

Martin grabs Barbie by the arm and pulls her away from Marty.

MARTIN

You're not going anywhere with my daughter. Not when your out there with one of those... those... queers... A shemale!

Barbie looks appalled, attempting to yank herself away from Martin. He's got a firm grip.

BARBIE

Wha? No! Dad! Marty was just... gonna help me with... a project-

MARTIN

Bullshit!

CHERYL

Martin!

MARTIN

Bull -fucking- shit. Tonight we're having dinner, as a family, like every Sunday!

BARBIE

Dad! No I... I need help with-

CHERYL

(hushed)

Marty, I don't really see the harm-

MARTIN

A shemale Cheryl! On our steps! What were you doing last night? Huh Junior?

Martin lets go of Barbie's arm, finally. She retreats away from him as Martin stalks forward toward Marty, face getting redder by the second.

How much did ya pay son? Did ya even know it was a guy before I told ya?

MARTY

What the fuck dad?! Jesus!

Martin shoves Marty.

Cheryl tries to intervene.

CHERYL
Stop Martin! Stop- Stop it!

However, he continues.

MARTIN
Always lieing-
(shove)
Taking our Lord's name in vain-
(shove)
Disgracing my name-
(shove)

CHERYL
(a voice so angry *we haven't heard it yet)*
Martin!

Both Martins pause. Marty is able to pull himself together and backtrack away from his father.

MARTY
What the *fucks* your problem dad?

Martin has lost his murderous rage, looking dazed.

MARTIN
Just... get out of here.

Marty breathes deeply, and almost looks amused.

MARTY
...Alright, *dad*. Not like I haven't heard it before...

BARBIE
Wait!

CHERYL
Junior-

Marty turns to Barbie.

MARTY
I-I'll call ya later Barb.

Barbie solemnly nods. Marty pulls his jacket closer to himself and walks briskly off stage.

CHERYL
What *in the world* is wrong with you?

MARTIN
You didn't see'em Cheryl. An honest to God *queer* on our front steps.

CHERYL
(shocked)
...Goodness. Did you know about that Barbie?

Barbie looks like a deer in headlights.

Martin clasps her shoulder.

MARTIN
It's alright if you didn't. She was a pretty good trap. Had your brother fooled!

Cheryl looks disgusted. Barbie's jaw clenches.

CHERYL
L-Lets not discuss this any further. Come on, we'll be late for mass.

Cheryl gathers them together as they start walking off stage.

Barbie takes a deep breath.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2: BLOODY MARYS

Lights up on Eve's. It's empty besides Jerry behind the bar. Marty enters loudly, still in his Sunday Best™.

JERRY

We're closed!

Marty grumbles as he aggressively pulls off his tie. Jerry spins and spots him as he makes his way to a barstool.

JERRY

I thought you were going to church?

MARTY

Change of plans, can you get me a Bloody Mary?

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY

Nah, sorry hon, I'm not really qualified to be back here, just cleaning some glasses 'til Edith gets back- then I gotta go back and get my face on.

MARTY

"Qualified"? Don't ya know how to make a Bloody Mary?

Jerry shrugs. Marty sighs and gets up to get behind the bar.

He makes his own drink.

Edith and Anna emerge from offstage, disheveled.

MARTY

You really weren't kidding. They can't keep their hands off each other.

Anna attempts to right herself as she takes a seat at the bar. Edith approaches Marty.

EDITH

Think your a mixologist huh?

Marty is garnishing his Bloody Mary.

MARTY
Better than what you got here.

Marty motions to Jerry, who rolls his eyes and goes back to cleaning glasses.

ANNA
Is that why your helping yourself to my bar?

Marty chuckles.

MARTY
Just needed something to take the edge of Anna. Just got disowned, *again*. Which, I didn't even think was possible.

Jerry gives him a sad look.

JERRY
It wasn't my fault, right? I know your dad seemed pretty pissed.

MARTY
Oh please, Jer, it's always my dad's fault. Don't you forget it. He's such a stuck up fuckin' bigot, I'm surprised he doesn't need glasses to fix the all the shit in his eyes.

Stormé enters looking as glamorous as always. It's almost as if when she enters the room she makes everyone else look more hungover.

STORMÉ
Oh, bigots are never good.

Marty raises his glass in agreement and finally takes a sip of his Bloody Mary.

ANNA
Ehm- well speaking of bigots, we've got inspections in a week.

Edith groans in annoyance.

MARTY
Health Inspector's comin'?

STORMÉ

No sweetheart. A little more... precarious.

ANNA

My husband and... his friends are coming to visit.

Edith bites the inside of her cheek. Marty glances between them.

MARTY

Yikes.

JERRY

Right?

ANNA

So that means -

She gestures vaguely between Edith and herself.

STORMÉ

We know darling. Our lips are sealed.

Edith is busying herself with other things, avoiding the conversation. There's a lull.

JERRY

Wait, so Marty- is Barbie still coming tonight?

Marty blinks wide. He hadn't thought that far yet. He shrugs.

STORMÉ

Well she better, I told her I'd give her the grand tour. And I don't just *do* that.

Marty holds his head in his hands against the bar, rubbing his temples.

MARTY

I told her I'd call her later.

Jerry rubs Marty's shoulder.

JERRY
Don’t worry Marty, we’ll just go pick her up later.

MARTY
I know, but it’s...*family dinner* night.

JERRY
Then after. I’ll meet you there.

MARTY
Nah Jer, I wouldn’t make you go back to that place.

JERRY
Oh please, I can take care of myself Marty. I’ll be there. The get away driver.

Marty laughes, and nods.

ANNA
Then...we’ll see what she’s got.

Edith gives an annoyed huff.

Marty exits.

SCENE 3: FAMILY DINNER NIGHT

We're back in Connecticut, at the Landing's dinner table. Everyone is seated in silence, minus Marty. Audrey and Jimmy are... aggressively holding hands under the table. Barbie flashes them a look of disgust. Martin looks like he's about to explode, as Cheryl besides him holds his hand on the table and rubs it with her thumb.

BAM. THUD.

Marty enters, he's not in his Sunday Best, but he's still more cleaned up than usual. However, he has the beginnings of a pink glow, and teeters slightly- side effects of a day at Eve's. He slumps into the chair at the opposite head of the table, across from his father. There's quiet tension.

Queens sing softly (almost ominous), looking on.

QUEENS

MARTY (JUNIOR)
MARTY (JUNIOR)

MARTIN

Son.

SON?

Marty gather's himself a plate.

CHERYL

Your fathers talking to you Martin.

MARTY
(glaring/mocking)

Dad?

MARTIN

I'M GLAD YOU'VE JOINED US TONIGHT
MAKING A DIFFERENCE- LOOKING POLITE IT
SHOWS THAT YOUR TRYING -
DIFFERENCES ASIDE

DELINQUENCY'S NOT YOU
WITH THE UPBRINGING WE PROVIDE

REMEMBER THE DAYS
JUST YOU AND I ?
WE'D GO OUT TO THE COUNTRY
ME AND MY GUY

WHERE IS THAT BOY
WHO'D LOOK UP TO ME
WHEN DID HE GROW INTO
A FUTURE DETAINEE?

Marty uses his fork expressively, aggressively pointing at this father from across the table.

MARTY

OH MY GOD
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
BRINGING THINGS UP
PUTTING SALT ON A SCAR
IT'S OVER DUDE
THAT DOOR IS CLOSED
BRINGING SHIT UP
WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST
YOUR A HOMOPHOBIC ASSHOLE
REMINISCING A GHOST

JUST LET ME ENJOY SOME DINNER IN PEACE
I'M HERE TO SEE THEM
(he motions between his siblings and mother)
NOT TO "APEASE"

Martin's nostrils flare.

MARTIN

YOU SHOULD'VE CHECKED THAT ATTITUDE AT THE DOOR,
OH I'M SORRY, I HAVE MORE INSTORE
I'M YOUR FATHER, SON,
THOUGH SHORTLY, IN SURE
YOU'LL CLAIM DISHERITANCE

WHICH, WELL, I‘LL ASSURE

WITH THIS PREVILANT ARROGANCE
AND LACK OF INTELLIGENCE
YOU'VE SET YOUR PATH FOR A LIFETIME OF
NEGLIGENCE

I DON'T WISH TO SEE YOU FAIL
BUT EVERY OUTREACH SEEMS TO DERAIL

WHO COULD'VE RAISED YOU TO BE SUCH A JACKASS?

MARTY
(Shouting, near hysterics)
MAYBE SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN OUTCLASSED!

WITH HISTORIC IDEALS
CAUSING PHYSICAL ORDEALS
YOU THINK I'M THE PROBLEM DAD?
SHUT UP- EAT YOUR MEAL.

CHERYL

Junior!

MARTIN
(struggling to not flip the table)

Son, I’ll have you down in the enlistment office tomorrow morning. Teach you what *real* life is like.

Marty’s eyes widen at the threat. A flame reignites behind his eyes; pure fury. He’s about to retort when Cheryl cuts him off.

CHERYL

JUNIOR.
YOUR TONE IS APPROACHING IRREVERENCE
YOU SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THIS PROLONGED
SEVERENCE
I WANT YOU HERE
WITHOUT LIVING IN FEAR
OF MY HOME SPIRALING INTO SOME... TRAILER
TRASH REFERENCE
YOU'VE COME FROM A GOOD, LOVING HOME

A-AND YOUR DELINQUENCY WAS SOMETHING
WE BELIEVE YOU'VE OUTGROWN.
YOU STAY OUT LATE, AND HAVE NO DEGREE
I'M STARTING TO WORRY MARTY
ABOUT THE ADULT YOU'LL BE

MARTY

I'll be outside.

Marty exits.

FREEZE.

SCENE 4: BERTIE'S EVE

Patrons quickly make their way into the bar. Edith, Anna, Jerry and Stormé disappear with the crowd and/or make their way off stage. Its almost as if we're watching a VHS in fast forward. It should feel like a <u>few weeks later.</u>

The band, now on stage, strikes up as the strobes stop.

Stormé walks on, cue card in hand. Cheers.

STORMÉ

We've got a *whole* show for you tonight. 'N we're moving quick 'cause Thomas' gotta be behind that bar in twenty minutes! Everyone give it up for Thomas Dandy!

Thomas enters, again glass in hand, passing Stormé as she quickly exits past him. Thomas talks to the band for a second mutely, before crossing over to Anna, who can be seen standing just off stage.

THOMAS

Come-on sweetheart, no kiss for good luck?

Anna looks pissed, but kisses Thomas on the cheek.

As Thomas croons the following song, he's almost giving lap dances to multiple woman in the audience. You can also see him periodically glance at Anna, to check for a jealous look in her eyes. However, Anna's face is blank and unreadable as she watches on.

THOMAS

Hit it!

KISS THE GIRL, KISS THE GIRL
MARRY THE GIRL, MARRY THE GIRL
PLEASE THE GIRL, PLEASE THE GIRLS
OH. PLEASE. THE. GIRLS.

LET ME
OH LET ME

TAKE YOU TONIGHT
TAKE YOU TO BED
BRING STARS TO YOUR EYES

IT'S NO SECRET OF MINE
I WANT TO HOLD YOU TIGHT
AND KISS YA
AND KISS YA
AND FEEL YA
AND FEEL YA
AND PLEASE YA, GIRL
LET ME, OH, LET ME
TAKE YOU TONIGHT.

KISS THE GIRL, KISS THE GIRL
MARRY THE GIRL, MARRY THE GIRL
PLEASE THE GIRL, PLEASE THE GIRLS
OH. PLEASE. THE. GIRLS.

As the applause dies down, Thomas looks out into the audience for Stormé. She's no where.

THOMAS

Uh- Stormé?

There's silence. The show must go on.

Um- well we've got a special guest for y'all tonight.

(beat)

It's... uh, his first time on stage, but he's got something planned for ya... I guess. Please, don't scare him off the stage- Bertie Lakes!

Barbie walks on stage. She is fully transformed into Bertie Lakes. Bertie is sleek and handsome, clearly taking inspiration from Dean Martin. He quickly walks on stage and grabs the mic.

BERTIE

Thanks Tommy- These guys don't look so scary.

THOMAS

I wouldn't be so sure, Bertie, I've seen them eat Kings alive.

BERTIE
Well jokes on them, cause I'm looking for a lady to eat out tonight!

The crowd cheers. Thomas gapes at Berties language.

THOMAS
Come-on, save the chatter for after.

BERTIE
Get off the stage Tommy; these people paid to see me, not watch us bicker.

THOMAS
I can stay on stage all night, cause no one payed a dime to see you. And the name's Thomas. Thomas Dandy. Get it right.

BERTIE
Sure thing Tom Tom.

Thomas seethes. Bertie leads up to sing, almost shoving Thomas off stage.

Aaand....

AIN'T IT JOKE!
THE WAY WE'RE JUDGED
BEFORE WE'VE SPOKE
I'M LOOKING FOR A PLAN
TO MET THE MAN
WHO CREATED THOSE STANDARDS
AND SHOW'EM
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN

'CAUSE I WANT EVERYTHING THAT YOU HAVE!
SO MUCH POWER, BUT CAREFREE
EVERTHING THAT YOU HAVE!
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN CALLED SLUTTY!

I DRESS HOW I WANT
I DO WHAT I LIKE
AND IF YOU CAN'T STAND IT BOY
TAKE A HIKE
I'M GONNA MAKE A WOMAN
MAKE A MAN OUTTA ME
AS LONG AS I DON'T SCARE'EM
CAUSE I GOT A PAIR OF THESE
(Bertie grabs their breasts for emphasis.)

BUT I CAN WIN THEM OVER
BETTER THAN YOU
CAUSE I WAS RAISED A WOMAN
AND I'VE ENJOYED SOME VIEWS
PLUS! I KNOW WHERE IT IS
THAT SPECIAL SPOT
AND IF YOU HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET
WELL THEN, I'M THE BEST OF YOUR LOT

YOU WANT A MAN WHO KNOWS YOU BETTER THAN YOU
AND YOU CAN'T GET BETTER THAN SOMEONE
WHOSE BEEN THROUGH ...

EVERYTHING YOU THAT HAVE!
EVERY MISSPOKEN WORD
EVEYTHING THAT YOU HAVE
THE'RE OUT HERE CALLING US BIRDS

BUT WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW
IS THAT WE'RE (MOSTLY) ALL SMART
SMARTER THAN THEM,
THOUGH IT'S NOT THAT HARD
AND A BIRD'S TALONS, AREN'T FOR SHOW
THEY'RE USED TO CONVEY
A SILENT... NO

BUT I WANT EVERYTHING THAT THEY HAVE!
NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD
EVERTHING THAT THEY HAVE!
LET THE SECRETS, UNFURL

The last line is to the audience, Bertie punctuates it with a wink.

Thomas comes back on stage, grabbing Berties elbow, silently guiding him off stage.

THOMAS
(a rough hiss into the mic)

Stormé?

Bertie grabs Thomas's hand, prying it off his elbow.

BERTIE
(snarky, sing-song)
Secrets unfurl?

Bertie glances around knowingly.

Thomas' jaw tenses. He gives Bertie a harder look. Bertie seems drunker than her have *ever* been before. He gives off a different, manic, energy.

THOMAS
(into the mic)
Bertie Lakes everyone!

Applause from the crowd at Eve's.

Thomas grabs Bertie around his shoulders, with a little more force than necessary.

BLACKOUT.

Silence.

Spotlight on Stormé, she's not on stage, but somewhere else unexpected that everyone can see.

She's had a chance to glam up again.

STORMÉ
NOW I BET YOUR CONFUSED
THERES SOME TENSION HERE
WE'VE SKIPPED AROUND A BIT
SO LET'S MAKE IT CLEAR

Lights up on Marty and Barbie. Eve's is empty again. They are both wearing their Sunday Bests™ again. The two sit at a table, Barbie takes a large gulp from the drink in front of her. She is obviously very nervous.

BARBIE
I'm gay.

Marty does a double take.

MARTY

Hm?

BARBIE

I'm gay.

Marty blinks a few times, and smiles smugly.

MARTY

Oh.

Barbie sings franticly, panicking. Marty sings slowly, and softly, trying to calm her down.

BARBIE

I KNOW IT'S ALARMING
YOUR SISTERS A FAG
BUT I FIND GIRLS CHARMING
AND IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S BAD
I FIGURED I'D TELL YOU
'CAUSE YOU WON'T BE MAD
AFTER ALL *YOU* INTRODUCED ME TO DRAG

MARTY

Hmm~
THANKS BARBIE FOR LETTING ME KNOW
I COULD'A TOLD YOU, YOU WERE GAY
WHEN YOU WERE LIKE- TEN YEARS OLD
THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE
WHEN YOU SAW LIZ MONTGOMERYS'S THIGH
I KNEW WE HAD MORE IN COMMON
THAN YA TOLD.

(Elizabeth Montgomery: the witch from Bewitched)

Marty looks around the empty bar.

Hey, let's go.

Barbie nods still looking scared.

The two exit, walking off into the aisles in the audience. The stage goes dark as the set changes.

Barbie and Marty sing as they walk.

BARBIE
(panicked)
YOU SAW DAD
HE'S DOWN RIGHT INSANE
HE BARELY MET GLADIS
'N HE WOULDN'T LET ME EXPLAIN
NOW HE'S REALLY DECLARED IT
HIS HATRED OF ...GAYS
SO WHAT CAN I DO?
BUT HIDE MY ...WAYS

MARTY
BARBIE
CALM DOWN
THERE'S NOTHING TO HIDE
IF DAD SAYS SOMEHING
I'LL SKIN HIM ALIVE

BARBIE
HA
PLEASE, JUNIOR
I KNOW DAD TOO
AND THE TWO OF YOU CAN SCRAP
BUT HE'LL BEAT THE SHIT OUTTA YOU

MARTY
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I'LL HEAD THERE RIGHT NOW
TEACH HIM TO RESPECT OTHERS
(jokingly)
WITH MY FISTS! I VOW!

BARBIE
SHUT UP, MARTY
BEFORE YOU GET KILLED
I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW MY SECRET
BEFORE SOMEONE LET IT SPILL

The two make their way back to the Landing's, the lights are off inside.

They hug.

MARTIN
Have a good night alright? Don't let it get to ya.

Barbie nods into his chest. She lets go and heads inside.

Marty sighs, lighting a cigarette.

MARTY
JESUS
I'LL KILL HIM
FOR MAKING BARBIE WORRY
SHE'S JUST BEING HERSELF
LET HER FIRGURE OUT- HER JOURNEY

MARTIN
SENIOR, YOU SHOULD START GETTING WEARY-
CAUSE I'M DONE WITH YOUR *INTIMIDATION*
DONE WITH YOUR *DISCRIMINATION*
SICK OF YOUR *INTONATION*
LIMITING MY *VISITATION*
KICK ME OUT WITH NO *STIPULATIONS*-

BAM! The front door flies open. Martin Landing stands. Furious.

MARTIN
JUNIOR!

MARTY
Shit!

Marty's eyes go wide as he flings his cigarette. He struggles in 'fight or flight' mode as Martin decides the stairs.

MARTIN
YOUR STILL HERE SON?
THAT TAKES GUTS
YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER'S GENES
'CAUSE YOU'RE FUCKIN' NUTS

Martin grabs Marty in a firm hold. Marty attempts to struggle but it's hopeless

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK JUNIOR
CAUSE YOU'VE TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL LOSER
AND YOUR MOTHERS NOT HERE
I'M IN THE CLEAR
YOU'VE GOTTEN ALL YOUR WARNINGS
YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE
'N I'M KEEPING YOU TIL MORNING

MARTY

Huh? What?

MARTIN

HUH? WHAT?
ARE YOU CONFUSED?
I KNOW YOU AREN'T BRILLIANT
BUT LISTEN TO THIS MUSE:
I'M TAKING YOU DOWN FOR ENLISTMENT BOY!
SURPRISE! MY SON'S ANOTHER GOVERNMENT TOY
MAYBE YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING NEW
LIKE WHAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG
AND NOT TO PAY FOR A SCREW.

Martin drags Marty into the Landing house.

BLACKOUT.

INTERMISSION.

SCENE 5: SINKING

The roaring of helicopters and gunfire fill a dark stage- it's distorted and fading between a muted echo and sharp jolts of sound. A chorus of hollers and screams and moans intermittently chime in.

Lights up on chaos. It's Vietnam. Soldiers are everywhere, covered in mud. Marty crouch-runs with a troop, tripping up centerstage.

QUEENS

YOU'VE FALLEN AGAIN
KEEP UP SON
MOVE ON

Marty gets back up.

KNEES UP BOY
GET UP THERE
YOUR FIGHTIN' THE VIETCONG
BEIN' STUCK WON'T HELP YA
OR IN THE GROUND'S WERE YOU'LL BELONG
WHAT ARE YA A GIRL, SOLDIER?
OR AREN'T YA STRONG?

WE'RE SINKING BOYS, NOW
BETTER LEARN TO SWIM
THROUGH THE THICK OF THE MUD
THAT'S CAKED TO YOUR SKIN
JUST DO WHAT YOUR TOLD
IT'S HOW IT BEGINS
THE STORY UNFOLDS
WHILE SATAN GRINS

Instrumental break. Gunfire, helicopters, bombs, and soldiers moans mingle in.

KEEP UP SON
KNEES UP BOY
ISN'T THIS FUN?
KEEP UP SON
KNEES UP BOY
HOLD ONTO YOUR GUN
YOU'RE FIGHTIN' THE VIETCONG-
PROTECTING WHAT'S RIGHT
SO YOU BETTER ENJOY IT

OR YOU'LL BE DEAD BY TONIGHT

WE'RE SINKING BOYS, NOW
BETTER LEARN TO SWIM
BET YOU WISH YOU WERE HOME, NOW
COMMITTING YOUR SINS
WE'VE GOT YOU FOR MONTHS
OR AS LONG AS YOUR FATHERS ALLOW
YOU'LL LEAN HOW TO KILL, SON
RIGHT BETWEEN THE BROWS.

KEEP UP SON
KNEES UP BOY
BETTER LEARN HOW TO RUN
KEEP UP SON
KNEES UP BOY
WHAT ARE YOU DUMB?
YOUR FIGHTIN' THE VIETCONG-
WE'RE PROTECTING WHAT'S RIGHT
SO YOU BETTER ENJOY IT
OR YOU'LL BE DEAD BY TONIGHT

SCENE 6: LETTERS

Lights fade to black. There is rumbling and stomping as the stage is cleared for...

BAM! A colorful and lively Bertie Lakes appears center stage, emerging from the band. Maybe he flirts with some of the Queens, the background singers. He eventually saunters up to the mic, although fabulous, he is *overtly,* almost comically, drunk.

He waves to the audience, working the crowd, while procuring a folded up blank piece of paper. He unfolds it and places it on a stool beside him, before he realizes- a pen! He fumbles for a pen out of his back pocket and starts to "write". He giggles, taking a big gulp his drink.

In one swift movement he signals to the band and tosses the paper.

BERTIE

HEYYYYY
MARTYYY
WHAT DID YOU DO?
HOW IS THE VIEW?
FUCK- I MEAN...

He fumbles for a second. Looking out to the audience, angry at the world.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
WHY ARE YOU... THERE?
THE FEELINGS SURREAL....
AND NO ONE CARES...
IT SEEMS

WE GOTTA
KEEP OUR HEADS STRAIGHT
HOLD IT ALL IN
WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOU'S REAL ...AN'

Bertie reaches out to... anyone... anyone...

“.... give me a... give me an aspirin”

Ah! One of the Queen procures one.

He waves it off to the audience and theatrically takes it.

HEYYY
MARTYY
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WELL I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BUT-

Short instrumental break- Bertie groans, grasping his head. He takes out another piece of blank paper out of a pocket and theatrically groans in frustration, crumpling it and throwing it.

WHAT’S THE BIG DEAL?
WHAT’S THE BIG DEAL?
HOW DO WE FIX
THIS WHOLE ORDEAL?
UMMMM-
WRITE ME BACK SOON
...
BERTIE

He winks at the crowd as applause from the unseen audience at Eve’s roars.

BLACKOUT.

(The stage should be divided in two, for the proceeding songs.)

GUNSHOT-

Followed by the roar of Vietnam (bugs, shuffling, paranoia).

Lights up on Marty on one side of the stage, rubbing the mud out of his eye. He’s got a gun slung over his shoulder and his foot is wrapped up in makeshift gauze; and unfazed by various stray shots. He’s got a notebook on his leg that he furiously scribbles into.

MARTY

DEAREST BARBIE
WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU?
I GOTTA JOKE FOR YA-
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
IF THE OTHER SIDES GOT ACES
AND YOU GOTTA POCKET'OF TWOS?

N' THERES NO CHANCE OF FOLDING
N' YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOUR HOLDING
N' YOUR TRYIN' TO SAVE FACE
BUT THERE'S NO POINT IN LOATHING
'CAUSE THEY GOT THE ACE....
...

(sarcastic)

AND BY GRACE!
YOU COULD SHOOT UP THE PLACE!
OR BLOW 'EM IN THE BACK!
WHAT'D BE WRONG WITH THAT?
CHANCE YOUR LOSSES NOW-
COULDA? WOULDA? HOW?
THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE TEACHING.
N' THAT'S WHAT I'M LEARNING
YOU'D THINK ITS CONCERNING
THESE KIDS THAT THEY'RE CHURNING OUT.

NONE WANT TO BE HERE
EXCEPT THE CRAZY ONES
AND ITS SCARY OUT HERE
WHEN THEY'RE GIVIN' 'EM GUNS

Instrumental break.

NOW- IF THEY HAD THOSE ACES;
AND YOU HAD THOSE TWOS.
YOU KNOW I'D BE THERE
LAUGHIN' AT YOUR DESPAIR
BUT YOU'D DO WHAT YOUR ABLE
AND YOU'D FLIP THE TABLE
AND WE'D TEAR OUT OF THERE!

LOOK I'M LOOSING MY SANITY QUICK BARBIE
THESE GUYS OUT HERE ARE LIKE DAMN ZOMBIES
ALL THEY CARE ABOUT ARE THESE V- CHARLIES
BUT I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO DAYS OF PEACE

WHERE I'M NOT SURROUNDED BY GUYS LIKE THESE
AND I'M SITTIN' DOWN AT THE BAR AT EVE'S
WHERE YOU'RE UP THERE GIVIN' THE GIRLS A TEASE

YA GOTTA TELL ME ABOUT IT WHEN YOU WRITE TO ME.

ALL THE BEST,
MARTY

Lights dim on Marty, simultaneously fading up on Bertie, in Eve's dressing room, in the process of dressing down back to Barbie. She is sitting at a vanity intently writing down a response letter in a notebook.

BARBIE

HEY MARTY
I'VE BEEN DOIN SWELL
BERTIE'S
BEEN GIVIN' THEM ALL HELL
WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT I'D DO THIS WELL
DRAG WAS MY CALLING
I'VE COME OUT OF MY SHELL
THE MAKEUP IS FUN
PERFORMING IS COOL
I GET IT NOW
WHY YOU DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL
SURROUNDED BY SQUARES AND STRAIGHTS?
WHEN I COULD BE WITH GIRLS WHO RELATE?
I KNOW WE'RE DIFFERENT
I MEAN- CAUSE YOUR NOT GAY
YOU JUST DETERMINED
SCHOOL WASN'T YOUR WAY
AND I'M STARTING TO THINK
I MIGHT DO THE SAME
'CAUSE NOW I'M THINKING OF INVESTING IN FAME

THEY LOVE ME MARTY
...WELL BERTIE, OKAY?
THEY LOVE HIM ON STAGE
AND
EVERYBODY'S GAY

I'VE MADE SOME FRIENDS-
(THAT'S WHAT I'LL SAY)
I'VE MADE SOME FRIENDS
AND GUESS HOW THEY SWAY?
I HOPE YOU GET OUTTA THERE QUICK
I'M STARTING TO ACTUALLY MISS YOU, PRICK
MAYBE IF YOU JUST ACT SICK
THEY SEND YOU HOME LICKITTY SPLIT

SEE YOU SOON- YOU LITTLE SHIT,
BARBIE... AND BERTIE

Thomas Dandy, hastily dressed back into Edith Perler, enters and quickly crosses past Barbie's vanity.

Barbie turns towards the sound of Edith's heels as she frantically gathers her things into her bag. She thumbs tears out of her eyes.

BARBIE

Edith? You okay?

Edith waves her off, throwing her bag over her shoulder. She pauses before exiting, biting her lip.

EDITH

Lock the door behind me.

Barbie gives her a bewildered look.

BLACKOUT.

Lights up on Marty again. Gunfire around him has intensified.

The roar of Vietnam has almost consumed all other noise.

Marty is hastily reading Barbie's letter. Smiling widely. He pulls out his notebook. Crouching down to write.

The noise dies down enough for the music. However, Marty's tone is gruffer than normal.

MARTY

HEY BARBIE
SOUNDS LIKE YOUR HAVING A BLAST
I CAN'T WAIT TO COME HOME
ONCE EVERYONE'S FEELINGS HAVE PASSED
I MISS IT ALL
YA KNOW
I WASN'T MEANT TO BE HERE
BUT YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND YOUR WAY
THAT MUCH IS CLEAR
I WISH I WERE THERE
SEE YOUR RISE TO FAME
I MISS YA-

GUNSHOT. ***HEADSHOT.***

Marty is out for the count. Laid out on his side, blood pooling out of his head and eyes wide open.

SIMULATANIOUSLY:

Lights up on Barbie- reacting to the sound of gunshots outside the dressing room. She covers her mouth in fear. Shaking- then scrambling to crawl underneath the vanity.

There is a pounding on the dressing room door. The knob shakes with force.

SIMULATANIOUSLY:

Marty is *bleeding out.*

SIMULATANIOUSLY:

Everything is ringing. Barbie still sits under the vanity in shock. She cradles her head in her hands.

SIMULATANIOUSLY:

Marty is *bleeding out.*

SIMULATANIOUSLY:

There's a click in the door behind Barbie.

Barbie braces.

Stormé sneaks in, key jangling from her wrist. She spots Barbie under the vanity, running to embrace her.

It breaks Barbie's frozen panic. She starts panicking, tears streaming, *hyperventilating.* Stormé strengthens her embrace. *

STORMÉ
Shhhhhh. Calm down. Sweetheart. Calm down.

BARBIE
I don't wanna go home. I can't go home I-

STORMÉ
(softly)
That's your first thought?

BARBIE
I can't go home. Fuck- what the fuck.

STORMÉ
Calm down, Bertie.

BARBIE
What happened?

STORMÉ
Nothing in anyone's control here darling. *Breathe.*

BARBIE
I-I can't stop shaking! Fuck!

STORMÉ
Don't think about it now- just breathe.

Barbie clenches her jaw, nods, and breathing deeply.

STORMÉ
BREATHE IN
OUT
COUNT
TO EIGHT
THROUGH

YOUR MOUTH

BREATHE IN
OUT

LEVEL
YOUR HEAD-
DON'T THINK
JUST ZEN
YOU'LL FIGURE
IT OUT SOMETIME
NOT NOW

JUST BREATHE
IN THEN OUT
IN AND OUT
COUNT
TO EIGHT
THROUGH
YOUR MOUTH

BREATHE IN
OUT

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 7: BREATHE

Its dark, a choir chimes in.

QUEENS

BREATHE IN
OUT
COUNT
TO EIGHT
THROUGH
YOUR MOUTH

BREATHE IN
OUT

Lights flash up. The choir of queens are silhouetted in the back.

Cheryl Landing holds a letter in her mail center stage. She looks absolutely broken. Audrey looks over her shoulder in horror. They're both breathing heavily.

BLACKOUT.

QUEENS

BREATHE IN
OUT
COUNT
TO EIGHT
THROUGH
YOUR MOUTH

BREATHE IN
OUT

At the dining room table, the Landings sit, heads bowed in prayer at an empty table. Cheryl heaves in silent cries.

FLASH of darkness, lights flash up-

Marty is lain across the table.

Beat.

FLASH of darkness, lights flash up- he’s gone.

Martin Landing grows increasingly distraught.

Shadows of Queens dressed in black, linger behind everyone.

QUEENS
(softly)
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

MARTIN
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

I CAN'T BE MAD
I CAN'T BE SAD
I PUT HIM OUT THERE
WITHOUT A PLAN
TRIED TO TEACH MY BOY
WHAT THE WORLD TAUGHT ME
BEING A MAN ISN'T FREE
IT'S A ROLE YOU SERVE-
WHO YOU COULD BE
IF YOUR STRONG ENOUGH FOR OUR COUNTRY
MANNERS LEARNED AND SENSIBILITY FOUND

I NEVER THOUGHT
YOU'D BE IN THE GROUND

Martin breaks, face crumpling in anguish.

BLACKOUT.

The music shifts higher.

QUEENS
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

Lights up on Cheryl, somber, dressed in black. She stands outside the Landing House.

CHERYL
THEY WON'T LET US SEE YOU
SAID YOUR TOO FRIGHTFUL TO BARE
I'M THOUGHTLESS AND WORDLESS...

IT JUST ISN'T FAIR
IT JUST ISN'T.
JUST...

QUEENS
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

CHERYL
THE ONLY THING I QUESTION NOW
IS WHO'S THIS MAN I CHOSE?
WHO SENT OUR SON TO VIETNAM
WHO WAS I TO IMPOSE?
I COULDN'T SAY WE RAISED YOU RIGHT
BUT HOW WOULD I KNOW?

AND I...
I WAS JUST AS THOUGHTLESS AND WORDLESS
TO THE SITUATION THAT GOT YOU THERE
BUT NOW I KNOW THAT YOU WERE RIGHT
AND THROUGH ALL THOSE SWEARS
I REALIZE YOU WERE JUST ENOUGH
I RAISED A BOY WHO CARED...

Cheryl walks up the steps to the Landing House, and enters. Soon after, Martin emerges, luggage in hand.

QUEENS
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

MARTIN
WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GO?
WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GO?

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 8: AFTERMATH

Eve's is filled with Queens, uncharacteristically somber and quiet. Anna and Edith are noticeably vacant.

Stormé enters, dressed modestly. The queens look to her like a beacon of light. She purses her lips.

STORMÉ

I'm glad you call could make it, in light of recent events. I wish we could all say we saw it coming, however, nothing could prepare us for the violence we've witnessed here. No one's hurt, thankfully, just a few scared. I don't know when Anna will be back, or if Edith will be as well. However we have a show to run, if we want to pay rent, so its business as usual, people, though I understand if it takes a little time to bring it back...

The front door flies open, as Jerry runs in, still in his mechanic's outfit, but there is mascara running down his face.

JERRY

Marty's dead!

Shock runs through the stage. Stormé blinks.

STORMÉ

What?

JERRY

Marty's dead! I just heard it from Barb- he was shot down.

Stormé takes a moment, closing her eyes and putting a hand on her chest.

STORMÉ

That poor girl...

There is a silent look throughout the room, everyone makes eye contact with one another.

A plan is made.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 9: CLOSURE

Outside of the Landing's house, all the Queens march down the street, dressed in various degrees of black. Jerry and Stormé take the lead.

Jerry walks up the steps, knocking on the door.

After a moment, Audrey answers dressed in black. She looks the entourage up and down, a look of questioning disgust on her face.

AUDREY

Barbie! It's for you!

Audrey quickly closes the door, dull thuds can be heard until Barbie reopens it. She quickly throws herself into Jerry's arms and lets the door close behind her.

Jerry leads her down the steps towards all the Queens, Stormé embraces her.

Barbie quickly thumbs her eyes. There's movement in the curtains in front window.

BARBIE

What are you all doing here?

STORMÉ

We wanted to come and give our condolences.

Barbie blinks.

STORMÉ

You already had a rough night, so I can only imagine what your going through right now.

The tears are winning against Barbie's blinks.

BARBIE

It's just... I don't know what to do. That wasn't how-

QUEENS

THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

STORMÉ

BREATHE IN
OUT
COUNT
TO EIGHT
THROUGH
YOUR MOUTH

BREATHE IN
OUT

QUEENS

THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

The music leads in, however Barbie stumbles, seems shy, the bravado of Bertie is gone.

BARBIE

NO- I DON'T- I-
NO I... DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO SAY
I NEVER THOUGHT-
I DIDN'T PREPARE
KNOWING YOU WERE OVER THERE
AND THE SHOCK OF IT ALL
ON TOP OF... OTHER THINGS
AND I'VE LOST MYSELF
'CAUSE THE LOSS OF YOU STINGS
SURROUNDED BY STRANGERS
WHO "RAISED US WELL"
SURROUNDED BY STRANGERS
STUCK IN A CELL
I'VE LOST MYSELF, AND MY BEST FRIEND
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME
TO JUST HIDE AND MEND?

Cheryl Landing opens the front door with Audrey behind her (and Jimmy behind her, if he's even visible). Everyone turns, wide eyes meeting wide eyes. Music stops.

BARBIE

Mom, I-

AUDREY
Look at all these... *queers,* Mom. On the front lawn!

Cheryl turns to Audrey, before walking out the door and closing it behind her. She turns to everyone else, a smile plastered across her face.

CHERYL
I apologize for my daughter- please, you must be Marty's ...friends.
(beat, nervous laughter)
I'd invite you all inside, but I'm afraid I don't have the room!

QUEEN1
(hushed)
Are you kidding?

QUEEN2
(hushed)
Let the old white lady have her peace.

STORMÉ
Mrs. Landing, we are so sorry for your loss.

Cheryl's smile tightens.

JERRY
Mrs. Landing, I don't think we've met, but Marty's been my roommate and I still have this things, and I don't know what you want to-

CHERYL
Oh sweetheart.

Cheryl outstretches her arms and wraps them around Jerry. He hold her tight, hiding his face.

CHERYL
It's alright, we'll worry about that later. I'm just a little... spun around at the moment.

Audrey opens the front door.

AUDREY
Mom!

CHERYL
Go back inside Audrey.

Audrey huffs and stomps back inside.

Jerry is still holding on to Cheryl. Barbie joins the hug. Music lilts in, more melodic and upbeat.

QUEENS
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO
THAT WAS NOT HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 10: GET THE FUCK UP [REPRISE]

Back at Eve's- at an unknown time. It's late and lively as patrons chatter with Queens, drinks in hand.

Gladis stands behind the bar, not really making drinks, just chatting.

The door opens, and Cheryl Landing enters, Audrey and Jimmy in toe. They all look apprehensive, barely taking a step in.

Stormé meets them at the door.

STORMÉ
Oh! I'm so glad you could make it. Please-

She guides them to an empty table.
And I hope you enjoy the show.

She winks, and Jimmy looks flustered (turned on?)

The lights dim, there is a slow rumble, until. BANG! The music kicks in, Queens throughout the bar start singing.

QUEENS
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

Spotlight! On Bertie Lakes as he takes center stage. He has his usual swagger back, completely controlling the stage. His family watches on in awe.

BERTIE
THE WORLDS ABLAZE
AND ITS NOT MY FAULT
BUT I'M THE KING
AND I'M FRANKLY APPAULED

I'VE TAKEN IT! OKAY?
EVERY PUNCH YOU GOT
SO I'VE EARNED THIS CROWN
AND I'M TAKING MY SHOT

Music breaks. Bertie kisses a girl in the crowd. Pause for cheers! His first kiss! After a moment, music jumps back in, slower, to a different rhythm.

EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY SOMETIME
FAMILY OR WOMEN, WHO CARES?
IT MIGHT NOT BE CLEAR IN THE PRESENT
WHILE YOU'RE TANGLED UP IN IT'S SNARES

I GUESS I HAVEN'T REALLY LEARNED MY LESSON
THEY SAY LOVE'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT APPEARS
AND IF YOU THINK IT'S EASY,
OH DARLING-
THAT MEANS YOU'VE NEVER BEEN QUEER

Bertie saunters over to his family's table.

I'M MENDING MY HEART AND MY NEW FOUND
ANXIETY
DON'T WORRY SWEATHEART
IT COMES WITH THE DYNASTY
EVERY PUNCH I TAKE WHILE THE WORLDS ON FIRE
MAKES THE POWER OF LOVE
SOAR EVEN HIGHER

QUEENS
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

BERTIE & STORMÉ (&QUEENS)
TIMES ARE CHANGING
(GET THE FUCK UP)
TIMES ARE CHANGING
(GET THE FUCK UP)
(GET THE FUCK UP)
GET THE FUCK UP!

STORMÉ
THERE'S SO MANY ISSUES
WE'RE BOILING OVER
SO NOW WE'VE DECIDED
TO UP THE EXPOSURE

IT'S NOT ABOUT GENDER OR RACE
OR IF YOUR WILLING TO GET BLOWN IN THE FACE
HUMAN DECIENCY IS ALL WE ASK
AND APPARENTLY WE WON'T GET IT
WITHOUT ALL THIS SASS

QUEENS
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

EVERYONE
HEY EVERYBODY HEAR THE SOUND
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND
LOOK AROUND

TIMES ARE CHANGING
GET THE FUCK UP
TIMES ARE CHANGING
GET THE FUCK UP
GET THE FUCK UP
GET THE FUCK UP

EXTRA MATERIAL

In the expectation of costume/makeup changes taking more than a minute or two, here are some small 'bits' to fill time. Improvisation and crowd work are highly *encouraged. Make it feel like a real drag show.*

LIP SYNC IDEAS

Are You a Boy or Are You a Girl - The Barbarians
Lola – The Kinks
See My Friends – The Kinks
The American Way of Love – The United States of America
I Love You Alice B. Toklas – Harper's Bizarre
She's a Man – Tages
These Boots Are Made for Walkin'– Nancy Sinatra
For What It's Worth – Buffalo Springfield
Andrew's Blues – The Rolling Stones
Tutti Frutti – Little Richard
Ladies Who Lunch- Company