

*Act 1 Scene 1*

*Overture* \* **SERENDIPITY SOLACE** \*

*circa 1965, Smalltown U.S.A. Set is minimum props.* The stage is dark, with a rocking chair stage right front. A large movie screen dominates stage rear. (Screen may be omitted) On the screen is a view of a dark night sky with brilliant stars as seen through a large gridded window. Biff enters stage left, wearing a child's sailor suit, as the overture plays. A pin point spot follows him as he walks. He wanders around the stage, appearing lost - as if looking for something, kicking at an imaginary rock as he walks. (Biff does this whenever he feels confused or frightened.) A deep, powerful yet soothing voice comes through the speakers. (**C:**) (May alternate male/female voices, or combine in unison)

**C:** Are you looking for something, Biff?

**BIFF:** Oh! (startled) I've been looking for you.

**C:** I've been looking for you too.

**BIFF:** Oh, I'm so glad to find you. You have no idea how I need you right now.

**C:** Well, that's why I'm here. All you need to do is ask. How may I help you?

**BIFF:** You always ask me the same question, "How may I help you?"

**C:** Well, that's why I'm here. To help you. What would you like?

**BIFF:** (Looks at ceiling.) Will you tell me a story?

**C:** What kind of story?

**BIFF:** You know, my favorite, the one I like to hear so much.

**C:** Oh yes, . . . how well I know that story. It's one of my favorites too.

**BIFF:** Please tell it to me again. I like the way you tell it.

(Biff moves to stage left, kneels, and gets comfortable, looking at stage right where lights go up dimly, revealing a mother rocking in her chair, holding a baby. The father stands beside her stage right looking at the two, his hand on her shoulder as mom strokes her child, lovingly.)

**C:** Once upon a time, there was a little boy. . . A little baby boy.

**BIFF:** You mean, like me? (Biff points at himself.)

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**C:** Exactly like you. Oh, how he loved his mother to hold him . . . to rock him as she sat in her chair. The world was much simpler then. He was fed. He was warm. He was loved. He was . . . a perfect . . human . . being.

**BIFF:** Oh, I like this story. Go on, tell me more. (Biff wiggles in his kneeling position, getting more excited.)

**C:** His mother would rock him. His father stood by her side and watched. He was proud. Oh, so proud. He had a boy. Something he had always wanted. He had a son.

**BIFF:** Did they really love him?

**C:** They adored that baby. He was the finest thing that ever happened to them. Oh yes, they loved him.

**BIFF:** What happened when the baby was frightened or . . . or lonely?

**C:** When he cried, his mother would hold him close to her heart and calm his fears, and rock back and forth while she sang him a lullaby.

**MOTHER:** (sings "Little Star of Mine" as she rocks and strokes her baby.)

\* **LITTLE STAR OF MINE** \*

(a lullaby, sung to music box style of accompaniment.)

**MOTHER:** *Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Let me tell you who you are.*

*Little child of mine, innocent divine, perfect human being, you.*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Gift of love is what you are.*

*Sent from God above. You bless our lives with love. Sleep in peace, oh child of mine.*

(At the end of her song, the father kneels by her side.)

**FATHER:** (Little Star plays in background as father begins) Cootchey-Cootchey-Coo. (nuzzles baby) Look what Daddy's got for his boy. Your own catcher's mitt. . . picked it out just for you. (reveals a catcher's mitt he had been hiding.) 'Course I know you're a little small now, . . but some day . . (puts on mitt and hits the pocket with his hand as he talks) some day. Can I hold . . My son?

(Mother offers baby to the Father who lovingly takes the child, holds him in his mitt and proudly speaks.)

**FATHER:** Oh, what a fine boy you are. So strong. So handsome. A real ladies man he's going to be. Just like me. (chord) Just like his dad. (chord)

**FATHER:** (sings "That's My Boy.")

**THAT'S MY BOY**

(A rousing football style song.)

**FATHER:** *That's my boy! Not a she, but a he, that's my son!*

*That's my boy! He's the hope for my dreams, he's the one!*

*A ladies man like me. Baseball playing jock, is he.*

*No sissy. Not my boy! All the things I'll never be, that's my boy!*

**BIFF:** (rises and remains stage left, looking at the parents and sings "What If I'm Not Like That." Mother takes her child and returns to her chair and rocks as Biff sings).

**\* WHAT IF I'M NOT LIKE THAT \***

**BIFF:** *What if I'm not like that? Am I still your son?*

*What if I am di'frent? Am I still the one?*

*The son you gave your name to. Is this son who loves you so.*

*But what if I'm not like that. Will your love for me still grow?*

(Key changes, tempo picks up and the above father/son arias become the duet for "Family Dreams". Repeat parts as a duet. Key changes and mother joins, becoming a trio. Each singing alone, portraying a family where no one hears what the other is saying.)

**\*"FAMILY DREAMS"\***

**FATHER:** (third chorus for trio, with lead in.) *All the things I'll never be.*

*Of all the boys and all the babies, you'll be best, there won't be maybe's.*

*You will make your father proud. So big and strong and well endowed.*

*You'll become my finest son. You'll be responsible for ev'ry one.*

*So, I can't wait to see you grow. You'll be the ladies Romeo.*

*My one . . . and only beau! That's my boy!*

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**BIFF:** (third chorus for trio, with lead in) *Those are things you'll never see.*

*I'm different, distinctive, peculiar, instinctive, artistic, stylistic,. I'm somewhat contradictory.*

*Oh mother. Oh father. You're dreaming. Why bother?*

*I'll grow up, the way I was meant to be.*

*Dad makes big demands, while Mom's my biggest fan.*

*I'm your boy! Whether I am like that, I'm your only son you know.*

*Your one and only beau!*

**MOTHER:** (third chorus for trio) *Twinkle, twinkle little star. Gift of love is what you are.*

*Up above the world so high. Like an angel in the sky.*

*So gentle, so caring, so loving, so sharing. I love you, my darling. My little boy.*

*Twinkle, twinkle, soon you'll grow. Can you see me glow?*

*My one . . . and only beau! That's my boy!*

(Lights fade out on the parents. Spot remains on Biff as he walks to stage center, front.)

***End of Scene 1***

***Scene 2***

**BIFF:** (To audience) You know, my Dad loved to play baseball. Every Sunday, it was always the same routine. After church, he'd get the bat and ball and the glove he bought for me when I was born. 'C'mon Biff', he'd holler from the front lawn. 'C'mon son. Show Dad what a great ball player his boy is.'

**FATHER:** Biff. (lights go up stage right as father walks to that area, gathering a bat and ball, throwing it in his glove.)

**BIFF:** In a minute Dad. Let me finish my artwork. (To audience) I liked art. I was good at it too. Once I made Dad a plaster mold of my hand. (Dad opens a Christmas present, revealing the hand print and reacts as Biff speaks.) While the plaster was still wet, I wrote, 'For my Dad, with love, Biff.' It was his Christmas present. I'll never forget the look on his face when he opened it . . . he cried. I mean - my Dad never cries. (Dad replaces hand print in the box and regains his composure.) Not even when his Mom died. Dad just never cries.

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**FATHER:** Biff. NOW!

**BIFF:** O.K. (Disgusted. Looks at audience. ) When he says now, he means now. (Biff joins his father and takes the bat, walking to the other end of the stage, assuming the batting position. Simulate the baseball scene.)

**FATHER:** All right son . . you ready? Here we go. C'mon. Hit the ball. (throws imaginary ball at Biff. He misses.) Aww, son. (disgusted) When are you going to learn to hit the ball.

**BIFF:** I'm sorry dad, but . . I'm just not good at this. I try really hard, and deep inside I want to hit a home run for you . . . but . . . Do you know how I feel when I stand at the plate, and . . . and swing . . . and miss?

**FATHER:** Nonsense, son. All you need is more practice. Now be a good boy and fetch the ball.

(Biff retrieves ball and throws it to his father.)

**BIFF:** (frustrated) Dad. I get lots of practice. I already play on little league.

**FATHER:** I know. I've seen how you play. They put cha' in right field 'cause you can't catch. If you're gonna' play shortstop, you gotta' learn how to catch.

**BIFF:** Dad. I don't wanna' play shortstop.

**FATHER:** (Angrily) You were born to play shortstop. Now we'll practice catchin' 'till you learn. (Biff puts of his glove.) Here it comes, son. Catch it. (very easy underhand toss. Biff drops it.) Come on Biff. Can't you do anything right? (Sighs disgustedly) Throw me the ball, son. (Biff throws ball back.)

**BIFF:** Da-a-ad, I don't like baseball.

**FATHER:** (steps forward and talks to audience.) This kid of mine's got some real serious problems. Can you imagine any normal, red-blooded American boy not liking baseball? I read somewhere once a psychiatrist said if you throw a fast ball at a kid and he covers his face with his mitt, closes his eyes . . and screams . . that kid's gonna' grow up to be . . you know . . Do 'ya think . . . (looks at Biff) Naw! Not my kid. Look at him. He's not . . . No way! (father returns to pitcher's position) Are you ready son? Here it comes (hurls a fast ball at Biff. Biff puts his hands in front of his face, closes his eyes and screams.)

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[\* \* *To shorten the musical, the following lines and song may be omitted to end scene 2 \* \**]

\*\* **FATHER:** (walks to Biff and puts his arm around his shoulder.) Son, I think it's time we had a serious father to son talk.

\* **BIFF:** I'm sorry Dad. I'll try harder next time. Really, I will. Throw me the ball again. I won't let you down. I'll catch it this time.

\* **FATHER:** No, Biff. Playing baseball's not what I want to talk to you about.

\* **BIFF:** What do you want to talk about?

\* **FATHER:** Do you know what boys do to girls?

\* **BIFF:** You mean pull their hair and push 'em in the snow?

\* **FATHER:** No. That's not what I'm talking about. You know when you have these . . . these hormones stirring inside of you . . . and you want to . . .you know, do it to a girl.

\* **BIFF:** (confused) Do what with a girl?

\* **FATHER:** You know . . .(pulls hands down with thrusting movements with his hips) . . . do it to a girl. (Biff looks confused and shrugs.) Son, there are things that boys do to girls, but boys never do to other boys. Do you understand?

\* **BIFF:** (shakes head) No.

\* **FATHER:** Do you know what the word "queer" means?

\* **BIFF:** Sure Dad. I play with the guys all the time.

\* **FATHER:** (shocked) What?

\* **BIFF:** Smear the queer . . . You know. It's a game we play at school. The one who's it is the queer and the rest of us chase him and when we catch him, we all pile on top of him. You know, smear the queer

\* **FATHER:** Right! (laughing) That's what you do with a queer. You chase him, and all pile on top of him. You smear the queer. Do you understand what I'm talking about?

\* **BIFF:** Not really.

\* **FATHER:** Well, let me put it to you this way, son. (sings "Don't Choose To Be Gay")

\* **"DON'T CHOOSE TO BE GAY "** (A vaudevillian, honkey tonk style with straw hat and cane, making light of a serious situation. Three choruses played. Father sings first chorus, Biff dances second chorus, Father sings third chorus.)

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\* **FATHER:** *You can choose anything that you want, but just don't choose to be gay!*

*You can choose anything that you want, but just don't choose that way.*

*You choose a doctor, lawyer, or even a thief. Priest or pauper or Indian chief.*

*My boy, well, you can choose anything that you want. But just don't choose to be gay.*

\* **BIFF:** (Begins a tap dance as the honkey tonk piano plays the second chorus. )

Look at me, Dad. I'm dancing for you. Do you like the way I'm dancing? I want to please you, Dad. I'll work really hard . Do you like me, Dad? Do you like the way I'm dancing?

\* **FATHER:** Yeah, yeah, kid. Anything you want, but - - remember this. (grabs a straw hat and cane and sings the third chorus.

\* **FATHER:** *You can choose anything that you want, but just don't choose to be gay!*

*You can choose anything that you want, but just don't choose that way.*

*You choose a doctor, lawyer, or even a thief. Priest or pauper or Indian chief.*

*My boy, well, you can choose anything that you want.*

*But just . . . don't . . . . choose . . . . to be gaaaay!*

(Vaudevillian exit with the pair strutting and waving their straw hats. Father pokes head around curtain) No Way!

**\*\*[End of optional cut ]\*\***

*Scene Three*

(Biff walks to stage center, wiping his brow.)

**BIFF:** The glove disappeared and Dad and I never played ball again. I thought I did something wrong by not catching that fast ball he threw. But, he threw it so hard. I was only seven years old . . and it scared me.

Y' know, I really loved my Dad, and . . I suppose . . . he loved me too. But he just doesn't show it. . Not to anyone . . not even to Mom. But mom . . . Oh, mom loved me and she had no problems showing it. (Lights go up Stage left, where mother is putting on her large church hat.)

My family always went to church on Sunday. Our church was called "Crusaders For Christ". Mom loved the church. She believed in God. For her, church was . . .

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**MOTHER:** (interrupts) Biff! Hurry up dear. You're going to be late for Sunday School. You know Miss Righteous doesn't like you to be late. (Biff walks to her) Oh, look at you. You've still got breakfast all over your face. (She spits on her handkerchief and wipes his mouth with it as Biff resists.)

**BIFF:** Mom, don't do that. Do I have to go?

**MOTHER:** Of course you have to go! How 're you going to know right from wrong if you don't go to Sunday School.

(Lights go up center stage where Miss Righteous (**M.R.:**) is teaching) The children are hyped up and a bit unruly. Biff joins the class.)

**M.R.:** Children. Children! (spoken loudly as she raps on her chair with a ruler to regain order) Take your seats and calm down. Billy! Don't you pull Beth's hair. (walks over to Billy shaking the ruler at him) Jesus doesn't like you when you do things like that. Shaaame on you. Now class! (she returns to the head of the class) You know what we do with our idle hands that the devil plays with? Beth, what do we do with our hands?

**BETH:** We sit on them, Miss Righteous.

**M.R.:** Good girl, Beth. Jesus loves you for that. Now children, sit on your hands so the devil can't play with them.

(class sits on their hands)

**M.R.:** Now class, (sighs in disgust) pay close attention, for today I need to teach you something that I dread to even think about. The whole idea makes me sick to my stomach. (use ruler to emphasize) There are sick, perverted people in this world. Deviates you need to protect yourself from. (She reveals a chart showing a character sketch of a flasher wearing a raincoat, exposing himself, a leaf covering his genitals.) Now children, this . . . is what a pervert looks like.

**CLASS:** Ooohh!

**M.R.:** He likes little boys and lures them to his den of sin and iniquity by offering them candy and presents.

**CLASS:** Aaahh!

**M.R.:** And then . . . do you know what he does to those innocent little boys?



**CLASS:** (Shake heads no)

**M.R.::** He touches them on their pee pee's (peeks under pervert's leaf and giggles at the concept)

(The class quickly pulls their hands out and cover their genitals.)

**CLASS:** Ooohh! (more of a pleasurable groan)

**M.R.:** I need to teach you about this . . this despicable pervert. He is so filthy, the name itself is an abomination. Do you know what we do with this pervert? (She smacks the genital leaf with her ruler).

**CLASS:** Nooo!

**M.R.:** We smite him with the right hand of righteousness. (she smacks his leaf again.) For we are the "Little Crusaders For Christ" and must change the ways of these sinful creatures. They are corrupt and despicable. (smacks him again) Now, what do we do with this pervert?

**CLASS:** (waving their palm branches) We smite him with the right hand of righteousness.

**M.R.:** (rubbing hands gleefully) Wonderful! Oh, Jesus is so proud of you. Are you going to be like . . . (smacks the chart with a ruler) this?

**CLASS:** Nooo!

**M.R.:** Good. Jesus doesn't like people like that. Jesus doesn't love everyone, you know. (evangelical) If sinners don't change their evil ways, God will condemn them forever into purgatory. (shouts at class) Do you want to go to hell?

**CLASS:** (frightened) No!

**M.R.:** Will you join His army of soldiers for Christ and cast these sinners out of this world?

**CLASS:** (shouts) Yes.

**M.R.:** Oh wonderful. Jesus loves you for that. (turns to class) Now listen carefully children, for this is what you need to know about the "H" word. A word so vile I cannot even speak its name. (She sings H-O-M-O-Sexuality)

**\*"H-O- M-O SEX-U-A-LITY"**

(This song is lively, & funny, bouncing from teacher to class. Miss Righteous sings sternly, smacking character on his leaf as she sings in the following rhythm: H (\*smack), O (\*smack), M-O-(\*smack in synchrony with SEX), U-A-I-I- (\*smack in synch with TY.) \* in syncopation to the music. She sings loudly, mildly off key with an annoying, warbling vibrato often heard in church. One always stands out, yet she thinks she sings sweetly.)

*(FIRST CHORUS, SUNG BY MISS RIGHTEOUS)*

*H\* -O\* - M -O - Sex \*- U - A - Lity. \* That's a sin, you see.*

*H \*- O \*- M - O- Sex \*- U - A - Lity. \* That's per-ver-si-ty.*

*Now, normal boys will like the girls. And pull their hair and grab their curls.*

*But boys and boys must never play. For its' a sin to turn out gay!*

*H \*- O \*- M - O- Sex \*- U, - A, - Lity. This is what I say.*

*If you're an H \*- O \*- M - O - S \*- E - X - U - Al, \* you won't last one day.*

**BIFF:** (raises his hand and rises to ask) But, why not, Miss Righteous?

**M.R.:** (Angrily shaking her ruler in Biff's face.) Because if you do, God will strike you down and kill you with his right hand of righteousness.

**BIFF:** (frightened) Oh. (sheepishly sits down)

**(M.R.:** Continues singing loudly and forcefully with class responding and echoing her words. **(class echo)** She uses her ruler as a conductor's baton and weapon to cue the **(class)** for their parts as she sings with them and teaches homophobia. The class becomes more excitable as the song progresses. See score for syncopation and parts)

*(SECOND CHORUS SUNG BY MISS RIGHTEOUS & CLASS)*

*H! - (H!) -O! -(O!) -M,-O,-Sex,-u,-a,-ity. That's a sin, you see.*

*H!-(H!)-O!-(O!)-M,-O,-Sex,-u,-a,-lity. That's per-ver-si-ty.*

*Now, normal boys will like the girls. (G-I-R-L-S.) (class spells the words in response)*

*And pull their hair and grab their curls. (C-U-R-L-S)*

*But boys and boys must never (P-L-A-Y) For its' a sin to turn out (G-A-Y)*

*H!-(H!)-O!-(O!)-M,-O,-Sex,-u,-a,-lity. Tell me what you say.*

**If you're an H!-O!-M,-O,-S-E-X-U-AL, you won't last one day.**

( Class may parade around the room, (2nd chorus) striking the leaf in rhythm with palm branches as they dance around the chart. )

**M.R.:** (pages through bible) Now let me check my bible.

(Class does a dance to this musical parody of Mr. Rogers theme, using the H-O-M-O melody, becoming disruptive, chaotic, and borderline homophobic.). Well, I can't find it right now, but I know it's in there some place. (Turns to class like an orchestra conductor and raps ruler on music stand. Class! Come to order! (rap, rap) Ready Class? Now sing!

(begins directing as class sings piously, in hymn like style, in harmony, acapella )

*(THIRD CHORUS SUNG BY MISS RIGHTEOUS & CLASS)*

*(H! O! M, O, Sex, u, a, lity. That's a sin, you see.) As far as you're concerned.*

*(H! O! M, O, Sex, u, a, lity.) That's per-ver-si-ty. (This is what I have learned)*

*Now, normal boys will like the girls. And pull their hair and grab their curls.*

(Billy pulls girl's hair)

**M.R.::** Billy, stop that.

*(But boys and boys must never play. For its' a sin, sin, sin, to turn out gay!)*

*H! O! M, O, Sex, u, a, lity. This is what I say. (harmony) Oooo, Ahhhh!*

*If you're an H! \* O! \* M, O, Sex, u, al! You're not gonna' make it!*

**M.R.:** Why not?

*Cause he's not gonna' take it . . . . One Day!*

(class mate:) **Biff is a sissy.**

(Lights fade out)

*End of Scene 3*

*Act One, Scene 4*

(Biff walks to stage center front and talks with the audience).

**BIFF:** Every Sunday,I went to Miss Righteous's class. She had a big impact on my life. What did I know about the bible. Our leaders teach us all we need to know . . about life, and the right way to live it. They know what they're doing . . don't they?

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I went on to High School . . . but, I felt different from the other guys. I tried to be part of their world . . . but somehow .

(Biff walks slowly to stage left, hands in pocket, kicking an imaginary rock. Lights go up. Young men are choosing up sides for a baseball game, and divide into teams as they are chosen.)

**PETE:** I want Tom on my team. He's good. (team cheers)

**BILL:** I want . . . (looks over the group) Randy.

**PETE:** Denny, get over here. We want you.

**BILL:** Jeff, you're on our side. (team cheers)

**PETE:** I'm one short. We need one more player.

**BIFF:** Can I play with you guys?

**PETE:** (Looks around the room) Yeah. (reluctantly. Sighs.) It looks like you're the only one left.

**DENNY:** Aw, Jesus. Do we have to have Biff on our team. Now, we're gonna' lose for sure.

**BIFF:** (disappointed) That's o.k.. I don't wanna' play anyway. Besides, I gotta' get home. (Biff walks to stage left, moving that imaginary rock with his foot. Breaks down and begins to sob.) God, What's wrong with me? Why? Why?

(lights go up on stage right, revealing Beth, waving.)

**BETH:** Biff! Biff! Wait up for me. I want to talk to you. (she runs to Biff, who hastily pulls out handkerchief and wipes his eyes ) Hi!

**BIFF:** (sheepishly) Hi. (blows his nose)

(there is a long pause as the two stand there, looking at each other, Biff kicking at that imaginary rock again.)

**BETH:** What's wrong?

**BIFF:** Oh . . . Nothing.

**BETH:** That's not true. You've been crying. What's wrong?

**BIFF:** Aw . . . It's the other guys. They don't want me around. I try to do things the right way. I try to please others so they'll like me. So I can be happy.

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**BETH:** Well . . . Who pleases Biff?

**BIFF:** Does it matter?

**BETH:** Of course it matters.

**BIFF:** Nobody! If Biff can't please anyone, so why should anyone try to please Biff.

**BETH:** Can I walk with you?

**BIFF:** Sure. Sometimes it gets lonely walking home by myself.

**BETH:** I know. I see you doing that a lot. Don't you want company?

**BIFF:** (Puts hands in his pockets, continues kicking the rock) Sure I do, Beth. But it's safer this way.

**BETH:** What do you mean, safer?

**BIFF:** Aww! It's the other guys. They don't want me around. They call me names. . . . Like faggot . . and queer. It hurts, so I just stay away from them.

**BETH:** I know. I've heard them. Those are horrible things to say to someone. . . someone sensitive like you.

**BIFF:** (nods his head, still looking down at his feet.)

Uh-huh.

**BETH:** Why do they say things like that? Why do they want to hurt you?

**BIFF:** They don't like me. They just say I'm different.

**BETH:** It's o.k. to be different. Besides, I like you.

**BIFF:** What?

**BETH:** I like you because you are different. You're not like the other boys. They think showing off their muscles and acting macho is what a girl wants. What a girl really wants is someone who's gentle. Someone who's sensitive. Someone . . . someone like you.

**BIFF:** You don't understand. I have these feelings inside. I don't know what to do with them.

**BETH:** Don't keep them inside, Biff. Tell me about them.

**BIFF:** I can't tell you, Beth. I can't tell anyone. They're too personal. No one's going to understand. (uncomfortable pause)

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**BETH:** (frustrated, changes the conversation) The High School is having a turnabout dance where the girl asks the boy. Will to go to the dance?

**BIFF:** With you?

**BETH:** Of course, you ninny. (puts hand over her mouth) Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. Of course, with me.

**BIFF:** (hands in pocket, kicking imaginary rock) Aww, I don't know. I don't even know how to dance.

**BETH:** Hey! I can teach you. I've taken lessons and practiced with my little brother.

**BIFF:** No, you don't understand. (ashamed) I am different. I mean, I really am different.

**BETH:** (sings "You Are Different", a duet with Biff)

**YOU ARE DIFFERENT**

*(BETH'S TORCH SONG FOR HER FIRST LOVE. SUNG SLOWLY WITH FEELING.)*

**BETH:** *You are diff'rent. So they tell me. But how diff'rent can you be? Sensitive man, like no others. Won't you please come to the dance with me.*

**BIFF:** But I don't know how to dance. (vamp music plays the romantic waltz softly under dialogue) I don't know the steps.

**BETH:** It's real easy. Here, let me teach you. I know you can be a good dancer. A great dancer. Please?

**BIFF:** (reluctantly) Oh, I guess so. What do I do.

**BETH:** O.K.. Put your right hand on my waist, like this. (she puts his hand on her waist.) Now, hold my hand in yours. (Holds his hand) That's it.

**BIFF:** This feels kinda' funny.

**BETH:** I know, but that's because you've never held a girl like this before.

**BIFF:** I guess not.

**BETH:** Now, I'm going to teach you the steps for a waltz.

**BIFF:** I'm not sure about this.

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**BETH:** It's real easy. Now just follow me. Start on your left foot . . . ready . . . begin .  
Waltz, 2, 3, pivot 2, 3, waltz 2,3, pivot 2,3, (Biff is very stiff and clumsy, holding Beth at arm's  
length) Biff, you're so stiff. Loosen up. You gotta' feel it in your hips. Biff, Move your hips.

**BIFF:** (Echoes Beth and exaggerates his movements) O.K., I gotta feel it in my hips.  
Move my hips. How's this? (Thrusts his hips into Beth. Mock erotic. )

**BETH:** Oh, my! Yes. That's it. Now you've got it. Waltz, 2, 3, pivot 2, 3 (Biff trips and  
falls) Ow! (pulls her foot up)

**BIFF:** (embarrassed) I . . . I . . . I'm sorry.

**BETH:** That's o.k.. I did the same thing when I was learning. Really, I did. (reaches to  
Biff to continue the dance.) C'mon. Let's try again.

**BIFF:** (pushes aside her hand, shaking his head.) No. You don't understand.

**BETH:** Please Biff. (He turns and looks at her.) I want to go to the dance with you.  
(vamp ends. Biff sings, "I am different! Please don't do this" . . . etc..)

**BIFF:** *I am diff'rent! Please don't do this. I can't dance with you.  
Feelings deep inside, they scare me. If you only knew.*

(Beth & Biff sing their duet. See score for how their words and melodies weave.

**BETH:** (duet) *You are diff'rent. Like a snowflake. There is not a man like you.  
Like a snowflake, God created you. He made only one not two.  
You are diff'rent. From the others. Tell my heart where it should go.  
You are diff'rent. Man among men. And I've come to love you so.*  
(as Beth finishes the song, she tries to kiss him.)

**BIFF:** (duet) *Like a diff'rent snowflake, I melt, for there is not a man, Oh not a man like  
me.*

*What kind of God created me. God what did you do?*

*I am diff'rent. from the others. Tell my heart where it should go.*

*I can't dance. I can't dance with you.*

**BIFF:** (Shuns her advances, pushing her away) Please Beth. Not now. . . . I . . . I gotta'  
get going.

**BETH:** (Pleading) Biff. When? What about the dance?

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**BIFF:** Let me think about it. O.K.? (walks away, kicking his imaginary rock as the lights fade on Beth. Spot on Biff) She liked me. I mean, she really liked me. And I liked her too . . . but not the same way. Damn. Why must I be different? Why can't I be like the other guys and just go to the dance with Beth? (lights out for rapid scene change)

(Musical clock strikes Westminster Chimes)

(Stage Rt: Rocking Chair, small table with hand print on plate stand. Stage Lft: Biff's bed.)

**MOTHER:** Biff! Oh Biff! (lights go up on stage right where mother is knitting in her rocking chair. Father is reading) It's getting late. Time to get ready for bed.

**BIFF:** In a minute Mom. (Biff walks to stage left where his bed is.) I want to finish my art.

**MOTHER:** You can finish your art in the morning. And don't forget to say your prayers.

**BIFF:** Don't worry Mom, I won't. (puts on pajamas and gets ready for bed as the clock continues the chimes.)

**FATHER:** (Rises, angry and frustrated.) Argghhh!

**MOTHER:** What's wrong dear?

**FATHER:** That son of yours. That damned art. Why can't he be the son I want him to be. A baseball player. A jock. (Looks at the evening star on the screen.) Am I asking the impossible? Why do I have to have a son . . . who's different. Why can't he be normal.

**MOTHER:** In the first place, he's our son . . and he is normal.

**FATHER:** Oh no. (sputtering) That's not . . he's not . . Ohhhh! (Looking at the mother) It's all your fault. Dammit. If you wouldn't coddle that kid, he wouldn't be this way. I'd have a normal son.

**MOTHER:** (Angrily) Normal? You mean because he likes art better than baseball? Is your idea of normal someone who can't show any love or affection? Well I think he's normal. He's our son, and I'm proud to be his mother. Can't you be proud to be his father?

**FATHER:** Woman, you don't know what you're talking about. You don't know what it's like to be a man . . . to be a father. I gotta' get outta' this house. I gotta' get some air. (Father exits stage right)



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**MOTHER:** (Picks up and examines Biff's hand print, rises as intro to "Mother's Prayer" plays softly in the background. Nostalgically.) I remember when you gave this to your Dad. He cried. Oh, he was so proud of you - - so proud of this gift. And now . . . Sometimes I think I'm a mom to both men in my life. You're growing up. My little boy is becoming a man. (Sings A Mother's Prayer, effectively using the hand cast in the lyrics.)

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER

(Music plays intro softly under mothers reflections of the two important men in her life. Her husband, and her only son. She lovingly sings this song to that childhood plaster hand print, touching those tiny fingers and reflecting on that little boy she gave birth to. )

**MOTHER:** *Out of me, came a miracle! So perfect in ev'ry way.  
I'm only the vessel that carried you. The Master molds the clay.  
He pressed your fingers into the mold. The words say that I love you.  
But, what do you do with a father, who can't show his love to you?*

*He doesn't understand you. He's never learned to love.  
Your father is a decent man. I pray to God above.  
Some day he'll learn to love you. To love you as his son.  
I love you both. It hurts me so. I cannot choose just one.*

(Mother symbolically places her son's hand print into the hands of something greater than our understanding. Spotlight shrinks to isolate mothers up stretched hand holding the hand print. )

*God. Watch over him. My boy, not yet a man.  
Guide and protect him. Hold his hand.  
God, be near him. This son you gave to me.  
Fly my boy. Oh, fly so high, and be all you can be.  
God. I love him This child you gave to me.  
I place his hand in yours to be all he . . can . . be.*

**DYSFUNCTIONAL DREAMS**

(Chimes begin striking Westminster chimes. The angry father is beating his fist into the baseball glove in tempo to the clock chimes striking the time. He continues beating as he sings.

**FATHER:** *My boy is . . . different! Why, Oh why can't he be like me?*

*God! . Why did you do this to me? All I want is a son who'll be*

*Someone strong and virile, just like me! Oh!*

*My boy is . . . different! Why, oh why can't he be like me?*

*God! Why did you make him this way?*

*I don't like what I see in him. He is not the son for me!*

(Chimes continue strike 4 times between actors songs. Mother, holding the cast hand sings an adaptation of her first lullaby, with music box style of accompaniment)

**MOTHER:** *Twinkle, twinkle, little star. I'll always love you as you are.*

*You're up above the world so high. Like a diamond lighting up the sky.*

*Oh, twinkle, twinkle, oh my boy. You're now a man, my source of joy.*

*You've done no wrong, and you'll always be to me the boy I cradled*

*as I rocked and sang this song.*

(Chimes strike 4 times as lights go up stage right where Biff is kneeling to say his prayers. Pipe Organ style accompaniment reflecting a sincere young man's prayer.

**BIFF:** *Thank you Lord. For giving me this day.*

*I place my hand in yours. To guide me on my way.*

*Thank you Lord. For smiling down on me.*

*And giving me my life. To be all I can be.*

(Key change and music swells for trio. Mom and Dad's lyrics remain the same. Biff sings louder so the lyrics of his prayer can be heard above the other melodies.)

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**BIFF:** *Help me be . . . the son for mom and dad.*

*And be their source of joy. The best they've ever had.*

*And for me, I pray to you above.*

*To grow into the son, that they can be proud of.*

**BIFF:** And please Lord. Make me like all the other guys. Take away these feelings I have inside. I don't want them. I just want to be like everyone else. (Biff crawls into bed and turns out the light. Westminster chimes as Clock strikes 4. Dream sequence begins.)

(Beth appears in a prom dress in a dream, as lights go up stage left. She wanders around as if looking for someone.)

**BETH:** Biff! Biff, where are you. It's time for the dance. You promised you'd be here. Where are you?

**BIFF:** I'm coming. I won't let you down. I'll be there.

**BETH:** Hurry, the dance will be starting soon. Please don't be late.

**BIFF:** I'm having trouble with this darned tuxedo.

**BETH:** Here, let me help you.

(Biff enters with pajama bottoms and she helps dress him with a Chippendale dancer collar, bow tie and wrist sleeves.)

I'm just love tying bow ties and helping my man look his very best. (She steps back and admires Biff) My, don't you look great.

(Music begins playing the waltz beat.)

**BETH:** Oh, the dance is starting. Hurry. I want to dance with you.

**BIFF:** But, I don't know the steps. I can't dance with you.

**BETH:** It's real easy.

Just put your hand on my shoulder like this. That's right. Now hold me like this. (Biff reluctantly joins her in a waltz position. She leads) Ready? Waltz 2, 3, Pivot 2,3. (Beth sings "Waltz With Me".)

\* **WALTZ WITH ME**

(Biff dances stiffly and awkwardly like a person doing the waltz for the first time as his parents and Miss Righteous appear giving their approval. After the first chorus, the stud enters stage right and dances with Biff to "The Stud".

**BETH:** *Waltz with me, pivot 2,3, dance your life with me. Waltz with me, live with me, too. Children, we shall be a family, you see. Husband and wife, me and you. Dream with me, dreams of a life that we can build. Man of my dreams you're so strong. If I feel fear, I can lean on you a-while. For it's with you, I belong. With a picket fence, house and car, station wagon for you. Won;t you . Dance with me, live with me, spend your life with me. Live with me, love with me, too.*

\* **THE STUD** (No vocal. Musical is instrumental for Choreography to tell the story)

(Beth grabs Biff forcing him to dance with her to "Waltz With Me", which is done as a duet with "The Stud" music as the stud continues his dance. Miss Righteous waves crucifix at the stud, trying to hold him at bay. She tries to marry Biff and Beth, with parents as witnesses. However, Biff is drawn to the stud and leaves Beth crying at the end of the number and dances with the stud, who seductively dances Biff into his bed as the lights fade out.

**BIFF:** (has returned to bed) Screams in terror. (Lights go up on his bed as he sits up.) Oh, God! Why? What's wrong with me? That man? Who was he? Oh! Look! (disgusted, picks up his semen soaked sheet) My sheets . . . Look at my sheets, they're . . . they're wet. (examines the semen on his hands) Oh, my God (disgusted). No! No! (Lights go out as Biff's last no, echoes over the speakers.

**End of Act One**

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ACT 2, SCENE 1

(Charley opens scene from audience, passing out "Gay Pride March" song sheets, encouraging the audience to join in the singing.)

**CHARLEY:** C'mon. Come to the rally. Come out of the closet. Don't be ashamed. Be proud of who you are. etc. (ad lib as needed).

(Charley joins the rally crowd on stage as the lights go up. Other gays work on the stage, hang banners and assemble the sound system for the afternoon event while "Gay Pride March" is being played. Charley encourages and leads the crowd in singing. The "Campus Crusaders For Christ" (including Biff) enter near end of song, carrying picket signs (Christ is love, etc.) and try to discourage the gays from the rally.)

\* **GAY PRIDE MARCH** \* (Charley sings tenor solo)

(A rousing march sung by actors on stage and in audience as they march on stage. A marching band may be used. First chorus sung in unison. Second chorus, acapella, & parts. Third chorus parts & accompaniment. )

**CAST & CHORUS:**

*I'm Gay! Stand up and shout it. Be proud about it. Stand Tall!*

*Come out, out of the closet. Now you can give it your all.*

*America, you belong to me, so the story goes, I am free.*

*Free to be, who I want to be, if that's queer, I'm proud to be . . .*

(Second chorus, Repeat, slowing tempo, breaking into choral parts, acapella. Charley climbs on platform and sings 1 line solo along with chorus)

**CHARLEY:** *America, you belong to me, so the story goes, I am free.*

(Third chorus: a tempo, rousing with parts & accompaniment)

**CAMPUS CRUSADER 1:** Get outta' here, you faggots. We don't want your kind around here.

**CC 2:** Yeah! You're perverts breakin' the law.

**CHARLEY:** "One nation, under God. With liberty and Justice for all." Does that sound familiar to you? . . . Or what about this? . . . We have certain inalienable rights. "The right of life,

liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Read your history book man. That's the law of our country.

**CC 1:** We live by a bigger law. God's law, and His law says you're sinners.

**CHARLEY:** Sorry, but the University doesn't think so and they gave us a permit to be here and to speak about our feelings.

**CC 3:** (laughs) Feelings! Your feelings are sinful. Do you want to live the rest of your life in eternal damnation?

**CHARLEY:** No. That's why we're having this rally. So we don't have to live in eternal damnation by groups like yours.

**CC1:** You faggots are all alike. You want acceptance. Well, you're not accepted.

**CHARLEY:** Some day, people like you will understand that we do have feelings and we have a right to those feelings. To come out of our closets and be ourselves.

**CC 1:** Feelings? I'll tell you about your feelings. God sent a cure for your kind of feelings. You know how He cures fags' like you? AIDS! That's God's cure for your feelings.

**CHARLEY:** (angrily) You bastard! I've got friends who are dying, and I won't let you talk like that.

**CC 1:** Well, listen to the queen herself. (laughter from crusaders.) God's telling us to be His right hand and get queers like you outta' here. (Other C.C.'s cheer on CC 1.)

**CHARLEY:** You're crazy man, and you worship a crazy God. (begins pushing CC 1) If you want to talk, get yourself a permit, but until you do, get out of my space.

**CC 1:** Our Lord's the only permit we need. You're like the money changers' in the temple. What did our Lord do? He cast them out. He cast all them faggots out. (Begins disrupting sound system & pulling down banners. Other crusaders join in the disruption.)

(Charley tries to pull him away from the speakers. CC 1 breaks loose and faces him.)

**CC 1:** (sneering) Why don't you do us all a big favor, you faggot. Get AIDS and die.

(Charley begins fighting and wrestling with CC 1. They fall to the ground as other crusaders join in the melee', striking Charley with their "Christ is Love" signs, with much shouting and chaos. This is a powerful "fag bashing" in action on stage. It can be awesome viewing the horror of hatred.)

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(Biff tries to pull the Crusaders off of Charley and begins fighting against the crusaders, holding some at bay, by swinging his "Christ for Love" sign as the campus police arrive)

**CC 1:** Hey man. What're you doing? You're one of us. **BIFF:** (angrily) Don't hit him like that. What did he do?

**CC 1:** He's a faggot.

**BIFF:** What difference does that make? Who cares? Is this the way Christians behave? Is this love? (looks over crowd)

**CC 1:** Don't tell me you like faggots?

**BIFF:** They're not hurting anyone. You're doing the hurting. You carry love signs, and then beat someone with them. You're hypocrites!

**CC 1:** Are you one of them? Are you a queer?

**BIFF:** You want to hang a label on me? Go ahead. Does that make me different? What kind of label do I hang on you? Fag basher? You can't do this to another human being. Call me what you like, but don't call yourselves love.

[You may omit the policeman by having CC2 say: Let's get outta' here. I see a cop coming.]

**POLICEMAN:** (approaches CC 1) O.K., I need to see some permits here. Do you have a permit for your demonstration?

**CC 1:** We don't need a permit to picket faggots.

**POLICEMAN:** You do at this University. If you don't have a permit, move along. (begins to move CC's off stage amidst grumbling.)

**CC 1:** (to policeman) You don't like these faggots, do you?

**POLICEMAN:** That's not the issue. The issue is rights, and they have the right to gather peacefully and speak their views.

**CC 1:** (points at Charley) You're lucky this time, man. You got a cop to protect you. Just wait. Some night you'll be alone on a dark street . . . and then . . . you'll meet our Lord and His disciples.

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**POLICEMAN:** (more sternly) They've got a permit and it's my job to protect them. You're violating their rights, and you're leaving now. (confronts cc 1.) Now, I said.

**CC 1:** Some night when there's no protection. Just you (points to Charley) and Him. (points to ceiling) Watch out. We're all around you.

**POLICEMAN:** If you don't leave NOW . . . you're all under arrest.

**CC 1:** (To Biff) Looks like the campus has another fairy on it. (Crusaders pick up their signs and leave with the policeman.)

**CC 2:** Faggots! (other CC's shout queers, etc. as an unhappy crowd would)

**BIFF:** Here. (extending his hand to Charley) Take my hand. Let me help you up. (Charley grabs the hand and gets up.)

**CHARLEY:** (brushing himself off as he speaks) Thanks. You just stopped a fag bashing. Do you know what it's like? To be beat up . . .because you're gay?

**BIFF:** No.

**CHARLEY:** They scared the shit outta' me. When I saw the hatred in their eyes as they . . . (points at the departing crusaders) . . . They wanted to kill me. Are you one of them?

**BIFF:** No.(shakes head no) Not anymore.

**CHARLEY:** Oh. (pauses and looks at Biff. This line gets a big laugh when played well) You're new here aren't you?

**BIFF:** Just started this semester.

**CHARLEY:** Ohhh. A freshman. You've got a lot to learn.

**BIFF:** (chuckles) I'm learning a lot already.

**CHARLEY:** (laughs) Yeah, you are. What a way to learn. What a way to come out of the closet. (extends his hand to Biff) My name is Charley.

**BIFF:** (shaking his hand) Hi. I'm Biff.

(They hold hands and look at each other a bit too long. The others from the crowd disappear from the stage)

**BIFF:** (drops hand) Who said anything about being in a closet? Who says I'm gay?



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**CHARLEY:** (speaking softly and looking at Biff.) Sorry. . . I just thought that . . maybe if you're struggling with . . with things inside . . you don't have to be there . . alone. (He extends his hand to Biff and speaks kindly and softly.) Come out.

(Biff hides his hands behind his back as the "Waltz With Me" music begins playing softly in the background).

**CHARLEY:** Oh look. (Points to area on the floor.) A fairy ring in the grass.

**BIFF:** (curious. Bends over to see) What's a fairy ring?

**CHARLEY:** That brown circle of grass. (Puts his hand on Biff's shoulder, beginning a test seduction) Some say it's caused by a fungus. But Legend says that fairies come out and dance at night. Their dancing wears the grass down in a circle. A fairy ring.

**BIFF:** (chuckles) I like the legend. (Timidly pulls back away from Charley's advances)

**CHARLEY:** Biff . . Would you . . (takes a deep breath, fearing rejection) Would you dance with me? (He extends his hand)

**BIFF:** I don't how. I don't know the steps.

**CHARLEY:** I can teach them to you. Would you like to learn.

**BIFF:** (Takes Charley's hand. Speaks slowly with great thought..) I think I've waited for this for a long, long time. Yes, I would like that very much...

(Charley sings "Waltz With Me" to Biff.. Same words as Beth's (without the children), but now, they're very different. As they dance, Biff is very awkward in his steps, but by the end of the number they are dancing a romantic Viennese waltz).

\* WALTZ WITH ME \*

**CHARLEY:**

*Waltz with me, pivot 2,3, dance your life with me.*

*Waltz with me, live with me, too.*

*Holding you, feeling your heart beat next to mine.*

*Can this be love, is this true?*

*Dream with me, dreams of a life that we can build,*

*and when you need someone strong,*

*if you feel fear you can lean on me a while,*

*for it's with me, you belong.*

*With a picket fence, house and garden,*

*with love blooming, just for you.*

*Dance with me, live with me, spend your life with me.*

*Live with me, love with me, too.*

**BIFF:** (speaks at the end of the dance) Charley. Are you that pervert Miss Righteous warned me about? Someone who lures me to his den of iniquity and then takes advantage of me? Someone who'll make lewd and lascivious advances on my body?

**CHARLEY:** Yep! I'm the one.

**BIFF:** Good! I was hoping it would be you.

(lights out)

*End of scene 1*

*Act 2 Scene 2*

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(Lights raise, stage right, revealing Biff and Charley sleeping in bed. Biff, shirt-less, stirs and sits up in bed, his lower body covered with a blanket. Dance with me played quietly)

**BIFF:** Oh, can that man dance. I could have waltzed . . . all night. I think I did, and my poor dancing shoes . . . they've got holes in their soles. (chuckles) Seems to me, I heard a fairy tale like that. Gosh, I think I'm living the fairy tale. (Looks at Charley sleeping and sings "Fairy Tale Love." Sings quietly at first, increasing in volume as song develops. )

**\* FAIRY TALE LOVE \***

**BIFF:**

*Tell me if I'm dreaming. Tell me if you're real.*

*I cannot describe it - how you make me feel.*

*Life is so amazing. You're the making of -*

*all the things I wished for, in a fairy tale love.*

*I am overwhelmed by your beauty. Could you be a prince in disguise?*

*Maybe you're my guardian angel, looking in my soul with your eyes.*

*Can't deny my feelings, no more need to hide.*

*I am so complete now, with you here by my side.*

*All of my ambitions, that I've been dreaming of.*

*They cannot compare to this fairy tale love.*

**CHARLEY:** (wakes up as music continues under dialogue ) What's this about fairies?

**BIFF:** Oops. I didn't mean to wake you. I got a little carried away.

**BIFF:** Carried away with what? Hmmm? (hugs him)

**BIFF:** I couldn't stop dreaming about you all night. That is, what little of it was left to sleep. I can't believe someone as wonderful as you is in my life.

**CHARLEY:** Well believe it. I'm here.

**BIFF:** There's so much I want to learn from you, Charley. I don't know how I could ever measure up to you.

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**CHARLEY:** There's a lot of things I can learn from you too, Biff. You've taught me how to smile again. There's so much I love about you.

**BIFF:** Oh yeah? Like what?

(both sing reprise "Fairy Tale Love" Overlapping duet for Biff and Charley)

\* **FAIRY TALE LOVE** \* (duet)

**CHARLEY:** Well, *I love the way your eyes catch the sunlight.*

**BIFF:** *I love the way you smile when you see me.*

**CHARLEY:** *I love the way your smile catches mine.*

**BIFF:** *I love the way you dance in my arms*

**CHARLEY:** *I love to hear you sparkle with laughter.*

Both: (Singing to each other)

*And to think, . . . that you're really mine.*

*Knight in shining armor, carry me away.*

*Take me on a journey, now and every day.*

*I'll be your companion, all my lifetime through.*

*Let the whole world know, . . . that I'm . . . in love . . . with you.*

(Biff and Charley embrace as music swells to finish the song)

(They begin wrestling and tickling each other, falling out of bed laughing.)

**BIFF:** Well, where do we go from here?

**CHARLEY:** That depends on what kind of dance you do - - and with whom.

**BIFF:** I want to dance with you . . . only you. You're a great teacher and we dance . . . oh, can we dance.

**CHARLEY:** Well, your place or mine?

**BIFF:** What do you mean?

**CHARLEY:** If we're going to have a real ball, we need a real ballroom to dance in. Your ballroom, or mine?

**BIFF:** You like that word, don't you.

**CHARLEY:** What word?

**BIFF:** Ball . . ball room. You used that word three times in one sentence.

**CHARLEY:** Sometimes I'm redundant.

**BIFF:** What? (pause)

**CHARLEY:** (slowly) Redundant! . . (giggles) you know.

**BIFF:** Oh, I get it. (chuckles) It's easier if you move in with me. . . Besides, Mom and Dad will be thrilled to know I've finally got a roommate who doesn't think I'm "different."

(makes quote marks in the air with his fingers.)

**CHARLEY:** Oh, but you are "different." (repeats quote marks) If your parents only knew the truth about their little boy.

**BIFF:** (pleading) No! Please don't tell them. Let me. . . Someday. But for now, let them think we're roommates.

**CHARLEY:** All right. You're the boss. Or am I? If we're going to live together, we've got to find out who's gonna' play what role.

**BIFF:** I don't understand.

**CHARLEY:** Well . . like when your folks got together. Each played a role. For them it was easy. He was the man, so he went to work, took out the garbage and fixed the cars. She was the woman, stayed home and did the cooking and dishes.

**BIFF:** No . . I am not playing the woman. Not for you or anyone. I'm a man and I intend to stay a man.

**CHARLEY:** (laughing) No, no, no, no. You don't understand. (Charley struggles to explain as he opens his satchel.) Let me see what I have in my bag of tricks.

**BIFF:** Oh, am I just a trick that you carry around in a bag?

**CHARLEY:** (Laughing) No, I don't carry my tricks in a bag. Just my toys. (Pulls out various "toys".) What do you think of these? (Shows Biff a pair of outrageous low heeled women's shoes.)

**BIFF:** I told you, I'm not the woman, and I'm not certainly not going to wear heels like those. (Vamp for "Let's Play House")

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**CHARLEY:** (laughing) No, no, no, no. You're not getting the point. Let me explain it to you like this. . . (Charley sings first chorus of "Let's Play House Like Mom and Dad Together." This number is a show stopper and utilizes your creative energies. **BIFF:** sings second chorus This number is to be done with "camp" to the "nth" degree. Pull out all your stops for choreography and imagination, becoming more campy as song progresses.

**LET'S PLAY HOUSE**  
(CHARLEY & BIFF)

**CHARLEY:**

*Let's play house like mom and dad, together. You can be the queen, I'll be the king.  
You can do the dusting and the dishes. I will do the macho, manly thing.  
Let's play house like mom and dad together. Oh the games that people play with me.  
If you take this serious, then brother, you're mysterious, the only game is who you want to be.*

**BIFF:**

*Let's play house like mom and dad, together. Watching how my parents played the game.  
Mother played the role of helpless victim. Dad played rescuer and claimed the fame.  
But, when I look close beneath the surface, and see the game they really played for keeps.  
Father was the helpless one, and mom's the one who got things done . .  
A secret that no-body dares to speak.*

**BIFF:** (spoken in rhythm as mother, mimicking a house frau')

*I cook, I clean, I shop, I buy, I watch for all the sales.  
And finally when my soap is on, there's time to do my nails.  
(sits on bed, clicks imaginary t.v. remote, does nails & reclines without missing a beat.)  
I lie here in my negligee' with hair like Mrs. Brady.  
I don't think I'll get up today. (snaps fingers) I'm Sadie, married lady.  
I head off to the P.T.A., I made a fabulous buffet.  
I feed myself, I feed myself some more.  
I know what you're about to say - I wouldn't stuff my face all day,  
if life were not a monumental bore!*

**CHARLEY:** (spoken in rhythm, as father mimicking activities)

*I golf, I fish, play basketball, go drinkin' with the guys.*

*I ask myself if this is all that married life supplies.*

*I check my shirt, 'cause I know how my nosy wife will holler.*

*I'm having an affair, and now there's lipstick on my collar.*

*I need a drink, I'm seeing red,*

*there's something that my father said,*

*(sings) "that whiskey will put hair upon your chest."*

*It's not so hard to be so tough, 'cause no one knows it's all a bluff.*

*They'll think you're just a cut above the rest!*

**BIFF:** that's all fine and dandy, Charley, but I don't exactly fill out my mother's role, if you know what I mean.

**CHARLEY:** that's okay, dear. You fill out quite nicely in other areas, (looks at Biff's groin) if you know what I mean.

**CHARLEY:** (Spoken in rhythm)

*You wash my clothes, you sort my socks, I never stop to thank you.*

*If you don't act the way I want, you know I'm going to spank you. (Spanks Biff once)*

**BIFF:** (Spoken in rhythm)

*I dress the kids and wash the dog and wax the kitchen floor.*

*And when I get abuse from you, it leaves me wanting more.*

**CHARLEY:** (singing)

*In pigtails you'd look just like Judy Garland.*

*(Mimics the "Wicked Witch of the West) So get your ruby slippers and your dog.*

*You'll find that doing drag is so enticing. It's easier than rolling off a log..*

**BIFF:**

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*I must confess, I kinda' like the pigtails. (CHARLEY: "I knew you would)*

*But if you think that I'm wearing those, you're wrong! (Holds up gawdy short heels)*

*Just think of what my dad would say, now really, I must have my way,*

*I want my heels at least three inches long!*

( Biff reaches under bed and produces 3" plus spike heels after he sings "I want my heels at least three inches long". Charley sings third chorus as Biff flits around the room putting on heels, an apron, bandanna scarf on his head and begins dusting, behaving in a very campy, nelly manner, singing "La La, or "Tra La La" in a falsetto voice at appropriate places in the number. Biff puts on heels, an apron and whatever "drag" seems appropriate while Charley sings)

**CHARLEY:**

*Oh, you're wrong, your father wasn't helpless. You just never saw the role he played.*

*Strong and virile, macho man your father . . Shed a tear, oh no, he's not dismayed.*

*Women are the weaker of the sexes . . (Mimics Carol Channing)*

*And crying is O.K. For them to do.*

*You can do the dishes, I will carry out your wishes*

*I'm the daddy and I'll be on top of you.*

**BIFF:** Oh yeah? (Presses his chest against Charleys as they stand together)

**CHARLEY:** Yeah! (Thrusts his hips into Biff's)

**BIFF:** (Flits around the house with duster, etc. mimics "Harriet Housefrau".

*Let's play house like mom and dad together. This is who I really want to be.*

*Doing dusting, dishes and the laundry, is the role I had in mind for me.*

*Bow before me, I'm the lord and master . .(Pushes Charley backward on bed)*

*Even tho' I sometimes wear a frock. (Climbs on top of Charley, straddling him)*

*I control the power here . . A DOMINATRIX when you're near.*

*You'll have to be the bottom, I'm the top.*

**BIFF:** (sings the last chorus, still very campy, pushing Charley backwards on the bed , kneeling on top of him as he finishes his chorus with the last line "And you can be the bottom,



I'm the top." proudly pointing his thumb at his chest. Charley and Biff begin tickling and laughing. They rise as applause lessens)

**CHARLEY:** (laughing and rising from the bed.) You see Biff . . . Life is just a silly little game we play. Nothing in life is serious. It's all just a silly game.

**BIFF:** (Becomes very serious & walks behind Charley, still wearing heels and apron and wraps his arms about him from behind.) Charley. Some things in life are very serious. . . I love you. I want you to know that. I really love you.

**CHARLEY:** (freezes and a look of panic crosses his face - he slowly removes Biff's arms and walks away to stage front as lights fade)

*End of Scene 2*

*Act 2 Scene 3*

**CHARLEY:** (lights up stage left as Charley walks from the shadows to stage left, putting on his robe and talks with the audience about Biff. Music, plays under his speech. Progress to lower notes, 1 every 8 beats) I've never let myself get close to anyone before. Too dangerous. Love? It scares me. Too much pain. (music progresses to 1 every 4 beats) When I was 17, my parents found out that I was gay and threw me out of the house. Love? That's my experience with love. People who are supposed to love you . . . hurt you. (Music 1 each beat)

**\* MYSTERY MAN \***

(This song reflects who Charley is. Charley is an agnostic who fears intimacy. Outside, he is every man's idol. Handsome. Beautiful physique. Popular. Secure. A leader in every sense. But inside, he is a frightened empty shell. He uses sex as a tool, but feelings are kept at a distance. "Tricks" are sexual conquests. Notches on a bed post and nothing more. He's not sure what he feels, or what he believes. Intimacy terrifies him. Love? Commitment? They don't belong in Charley's world. Life is one big party. But, don't let anyone get too close. Biff has impacted Charley's world, as no one else has.)

**CHARLEY:**

*All of my life I have shut people out. I never wanted to care.*

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*Hurt and betrayal are what love's all about. When I needed it, love wasn't there.*

*I have survived keeping people at bay. Although I've been lonely, it's true.*

*I thought I was happy to live life the way that it was, - 'till the day I met you.*

*You're a man of mystery. Just like a child you live life so free.*

*You smile, and love becomes real. Could I be finally learning to feel?*

*Mystery man. Oh, please will you stay? If not forever, then just for today.*

*If we share - just one moment of love. After you go, that's what I'll dream of.*

*I hide behind laughter and anger's my shield. For keeping back all of my fears.*

*To romance and sorrow I never will yield. But maybe it's time to shed tears.*

*For you have allowed me to see how you live, how you worship your God, how you pray.*

*And, you never question, you praise and you give. Could it be, that I'm ready to stay?*

*Myst'ry man. I need you so. I need you to teach me the things that you know.*

*Hold me man, of mystery. Solve all those myst'ries that terrify me.*

*Though I may cut you with words like a knife. Don't let me chase you out of my life.*

*Let the child - living in you understand. The child within me, needs the warmth of your*

*hand. Mystery man. Please understand.*

(Lights go up on Biff, stage right after Charlie's song, Mystery Man. Lights fade out on Charlie)

**BIFF:** Have you ever been so in love . . .that you feel like you're going to burst . . You're

filled with so much . . happiness . .so much happiness you just don't know how to . . .

how to get it out. . how to . . tell the world . . I feel that way about Charlie . .It's

incredible. The longer I'm with him, the more I love that man. My God, I love him so

much. I want to climb the highest mountain and shout at the top of my lungs . . I love you

Charlie . . There was one night he was kissing me . . It was incredible, and all I could hear

in my mind was, "I love this guy. I love this man. I want to marry him. I want to marry

you. Over and over, I heard myself thinking, I want to marry you. I want to marry you.

And, suddenly, I heard those words coming out of my mouth. I want to marry you.

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He looked at me. He was surprised, and said, “What did you say?”. I told him, whoops, that kinda’ slipped out. You weren’t supposed to hear my thoughts. You know what he said then? “You can take it back if you want, but the answer is . . . yes . . . I do want to marry you.

*(Biff puts on his Chippendale bow tie/collar and cumberbun as he speaks)*

Well, . . .today is the day! We’re getting married!!

**(BIFF:** sings “**When My Eyes First Saw You**”. As he sings, lights rise on Charlie as both men put on Chippendale bow tie/collar and cumberbun for the wedding. Charlie stands stage left, as Biff sings to him, as if he is standing at the alter, waiting for Biff)

*When my eyes first saw you, I knew you were the one.*

*Don’t ask me how I knew, you were the stars and the sun.*

*A soul-mate made in hea-ven. The one I’ve longed for so.*

*The feel-ing deep in-side, told me our love would grow.*

*Walk-ing down the aisle, no-thing means more to me than you.*

*Each step I take I’m clo-ser, to my dreams co-ming true.*

*To-day is called the pre-sent. A gift that’s ours to share.*

*Come o-pen ours to-ge-ther. A gift of love, so rare.*

*When I say I love you, I say more than a word.*

*A sweet-er sound than this, No, it has ne-ver been heard.*

*I place my hand in your hand, and I am not a-lone.*

*To-ge-ther, we can do. To-ge-ther me and you.*

*To-ge-ther we can do, what we have ne-ver known.*

(Biff approaches Charlie at the alter as he sings the verse, “Walking Down The Aisle”. They join hands as Biff finishes the song. as the minister says)

**MINISTER:** These rings are a token and symbol of the unbroken and undying love that

Biff and Charlie have for each other. Wear them proudly, so the world will know the love

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one man can have for another..

**BIFF and CHARLIE** sing “**With This Ring**” as a duet

*With this ring, I thee wed. With these vows, that we’ve said.*

*Build a life, now to-ge-ther we. Hopes and dreams, we will al-ways be,*

*Joined you and me.*

*Our jour-ney now, has be-gun. Two were we, joined as one.*

*With this ring, all the world can see. You and I, now to-ge-ther we.*

*I place my hand, in yours my love. We can do, not as one, but as two.*

*Things that we could not do a-lone. From this day, hand in hand*

*we’ll make our house a home.*

*For with this ring, I thee love. Blessed by God, from a-bove.*

*Dreams that once seemed so far a-way. With this ring,*

*All my hopes and dreams come true to-day.*

*I place this ring, on your hand. I am yours, here I stand.*

*I pledge my love for e-ter-ni-ty. Wear this ring, so the world will see the love we share.*

*With this ring, I thee wed. With these vows that we’ve said.*

*Build a life. Now to-ge-ther we wed.*

*With this ring! With this ring!! With this ring!!!*

*I thee wed!!!*

(Biff and Charlie kiss as the minister blesses the holy union.)

**MINISTER:** I now pronounce you, husband and husband. Those whom God has joined,

let no man put asunder

(Lights fade out)

(Lights go up stage right, revealing a bed with Biff kneeling at its side.)

**CHARLEY:** (takes off clothes as he speaks) Are you ready for bed?

**BIFF:** In a minute Charley. Let me say my prayers first.

**CHARLEY:** You do that every night. (gets into bed) Does it really help?

**BIFF:** You don't understand Charley. It's important to me.(sings "Does Jesus Love Me?" )

*\* DOES JESUS LOVE ME? \* (sung to the tune of "Jesus Loves Me".)*

**BIFF:**

*Jesus loves me, so they say. Does he love me, if I'm gay?*

*I do not to him belong, straight is right and gay is wrong.*

*Does Jesus love me? Can Jesus love me?*

*Does he really love me? The preacher tells me no.*

*Jesus hear me, I'm a queer. It is Christians that I fear.*

*Hate not love is what they preach.*

*Is that what you came to teach.*

*God how did I get this way? Did you know I'd turn out gay?*

*What a curse you gave to me. In a closet, I'm not free.*

*Does Jesus love me? Can Jesus love me?*

*Does he really love me? The preacher tells me no.*

*Jesus get away from me. I am gay and I must be -*

*You don't love me, so they say.*

*Hate me too, because I'm gay.*

*(Biff climbs in bed.)*

**CHARLEY:** Biff! Are you O.K.?

**BIFF:** My religion. It's tearing me apart. I'm gay, and I feel so ashamed of being who I am. It's wrong. (sits up) We're wrong.

**CHARLEY:** Who says so?

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**BIFF:** God.

**CHARLEY:** God? God who? (sits up) Does God talk to you? Did He say it was wrong to be gay? I'm laying right here next to you in this bed. Ask Him! I want to hear what he has to say!

**BIFF:** No, you don't understand. He doesn't talk directly to me. I read the bible to hear Him.

**CHARLEY:** I don't believe in that stuff. If I did, I'd go crazy. I've seen those evangelists on T.V... Their bible thumping drives me crazy, and their God doesn't love gays. Sure, they talk about love, but hate anyone who doesn't fit the mold. Do you know where the word faggot comes from.

**BIFF:** No. (shaking his head)

**CHARLEY:** (near tears) A faggot is the kindling of wood used to torch another human being at the stake. (holds Biff by his shoulders) Christians burned people at the stake, and now they're killing you in the name of their God. Don't hate yourself . . . for being you.

**BIFF:** (crying) Charley, I can't let go of this. It's not that easy.

Charley (hugging and comforting Biff) I know. It's not easy at all . . . being gay.

**BIFF:** (sighs) Turn out the light and let's get some sleep.

**CHARLEY:** (turns out light) Biff. . Are you O.K.?

**BIFF:** Yeah.

Charley; G' Night.

Biff; (sadly) G' Night.

*End of Scene Three*

*Scene Four*

(Charley exits or hides behind bed from audience's view during dream)

(Dream sequence: Clock strikes Westminster chimes, 2 a.m. Biff is in Bed. Miss Righteous, and a group of grotesque gargoyles enter his bedroom with religious pomp and

ceremony, carrying religious artifact and a crown of thorns on a pillow. The choreography reflects bizarre, nightmarish fantasies on death. Biff cowers at the foot of the bed, with gargoyles reaching for him, and pulling Biff up to the headboard. Miss Righteous sings "The Misguided Preacher".)

**\* MISGUIDED PREACHER \***

MISS RIGHTEOUS:

*You see I live to be a God! I tell you what to do.*

*I run around in circles preaching. I know what you should do.*

*I'm Jesus girl (boy), he hand picked me! His work I have to do.*

*Big "G" is God for me. And little "Y" is you.*

*You're puny, insignificant, a sinner can't you see?*

*You're doomed to rot in hell young man. Rise up and follow me.*

*I lead you to the altar, a sacrifice to make.*

*Give up the life that you now lead, and die, for His name sake!*

*You're puny, insignificant. I nail you to the tree.*

*In Jesus name I cleanse your sins. I cru - ci - fy . . . . thee.*

(Standing at the headboard, as she sings, "I nail you to the tree", she nails Biff's hands to the headboard. As she sings "in Jesus name", she takes a crown of thorns from one of the gargoyles' pillow, raises the crown as if offering a blessing, and as she sings "I crucify thee", impales the crown onto Biff's head. With correct lighting & staging, Biff can look like a crucifix, hanging on his own bed. This concept may be too intense for some productions. It is grotesque, nightmarish and horrible, but symbolic of how many gay people feel about Christianity. Lights go out quickly as Biff wakes up screaming in terror. Charley quickly enters bed.)

**CHARLEY:** (turns on light) What's wrong.

**BIFF:** (sighs sadly) Ohhh! I've had a terrible nightmare.

**CHARLEY:** You want to talk about it?

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**BIFF:** No. Maybe in the morning. It's something I've gotta' work through. Turn out the light. Let's get some sleep.

(lights go out)

**BIFF:** (speaking in the dark) Charley?

**CHARLEY:** Yeah.

**BIFF:** Hold me. Hold me close. I'm so scared.

*End of Scene Four*

*Act 2 Scene Five*

(Biff appears stage left dressing before an imaginary mirror as he talks with the audience. The rest of the stage remains dark.)

**BIFF:** How can something that feels so right be so wrong? What kind of God would give me these feelings and then say "I'm bad"? It doesn't make sense. Charley's the best thing that's ever come in my life. This is who I've always been, but was afraid to admit these feelings to anyone. Even to me. God! Me, gay? . . . (smiles) Yeah! (nodding his head.) I am. But, my folks don't know that though, and I'm scared to tell them. Isn't that ironic . . . I should feel safest with those who love me. . Yet I'm afraid. . . afraid to tell them about me . . their son.

Mom called the other day. Before she hung up, she said 'Oh, why don't you bring along your room-mate. Bring Charley home with you for Thanksgiving. He shouldn't be alone. Let's make him part of our family. God! If she only knew what she was saying. Maybe she does. So many of us, when we tell our parents 'I'm Gay', they say, 'I've known that for years.' Are we that easy to spot?

**FATHER:** Biff! Now! (calls out as lights go up stage center with Father, Miss Righteous, Charley, Beth, and Mother seated for Thanksgiving Dinner. Hand Print faces audience, table center) How many times do I have to call you. We're all waiting.

**BIFF:** (runs in and shows father a photo while speaking) I'm sorry Dad. I was looking at some pictures and found this one (shows father a picture). Look, I've got that catcher's mitt.

**FATHER:** (Pushes picture aside) Not now. We're ready to eat. Sit down. (Biff takes his seat



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**MOTHER:** I remember when the day you gave this to your father.(Picks up the plaster mold and shows it to Biff. Kisses his cheek as she places the mold on the table in plain view of the audience. It is important the audience knows this is the special gift, that Biff gave to his father)

**FATHER:** It's time to say grace. Miss Righteous would you be so kind.

(family bow their heads and hold hands above their heads)

**M.R.:** (piously, loudly) Ohh Gawd! (God dragged out) thank you for these bountiful blessings of which we are about to partake, and especially for this loving CHRISTIAN family who opened their arms and hearts to all of us here today, making us part of their family. (Drop arms expecting prayer to be over) And Ohh Gawd! (Snorts, pig like on inhale. Charley seated beside her stares in disbelief as family raises arms higher.) Strengthen and nourish our bodies and minds that we may effectively do Thy will in Your world. AA-Amen.

**All:** Amen. (Dad says Amen loudly with relief)

**M.R.:** Biff! Would you please pass the FRUIT! (which Biff does.) I spoke with Tom the other day. You remember Tom, the two of you used to be so close in Little Crusader's for Christ. He tells me he saw you on campus. That you were part of a rally, called,. . . let me see if I get this right . . I believe it was called "Gay Pride on Campus Day". (Dinner stops and all look at Biff. Charley is uncomfortable) How can anyone be proud about being gay? And, why would you do such a thing when your friends were picketing against those sinners. (Biff drops his fork on the plate.) Who's side are you on? Christ's? Or Satan's?  
(silence Biff drops his fork on the plate, breaking the silence.)

**FATHER:** (shocked) Is this true?

**BIFF:** What do you want me to say? I'm accused. Do you want to have a trial?

**FATHER:** (demanding) Is this true?

**BIFF:** The good Miss Righteous (or reverend) has found me guilty. What defense can I can offer against her? (him)

**MOTHER:** Biff, please. I think you should answer your father.

**BIFF:** (angrily) O.K..(strikes table with his hand and rises.) Yes, it's true. I was there. Those so called loving Crusaders were beating a gay man over the head with their "Christ Is

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Love" signs. (Charley rubs his head) If you could have only seen the hatred in their eyes. They wanted to hurt him and they would have if I hadn't pulled them off.

**M.R.:** (Looking at Charley with her pseudo Christian love voice as Charley begins to peel a banana.) Tom also tells me that the leader of that pack of disgusting Homosexuals was a young man named Charley. (Charley starts to bite into banana) Now, it must be a coincidence, since your name is Charley Too. (Timing is important as Charley turns and looks at **M.R.:** with the phallic banana still hanging in his mouth. A side profile of the two heads close together, staring at each other) Hmmmm? (She calmly sips her coffee after dropping the bomb.)

**FATHER:** (looking at Charley) You? (Charley looks at his lap. Father looks at Biff, shocked) And you? (points to both) The two of you? (shaking finger angrily) Now I understand. (Father rises from his chair and walks to Charley, shaking finger in his face) You despicable scum. Taking my son and making him into one of . . . Oh, God. How disgusting. Your presence here defiles everything that's sacred and holy. Get out of my house. (points to the exit)

(Charley rises to leave, but Biff joins his side. )

**BIFF:** No, Dad. Don't do this. Not today. Not on Thanksgiving.

**FATHER:** This is my house and my word is law. I want this pervert out of my house. And as for you, young man, if you can't live by my rules, then you can get out too. You can go join your . . . your friend.

**BIFF:** You don't understand, Dad. He's more than a friend. I love him . . . and I'm everything you didn't want me to be, dad. But I can't hide from these feelings anymore. I am that "H" word that no one dares to speak. (Father backs away, not wanting to hear the words as Biff approaches him) Well, I can speak it now. I AM A HOMOSEXUAL.

**FATHER:** (slaps Biff in the face) Don't you dare say that word in this house. Ever. By God, there never has been and there never will be a homosexual in this family. Get out. (chord) You're not my son. (Chord) He died today. (vamp) Get out! Get out of my house! (sings "Get Out Of My House)

\* **GET OUT OF MY HOUSE** \*

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(A climactic, tragic, heart rendering Verdi style of music, culminating with 5 arias singing a quintet, while the accompaniment plays a "Perils of Pauline" style of music. Music starts with Father's slap and the musical vamp plays under dialogue. Each character grabs Biff, turning him to face them as they each sing their point. The poor Biff is left mauled, dizzy, and painfully shattered by the end of the number. Father sings the first chorus, pushing the two toward the door. Others join in according to the score in a Verdi style quintet. Gargoyles may come out from under the table and dance and join in the chorus.)

**FATHER:**

*Get out! Get out, get out of my house. And don't come back no more!*

*Get out, get out, get out of my house. Get out, and shut the door!*

*This son who was mine, he died today. His different lifestyle took him away.*

*From this day forward I have no son! I lost my boy, I lost my only one!*

Trio (*Father, Miss Righteous, Beth*)

*Get out, get out, get out of my house. **Get out of this house** And don't come back no more!*

*Get out, get out, get out of my house. **Get out of this house** Get out, and shut the door!*

***How could you let your father down? You know he will be the talk of the town.***

*From this day forward I have no son! I lost my boy, I lost my only one!*

***You lost your only one , Thrown away from God!***

***Listen to me, you poor queer don't you hear?***

**MISS RIGHTEOUS:**

*H - O - M - O - Sex - U - Al \_ I - Ty! H - O - M - O - Sex - U - Al \_ I - Ty!*

*Corrupt. Sinner is what you are. Pervert, now you have gone too far.*

*When will you ever learn? You'll be thrown from heaven.*

*Thrown away from God!*

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**BETH:** (Sing song slowly to hear the words clearly)

*I'm your girl friend. Who's this boy friend?*

*Listen to me. Are you deaf friend.*

*I am the chosen one. Play with girls, you'll have fun.*

*Listen to what I say. All you need's . . ONE . GOOD . LAY.*

*God condemns who you are. You are a fallen star.*

*How can you say - you love him?*

**MOTHER:**

(To Biff) *Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Gift of love is who you are.*

*You're someone who's born of my blood. Child of my womb, you're an offspring of love.*

(Loudly to father) *LISTEN TO WHAT YOU SAY. LOVE HIM!*

*DON'T YOU THROW HIM AWAY. OH MY HUSBAND, OH LISTEN TO ME.*

**BIFF:**

*Hear me Lord! On this Thanksgiving day.*

*What kind of man am I? Show me the way.*

*I've let my parents down. I've gone astray.*

*Oh, please help me be the son they can be proud of.*

*Help me be the son that they can love!*

(This piece now becomes a dynamite Verdi style 5 part quintet with all characters singing their arias very loudly (*ff*), each screaming at Biff, trying to make their point. Trying to be heard. Confused, Biff looks to his Father who angrily pushes Biff away as he tries to reconcile. The "Perils of Pauline" style of accompaniment offers some comedy relief to the tension and tragedy occurring on stage.)

**QUINTET:** (Miss Righteous, Beth, Mother, Father, Biff. Words and music repeat the above lyrics. When finished, Father sings the final verse, screaming Get Out (*fff*) which shatters and silences the chaos of the quintet)

**FATHER:**

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*GET OUT! Get out, get out, of my house. And don't come back no more!*

*Get out, get out, get out of my house. Get out, and shut the door!*

*This son who was mine, he died today. His different lifestyle took him away.*

*From this day forward I have no son! I lost my boy, I lost my only one!*

*GET OUT!*

**FATHER:** (screams end of song "Get out" in synch. as he grabs Biff's childhood plaster hand cast from the table and throws it at his son or, shattering it on the floor. Biff and Charley depart and walk to stage left. Lights fade and go out. Background Music: That's my boy.

Strike set. New set: Couch made with 3 folding chairs covered by a comforter simulating couch [stage center]. Canes & hats on table behind couch.

**BIFF:** [lights up] (sobbing) Oh God, Charley! It hurts so much inside! I don't know what to do. Did you see the way he looked at me. The anger in his eyes. . . it hurts so much I want to crawl off and die. I can't handle it anymore. I want to kill myself.

**CHARLEY:** Biff! Don't say that! One third of the young men who kill themselves do it because they're gay and they can't handle it. What a waste. You're too special for that. Being gay is no reason to kill yourself. Don't do it because of them, Biff.

**BIFF:** Charley, you don't understand. I'm a failure. I've let my parents down.

**CHARLEY:** No, Biff. You're not a failure and you didn't let them down. They let you down! You weren't born to love them. It's their job to love you . . . to love you for who you are . . . not for who they want you to be.

**BIFF:** But, what am I supposed to do now, Charley?

**CHARLEY:** Just because they're your parents doesn't make them right. No one knows what's right for you, except you. There's always someone who wants to dump on your parade. You'll be walkin' down the street liking who you are, and smack, somebody's gonna' hit you right between the eyes with a bucket of crap. Look at me. (Holds Biff by the shoulders, looking eye to eye) The real tragedy of life is not that we die, but rather what dies inside of us while we still live. Don't let anything die inside of you because of them. You're too special a man. In order to

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get through life, you've got to believe in you. Believe what you feel here (touches Biff's heart). Believe in that, and believe in you.

**BIFF:** Charley, how do you believe in you, when no one else does?

**CHARLEY:** When I was a kid, and felt scared inside, (music intro) I used to sing a song and do a little dance. I still do that . . . there's a little kid inside of me that gets scared. Real scared, and when that happens, I sing it for him, and we dance together and we start believing what we feel (points to his heart) here . . . inside. Let me teach it to you. (Begins "I Am Just Me".)

(Opportunity for creative choreography. Charley sings and dances the first chorus, with subsequent verses sung one key higher. than the last. He strongly believes in the words and dance of this song. Insecure with Charley's song of life, Biff sings the second chorus, very timid and unsure. Charley shouts encouragement as Biff struggles with believing the words. Biff sings and dances the third chorus with more conviction, and sings his heart out by the end of the chorus. Charley and Biff sing and dance the last chorus with gusto, dancing a vaudeville style chorus line with top hats and canes. This song is a show stopper. )

**\* I AM JUST ME \***

**CHARLEY:**

*I am just me, what a wonderful guy. If you can't see that, just move on by.*

*I have the right to belong here, and to sing my own song.*

*If you have a problem with that, just move along.*

*Oh, I am just me, what a wonderful guy. Being the best I can.*

*Oh, don't you spoil my parade, when live becomes lemonade,  
just love yourself and watch the bitterness fade.*

**BIFF:** (sings song 2nd (timidly) & 3rd time (with conviction))

**BIFF & CHARLEY:** (Straw hat & cane choreography. Jointly sing the song the 4th time with gusto and conviction and proceed to the finale')

**\* FINALE' \***

**BIFF & CHARLEY:**

*We have the right to belong here, and to sing our own song.*

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*Oh, let me tell you, baby, we have the right to belong. OH YEAH!!*

(Finish choreography with both kneeling, removing straw hats from head and extending arm & hat to audience. Oh Yeah!)

( Lights out)

(Charley appears stage left and talks with audience.)

**CHARLEY:** How can parents be so cruel? To be told, "Get Out" by your parents . . . just because you're gay. (shakes head) Do you understand why I don't want to get close? Why I don't want to love? I don't want that kind of pain. . . ever again.

After that, Biff and I settled down building a life together. . . like man . . . and man. Sure, we had our fights, but we had some great times together too. Biff really loves me . . . a lot. And I began to open up to him. Just a tiny crack, but big enough that I allowed him to get close to me . . . and me to him. At night, we'd snuggle . . . we'd talk . . . we'd dream about our future. We shared everything, even tooth-brushes. Physically, there wasn't a part of him that I didn't know, nor a part of me that he didn't know. We were that intimate.

(lights go up stage center with Biff sitting on a couch, reading and drinking a beer.)

**BIFF:** Hey Charley. Do you want part of this beer?

**CHARLEY:** (joins Biff on the couch) Sure. (takes a drink)

(Biff lies down with his head in Charley's lap)

**BIFF:** You know Charley, I'm the happiest man alive. I don't deserve this.

**CHARLEY:** (wraps his arms around Biff's head, kissing his forehead.) Yes you do.

**BIFF:** I love you . . . so much. If something ever went wrong, I don't know what I'd do without you.

**CHARLEY:** (stroking Biff's forehead as he rolls up shirt sleeves.) I love you too, Biff. And I love being married to you. We're a couple. We're building a life and . . . (notices something on his (Charley's) arm and sits up suddenly to examine it closer.)

**BIFF:** What is it Charley? What's wrong?

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**CHARLEY:** This spot. It wasn't here yesterday. Look at this! It wasn't here. (Moves away from Biff to stage center as he examines an area of his arm more thoroughly. Music plays underlay) Oh, my God. (softly) No. No. (sings "Spot")

(Charley is horrified in disbelief. This song reflects the fear every gay man has. To discover a spot on his body that wasn't there yesterday. Many persons with AIDS who have heard this song have told the author, "You have captured my innermost private thoughts. Thoughts I find so horrible and frightening, I could not put them into words. That's my life's story on stage. Thank you. for what you have written. I hope, now others can get a small glimpse of how I feel. Deep inside where I don't allow anyone to enter." Expect complete silence at the end of this song.)

**\* SPOT \***

**CHARLEY:**

*Is this not a spot, which I see before me?*

*Oh no! This isn't happ'ning it can't be true.*

*Is this not a stain on a life that's ending?*

*Oh no, I won't accept this, I'm so confused.*

*I am twenty-three. This can't be happening to me.*

*I'll wash this spot out of my life. It's just a dream.*

*God, how could you dare? To take my life this isn't fair.*

*I think you've punished me enough, it's too extreme.*

*If this is a spot which I see before me,*

*then please, take it away, and let me be.*

*I am just a young man, my life beginning.*

*Oh please, do I deserve this, for being me?*

*Oh, prove to me you're real, by showing me how you can heal.*

*Just do this favor for me now, then I'll believe.*

(Charley falls to his knees, looking upward)

*God, if you can hear me, if you're there, then hear my cry.*

*Let me keep on living. I am so afraid to die.*



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*Does your Jesus really love me? Can he show his love to me?*

*Can he make this tiny acorn grow into a giant tree?*

*If your Jesus is my savior. If he's called the great I am.*

*If he's really a good shepherd, will he save this little lamb?*

*If this is a spot which I see before me,*

*then please, take it away, and let me be.*

*I am just a young man, my life beginning.*

*Oh please, do I deserve this for being me?*

*For being me. For being me. For being me.*

(As Charley sings, Biff moves farther away from him)

**BIFF:** Here, Charley. (pushing the beer bottle toward Charley.) You can finish this beer. I'm not thirsty anymore.

**CHARLEY:** (reaches out to touch Biff, who pulls away) What's wrong? You're afraid of me, aren't you. You think I've got something and you might catch it. My God, after all we've shared and now you think you might get something from me by drinking out of the same beer bottle. You're afraid of me. Well run. Go on run away. That's what they all do when you get something like this. I love you. Sure. What a joke. Let somebody into your world. They're only gonna' hurt you. Here! You want to see this spot? (holds his arm by Biff.) Touch it. Go on. Touch it. (Biff pulls away) Well, if you won't touch me, then let me touch you. (Biff gets up and moves away. Charley follows him) Do you think I'm going to give you something . . . by touching you. How about giving me that love you were talking about. Now, suddenly I'm different, aren't I. How about it? Should we go to bed? (Grabs Biff) Want to make love with me? With a Faggot? Who's got a spot?

**BIFF:** (Frightened, pushes Charley away) Cut it out, Charley.

**CHARLEY:** (angry, confused, frightened.) No! I can't cut it out. It's not that simple. It's part of me. The virus is part of me. My God, it's inside of me. I can't cut it out. Don't you see! The only way to get rid of it . . . is to . . . Aw, fuck off. (takes his suitcase and starts packing. Biff stands at the other end of the Stage, watching Charley pack)

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**BIFF:** What are you doing?

**CHARLEY:** What does it look like? I'm leaving. You're not going to love me anymore. No one loves a man . . . with a spot. It's over. (Charley cries momentarily and then continues packing.)

**BIFF:** (sings "Tarnished Knight" as Charley occasionally looks up from his packing.)  
(These are Biff's inner thoughts as he struggles with feelings of love, commitment, fear, disbelief, and the desire to flee a bad dream. The decision to love and care for a Person With AIDS is a deep, soul searching struggle This song reflects the struggles and resolution of Biff's feelings)

**\* KNIGHT IN TARNISHED ARMOR \***

**BIFF:**

*You were my knight - in shining armor. You carried me away.*

*Now, your armor's tarnished. Do I run away?*

*What a fairy nightmare. Is this the bitter end?*

*Do I really love you? I'm afraid - of you, my friend.*

*Was I just in love with your beauty. Were you not my prince in disguise?*

(Awestruck with the concept and responsibility of the next lyric)

*Could it be that I'm your guardian angel? Looking in your soul, with my eyes?*

(Biff reaches the decision to re-affirm and re-commit himself and his love to Charley)

*I'll be your knight in shining armor! In my arms you'll stay.*

*No one's going to harm you. Not now, or any day.*

*I'll be your companion. All my life time through.*

(Biff moves to Charley at the appropriate place near the end of the song and turning Charley to face him, he puts his arms around Charley's neck as he finishes the song.)

**CHARLEY:** (Standing beside his open suitcase) Spot and all?

**BIFF:** (Slams lid of suitcase) Spot, and all!

*Let the whole world know! That I'm . . . in love . . . with you!*

(Music swells in the finale' as the two embrace. Lights dim, then out)

*End of Act Two*

### ACT THREE

#### *Scene 1*

Biff is seated on a tall stool, stage left, talking on the telephone. The rest of the stage is dark.

**BIFF:** He's really sick, Mom. I'm scared . . . really scared he might not make it through the night. He's part of me Mom . . . and if he dies . . . I don't want to live either. He's the one person who loves me for who I am. Nothing will ever separate us. Not even death. I'm sorry I can't talk anymore Mom. He needs me. No, don't try calling me back. I'm not leaving his side. Good-bye, Mom. I love you too.

(lights go up stage right. Charley is lying in bed. Biff goes to him.)

**BIFF:** That was my Mom. Can I get you anything.

**CHARLEY:** Just hold me. Please hold me. I feel so cold. I'm scared. I don't know what's going to happen and I'm scared.

(Biff crawls into bed with Charley and holds him.)

**BIFF:** I'm here. I'm not going to ever leave you.

**CHARLEY:** I don't know what I would have done without you. You've been so good to me. And what have I done for you? I might have even given it to you!

**BIFF:** Shhh! (reassuring) Don't even think about that, Charley.

**CHARLEY:** I'm so glad you stayed. I don't know how to thank you.

**BIFF:** You just did. You smiled and said thank you.

**CHARLEY:** You know what I want most right now?

**BIFF:** What?

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**CHARLEY:** I want to find a big rock somewhere. . . one that will last forever . . and I want to carve on that rock, (gestures with hands). ."Charley lived. Don't ever forget, Charley lived."

(begins crying) I've lived most of my life as a fraud. Why? To end like this? I sure don't have much to show for my existence.

**BIFF:** You have me. Without you, I wouldn't be here today. I would have killed myself. You gave me hope. You gave me pride . . in who I am. No, my friend. You're not a fraud. You're the most real person I've ever known. You stood up for who you are and what you believed in.

**CHARLEY:** Look where that's gotten me. I'm dying . . and I'm scared. Do you think your God is really punishing us . . . . because we're gay?

**BIFF:** No, Charley! (slowly) My God is a loving God. He wouldn't do this to one of His creations.

**CHARLEY:** Then why? Why does it have to be like this?

**BIFF:** (shaking his head) I don't know, Charley. I wish I had an answer for you, but I don't.

**CHARLEY:** Will you pray with me? Will you ask your God . . to heal me?

**BIFF:** (embraces Charley, tearfully) Oh, Charley,. . yes . I will.

(Biff leaves the bed and lights candles on the stage. He need only light several and the rest can be lit electronically, with many flickering red candles illuminating the stage like the memorial candles in a Catholic Church at night. The rest of the stage is dark. Biff sits on the bed and holds Charley in his lap as they sing the duet, "A Healing Prayer". The only lighting is a tiny spot on the pair and the flickering red candles.)

**\* A HEALING PRAYER \***

**BIFF:**

*Father. Oh my Father in heaven. Hallowed, shall be Thy name.*

*Thy kingdom come, now on earth as in heaven.*

*Thy will be done. Is this how it must be?*

*Oh please hear me, my Father. Oh, my Father in heaven.*

*This is Biff. Remember me?*

*I served you as your little disciple.*

*Oh, God above, hear my plea.*

*Show us your mercy and what you're about. This man is too young to die.*

*Heal him and love him. Please show him you're God! Hear me I humbly cry!*

**CHARLEY:** (Finding strength in the prayer, he sings.)

*Does your Jesus really love me? Can he show his love for me?*

(Charley has severe coughing spell as Biff comforts the dying Charley. music continues.)

*Does your Jesus really love me? If He's called the great I Am!*

*Can He wash all these spots from my body? Can he heal this little lamb?*

(Biff and Charley sing a duet as the song continues. Biff has the melodic hymn reflecting "Our Father" Charley sings a Gregorian chant. The two parts are sung together and the meters intertwine.)

**BIFF:** (duet)

*Father. Oh my Father in heaven. Save this lamb, who is too young to die.*

*Show him you love him like I do, please heal him.*

*Merciful God, wash these spots away. Send a miracle. . .*

**CHARLEY:** (duet)

*Oh my Father in heaven I call to you . . . Hallowed be Thy name,  
and Thy kingdom shall come on earth as in heaven.*

*I'm praying to you . . . with my life in your hands.*

*Heal me, my Father in heaven.*

*Take this cup from my hands, show me mercy and love.*

*Wash this spot from my life. Let me grow old and live my life.*

*God! I feel stronger. My . . .*

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(**Biff & Charley** now sing in unison as the music rises in key and crescendo. Charley feels stronger and both believe their prayer has healed him. )

*Father! Oh, my Father in heaven. Heal this lamb . . with your heavenly love.*

*Thy will be done, now on earth as in heaven. Thy name, oh God, is love.*

*In hope I cry to you. Thou art the Lord of all.*

*Hear me! . . . . Almighty God! . . . . Please hear me.*

*A . . . . men!*

(Music continues to the ending as Biff holds and rocks the critically ill Charley. Both feel a miracle has happened and Charley will be healed.)

**CHARLEY:** Biff.

**BIFF:** Charley?

**CHARLEY:** I have one more request to make of you.

**BIFF:** Anything, Charley. Just ask.

**CHARLEY:** Will you . . . will you dance with me? (begin vamp for "Dance With Me".)

**BIFF:** Charley, you're so weak. Can do the steps?

**CHARLEY:** If I forget . . I'll lean on you. You can lead now. You've become a damned good dancer.

**BIFF:** (helping the weak, frail Charley from bed.) I had a damned good teacher. Are you ready, Charley?

**CHARLEY:** (nods his head) Start the music.

(Biff sings "Waltz With Me" The same words that Beth and Charley once sang, now have an entirely different meaning and impact. The roles have now changed. Biff now leads. A tender, loving piece with great emotion. Biff may break and cry as he pours out his feelings to Charley. They dance slowly, with the frail Charley trying hard, believing he is healed, stumbling and holding on to Biff.)

**\* WALTZ WITH ME \***

**BIFF:**

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*Waltz with me, pivot 2,3, dance your life with me.*

*Waltz with me, live with me, too.*

*Holding you, feeling your heart beat next to mine.*

*This is my love song, to you.*

*Dreaming a dream of a life that we can build,*

*and when you need someone strong,*

*if you feel weak you can lean on me a while,*

*for it's with you, I belong.*

*With a picket fence, house and garden,*

*with love blooming, just for you.*

(Biff lightly kisses Charley's lips. They gaze at each other for a moment.)

*Dance with me, live with me, spend your life with me.*

*Live with me, love with me, too.*

(Music ends with a dissonant chord and Charley collapses in Biff's arms.)

**BIFF:** (cries out as Charley's lifeless body slides to the floor) Charley! Charley! Oh God, no! (Biff tries to pull Charley's lifeless body up as he speaks.) Please don't stop dancing now! Please Charley! We're good dancers. We're the best. Damn you Charley! Move your feet. (pushes Charley's legs trying to make them move.) Don't leave me now. Charley! Charley! No!

(looks upward, shaking his fist)

Damn you! I believed in you. I believed you could heal. Damn you! You're a fraud. You think you own me? You think I'm some kind of a puppet? Well I'm not. I hate this world you made and I hate you for making me. You're not taking him away from me. You think you're in charge here? Well, you're not. Sit on your high holy throne and watch me take charge. Watch me take charge of my life. I don't want it anymore. I don't want you anymore. I'm going with the man I love.

(Holding vial of pills) See these pills . . .these pills are my salvation from the pain, not you. (takes pills) Love? Hah! I don't want your kind of love anymore. It hurts too much.

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(Sings "A Prayer of Despair" Biff begins the song very angry and loud. As he progresses into the song, he becomes weaker and less angry as the pills take their effect. With the words, "blow out the candle of my life", he pauses and blows out the nearest, largest candle. The spot on the pair becomes smaller as he lays down on Charley's body and sings the last line - "lay down and die." Spot out. The only stage illumination is the flickering candles. The music continues to its ending. Silence and momentary pause for the impact of the candle-light scene.)

**\* PRAYER OF DESPAIR \***

**BIFF:**

*Is this how you love, love that killed your Jesus?  
Oh no, you don't love Charley, you don't love me.  
Pills of life are pills of death, they're my salvation.  
I'll go, I'll take my own life, then I'll be free.*

*Hear me, God above. Your words are false, I find no love.  
The hope you promised once to me, is stripped away.  
Well, the joke's on you. This life you gave to me is through.  
The pills are working on me now. I need to pray.*

*Pray? Well that's a joke now. You're not god, at least for me.  
Where's the love you promised? Who are you supposed to be?*

*Does your Jesus really love me? I don't see his love for me.  
Born a gay, I die a faggot. That's what I was meant to be.  
Does your Jesus really love me? Does he really know I'm gay?  
No one cares to love a faggot. Words of hate are what you say.*

*Is this not the end which I see before me?  
Oh no, this can't be happ'ning. This can't be so.*



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*Hold my hand, Charley. I am coming with you.*

*Hold on, I'll never leave you. I won't let go.*

*Maybe God above, will sanctify our bond of love.*

*I wish my mom was here to sing a lullaby.*

*Last dance of the night. Teach me the steps,*

*I'll do them right. Blow out the candle of my life.*

*Lay down and die.*

(Mother may sing "Little Star of Mine" [reprise] as the spotlight on Biff's body becomes smaller and smaller.)

**\* LITTLE STAR OF MINE (reprise) \***

(Lights out. Charley quickly leaves stage in dark. Small spot grows larger on Biff as Serendipity Solace plays in background.) The same unknown voice that began the dialogue with Biff at the beginning of the play, speaks over the loudspeakers.)

**\* SERENDIPITY SOLACE \***

**C:** Is this the kind of ending you had in mind when we began? Is this the way the story ends?

**BIFF:** (Lifts himself up on one arm while lying on the stage.) No! (he screams with the scream echoing in the theater.)

**C:** Well how do you want it to end?

**BIFF:** I don't know, but not like this. (rises to his knees) Can we talk a little first before we go on with the story?

**C:** Of course! That's why I'm here.

**BIFF:** This story's turning out all wrong. It's a tragedy.

**C:** I don't like it either, but not all stories have happy endings. How do you want it to be different? It's your story, you know.

**BIFF:** Is it really my story?

**C:** Of course, didn't you know that?

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**BIFF:** Did you write this story for me?

**C:** No. I created you and gave you a beautiful world to live in. That was my gift to you. What you do with that creation is up to you. The author of the script is you. Do you want to re-write the script?

**BIFF:** I don't know how. I'm scared.

**C:** What are you afraid of?

**BIFF:** You.

**C:** Why?

**BIFF:** You hate me. You hate Charley. You hate all of us because we're gay.

**C:** Who told you that? Who dared tell you that?

**BIFF:** Everybody . . . my parents, my religion . . they all say so.

**C:** (Angrily) Well your parents and religion are wrong if that is their belief. They've driven you away from me. Religions distort who I am. (loving) I am spiritual. . . I am love. When will they learn? Over and over again I send the same message . . . love . . . love one another.

**BIFF:** Don't you hate us because we're gay?

**C:** Of course not. I knew what I was doing when I made you. Who made 10% of the world gay? Do you think that was an accident?

**BIFF:** But, why? Why couldn't you make me like everyone else?

**C:** Nothing I create is like anything else in the world. Not even two snowflakes are alike. Each is unique. Who questions how I create snowflakes. They are perfect creations. Why does your world try to make everyone like everyone else? Why should they question you? You, are the finest of my creations. (slowly with love) You, are a perfect human being.

**BIFF:** What do you want from me? How can I change the story?

**C:** I'll give you a tip. The script reads the best when you learn the lesson of the play?

**BIFF:** What's that?

**C:** Love, Biff. . . That's all, but people spend their whole life reading the wrong script, and never know me.

**BIFF:** I don't know you.

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**C:** Oh yes you do. You loved.

**BIFF:** But, that was a man . . loving a man.

**C:** That was love. I put no qualifications on who you love, only that you love . . that you love your neighbor as yourself. . . The love you gave to Charley . . you gave to me.

**BIFF:** But Charley's gone now. You took him from me. I'm all alone.

**C:** Nothing is ever gone. Charley is always part of you. Close your eyes . . and remember.

**BIFF:** (Closes his eyes) I can see him. I can see Charley.

**C:** So long as you can do that, he will always be a part of you.

(Charley walks from behind the screen and stands stage right at the screen with his arms extended wearing a white tux with tails, white top hat and striking cumberbun?)

**BIFF:** Charley! You're here. You didn't leave. (Biff runs to him and they embrace.)

**CHARLEY:** I would never leave you. You're too important to me.

**BIFF:** I can't believe this. You're real. Am I . . dead?

**CHARLEY:** No, not yet. You haven't passed through the tunnel. You can still go back.

**BIFF:** I don't want to go back. I want to be with you. . . forever. Are you in pain anymore?

**CHARLEY:** No. When I was dancing with you, I felt so light on my feet, and the pain was gone. One minute I was with you, and suddenly, I left my body and began the most wonderful journey I've ever taken.

**BIFF:** What's it like . . . being dead. What's at the end of the tunnel.

**CHARLEY:** Love , Biff. . . and peace. I know where I came from. Imagine all the love in the world compressed into one tiny grain of sand. That grain of sand was placed in my hand by an incredibly bright light, and I heard, "This is but a small token of the love I have for you." I felt loved. I felt at peace. I found a place where I belonged.

**BIFF:** Do we have the right to be here? , . Is it O.K. to be gay?

**CHARLEY:** We have every right to be here. Your being gay doesn't take that right away, no matter what anyone tells you. If there is any good that came from my disease, it was the discovery that I count for something. When I saw the love in your eyes that you had for me,

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you gave me a tiny glimpse of that grain of sand, and I was terrified, for I've never known love before. I've only known rejection. Hatred.

It was your faith . . . your belief that kept me from killing myself. . even before I got AIDS. Open your hand. (Charley places something in Biff's hand)

**BIFF:** What's this, Charley?

**CHARLEY:** It's the grain of sand given to me. A small token of the love I have for you.

**BIFF:** (swoons) Am I dead now, Charley?

**CHARLEY:** No. Your life is not finished. You can still go back. My life was over . . . inside I knew it was over and I stepped out of the tunnel and walked in a never ending beach of sand . . . of love.

**BIFF:** (Moves toward the screen with his hand outstretched toward the light.) I'm not afraid anymore. I want to know the love Charley's talking about.

**C:** Come to me. Let me love you for who you are . . . with no conditions. Know my love in its purest form. . . the love of your creator for the finest creation he has ever made. You. Take my hand.

**BIFF:** Is this how the play ends?

**C:** You're writing the script.

**BIFF:** (To Charley) Is there more to my life, Charley?

**CHARLEY:** Much more than you've ever dreamed.

**BIFF:** Should I go back?

**CHARLEY:** Someone has to. Someone has to change the story. This is not a tragedy we're writing. It's got to be us who write's the story better. Go back. Tell them. Change the story.

**BIFF:** (Looks at screen) Do I have to die? . . . Now?  
Can I go back? I want to change the ending?

**C:** It is all within your power. . . but if you do return . . . Teach others what I have told you. They need to learn. Teach them. Show them. Love them.

**BIFF:** Can I do that?

**C:** If not you, Biff . . . then who? If not now, then when?

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**BIFF:** It is going to be me. How do I to go back. . . Please, I want to go back. . .

(Biff's mother and father bang on door. The tunnel light disappears, being replaced by the star studded night sky.)

**FATHER:** Biff! Open the door! This is your father.

**MOTHER:** Biff! Open the door. It's locked. Oh my God! I hope we're not too late.

**FATHER:** Stand back! I'll break it down.

(They break through the door and enter).

**FATHER:** (Running to Biff) Biff! Biff! Don't leave us. We need you. I want you. I love you! (Mother dials 911) Oh God, please don't let him die. This is my son, and I want him back.

**MOTHER:** (speaks on phone) Yes - a whole bottle of pills. They were just filled this morning.

(The lights go out on stage. Use bed, center stage for hospital bed. Serendipity Solace plays in the background as the voice speaks.)

\* **SERENDIPITY SOLACE** \*

**C:** Know that I created you. You are a perfect human being. Know that I love you. You can never leave me, nor will I ever abandon you. My love shall always be there for you. You, are my creation. My joy. My son.

*End of Act Three, Scene One*

*Act Three, Scene two*

(lights go up. Biff is in a hospital bed, stage center, looking at a picture of Charley. Biff's father enters )

**FATHER:** Hi Biff.

**BIFF:** Hi Dad.

**FATHER:** How are you feeling?

**BIFF:** Fine.

**FATHER:** (Looking at the picture Biff is holding) You really loved that man.

**BIFF:** I still do.

**FATHER:** Can we talk?

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**BIFF:** Please, dad. No preaching.

**FATHER:** No, no preaching. I want to talk to you . . . like a friend.

**BIFF:** I'd like to be friends with you, Dad.

**FATHER:** Your love for Charley, that's something I . . . I don't understand.

**BIFF:** I don't understand it either, Dad. All I know is, I have these feelings inside, and they're different from yours. I can't keep running away from them anymore. I need to claim them as my own.

**FATHER:** (Produces baseball glove he was hiding) Remember when you were small and we used to play ball together. I threw a fast ball at you one day . . . you were just a kid . . . You covered your face with your mitt, closed your eyes and screamed. I was really scared that day. Biff, I knew who you were, way back then . . . but I didn't want you to be that way. I thought that maybe . . . just maybe, if I taught you . . . then maybe you'd grow up better than me . . . to live the life that I never lived. . . . Find the happiness that I never found.

**BIFF:** But Dad. That's what I'm trying to do. . .but it's gotta' be my way . . . because it's my life. It's my script to my play.

(Father gives glove to Biff)

**BIFF:** What's this for?

**FATHER:** (ponders) For all the dreams I never lived, that I hoped you could live for me. I'm giving it up. It's yours, just as it's your life. . . to do with as you see fit. It's hard being a Dad. I love you so much. I know it's hard for you to believe that. I didn't know how much until you . . . you almost died. I've always wanted a son. Can you forgive me?

**BIFF:** Can you accept me?

**FATHER:** I want to. It's not going to be easy for me, but living without a son . . . I've always wanted a son. I want to understand you. We may not always agree - - but we wouldn't anyhow, even if you . . .you weren't . . .

**BIFF:** Weren't . . . what?

**FATHER:** You know . . . gay.

**BIFF:** It's a hard word to say, isn't it, Dad?

**FATHER:** Very hard. Especially when it's your son.

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**FATHER:** (Looks at Charley's picture) Did his father know?

**BIFF:** (Shakes head yes.) Yeah. But he refused to see Charley. Even when he was sick. He never answered any letters. Wouldn't even speak on the phone. He shut himself off from his only son.

**FATHER:** (Holds Charley's picture to his chest) This could have been you, Biff. And I could have been just like his father. (shakes head & sighs) I don't give your mom enough credit. She's a great lady who . . . (chokes on emotions) who loves me a lot. That scares me, and I don't know how to react - so I become a tough guy. If she hadn't dragged me outta' the house that day (shakes head, takes a deep breath) This tough guy almost killed his only son. I could never forgive myself if I had let you die without saying the words I needed to say, and you needed to hear. It doesn't matter if you're gay or not. You're my son, and I'm proud to be your Father. I love you, Biff. (they embrace)

**BIFF:** I love you too, Dad. Can you accept having a gay son?

**FATHER:** Just watch me (kisses son on his cheek. emotionally choked up.) I'd better go get your mother. She was worried about this meeting. I want to tell her I've got my son back. . . a son I'm proud to call my own. (exits)

**BIFF:** (Looking at Charley's picture) God, Charley. I really miss you. I wish you were here to see this . . . but then, you are here. All I have to do is just close my eyes . . . and remember.

**BIFF:** (sings "Remember A Friend".)

(Biff sings the first chorus slowly with feeling as he remembers Charley in his picture. During the second chorus, "Remember a mem'ry", Charley appears and joins Biff in singing as they embrace. One by one the cast members , stage crew, and entire ensemble enter the stage and pick up the song with their singing. The movie screen is activated showing slides of the "Quilt" and shots of people loving people. Old and young. Black and white. Gay and straight.)

\* **REMEMBER A FRIEND** \*

**BIFF:**

*Remember a friend. Remember a mem'ry.*

*Tho' you're gone, you're here by my side.*

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*Close my eyes and I see you again, oh my friend, how I still remember you.*

*Much more than a mem'ry. Oh my friend, I still love you so.*

*My friend, I'm remembering you.*

*Some days are empty. Some days are blue.*

*Please know I miss you. I'm remembering you.*

*Remember a friend. Remember a mem'ry.*

*Tho' you're gone, you're here by my side.*

*Close my eyes and I see you again, oh my friend, how I still remember you.*

*Much more than a mem'ry. Oh my friend, I still love you so.*

*My friend, I'm remembering you.*

The cast sings the words, "I remember, I remember" to the musical interlude "Serendipity Solace" while they, and the audience call out names of those they want to remember during the musical interlude. As the interlude plays, the "voice" speaks through the loudspeakers.)

**C:** Remember . . close your eyes, and remember. So long as you can do that, they 're never gone. . never lost . . . never forgotten. So long as you can remember, they will always be a part of you. Please join us . . . and, remember . . a friend.

(The last chorus is sung by the entire ensemble with lots of orchestration.)

*Remember a friend. Remember a mem'ry. Tho' you're gone, you're here by my side.*

*Close my eyes and I see you again, oh my friend, how I still remember you.*

*Much more than a mem'ry. Oh my friend, I still love you so.*

*My friend, I'm remembering you.*

**BIFF:** (sings "You've Found a Friend" singing the first chorus solo, joined by Charley as a duet beginning with "We can do as two what we can't do as one.". As he sings, he extends his hands outward. One by one the cast members join hands with him. The entire ensemble sing the second chorus as the music swells. (optional) cast may extend their line and hands to the



audience which is encouraged to hold hands with the person next to them in an unbroken chain. The screen shows the words and the audience joins in singing the final chorus.)

**\* YOU'VE FOUND A FRIEND \***

**BIFF:**

*Put your hand here in my hand, and then we are not alone.*

*Hand in hand, we rise to meet the sun.*

*We are all together reaching out to help a friend.*

*We can do as two, what we can't do as one.*

*I do not stoop to meet you, but with love I greet you.*

*Hold my hand, you've found a friend.*

**\* FINALE' \* Ensemble: (Joining hands)**

*Put your hand here in my hand, and then we are not alone.*

*Hand in hand, we rise to meet the sun.*

*We are all together reaching out to help a friend.*

*We can do as two, what we can't do as one.*

*I do not stoop to meet you, but with love I greet you.*

*Hold my hand, you've found a friend.*

**\* I AM JUST ME \* (played for curtain calls)**

**Biff/Director/Author:** (Optional or may be done after curtain calls. Holding hands with the cast as they walk to stage front.) If you feel comfortable, hold the hand of someone near you. Feel the power we hold in our hands. We, are the power. We, are the love. Sitting somewhere in the audience tonight there is one person who can make a difference. . . One person who can change this script. That person is you. I challenge you to go forth from this place tonight and carry this power. Be the messenger. Tell someone what you have learned here tonight. Somewhere, there is a someone who needs to hear from you. Someone who needs to hear the words, "I love you" as only you can speak them. They may be standing right next to you. Don't

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wait. If not tonight, then when? If not you, then who? Make a difference. Be the power that can change this story. Go in Peace. Go in Love. Thank you, and Good night. (Cast may hug each other and members of the audience)

*End of Musical*