

LIVING *HELL*

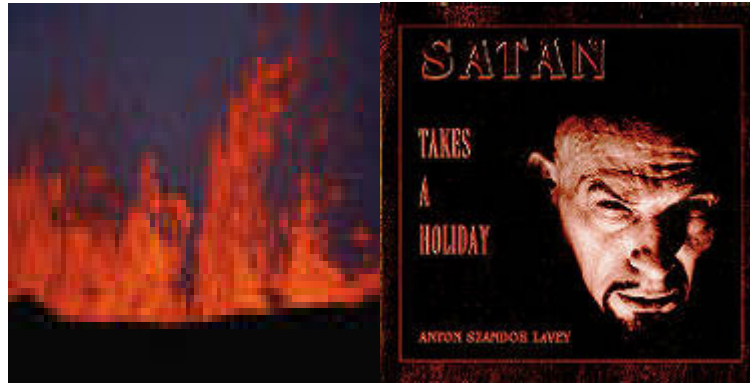
(A Movie adapted from the Play)
(Screenplay and Lyrics by)
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LIVING *HELL*

Cast

PETER.....60 yrs., has white beard. Photographs with imaginary camera.

BOBBY.....40 yrs., thinks he's Bobby Darin. Sings and always snaps fingers.

DAISY.....30 yrs., lawyer, horny, used L.S.D. Barks and growls like dog.

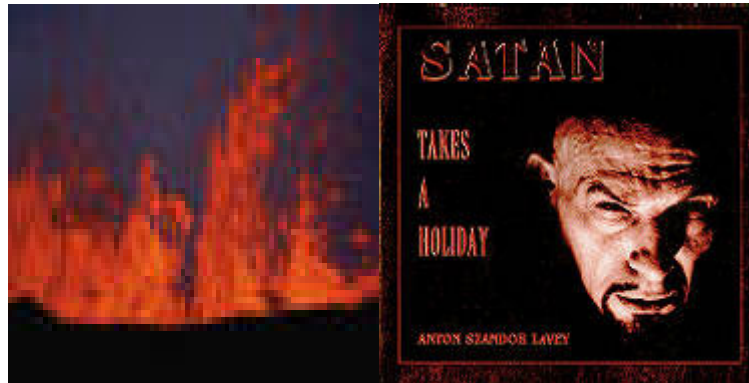
MARK.....50 yrs., Jewish gambler. Flaps arms and flies around.

HARRY.....35 yrs., beautiful black woman. Plays imaginary piano.

NINO.....27 yrs., male, Puerto Rican, cross dresser.

Xxxxx

Characters are not aware of their idiosyncrasies.



LIVING *HELL*

SONGS 🎵

WHAT LUCK

FLY AWAY

FLY AWAY (refrain)

GOING DOWN

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE

LOSERS JUST LIKE YOU

CONFESSION.

WHAT LUCK (refrain)

FLY AWAY (refrain)

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE (refrain)

...

WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME

HEAVEN

WHAT LUCK (refrain)

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE (refrain)

CONFESSION (Refrain)

LIVING *HELL*

ACT I

Yesterday: INT: A white, sterile room with chairs askew. 1
Two elevators, UP with Green bulb and DOWN with red bulb that
will light, when elevator approaches are stage right. A Door,
stage left that leads to rooms. ALL are present, walking
lethargically, not looking at Each other. Silence prevails, when
suddenly we hear a burring, mechanical sound, then the red light
on the up elevator goes on. This action will occur throughout.
ALL rush to it. Some go down on their knees, ALL appear to pray
to the elevator. After a beat the light goes off denoting that
the elevator did not stop. We hear wails and moans. HARRY bangs
on elevator door, shouting "Let me in!" Then she cries
throughout. BOBBY snaps fingers throughout. PETER will take
photographs using Imaginary camera throughout. PETER photographs
MARK who spreads arms and pretends to fly. We will hear what
HARRY pretends to play on piano.

MARK

It never stops. Six years,
six freaking years and it
never stopped even once. Why?

NINO is wearing a colorful pink dress.

NINO

I told you '*bendejo*,' you have
bad breath. Brush your teeth,
(Sarcastic.)
man, Brush your teeth, or I
won't kiss you big boy and you
better stop flying around
here. I'm getting nauseous
from your flying.

ALL laugh except MARK.

2

DAISY

(Amorous.)

So, what do you say Bobby, are
(Touches breasts.)
you in the mood or what?

BOBBY

I'm still hung up on Sandra,
but thanks for the offer.

DAISY**(Sings 🎵)****WHAT LUCK**

This is a G-d forsaken place.
Not meant for the human race.
It's no place for an atheist.
Most atheists want to be
kissed.

I'll go where angels always
sing.
A place where it's always
Spring.
But here I never see the sun.
No one laughs, it ain't no
fun.

What luck.
I'm stuck,
With a bunch of
schmucks.
Purgatory sucks.
No one here ever
fucks, what luck.

I grew up with this drunken
bum.
Crazy bastard's worse than
scum.
He broke my head and ate my
ear.
A little girl, that lived in
fear.

I hated him, I wouldn't
forget.
Get him back, man you can bet.
I did the only thing that I
could.
Did it bad, I got him good.

What luck.
I'm stuck,
With a bunch of
schmucks.
Purgatory sucks.
No one here ever
fucks, what luck.

(Barks)

Arf, arf. Arf, arf. I rest my
case dear Lord.

PETER

Thou shalt not take the Lord's name in vain Daisy.

BOBBY

Be careful baby, bark the wrong way and St. Peter over here will send your ass to hell. Sorry about the ass part, your majesty.

DAISY

Bark, who barks, what kind of bark? And if I go to hell, I hope they have plenty of acid. I haven't tripped in three years or gotten laid since I came to this shit hole. I don't know which I miss more?

NINO

I miss doing it more than tripping, Daisy. In fact, I hated tripping, *too scary*.

MARK

Don't look in the mirror and you won't be scared, you, you freak of nature. How do you live with yourself? Tell me, I want to know.

NINO

(Sobs.)

I hate you, you '*Judeo!*' Why
(Starts to exit.)
don't you leave me alone?

HARRY

Where are you going Nino?

NINO

(Stops crying.)

I'm going to change. Whenever this ass hole bugs me I have to change. Change is good Harry, everything must change.

HARRY

I'll go with you, because I could use a change myself...

Using imaginary camera, PETER photographs HARRY playing imaginary piano. 4

HARRY (cont'd)

...In fact I could go for a

(We hear.)

little "Minuet in G," by
Paderefsky...

(After a beat.)

So, what do you think?

NINO

Beautiful Harry, real
beautiful.

Talking to themselves, ALL exit except MARK and PETER. 5

MARK

(Shakes dice.)

6

Okay, it's show time. I say
we roll 'em, shoot a little
crap, what do you say, man?
If I win, you walk me through
the pearly gates and right
into heaven and you give me a
personal intro to the Big Man
himself. If I lose, you can
send me to hell. See if I
care. Maybe I can con the
devil into a little stud
poker? So, what do you say,
do we have a deal St. Peter?

PETER

For the umpteenth time, I'm
not St. Peter. My name is
plain Peter like your name is
plain Mark. You don't hear me
calling you St. Mark do you?
So, why do you constantly call
me St. Peter? If I were a
saint would I be here in
purgatory with you? I'd be
with the Holy Mother herself.

MARK

So, why aren't you? Well then, if you don't want to shoot craps with me, I understand, man, lots of people didn't want to shoot with the king. They didn't let me play in Vegas, Atlantic City, even in London or freakin' Monaco for a reason, wouldn't you say? So, I don't blame you St. Peter. Ya know, I always liked how St. Peter sounds, but let's get serious,

(Shuffles cards.)

7

how's about a game of stud poker? Come on, what do you have to lose? I mean, you got to be sending millions of people either up or down, everyday. I know that's what those elevators are for, right big guy? Up to heaven and down to hell. So what's the big deal? And to tell you the truth, Mark Greenberg don't belong in hell, no way. Hey, I want to go where my father went. In the Korean War, he was a freaking pilot in the air force and I ran away from him, I'm still running... He still prayed enough for you, the whole G-dam army and me and anyway, I wouldn't mind seeing the old flyboy again, so I could apologize. That's why you have to send me to heaven. What a sense of humor. I can hear him now, I'm sure you can too, 'cause hey, angels have special powers don't they?

PETER

That's what they say...

MARK

"Why don't you 'Dahvin,' pray a little, come to 'shul' with me?" He was very religious; he asked me that everyday 'til he...

PETER photographs MARK who pretends to fly.

9

MARK (cont'd)

...Found out and thought I was... Too bad, I always wanted to be like him, fly like him, be a stud like him, but I am who I am.

Again PETER photographs BOBBY singing.

10

BOBBY

Enters ♫ singing and snapping fingers

11

"Whoa Suki Taudrey. Look out miss Lotta Lenya, move it over Lucy Brown."

MARK

Why if it's not the great imposter himself. How goes it Mr. Crooner?

BOBBY

(Snaps fingers.)

12

How ya doin' Birdman?

MARK

Everyone once and the easy ones twice. Ya know, the next time Daisy comes on to me, I'm gonna nail her, and too bad Sinatra's still that thorn in your ass. Man, he sure could sing, couldn't he? But don't worry; you were always my second favorite. Guess you got used to being second best didn't you Mr. Finger Snapper?

Again PETER shoots as BOBBY sings.

13

BOBBY

Thanks for nothing. You and
your Sinatra. Didn't you ever

(Sings snaps fingers.)

hear me? Sing, "*Somewhere,
beyond the sea, someone,
waitin' for me...*"

MARK

Ya know, you sure snap your
fingers like Darin and you
sure as hell sound like him.
I mean exactly, but you don't
look like him. How come? What
happened to your face, your
nose?

**We hear mechanical burr, green light on the UP elevator lights 14
and MARK and BOBBY rush to it, go down on their knees and pray to
it. After a beat green light goes off.**

BOBBY

Damn, it never stops man. For
over 25 years I've been
praying for it to stop so I
could get out of here. How
come it never stops?

MARK

Because you're here, don't you
understand? You're going down
man, to hell, where all you
half-assed singers go and I'm
going where I belong, up! If
you weren't here, I can assure
you it would have stopped for
me long ago, because my old
man put a good word in for me,
even though I... You never had
a father did you? That's why
I'm going where you're not,
heaven.

PETER shoots NINO, who appears dressed as a man.

15

PETER

Why Nino, you're becoming more
'macho' by the minute.

NINO

'*Gracias*,' man. '*Caraho*,' I can't take this purgatory any more. That's how you say it, right Bobby, *Purgatory*? Freakin' boring.

BOBBY

Nice pants, real snazzy and purgatory's worse than boring Nino, it's the lowest. And I don't know what the hell you're complaining about? What's it been two months? Wait'll you're here 25 years like me. Then you'll have something to complain about.

NINO

That's three months, but who's counting? I hate death, man. No pot, no booze, no sex. You wake up, there's nothing to look forward to except, either going up and to tell you the truth, I never thought I had a shot going to heaven, now hell... I sure as shit thought, with all the terrible things I did and let me tell you, I was a bad dude and hell's where I was headed, but, seems the best made plans of mice and men...err, the best made plans of mice and men...

MARK

(Spread and flaps arms.)

...Often go astray!

16

NINO

Yeah, often goes astray.
'*Muchas gracias, bendejo*.'
Man, this mother is '*Loco en la cabeza*,' loony tunes. He thinks he's a pigeon and shits all over the place, that's why it stinks.

DAISY

(To Nino.)

Hi ya good lookin'. Ya know
you look almost good enough to
eat. How's about a fast fuck?

NINO

I don't think so Daisy, but
thanks.

MARK

(To Nino.)

You know you drive me crazy.
One minute you're a broad, the
next you're a guy that's
trying to get laid. You
aren't going to heaven,
because they don't let crazy
bastards in like you.

NINO

Are you calling me crazy,
'bendejo?' You pretend to be
some kind of bald eagle and
fly all over the place and I'm
crazy, ME?

MARK

Did you just say I fly all
over the place? In what, my
jet plane? I'll give you a jet
plane, 'meschugeneh.' And if
you don't think you're a
screaming faggot, then I don't
know who is. And why don't
you start crying, *sweetheart*.
You always start crying
whenever I put you down you
pussy bastard.

PETER shoots a crying NINO, who exits as HARRY enters.

17

HARRY

What the hell did you say to
Nino, Mark?

MARK

And how do you know I said
something to Nino?

HARRY

Because you always break his balls, ball buster.

BOBBY

He breaks everybody's balls, including mine. Gives me this crap that Sinatra was a better singer than me. Can you believe it? I mean give me a

(Snaps fingers.)

break. Dig the beat baby, dig the beat?

18

HARRY

I can dig it Bobby. I can dig it and to a lot of people Frankie was the best, man. The cat's phrasing, the quality of his voice, his charm was un-be-liev-able. They didn't call him "Chairman of the board" for nothing.

BOBBY

They also called him "*The voice.*" You forgot they called him "*The voice.*"

HARRY

No I didn't and just because he was so great, don't mean that you weren't great. "*Mack the Knife,*" "*Across the Sea,*" "*Clementine,*" "*Splish Splash.*" Those tunes are classics, brother. You were great too.

PETER shoots HARRY playing imaginary piano. We hear Mozart.

19

And now for a little Mozart... Did you dig it Bobby?

BOBBY

Nice, real nice Harry... If only I didn't die having open-heart surgery, if I would have lived a couple of more years and sang as long as he did, they would have called me "The chairman of the board." I'll give him "Chairman of the

board" up his wazoo. I'm sure he's going to be showing up here any minute and if you think Mark busts Nino's balls, wait, you ain't seen nothing, 'cause I've had it in for him for years. Sinatra had all these flunkies kissing his skinny ass. They're the ones that called him the voice, chairman of the board. I can't wait to see how St. Peter over here treats him, and I'm telling you right now, if he puts him on that freaking elevator and sends him up to heaven after all the crap he's pulled, I'm going to raise hell... That's funny, right? Hell, raise hell.

PETER shoots **NINO**, who enters as a woman wearing colorful
20
floral skirt.

BOBBY (cont'd)

(Sings ♫.)

"Ain't she sweet. See her
(Slaps Nino five.)
walking down the street..."

MARK

She sure is sweet, isn't she sweetheart? Don't tell me, let me guess. Now that you're a broad again, I suppose you got your period. Want me to ram a Tampax up there for you sweetheart?

HARRY

Will you cut it out Mark?

MARK

Why should I?

BOBBY

Because, it ain't right man. Live and let live. That's what Bobby used to say to me.

MARK

You and your freakin' Bobby. Brag, brag, brag, that's all you ever do and why don't you tell us again how you used to smoke grass with him in the Capitol Mr. Darin? Why don't you tell us how you used to sneak Monroe into the White House so your best friend Bobby Kennedy could ball her? Bad enough she made it with his brother Jack who was the President no less, she made it with his brother Bobby who was nothing more than a freaking attorney general. I'm telling you, that Monroe was evil. Look at what she did to DiMaggio. He doesn't play baseball anymore, does he? And Miller never wrote another, "Death of a Salesman," did he? And what happened to Jack and Bobby? They got shot, didn't they? She may have had a nice ass, but she was a jinx. And what about you Mr. Darin? Didn't you tell me that your grandmother pretended she was your mother and your mother said she was your sister...? Lies, your whole freakin' life was a bunch of lies and you're even lying now, aren't you Mr. Bullshit? You're not Bobby Darin and you'll never get into heaven, because they don't take impostors, 'gonifs,' liars in heaven. Never have, never will.

BOBBY

Anything else, wiseass? Why don't you fly away pigeon and get off my back? 'cause I can't stand the smell of your shit, it stinks.

We hear a burr, the green light on the UP elevator goes on and 21 ALL rush to it. Again all start praying. After a beat the light goes off, we hear the elevator go away and again ALL start mumbling and crying. MARK kicks elevator. PETER shoots DAISY who enters barking.

DAISY

(Barks.)

Arf, arf, arf, arf. Did I miss anything? Arf, arf.

NINO

(Sobbing.)

You just missed the elevator, Daisy.

DAISY

Thank G-d. You know I hate that fucking elevator, 'cause it's a tease and I hate being teased. Arf, arf. When I get hot, when my vagina's all wet and raring to go, I want to fuck my brains out right there, even in the court room and Lord knows how many times I did. Arf, arf. Those judges, I loved to screw those judges.

NINO

You'll never get into heaven, if you bark like that Daisy. Ain't that right, St. Peter?

PETER

I wish I were St. Peter, Nino and I hope as you do, as we all do that elevator truly goes to heaven and they are not merely elevators.

MARK

(Sings 🎵)

FLY AWAY

How am I supposed to reach the top?
If that elevator won't stop.
What do I have the St. Vitas

dance?

What am I contagious?
All I ask is give me a chance.
This whole damn thing is
outrageous.

You see I have had it up to
here.
Snap my fingers, I'll
disappear.
These guys are crazy, totally
nuts.
Please believe me no ifs ands
or buts.
See, I am headin' for the
moon.

(Spreads arms as if flying.)

22

I'm gonna fly away,
Up to the stars.
Walk through the
pearly gate.
Then I'll dance on
Mars.
Oh dear Lord I can't
wait,
To fly, fly far
away.

Hey, I know I did a lotta
things wrong.
Guess that's why I feel I
don't belong.
Going to heaven sounds really
nice.
To me it's paradise.
Man oh man I can't wait.

I'm gonna fly away,
Up to the stars.
Walk through the
pearly gate.
Then I'll dance on
Mars.
Oh dear Lord I can't
wait,
To fly, fly far
Away.

Sure, Daisy thinks she's
Lassie and Harry thinks she's

Mozart, and if they're merely elevators, as you so aptly put it, how come they don't stop on this floor? When the hell is it going to stop?!

PETER

It doesn't stop here because we're not allowed to leave. You know that. We're here for the duration or at least until we...

BOBBY

We're not allowed to leave, because no one leaves purgatory unless you say so, ain't that right, St. Peter?

PETER

Again with the St. Peter?

HARRY

And your job is to keep us here until you decide whether we go up or down. That's why you keep taking all those pictures. Evidence for the Big man, right...? Bach, that's what this girl needs right

PETER photographs **HARRY** playing imaginary piano.

23

HARRY (cont'd)

(We hear Fur Elise)

...Now, a little "*Fur Elise*..." So, did you like it?

NINO

(Applauds.)

Great baby. '*Magnifico*.'
You're sounding better
everyday.

PETER

It is not for me to decide anything, Harry. A power far greater than myself will decide. G-d, grant me the serenity to accept the things

I cannot change. The power to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference. Ask HIM, not me.

DAISY

Thank you St. Peter. I know G-d calls all the shots, but you're his right hand man. You've always been his right hand man, haven't you? That's why he picked you to take all those pictures for him. I know I know you can put in a good word for me, can't you? Please, I'm begging you. I've had it up to here with this purgatory bullshit. Please, I want to go to heaven, I have to go to heaven. St. Peter, your honor, if it pleases the court, I'll give you a little head, I'll do anything you want. Let's go into the bathroom and I'll do you like you've never been done, 'cause I'm going bananas.

(Growls.)

Rrrrr. I'm losing my mind.

(Barks.)

Arf, arf.

MARK

You know Daisy, even though I never bark, I think I'm going a little bananas myself. You ain't the only one and if you're in the mood to give a little head? I'm available, baby. I really am. Just promise me you won't bite it.

HARRY

How disgusting. Talk about disgusting, that should be your middle name, Mark Disgusting.

NINO

He's worse than disgusting,
Harry. His middle name should
be M F and if St. Peter wasn't
here I'd tell you what M F
means. And if you think St.
Peter's going to let you into
heaven '*Tu loco en la cabeza.*'
You're going to rot in hell,
forever.

BOBBY

I vote we send him to hell
right now. Who seconds the
motion?

HARRY
RIGHT ON.

NINO
ME!

BOBBY
YES!

DAISY
Do it!

HARRY

Well, looks like its goodbye
Mark. See you around.

MARK

See you around my ass. I
ain't going anywhere,
especially not to hell, woman.

DAISY

I hate to tell you this, but
we voted and majority always
(Growls.)
rules, right fellahs? Rrrrr.

ALL

RIGHT!

**WE hear a mechanical burr and the red light on the down
Elevator comes on. Musical refrain of FLY AWAY.)**

24

BOBBY

Speak about the devil. Your
elevator awaits the master
pigeon shit. I hope I never
see your ugly face again...
Hey, what are you waiting for?
Get going man, get going.

MARK

I ain't getting on that
elevator.

NINO

That's what you think, you
miserable bastard. I say we
tie him up and throw him on.

DAISY

Arf, arf, arf, arf.

HARRY

Let's do it!

PETER photographs **ALL** who menacingly approach **MARK**. 25
Frightened HE spreads then flaps arms and runs, with all in
pursuit.

CUT: The next day. **ALL** are staring at **UP Elevator**. **PETER'S** 26
not there.

MARK

(To All, threatening.)

I'm going to tell you this
just one time. If anyone of
you ever tries to force me on
that down elevator again, I'm
going to...

NINO

(Sings. ♫)

You're gonna what, 'pendejo?'

GOING DOWN

You gonna kill me?
You gonna break my head.
You can't kill me,
Because we're already dead.

To tell you the truth.
I think I'm gonna level.
Hey mister uncouth.
You'll be livin' with the
devil.

See you around.
You're going down.
You're going down
where you belong.
You'll be datin',
Good ole Satan.
Beneath the
ground's, where y
you belong.

You'll sleep on fire.
And you'll be filled with
remorse.
You will perspire.
And always cry of course.

Hell is for sinners.
And no one will miss you.
There are no winners.
No one's gonna kiss you?

See you around.
You're going down.
You're going down
where you belong.
You'll be datin',
Good ole Satan.
Beneath the
ground's, where y
you belong.

DAISY

So, for your information Mr.
Homophobe, you know what you
(Barks.)
can do with your threats.
Shove 'em mister, where you
breathe.

BOBBY

(🎵 Sings, snaps fingers.)

*"If I was a carpenter and you
were a lady, would you marry
me anyway, would you have my
baby...?"* "She made
artificial flowers. Artificial
flowers. Flowers for
ladies..."

MARK

(Flaps arms then stops.)

...Would you give me a break please; I mean I'm losing my mind with your constant floorshows. It never stops. I didn't put a quarter in the jukebox so, would you please can it?

HARRY

Not only are you homophobic, you have no class and no taste. Bobby's singing his ass off and do you know why? He's not singing for you, he's trying to impress St. Peter. He's hoping that if he digs just one of his tunes, he'll send him up to heaven to sing for the Big Man himself. Ain't that right Bobby?

MARK

If the great imposter is trying to con St. Peter, what the hell is he wasting his breath for? Do you see St. Peter? I don't and

(Flaps arms and pretends to fly.)

I can see for miles and miles.

PETER

(Enters.)

Sorry I'm late. Hope I didn't miss anything fellahs.

PETER photographs BOBBY singing.

27

BOBBY

(Sings ♫)

"Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home...?"

MARK

...That's what you missed St. Peter and let me tell you, you didn't miss much.

PETER

Oh, I don't know about that Mark? I kind of like the way Bobby sings...

BOBBY

Really?

PETER

Indubitably. I love "Mack the Knife..." Always have.

BOBBY

(🎵 sings)

"Oh the shark has pearly teeth dear and he shows 'em..."

MARK and BOBBY

(🎵 sings)

"Pearly white."

(BOBBY stares at MARK angrily.)

HARRY

(to Mark)

You're flat, ass hole...

NINO

(to Mark)

...And you sound horrible, 'muey malo,' man.

MARK

I suppose you sound better, Mr. 'Bato.' That's what you are, aren't you? A faggot!

NINO

Just because I cross dress, you think I'm a faggot. You're a faggot man, you're a

(Sobs.)

faggot. I'm not a faggot, I never was.

MARK

Well, then why the hell do you dress like a broad, if you're

(Flaps arms and flies.)

not a faggot?

NINO

(Starts to sob.)

You really want to know...?
You really want to know?

MARK

I'm waiting sweetheart.

DAISY

Forget about this douche bag,
will you please? He's nothing
but a non sequitur and we all
know non-sequiturs don't
count. Arf, arf! Never have
never will, arf, arf.

MARK

Go ahead; keep crying you
fruitcake, and yes I want to
know why you dress up like
Eleanor Roosevelt. Well, I'm
waiting sweetheart, I'm
waiting.

PETER photographs NINO as he speaks.

29

NINO

My mother hated my father and
when I was born, she hated him
even more because I looked
just like him. Same eyes same
nose. She wanted a girl a
little '*bambina*' in the worse
way, because she knew how much
he wanted a boy. But G-d, he
works in funny ways. So, to
fix my father, who was '*muey
macho*,' she dressed me as a
little girl from the day I was
born. It drove my father
crazy. He used to beat the
shit out of her, but she still
dressed me like a little girl.

He was a dope dealer and not
only did he sell heroin, he
used it himself. My mother
told me when I grew up, that
he O.D.'d not only because he
hated her and me, but, he
really killed himself because
his friends laughed at him.

He was so embarrassed. She was glad. I never liked my father because he used to always beat me and my mother,
(Sobs.)
but I sure loved her, may she rest in peace...

DAISY

His mother died. Are you
(Barks.)
happy now? Arf arf, arf arf.

MARK

Are you blaming me for his mother dying? You have to be out of your snap.

HARRY

We're not blaming you for his mother dying, but why do you have to make him cry? What do you get your rocks off making people feel uncomfortable?

MARK

Maybe I do.

BOBBY

I can assure you you'll never get into heaven intimidating people.

MARK

Oh yeah, says who?

BOBBY

If you don't believe me, ask St. Peter.

PETER

Please leave me out of this Bobby. Only G-d has the power to decide who goes where or when, not I. I have enough problems of my own.

MARK

Wait a minute Buster. Doesn't it say somewhere in the new Testament, not that I ever read it or the old Testament that you, St. Peter himself helps G-d decide who goes to heaven and who goes to hell. Doesn't it say that?

PETER

I'm not certain, but I believe it says something like that.

HARRY

So?

PETER

Whether you believe it or not, I'm not, nor have I ever been St. Peter. St. Peter was a holy man, a spiritual man, a man of kindness and humility.

MARK

You constantly quote the bible and you're not St. Peter, right?

PETER

(Crosses self.)

Whose father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen... I'm waiting, just as you are, so stop bugging me. Ask the Lord ask Jesus.

BOBBY

I did ask Jesus and he told me you were St. Peter. Now, I understand the part about you being a holy man, a spiritual man. A man of kindness and humility, not that I ever learned what humility was, but listen Peter, I know you're having a hard time deciding whether you should send Nino, Harry, Daisy, forget about Mark, but me, its easy man...

(Sings.)

"Fly me to the moon and let me play among the stars." Put me on the up elevator and if you're too busy to introduce me to the Big Man, hey I understand I'll wait. Just send me on my way, because you know I belong up stairs with the angels.

WE hear a mechanical burring sound; the green light on the UP elevator goes on. ALL rush to it, pray except MARK and PETER.

30

MARK

Look at those idiots. Ya know, you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the

(Laughs.)

people all of the time. \$20 bucks, two-to-one it doesn't stop.

After a beat the green light goes off and elevator departs.

31

MARK (cont'd)

Okay man, pay up.

PETER

I beg your pardon.

MARK

20 bucks 20 bucks. I just bet you 20 bucks the elevator wouldn't stop, didn't I?

PETER

I believe you are mistaken. I never bet, simply because gambling is a vice and I'm...

MARK

...I know I know all about you being holy, spiritual, kind and having all that humility, but a bet's a bet in my book and I don't forget.

ALL return feeling disappointed.

32

MARK (cont'd)

Why look at how disappointed we all are. What's the matter, the elevator didn't stop girls?

DAISY growls angrily.

33

NINO

Sic him Daisy, sic him! Bite him where it really hurts!

DAISY growls louder.

34

MARK

Instead of biting me, why don't we go into your bedroom and I'll let you give me a little head.

BOBBY

(Sings. ♫)

*"Dream lover where are you?
With a love oh, so true."*

HARRY

You know Mark, you are so disgusting, that I wonder what would happen, if, when St. Peter sends you to hell, the Devil put up a sign, "No ass holes allowed," and he refuses to let you in.

BOBBY

That would be a trip, I mean,
I bet that would be the first
time any birdbrain was refused
entrance to hell.

NINO

I'd blow my brains out if I
had to stay here forever. Can
you imagine eating the same
stale Cheerios for a million
years? *'Caramba, a yude me.'*

DAISY

Wow, do you know how
despicable you have to be, if
the Devil, who welcomed
Genghis Khan, Hitler and James
Earl with open arms, doesn't
want you? Pretty serious
Mark, pretty serious.

BOBBY

(Sings. ♫)

*"Oh, you must have been a
beautiful baby. You must have
been a beautiful child...?"*

HARRY

(Sobs.)

I was once a beautiful child.

PETER

What do you mean once? You're
still beautiful Harry.

HARRY

When I was a little girl, I
was beautiful and then... I
don't know what it is about
this place, but I have a
burning desire to tell my
story.

MARK

What do you think you're the
only one? We all do.

NINO

I think that's why we're here?
We tell St. Peter everything.
We try to convince him that we
belong in heaven and then
we...

BOBBY

Go a head, Harry, try and
convince the old fart.

PETER shoots HARRY throughout.

35

HARRY

Might as well Bobby. I ain't
going anything anyway.

(Sings.)

Let's see.

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A MIGRAINE

I was born Harriet Cocker in
the Bayou.
1963 in the Louisiana swamp.
Bein' so poor is why I always
cried.
While my three brothers beat
the tar out of me.

My Pappy used to pick a lotta
cotton.
He loved to drink while my
Mama raised us kids.
Pa's family, folks called
worse than white trash.
Smelled worse than a skunk,
was he crazy.

Lots a' fightin' and
screamin' goin' on.
I prayed dear Lord please
take me from my hell.
With my head poundin' so
bad, it drove me insane.
I was a little girl who
had a big migraine.

My rottin' brother Luke taught
Bo and Isaac.
All the freakin' things my Pa
told him to do,

Go ahead and have your way
with your sister.
Then they licked their chops
as they did it me.

Lots a' fightin' and
screamin' goin' on.
I prayed dear Lord please
take me from my hell.
With my head poundin' so
bad, it drove me insane.
I was a little girl who
had a big migraine.

My four sisters and me slept
in one bedroom, my brothers in
the other and my folks slept
in the living room. When I
used to go to the out-house
late at night, that was the
only time it was free. Passing
through the living room I used
to see my mother and father
lying naked and laughing.
Guess when you're drunk, you
laugh... One night, when I was
on my way to the out house, my
brother Luke, who was waiting
for me, grabbed me, put his
hand over my mouth so I
couldn't scream, dragged me
out to the bushes and rapped
me.

DAISY

Your own brother? What a
freaking animal. I don't
believe it.

HARRY

He told me if I ever told
anybody he would kill me. He
had this big knife that he was
always whittling something
with and I was afraid. When I
staggered back into the house
I saw my father fucking my
mother. I just couldn't take
it anymore. My heart was
beating a mile-a-minute and my
head was pounding so bad that
I was praying it would

explode... I went back into the out-house, locked the door and cried. Lord knows how I cried. The more I cried, the more my head ached. I always loved to hear Nat King Cole sing and thanks to my music teacher, Mrs. Saunders, I learned to love the classics. Right then, I closed my eyes, spread my fingers and proceeded to play "Scheherazade," by Rimsky Korsakov. A miracle occurred, my headache went away and even though I didn't read music that well, every time I was raped, which was almost everyday, I went to the out-house and played. It became my favorite place.

PETER

The Lord sure works in strange ways, doesn't he?

HARRY

My two other brothers, Bo and Isaac where retarded and on my way home from school, Luke grabbed me, pulled me into the bushes, fucked me and then told Bo and Isaac to do it too. Said it would feel good. They did it too. And all the while, they were screaming with delight as they were fucking me, you know what I did?

PETER

You played the piano didn't you child?

HARRY

Chopin, Chopin's always good for a laugh, isn't he? Gee, I wish I still had that out-

(Cries.)

house so I could play the piano again.

Two hours later. ALL are present. NINO is dressed as a woman. 36

PETER

(To all.)

You know, I sure would like to
take a picture of all of you
holding hands and smiling.

HARRY

How come?

PETER

Well, I expect, sooner or
later we won't be together.
Some of us will be going up;
to join Jesus and some of us
unfortunately will be going...

MARK

...Down to hell! What do you
have an aversion to saying
hell, Mr. Holier-than-thou?
Not that you're going there.

DAISY

He's St. Peter. He's from a
completely different end of
the spectrum and of course
he's not going to hell to meet
the devil.

NINO

(Laughs to Mark)

But, you're going, right
'maricon?' Because that's
where you belong, in hell
baby, right in hell.

BOBBY



(sings)

LOSERS JUST LIKE YOU

Hey down there, there will be
plenty of cats to gamble with.
That ain't no myth, losers
just like you.
Derelicts and muggers, you'll
be with the scum of the Earth.

For all you're worth, losers
just like you.

Birds of a feather.
You'll be with your own.
Steel whips and leather.
You'll feel right at
home.

Lunacy's the thing.
Everybody cries.
Winter never Spring.
The truth is always lies.

So put on your dancing shoes,
'cause you are going away.
Man I could say, been nice
knowing you.
I'm on my way to heaven and
I'm gonna sing for the Big
Man.
You understand, there's
nothing I can do.

Birds of a feather.
You'll be with your own.
Steel whips and leather.
You'll feel right at
home.

Lunacy's the thing.
Everybody cries.
Winter never Spring.
The truth is always lies.

DAISY

(To Mark)

Sounds like fun doesn't it big
boy? Arf arf. Unfortunately,
I'll probably be joining Mr.
Pigeon shit, won't I St. Pete?

PETER

Why do you say that my child?

DAISY

I plead the fifth your honor.
I cannot, nor will I ever
incriminate myself.

 **(sings)** **PETER**

CONFESSION

Confession often cleanses the
soul.
Confession, a broken heart is
whole.
Confession eases a shattered
mind.
Then no longer blind, you
shall be free.

Just believe and the Lord
takes your hand.
Just believe the crippled
child will stand.
Just believe and the fears
will drift away.
Kneel as you pray and then let
it be.

We shall be great, let us
dare dream.
Truth is the way, no need
to scheme.
Higher power, we must
find G-d.
And when we do, nothing's
that hard.

With kindness, we drink from
the fountain.
With kindness, we can climb
any mountain.
With kindness, no one has to
bleed.

We shall be great, let us
dare dream.
Truth is the way, no need
to scheme.
Higher power, we must
find G-d.
And when we do, nothing's
that hard.

Forgiveness, and turn the
other cheek.
Forgiveness, for we must help
the meek.

Forgiveness, no man is an
ideal.
As long as we feel, we are
brothers.

DAISY

I haven't gone to confession
since I was a little girl.

NINO

Me to, I mean I haven't gone
since I was a little boy.

PETER shoots DAISY. WE hear WHAT LUCK refrain.

39

DAISY

I grew up on the South side of
Chicago, Lawrence Street. It
was like a six block walk from
my grade school, which was on
Chelsea to my apartment
building. It wasn't too good
a neighborhood and there were
lots of drunks. This one
particular ugly bum that
reeked to high heaven from
cheap wine always bothered me.

He used to come right up to
me and try to kiss me. I'd
run away and shout, you can't
catch me, you can't catch me
and laugh. When he was really
drunk he used to come right up
to me and say, *"Hello little
girl. Uncle Tommy's gonna get
you and when I do, uncle
Tommy's gonna eat you all up."*
I'd look at his pock marked
face, blood-shot eyes, his
chipped, tobacco stained
teeth, smell his disgusting
breath, kick him in the shins,
scream you can't catch me and
run home. After awhile, Tommy
started following me home.
He'd stand outside my window,
we lived on the ground floor
and he'd sing in his drunken
voice, *"Hello little girl,
uncle Tommy's gonna get you
and when I do, uncle Tommy's*

gonna eat you all up." There was no one home, because both my mother and father worked, so I'd lock myself in the bathroom and cry. I'd cry until my mother came home from work... Then he started knocking on my door. *"Hello little girl. Uncle Tommy's gonna get you and when I do, uncle Tommy's gonna eat you all up."* When he banged on my door real hard, I was so frightened that I panicked. To scare him I started to

(Barks.)

bark, arf, arf and then I'd growl, Rrrrr, and then I'd bark some more... One day, I was coming home from school, it was really raining and no one was on the street. Tommy jumped from the shadows, grabbed me, pulled me down into some basement, laughed in his drunken stupor and said, *"Hello little girl, see, uncle Tommy got you and you know what uncle Tommy's gonna do? Uncle Tommy's gonna eat you all up."* When he bit my neck with his broken teeth, I screamed, I cried, I growled,

(Growls.)

(Barks.)

Rrrrr I barked, arf, arf, arf, arf.

But no one heard me. Then he ripped my blouse off and bit my stomach, tore my leg apart and almost bit my ear off. He was actually trying to eat me. Then he hit me on the head with a brick and almost killed me. A janitor found me a couple of days later, called the police and an ambulance took me to the hospital. I was unconscious for six days. It took three months, but eventually, I recovered... I don't think I was ever the same.

NINO

Heavy story Daisy, heavy story. I vote Daisy goes to heaven. Who seconds the motion?

ALL except MARK raise hands.

40

HARRY

If she goes to heaven, what about me? Don't I count?

NINO

Okay, Daisy and Harry go to heaven. All those in agreement say aye.

BOBBY

Aye.

PETER

Aye.

NINO

Aye.

BOBBY

What about you pigeon toes?

MARK

It all depends. If there's a quota and there always is, like say there's only room for two of us. Only two out of us six get to go to that pie-in-the-sky, because we all know there are only so many towels. Hey, I vote for *moi*. I sure as shit don't want to spend eternity in hell. You know it's hot as hell down there, no pun intended and it's filled with murderers, muggers, rapists, dope addicts and literally the scum of the earth.

HARRY

You'll probably feel right at home there, won't you? Not to mention gamblers like you that cheat, little old ladies.

PETER

Do you think I could take my picture now?

HARRY

Do we have to?

PETER

Please.

ALL gather.

41

PETER (cont'd)

Now hold hands, smile and say
cheese.

**PETER photographs them with imaginary camera as they hold
hands smile and say cheese.**

42

PETER

I shall cherish this picture
forever.

HARRY

You know what I could go for
right now, a little "*Blue
Danube*," by Strauss... Was

Plays imaginary piano. We hear "Blue Danube." After a beat. 43

it beautiful?

NINO

"The Blue Danube," huh?

MARK

Yeah, "*The Blue Danube*, *The
Blue Danube*." Everybody's
heard of "*The Blue Danube*,"
except you, Mr. Cross dresser.

NINO

I hate you, I hate you. I'll
(exits)
be right back.

DAISY

(To Bobby.)

You sure you don't feel like
knocking off a piece, Bobby?

BOBBY

Well, on second thought...

DAISY

I knew I'd get you sooner or later. My place or yours?

BOBBY

I'm only teasing Daisy. I told you, I still have this thing for Sandra.

PETER photographs DAISY that will bark and BOBBY who will sing.

44

DAISY

(Growls and barks.)

Rrrrr, arf, arf, arf, arf.

BOBBY



(Sings.)

"How much is that doggy in the
(Laughs.)
window? Arf, arf."

MARK

That's funny Bobby, "How much is that doggy in the window," is funny. Ya know, for an imposter, you have a pretty good sense of humor.

MARK spreads, flaps arms and scooting around pretends to fly. **45**

MARK (Cont'd)

(As if on two-way radio.)

Korean gook at four o'clock,
four o'clock! Watch your ass,
watch your ass, he's gaining
on you. Dive, dive...! I got
him; thank G-d I got that
bastard for you. That means
you owe me big time, Buddy,
you owe me big time. Okay,
let's head back to the base.
Ten-four...? Ten-four.

Scooting around MARK bumps into NINO, who, dressed as a man is returning. **47**

MARK

Excuse me mister. Oh, it's
you, you G-d damn freak.
Watch where you're going. I
don't believe it, ten seconds
ago you were a twat and now
you're a, will you make up
your mind, please?

BOBBY



(Sings)

"And he did it his way."
Ain't that right, Nino? You
did it your way and you don't
give two shits what anybody
says. You're my kind of guy,
hombre.

MARK

And when he dresses like a
broad, is he still your kind
of guy?

BOBBY

You know what they say?
Different strokes for
different folks.

DAISY

When the guy up stairs handed
out brains, I think he must
have forgot about you, Mark.

MARK

And I suppose you think you're
a genius Miss Rin Tin Tin?

DAISY

I got a law degree, what did
you get and what are you,
besides being a two-bit
gambler?

MARK

Are you calling me a two-bit
gambler? I've broken the bank
at the Sands in Vegas, in
Atlantic City, Reno even Hong
Kong. I made millions of
dollars.

HARRY

And I'm sure you lost at least that much.

PETER shoots MARK. WE hear FLY AWAY refrain.

48

MARK

So what. The thing is, at least I can say I made millions. How many people can say they made, I made... When my orthodox father got out of the service, despite being religious, he was the ultimate hustler. Guess I sort of take after him, don't I? Anyway, in the late fifties, he opened one of the first casinos in Vegas with some guy; I think his name was Beagle or Siegel.

All I know is, he was a Jew and he was best friends with my father. I loved living in Vegas and one of the reasons why was, my old man got me laid at 16 and all of my friends were jealous to say the least. For the next five or six years I must have banged a thousand of the finest looking show girls you ever saw and my father never stopped bragging about how I was a man to all of his friends, and let me tell you, my father had some pretty heavy friends. My old man and whatever his partner's name was had a huge four engine plane that my father would fly to New York about once a month. When he would go, I was about 21, 22 at the time, he would put me in charge of the whole freakin' casino. Naturally, when he was gone I thought I was God and God tried to get as many blowjobs as I could, but I couldn't score. Those broads wouldn't have anything to do with me unless my father gave them the

word and he didn't. Was I pissed. The minute my father landed and got back to his hotel, I let him have it. "What am I your fucking flunky?" I said. "Did you go 'shul?'" he asked. "Fuck you and your 'shul.'" *How come I couldn't get a piece of ass unless you said so and why didn't you say so? You're gone two fuckin' weeks. Why? Why didn't you say so?"* My father hauled off, punched me in the mouth and broke my two front teeth. "Now you have something to 'Dahven,' to pray about," he smiled. See these
(Points to teeth.)
teeth, they're not real. Then he tells me I am his flunky and don't ever forget it! I'll get laid when he tells me and not before. Then he pointed to the door, kicked me in my ass and told me to get the fuck out of his hotel. I called him a dumb fucking pilot that didn't know which way was up, spit in his face and walked out. I knew he had to go back to New York on April 6th. Funny how I never forgot that date. Anyway, April 5th, two o'clock in the morning I poured five pounds of sugar in the gas tank of his freakin' plane. I'd show him who his flunky was. They arrested me the following afternoon. I had a very hip attorney who pleaded insanity and those stupid bastards bought it. Can you believe those assholes thought I was crazy?

PETER will shoot MARK who pretends to fly and BOBBY who will sing.

BOBBY



(Sings to Mark.)

*"Crazy they called me; yes I'm
crazy, crazy in love with
you." If you're not crazy,
then I don't know who is.*

HARRY

Just because he killed his
father, you think he's crazy?

Just because the court
psychiatrists and the court
ruled he was crazy, you think
he's crazy. Are you crazy
Mark?

MARK

(Pretends to fly.)

Do I look like I'm crazy?

DAISY

How's the air up there?

MARK

Gorgeous, just gorgeous.

We hear mechanical burr and the green light on the UP elevator goes on. ALL rush and pray to it. 49

PETER

(To Mark.)

You must ask for forgiveness.
Jesus forgives all those that
have sinned.

MARK

But, I'm Jewish.

PETER

So, was he.

MARK

(On knees.)

Please, forgive me Jesus. I
didn't know what I was doing
when I killed my father. I
loved my father, I admired my
father, and I always wanted to
be like him. Religious, own a
casino...

BOBBY

...Fly an airplane.

MARK

Yeah, fly a plane.

NINO

'Conyo,' is that why you pretend to fly all over the place? You want to be like your father?

MARK

What the hell are you talking about, flying all over the place? Who flies all over the place?

BOBBY

So, how does it feel going to confession, Jew boy? No offense intended.

PETER will shoot MARK, NINO and HARRY.

50

MARK

Yeah, I like it, I think I like it. First time I ever told anybody that I... put five pounds of sugar in my father's engine, that these teeth aren't mine, that I really wanted to be religious like my old man, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction...

NINO

...So, you killed him... You did what I always dreamed of doing. When that 'maricon' died, I can't tell you how guilty I felt, because I used to pray to St. Christopher every night to give me the strength, the courage to cut his throat. He used to beat the shit out of my mother and me every day and I only wanted to protect her. From that day on, I was always afraid to pray, because, be careful man,

your prayers may be answered
and you might get what you
wish for.

BOBBY

I never knew my father, but I
cursed him too. I cursed him,
because he deserted my mother
and me.

DAISY

I thought you said you had a
sister too?

BOBBY

Oh yeah, I forgot about her.

We hear A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE Underscoring.

HARRY

Well, let me tell you, you
guys ain't unique. I used to
pray every night that my
father would go to hell too,
'cause that's where he
belonged. To me he was the
devil-incarnate. I never saw
him sober, can you imagine
that? Even on my communion,
he burped, farted, smiled and
passed out on the pew. I
wanted to die, because all my
friends were there and I swear
to Jesus that he knew my

(Sobs.)

brothers were fucking me,
because he told them to, he
told them to, 'cause he was
Cajun through and through.
Said the devil was his best
friend. Believed in voo doo,
witchcraft. When the moon was
full, him and his drunken
nigger friends would dance
with the chickens. Then
they'd scream as they cut
their necks, pour the blood on
their heads and all over their
bodies, then sing some kind of
voo doo mantra and drink the

blood. He'd make me, my
mother and all my sisters'
watch. My crazy brothers
would scream, whoop and dance
like they had red ants in
their drawers, as the blood
would run down their face.
Seems like the crazies run in
my blood, doesn't it? Ya know I always loved the
theme from

(Plays imaginary piano. We hear theme.) 51
"The Godfather..." How'd I do?

NINO

One of the most beautiful
theme songs ever written.
'*Que bueno,*' Harry, '*que*
bueno.'

HARRY

I'm glad you liked it.

Three days later. ALL are in front of UP elevator, praying, 52
mumbling and shaking their heads.

NINO

I don't understand it, I
really don't.

DAISY

First time it's happened in
six years.

BOBBY

What six years? It's the
first time it's happened in 25
years and I'm worried.

HARRY

You should be worried; Peter
hasn't said a word in days.

MARK

He's pissed at something...

DAISY

...Or somebody. That's why
the damn elevator hasn't
stopped.

BOBBY

(Cups hands ala megaphone.)

Now hear this, none of you are
(Laughs.)
going to heaven, except me.

ALL start to cry and pace dejectedly.

53

BOBBY (cont'd)

(Sings ♫)

"Heaven, I'm goin' to heaven,
and my heart beats so that I
can hardly speak." I'm sorry
that none of you are going to
join me, but, I, Mr. Darin
over here am definitely going

(Sings.)

up and do you know why? "And
the angels sing. They sing
the sweetest song of love I
ever heard." Everybody knows
that I sing like an angel and
where do angels sing? With
the angels, you dig? With the
angels.

MARK

Angels my ass. Sinatra sang
like an angel, you sound like
a horse's ass. Don't you
understand? The man had too
much pull, too much pull. I
mean like he knew everybody.
I'm sure he didn't bother with
purgatory, like you *schmuck*.
You know what he said? Skip
the way station and take me
right to heaven. He's
probably laughing his ass off
that you're down here with us
plebeians and he's
gallivanting with the Big Man
himself. He's still that
thorn in your ass isn't he?

BOBBY

You ain't doing too bad
yourself sweetheart, and I'm
laying three-to-one that you
never get a chance to say your
sorry to your father, because

there ain't a shot in hell
they let murderers in heaven.

NINO

Even if you go to confession?

WE hear refrain of GOING DOWN.

DAISY

Even if you went to ten
confessions Mark. You are a
murderer and murderers go

(Barks.)

down. Arf arf, arf, arf.

NINO

Then I guess I'm going down
too Daisy.

HARRY

What do you mean you're going
down Nino?

NINO

I never told anybody, except
Father Rodriguez. I never
even told my mother, but I did
it... I knew where my father
hid his stash; his money and
smack... I took the money,
'cause where he was going he
would have no use for it.
Must have been \$50,000, which
I eventually gave to my
mother. I got rat poison and
I laughed as I mixed it into
his personal bag. I'll never
forget how he looked when he
shot up for the last time.

"Hasta lluego maricon." It
must have been very good shit,
because his eyes got all
glassy, he was staggering all
over the living room, when all
of a sudden he started foaming
at the mouth, he clutched his
heart and keeled over. I was
so glad; I kicked him like he
used to kick me and my mother
and started laughing. I was
laughing when I called the

police. I was still laughing when they came. I laughed when I showed them his stash. They took all his bags including the one with the poison in it. They did an autopsy and found he died from rat poison. They dusted it for fingerprints and arrested me. My mother testified that since I was a little boy my father beat me and her mercilessly. She said for as long as she could remember he made me *'loco en la cabeza.'* The judge ordered that I undergo psychiatric testing, and you won't believe it Mark, I conned them like you did into thinking I was crazy. Hey, if you guys think I wanted to spend the rest of my life in prison, you're nuts. That's right, you're crazy, I'm not. No way. Do I look crazy?

Refrain ends.

MARK

If you don't look crazy, then I don't know who does. You are the biggest fruitcake I ever saw. One minute you dress like a cooz, I blow my nose and you're walking around like a stud. No, you're not crazy.

DAISY

Nino's manifestation dates back to when his mother dressed him like a little girl to spite his insidious father. Apparently, he also hated his father and continued his mother's transfiguration. Unfortunately it became an obsession. It is written that many famous people throughout history have been cross-dressers, Napoleon and more

recently, J. Edgar Hoover, who wore panties and was also a cross-dresser, only incognito. He wasn't as blatant, nor as honest as Nino yet he was gay,
(Barks.)
which Nino is not. Arf, arf.
I rest my case.

NINO

See, Daisy understands me.

PETER enters apparently frustrated.

54

MARK

Well, look who's back. If it's not St. Peter himself.

PETER

(Annoyed.)

How many times do I have to tell you, I am not St. Peter!

HARRY

Hold on there. What's the matter, why are you so angry?

PETER

I'm out of film. I don't have any film for my Nikon. That's why I'm so angry.

DAISY

Good. Without evidence maybe I have a chance?

PETER

All I have is this instamatic. I hate the pictures it takes. It's just not the same quality.

MARK

Well, why don't you ask G-d to give you some film and while you're at it, why don't you ask him to give you a decent camera like a Hassleblad instead of that Jap camera?

PETER

Lord knows how many times I've asked HIM. Thy will be done. HE answers only when HE is ready.

MARK

Jesus, if he won't do it for you, what chance do I have?

DAISY

I'll tell you what kind of chance you have. Want to do a number? Feel like doing a fox trot with little old me?

MARK

My place or yours?

DAISY

I don't know, let's talk about it.

HOLDING hands, DAISY and MARK exit and DAISY pinches MARKS ass.

55

NINO

'Conyo,' I thought she had more class than that. How could a high class lawyer like her do it with a low class 'maricon' like him?

HARRY

He's worse than a 'maricon,' he's a murderer.

NINO

So am I Harry.

HARRY

But, you're a sweet murderer.

BOBBY

(Sings. ♫)

"I didn't know what time it was, 'til I met you." The only reason she's going to make it with Mr. Pigeon toes is the woman has needs and didn't you turn her down, Nino...?

HARRY

(To Bobby.)

...So did you 'amigo,' because
you said you still dig your
old lady remember...?

PETER

...And she said something
about me having a little head
and to tell you the truth, I
never had a little head. My
hat size is seven-and-a-
quarter. So, I too turned her
down. Lord lead me not unto
temptation.

**A loud mechanical burring sound is heard and the green light on 56
the UP elevator goes on. ALL rush to it and pray.**

BOBBY

(Bangs on elevator and sings ♫)

*"Open the door Richard. Open
the door Richard." I don't
know what it is, but he just
won't let me in.*

NINO

Who won't let you in?

PETER

Richard. Bobby will say
Richard won't let him in,
won't you?

BOBBY

You are the hippest St. Peter
I have ever met.

HARRY

How many St. Peter's have you
met?

BOBBY

(laughs and sings.)

*"Open the door Peter. Open
the door Peter."*

**The mechanical burr is heard, the green light goes off and 57
the elevator departs. The door stage left opens and DAISY and
MARK return.**

HARRY

That was some fast fuck,
wasn't it?

DAISY

Fast fuck my ass. Mr. Pigeon
shit couldn't get it up.

BOBBY

'Really.'

NINO

Did you try giving him a
little head, Daisy?

DAISY

Give what a little head? His
dick was hanging half-mast. I
think he's...

HARRY

...Impotent...

NINO

And he had the balls to call
me gay?

PETER

Let no man cast the first
stone.

MARK

What kind of stone, what kind
of stone? I didn't ball her
because she started barking
and growling. You should have
heard her. What do I look
like a Great Dane? I never
fucked a dog in my life and I
sure as shit wasn't going to
start now.

PETER shoots with imaginary camera throughout.

58

DAISY

(Growls and barks.)

Rrrrr... Arf, arf.

MARK

You see what I mean? I was afraid she'd think my whacker was a Kosher hot dog and eat it.

DAISY

You mean little weenie, don't you Mr. Impotent?

HARRY

How could he be impotent? He said he balled all those show girls.

DAISY

It wasn't showgirls; it was show boys, wasn't it?

BOBBY

Now I get it. He must of threatened those show boys, bell hops, elevator operators, even the freaking doorman about losing their jobs, didn't you?

MARK

I did not, I did not!

HARRY

Mr. Intimidator over here probably told them if they didn't let him fuck them, they'd get fired. Didn't you, you piece of pigeon shit.

MARK

What are you crazy?

NINO

No, you're crazy, remember?

MARK

And so are you Tutty Fruity, so are you.

HARRY

But, not only are you crazy,
you're homophobic and
homophobes are usually afraid
that they're gay, aren't they
Tutty Fruity?

BOBBY

(Sings ♫)

*"Only you can make this world
seem right. Only you..."*
'Sweetie.'

MARK

(Sings ♫)

WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME?

I was afraid of being gay.
How could I be a swish.
I felt like a dead fish.
Wanted to run away and die.

Suffocating I couldn't
breathe.
Turned to booze,
I even smoked some pot.
My psychosis I'd feed and cry.

Why did it happen to me?
Was I being punished?
What did I do wrong?
I tried to run away from
me.
Hey I was strong,
I knew I'd get along.

Got so nuts I had to give in.
Well I just had to see,
If I was meant to be
Living with a dark sin, a lie.

And then the obsession lifted.
I knew that I was saved.
The moment I got laid.
Felt that I was gifted and
cried.

Why did it happen to me?
Was I being punished?
What did I do wrong?

I tried to run away from
me.
Hey I was strong,
I knew I'd get along.

DAISY

Want to talk about it?

PETER

Remember what I said about
confession Mark. It may
cleanse your soul. You may
begin my son...

**PETER will shoot MARK with imaginary camera. WE hear
musical refrain of "WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME" throughout.**

59

MARK

Remember when I told you I
balled all those show girls in
my father's casino? I was
like 22 years old, invincible
and I thought I was on top of
the world. I had all the
bread and women a guy my age
could possibly dream of. My
father had zillions of
dollars, went out with the
most beautiful actresses and
because he had G-d, he was
happy as a pig in shit. I
wanted to be just like him,
happy, but I wasn't. Not
because I didn't believe in G-
d, but with all I had, I still
had this emptiness, this void.
I didn't know who I was, or
what I was... I started to
doubt everything about myself,
including my masculinity,
which drove me up the wall.
How could I suddenly become
gay? My whole life I liked
women, I loved women. It was
ridiculous. How could I, a
Jewish guy become gay? I
started seeing a shrink. I
felt all right when I was
talking to him but the minute
I left, the same shit cropped
up again. I was losing my

mind. The pain, the insecurity was killing me. It got so bad that I thought of suicide. To make things even worse, I secretly dated this very handsome Puerto Rican chef that I knew was gay. I couldn't take it anymore and wanted to see if I was... We went to the Hilton for drinks. We sat in the back where it was dark. He put his hand on my thigh and tried to kiss me. I hauled off and punched him in the mouth... I didn't know it, but my father found out. The minute he got back from New York, he grabbed me by the collar of my shirt and asked me if was gay? I told him I don't know papa, I don't know, I'm so confused. He punched me in the mouth and knocked out my two front teeth. Kicked me in the ass and told me to get the fuck out of his hotel. Told me he didn't want to have anything to do with a son that was gay... I told you about the five pounds of sugar. I showed him how gay I was. He didn't know what big balls I had. Fortunately I never kissed a guy on the lips, or sucked a cock. The fear of being gay passed. Thank G-d it passed, but some how, hearing my father ask me if I'm gay...?

(Spreads arms and pretends to fly.)

ME killing him is always with me. I'm sorry Papa...

DAISY

Now, I understand you completely and I feel sorry for you. The reason you became homophobic is you doubted your masculinity.

MARK

I used to doubt my manhood, I
used to, but no more.

DAISY

That may be, but you're still
homophobic. Ask anyone.

NINO

Fucking guy is homophobic man,
he's homophobic.

PETER

Could there be just a wee bit
of doubt, Mark?

MARK

Up yours, up yours. And who's
more gay than all the fuckin'
priests in your church?

Refrain ends.

NINO

You shouldn't talk to St.
Peter like that.

HARRY

To break this tête-à-tête, I
believe it's time for one of
my
favorites, don't you?

NINO

Yeah, do it Harry.

HARRY

And now ladies and gentlemen,
I give you "*Beethoven's Fifth*
Plays imaginary piano. We hear symphony. After a beat
Symphony" in C major... So?

61

NINO

Beethoven was a heavy composer
Harry.

HARRY

The best.

MARK

You know, I fuck these up and down elevators that go to heaven or hell. I'm not in purgatory and you're not either. We're in the crazy house, the funny farm, loony tunes. Look at Harry, she plays Beethoven on an imaginary piano and the fruitcake over here says it sounds great.

HARRY and NINO

I do?

MARK

Yes you do, ask anybody. And you've been doing it since I got here and it drives me bonkers.

BOBBY

I guess that means you're crazy too, doesn't it bro?

MARK

And this weirdo goes around telling everybody he's Bobby Darin. Well, he may sound and snap his fingers like him, but does he look like Darin to you? He doesn't to me.

DAISY growls and barks angrily.

62

MARK (cont'd)

And you Madam Schnauzer are out of your fucking snap. Would you like some dog chow, little doggie? Would you like a bone little doggie? Here, open

(Clutches crotch.)

your mouth, I'll give you a bone.

63

DAISY growls and barks angrily.

64

NINO

And what about you asshole?
You spread your arms, fly all
over the place pretending to
be a freaking fighter pilot
like your father.

MARK

I do?

ALL

Yes you do!

BOBBY

(Sings ♫)

"Whoa look at me now..." Tell
you the truth; I think you're
crazier than any of us here.
Ain't that right fellahs?

ALL

YES!

Again we hear loud burr, green light on UP elevator goes on 65
and all rush and pray to it. ALL ♫sing HEAVEN.

HEAVEN**DAISY**

That fuckin' elevator's is
goin' down!
My ass's on the ground, I
can't take it.
Why can't HE see that this
broad is not a clown.
What does HE want, I have to
make it.

HARRY

I'm gonna dance with the
angels all the time.
It will ease my mind, sweet
heaven will.
I'll always laugh, 'cause I
will see the sun shine.
Damn it's too late, I just
hate my fate.

ALL

We're going crazy,
waiting to go up.
Bananas, this waiting's
just too tough.
Heaven's where we want to
go.
Let's start the show and
away we go.

ALL look at elevator, see the red light and turn away.

66

BOBBY

I swore that I would end up in
Shangri-La.
Catch a shooting star, and fly
away.
Harps and violins, Man, it's
like ooh la la.
Dreams never end it only
begins.

ALL

We're going crazy,
waiting to go up.
Bananas, this waiting's
just too tough.
Heaven's where we want to
go.
Let's start the show and
away we go.

ALL look at elevator, see the red light and turn away.

67

MARK

I want to say I'm sorry to my
father.
I'm not a martyr and I'm not
gay.
Living in purgatory is a
bother.
And I'm sorry for things I
say.

ALL

We're going crazy,
waiting to go up.
Bananas, this waiting's
just too tough.
Heaven's where we want to
go.

Let's start the show and
away we go.

(ALL look at elevator, see the red light and turn away. 68

HARRY

I thought you said we were in
the crazy house, Mark? So,
what are you doing here?
Could it possibly be a
stairway to heaven that you
don't want to miss out on?
Not that you have a shot in
hell of going there. That's
funny, isn't it Mark? Too bad
they don't let murderers in
heaven, especially crazy ones
like you, tutty fruity.

PETER

Jesus forgives all sinners,
even Lot. The only
requirement for HIS redemption
is to ask for forgiveness,
make amends and atone.

MARK

Amends, atone to who, to what?
His airplane crashed in the
desert. He was blown to
smithereens. His body was
scattered all over the place.
Who am I supposed to make
amends to?

BOBBY

(Sings ♫)

*"They found little Annie all
covered with snow. She made
artificial flowers.
Artificial..."*

MARK

(Crying.)

I can't take it anymore. I
can't take it anymore. The
guilt, the pain... it's worse
than when I thought I was
gay...

NINO

(Crying.)

...Me too. I can't take it anymore. All I think of, all I see is my father foaming at the mouth and me kicking him. I didn't want to kick him, I wanted him to love me, I always wanted him to love me, even when I wore a skirt...
"Permisso Popi, Permisso."

DAISY

(Sobs.)

I can't take it too, because I'm an animal, I'm an animal.
Rrrrr, arf, arf, arf, arf.

MARK

I told you she was an animal and thank G-d she admits it. Now, you see why I was afraid to let her give me a little head?

DAISY

Remember that drunken bum that hit me on the head with a brick? How he tried to eat me?

PETER

Your story shall be with me forever Daisy.

PETER shoots throughout. We hear musical refrain of LUCK. 69

DAISY

Well, when I finally got out of the hospital, according to the head shrink and my parents I wasn't all there. Seems I told the doctor that one day I was going to pay back that drunken bastard for what he did to me and one day, which took approximately 20 years I finally got my revenge and let me tell you, there's nothing sweeter than sweet revenge. Being an attorney, I found out

from the police department, that drunk's name was Jack McMichael and he still frequented his same haunt. Fortunately, on a rainy afternoon, very much like it was when he attacked me, driving by, I saw him on the very same corner menacing a little girl. As per, he was still drunk. Suddenly it all came back to me. He was going to do to that little girl what he did to me 20 years ago. Funny, but for 20 years I had been prepared for that moment. I took the hatchet from beneath my driver's seat, which I had been honing for as long as I could remember. It was razor sharp. Slowly and methodically I approached Jack McMichael, looked at his pock marked face, saw the same blood shot eyes and the stained, broken teeth that I remembered so vividly and smiled. *"Hello Jack, remember me? Today I'm going to get you and when I do, little Daisy is going to eat you all up."* With that, I swung the axe as hard as I could and in one-felt-swoop I cut his left leg off from the knee down. As he was screaming, I bent down and kissed him on the forehead, told him how much I longed for him, picked up his leg and drove home. That night, with fries and broccoli I had leg McMichael for dinner. Leg McMichael, leg McMichael and that's why I believe I'm in purgatory, waiting to go to hell with you Mark.

MARK

Holy shit, you are a freaking animal. You're worse, you're a Mau Mau, a man-eater and we all know where man-eaters go, don't we?

HARRY

(Takes Daisy's hand.)

Might as well hold hands, baby, 'cause sure as shit I'll be joining you.

MARK

Uh oh, sounds like we're going to get another fucked up story, aren't we Harry?

HARRY

Thanks for the introduction.

BOBBY

Don't pay him no mind Harry. And this tune is dedicated for
(Sings ♫)
pigeon brain over here. "*How little we know. How much to discover.*" Go ahead Harry. They say ignorance is bliss and we all know why this '*schmuck*' is so happy.

WE hear Musical refrain of "A LITTLE GIRL WITH A MIGRINE."

HARRY

When I was about 14, my brother Luke was 20, Isaac was 18 and Bo was 17. One, or all of them fucked me and my sister Gladys everyday for years and they gave me and Gladys the crabs. My father saw me and my sister scratching something fierce, he laughed and said we got what my brothers had, crabs. Got us this thing called formula A and made me and my sister wipe it all over my brother's penis, ass hole and all over their bodies and then

laughed his ass off as he made them wipe it on us. As Luke was wiping it on my vagina, he winked at my father, stuck his finger in my snatch, licked it and my father and two brother laughed like it was New Years eve. Me and my sister just cried. That night, when they were sleeping, me and Gladys snuck into their room. I got Lukes big knife and I laughed to myself as I cut Luke's, Bo's and Isaac's throats. Then we went into the living room and Gladys cut my father's throat. We ripped out their gizzards and let the blood pour down our heads and we rubbed it all over our bodies. We whooped, screamed and gave 'em their voo doo mantra, just like they did when they cut those poor chicken's necks. My mother just stared at us and didn't say a word as we cut them up into little pieces, went down to the swamp and fed them to the gators. A couple of years later the cops came by looking for my brothers. Seems they hadn't registered for the draft. After hemming and hawing, my Mama broke down and trying to protect me and Gladys, said she did it, but the cops found our fingerprints on the knife.

PETER

(Crosses self.)

"Yea, though I walk through the shadow of death I will see no evil." A moment of silence for those who suffer in purgatory.

BOBBY

Hold on there *amigo*, I'm not suffering like them, because I'm not a murderer.

MARK

Then what the hell are you doing here with us?

BOBBY

I don't know man, but I sure as hell didn't kill anybody like you.

(To Peter.)

Listen St. Peter, you and I know that I don't belong with these basket cases, here. Daisy cuts a guy's leg off and has leg McMichael for dinner? That's loony tunes. Only Mau Maus eat human beings, and Mark over here, flies all over the place like he's Batman and kills his religious father, no less, give me a break. What's it contagious? Typical Nino bit, wouldn't you say? They're murderers, freaking murderers. What am I doing with murderers? And let us not forget Mozart over here, who thought it was so much fun, she killed her three brothers and her sister killed her father, then they fed them to the gators. So, why can't you decide? What's the problem? They don't belong in heaven, but I do, so, will you please let me get out of here, please?

MARK

We all know there has to be a reason why you're here in limbo, in purgatory with us, man. Otherwise, you would have been in heaven with 'The man, The voice, The chairman of the board.' So, what's your story 'Mr. Darin?'

BOBBY

You want to know my story, huh? Alright, I'll tell you my story. Right after I was born, for some reason my mother became '*toozy bahts*,' nuts, out-of-it and she went to the funny farm. My old man loved her more than life itself, so, he would bring Mom home every couple of months. Anyway, for my second birthday, he brought her home to celebrate with us. When he lit the candles, for some reason my mother started crying and holding her head. She was always crying and holding her head. I think she suffered from migraines and anyway, my father went to the drug store to get some aspirin. I guess my Mom loved my father too, because, holding me and kissing me as much as she could, she opened the window, we lived on the second floor and watched my father go into the drug store which was just across the street and she screamed, "I love you Anthony." She was depressed most of the time, but seeing my father made her so happy. When he was walking across the street she actually started jumping for joy. My father saw her smiling, which made him smile and he looked up at my mother and said, "Who do I love more than you, Annie?" She beamed back, you love your son more than me, so do I. Come on, give him a kiss. Then you can kiss me. Here, catch," she said and threw me out of the window. My father was stunned as I hit the sidewalk and split my head wide open.

MARK

Now, I know why you're so
fucking crazy...

BOBBY

After that, for some reason,
not only was I afraid of my
mother, I was afraid of
heights, windows, the dark,
aspirins, everything,
especially the boogiemán. At
five, to overcome my fear, I
had to become Mighty Mouse.
As Mighty Mouse I conquered
the world and all the kids on
my block became my best
friend.

NINO

(Wearing skirt, almost sings.)

M, I, C, K, E, Y, M, O, U, S,
E. Mickey Mouse, Mickey
Mouse...

MARK

He said Mighty Mouse, not
Mickey Mouse. Wrong mouse,
nummy...

BOBBY

...At ten, when I used to go
to school and some kids would
pick on me, because I had
these quirks and made funny
sounds, so, I fixed them and
became Roy Rogers. I'd whip
out my trusty six shooter,
shoot them dead and ride home
on Trigger, my favorite
Palomino and all the kids

(Sings ♫)

would applaud. *"Happy trails
to you, until we meet
again..."* At 15, when I would
play spin the bottle and none
of the girls wanted to kiss
me, I was so disappointed that
I had to become Robin Hood.
I'd tell little John, that it
was time I found someone other
than maid Marian. Strutting

around, all the girls
wanted to dance with me...

(Sings ♫)

"*Shall we dance...?*" At 20,
when all my professors said I
was flunking most of my
classes, I had no choice but
to become Freddy Freeman,
alias Captain Marvel...

PETER

...And I bet you said shazam.
One of my all time favorite
words, shazam.

BOBBY

...I shazamed them to death
and almost became valor
dictorian. When I graduated,
I was immediately drafted and
went to Nam. I was on a
patrol, it was raining cats-
and-dogs and we were being
attacked from every side. I
knew I was in trouble, because
slowly, everyone of my buddies
got it and I did the only
thing I could think of to save
my ass. I became Superman...

MARK

...Faster than a speeding
bullet...

DAISY

...Able to leap tall buildings
in a single bound...

HARRY

...Look, up in the sky...

PETER

...It's a bird...

NINO

...No it's a plane...

ALL

...No it's Superman.

ALL laugh as NINO exits.

MARK

I bet the freak went to change again and I didn't say anything to him, so stop blaming me and you've become everybody imaginable and you still say you're not a dipso

(To Bobby.)

dingbat, right? Anybody else you're going to become? Then, to top it all off you decided to become Bobby Darin, didn't you?

BOBBY

I didn't become Bobby Darin, I am Bobby Darin.

MARK

Oh yeah, what was your real name smarty-pants? Remember your real name?

BOBBY

Walden Robert Cassotto.

MARK

When were you born Mr. Cassotto?

BOBBY

May 14, 1936.

MARK

And what made you change your name to Darin, Mr. Cassotto?

BOBBY

I was driving by a Chinese restaurant and I saw this sign, Mandarin and at that moment I knew I had to change my name to Darin. Bobby Darin. Anything else you'd like to know pigeon toes?

HARRY

I'd like to know what made you become a singer.

BOBBY

When I got out of the service,
one of the first things I did
was to see my mother. She
knew I needed a job and
because I have this
voice, my mother, told me to
become a singer. Sing for me,
Bobby, she cried, holding her

(Sings.)

head, sing for me. *"Splish
splash I was takin' a bath,
'round about Saturday night."*

(Sobs.)

How am I doing mama, how am I
doing?

DAISY

You're doing fine, Bobby.

HARRY pretends to play imaginary piano.

71

NINO

What's that you're playing,
Harry? Sure sounds sweet.

HARRY

"Etude in G major" by Brahms.
One of my favorites.

NINO

Real nice Harry, real nice.

**MARK looks at ALL in disgust, shakes his head, spreads arms 72
and pretends to fly which causes DAISY to bark.**

HARRY

I've had it. How am I suppose
to play with all this barking
going on? I can't
concentrate.

NINO

Hey Daisy, would you cool it?
Harry can't play with you
barking.

DAISY

With me barking, with me barking? What the hell is that supposed to mean? Who barks? Ya know I'm getting sick-and-tired of all you assholes accusing me of barking, and how come no one bitches about her playing the piano? What piano, do you see a piano? How can you play the piano, when there's no fucking piano, Harry? Tell me!

HARRY

Who plays the piano? I haven't played piano for 25 years, but you sure as shit bark. Don't she fellahs? Don't she go arf, arf...

DAISY and HARRY

...Arf, arf, arf, arf.

MARK

I can't take it, I can't take
(To Daisy and Harry.)
it. The both of you are nuts.
What am I doing here with all
these '*meschugenehs*?' You
bark and you play the piano.

DAISY and HARRY

I do?

An hour later.
The same set.

DAISY**(To Peter.)**

I want you to tell me the truth. Do I have a chance going up? You and I know all I did is cut a guy's leg off that tried to kill me. An eye for an eye, isn't that in the bible?

PETER

I believe it is Daisy.

DAISY

If there are only so many
towels like Mark says, did I
kill anybody like they did?
Well did I?

PETER

Not as far as I'm concerned.

DAISY

Well, then you have to let me
get out of here. I'm losing

(Barks.)

my mind, arf, arf.

MARK comes forth.

73

MARK

Daisy, would you please bark
some where else and let me
have a few minutes in private
with St. Peter?

Annoyed, DAISY barks, goes to UP elevator and bangs on it. 74

MARK (cont'd)

I'm telling you, every time
she starts barking, I'm afraid
she's going to bite my ass.
And the weird part about it
is, she doesn't know she's
barking. Anyway, I did what
you said. I've tried to
atone, make a amends. I've
asked my father to forgive me
and you know what he said?
He, forgives me St. Peter, he
forgives me. He said he never
saw a place more peaceful,
more beautiful than heaven and
he's waiting for me. You hear

(Flaps arms.)

he's waiting for me. So, why
don't you put me on the up
elevator and let me join my
old man?

PETER

If I could I would join you,
but unfortunately only G-d can
make that decision. I am
merely his unworthy servant.

MARK

You're a waste of time G-
ddamn it! You're a waste of
time!

LET ME IN! PLEASE, MY
FATHER'S WAITING FOR ME, MY
FATHER'S WAITING FOR ME.
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

MARK runs to UP elevator, joins DAISY and bangs on it. 75

HARRY approaches PETER. 76

HARRY

Listen Peter, I have to talk
to you. I know I did a lot of
terrible things, but forgive
and forget. Isn't that what
you said? I want you to
forgive me and I sure am
trying to forget. Send me to
heaven, let me live with the
angels and I know their
goodness will rub off. So,
what do you say?

PETER

I wish it was up to me Harry.
But, it isn't. I too am
waiting to get into heaven.

HARRY

What a crock of shit. You're
St. Peter. You've been to
heaven a million times.
You're here to answer to G-d,
aren't you?

PETER

We all must answer to a Higher
Power, even I...

HARRY

What am I wasting my time for?
All right, send me to hell,

send me to hell.

HARRY runs to DOWN elevator.	77
After a beat ALL look at each other.	78
MARK signals HARRY to join them.	79
She smiles and they ALL bang on UP elevator.	80
Singing, BOBBY approaches Peter.	81

BOBBY

(Sings ♫)

"Up a lazy river by the old mill run..." So, what do you say, man, would you please tell those freaks to get away from the UP elevator. We both know I'm the only one that's getting on, don't we?

PETER

I hope I'll be joining you.

BOBBY

What do you mean, you hope you'll be joining me? You live in heaven.

PETER

If I did, what am I doing here in purgatory with you?

BOBBY

I thought you were here to get the evidence on us? That's why you were taking all those pictures right? Evidence, evidence. You know I'm not a murderer, you know that, so what the heck are you waiting for? Forget it man, forget it. I'll get on that freaking elevator myself.

BOBBY joins ALL and also bangs on the UP elevator as NINO approaches PETER.	82
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NINO

'Escusi mi amico,' you know how bad I feel about what I did to my father. I did it to protect my mother. All I wanted was for him to love me

and my mother... I've lived in guilt, in 'tormentado' since I did it. Won't you please for give me? Can't you give me another chance? I hate this purgatory bullshit, I really do.

PETER

So do I Nino.

NINO

You're not going to let me go, I know you're not going to let me go. Well, I don't need you 'patron.' The next time it stops, I'll get on it without you.

WE hear a loud burring sound and the green light on the UP elevator goes on. 83

NINO gives the finger to PETER, rushes to elevator and joins all banging on it. 84

Going to elevator, PETER clutches heart, groans and falls. 85

ALL rush to PETER. 86

ALL

PETER, PETER.

BOBBY

What's that matter Peter?

PETER

My heart Bobby, it's my heart.

DAISY

What do you mean it's your heart. You can't get a heart attack, you're St. Peter.

PETER

I told you my child, I'm not St. Peter. Oh, oh.

HARRY

What do you mean you're not St. Peter? You have to be St. Peter. Weren't you taking all those pictures for G-d?

PETER

I was taking pictures, Harry?
You must be mistaken.

MARK

This is the ultimate con.
He's conning us. He's not
having a heart attack. How
can he have a heart attack if
we're all dead?

NINO

Listen St. Peter, I want to
say I'm sorry. I do need you,
I really do. With out you,
who am I going to confess to?

We hear CONFESSIO **refrain.**

PETER

Talking about confessions, I
think it's time I confess
before I bid the all
'adieu....' I was a minister at
St. Ignatius, a small church
in Brooklyn for 32 years. I
had dedicated my life to Jesus
and the church for as long as
I could remember and one
night, about six years ago,
sister Carmella and I were
having a sip of wine and
talking as we often did. Some
how we must of had more than a
sip of wine, for we found
ourselves kissing each other
passionately. As Jesus be my
witness, I had never kissed a
woman, much less a nun in my
life. The only sex I ever had
was with myself and I would
always do ten hail Marys and
beg forgiveness. In any
event, sister Carmella removed
her clothing and so did I. We
made love in the rectory. It
was the first time either of
us had made love and we both
found it quite satisfactory...
We both immediately thought of
leaving the church, for we had

committed the cardinal sin,
but we knew Jesus would
forgive us, for we were merely
creatures of the skin... A
month later, Carmella told me
she was pregnant. We both
prayed 24 hours a day asking
the Lord for guidance.
Because she wore a habit, her
pregnancy was indiscernible.
For the next six months we got
down on our knees and prayed
for absolution. When she had
no choice, for she knew the
blessed moment was upon her,
she was sweating and in pain
as she entered my room. I
could see she was ready to
give birth to this premature
child any moment. I closed
the door and we both prayed.
The Lord speaks in mysterious
ways. In less than five
minutes, Carmella gave birth
to a stillborn baby. The
child had strangled itself on
its umbilical chord. We both
cried. What was I to do with
this little, lifeless thing?
Since it was so small,
Carmella suggested I flush it
down the toilet, which I
did... Unbeknownst, it would
clog the toilet. A plumber
came the following day and
removed the lifeless body. An
investigation ensued and
Carmella and I were
arrested... Oh, my heart, my
heart.

**PETER dies and ALL panic. DAISY barks, MARK flies, HARRY 88
plays piano, BOBBY sings and NINO undresses. As all this
confusion ensues, we hear a voice over.**

Voice Over

Good afternoon ladies and
gentlemen. This is warden
Jeremiah Johnson for the
criminally insane. How are we
doing today? I'm truly sorry

that the elevators did not stop on the tenth floor the past two days. Blame it on a broken cable. Please bear with me, hopefully the problem will be solved before the end of the day and you will be allowed to go for your daily walk tomorrow. Thank you.

The End.