

SC. VIII

As the *LIGHTS RISE*, *SAMMY* enters.

SAMMY: Art is controlled psychosis.
The atomic cosmic fuels my neurosis.
Fearful symmetry plays celestial Ping-Pong with my mind.
'The Stars The Play With Laughing Sam's Dice' has my brains on ice. (*A beat.*) ...What's wrong, Romeo, you look a little "washed-out"?

TOM: I've just been thinking.

SAMMY: Now is not the time to think but time for your "Magic Carpet Ride". Today is a holy day of obliviation. (*Holding up a capsule.*) Here's Grade A custom LSD made in an All-American university for use on our spoiled little Mouseketeers. Satisfaction guaranteed AND it's free of charge. Now, close your eyes and open wide like a good Tommy boy.

TOM: WAIT! What is this stuff?

SAMMY: It's your instant karma. Your final exam to see if you're fit for the next grade, 'cause if you ain't lib'd from the past...it's like back to squaresville. But hey, if daddy'o ain't diggin', somebody else is.

SAMMY motion as if to swallow it.

TOM: (*Grabbing his hand.*) NO! I'll take it. What have I...what have I got to lose, right?

SAMMY: Your mind...your life, but who wants to live forever. Now open wide for a taste of the mummy.

TOM: (*SAMMY drops it into TOM'S mouth.*) Oh God, it's bitter as hell.

SAMMY: That means it's potent. Don't be negative. Today is the first day of eternity.

TOM: How long before it kicks in, you figure?

SAMMY: Well, figure the square root of Becky's anus, then multiply by her two little... (*TOM begins to swoon.*) What's wrong?

TOM: I'm beginning to feel...strange.

PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC IS HEARD and Professor *MATTHEWS* who is played by *FRANK* appears on stage.

MATTHEWS: Thomas!

TOM: Professor Matthews, what are you doing here?

SAMMY: It's starting. Groovy!

MATTHEWS: Now, Young Man, your hypothesis that one can change the shape of one's nose simply by willing it is unconventional, to say the least, BUT, I'm willing to overlook it providing you write the paper I suggested, on how to be the most popular young man in the nuclear fallout club. You'll graduate—have a fine paying job, a mortgage and a wife whom you can no longer satisfy because you've turned queer.

SAMMY: Knock! Knock! Like what's happening?

TOM: He's telling me to graduate, buy a house, and become gay.

SAMMY: Too many books and not enough... *(He makes an obscene gesture with his hand.)* Banish him!

MATTHEWS: It has even been said that Jesus Christ finished college and look at the great things he went on to do.

TOM: I can't! He told me even Jesus got his B.A.

SAMMY: Blasphemy! Exit left, infidel! If you're stronger than he is he'll go. He only exists in your imagination.

MATTHEWS: You could go on to graduate school... *(His voice slowly fades out.)* And learn to change water into wine.

MATTHEW exits.

TOM: It worked! He's gone.

SAMMY: Good man! End of round one. *(Feigning tears.)* You remind me of the first time I tripped. Chip off the ol' block.

TOM: That was scary as hell! *(His MOTHER played by BOB appears.)* MOTHER! What are you doing here?

SAMMY: Your MOTHER? How embarrassing!

MOTHER: Tommy...is it true about you dropping out of school? Now, what in the world is your father going to say? As if that man doesn't have enough on his mind. Is this how you repay us after we raised you from infancy? Do you know what it costs to raise a child these days? Not that we regret any of it, it's just that we were hoping you would help us out when you finished school.

SAMMY: Keep me posted, Doc. My hearing ain't what it used to be.

TOM: My own mother is telling me to pay her back for changing my diapers.

SAMMY: Gee whiz... What a sport! Tell her to hock your "Erector Set" and you're all even. Thank you!

FATHER: *(From O.S.)* "Let the dead bury the dead", huh? Why, when I get my hands on that little—

MOTHER: Your father's home. He worked hard today so DON'T aggravate him! *(MOTHER exits.)*

TOM: She's gone. But my father just came home.

SAMMY: Awh man, you should'a told the ol' lady to make some Fluffernutter sandwiches. I'm hungry... Plus, they don't make my dump so lumpy like the meat raviolis.

FATHER played by BECKY appears.

TOM: FATHER!

FATHER: Now what's this I hear about you dropping out of college? Are you mad? Do you want to end up like me in a dead-end job? If I only had the opportunities you had, why with the war and all.

TOM: Yes father, "WWII, the big one!" You told me a million times.

SAMMY: Bullshit! It's not the missed opportunities because of the war routine?

TOM: How did you know?

SAMMY: It's a repeat. Change the station. Put the "Rifle Men" on...or "Dobie Gillis"...he's cool!

FATHER: *(Mother reappears and hands FATHER a martini.)* Thank you, Dear.

MOTHER: "Father Knows Best", little Tommy boy.

FATHER: You know, honey, your delinquent son takes after your rebellious brother Sid, the embezzler—to a T!

MOTHER: More like your cousin Herman. Wasn't he arrested for getting familiar—in the biblical sense—with the Christmas turkey at the company party and getting it with child?

FATHER: TRUE!—he did get familiar, but he did the right thing—in the biblical

sense—and married it in a lovely ceremony at the local Elks' lodge.

MOTHER: Let's not argue in front of the pink Tupperware, dear.

FATHER: Now I spoke with this Professor Matthews and he seems like a nice enough fella', and he said he's willing to burying the hatchet if you'd just apply yourself and stop rebelling against authority like some hopped-up commie fag.

MATTHEWS: *(MATTHEWS enters.)* That's right! Apply yourself, or you'll get the hatchet like John the Baptist.

TOM: *(Shouting.)* No! Never! *(They all speak at once using ad libs.)* All of you... You're all trying to kill me. LEAVE ME ALONE!

As TOM screams the LIGHTS GO TO black and MOTHER, FATHER, and MATTHEWS exit. MUSIC OUT then LIGHTS UP.

SAMMY: Is it safe?

TOM: *(Opening up his eyes before looking around.)* YES! And I'm exhausted... I never want to go through that scene again.

SAMMY: Relax! From now on, it's downhill for you. You just extricated yourself from the past. No more bad karma. You're one of the chosen. Or as the prophet, Quinn the Eskimo put it: "Many are cold but few are frozen."

TOM: My head is pounding. I need to lie down. *(He lies down.)*

SAMMY: "The Mass is ended." "Good night, Gracie."

SAMMY exits and after a few beats CORY enters from behind.

CORY: *(In anguish.)* TOM...

TOM: *(Startled, though still not seeing her,)* A flashback, already! *(He now notices CORY and immediately jumps to his feet.)* CORY! You're all...bloody.

CORY: They told me you didn't love me—you were going away—leaving me on my own.

TOM: No—that was before I knew. Don't listen to 'em.

CORY: I let them take it away. I'm sorry, Tom. I wish you were there for me. It hurts so much. *(Pleadingly.)* Come hold my hands. I'm so cold. Please...

TOM: Oh God!

CORY: Why did you abandon me?

TOM: *(Incredulously.)* I can't believe this is happening...**CORY:** Why?

TOM: *(Then with relief,)* Wait a second... It's only a bad trip, right? It's all in my head. I don't have to deal with this! *(TOM quickly exits screaming,)* SAMMY!

CORY: It's true. You don't love me. I'm all alone. *(The SOUND of the SURF RISES.)* The sea... Yes! Deep blue water that gave me life will wash away the stains...and never shall I return to all this death. It hurts so much... Oh God, forgive me.

LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

ODE II

The MUSE who has been watching the scene addresses the audience,

“What shall we say,
What shall we call it by a name?”
LOVE!
Who can deny the hunger in our hearts?
Flowers and rainbows when our cup runneth over,
Broken glass and tears when the cupboard is bare.
What is this strange force that strikes fire in our veins?
That blasts the roots of our being.
That spins the stars in the night,
The night of the pyramids,
The Works ‘n’ Days of our lives,
The joy of conception,
The terror of birth,
The violence of light.
Out the blue!
Out the womb!
Life...
To live!
Cry Love and shout: HAIL ATLANTIS!

ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC IN.

The mysterious soul that fashioned the shapes of our hands.
To fly through the air in the body of a crow.
To fly too close to the sun.
To ascend the stairway of Mount Olympus and drink Gatorade with the gods.
Zeus...
Apollo..
Aphrodite...
Poseidon...
AQUALUNG!

After a few beats MUSIC and LIGHTS begin a slow FADE TO BLACK as the MUSE frantically runs every which way around the stage.

SC. IX

As the LIGHTS RISE, BECKY enters.

BECKY: Cory honey, where are you? We've got to get you some help. ...Oh my god, blood! She must be near. Strange...it trails off into the ocean.

Enter BOB holding a copy of the Wall Street Journal.

BOB: Becky, what's happening? There's BLOOD on my Wall Street Journal!

BECKY: Oh Bob, something went wrong. It went off O.K., but after we got back she started to bleed. I ran down to the service station to phone for an ambulance, but when I got back she was gone. ...I feel so guilty—I talked her into it.

BOB: We both did! But never mind that—we've got to find her and get her help.

BECKY: But look! The blood leads into the water.

BOB: Odd...maybe Tom found her and took her back to his house. I'm gonna' take a look.

BECKY: Let me come.

BOB: Woman, let man go forth naked and finish what he hath begun! Besides, there's no telling what those reefer-heads will do. I was just on the boardwalk and saw one of them getting arrested... Keep searching the beach near the house in case Cory washes up. *(BECKY screams.)* I meant, turns up.

BECKY: O.K., but be careful!

BOB: I will. *(BECKY exits and BOB walks D.S. and addresses the audience.)* As long as there are socially-deviant hairy sex perverts running amuck, wreaking havoc upon our God-fearing free-market communities, that's where I'll be! *(BOB salutes.)*

SC. X

SAMMY: *(From offstage.)* Hey, Sancho Panza! *(SAMMY enters.)*

BOB: Where's Tom, you bastard?

SAMMY: "Where's Tom, you bastard?" That's MY question!

BOB: Why aren't you behind bars with your buddy?

SAMMY: WHAT are you talking about?

BOB: I just saw the police arrest your partner in crime. If I knew where you were hiding I would've led them to you also.

SAMMY: *(In a German accent,)* Very foolish of you, Mr. Bond!

BOB: You don't frighten me. Punks like you deserve to spend the rest of your lives in PRISON for ruining the lives of innocent people. Behind bars, being sodomized by hairy inmates with huge penises!

SAMMY: *(Looking towards the audience and rolling his eyes in total disbelief,)* What did I just say about too much book learnin'? *(A beat)* OH YEAH? And squares like you deserve... *(Not able to think of anything to say...)* OH YEAH?

BOB: OH YEAH? Well, you deserve... *(SAMMY pulls out a knife.)* What's that?

SAMMY: A fuckin' knife, you moron! Wanna make-out with it? Come on, blue boy, pucker-up.

BOB: We'll see who's gonna make-out with what, you drug-taking commie fag! *(BOB, with one hand picks up a longish non-lit stick from the fire to use as a weapon, and with the other hand holds up his Wall Street Journal as a shield. THEY FIGHT. After a few beats, BECKY ENTERS.)*

BECKY: BOB, LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A KNIFE.

When BOB gets distracted, SAMMY stabs him repeatedly.

BOB: Ahh! I'll never get my degree now. *(BOB dies.)*

SAMMY: Just in the nick of time. Bozo might've hurt me with that thing.

BECKY: You killed him. You BASTARD!

SAMMY: WHAT is it with this bastard routine? I have feelings too, you know.

(Angrily waving his knife in the air as he speaks,) I swear to God.
The NEXT son-of-a—

BECKY: What are you gonna' do with that knife?

SAMMY: *(Looking at the knife before saying,)* Oh! *(He removes a handkerchief from his back pocket and meticulously wipes the blood off the blade.)* Everything neat and orderly... You must be a Virgo. I am! I'm sorry, but I don't believe we've been "formally" introduced. Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm... *(He extends his hand and BECKY screams and runs O.S., then SAMMY says to the audience,)* JEEZ... I wonder what frightened our lovely little co-ed?

SC. XI

Enter FRANK carrying BECKY in his arms.

FRANK: Here's Johnny!

He puts her down and holds her by the wrist.

SAMMY: Frank baby, I heard you were eighty-six.

FRANK: I WAS! So I put junior here to work. *(He pulls out a gun.)* Two cops tried to arrest me for dealing drugs. In THIS day and age! What the world is coming to. Anyway, I gave 'em an early retirement—a one-way seat on the Jesus train—donuts 'n' coffee a la carte. Which means I gotta' trip myself. Thought I'd take little Becky along as a hostage slash companion till I get to the border. "Slash companion!" Get it?

SAMMY: I'm hip!

FRANK: *(Noticing BOB.)* What is this—a new breed of jelly fish?

SAMMY: Worser! The square root of Becky's anus. The Bozo who spilt the beans.

FRANK: I had a hunch it was these two. They always had that shifty look in their eyes...like that bastard on "Dagnet". *(To BECKY.)* "Just the facts, sweetheart."

BECKY: I didn't know anything about what Bozo did, I meant Bob, I swear. Just don't kill me, please. I'll do anything you ask. *(Seductively.)* 'N' I do mean...ANYTHING!

SAMMY: *(Gagging.)* UGH...don't make me sick—my day's been tough enough. Besides, if I wanted a case of crabs I'd wait for low tide. If you want to live that badly you can.

FRANK: Are you nuts? She'll rat me out.

SAMMY: Look, Bozo bitch saved my life once today. Letting her go is the least I can do. Fair is fair. Now, FiFi, you wouldn't bark to the big bad policeman if we let you off the leash, now would you?

BECKY: No...of course not. Why would I do something as stupid as—

SAMMY: *(To FRANK.)* You see? It's so much better when people can talk their problems out. Come on Frank, grab a leg...and let us be cleansed of all our unnatural evidence...Sammy's FIRST Noble Truth.