

# **LIVING *HELL***

(A Movie adapted from the Play)

(Screenplay and Lyrics by)

**Sidney Goldberg**

(Music by)

**Michael Di Gregorio**

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**Please Contact:**

**Sidney Goldberg**

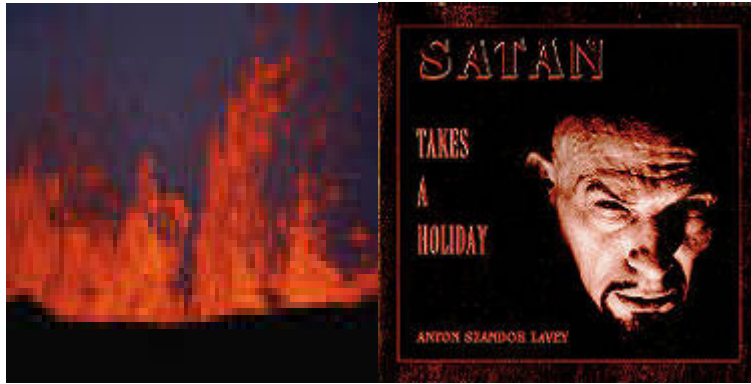
**20 W. Palisade Avenue #3111**

**Englewood, NJ 07631**

**201 567-6533**

**yendiS.Goldberg@Gmail.com**

**www.SidneyGoldbergWriter.com**



# 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.

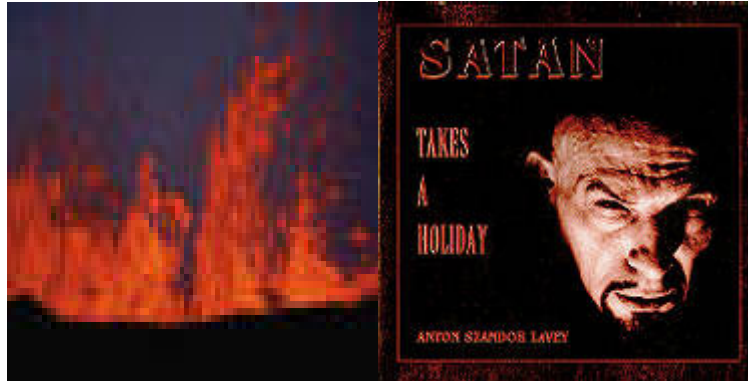
MARK.....50 yrs., Jewish gambler. Flaps arms and flies around.

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.)**

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? 6

**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.)**

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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 were 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 window? Arf, arf."  
**(Laughs.)**

**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.**

49

**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 the elevator departs. The door stage left opens and DAISY and MARK return.** 57

**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...

60

#### 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 Symphony*" in C major... So?

**Plays imaginary piano. We hear symphony. After a beat**

**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  
dicatorian. 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.**

70

**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-  
ddamnit! 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.

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

**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.

<b>BOBBY joins ALL and also bangs on the UP elevator as NINO approaches PETER.</b>	<b>82</b>
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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 forgive 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 N 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 plays piano, BOBBY sings and NINO undresses. As all this confusion ensues, we hear a voice over. 88**

**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.**