

LIVING *HELL*

(A Comedrama with music in Two Acts)

(Book and Lyrics by)

Sidney Goldberg

(Music by)

Michael Di Gregorio

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Please Contact:

Sidney Goldberg

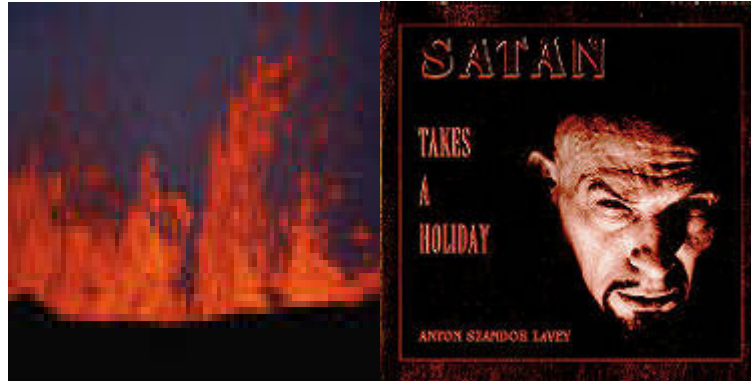
20 W. Palisade Avenue 33111

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.

XXXXXXX

Characters are not aware of their idiosyncrasies

LIVING *HELL*

SONGS

WHAT LUCK 1-1-2

FLY AWAY 1-1-9

FLY AWAY (refrain) 1-1-11

GOING DOWN 1-2-13

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE 1-2-20

LOSERS JUST LIKE YOU 1-3-22

CONFESSION 1-3-23

WHAT LUCK (refrain) 1-3-24

FLY AWAY (refrain) 1-3-28

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE (refrain) 1-3-30

WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME? 2-1-38

HEAVEN 2-1-41

WHAT LUCK (refrain) 2-1-43

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG MIGRAINE (refrain) 2-1-44

CONFESSION (Refrain) 2-2-53

LIVING *HELL*

ACT I

Scene 1

Yesterday.

A white, sterile room with chairs askew. 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, man,
(Sarcastic)
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)


DAISY

(Amorous - touches breasts.)
So, what do you say Bobby, are 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 God 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 starts to exit.)

I hate you, you '*Judeo!*' Why 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.)

HARRY (cont'd)

(We hear.)

...In fact I could go for a little "Minuet in G," by Paderewsky...

(After a beat.)

So, what do you think?

NINO

Beautiful Harry, real beautiful.

(Talking to themselves, ALL exit except MARK and PETER.)

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?

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

(Shuffles cards.)

St. Peter sounds, but let's get serious, 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 Godam 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.)

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.)

BOBBY

(Enters singing and snapping fingers.)

"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.)

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 BOBBY singing.)

BOBBY

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

(Sings snaps fingers.)

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 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.)

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!

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.)

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
(Snaps fingers.)
mean give me a break. Dig the beat baby, dig the beat?

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
(PETER shoots HARRY playing imaginary piano. We hear Mozart.)
great too. 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 floral skirt.)

BOBBY (cont'd)

(Sings

-

Slaps Nino five.)

"Ain't she sweet. See her 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 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 God. 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.)

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 going to fly away.
Right 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.)

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. God, 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 God 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,

(Growls - barks.)

'cause I'm going bananas. Rrrrr. I'm losing my mind. 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	NINO	BOBBY	DAISY
RIGHT ON.	ME!	YES!	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 rules,
(Growls.)
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.)

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.
Frightened HE spreads then flaps arms and runs, with
all in pursuit.)

End of Scene 1

LIVING *HELL*

ACT I

Scene 2

The next day.



Same set. ALL are staring at UP Elevator. PETER'S 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 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 you belong.

DAISY**(Barks.)**

So, for your information Mr. Homophobe, you know what you 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.)**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
(sobs)
faggot man, you're a faggot. I'm not a faggot, I never was.

MARK

Well, then why the hell do you dress like a broad, if you're not a
(Flaps arms and flies.)
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.)

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 God, 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

(sobs)

me and my mother, but I sure loved her, may she rest in peace...

DAISY

(Barks.)

His mother died. Are you 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 God 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 God 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

♪

(♪ Sings)

Mark, but me, its easy man... *"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.)

MARK

(Laughs.)

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 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.)

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.)

MARK (cont'd)

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

(DAISY growls angrily.)

NINO

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

(DAISY growls louder.)

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.)

HARRY

 Might as well Bobby. I ain't doing anything anyway.
Let's see.  Sings.)

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

PETER

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

HARRY

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

PETER

You played the piano didn't you child?

HARRY

(Cries)

Chopin, Chopin's always good for a laugh, isn't he? Gee, I wish I still had that out-house so I could play the piano again.

End of Scene 2

LIVING *HELL*

ACT I

Scene 3

Two hours later.

Same set. ALL are present.
NINO is dressed as a woman.

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. See you later all you losers.

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.

PETER

(Sings) 

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 God.
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 are as great, let us dare dream.
Truth is the way, no need to scheme.
Higher power, we must find God.
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.)

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 bark,

(Barks.)

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

(Growls.)

broken teeth, I screamed, I cried, I growled, Rrrrr I barked,

(Barks.)

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.)

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.)

PETER (cont'd)

Now hold hands, smile and say cheese.

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

PETER

I shall cherish this picture forever.

HARRY

You know what I could go for right now, a little "*Blue Danube*," by **(Plays imaginary piano. We hear "Blue Danube." After a beat)** Strauss... Was 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

(exits)

I hate you, I hate you. I'll 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.)

DAISY

(Growls and barks.)

Rrrrr, arf, arf, arf, arf.

BOBBY

 **( Sings and laughs)**
"How much is that doggy in the window? Arf, arf."

MARK

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

(MARK spreads, flaps arms and scooting around pretends to fly.)

MARK

(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 God 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.)

MARK

Excuse me mister. Oh, it's you, you God 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.)

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

(points to teeth)

you have something to 'Dahven,' to pray about," he smiled. See these teeth, they're not real. Then he tells me I am his flunky and don't ever forget it! I'll get laid when he tells me and not before. Then he pointed to the door, kicked me in my ass and told me to get the fuck out of his hotel. I called him a dumb fucking pilot that didn't know which way was up, spit in his face and walked out. I knew he had to go back to New York on April 6th. Funny how I never forgot that date. Anyway, April 5th, two o'clock in the morning I poured five pounds of sugar in the gas tank of his freakin' plane. I'd show him who his flunky was. They arrested me the following afternoon. I had a very hip attorney who pleaded insanity and those stupid bastards bought it. Can you believe those assholes thought I was crazy?

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

BOBBY

 **(Sings to Mark.)**

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

HARRY

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

MARK

(Pretends to fly.)

Do I look like I'm crazy?

DAISY

How's the air up there?

MARK

Gorgeous, just gorgeous.

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

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.)

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 refrain.)

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

(Plays imaginary piano. We hear theme.)

blood, doesn't it? Ya know I always loved the theme from "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.

End of ACT I

LIVING *HELL*

ACT II

Scene 1

Three days later. **ALL** are in front of UP elevator,
praying, 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 - laughs.)
Now hear this, none of you are going to heaven, except me.

(ALL start to cry and pace dejectedly.)

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 up and do you know
(Sings)

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 **(Barks.)** murderers go 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 luego 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 under go 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,
(barks)
nor as honest as Nino yet he was gay, which Nino is not. Arf, arf. I rest my case.

NINO

See, Daisy understands me.

(PETER enters apparently frustrated.)

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 God 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.)

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 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.)

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.)

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 so 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.)

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 God, 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 God, 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 I 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 God it passed, but some how, hearing my father ask me if I'm gay...?

(Spreads arms and pretends to fly.)

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

DAISY

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

MARK

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

DAISY

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

NINO

Fucking guy is homophobic man, he's homophobic.

PETER

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

MARK

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

(Refrain ends.)

NINO

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

HARRY

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

NINO

Yeah, do it Harry.

HARRY

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

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.)

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 **(clutches crotch)** doggie? Here, open your mouth, I'll give you a bone.

(DAISY growls and barks angrily.)

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 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.)

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.

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.)

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.

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.)

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 God 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.)

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 it self, 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

(Sings ♪)

all the kids 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

(Sings ♪)

wanted to dance with me... *"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 dictionian. 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, NINO exits.)

MARK

I bet the freak went to change again and I didn't say anything to
(To Bobby.)

him, so stop blaming me and you've become everybody imaginable and you still say you're not a dipso 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,

(sings)

she cried, holding her head, sing for me. *"Splish splash I was*

(sobs)

takin' a bath, 'round about Saturday night." How am I doing mama, how am I doing?

DAISY

You're doing fine, Bobby.

(HARRY pretends to play imaginary piano.)

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 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 it. The both of you are nuts. What
(to Daisy and Harry)
am I doing here with all these '*meschugenehs?*' You bark and you play the piano.

DAISY and HARRY

I do?

End of Scene 1

LIVING *HELL*

ACT II

Scene 2

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 my
(Barks.)
mind, arf, arf.

(MARK comes forth.)

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.)

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

(Flaps arms.)

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 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 God can make that decision. I am merely his unworthy servant.

MARK

You're a waste of time Goddamnit! 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. HARRY approaches PETER.)

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 God, aren't you?

PETER

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

HARRY

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

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

BOBBY

🎵 (🎵 Sings)

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

PETER

I hope I'll be joining you.

BOBBY

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

PETER

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

BOBBY

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

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

NINO

'Escusi mi amigo,' you know how bad I feel about what I did to my father. I did it to protect my mother. All I wanted was for him to love me and my mother... I've lived in guilt, in 'tormentado' since I did it. Won't you please for give me? Can't you give me another chance? I hate this purgatory bullshit, I really do.

PETER

So do I Nino.

NINO

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

(WE hear a loud burring sound and the green light on the UP elevator goes on. NINO gives the finger to PETER, rushes to elevator and joins all banging on it. Going to elevator, PETER clutches heart, groans and falls. ALL rush to PETER.)

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 God?

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 CONFESSION 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.)

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.