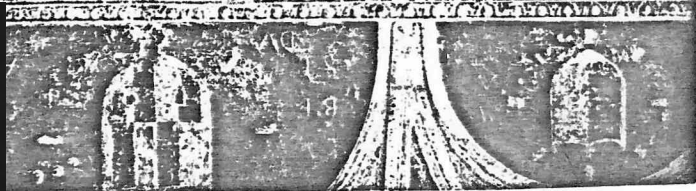


EDITION VIII

MARCH, 1985



THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

J.L. CAMICIA

BY

"THE LAST BRUNCH"

Sat 1:00

XIII

SCENES

I.
ILLUD TEMPUS

II.
JUDAS ET AL

III.
PETER STONE AND THE PROS

IV.
PRESENTING JESUS CHRIST

V.
MRS. MARY CHRIST

VI.
MADGE THE EXECUTRIX

VII.
THE KISS-OFF

VIII.
THE LEGAL PROS: MESSRS. CAIAPHAS & PILATE

IX.
JESUS FREAKS

X.
THE FINAL WORD

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

CHARACTERS

JESUS: A 33 YEAR OLD BUSINESS MAN FROM LONG ISLAND.
BRIGHT

MRS. M. CHRIST: HIS MOTHER. A LOVELY LAVENDER-HAIRED LADY OF
MEANS.

MADGE: A CLEVER, 35 YEAR OLD EXECUTRIX. ENTHUSIASTIC.

JUDAS: A FIRM WOMAN IN HER MID-FORTIES. SENSIBLE.

PETER STONE: AN OILY, MANIPULATIVE EXECUTIVE TYPE IN HIS
40s.

TOMMIE: AN INQUISITIVE SKEPTIC.

MATT LEVI: AN ACCOUNTANT OF MEANS.
Also plays MR. PILATE.

BARTH TALMAI: A DRAG QUEEN WITH A HEART.

BIG JIMMY ZEE: A MAFIOSO TYPE. ONE OF THE ZEE BROTHERS.
Also plays MR. CAIAPHAS.

JOHNNY ZEE: A P.R. MAN. GRACIOUS, ATTRACTIVE; SNORTS
THROUGHOUT.

PHILLY: A YUPPIE SKEPTIC.

THE BAND:
ILLUD TEMPUS

Beattlesque , 60's dress

LITTLE TIM: A SMART ALEC; PLAYS LEAD; IS JESUS' COUSIN.

A SOUND MAN WHO PLAYS TAPES. LITTLE
OTHER.

BASE PLAYER.

HORN PLAYER WITH AN "X" ON HIS BACK.

THE
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HISTORY | PROJECT

Bea Leazer
1.
THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

4 faces on the screen, m.c.u. (*V. Sleepy*)
the background is an outside park

LITTLE JIM
SIMON
ANDY
TAD

LITTLE JIM

Hello! We're here to play for the Christ party. I'm Little Jim, this is Andy X, Simon Z and Tad. Our band's called Illud Tempus.

SIMON Z

The instructions say 'a brunch at (reading) Ceders of Lebenon Hall, Minneola, Long Island, twelve noon on Sunday. Second floor Guest Room.'

TAD:

If its all the same to you, we'll go ahead and start setting up. *O-K*

ANDY X:

~~(Looking around) I have the feeling this is going to be a Yuppie scene.~~

THEY EXIT

BAND:

MAN AINT MADE FOR THE SABBATH; SABBATH'S MADE FOR MAN, SO
IF WE BREAK A SAB OR TWO, WE'RE SURE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.
JUST PARTY WHILE I'M WITH YOU, GO FAST WHEN I AM GONE.
FOR WHILE I'M HERE, TO BE QUITE FAIR, THE PARTY MUST GO
ON.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

THE LADIES ROOM OF THE CEDERS OF
LEBENON. WEARING NEW HATS AND MAKING
UP IN THE MIRROR ARE

JUDE, TOMMI, BARTH

JUDAS:
Give me the good old way. The usual way. It certainly has paid off
so far. Those men are just being greedy.

TOMMIE:
I doubt that. It's power, not money Judas. (Judas glares)
that they want. They're simply other-motivated. And they know
that once they convince Jesus to go along with them... He might.
Or he might now. Qu'en sabe?

BARTH:
That depends on daddy, of course.

TOMMIE:
Undoubtedly the patriarch has the purse strings here. The
son is the one who spreads it around.

BARTH:
Imagine having a son like that? Always giving everything away.
He is totally obsessive.

JUDAS:
I just want to keep the business a cottage industry. Its been
so successful as a tax loss, I see no reason to change. No more
doubting, Thomas, o.k.?

TOMMIE:
I don't know.

BARTH:
Honey, he's having another breakdown. With the company splitting
and him not knowing which way to go. Don't you feel sorry for
him? I think its driving him crazy, Ju.

JUDAS:
And don't call me that. Do you mind? Look,
n and his mogul-trip. I've been offered 30
the competition, plus expenses. I prefer
n telling you here and now, if he goes with
ng little Matthew Levi, the offer may become
n it. I'll kiss him off just like that (snaps
He may rise, but he'll rise with out me.

TOMMIE:
I doubt that, Jude. You'd hang yourself before you'd sell-out
to the competition. You're a lot more loyal than you think.

JUDAS:
You're falling short there. (Tommie glares) Sorry. Look,
it isn't a matter of Loyalty, its romance. Everything is romance.

BARTH:
The business of the romance biz. This is suppose to be a brunch,
not a business soire. (To J.) Here, Sweetheart, take a valium.

JUDAS:
Thanks Barth, but Tommie knows - its over with Jesus and moi.

TOMMIE:
And moi... perhaps.

BARTH:
But what about moi?

JUDAS:
Thats entirely up to vous. I've got some herb. Let's go .

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

CEDERS OF LEBENON PARKING LOT. 5 MEN
STAND AROUND, HUNCHED OVER,
FOOTBALL-STYLE, TRYING TO LIGHT A SMOKE.

PETER STONE, MATT LEVI, PHILLY,
THE Z BROTHERS (BIG JIM & JOHNNY)

PHILLY:

Bloomies is delivering my Apple today, so I'd like to know just
how long this brunch is going to take? *James*

BIG JIM:

It might not come off at all. *Philly* We went to Bethany last night -
that new after-hours place *over* by the river? He was flying so
high on everything-he-could-get-his-hands-on, that he started
jumping on the tables and screaming at the crowds. They loved
it. I left. I mean, I love the guy and all, but he can be
really embarrassing sometimes.

Please!

JOHNNY ZEE:

I told you to come with me. The match at the Garden was
inspirational. I had this total revelation. It hit me like a
thunderbolt: If you are going to play the game, play to win.

PETE STONE:

That's the key, Johnny-boy. That, and quality packaging. We
have a universal product here. Demographics show that in 4, 5
years at the outset, we can go global if we go the 'New Way' now.

PHILLY:

What about the backing? He keeps talking about 'daddie-this'
and 'daddie-that', but the old man hasn't shown his face once. *I → there a
Daddy?*
Have any of you ever seen him?

MATT LEVI:

By my accounting, international networking can be set up on a
fairly conservative financial base. If push comes to shove, I

~~little bread~~ *invest myself.*

PETE STONE:

oday. You have to believe, *Matt* boys. I

MATT LEVI:

I've got a gram and a half.

PETE STONE:

Come on ~~boys~~, let's get up there.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

For god's sake, let's sit and eat? I know its a somewhat meagre meal, but the deli was the only thing open, and I'm too wiped out after last night. I don't know what got into me. Besides, my father arranged the catering, so this should tide us over til he arrives.

Have a little wine? What would we do without it?

Thanks, ^{Pete} you, just a little. ^{It's} My life's blood, ^(PETER OFFERS HIM A GLASS) But I'm not drinking again until after I get home. I'm still feeling a little queasy. ^{(queasy) on God, line} Tacos, anybody? I'm absolutely addicted. And there's plenty of dip. This body is turning into one big toco chip, but I just cannot stop eating them. Split them up between you.

^{and} Speaking of splits... about this business of to incorporate or not, let me just say that I am torn and totally tortured. Once a company starts splintering, it is only a matter of time before some body ups and sells-out.

^{Nothing} JUDAS: ^{now}
~~Easy on the personal diatribes,~~ Jesus. Not on an empty stomach.

JESUS:
There are clichés to fit all of us, Ju-Ju.

JUDAS:
Don't call me that. My name's Jude. And just who do you think will sell out? Me?

TOMMIE:
I doubt that he means me.

JOHNNY ZEE:
Smearing your PR man doesn't make for good copy. Not on the slow days.

MATT LEVI:
Leave him alone, he's just paranoid on account of last night. Who knows what he took?

PETE:
Christ, you can always lean on good old Pete.

JESUS:
Business-wise, Peter, you're as solid as a rock. However, outside the Executive-Suite, you'd dish me three times before I'd ever think twice about it. Olives anyone? A traitor, it is obviously one who dippith into the bowl. he, she or it will rue the day she was born.

JUDAS:
? First no food, now no humour. What lies ahead?
JESUSL

JOHNNY:
...going to wait for your father? Big Jim is expecting an Apple and I'm at squash at three ~~as usual~~.

BARTH:
Jesus, your mother is coming. Your mother is coming.

JESUS:
John, Hide the dope. James, open the windows? Peter, ^{clear} the air. Clear the air. Is my father with her?

^{Just look at this,} JUDAS: ^{would you?}
This is the man we're listening to? Our leader? Out on the clouds til dawn. Paranoia for brunch. And now, he's shattering first world style, at the vision of his mother appearing.
Jesus, grow up for heaven's sake?

JESUS:
Hey, Ju? Trust me. Mother's a saint, but very old world. ^{Still,} She's a good woman, if you can identify with that.

JUDAS:
They're the hairy ones. 'Good' is the only thing we have to fear.

J.C-mother you look *possibly* radiant
MRS. CHRIST

MRS. MARY CHRIST ENTERS. SHE IS
DRESSED IN BLUES AND WHITE AND HER
LAVANDER HAIR IS FLIPPED "ANGEL STYLE".

MRS. CHRIST:

Don't hand me that. I got up, with my headach, and came all
the way down here to tell you that you are working too much.
And look at this? Another business meeting? And on Sunday, no
less.

JESUS:

It's a brunch mother.

MRS. CHRIST:

I don't understand this younger generation. All you want to do
is work, work, work. What's the hurry? Where are you all
flying off to? *Rise* You think you're going to save the world, but I
have news for you. You'll wind up in an early grave. Jesus,
you're only 33. You've got the whole world out there, just
waiting for you. But no, not you. ~~You have to be the smart~~
~~alec.~~ Mr. Brains, over here.

and And what's this I hear about you wanting to incorporate the
company? More work? *a day* You're just like your father. Worse. At
least he takes Sundays off. Believe me son, I've lived with
that man long enough to know that his business is his life.
Without it, he's nothing. ~~And what does he get for all his~~
~~trouble?~~ Nobody even knows his face.

Which reminds me, I wouldn't count on seeing any sign of him
around here today. You know how he is. He's never there when
you want him. And that temper of his! He grumbled something
about catering and doing it for yourself.

He also said, quite clearly, that you are going far beyond you
means. ~~And I couldn't agree more.~~ Your father and I don't
so-called career, but do you realize
every account we have? He wants all
stores, the Express and the Gold.
books, the Bloomies, you can keep the Amer Express
ound with these *clowns, face*, hiring halls
at, that's all finished. *but he want the gold*
Take a good
cause as far as I'm concerned, this

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

JESUS:

It's a brunch, mother.

MRS. CHRIST:

Whatever it is, it's your last one. ~~Mark my words.~~ I won't
say it again. Your last!

MADGE THE EXECUTRIX

JUDAS:

~~What Did I tell you? You can knock down the temples and throw up the skyscrapers because the man's decided to incorporate. And I, for one, am getting ready to walk.~~ *I knew it,*

TOMMIE:

I doubt that, Ju. Have a little faith? ~~Can't you see this is agony for him? He's split in two.~~

BARTH:

Oh darling, can I ever relate to that?

JOHNNY ZEE:

I wish his ~~old lady~~ *she mother* would ~~take off.~~ *go.*

BIG JIM:

I wish ~~his father~~ *she* would ~~appear.~~ *show.*

MATT LEVI: *(angry)*

~~This is all very taxing, Peter. He still has not accounted for his position.~~ *Peter.* Not in so many words.

PETE STONE:

Patience ~~boys.~~ *Men* We're trading limos and swimming pools for castles in the sky here. Its not what he says, but what we do that counts. And all we have to do is slide in.

MADGE:

(Off) Party time everyone, Madge is here!

MADGE ENTERS WEARING CONSERVATIVE LEATHERS.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

Ms. Christ. So nice to see you up and for being so late, but they wiped the Clients all over the place. I'm easy being a pro. Could I have some

it and I had to entertain him the he was handsome and very rich, so you can't mix business with

pleasure. So I said to myself, "Madge, you are an important 'executrix' in an up and coming business. You are in no position to become romantically involved with ~~your~~ *the* clients. So I wined him, I dined him, and I landed his account. Thank you.

MADGE:

(She reaches for the wine glass)

Tomorrow I ^{Get the} ~~take my~~ commission ^{knitting} and I am going right out and buy my very ~~own~~ first sable. Believe me, Mrs. C, ~~donning~~ a tie every morning is not my idea of a thrill. But what is a ~~girl~~ woman like me suppose to do in times like these? You have your husband, but I'm out there on my own in the world. I have to learn to scratch and claw with the rest of them. The right people. The right places. The right clothes. It's all ultra right these days. And frankly, everything is so damned expensive that there is no way to go but right up. ~~It's the only ride worth the price of the ticket.~~

That is why I was literally down on my knees begging your son the other night to use all his potential, now, ~~(To JC)~~ This is your hour. You have to get up and go, Jesus. Go, go, go.

JESUS:

You say one thing. She says another. I want to be alone. I have to think. Peter, Johnny, Big Jim? Come here ~~for~~ a minute? And whoever keeps pouring me that wine, please? I don't want to drink any more. I have to think. (He takes a sip of the wine.) ~~Ah, isn't the flesh's weak? Wake up.~~ Take this wine from me. ^{WAKE UP!} I think I'm getting drunk.

JESUS TAKES PETER, JOHNNY Z AND BIG JIM TO A CORNER WHERE, AFTER TALKING TO THEM FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE GOES OFF BY HIMSELF AND TALKS TO A WALL.

BAND:

NOW THE FIRST IS LAST BUT THE LAST IS FIRST AND THE DAMNED ARE THE BLESSED AND THE BLESSED ARE THE CURSED AND IF YOU SAVE A LIFE YOU'LL BE LOST WITH THE WORST BUT IF YOU LOOSE THAT LIFE, YOU'LL BE SAVED WITH THE FIRST.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

THE KISS OFF

JUDAS INTERRUPTS.

JUDAS:

I hate to straighten you out, but I suddenly see everything clearly. Face facts, ~~boy friend~~, you view the way we have been doing business as primitive. Tribal tomsales. You do.

(Shaky) I remember the start in those little market monstrosities, selling our painted eggs. They were so special. Individual.

Then we banded together. Business boomed, a bit. And when we charged double for the wooden eggs- and got it - rich! And Jesus, no one is denying your inspired idea to go into the mail order business. It made us ..

But when you started gilding the eggs. The retail jewelry. I knew our days were numbered. Now, you want global distribution? Well, you'll have to climb the corporate ladder without Judy, because I have no desire to be crucified by those creeps. And, you better get yourself a big ladder. And what about 13 sets of books?

runs JESUS:
Matthew, ~~does~~ the numbers.

JUDAS:
~~He's a hireling. I could turn you over to the law for so much as a 'thank you ma'am'.~~

JESUS:
Love sours....

JUDAS:
Belived it. I really hate turning my back on this company. And I mean it when I say I am feeling used. But you men are aiming at the heavens, and I am much too earth-bound for that. Besides, I've been made an attractive offer. Two roads diverge and all that. Nothing personal fellas.

JUDAS KISSES JESUS

Our lawyers will talk. *Oh wormwood, what a ride downtown? a day, well?*

MADGE:
ot til later. If at all.

MRS. CHRIST:
son. And remember what I said? This is your last supper.

JESUS:
It's a brunch mother.

MRS. CHRIST:
It's your last.

JUDAS & MRS. CHRIST EXIT.

BAND:
NOW TEMPLES MAY FALL AND TEMPLES MAY RISE BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE FACED WITH THAT QUIZ, *But to* GET THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE, MUST YOU RENDER TO CEASRE WHAT'S HIS?

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

THE LEGAL PROFESSION: CAIASTEIN, CAIASTEIN & PILATE

JESUS:

Well, isn't that Judas all over? Every day, 9 to 5, we're together, and she waits until the weekend to put a stunt like this.

PETE STONE:

To hell with her.

BIG JIM:

~~Let her go.~~ She's served her purpose.

JOHNNY ZEE:

Founder members
And she can be replaced.

TOMMIE:

~~Maybe yes? Maybe no!~~
~~I doubt that.~~ Judas is an original.

BARTH:

Baby, they broke the mold when they made her.

Should get her lawyers. BIG JIM: *And I can just see them -*
~~Her and her lawyers. Can't you just see them?~~ (Mimicking a crotchety old attorney.)

I am Mr. Caiaphas, jr. partner of Caiaphas, Caiaphas & Pilate. Let's be friends? I'm of the old school. I like the personal touch. Come in? Sit down? ~~and~~ tell me, my son, what's all this I hear about you tearing down the business only to build it all up again in practically no time? (Jesus does not answer.) Closed-mouth, eh? What do you think you are? Something special?

JESUS:

*Is that legal?
Without a fire?*

You said it.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

BIG JIM:

at your age,
t you? Remind me of myself ~~when I~~
don't want them to push you. To tear
and spit in your face. Unless maybe
now what I'm dealing with here. But I
ate world is an angry world. They'll
and what you are? Do you know ~~who~~ *what are?*
~~present really know this man?~~ (To

Peter) You?

Not really.

PETE STONE:

Sure?

BIG JIM:

No.

PETE STONE:

Absolutely positive?

BIG JIM:

No, dammit. No, no, no.

PETE STONE:

BIG JIM:

O.K., stop crowing? I can see this is a job for our sr. partner, Mr. Pilate. *Matthew?*

MATT LEVI:

(Standing and mimicking Mr. Pilate) Now, sir, let's do be civil? Who are you? (Jesus does not answer) The strong and silent type? I like that. ~~Is it true~~ *Do* you want to lord it over the rest? *Lot?*

JESUS:

You said it.

MATT LEVI: *: competitive*

Friend, ~~the corporate world is a democratic world, but the competition is stiff,~~ *so* Let's put it to a vote? (To all) Which would you prefer? A sweating, strapping, muscle-bound hunk, wearing practically nothing but thongs and a little lion *skin* cloth? Handsome? ~~Yes, but with a volatile temper and an absolutely murderous sense of humour.~~ Or this innocent, from the suburbs?

LITTLE JIM

~~en~~-up this party, so far.

SIMON Z

e? He sounds campy?

~~BIG JIM:~~ *Matt Levi*

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

BAND:

Crucify him, crucify him. Bim, Bam Buff
Crucify him, crucify him. ~~Hang him up~~ *Make it rough*

~~BIG JIM:~~ *Matt Levi:*

~~Really, you're such a bunch of boys. Can't you think of anything~~
but sex?

BAND:

Crucify him, crucify him. Bim, Bam Buff
Crucify him, crucify him. ~~Hang him up~~ *Make it tough.*

This man

~~BIG JIM:~~ *Matt Levi:*

~~But the lad is simply intoxicated on the spirits. In fact, I~~
think you're all drunk. I wash my hands of the entire affair.

BAND:

SOME PEOPLE GET IT AND SOME PEOPLE DONT
AND SOME PEOPLE THROW IT AWAY
SOME PEOPLE LOOSE IT AND THATS *R*OUGH LUCK
YOU'LL SEE COME THE PROMISE DAY

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

JESUS:

Look, I don't care if they strip me, whip me and tear my dress. If I want to climb that mountain, I'll climb it. Of course, they just might crucify me. Label me. Hang me amongst theives? But I've got spunk. I've got charisma. I only wish my father was here. Aghhu. This wine is like vinegar. (A beat) I think I'm going to up-chuck. Auuughe.

chuck-up (Jesus exits)

BARTH:

There goes the brunch.

JOHNNY:

I knew the old man wouldn't show. (Offering) Some blow?

BIG JIM:

(Obliging) For someone who helps us all, I sure hope he can do it for himself.

PHILLY:

Does anyone mind if I ~~change my seat to~~ sit by him?

BARTH:

I do, Doll-face. I want to sit there.

As his accountant

MATT LEVI:

~~By my accounting, I should sit by his side.~~ *there,*

JOHNNY:

I should be practically on top of him if I'm going to do a decent PR. ~~job.~~

BARTH:

Oh really? Well, he likes me best.

PHILLY:

He does not.

TOMMIE:

~~Personally, I doubt he'll~~ be back at all. The poor man looked

LITTLE JIM:

want to get paid. *where is he?*

MADGE:

rise to the occassion. ~~boys? A-~~

PETER STONE:

That damned Judas started all this.

MATT LEVI:

Count her as history. From now on, a more formal, ~~scientific~~ *conservative* approach to business is in order here.

BARTH:

Oh Matthew, ~~you're so taxing darling.~~

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

THE FINAL WORD

JESUS ENTERS REVIVED & SMILING

JESUS:

I'm back.

MADGE:

Three minutes to the second, *diamond & Paley*.

JESUS:

Didn't think I'd pull through, did they?

MADGE:

They don't know you like I do, sweetums.

JESUS:

Hard-hearts. Non-believers. You doubt me?

SIMON Z:

Can we get paid now?

JESUS:

Paid? Paid? I'll do better than that. I'll let you in on the ground-floor of our ~~spanking~~ new corporation. Yup, ~~boys, my line~~ *mind is made up my mind. We're all going to fly.*

ANDY X X:

Is he ~~serious?~~ *serious?* ~~for a c.~~

JESUS:

Dead serious. ~~I have seen the lucite. That's right. Lucite. Lucite eggs. They are strong, durable and light weight, which means they'll travel well. Before I'm finished, I'll have eggs in every grand cathedral and grass hut from here to Hong Kong. Now, here is how we begin.~~ *OUR*

JC MAKES DIAGRAMS

ed trade-mark. (He draws a cross)
member it. Now this... (He draws an
ll represent how we perceive the
is like a huge drip, slowly dropping
the universe. Here, underneath,
base part of the egg is all of
in this neat little section on top.
PLACES A 3 BEFORE AND AFTER THE EGG

And, I thought, as a sort of gimmick, we'd only sell them in threes. People like that. It's wholistic. The yoke, the white and the shell.

BARTH:

The beginning, the middle and the end. *Could be?*

THE
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HISTORY | PROJECT