

Ruby Lynn Reyna
Sophie de fevre

Jackie Curtis'
Champagne

718 TW. 4-7308
366-4895
Howard Howard

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

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RESPECT
Alan Loyal
49 Park Ave
ref^{by} Bob Brady

JACKIE CURTIS'
CHAMPAGNE

Lois-588-1727

Champagne/a new play by
JACKIE CURTIS

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Barbara Freeman
Riverside Dr.

CHAMPAGNE:

*Ruby Lynn
Sophie*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PIPER HEIDSICK	<i>Judith Curtis</i>
SNAKE EYES	<i>Gary Majchrzak</i>
ASHES MERCREDI	<i>Henry de Peister</i>
BLANCHE DE BRIS	<i>Perry Arcade</i>
FATHER LOU BEIGE	<i>George Abagnale</i>
HERR SESSEMAN DE-WITTISCH	<i>Morris Lofon</i>
SOPHIE LEFEVRE	<i>Ruby Lynn Regan</i>
GERARD LEFEVRE	<i>Frank Ortega</i>
CHICK LANG	<i>Edward B. Snyder, Jr.</i>

There is only one set/ The entire action of the play takes place backstage; in the Star's dressing room.

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CHAMPAGNE

ACT ONE:

SCENE:

The dressing room of PIPER HEIDSICK. For a star of her magnitude, it is certainly something to see, as it is somewhat glorious and somewhat a bit like a flea market, but no matter...

It is opening night; ON BROADWAY. A man: LOU BEIGE, is present...he is alternately addressed as FATHER LOU BEIGE. He is dressed as a Priest. Everyone believes he is a Priest, except for PIPER and BLANCHE De BRIS. Present, with him is the most famous, cynical, truthful, vicious and widely read theatre critic in the world; HERR SEESEMAN- DE WITTISCH (known affectionately as "DE DE".)

They are waiting, it is obvious in the Star's dressing; waiting, waiting, waiting.

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For the EXIT sign in a glow of red light are PIPER HEIDSICK and SNAKE EYES is carrying PIPER in his arms her around. It is obvious they are happy. You would be too if you had just secretly eloped and had something all to yourself.

SNAKE EYES: I got you. I got you. I got you.

PIPER: Oh Snake Eyes, never let me go. No matter what I do. no matter what I say; no matter how I may treat you please believe it is a cold wind that blows over my heart and all I know is that I

PIPER:(con't) love you. I guess I've always loved you. Thank you for marrying me, and please promise you'll never breathe a word of it to anyone or else we're both dead. Oh, Snake Eyes!

SNAKE EYES:

Boy, I must have kept ^{it} inside me a long ^{time} too and another thing...I'm so glad I caught you at a weak moment.

PIPER:

But now I'm strong again, thanks to you...listen, darling they're waiting...better not carry me over the thresh-hold of my dressing room door. We wouldn't want them to catch wise.

SNAKE EYES:

I'll get a machetti.

PIPER:

Please, Snake Eyes, PLEASE! I love you...but we must not let them know. But love always conquers all.

*Try to understand
I'm married
not now anyway*

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~~Does the expression YOUR ASS IS GR-~~
~~carrying on like that & we won't be worth a~~
~~string a bell? Truckload of dead rats in a~~
~~Lampon factory~~
~~have heard it.~~
~~are such a cunning linguist~~
hen trust me darling. And remember

it may not always be nice but at least it's natural.

SNAKE EYES:

Well, I came out with more than I went in with.

go into dressing room

(Lights dim back up on FATHER LOU BEIGE and

HERR SESSEMAN DE-WITTISCH still waiting;

Lights dim on SNAKE EYES and PIPER.)

~~DE-DE: It is becoming very late Father Lou Deigo,~~
~~and I find this increasingly less amusing.~~

LOU: ~~Herr Sesseemann, not so late that the clock~~
~~would stop ticking.~~

(The door flys open, there is laughter.

It is PIPER being carried over SNAKE EYES
 shpuldurs. She is blond, beautiful, ebullient
 and volatile as well as a deep thinker
 not to mention a great romantic and very
 very sentimental to the point of being
 manic. A world famous celebrity; she is
 dressed to the nines, but looks more like
 the sixes. She has no shoes on. As she
 speaks SNAKE EYES lays her on the chaise
 lounge.)

PIPER: Wind, water, night and stars! There's nothing
 to frigging look at anymore!

(SNAKE EYES looks adoringly at SNAKE EYES)

SNAKE EYES:

Miss Heidsick.

Nothing else has been seen to death.

Ahhhh, death...what was it Hamlet went about
 in Hamlet?

SNAKE EYES: Something about death.

LOU: Snake Eyes! I think you have a bit of
 tall explaining to do.

SNAKE EYES: What can I tell you guys? It's obvious;
 it's obvious and I am sorry, she's been
 off on a toot!

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*dirty black lies & hideous death
 He went on about it a lot*

Lou

DE-DE: In creasingly less amusing.

PIPER: Oh, shut the fuck up.

LOU! Piper!

PIPER: You too, FATHER LOU BEIGE!

SNAKE EYES: Your seams are crooked.

PIPER: This creep can't take his eyes off my legs.

(LOU holds PIPER's face in the mirror.)

LOU: A face Andy Warhol will paint!

PIPER: They say he'll paint anything for money.

LOU: No.

SNAKE EYES: No!

PIPER: NO!

DE-DE: No?

SNAKE EYES: She said "No".

PIPER: I said NO.

SNAKE EYES: Can't you guys take a joke?

PIPER: How about just taking "NO" for an answer?

Lou

He begins to write in a pad with

(pencil)

"O".

too old in too many mirrors. And

pl, don't you think I've already

been painted quite enough...everyday and night? Let's face it fellas, this girl has been living on Paint Street; sometimes with the "T", sometimes without the "T".

Lou DE-DE: (Writing) Without the T, with the T.

PIPER: I am so sick and tired of being me.

DE-DE: At least Mademoiselle you are not as rational as others of your race.

PIPER: Me, Me....me.....my tiny heart is frozen!

LOU: Vain ~~y~~es. Rational, no.

PIPER: I will become human yet. I will begin at last to live and forget the nonsense and the farce of what these fools call GREAT!

LOU: You have to stop parading yourself around in so many public places....

PIPER: Bars, you mean...

LOU: Public places dressed up like a flashly new dash board.

SNAKE EYES: Where are ~~y~~our shoes?

PIPER: Where ~~a~~re my feet?

SNAKE EYES: Where are your shoes Piper?

PIPER: Thank you for asking.

LOU: Wait! You will become like the legendary pin head of Broadway, singing within his charm bracelet of a brain.

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pills?

your shoes?

y shoes?

e your feet?

re!

Lou ~~DE-DE~~: (writing) "The innocent force of the wildness, and the First Will finding ^{full} it's will way".

PIPER: I want my pills! Where are my pills? Give them to me?!

(SNAKE EYES gives her the pills)

LOU: Spoiled blond brat! You are becoming as wicked as all the rest! The decline and fall of the love Goddesses! You're making a pitch Piper.

PIPER: (Throws paper cup) PITCH THIS!

LOU: How I allow what heaven wouldn't even acknowledge is something they will take me away for I am certain.

PIPER: Oh stop pretending your eminence! You have nowhere to go but NOWHERE! Because you are NOWHERE! I am blonde and beautiful and you all want what you know you can never have, my white woman's body! Just so long as there is one more corner to turn then I will be there.

~~LOU DE-DE:~~ I suppose that is the attraction of corners.

PIPER: What's the attraction of squares?

LOU: Shameful behaviour.

SNAKE EYES: Awful.

DE-DE: Shocking!

PIPER: Never again will I go hungry for love, as God

ness!

pride!

name. I have no shoes, where are my

in hell.

PIPER: Only after sweating it out in the greenhouse of the purple pigmen. This...this is no Broadway theatre. This is a tropical jungle of pierced lifestyles, dig? I am only a star trapped in a velvet prison; an asylum of fame!

~~LOU-DE-DE:~~ Blanche De Bris will be here soon, I suggest you pull yourself together Miss Heidsick.

PIPER: May I quote you ~~De-De~~?

SNAK I like her.

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DE-DE: She will be most unsympathetic.

PIPER: Here's something for your sunday supplment.
Blanche De Bris is notorious all over Broad-
way...No, make that all over the world...as
THE MOST spiteful, cold hearted cynical witch
with a terribly unbalanced sex drive.
I might also add that it does not matter whose
last cigarette she smokes. This woman, and
I use the term loosely would casually cut you
and laugh like a banshee as you were bleeding.

SNAKE EYES: But she has such excellent taste in clothes.

PIPER: Remind me to tell you about the time I
looked into the heart of an artichoke.

SNAKE EYES: I'd like to hear about that.

PIPER: Sometime in front of a nice, cozy fireplace.

DE-DE: Piper, I have known you for along time.

PIPER: Too long De-De, as they say "Too long".

DE-DE: I think you are disturbed.

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she was only off on a toot.
ing, my lipstick may be smeared
gotta hear, go on ^{you} ~~De-De~~ darling.
urbed with a romance which now el-
udes you. In this your hour of inconsolable
wretchedness.

SNAKE EYES: She aint in a good mood.

PIPER: (Feigning) Worse! It is so much worse! How can
mere words express the true feelings of a spi-
rit so defeated? In a world so full of clever
and witty sentences, why can I not find the one
word to describe my innermost anguish? And what

PIPER:(Con't): possible sense is there in searching through the empty graves of all the dead languages for the dreaded bitterness and sorrow that have come to me in the very instant that the spotlight was gone? The one night of my "more or less" LIFE...when I felt...when I felt...so very...so very...

LOU ~~DE-DE~~: Dependent. On only HIM?

LOU: So unnatural.

~~DE-DE~~: Nevertheless, it remains common knowledge.

PIPER: He never showed up. He never came to me. I was there after the performance in my dressing area looking into the mirror expecting the door to open from behind and I would, as always, see his reflection in the mirror along with my face. No. No. No, no. No. No. He vanished!

...we were almost never there, at
me. Gone away into the angry

...sitting between SNAKE EYES and
ternately resting her head on

their shoulders.)

LOU: Do not be ashamed of the tears you must weep.

(Gives PIPER pills) Here, take these.

(~~To DE-DE~~) A prescribed medication. Nothing too much.

PIPER: I had dreams of one day being able to give people all of my favorite books.

SNAKE EYES: Mmmmm, the favorite books of a living legend!

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PIPER: Which I read with all the amphetamines my producers were giving me. And, I liked it.

snake-DE-DE: You LIKED it?

LOU: It was only a dream.

PIPER: I still do. I came in a mythical taxi...or was it a maroon limousine? I came to basque in the opaque hysterical adulation of the frenzied poor people who will pay anything to witness the miniature shovels of the amateur gravediggers. Obtained from the spitefully tiny eneuchs, who were in reality, the MANGO TREE PEOPLE. What is a rainbow? Where does it begin? Where does it end? Where does it go? When is it over? They asked far too many questions for spiteworkers.

SNAKE EYES: I told you, she aint in a good mood.

~~DE-DE:~~ A half-enjoyment is wasting her.

to well her state of nerves; over from her lover.

tier?

ve will last till the stars grow cold

Pierre Charpontier! Everyday

she kisses the face in the photograph.

She has never loved with such a great degree of passion.

PIPER: Pierre! Pierre!

LOU: But the consumation of love has gone as is Pierre.

LOU ~~DE-DE:~~ Such a paradox! Piper, you have your name up in lights, you are rich, famous and engaged.

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SNAKE EYE: Yeah, but she aint ina very good mood.

LOU: She does not care, Snake Eyes. She drinks, she smoke, she smokes and she drinks, and she drags her way through the Cafes all day long. She drags with boredom, the langour of her beauty. This is what she has inside of her that sets her apart. Even in Paris, this was Piper Heidsieck! Inspite of ~~hal~~ her dissoluteness and her great expectation and experience in love. Despite the habitual harmony that existed between her attitude and her age, there happened to be moments, however, rarest moments to be sure when she would give the impression of a flesh almost untouched. The beauty of her twenty nine years so tested by sunsual delight, at moments paradoxically recalled a young woman, one glorious creature, rather gawkishly, surrenders her pure body to love for the very first time.

PIPER: I played with the dead today, or should I say with the dead, and as usual, they open their graves wide enough to

Piper, you are protected by

The Godess of hot-battered pop corn.

Believe me, I have never worked for so illustrious a personality.

PIPER: Oh, balls! I must change my clothes. I look like I took a nap in the gutter. After all there is a curtain growing up tonight, on a world premiere of a new musical opera starring me! What the fuck is the name of this clambake?

PIPER:(Con't) I mean I absolutely forget everything
when I have to change gowns every minute.

~~DE-DE~~: THE BLACK SHIP TO HELL.

PIPER: What was that De-De darling?

LOU ~~DE-DE~~: That's the flame of this clambake your opening
in tonight, remember?

PIPER: Very, very charming.(Mutters) Cocksuckers.

~~LOU~~ ~~DE-DE~~: You told a man from LOOK MAGAZINE recently that
SNAKE EYES you got all your good business sense from a bubble
le gum machine that had robbed you of your last
American dime while you were fighting for your
life in a Gypsy Tea Room.

(At this point, PIPER is dressing and undressing behind a dressing screen. We
can see her head as she bandied^{and} back and
forth with one all all at this moment.)

PIPER:(quoting by heart)

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reality, a BEEF STUDIO and only
o long as you could^{PULL} your weight
fice. Oh, Oh! Snake Eyes!"
r my heart beating.
pills.

LOU:(To SNAKE EYES) Finally.

PIPER: Clever this Hollywood God, created in the image
of his own publicity pictures.

SNAKE EYES: Yeah. But this is your very first opening
night on Broadway.

PIPER: If you keep repeating that I may forget what a
lady I am you fuck.

LOU ~~DE-DE~~: (To SNAKE EYES) You know, Snake Eyes, you're right.

SNAKE EYES: I am...about what?

DE-DE: ~~Piper~~...she AINT as you so quaintly put it, in a good mood.

SNAKE EYES: I never lie, Mary Help of Christ ~~was~~?

DE-DE: (To PIPER) But Piper, darling....

PIPER: Yes, my darling *LOU* ~~De-De~~, you seem to be on a roll don't let me spoil your fun, what is it?

SNAKE EYES ~~DE-DE~~: You are truly world famous.

PIPER: Truly.

SNAKE EYES ~~DE-DE~~: From Hollywood to Paris, from Paris to Hollywood. Recordings, post-cards, paper dolls, posters, medallions, dolls, endorsements for one of the most prestigious cosmetic and perfume industries as well as being your own product and now this...Broadway.

~~PIPER~~: Oh, ~~my~~ ~~my~~ ~~my~~, IN PERSON, IN THE FLESH and of thing.

all rather exciting wouldn't you

famous of the famous. The most

beautiful of the beautiful. The most...

DE-DE: (to PIPER) Don't you feel just a little bit nervous?

PIPER: Why should I?

LOU ~~DE-DE~~: Oh come now Piper darling, haven't you got at least a half a dozen butterflies in your stomach?

SNAKE EYES: I have! But maybe that doesn't count, I

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SNAKE EYES: (Con't) always have.

LOU: Ssssh?.

PIPER: Yes! Okay! You all win! I am nervous! Somebody get me another gown...this one is hideous... just hideous! I AM, after all, starring in God knows what this BLACK SHIP TO HELL is REALLY! And if that weren't enough, it's produced with the ill gotten gains of my very dear and intimate friends who also happen to be my extremely overprotective producers...it's all very chummy. So you see, mes chers, in a way, yes, I am nervous. Everything is riding on my lily white shoulders.

SNAKE EYES: I love your shoulders Piper.

LOU: (To SNAKE EYES) I hope you gave her enough pills.

~~PIPER:~~ (To PIPER) Piper Heidsick, there never had and there never will be another like you. Right outside for all of Broadway to see is your in electric lights so high it's here is a line all around broad- c is stopped for blocks. THIS g room like the hotel suite for a newly elected Presidents wife extravagantly designed for you by Blanche De Bris and Chick Lang's boys.

PIPER: Yes...an entire ooven of witches, professional witches, who would claim to be refugees. But they told me they were dear friends of the Mad hatter; and as teen aged, uncaged, cat girls... they hid in a lingerie store or stores, look-

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PIPER:(Con't) ing themselves forlornly in those giant shoe boxed fashioned dressing rooms with the fun house mirrors. The kind you need big, heavy glass ash-trays to break your way out of, these kids were in a big hurry.

(PIPER comes out from behind the dressing screen and all three men gasp.)

SNAKE EYES: The White Flower of a Blameless Life.

PIPER: Where are my shoes?

SNAKE EYES: You are truly the greatest gift from France since the Statue of Liberty...(Holding up a magazine) Look! The cover of LIFE!

PIPER:(Holding up another magazine) Look! The cover of LOOK! Snake Eyes, Father Lou Beige, you must read them out loud for De-De...a girl can't do that sort of thing without her lipstick. And there's still the questions of my shoes.

dangerous a man, the more inspir-

up Snake Eyes, that's not in
se articles, you made that up.

SNAKE EYES: It slipped out.

Lou

PIPER: No, I like it, I like it. ~~De-De~~ write that down.

DE-DE:(writing as he speaks)"The White Flower of a Blames Life..."

PIPER: Now one of you boys be kind enough to read for De-De...

LOU: We'll take turns Snake Eyes.

SNAKES EYES: You start, you always know just exactly
how to set the tone Father Lou Beige.

LOU:(reading from the magazine)

"They were screaming the name of a great,
great big giant luminous star today. All
along Broadway. Arriving for final practice was one of the world's most popular
feminine box office attractions as well as
entertainers. Imported, only in the light
of the fact that Piper Heidsieck had to go
to Europe to make her name before returning
to her domestic Mother Country. A
singer in a cellar turned Motion Picture
Actress, A world Household name and now
turning to serious musical comedy on Broadway.
Piper Heidsieck will make her debut

ige-De Bris Production of THE
P TO HELL. PpiperHeidsieck, as she
intimately, comes from a street
from the Palace of Versailles.
I know that Palace very well. I

have often played there.

LOU:(Still reading) "There were thousand and thousands
of red blooded American males lined up by
the theatre when young Heidsieck came to work
on her role as the Pirate Eugenie.

PIPER! PIPER HEIDSIECK! They could hardly
contain it.

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PIPER: Let's face it, they could hardly pronounce it.

LOU: Snake Eyes, you want to take over?

SNAKE EYES: I don't mind if I do.

PIPER: Everybody take a deep breath.

SNAKE EYES: (reads from magazine) "When she emerged from her crimson limousine, she was surrounded by an explosion of so many stage doors. Johnnies she had to remain standing still, and she waved and smiled and spoke with a charming lilt that had her famous poetic license she uses when addressing her loyal public; in any event she said as much as time would allow. Finally she just let her beautiful blond hair down and admitted candidly to one and all, I HAVE TO GO TO WORK! There were cat calls, there were whistles and screams were heard for a good twenty five to thirty minutes.

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Flash bulbs were choking the air. No memory had to take photographs. Magic markers and lipstick tubes. and anything else of the hopelessly enamoured young men in love with this fabulous star, were literally reaching and grabbing at and for her, the star. There is a mixture of shyness, sadness that lurk within this haunted yet phosphorescent flame. She is a half grown young woman and these are the intriguing elements that send pulses racing abroad and here and just about anywhere

SNAKE EYES: (Con't) else you'd care to look.

She is currently engaged...

PIPER: Oh-Oh.

SNAKE EYES: (reading) She is currently engaged to one of the world's most handsome, wealthiest, and eligible bachelors, though not a great playboy you all know him by face as well as name...Gerard Lefevre. The wedding is scheduled to take place either this Spring or perhaps at the opening night party at Sardi's.

PIPER: Did ever hear of anything so barbaric?

SNAKE EYES: (Still reading) The couple says of the coming sacred event HOLY MATRIMONY!

How Gerard feels about Piper, quote, LIKE SPINNING FROM THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER!

How Piper feels about Gerard, quote, LIKE BEING UP FRENCHMAN'S CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE!

really intend to go through with this masquerade?

ly and truly going to perform the

mon cher.

PIPER: But you are not really a man of the cloth.

LOU: Then you will not really be married!

PIPER: It's criminally offensive Lou. We are all criminals. We have all made offensive offenses. We COULD go to jail for what we have done. And for what we are about to do. I thought we said that once we were solid in business you would hang up your frock and just be a Producer.

LOU: I like being a Priest too!

PIPER: (Makes the sign of the cross) THIS is what I mean!

We are always in error. Lost in the woods.

Standing in chaos. The original mess.

LOU: Thank God the world cannot be made safe for Democracy or anything else.

SNAKE EYES: You can forget about the subways.

LOU: Calm down Piper.

PIPER: Forty five minutes before we boarded that plane for America, the one that would lead us to this
What did you do?

LOU: I know very well what I did and so do you.

PIPER: YOU, a plain little old concierge goes into an old vaudeville trunk of quick changes and takes out an old dusty priest's uniform...

LOU: I dusted it off remember?

PIPER: You put it on and proceed^{ed} to marry Blanche to

they aren't even legally wed.

rick and you took an oath of

ly everywhere.

idn't mind, it was rather amus-

ing at first and it got us out of a rut and it did seem quite innocent in a way because, well, nothing else was happening. I even caught the boquet.

NAKE EYES

~~DE-DE~~: You mean that wasn't a publicity stunt?

PIPER: No ~~De-De~~ ^{S.E.} and stop interrupting me while I'm interrupting everyone else, would you mind terribly darling?

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LOU: And as for being a concierge, I was never really a concierge either.

PIPER:(To SNAKE EYES) He would only prtend to be a Priest so that Blanchecould marry the third richest man in America...

SNAKE EYES: Oh yeah, Chick Lang. I like Chick Lang.

PIPER: He invented the pipe cleaner and the wire hanger; and what with all his money and the fact that he had no longer that six months to live we . figured we could incorpor-ateand come to America as rich and famous people in the Entertainment Industry.

SNAKE EYES: It's a great life if you don't weaken.

LOU: So now for Heaven's sakes, calm down Piper dear. You are everything we dreamed and promised you would be...

PIPER: What is that?

LOU: A Symbol of Dazzling Super Stardom.

SNAKE EYES: I know we will all live Happily Ever After.

(Hands PIPER a glass)

Perrier?

different?

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ferent!

PIPER:(to LOU) Breaking the law is breaking the law! Symbol or no symbol!

SNAKE EYES: That's different!

(SNAKE EYES is by the door; he peeks out. When he speaks again he will whisper his next lines to DE-DE; LOU and PIPER)

SNAKE EYES: Let's drpp the subject!

LOU: (Quickly making it up) I honestly, and I mean that sincerely, don't know how they figured their luck would hold out with the bras they were wearing.

(BLANCHE De BRIS enters. She is extremely glamorous, even if she does seem a bit hard; thick skinned. She has three bottles of champagne.)

BLANCHE: "HONESTLY"? "HONESTLY"? "HONESTLY"? Honestly is for old matrons eating cherry tomatoes and cooing to their pekingneses after it's balls have been cut off.

PIPER: Well, look who's here!

DE-DE: La Divina De Bris!

SNAKE EYES: Blanche!

(They all hug and kiss)

LOU: Bonsøir Madame! Comment allez vous ce coir?

BLANCHE: Tres bien Monsieur Lou Beige, merci, et vous?

LOU: Tres bien aussi, merci bien Madame.

~~Vous Monsieur De Wittich?~~

~~Jejoirs, la meme chose Madame De~~

~~Vous mon petit cher?~~

PIPER: Like baked death on a cho-cho stick.

BLANCHE: So amusing, n'est-ce pas?

PIPER: This woman is a cruel and vicious old and violent lesbian. She has tormented many of the lost and unhappy souls in her days and nights. Her days are filled with long distance phone calls to the moon and chain smoking and a rare collection of bronzed exotic cigarette stubbs since

PIPER:(Con't) the woman smokes like a chimney. And
her night are filled with cheap perfume...

BLANCHE: I am saving the good stuff for my old age.

PIPER: I'd start breaking it out if I were you.

BLANCHE: So amusing, do go on.

PIPER: Loud screaming parties where she can collect
the minds of poor and aimless even uninvited
unsuspecting artists and models looking for a
short cut to the top.

BLANCHE: The Top of The Eiffel Tower! There is room
for everybody! It may get a bit crowded at
times but that is no reason for them to jump
off toute suite! I am only JOKING when I
tell them that the elevator is broken and
that everybody around them is laughing at
them as well. It is not my fault, is it, if
these poor vagabonds do not possess the sense

it takes to keep up the frantic

required to HAVE...AT THE TOP!

Have you actually seen jump Madame?

anymore Monsieur?

PIPER: See how she is.

BLANCHE: I do not hide behind any of the dull convent-
ional cliches. I am a woman of Paris! I am
a woman who does not pretend I do not want
something when it just so happens that I DO
want it. I have absolutely no patience with
vague promises of what tomorrow will bring.
What about today? I am too mature for young

BLANCHE: (Con't) love and twinkling star~~s~~ beneath the
paper moons to begin search for a lost
April. I AM A GOOD TIME GIRL!

LOU: But wouldn't you like to ~~have~~ a little blue para-
keet to comfort you when the times "were not
so good"?

BLANCHE: Monsieur, we are all of us little blue para-
keets. The world is an empty cage of mad truth.
Or haven't you asked our young friend as yet?
Piper does not hide behind the veil because
she has learned as I have. Behind the veil
Monsieur, there is NOTHING! I am bored with
this veil to begin with.

PIPER: She is master thief and she lies like a rug.

LOU: Piper, that is not fair play.

BLANCHE: You want 'fair' monsieur? HERE is FAIR!

SNAKE EYES: Champagne!

BLANCHE: Yes, the bottle beautiful.

rath.

(olds up a bottle)

e, it's called PIPER HEIDSICK!"

're beginning to catch on.

SNAKE EYES: Just like Lillian Hellman, she's got her
own mayonnaise. You know she has to break
a lot of eggs.

PIPER: And you have to break a lot of balls so just
keep a tight lid on it yeah?

BLANCHE: I will have champagne! This you can believe!

PIPER: Do you believe?

BLANCHE: You best believe!

SNAKE EYES: I believe! I believe!

(Everyone turns to stare at SNAKE EYES)

Well....I DO!

PIPER: Open the fuckin' bottle! Moron!

(SNAKE EYES opens a bottle and pours into glasses)

SNAKE EYES: Don't take it out on me if your left tit is starting to sag.

DE-DE: This is a truly special night in the Broadway Theatre!

BLANCHE:(Holds up the magazines) Says so! Right here!

LOU: In America, dreams come true!

SNAKE EYES:(Whispers to PIPER) In a strange twisted way, I suppose they do.

PIPER:(Whispers to SNAKE EYES) Wait, it gets better.

SNAKE EYES: Something tells me you really mean worse.

PIPER: Just wait. Now, sssssh....these motherfuckers have ears!

**THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT**

opening! The two producers: La Divina

De Bris, and Monsieur Father Lou Beige.

certainly not least...the Star: Piper Heid-

the notice of the last four letters in my

name?

SNAKE Eyes

~~DE-DE:~~ S...I...C...K....SICK?

PIPER: Yeah, like in SICKNESS. Like in very sick!

BLANCHE: Twinkle, Twinkle little star...

PIPER: ~~Take your hands off me shrimp.~~ *I heard that*

BLANCHE:(Like she never hears PIPER) Sparkle like a shiney car!

PIPER: Blanche, I'll sparkle. I'll sparkle plenty but I need some pills.

SNAKE EYES

CHAMPAGNE/ 24

~~DE-DE~~: Do my ears deceive me?

PIPER: No. You heard right. Pills!

BLANCHE: (Giving PIPER the pills) Here mon cher.

(To DE-DE) Metabollic retardation, c'est-ca!

(SNAKE EYES hands them all their champagne)

SNAKE EYES: I would be so very honored if I were granted permission to propose a toast. As proposing a toast is such an honorable thing...proposing a toast being such an honorable toast I would be much honored if I were given the right to go ahead and propose one....a toast, that is....

PIPER: Of course you may darling Snake Eyes. But only on one condition.

SNAKE EYES: I'll sign my name in blood.

PIPER: Nothing so medievil.

SNAKE EYES: What then? Not that I won't do it. What?

PIPER: You must have some champagne with us if you're going to do the honorable thing, that is, propose the toast.

me to have some champagne with all of YOU?

**THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT**

PIPER: Whaddya mean OUI/? Say YES to Snake Eyes.

SNAKE EYES: So what about the toast?

PIPER: English muffins taste better than toast.

SNAKE EYES: No, I meant with the champagne and all.

DE-DE: (Rasing his glass; all follow his suit)

Everybody level?

PIPER: You know a mattress is level.

SNAKE EYES: May the BLACK SHIP TO HELL take us all on a spendid

SNAKE EYES: (Con't) voyage!

(They all click their glasses and start sipping)

SNAKE EYES: (To PIPER) I can't wait to see you on THE LOVE BOAT.

LOU: Ssssh! Ecoutez!

BLANCHE: Qu'est-ce que c'est?

SNAKE EYES: I hear someone else breathing.

PIPER: This is something I can TRULY live happily ever after without.

(The door smashes open. In rush, MADAME SOPHIE LEFEVRE; in a wild get-up, all of Mrs. Astor's jewelry and more wearing her company's boots yet and the pet horse? Why, her son of course; GERARD LEFEVRE. There is no denying he is very, very handsome... very well dressed except for the fact that he has no shoes on and there are blood stains on his designer socks.)

GERARD: Hello! Hello! Hello!

PIPER: Gerard, you repeat yourself. Isn't he fabulous?

(Aside to SNAKE EYES) Not really.

(To PIPER) Look everybody, third month in a row.

you made the cover of Gentlemen's

ain (She kisses him on the cheek) I like that.

GERARD: I liked that. (He is referring to her kiss)

BLANCHE: L'Amour! L'amour! L'amour!

SOPHIE: This is a very SICK lady over here with the LAMOUR LAMOUR LAMOUR routine. And the other one, she's no bargain with her love routine either. She loves, she loves... Love, your ass!

PIPER: Madame Sophie, love is a mysterious science.

SOPHIE: Your ass is a mysterious science!

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

LOU: (To PIPER) Watch it with Snake Eyes in the wings, will you?

PIPER: I'm sure I don't know what you are referring to my fine sir.

LOU: I am referring to the way he makes your nipples hard.

PIPER: It's better than crushed ice, isn't it?

LOU: You've got to keep your Halo on straight, got that?

SOPHIE: You can always tell a Halo Girl!

PIPER: Big joke! Another rat bastard I can live without.

SOPHIE: I still have the biggest tits in New York.

PIPER: AND the biggest mouth.

SNAKE EYES: (To SOPHIE) I like your lipstick.

SOPHIE: Get this crazy fuck away from me! He gives me the yitts!

SNAKE EYES: YITTS? That rhymes with TITS.

SOPHIE: I wouldn't mind dancing on your grave either. These are very tight high heels.

BLANCHE: My dear Madame Sophie those look like your trademark to me, the boots, I mean.

u the BOOT!

ve me the twenty dollars you owe me.

ke a travellers check?

How about an eight by ten of Karl Malden's ass?

PIPER: I never leave home without it.

SOPHIE: People who live in glass houses shouldn't kiss all the delivery boys.

PIPER: NOW VOYEUR.

SOPHIE: Binoculars!

GERARD: I find these wise cracks increasingly less amusing.

THE BLACK SHIP TO HELL happens to be a very fine and

GERARD: (CON't) distinguished play. In preview, the critics thought so. The audiences certainly think so. Packed houses. Standing room only. Tickets are being sold for months in advance. Piper's last two films, latest album already gone platinum, and this her first attempt at making her Broadway debut starring on her own in a heavy musical she has completely created on her own has^{not} hurt any of you.

SOPHIE: Mark my words; before this evening is out somebody's gonna get it.

PIPER: (To SOPHIE) Don't you dare bring those chihuahuas in here! SIX yapping HAIR beast!"

SNAKE EYES: They are verboten in the star's dressing room.

PIPER: If they commence with the anxieties I will have to call Mother Carroll, the wardrobe mistress.

SOPHIE: That friggin' Nazi war criminal. She's a spy for whatever German Intelligence is still festering underground

the first chance to strike out at the free

Close the goddamn door, idiot!

y! (He closes door)

) Mother Carroll is from Ireland Madame

Sophie.

SOPHIE: Mother Carroll is from THE DIARRHEA OF ANNE FRANK!
You dumb parolee!

SNAKE EYES: Well, she's been the wardrobe mistress for more than dozens and dozens of the biggest Broadway successes.

SOPHIE: I am afraid that Mother Carroll has been the wardrobe Mistress for for only one BROADWAY! Far away, in the

SOPHIE: (con't) twisted nightmare that became a living horror for those who were not dubbed by the Feurher for his projected NEW WORLD of the MASTER RACE.

"Mother Carroll" is obviously an alias.

PIPER: Mother Carroll is a term of an endearment. Why Mother Carroll is one of Broadway's most beloved wardrobe Mistresses...to those of us she has served lo' these many years along the Great White Way.

SOPHIE: YOU'VE been LOW these many years! This is your first outing on Broadway! Breast fed by a Nazi witch and brain washed by your FRIENDS...the producers.

PIPER: May I finish?

SOPHIE: You started this, you fool.

PIPER: ~~Mother Carroll is a nickname. Her real name is Carroll Motherwell. Why, she has been a part of Broadway history since Jeanne Eagels first stepped onto the legitimate stage and told that gang of sailors in Pago Pago, "Looks~~
~~It was Jeanne Eagels who supposedly took~~
~~well under her legendary Eagels Wings and~~
~~old gal Mother. But, it was the Grand Dame's~~
~~s that would not permit the word SUPERIOR~~
~~to follow the MOTHER because she had not been in touch~~
~~with the Lord since she developed a severe limp at~~
~~an early age ending a brilliant and promising career~~
~~as an Earl Carroll Showgirl with her own tap dance~~
~~specialty--her limp was so pronounced she began to take~~
~~in sewing...she became famous for her dainty lady like~~
~~little stitches...She had, STILL HAS the most cherished~~
~~collection of pin cushions in all of the American Thea-~~
~~tre. Her prowess with the needle is known far and wide~~

PIPER: (Con't) ~~wide, and her legion of devoted colleagues are as loyal as she is benign. You're just bitter bitch.~~

GERARD: (To PIPER) I hope you won't scar my face for this Piper.

PIPER: Gerard darling I didn't mean to scare you, what is it?

GERARD: I invited a fan back here to meet you.

PIPER: Snake eyes? Is my gun loaded?

GERARD: It was the least I could do.

PIPER: And you did it.

GERARD: Yes. Yes, I did it.

PIPER: (To SNAKE EYES) THE HEAVE HO!

GERARD: Oh but Piper; you got to see her! You have got to meet her! She idolizes you, she worships you! Why it's like something out of a book.

DE-DE: That particular book has been out of print for almost a century.

SNAKE EYES: What was that about an eight by ten of Karl Malden's ass?

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

er all the things you have done to her
is the scrabby end.
all right? Beautiful, but stupid. How
ave I told you that? When are you people
going wake up and smell the coffee perking? Over and
over I've said it. He's an idiot. He's burning a dim
light in the Piazza. He's definitely got a splinter
in the windmill of his mind. He's only got one oar
in the water. He isn't dealing with a full deck.
He's like a slot machine in desperate need of an oil
job. Two cherries and a squeezed out lemon.
You're not a SLOW group, surely you've ascertained by

SOPHIE: Con't) now that what we have here is a plug nickel. This is a boy riding a horse with one rocker.

PIPER: Relax, Sophie. It's only me and my big mouth.

SOPHIE: Surely you're acquainted with the word retarded. In fact when Gerard was UNE PETIT GARCON the podiatrist assured me that my sons brains were in his feet. That's why he wears corn-pads.

GERARD: I'm no fool. I believe totally in the goodness of maize. (To PIPER) Anyway, I certainly didn't think that someone as big as yourseff darling, would mind, not all that much.

BLANCHE: Do not arouse her mean streak!

GERARD: Piper does not have a mean streak. She is as they say The White Flower of a Blameless Life.

PIPER: Aint it the truth?

SOPHIE: This ought to really tickle you. This girl he's hauled is literally your biggest fan.

SNAKE EYES: Oh-oh.

**THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT**

Pretty Please! It would mean so much to
been every film you've ever made more than
got all of your record albums...your
paper dolls...your post cards...your
posters...she wears your buttons...she's studied your
life from every single fan magazine from every corner
of the world as if you were a figure out of a history
book. Why she's been around since the very first day
of rehearsals.

PIPER: I"VE been around since the first day of rehearsals too
you know.

GERARD: She's always there. You must have spotted her by now.

fat rat

PIPER: Oh, yes. The little mousey one with the raincoat and the hat. How could I miss her? Everyday, everynight. She's like Suzy Parker in THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

SOPHIE: Some girls like to collect garbage.

PIPER: Yes, but really...

GERARD: I'll go and get her. She's right outside the door. Or as she reminded me, without the slightest trace of affection, THE STAGE DOOR.

PIPER: N.M.T!

GERARD: Hunh?

PIPER: NOT MY TRIP! (To SNAKE EYES) The Heave Ho!

GERARD: But Piper darling, I gave her my word.

PIPER: Well, you'll just have to go and get it back.

SOPHIE: You'll get it back, only I'll be out front.

PIPER: These people are nobody's fans. They're juvenile delinquents, mental defectives, they're nobody's audience, they never see a play or a movie, even- they're never indoors long enough!

GERARD: Well, there's one indoors now.

's breathing awfully heavy out there.

n't pass out on my chihuahuas.

PHIE exit quietly)

ld. I'd do anything to get a picture

of that tomato sprawled out in a public place.

~~DE-DE:~~
Lou — Hard to believe, Madame Sophie Lefevre, the woman behind the French Frye Boot Millions! And her son, one of the Modern Day Idols...a God even!

LOU: Yes, Madame Sophie. The very same one. You know she's awfully sweet with the press.

~~DE-DE:~~ Is she?

Blanche

LOU: I've seen her stand and hand out several dozen shoe horns in a theatre lobby to complete strangers, and then sit. Depressed. All because the crowd was gone. AMAZING WOMAN!

PIPER: Another cocksucker.

LOU: Piper!

PIPER: All right, a douchebag!

LOU: Piper! Really!

PIPER: She grates Father Lou...she grates on the nerves..on the soul.

SNAKE EYES: I like Madame Lefevere a lot.

DE-DE: Is that right?

SNAKE EYES: (To PIPER) How long do we have to keep this shit up?

PIPER: Oh, I like that word up!

SNAKE EYES: I'm serious Piper, you're my wife and I love you and this is the frigging bins, I want to take you away from all this.

PIPER: Let's hold off a little while darling, the fun's just ...we can't let our guard down so soon.

?

now. Better yet, I won't have to tell you that time. We all will.

...Everybody close their flies before this girl gets in here and let's have some breath mints. Here Snake Eyes, pass these around. (SNAKE EYES DOES) And you, Piper, watch your mouth!

(GERARD and SOPHIE and ASHES MERCREDI enter. ASHES wears a raincoat and a rain hat and carries a copy of FORTUNE MAGAZINE.)

ASHES: (To GERARD) I thought you'd forgotten about me.

GERARD: No...never.

ASHES: I know this doesn't sound possible, but I almost did.

GERARD: Piper, I'd like you to meet Miss Ashes Mercredi.
She's been waiting to see you after a lifetime
of loyalty and pure unashamed love.

PIPER: Oh yeah? Then what's with the Fortune Magazine?

ASHES: See, Gerard? It's just like I told you.

PIPER: Told him what?

ASHES: Even when I carry Fortune Magazine people look at
me crooked.

PIPER: I suppose you think it high time you got a good
look behind my knees, huh?

BLANCHE: Oh mon dieu! When she gets like this I must
plead to take the fifth. You know, the fifth?
(BLANCHE starts sipping from an elegant hip
flask)

DE-DE: Still into spirits, eh?

PIPER: I like spirits.

the thing.

Can't we all hold hands?

You shut your friggin' big mouth.

le Christmas...(sips) Very little.

PIPER: Her name is Blanche De Bris. Numero Uno P.R.P.

ASHES: Press Agent---Producer! Right?

PIPER: She's getting disgustingly tanked and has been
known to vomit wholeheartedly in any surrounding.

ASHES: I like uninhibited people.

GERARD: The theatre is so full of them.

SOPHIE: The theatre is so full IT.

BLANCHE: Eat my cigarettes! All of you!

GERARD: Miss Mercredi tells me she has seen every film you have ever made.

ASHES: More than twice.

GERARD: Miss Mercredi also tells me that she has all your L.P.s

ASHES: High Fidelity.

GERARD: She also mentioned something about seeing every Broadway show you've ever been in.

PIPER: And YOU, naturally believed her.

ASHES: Oh, I know this is your first Broadway show, and that this is the opening night of your very first Broadway show...and that this is your debut on the American Musical comedy stage in your very own homeland, God Bless America!

BLANCHE: And yet you lied! You lied! That was a stupid lie. Easy to expose. *An insult to dead heroes & their wives*

ASHES: I had to say something. I had to get into see her. I had to be somebody, see?

YOU honey!

your name was?

s Mercredi...it's French.

ans ASH WEDNESDAY. Very interesting.

ASHES: (To BLANCHE) And you are the Pulitzer Prize winning publicist and producer Blanche De Bris.

DE-DE: It's obvious that you have done your homework.

ASHES: Oh Miss De Bris comes from a great bloodline. She is also the most outspoken and liberated stock of women in all the world today.

PIPER: Blanche is more than just liberated, she's a regular bowery bum.

DE-DE: Let's face it Miss Mercredi, you are surrounded by cut throats,alcoholics and cokies with very dirty minds, mouths, and nicotine stained fingers, always so attractive to press your lips to so tenderly.

~~SOPHIE: You won't have to read his column tomorrow.~~

PIPER: You can either run for your life, or sit around and take it like a lesbian.

ASHES: Soon the world will be mine.

SOPHIE: My Chiuahuas stay in my world. Otherwise, fine, good.

PIPER: Tell me, do you have any vices mousey?

ASHES: I float around as if someone else is living in my body. I'm just not the me I used to be, see? I am an unconscious wife to their idols of silver and gold. The work of men's hands. They have mouth's, but they never say anything. They have two eyes but they never really see anything. They have ear, but they do not hear. Of course you will find a nose among their perfect

at they cannot smell a thing. Look, look
ols of silver and bright shiney gold and you
at they have hands, BUT they are not HOLDING.
ome of the most gorgeous feet ever created
is sad because they do notwalk. See the

white throat, to idolize! But it is only that, because no sound ever comes from there. They that make them shall be just like them and everyone that trusts them. By continuously embracing technologies we relate ourselves to them as servo-mechanisms. (To PIPER) You are not an idol per se, sure you're a Goddess, you're idolized and up there on a celestial pedestal but I prefer to surrender myself to you, THE PERSON, the personality

ASHES: (Con't) combined with the spiritual energy are the properties which force me to yield myself and follow the aura of Piper Heidsick. In other words, I'm forever blowing bubbles. I'm always chasing rainbows. When it comes to Piper Heidsick, I'm just a girl who can't say no to my ultimate role model.

SNAKE EYES: What a story! Everything but the bloodhounds yapping at her heels.

PIPER: Snake Eyes, it just so happens that there are SOME human experiences that do OCCUR and quite naturally, outside of a public toilet. I'm crashing Sophie, you got any pills?

SOPHIE: Why don't you get off that shit? You want to wind up like Oscar Levant?

Blanche

~~DE DE:~~ It was uncommonly generous of Gerard to bring you back to meet his fiancée.

SNAKE EYES: (To PIPER) I don't like this Piper, I don't like it.

ASHES: Well, I guess that's why Gerard is so famous. I guess.

GERARD: Oh. I'm the lowest form of celebrity. I'm only the

, surely there are other shows.

r Heidsick.

from everything else don't you find it a

little expensive to worship at this particular altar.

ASHES: Standing room isn't very much, I manage. So long as I'm in that theatre when she walks on that stage.

LOU: But what do you do in between the time she comes and goes? What do you do then?

ASHES: I huddle in a corner by the stage door, I lower my head, and I pray. Very quietly and very hard.

BLANCHE: Yes. You look VERY HARD!

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

LOU: It's nice to hear a young woman openly admit her personal religious activities nowadays.

ASHES: Oh, I ADMIT it!

LOU: Not a dangerous admission, nowadays, all you hear are people cursing at each other.

PIPER: That's a crock of shit!

ASHES: Ah, the big street! The ashpault tongue. The regional rebop.

PIPER: You know, I think this girl could play Hamlet's mother.

SNAKE EYES: To be or not to be, that is the question.

SOPHIE: Why don't you get wise. Stop asking so many questions. If this girl plays Hamlet's mother you'll wind up in two-b. You know, 2-b? That's directly down the hall. Basket weaving.

PIPER: Really, Miss Mercredi, they don't mean any harm. It's just that they're so fucked up. It's like having rabies, you know, you foam at the mouth...and you think that the only solution is another bottle of beer. They

and these degenerates Piper. I know a four-

and when I see one.

two, or three?

ASHES: Three is company.

PIPER: You call this COMPANY?

DE-DE: And it doesn't stop there.

BLANCHE: All aboard!

LOU: Nobody talks nice anymore.

BLANCHE: Nice.

SOPHIE: Nice.

GERARD: Nice.

PIPER: See? Aren't they nice. Sugar and spice and everything
NICE!

LOU: This is the razor's edge. It's all like a full moon above
a hazy purple desert. And strangely enough, EVEN with souls
the human animal has been known to become, BEHAVE like a
snarling, raving, panting, growling, four legged beast...
hooting, howling, hollering. As if this were some sort of
sordid purgatory.

PIPER: It;s not the cursing Father Louie objects to. It's
just that whenever he gets into the toilet, there's
never any toilet paper left, right?
That, I suppose AND the lack of soul. Let's face it,
life is just one big shit house!

Lou
~~DE-DE~~

And people say I twist your words. Everything I print
in my column is the gospel truth of the Great White way.
Whores...straight pins...stories of a shark eaten by the
great white woman, LO-FON FAY-POY and her singing

and the shit flew.

s! What anovelty.

't you have any relatives.

ASHES: No.

BLANCHE: Well, what else do you do all day in this cold steel
canyon?

ASHES: I have a small garret in Greenwich Village where I spend
most of my time, my days really, waiting to spend most
of my evening in the same thestre with Piper Heidsick.
I mean let's face it, I am a D.P.

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

SOPHIE: Oh, fine. Just what we need in here...another displaced person.

SNAKE EYES: Are you trying to say that she's a displaced person.

SOPHIE: You know, Snake Eyes, once upon a time I kicked somebody in the balls. He wound up in a wheel chair.

SNAKE EYES: So what are you trying to tell me?

SOPHIE: I never forgot.

SNAKE EYES: Forgot what?

SOPHIE: How to kick a man in the balls.

GERARD: She IS wearing very tight high heels.

ASHES: I hope I'm not boring you.

GERARD: Don't worry honey, you won't even get a chance to talk.

SOPHIE: Gerard!

GERARD: What is it now Mama?

SOPHIE: Behave yourself.

GERARD: I thought I was.

SOPHIE (refers to DE-DE): See this one over here? He's taking down because he want to take us all down.

down!

pad) "Down, down, down..." Three down.

go?

being funny ~~De-De~~. I could get a corned

beef and pastrami sandwich to go for cheaper.

GERARD: TONIGHT. My fiancée. Her first Broadway show. Where else was there for me to go? It's not that I HAD to go. It's just that I WANT TO GO!

SOPHIE: I'd like to go to. I'd like to move to Mars with my sister in law Rifke. She went Greyhound you know.

ASHES: (Speaking of GERARD) I had no idea he was so fucked up when he befriended me in the lobby. He looked like

ASHES:(con't) any empty headed chic puerto rican in his Calvins like he had connections and could be bulldozed in three and one half minutes.

PIPER: Very perceptive Ashes. Did you notice his socks?

ASHES: He was bleeding around his ankles and all the way down to his feet, his socks, what have you.

PIPER: Can you guess why?

ASHES: Your kind of existence baffles me. I'm so blinded by all the dazzling glamour of it all. I can't imagine why. Would you tell me why?

PIPER: He did it with a nail clipper because he wanted a free orange drink. But the concession stand man wouldn't give it to him. You know how they are.

GERARD: I didn't have any change. Just fifties. Fifties, fifties, and more fifties...OH those fabulous fifties.

PIPER: So he became arrogant.

GERARD: I want to find all of this out?

bound.

he exposed himself and when they threatened

his neck with a flashlight, he ripped seventy

six playbills into a million and one tiny pieces of paper

and sent the house manager screaming...for help. He

begged for an orange drink. BEGGED. Then he swore he

would shed blood if he didn't get that orange drink.

Well, you can see who lost.

GERARD: Well, what's a little blood? At least my designer socks are still in one piece. It was thrilling actually, upsetting so many people at one time. I would have

QUESTIONER: I placed on the subject of why it would seem to be an average article for you.

ANSWER: Responses are still there.

QUESTIONER: Isn't that a rather common way for a young person's life journey to be something to publish?

ANSWER: By now they are better than when I was young. But I'm not sure.

QUESTIONER: I really don't know from everything else, but I think you and your family to me it seemed all over the front pages of the newspaper's newspaper.

ANSWER: Since then, would you not have for a moment?

QUESTIONER: (Sighing) That's the answer, it's strange.

ANSWER: I don't know as yet.

QUESTIONER: You must have seen it in the paper.

ANSWER: No, not at the moment... I don't remember it but I'm getting it from the paper all over.

QUESTIONER: I think an official has gone to a better place after

me. That one is now retired from work.

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTIONER: I don't know how to tell you a good story.

ANSWER: I don't know, my job was to have that change to be

to get a copy of the paper to be done, I don't.

(To the 15:00) You know, I don't know any of your people.

But they don't get enough attention. That's why we have to be.

QUESTIONER: It's not just for the first answer.

ANSWER: I don't know, but I want you to perhaps explain the action you feel that was telling you to such a point.

GERARD:(con't) pissed on the carpet if only it would have gotten me an orange drink for free.

SOPHIE: Butterflies are FREE! FOOL!

ASHES: Isn't that a rather careless way for a young gentleman like yourself to be behaving in public?

SOPHIE: My son may be duller than cotton stockings, but careless never!

ASHES: I simply mean, aside from everything else, won't it SHAME you and your family to see it spread all over the front pages of tomorrow's newspapers?

PIPER: Snake Eyes, would you come here for a moment?

SNAKE EYES: (Whispering) What's the matter? *off stage*

PIPER: I don't feel so hot.

SNAKE EYES: You need more pills? - *enter*

PIPER: No, not at the moment...I can't explain it but I'm getting hot flashes all over.

SNAKE EYES: I know we should have gone to a hotel room after my. That would have calmed you down. That word down. What was I could have told you a real nice story.

SOPHIE: Gerard, why did you have to have that orange drink? We got plenty of orange juice at home, PLENTY! (To DE-DE) You know, fifty per cent of young people today don't get enough vitamin C. That's why we drink TONG.

GERARD: It's not just for breakfast anymore.

DE-DE: Monsieur Lefevre, can I coax you to perhaps explain the motive you felt that was driving you to such wanton

DE-DE: destruction?

GERARD: I was S000 thirsty!

~~DE-DE:~~ Really?

GERARD: Soooo thirsty!

BLANCHE: A good frigging in the boiler room and he'll soon see the light.

SOPHIE: Gerard, gimme an emory board from my purse before someone snatches it.

PIPER: Are you insinuating I would have purse snatchers in my dressing room?

SOPHIE: Purse snatchers! Body snatchers! AND cradle snatchers! Micious and thirsty for new blood. The great gossip columnist of the SMART SET...THE HORSEY SET...THE JET SET!

PIPER: You forgot THE BEDROOM SET.

SNAKE EYES: (Whispering to PIPER) I haven't.

ASHES: I'd like to be a BIG broadway star in a big broadway play just like this.

**THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT**

a hundred jars of cold cream, eighty seven
, and then you have to drink the urine
k from Equity. If you can pass that test
p with enough money to join the swimming
team at the Billy Rose Aquacade . Write a short essay
on why stardom means so much to you and who the hell
you are anyway. Old fogies and chauffeurs will feel you
up, tear your clothes right off your back and humil-
iate you in front of six add a half usherettes who will
be throwing lit kitchen matches at you furiously while
chanting an ancient primal growl scream. But when you
hear the audience loving and accepting the horseshit

PIPER:(con't) you present to them nightly, you'll know you're homefree. Champion of the flesh and the happy medium of expression and that's when you'll wind up in the bins.

ASHES: When can I start?

PIPER: In thirty five years Ashes, still anxious?

ASHES: I'd rim Liberace on the steps of the Seagrams building for a crack at the Tony.

PIPER: How about a crack in the mouth?

ASHES: Will it draw blood?

PIPER: I hope it doesn't draw flies.

(CHICK LANG enters.)

BLANCHE: Ah, Chick darling, you made it after all!

CHICK: Barely.

BLANCHE: You poor darling you must be in a frightful tizzy.

CHICK: Blanche, I'm dying of cancer.

BLANCHE: Like I said you must be in a frightful tizzy.

what it is. I'm in one of my frightful

the frightful tizzies Mother.

too fucking bad isn't it?

CHICK: Frightful.

BLANCHE: Have some champagne, sweet lamb. (CHICK takes a glass)

BLANCHE: There. That will get right into your tired old blood stream and start a riot.

CHICK:(sipping) The end is near. Soon it will be over for me.

BLANCHE: Nonsense my only love.

CHICK: K. SARAH, SARAH!

LOU: You have picked up the language of your wife's homeland.

CHICK: Just a smattering.

SOPHIE: Does the phrase "marriage on the rocks" mean anything?

CHICK: Blanche...I need some new handkercheifs...(He shows her some of the ones he has been using, they are all covered with blood)

BLANCHE: Look Chick, if you came here to start your usual tale of woe, you may turn around and go home.

CHICK: I can also divorce you. Heartless french witch!

PIPER: That's telling her!

BLANCHE: I don't wanna play house!

CHICK: How about "divorce"?

PIPER: There is a season, turn, turn, turn....

BLANCHE: No, no, no! You will not divorce me! Never!

CHICK: Okay, okay, okay! Please don't threaten me. You are the boss blanche baby. Besides all of this turning has made me a little dizzier.

(CHICK exits)

pitiful?

y happy to me.

evolving? I hate them. I put up with their

ightly because I'm so twisted I aint feeling

no pain. Anyway, I goof on them. They make me laugh.

ASHES: You're a phoney too, is that it?

PIPER: That's it jailbait. The theatre reeks of them and we have a union to protect us.

ASHES: I'll bet you've paid your dues.

PIPER: I don't pay for nothing.

ASHES: You're a slick article.

PIPER: Very slick.

Gerard - sterling Silver
Sophie - sterling Hayden
Snake Eyes - what about sterling Haloway

THE
LGBTQ
HISTORY | PROJECT

(BLANCHE annoyed, exits. Slams door.)

ASHES: Where ^{did they go} ~~is she going?~~

PIPER: To piss up a rope.

ASHES: You mean those things with the sandbags on them?

PIPER: I know my way around Miss Mercredi, I haven't been called the Sphinx for nothing.

ASHES: She is beyond all reality...PERFECTION.

SNAKE EYES: Beyond all reason...PROVIDENCE.

ASHES: Beyond all justive...LOVE.

SNAKE EYES: She is beyond all intellect...LIGHT. Beyond all knowledge...MYSTERY.

ASHES: She IS...BECAUSE SHE IS and nothing can be...

SNAKE EYES: Except IN her and for her. She pervades all space and time.

SOPHIE: Who?

ASHES: Her, her, her!

SNAKE EYES: ^{5 minutes} ~~Half hour~~ Piper.

Snake Eyes. Well. Isn't anyone going to wish
ak a leg? Merde? Kill the people? Lay
isles? Come on, Sophie, I'm practically
amily.

SOPH. Put that away

GERARD: This watch cost me me life. But this pencil sketch of my mother was only 75 cents in Washington Square.

DE-DE: Vive La Boheme! N'est-ce pas?

SOPHIE: You know what you can all your fancy friends can do with all your smart foreign languages.

ASHES: I always wondered what it would be like to be rich and and famous and sought after and a jet setter and celebrated for no other reason except my social standing,

ASHES:(Con't) you know what I mean? I have always believed with all my heart and soul that money was the answer when it came right down to that age old question, JUST HOW HIGH IS SOCIETY? Even when they're low, as long as they're fabulously wealthy and suffer from jet lag constantly just the fact that they have ALL THAT backing them up they can just float around through life like the travelling aroma of an exotic rare perfume, right?

GERARD: You have fifteen seconds yet.

PIPER: Gerard used to be a game show host. He has not lost his television magic I see.

SOPHIE: The suspense is killing me!

PIPER: What suspense Sophie? It's morphine and booze that's taking you down. This is Broadway baby, and Broadway don't go for booze and bad dope.

ASHES: Nobody really does.

SOPHIE: Please MISS SHOWBUSINESS! When YOU get to be MY age and western boot business in Paris, France Billetante eligible bachelor for a son round the world like a mosquito with too because he's the cover of every man's magazine, come to me, if you can handle it like a LEFEVRE, and then we can talk morphine and booze, but as for now Miss ANTOINETTE PERRY I'm afraid you'd better work on your own funeral, because when you drop dead, and you will, they'll forget to bury you (she laughs) they'll be so busy with the mass media that, well, frankly, star-stuff, I'd just try to live with myself if I were you. AND IF I WERE you I'll tell you what else I'd change...NO, you're really very sweet. My first instinct

SOPHIE: (Con't) is to laugh at you, you've become such a hideous public joke. The fact is, when one monster meets another monster, one monster must give way and it will never be me! Actually (She laughs evilly) it's very touching (she can't stop that evil laugh) it really is.

PIPER: I wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole.

SOPHIE: How about a six foot wop?

PIPER: If you want a six foot wop you're wasting you're time in my dressing room. Hit the lobby if you want ahfangool, you ghoul.

SOPHIE: I'm in no hurry. Don't worry.

PIPER: I know my lines. Why should I worry?

SNAKE EYES: That ^{5 minutes} ~~half hour~~ goes very quickly.

PIPER: Wait'll I hear the overture.

(SNAKE EYES laughs)

PIPER: You better stop laughing at nothing, before you wind up house. Committed there by me.

ge full of supporting players all in their

d places!

LOU: No, but they're professionals and they're all waiting for you. Can you just see the look on their painted faces when you take your place and make it a whole unit, because let's face it oh honoured little big princess without you they're in ^a terrible hole. Terrible hole!

(To SNAKE EYES) You better tell them to hold the curtain while I finish holding this one's hands.

SNAKE EYES: (walking out) Let's see it's going to be a few more minutes?

(SNAKE EYES exits)

LOU: Terrible hole!

SOPHIE: In other words, it takes a mighty big dick to fill a hole like that.

LOU: What are you waiting for Ida Lupino?

SOPHIE: No. I know what's going on, I know why you sent Snake Eyes out there. What do you think the biggest joke all over Broadway is?

Father Lou

DE-DE (Pen in hand) What Madame Sophie?

SOPHIE: Now remember Snake Eyes and Piper Heidsieck are almost inseparable...

DE-DE: Get to the punch line Judy.

SOPHIE: Well, they ask, "Who's got the biggest dick on Broadway?"

DE-DE: And then what do they say?

SOPHIE: "Piper Heidsieck!" (She laughs her evil laugh)

You don't think Ida Lupino would waste a perfectly good drink to come all the way over here.

LOU: (To PIPER) Now there are a lot of old timers out there. r's home. These people came in wheel chairs. et through the aisles without an oil can. a shoe horn would be more to the point. let that slide because there are a lot of

big wheels out there and much as I hate to admit it, they DIG YOU. So why don't you stop all this Actor's Studio bullshit and get out there and do it for Mama. You heard the Father, these people came in wheel chairs.

PIPER: They wheeled them in, they can wheel'em out!

LOU: This is very bad for your image. Disastrous. I saw one woman in an oxygen tent ask someone to put out their cigarette in the third row. If you don't get your head together

LOU: (con't) you're going to put a lot of people's lights out. You're supposed to light up the stage. You're supposed to be the legendary Pirate Lady Eugenie, a woman of mythical proportions.

PIPER: My proportions, although you may not have noticed from your loftier mansions of heaven, are anything but mythical. I could fuckin' care less about this legendary Pirate Lady Eugenie and her infamous BLACK SHIP TO HELL.

GERARD: Hence the title.

(SNAKE EYES runs in)

SNAKE EYES: "We want Piper!" WE WANT PIPER! Listen to them start the screaming.

PIPER: (Hands over her ears) They don't want ME. They want PIPER HEIDSICK! And what is PIPER HEIDSICK? Besides something that consists of swooping around like some witch on a broom? INFANTS behave the way I do you know. They'd get drunk too if they knew how.

s.)

s up to the door after her, she screams)
g straight to hell! Touch one chihuahua
a match in here! (SOPHIE turns back into

SNAKE EYES: (Walking out, past SOPHIE) Really, was that necessary?

LOU: (~~TO DE-DE~~) Let's watch from the wings.

DE-DE: The wings ^{are} ~~must be~~ a very hallowed place for ^{me} ~~you~~ Father
~~Lou Beige~~.

LOU: Come Herr Sessemann, let us worship at the altar.

(They exit.)

SOPHIE: Fric and frack.

GERARD: Is the show over yet Mother?

SOPHIE: You wacky jerk off! The show just started. Where do you think your fiancée went? To the Louver?
And I thought I told you never to wear ~~all~~ those puka beads at once...you look like you're wearing a neck brace.

SNAKE EYES (enters, stands for a long moment. Finally he speaks)
You know I forgot to mention it before, but one of those sandbags is loose out there. And the terrible thing is, I can't figure out which one of them it is.

SOPHIE: I hate to tell you what else is loose out there...
(Looks toward ASHES)

AND in here!

SNAKE EYES: I gotta get out there and tell the stage manager.
They'll have to ring down the curtain before Piper gets hurt.

SOPHIE: And what about me, what about how I'm hurting? WOW, am I hurting.

...does it hurt?

...A beatnik? I can't see your bust! You're in a London Fog.

...like a foggy day? I like a foggy day.

...and you're still in a fog. It's nice to know

you're not a fart in a blizzard anymore. But this bra strap is cutting into my shoulder something terrible.

ASHES: Perhaps it's a living bra.

SOPHIE: Big joke small fry!

GERARD: Oh who cares about you're dirty old bra strap, alive or dead? My fiancée is out there and she could get hurt.
SHE CAN'T GET HURT! We have to be at Bloomingdale's tomorrow. At one fifteen to sign the first fifty copies

GERARD:(con't) of the original cast album of this show.

ASHES: I'm going to buy one. I'd buy two, only I don't have a phonograph.

GERARD: You buy them, we sign them. We have green felt tipped pens.

SOPHIE: Why should you sign anything? Are YOU in the show? Another publicity gimmick to make money off this trumped up marriage. And YOU, do you ever say NO? You're like your dead father, Gullible!

(To SNAKE EYES)

Where's the twenty dollars you owe me? You owe me twenty dollars and I want it!

GERARD: You are still the same vicious and spiteful old witch you always were! And to think that that I thought when Papa died. The shock of his death, I thought, might have made you a bit mellow. But then I never claimed to be the academic top-star, did I?

SOPHIE: You were never in class that much. I was in class more. What could you claim? By the time you to classes you couldn't even claim a friggin' r. And don't think I wasn't humiliated in a classroom filled with all the kind of low-life untouchables...Oooh! Oooh! Ooooh! SCUM that reads about us and waits to see us in person. And if they get to watch us being brought down a peg, well, do know what it says on the Social Register?

(SOPHIE writes on the mirror in lipstick: NO SALE)

NO SALE! And THIS is my cross to bear with YOU as a son.

SNAKE EYES: This door is jammed. I can't get out. I'm stuck in

SNAKE EYES: (con't) in here.

GERARD: What cross do you bear Mother?

SNAKE EYES: The door is stuck. It won't open.

SOPHIE: With YOU I bear the double cross! And already I got news for you. This is a special edition so try to remember it for all your life, just in case I should, bread and butter, pass away.

GERARD: Oh, you're too old to die!

SNAKE EYES: Do one of you nice ladies have a bobby pin?

SOPHIE: (referring to SNAKE EYES) What is he? C^Razy!/? I don't understand why they keep him around. I don't see how one bobby pin more or less could make much difference at this point in your life. Or is this part of the plot to make my evening totally miserable? Because I'm warning you, if you don't open that door, and something happens to my chihuahuas, I'll see to it that you never get another fix as long as you live. Which will not be forever and no happily ever after.

s up, goes to the door)

use me please. Pardon me, pardon me please.

TOO! I mean it! I'm not in the mood to

u either! And that's the name of that

tune!

ASHES: (opens door; closes door. Opens door; closes door.)

You know, it's funny about the crosses we have to bear.

SOPHIE: Yeah, like a sick baby.

SNAKE EYES: I don't think there's anything funny about a sick baby. You know, I was a very sick baby.

SOPHIE: There is no such thing as a sick baby. Sickness is all in the mind. So if you are sick, were sick or are going

SOPHIE: (con't) to be sick, it has something to with your mind.

SNAKE EYES: Well, I always did want to get ahead.

SOPHIE: I went to Africa on my honeymoon and there were tribes of people there. They wanted to get a head too. And once they got a head, they shrunk it. And that made their sickness much smaller. The more they would shrink the head, the smaller the sickness got. So don't tell me about sick babies being funny. Cause I'll tell you about Africa, because that's where my husband almost lost his head, the stupid spick!

GERARD: No respect for the dead.

SOPHIE: I have respect for the dollar. And that's almost dead.

ASHES: In this life you have to carry your own cross to calvary.

SNAKE EYES: You go first. This way the door will be open when it's my turn. I guess, I mean when I'm ready, I guess.

ASHES: You better be ready. Nobody will carry your cross for

fe. Fortunately for you, some of us doorknobs than others...and after all,

stian without a cross to bear?

girl?

oor, didn't I?

SOPHIE: Yes! But, you're still here!

ASHES: We're ALL still here.

GERARD: Why ARE we here?

SNAKE EYES: Where are we going?

ASHES: We're all going across the river Jordoan. And nobody gets across that doesn't carry their own cross. People will crucify you...they'll even go so far as to nail you to the wall. Human nature. But carry the cross for you?

ASHES: (Con't) never!

SOPHIE: I've got sixty-eight pieces of luggage, and six chihuahuas. Somebody has to carry them. And I'll pay. I always pay. I've paid all my life, and I'm still paying. Money may not grow on trees, but it sure is the root of all evil. (To ASHES)

And YOU'RE evil! Little Miss Evil! I have six chihuahuas...Miss? I just want you to know that. So you can open all the doors you want, but you'll never get in! Do you know what my little dogs do for me?

GERARD: They ruined a six thousand dollar rug last month alone.

SNAKE EYES: They are the cutest things, but they're so high strung!

SOPHIE: High strung? How would you like to be high

ve a nervous twitch.

about a lynch mob. I'm talking

sheets that grown men put on so

ay with fire fire on people's lawns

talk about your crosses!

SNAKE EYES: No. Talk about your chihuahuas.

SOPHIE: My little bbbie know when my newspaper comes. And they all fight to carry my newspaper into me every morning.

SNAKE EYES: Yea, but a six thousand dollar rug. What did you do with it?

SOPHIE: I threw some toilet water on it, rolled it up, and took it back to the store. And do you know what that salesman had the nerve to ask me? ME? SOPHIE LEFEVRE! The French Frey Boot Queen.. Til the day I die I'll never forget the crust that man had to ask what he did. Are you ready? LADY, DID YOU SHIT ON THIS?

SNAKE EYES: Oh, my God! What did you say?

SOPHIE: Well, it took me a minute before I could collect my thoughts. But for a moment there I thought I had left the planet earth in a rocket ship with the three stooges Jane Fonda and Edna May Oliver.

SNAKE EYES: What did you tell him?

SOPHIE: Are you ready? I said, IT WON'T FLY.

SNAKE EYES: And what did he say?

SOPHIE: He told me to lower my voice. And then I said:

(In almost a man's voice)

THIS CARPET WON'T FLY. I WANT MY MONEY BACK. YOU GIVE.

six chihuahuas to carry one newspaper.

six thousand dollar rugs, curse at a man

counter in a public place...

a public place! And everybody in it is behind

the counter! So if I curse it's only because I've been

around the block, and I've seen the fat cop around

that corner and this is my son.

GERARD: Hello.

SNAKE EYES: Hello. How do you do?

ASHES: Hello.

SOPHIE: Even if I had TWELVE chihuahuas this young man, my son is my life-shortener. This is why I say I bear the double-cross.

GERARD: Mother, would you do me a big favor?

SOPHIE: See? It never stops with him. I did him a favor once. On the darkest day of my life. The day he was born the doctor smacked ME! And still he wouldn't scream. This was before my husband died. He insisted I breast feed the child, and then he gave me a cigar to boot. I got an ugly phone call from Desi Arnaz. Collect. I couldn't understand what he was saying, it was long distance. Anyway, HE, this one, grew up speaking spanish, which was very embarrassing when I went to have my legs waxed at Liz Arden's, and they turned me away with a crisp suggestion that I visit EVE Arden: SHE would not only wax my legs, but do my car and my end tables, too. I was not amused. The only two words this child knew in English were I WANT. Everything else was a Spanish Panic. The ultimate shadow that was cast on my new estate was when my Rabbi called me up and informed me that marrying interracially as I had, I was banned at my nephew's bar mitvah because I was a woman who knew where to get her ears pierced the morning, and a temporary filling, gold, and the ice cubes to take effect. My sister in law Rifke told me I would go to cut rate heaven cause I got wrapped up with a latin dago. So there was nothing left for me to do but have all my old girlfriends over and tell them all about Rifke and her Chinese musclemen. ~~Keep~~ off the gracias.

GERARD: Mother, please. Would you do me a big favor?

SOPHIE: The big favor! Well, what do you want? Because I KNOW you WANT!

GERARD: I need one of your morphine tablets.

SOPHIE: Now you NEED? First you WANT, and then you NEED. And what about me? How am I supposed to keep these things straight with you? HALF BREED! My own flesh and blood. He aint pure.

GERARD: I'm afraid I have amigraine headache, I fear it's threatening to crack my skull open.

(SOPHIE rummages through her purse)

SOPHIE: Oh, Gerard! Oh my God! I don't believe it! This is a terrible way to find out you're finally losing your mind!

GERARD: What!? What are you carrying on about?

SOPHIE: I forgot them! Oh honey, it's like Africa all over again. This is what goes on behind the scenes...backstage in the shadows...

GERARD: Mother...Mother, I went out to the Green Room earlier this evening to get you a dixie cup with water and I

wallow three out of a new prescription you ed at the drug store on broadway, next to rden theatre not long ago this evening... have been in the afternoon, this headache me from thinking straight. So you must

give me one little pain killer.

SOPHIE: Gimme...gimme...gimme! I gave you LIFE! And bow you want me to kill the pain?

SNAKE EYES: I better get back to work. I'm supposed to be back stage protecting Piper it's true, but this is almost Orchard street.

ASHES: Would it be all right if I watched?

SNAKE EYES: You'll have to hide in the curtain because there's

SNAKE EYES: (con't) there's a loose sandbag out there.

ASHES: All right. I'll hide in the curtain and it will be our secret.

SNAKE EYES: And it will be your curtain.

(SNAKE EYES goes to the door and cannot open it again. ASHES walks over, taps him on the shoulder, he steps aside, ASHES opens the door and they exit.)

SOPHIE: I don't trust those two, Gerard. They're up to something. He's looking for a loose sandbag, she's hiding in a curtain...what a business! Showbusiness! NO-business! The make up, the costumes, the scenery, those roustabouts who wake you up at dawn...is that all there is? Is that all there is to Show Business? Well, if that's all there is my friend...

GERARD: For goodness sake Mother, the pain is like a pick axe right in the middle of my skull, and each time the point of the pick hits the center of my brain the hit it isn't entirely impossible that I may lucinate.

(Come off rack) Welcome to Fantasy Island! se. Please. Please!

SOPHIE: (Goofing) Look Gerard, the plane! The plane!

GERARD: Turn your purse upside down and spill everything out on the dressing table.

SOPHIE: Oh Gerard. Oh no. I can't open my purse. Not now. The clasp is stuck. I CAN'T FIND THEM GERARD! And my purse won't open, and even if it did, I flatly refuse to empty my purse in front of that little starfucker, so she can see what I carry. And that cretin they call

SOPHIE: (Con't) Snake Eyes, what crap game did they win HIM at? Really, there are just some things a lady does not do outside her own home. Now if we were at home, FINE, NO PROBLEM. I'd turn the whole place upside down. Plus, we'd have Alice to help us.

(GERARD falls on the floor)

(He is moaning)

gerard; (In agony) Oh Mother! It sounds like the siren on a police car from ~~Europe~~ ^{Paris}! And you know how annoying THAT is. Please Mother, please help me!

(GERARD screams. He is pounding his fists on the floor.)

SOPHIE: Now Gerard, you're succumbing to it. And when you do ^{that} the psychological power of suggestion just heaps it on all the more.

(The door opens. CHICK LANG enters.)

SOPHIE: (To CHICK) What are you doing out of your coffin?

ss. If I didn't know what I know I'd
ll be able to relax and run Las Vegas like
Still, it makes me nervous being the third
in the world...pipe cleaner, wire hangers!
have you seen my wife, Blanche in the last...?

(GERARD gets up sobbing)

What's the matter, Gerard?

GERARD: (Hysterical) The matter? What's the matter? Call Consuelo. She'll tell you. Please Mother.

SOPHIE: I don't have any change sweetheart. Ignore the pick-axe and think beautiful thoughts. It will disappear. I do it all the time, I ~~we~~ tell you...fight it and win.

CHICK: Listen to Mother. She's been in the ring longer than you have.

(SOPHIE) Otherwise, Gerard, you'll be running for the medicine cabinets...whenever, for whatever, however! I tried to get you to come to the Christian Science Reading rooms with me, more than a dozen times, I honestly tried Mr. Lang, believe me...

CHICK: Oh, I believe you.

(SOPHIE) But NOOOO! You were catching a plane, flying high!

GERARD: Consuelo Lopez! Call her. She'll come. Call her. Somebody please, help me!

CHICK: Is something wrong?

(SOPHIE) I don't know. But this I do know. This I remember. If Jean Harlow would have listened to her Mother, she would still be making films today.

CHICK: If Louie B. Mayer would have listened to her mother, her mother would be making films today.

(SOPHIE) I'll tell you the truth Mr. Lang. I don't know who IS today.

Sophie... they don't make movies. They

he movies anymore? There are no big stars

left. Just parking lots that cost you your hemorrhoids.

CHICK: That's a high price to pay to see Jane Wyman go blind in a refridgator. While Agnes Moorehead and Miriam Hopkins chase Rock Hudson. These stories have no heart. No human interest. Are we really supposed to believe that this woman is searching for her heart's desire in the meat compartment of the refridgator?

CHICK:(Con't) While Rock Hudson tries to sell wax fruit to Agnes and Miriam, unsuccessfully. For the TOP of the refridgerator. And then we're told it's all symbolic! Miriam falls asleep with a lit cigarette with no one in the house so that Jane has to climb OUT of the refridgerator: feeling blue and LOOKING blue. Until she realizes because of the fire she may lose her fifteen thousand dollar ranch mink. But it is Miriam's screams which bring Jane back to the real world; outside, where Agnes Moorehead is waiting with her press clippings, two bus tickets to Hollywood and Vine and a plastic bag filled with wax fruit, and a note from Rock Hudson. Majestic Interlude indeed. And as we wonder what happened to Miriam in the house of flames, two words blaze upon the screen: THE END.

SOPHIE: That's a movie?

**THE
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D passes out)

to be all right?

thought he was just excited about the wedd-

God, Gerard!

CHICK: I think he's passed out, Madame Lefevre.

SOPHIE: I'd like to get a second opinion.

CHECK: Madame Lefevre, your face is like the pale autumn moon.

SOPHIE: That's this new chinese make up I'm wearing. Gerard! Why don't you just quit p̄aying possum and grow up like I had to do. Life is no picnic. You don't love someone because they're perfect Gerard. So you don't want to go to the picnic, Gerard. Gerard, are you going to listen to your Mother or just make-believe?

SOPHIE:(con't) Is that your final answer Gerard? Gerard, look who's here. It's Mr. Lang. He's got some pretty pipe cleaners for you...but no wire hangers. GERARD! You're not a very good actor. You never were. And don't think that any of Piper Heidsick's talent will rub off on you. Only morons marry movie stars. Thanks alot Gerard, now I have a headache.

CHICK: A woman's work is Irene Dunne.

(The lights begin to dim out until it is finally dark. This is the dream sequence of GERARD. When the lights dim up, GERARD is asleep on the lounge; he wakes up and goes into the corner and becomes inconspicuous. Immediately, SNAKE EYES and CHICK carry PIPER in and lay her down on the lounge.)

PIPER:(To SNAKE EYES) What got into you all of a sudden?

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you! You've been haunting everybody all ...coughing and bleeding and wheezing. good time to walk out. Right at the top you. Come Piper, level with me, are you ... Snake Eyes?

PIPER: That's got nothing to do with it.

CHICK: Yes or no? Look, I want an answer to my question. YES or NO?

PIPER: What if I am? You can't knock him off like a rival boot-legger!

CHICK: Yes or no?

PIPER: Yes"

(CHICK slaps her)

CHICK: You dirty little tramp you! You're no better than me.
You know what HE is, so what are you trying to get your
hooks into him for? Well, Piper...answer me!

PIPER: All right Chick! I LOVE HIM! I LOVE HIM! I LOVE HIM!
(CHICK slaps her again)

CHICK: Just remember one thing about me baby, I never begged a
dame for nothing in my life!

(CHICK exits, leaving door slightly ajar. We hear happy
happy music. PIPER reclines on the lounge; she rubs
her cheeks and goes behind the pillow she is resting
on and finds a bottle of booze. She starts drinking.)

(SNAKE EYES appears again)

SNAKE EYES: Come on baby, you've had a enough. You're five
foot tall. You can't hide in a one foot bottle.
How about skipping this round, huh, for Snake Eyes?

PIPER: A quart in time saves nine.

SNAKE EYES: O.K. But make this your last. You know, Piper,
there are a lot of sour notes in that stuff and
there are people waiting for you. We're not through
yet/

SNAKE EYES: What is it baby?

PIPER: Do you still have your gun?

SNAKE EYES: You know me baby. I'm the guy that brings it all
with him.

PIPER: You always had it all.

SNAKE EYES: All for YOU.

PIPER: And just what AM I?

SNAKE EYES: You're piper Heidsick. The biggest thing since

SNAKE EYES: (Con't) Lindbergh landed and Aerheart disappeared.

The Super SUPER STAR, who aside from being the white flower of a blameless life, spits bullets.

PIPER: Yeah, sure. Let's face it Snake Eyes, you know it and I know. I'm nothing but a bag of meat.

SNAKE EYES: Why don't you drink the entire bottle down in one gulp and go a few more miles?

PIPER: Is that a crack? From you?

SNAKE EYES: What I look like? Alan Ladd?

PIPER: Oh don't make me laugh.

SNAKE EYES: That's where you're wrong. This is all too laughable to be anything else.

PIPER: You're punch drunk, that's what YOU are. Your mind has finally snapped.

SNAKE EYES: WHY? Because I think that you are the the most perfect thing the world possesses?

PIPER: Oh, you're a mug. You men are all mugs.

SNAKE EYES: So what does that make you?

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try Snake Eyes. Do you want me to ruin
Do you wanna end up like all the others?

SNAKE EYES: I aint like the others.

PIPER: Famous last words.

SNAKE EYES: Why? Just because I did a little boxing?

PIPER: A LITTLE? You were the lightweight champion of the world.

SNAKE EYES: I'm not resting on my laurels.

PIPER: You're not good enough for that. I suppose you want me to do that with you. That sounds VERY cozy. What do you suggest we do first?

SNAKE EYES: You're talking crazy Piper.

PIPER: Seriously, I'm interested. Let's see...you get a bar;
a liquor license and I'll pick out a nice color t.v.
set for you. How's that?

SNAKE EYES: I used to kiss you a lot, remember?

PIPER: I don't suppose it's funny, but you used to do a lot of
things I miss.

SNAKE EYES: Remember how I used to kiss you.

PIPER: Snake Eyes; let me level with you. I don't remember
ANYTHING. If I don't look into the mirror every second
I sometimes forget I exist.

SNAKE EYES: Maybe, I should never have stopped kissing you.

PIPER: Dust in the wind, baby, dust in the wind.

SNAKE EYES: NOW what are you getting at?

PIPER: That's all we are Snake Eyes.

SNAKE EYES: That's all we are WHAT Piper?

PIPER: All we are. All we are is DUST in the WIND!

SNAKE EYES: Cheer up.

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trouble is I guess I just hate to fight
especially you. When you win, you lose,
your heart.

that you're very pretty. Maybe you're
not used to it yet.

PIPER: I always end up right back where I started. I never had
anybody much.

SNAKE EYES: Well; you had your mother.

PIPER: EVERYBODY HAD MY MOTHER! How do you have somebody who
isn't there? They were both never there. First your
father dies and then your mother becomes a ghost...a
pale, purple memory on a blue veined afternoon.

SNAKE EYES: (sits down next to PIPER as the lights begin to turn purple and dim slowly.)

I think I'll start kissing you again.

PIPER: This time I don't want you to ever stop. Ever.

(When the lights dim out. PIPER & SNAKE EYES are gone and GERARD is back where he was; as is SOPHIE and CHICK. The lights slowly dim up. GERARD is moaning in his unconsciousness..."No, Piper, Don't Piper....no!")

SOPHIE: What's a goddamned Mother to do, I ask you Mr, Lang?

CHICK: I don't know. I just don't know.

SOPHIE: I know baby, boy do I ever know.

(SOPHIE opens her purse quite easily, takes out three tablets, puts them in her mouth and swallows)

CHICK: I envy people who can swallow pills without water.

SOPHIE: That's why you have cancer.

CHICK: WHY is a short and crooked letter, Madame Sophie. I look on my diseases as the simple, finite practise of Haiku. It's like seeing a half life through a multi-coloured
See? Haiku!

ens and arises. SOPHIE and CHICK stare at

heard the coo-coo clock Mother. Coo-coo!

Coo-coo! What time is it Mother? This is a lovely birthday party. I hope we have enough ice cream to go around.

(The door smashes open and PIPER rushes in. She is followed by LOU.)

GERARD: Oh Piper! You came, you came! You came to my birthday party!

PIPER: How old are you now?

GERARD: Where's little Ricky? He promised to play the drums.
Baba loo! Baba loo aye ay!

PIPER: Look Gerard, I have fifteen minutes to change for my next number. Don't bust my chops yeah?

GERARD: Are the reviews out yet?

SOPHIE: One curses; the other one's cursed.

CHICK: Yesterday they told you you would not go far, it's opening night and they were right.

PIPER: Oh why don't you drop dead already...you have a tendency I have observed to be bringing everyone down too!

(PIPER storms out of the dressing room; followed by FATHER LOU BEIGE.)

(THERE IS A CHANGE OF SCENE:

The lights dim all the way down in PIPER'S dressing room.

There is however, a light on PIPER and LOU. Suddenly,

ASHES appears on the far side of the "stage" carefully hidden by her 'curtain'. She is pressing one of PIPER'S costumes against her body, bowing slowly, three times.)

like home. There's no place like home.

majestic sweep and quite long.)

like home.

see ASHES clearly. They discuss her

from their side.)

PIPER! Louis, have you ever heard of the word UNION?

LOU: Why? Are you behind in your dues?

PIPER: I haven't got one. I'm slave labor. But the wardrobe women have....

LOU: Mother Carroll!

PIPER: ..and next to a tenor, a wardrobe mistress is the touchiest thing in show business. She's got two things to do

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PIPER:(CON't) carry clothes and press them wrong. And don't let anybody try to muscle in.)

(PIPER points out ASHES to LOU.)

LOU: The poor bitch, she has nothing.

PIPER: Oh, Ashes!

(ASHES has been caught. She is brought rudely back to reality as she hears PIPER's voice calling her. She tries gracefully to hide her guilt.)

ASHES:(At first she keeps pressing the costume to her)

Hey Piper, get this....

(She goes into a mock rendition of HOW'D YA LIKE TO SPOON WITH ME.)

PIPER:(Cutting her off, just slightly amused) Really Ashes, darling seriously...we'd better let Mother Carroll take care of that.

(PIPER holds out her hand; ASHES slowly gives the costume back to her.)

will you?

you play that last scene a thousand times. let my hands on the rat bastard that made g!

ASHES: I AM Sorry Father Lou Beige.

LOU: No real harm done Ashes. Piper, Ashes would you excuse me for a moment.

PIPER: Sure.

ASHES: Absolutely Father Lou Beige. Thank you for being so understanding.

LOU: Think nothing of it Miss Mercredi. (FATHER LOU exits)

ASHES: It's an entirely different world.. This side of the footlights.

PIPER: Aaah, the tyranny of words. The teeming alphabet jungle. YES...it is. An entirely different world; this side of the footlights.

ASHES: It's like going to church all your life and sitting in a pew. Then, one day, you find yourself on the other side of the altar. The mystery that seemed so far away becomes suddenly the most powerful blow to your senses. ALL OF THEM. The candles seem to be burning in your new sense of direction. The reflection that seemed so distorted before it transformed instantly into an incandescent tug of war with new images put before you. Where once it was your most fervent desire to leap, you are given a choice as you look.. It was a terrific feeling to realise you weren't expected to throw yourself on the altar; the willing young sacrifice.

PIPER: To me it always seemed the same, no matter which side of

s on.

f your whole life really did depend on the

.

're closer than you think honey. It's

y. Suddenly the curtain comes down, the

house lights go up and everybody goes home. Life is a cheap trick. A real sleight of hand. Now you see it; now you don't...just when you think you're catching the light, the sun runs away and it rains a lot of the time and a lot of the time people get scared of the darkening shadows and race to a strange shelter because of the rain.

ASHES: Maybe they believe they're following the sun.

PIPER: Maybe.

ASHES: Still it's the theatre, and like a religion, there's always a new tower being erected so that some new light may shine.

PIPER: And listen, Miss Mercredi, it doesn't amount to a hill of beans which side of the fence you're on.
(SNAKE EYES enters with some suitcases and his coat on; and PIPER's fur on his arm.)

SNAKE EYES: Hi, honey.

PIPER: (Kissing SNAKE EYES) Right on cue. That's why I married this guy. Timing.

ASHES: What were you saying about which side of the fence you're on?

PIPER: There's always a hole in it, see?

SNAKE EYES: Are you ready darlin'?

PIPER: Si si senore.

(To ASHES) People don't know all that much about holes.

ASHES: I like a lot of fences though..

walls?

forget about the invisible sheild.

structive devices, all of them, are a

universal folly.

SNAKE EYES: Like mental and dental. They're coincidental and just elemental.

PIPER: But the holes, Ashes, the holes. Evne where there are no fences, no walls, no beaded curtains, there are HOLES. The holes are everywhere. The holes are eternal.

SNAKE EYES: Infinite.

PIPER: The hole get into it.

(All of a sudden, BLANCHE; CHICK; LOU; DE-DE; SOPHIE & GERARD enter. PIPER is putting her mink on and SNAKE EYES is helping her.)

ASHES: Where are you going on your honeymoon.

PIPER: He wants to go to Mexico but I kinda lean toward Niagara Falls. No matter, I'd live in a ditch with him.

BLANCHE: And before I get through with you, you just may have to.

PIPER: Please let's not get nasty about it Blanche darling.

BLANCHE: Nasty?! You're just plain irresponsible.

LOU: Unprofessional.

~~DE-DE~~: This is unprecedented.

PIPER: It's a first.

SNAKE EYES: We heartfully and humbly apologize; but it was just one of those things.

SOPHIE: If you want a minority opinion I think it's just great.

BLANCHE: Nobody asked you, you hag. Listen Piper, you signed a contract with us.

LOU: That's right and we can sue you. We own you.

any further think about ^{it}mes chers.

that piece of paper isn't worth the powder

to hell with; and if you DO want to get

the whistle on all of you.

SOPHIE: I knew there was something going on behind the scenes.

BLANCHE: Oh shut up, shut up, shut up.

CHICK: Don't get excited my dear.

BLANCHE: I've had just about enough of your hijinks too.

CHICK: But we're married honey...for better or for worse.

PIPER: Blanche, take it from a real newlywed...keep it that way.

It's a hard, cruel and rainy cold world out there. Think about it. Think it through baby...I'M serious, Snake Eyes

PIPER: have a good thing going.

GERARD: But Piper, the show must go on.

PIPER: And it will, it will.

GERARD: How, without you there is now show.

PIPER: What about Ashes Mercredi?

BLANCHE: What about the bitch?

ASHES: I resemble that remark.

PIPER: She knows the entire book and score and choreography from a to zet. Give her the chance; I think she's got what you always wanted.

ASHES: Wow.

~~DE-DE: (Writing in pad) W...O....W.... "WOW". May I quote you?~~

~~ASHES: You can do more than that Herr Sessemann.~~

~~DE-DE: Now that you're going to go on an unknown and come back a star I think it's only fitting you call me DE-DE.~~

ASHES: Where's my costume.

BLANCHE: (To PIPER; who is already halfway up the aisle arm in arm with SNAKE EYES)

the last of us yet.

the car waiting?

ttle for my jeep?

and I vowed I'd settle for anything.

SNAKE EYES: Then it's O.K.?

PIPER: Of course it's O.K. I love you Snake Eyes.

SNAKE EYES: No, I meant...now I can finally carry you across our thresh-hold.

PIPER: Do it to me. Reservoir!!!

(SNAKE EYES lifts PIPER up in his arms and they exit.)

BLANCHE: Disgusting. Totally repulsive.

ASHES: Where's my costume?

LOU: (Runs off; he is immediately back on with a Peter Pan outfit)

Do you think it'll fit?

ASHES: To a "T".

SOPHIE: Did somebody say this girl could play Hamlet's mother?

ASHES: Not tonight Josephine.

(They get ASHES into the PETER PAN costume and CHICK brings out a bottle of champagne and pours a glass for everyone; the last one he gives it to he does so with the most sensitivity and grace, and that is ASHES.)

CHICK: Here Ashes, here's love.

ASHES: I don't like champagne; nobody really does...but it looks gay!

(Suddenly the lights dim on everyone but ASHES...an imaginary curtain goes up and a spotlight hits her; we hear applause and ASHES bows.

along with the applause and the lights
ly.

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