

Characters:

TONY

SUSAN

LESLIE

PHOTOGRAPHERS (3 or more)

BOY TONY'S MOM

BOY BOBBY

BOY JOHN

BOY TONY

JOHN

SAMANTHA

JANET

GIRL JANET

GIRL LESLIE

GIRL SUSAN

PRINCIPAL MELVIN

TEEN JANET

TEEN JOHN

TEEN LESLIE

TEEN SUSAN

TEEN TONY

TEEN BOBBY

PASTOR EVANS

BOBBY'S MOM

BOBBY

Chorus



## ACT 1

## SCENE 1

## OPENING MUSIC/INSTRUMENTAL

## SONG: LIFE IS BUT A DREAM

*TONY AND SUSAN ENTER ON THEIR WAY TO BOBBY'S FUNERAL. THEY ARE DRESSED IN BLACK. TONY CARRIES A CAKE BOX. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY ANNOYED AT EACH OTHER.*

TONY

Come on, Susan. We're late already.

SUSAN

Slow down, Tony. I can't walk in these shoes.

TONY

Why do they make women's shoes that you can't walk in? I thought that's what shoes were invented for.

*SUSAN SITS DOWN ON A BENCH AND TAKES OFF HER SHOES AND STARTS FLEXING HER FEET*

SUSAN

Well, these are for looks and that's all. (under her breath) I don't expect you to understand such things.

TONY

(straightens his tie, self-consciously)

What is that supposed to mean?

SUSAN

Whatever you want it to mean.

*TONY SETS THE BOX DOWN ROUGHLY*

SUSAN

Be careful with that!

TONY

Sorry! Why did we bring a cake anyway?

SUSAN

It's the thing to do. Food is comfort I guess and so you bring food to a funeral.

TONY

I can't imagine food being of much comfort now.

SUSAN

Well, I'm sure Janet will appreciate it. And Bobby was our friend.

TONY

Yeah, I know. He was my best friend.

*A BEAT. TONY STARTS TO PICK AT THE CAKE, CAREFUL TO AVOID SUSAN'S GLARE.*

TONY

Who do you think will be there?

SUSAN

(still perturbed about her shoes)

I don't know, Tony.

TONY

(to himself)

I'm sure John is too busy saving lives somewhere to come back. And Leslie's the big star.

SUSAN

(biting)

Well, at least somebody out there is happy.

*TONY LOOKS UP AT SUSAN SCORNFULLY. HE STARTS TO COME BACK WHEN...  
ENTER LESLIE DRESSED LIKE THE STAR SHE IS. SEES SUSAN AND JUST GOES*

*NUTS.*

LESLIE

Susie? Oh, look at you! Give us a smooch!

SUSAN

Hey, Leslie! We were just talking about you. Wow, you look...great! I didn't think you'd be here.

LESLIE

Oh, honey. I wouldn't miss this for the world. I was in my house in the Hamptons, but as soon as I heard about poor Bobby, I called my jet pilot and said, "Get me down there ASAP. My friends need me."

SUSAN

That was so nice of you.

TONY

Yeah, Leslie. Thought you'd be on some...oh what do they call those things with the interviews..press junket?

LESLIE FINALLY NOTICES TONY.

LESLIE

Tony?! Little Tony Hamilton Wow!

*LESLIE GIVES TONY A HUGE HUG. TONY CAN BARELY HOLD ON TO THE CAKE.*

LESLIE

Oh, it is so good to see you two still together.

TONY

(sarcastically, at Susan)

Yeah, just barely.

*ENTER THE PAPARAZZI.*

*PHOTOGRAPHERS BEGIN TAKING PICTURES OF LESLIE, SUSAN AND TONY.*

PHOTOGRAPHER

The light's better over here Miss Blake. Okay, now look happy to see your old friends.

TONY

But we're going to a funeral.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh, even better. Make a sad face, everybody. Leslie, honey, a little poutier. Yeah, that's good.

*PHOTOGRAPHER KEEPS SNAPPING PICTURES AS SUSAN AND LESLIE TALK. TONY GRAVITATES BACK TO THE CAKE BOX. HE OPENS IT AND STARTS NIBBLING AT THE CAKE AGAIN.*

LESLIE

Have you seen Janet yet?

SUSAN

No, we just got here.

LESLIE

I just can't believe her hopes and dreams were wiped out right in the prime of life. So sad. (changing moods too quickly) Cute shoes.

SUSAN

Thanks. They're really comfortable, too.

*TONY LOOKS UP AT SUSAN'S COMMENT AND DOESN'T REALLY BELIEVE WHAT HE'S HEARING. LESLIE AND SUSAN WALK OFF TONY REMAINS BEHIND NIBBLING AT THE CAKE AND TOTALLY UNAFFECTED THAT THE LADIES IGNORE HIM. PHOTOGRAPHER(S) FOLLOW.*

*TONY LOOKS AROUND TO FIND A PLACE TO WIPE HIS HANDS. HE LICKS THEM FIRST AND THEN WIPES THEM ON HIS PANTS.*

*TONY HEARS IN THE DISTANCE AN OFFSTAGE VOICE. HE FREEZES*

**FLASHBACK A**

TONY'S MOM (O.S.)

Tony. Tony. Wash your hands, dear. It's almost time for supper.

*LIGHTS UP ON TREE HOUSE WHERE BOY TONY, BOY BOBBY ARE SITTING THERE.*

BOY TONY

But Mom! We were just about to start the ceremony.

TONY'S MOM (O.S.)

Okay, but make it a short ceremony. Okay, hun?

BOY TONY

Okay!

BOY BOBBY

Boy, Tony your Mom's pretty big on hand washin', isn't she?

BOY TONY

Yeah. She's got a thing about germs.

*ENTER BOY JOHN INTO THE TREE HOUSE.*

BOY JOHN

Sorry, I'm late, guys.