

A NEW MUSICAL PLAY

OUT OF MY MIND

MUSIC, LYRICS, AND BOOK

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CHARACTERS:

BEE BERNHARDT, a 55 year old woman

FRED LOESSER, a 58 year old man

BO BERNHARDT, a 17 year old girl, daughter of BEE

POLICEMAN, a 30 year old man

SEYMOUR BERNHARDT, a 45 year old man, BEE's deceased husband and father of BO

SOPHIA, a 17 year old girl

JUDE BERNHARDT, a 35 year old woman, stepdaughter of SEYMOUR.

RUTH BERNHARDT, fraternal twin sister of JUDE

SETTING:

A middle class condo in Fairfax, California at the present time. The stage revolves, alternating between: a living/dining room with a rocking chair and couch, BEE and FRED's bedroom, and BO's bedroom, which is decorated with posters of outer space. At the beginning of each scene, a projector projects information about the current day and time onto a screen on the top center stage.

ACT ONE:

SCENE 1	Track 1 - <i>MOVE OVER PEOPLE (REPRISE)</i>	BEE
SCENE 2	Track 2 - <i>IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR</i>	BEE
SCENE 3	Track 3 - <i>MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND</i>	BO
SCENE 5	Track 4 - <i>I GOTTA</i>	BEE
SCENE 6	Track 5 - <i>PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS</i>	FRED
SCENE 7	Track 6 - <i>SOMETHING WONDERFUL</i>	SOPHIA
SCENE 8	Track 7 - <i>MOVE OVER, PEOPLE</i>	BEE
SCENE 9	Track 8 - <i>I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU</i>	BEE
SCENE 10	Track 9 - <i>COME AND DANCE WITH ME</i>	BO
SCENE 13	Track 10 - <i>MOVE OVER PEOPLE (REPRISE)</i>	BEE

ACT TWO:

SCENE 1	Track 11 - <i>THE UNWALKED PATH</i>	BEE
SCENE 3	Track 12 - <i>IN THE DARKNESS</i>	BEE
	Track 13 - <i>LOVE LOVIN' YOU</i>	BEE AND
SEYMOUR		
SCENE 4	Track 14 - <i>THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET</i>	BEE AND
BO		
SCENE 5	Track 15 - <i>BROKEN PRAYER</i>	FRED
SCENE 6	Track 16 - <i>WHO'S GONNA PLUCK MY CHIN HAIRS</i>	BEE
SCENE 7	Track 17 - <i>LA LA LA LA</i>	SOPHIA
SCENE 8	Track 18 - <i>LOVE GOES ON FOREVER</i>	SEYMOUR
SCENE 9	Track 19 - <i>HELL OF A PAIR</i>	BO AND
BEE		
SCENE 10	Track 20 - <i>SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART</i>	BO AND
BEE		
	Track 21 - <i>DEATH, YOU OLE BOOGIE-MAN</i>	BEE

ACT ONE

Scene 1:

(Early morning. BEE, a 55 year old, pretty, hippy-ish woman, paces around the living room making wild gestures, and sings Track 1- MOVE OVER PEOPLE! (REPRISE). BEE's daughter, BO, a 17 year old, boyish, attractive, teenage girl with very short hair, dressed in her pajamas, and BEE's boyfriend, FRED, a 58 year old bedraggled man, also in his pajamas, look on with concern.)

I COULD RUN MARATHONS THREE TIMES A WEEK
CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN TO THE HIGHEST PEAK
ZOOMBA AND RUMBA MY FEET GALORE
THEN WHISTLE, YODLE, CROW AND CROON
AND STILL I'LL SING SOME MORE

I'M NOW CONNECTED TO ALL FORMS OF LIFE
NO LONGER BOTHERED BY EVERYDAY STRIFE
DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF YOU THINK IT'S ODD
BECAUSE I KNOW WITHOUT A DOUBT
THAT I'M SOME SORT OF GOD

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, I SAID IT'S MY DAY
WHERE'S THAT DAMN CARPET? GET OUT OF MY WAY!
IT IS QUITE MYTHIC TO HAVE SUCH A FATE
I SHOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY BECAUSE I AM SO GREAT

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, I'VE ALREADY COME!
GET ME MORE TRUMPETS, A MUCH LARGER DRUM
CAN YOU BELIEVE WHO I'VE TURNED OUT TO BE
BECAUSE I AM A BETTER VERSION OF THE FORMER ME

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, AT LAST IT'S MY DAY
GET ON YOUR KNEES, IT'S OKAY IF YOU PRAY
I AM YOUR SAVIOR AND THIS IS YOUR FATE
I MUST BE MORE THAN HUMAN OR I COULDN'T BE THIS GREAT

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, MAKE HASTE I HAVE COME!
SMASH ALL THOSE CYMBALS, START KILLING THAT DRUM!
I AM NOW FULLY EVOLVED AS CAN BE!
I AM YOUR NEW MESSIAH
AND YOU MUST BOW DOWN TO ME!

(BEE completes the song with satisfaction, pauses for a moment, and then rushes to the window. BO shrieks and FRED runs to restrain BEE from jumping.)

BO:

Mom! Stop it! Please! What are you doing!

FRED:

Bee, what the hell do you think you're doing?

BEE:

I just want you to see I can fly!

BO: *(rushing to help FRED restrain BEE)*

Mom, you don't realize it but you're not thinking straight!

BEE:

Let go of me! I have a right to be free! To be me! Can't you see!

BO:

She's gonna kill herself! I don't know what to do!

FRED:

Bo, I've got her. Go call 911.

(BO runs to the landline and starts dialing.)

BO:

Hello, officer. This is Bo Bernhardt. Please help! It's my mom! She's trying to jump out the window! She's gone absolutely crazy! *(crying)*
Yes! 91 Ace, off of Sir Francis Drake, Fairfax. Please send someone...
now! I'm scared!

BEE:

Let go of me, Fred! You don't understand. I can fly in the sky, way up high, don't know why!

FRED:

Christ! I can't hold her much longer!

BO:

Mom! Would you please come away from there. I called the police, there's a car nearby and an officer is already on his way, everything's going to be okay.

BEE: *(turning to look at BO)*

The police? How could you! I'm your mother. I'm not a criminal!

BO: *(exasperated)*

You're not acting like my mother. I don't know who you are anymore!

(There is a loud knock at the door. BO quickly opens it and a COP enters, assesses the situation, and goes over to help FRED get BEE away from the window.)

BEE:

What are you doing? I've got my rights!

COP:

It's okay, lady. I'm just going to take you to Marin General. You can explain it all to the doctor.

BEE:

I'm not going to any hospital! Let go of me!

(BEE yanks herself away from the COP and FRED and bumps into the table holding the container of ashes of her deceased husband, SEYMOUR, knocking it to the ground. The container breaks and the ashes and sharp shards of clay are dispersed all over the floor.)

Oh, no! What have I done! Not my Seymour!

(BEE falls on her knees, desperately attempting to scoop up the ashes, cutting her hands on the container fragments in the process. She screams out in pain.)

Arghh!

(BO rushes over to her mother in an attempt to help.)

BO:

Mom! No! Don't! You'll cut yourself!

(The COP puts a straight jacket on BEE and starts dragging her out of the house. BEE struggles.)

BEE:

Seymour! Bo! Help me!

(Lights dim.)

Scene 2:

(Late evening, three weeks earlier. BEE walks into the bedroom. FRED is deeply engrossed looking at his laptop computer. Suddenly he notices her, gets flustered, and shuts the computer down abruptly.)

BEE:

What was that, Fred? Were you hiding something from me?

FRED: *(defensive)*

Isn't there any privacy around here?

BEE: *(looking suspicious)*

Whatever.

FRED: *(still trying to cover up)*

Look, I'm just reading the goddamn news. But why do I bother? The only things that ever change in the newspapers are the countries and dates; it's the same drab stories every day.

BEE: *(nonchalantly)*

Yes, Fred.

FRED: *(less self-conscious, starting to complain honestly)*

Crap! The last thing I feel like doing is going to work tomorrow. I don't give a damn who the hell is being sued this week.

BEE:

Yes, Fred.

FRED: *(mumbling)*

I never should have gone into law. It bores the hell out of me.

BEE: *(picking up a magazine and starting to flip through the*

pages)

Yes, Fred.

FRED:

I should have gone into business. I could have made a ton of money by now.

BEE:

Yes, Fred.

FRED:

Will you stop "yes Fredding" me!

BEE:

Yes, Fred.

FRED: *(aggravated by her indifference)*

Bee! You're not listening to a word I'm saying!

(BEE puts down her magazine, looks at FRED, and sighs at him with a combination of resignation and guilt.)

BEE:

Okay, Fred. I am listening. It's just that I know this conversation by heart. We have it every evening and it's always the same, dear.

FRED:

Oh, come on! Why don't you pay attention to me any more?

BEE: *(pauses)*

Well, Fred, the truth is, I do feel a little bored.

FRED: *(more agitated)*

Frankly, Bee, I doubt there's a thing I could do that would elicit any kind of response from you at this point.

BEE: *(thoughtfully)*

I think you're right; I guess I don't have much energy for us these days.

FRED:

Look, we've been living under the same roof for a decade and I can't remember the last time we had sex. We hardly even touch each other for Christ's sake! What are we still doing together! *(gets up and starts pacing)*

BEE: *(seemingly unaffected)*

I'd be more interested in having sex if it seemed like it was about me and not some secret fantasy of yours. I don't know. Maybe it's this splitting headache I've been having. *(laughs)* And that God-awful new after shave lotion you insist on wearing doesn't help. Frankly I'd prefer your body odor.

FRED:

Yeah, right, and what was last week's excuse and the week before that? You know, except for the fact that the two of us are still grieving our ex-spouses, we don't have a damn thing in common. Things weren't always perfect with Rachel, but at least she made me feel like a man. Oh, screw it! I'm out of here!

(FRED throws on a coat gruffly, and walks to the door.)

BEE: *(sighing indifferently)*

Where are you going? It's late.

FRED:

Perry's bar for a few stiff drinks.

BEE:

What's wrong with the Jim Beam here?

FRED:

It doesn't come with the women.

(FRED exits with a huff. BEE sighs heavily, picks up her magazine again, glances at it, throws it down, and sings Track 2 - IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR.)

WHEN FRED TRIES TO TOUCH OR KISS
WHAT I FEEL IS NUMB INSIDE
SO I LIE THERE JUST PRETENDING
WISHING SEYMOUR HADN'T DIED

AND I SUFFER FROM ENNUI
AND THE PUBLIC WOULD AGREE
I WAS NEVER THE GREAT ACTRESS
THAT I TRIED SO HARD TO BE

I'VE GOT THIS BOYFRIEND
WHO CALLS HIMSELF FRED
GOD, HE IS BORING WHEN HE IS IN BED
AND YET THE TRUTH IS I DON'T REALLY CARE
BECAUSE MY ENERGY WAS NEVER THERE
IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR

YET I REALLY SHOULD BE GLAD
'CAUSE MY DAUGHTER, BO, LIVES HERE
THOUGH I WORRY SHE'LL BE LEAVING
FOR NEW YORK THIS COMING YEAR

THEN I FEAR THAT I'LL BE SAD
FACING OLD AGE JUST WITH ME
WHAT A MISERABLE EXISTENCE
HOW ALONE CAN SOMEONE BE?

I'VE GOT THIS BOYFRIEND
WHO CALLS HIMSELF FRED
GOD, HE IS BORING WHEN HE IS IN BED

AND YET THE TRUTH IS I DON'T REALLY CARE
BECAUSE MY ENERGY WAS NEVER THERE
IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR

SEYMOUR WAS SO CLOSE TO ME
HE'D SEE MORE IN MY HEAD
SO I KNOW HE UNDERSTANDS
ALTHOUGH HE IS QUITE DEAD
WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID
I WISH THAT HE WERE HERE INSTEAD

SO I SIT AROUND AND DREAM
AND WATCH SITCOMS ON TV
EAT MY AMY'S FROZEN DINNERS
DRINK MARTINIS, TWO OR THREE

THEN I LIE DOWN ON MY COUCH
DRY MY EYES SO I CAN SEE
AND I LOOK AT SEYMOUR'S ASHES
IN THE URN THAT'S NEXT TO ME

I'VE GOT THIS BOYFRIEND
WHO CALLS HIMSELF FRED
GOD, HE IS BORING WHEN HE IS IN BED
AND YET THE TRUTH IS I DON'T REALLY CARE
BECAUSE MY ENERGY WAS NEVER THERE

AND YET THE TRUTH IS I DON'T REALLY CARE
BECAUSE MY ENERGY WAS NEVER THERE
IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR
IT AIN'T A LOVE AFFAIR

BEE: *(still indifferently)*

Well, here I am again, all by myself. Just another boring day in the life of Bee Bernhardt. Goodnight, Bee.

(Lights dim.)

Scene 3:

(BO's room, the next afternoon. BO is primping herself in the mirror, attempting to look more attractive in her jeans and sweatshirt.)

BO:

I wish I looked better. Will I ever look pretty enough for her? Sophia!... Sophia!... Sophia! The most beautiful name in the English language. I think I adore you. *(sighs wistfully)* But I've got to get back to writing my screenplay for film class or else! Let's see.

(BO sits down at her desk, picks up her notebook and pen and starts reading and writing.)

Arreon Zartack was feeling how alone he was in this world. So different from other humans. If only he were visited by aliens, his life might begin to make sense. There had to be something more meaningful than his prosaic existence here on earth.

(BO returns to the mirror and stares at herself.)

Oh, God, what if Sophia thinks I'm too masculine or what if I'm not masculine enough? And maybe I'm not fun enough or sexy enough or cool enough! *(goes back to her script)* Where was I? Maybe Arreon would be visited by the Greys. They are the friendly race from a planet not unlike our own. Suddenly he finds himself a specimen on their spaceship. But it would be alright, because there's one female Grey who's reassuring and gentle, even as she comes towards him with the sharp iron probes.

(BO puts down her pen and goes back to the mirror and primps herself.)

"My name's Sophia," she tells him telepathically and instantly he falls in love with her. "You were never truly human," she explains as she pulls him towards her. "You've always been one of us and we have finally come to rescue you and bring you home." *(BO begins to look more encouraged)* And maybe Sophia will rescue me, too. *(frowning)* Or maybe I'm just the strangest person on the planet and no one will ever love me except my mother! I wish my dad were here. I wonder if he'd think I'm weird. Oh, Dad, I know you never got to know me very well. I wonder how you'd feel about me if you knew I liked girls. I can't help it; it's just who I am. I'd like to think you'd like Sophia, too.

(BO holds up a stuffed animal.)

Sophia, this is my dad, Seymour Bernhardt. *(She holds up another stuffed animal.)* Dad, this is my... friend, Sophia. *(looks at the animal with curiosity)* So what do you think of her?

(BO gives the SOPHIA stuffed animal a passionate kiss, then sighs and then tosses both toys on the bed.)

How am I gonna wait another 24 hours to see her again!

(Suddenly BEE knocks on the door and startles BO out of her reverie.)

BEE:

Honey, are you ever going to come out of your room? I miss you.

BO:

Mom, I'm doing my homework. I'm busy.

BEE:

But you're always busy.

BO: *(shouts)*

Five more minutes!

BEE: *(opens the door)*

I'm lonely. Can't we spend some time together?

BO: *(quickly tries to hide her stuffed animals)*

Not now. I said I was busy.

BEE: *(feeling hurt)*

It seems like you're always too busy to be with me.

BO:

I'll come out and hang with you as soon as I'm done with my homework.

BEE:

All right, honey. Our favorite show is on a 7.

(BEE leaves and shuts the door.)

BO: *(mumbling to herself)*

What am I going to do with that woman!

(BO sings Track 3 - MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND.)

SHE MAKES KRAFT MACARONI AND CHEESE
AND SINGS LULLABIES NO ONE ELSE KNOWS
SHE'S SO FUN TO SHARE JOKES WITH AND TEASE
AND MY WHOLE LIFE SHE'S LAUNDERED MY CLOTHES

SHE'S GOT THE BANDAIDS WHEN I CUT MY KNEE
SHE LIKES THE SAME SILLY SHOWS ON TV
SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR ME
MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND

THOUGH IT'S TRUE SHE CAN DRIVE ME INSANE
SHE'S THE ONE THAT I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT
THOUGH QUITE OFTEN SHE CAN BE A PAIN
SHE'S THE ONE THAT I'M CRAZY ABOUT

SHE CUT THE CRUST OFF MY PB AND J'S
SANG ME THE SONGS FROM HER OFF-BROADWAY PLAYS
BOUGHT ME REAL CHICKIES ON EASTER SUNDAYS
MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND

WHAT WILL I DO IF NEW YORK IS TOO COLD?
WILL I DO HOMEWORK IF SHE DOESN'T SCOLD?
PICK MYSELF UP WITHOUT BEING CONSOLED?
MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND

PLEASE, MAMA, HELP ME OUT
WHAT SHOULD I DO?
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CAN'T TURN TO YOU

NOW I HAVE ALL OF THESE THOUGHTS OF MY OWN
CAN SHE STAND IT IF I DISAGREE?
I REFUSE TO BE SOMEBODY'S CLONE
BUT I'M LONELY WITH JUST BEING ME

WILL SHE SURVIVE IF I DO MOVE AWAY?
WILL IT HARM ME IF I LEAVE OR I STAY?
WHICH ONE OF US COUDN'T MAKE IT ONE DAY?
MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND

HOW WILL I GROW UP AND JUST BE WITH ME?
HOW WILL I EVER FEEL SEPARATE AND FREE?
HOW COMPLICATED MUST ALL OF THIS BE?
MY MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND
MY MAMA'S MY FABULOUS, DID I SAY MARVELOUS?
MAMA'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND

(Lights dim.)

Scene 4:

(Same evening. BEE is seated on the couch in the living room, reading a book. BO enters from her bedroom and hugs her mother from behind.)

BO:

What's that awful smell? Did somebody kill a skunk?

BEE:

It's just Fred's new aftershave lotion.

BO:

Oh, yuck! *(giggles)*

BEE:

You seem to be in a better mood, young lady. How are you, honey?

BO:

Fine.

BEE:

What's cooking?

BO:

Nothing.

BEE:

Fine and nothing. Don't you adolescents have any other words in your vocabulary? I'm gonna have to buy you a thesaurus. Come on, indulge me!

BO:

Well...

BEE:

Come on. What?

BO:

Fine. If you must know, I've got this crush on a new girl at school, Sophia.

BEE:

Really? What's she like?

BO:

Oh, my God! She's brilliant, mysterious, graceful, and totally beautiful. Actually I don't know that much about her. She's very introverted. She

just moved here from San Francisco. She sits next to me in American History class.

(BO sighs, sits down on the couch next to her mother and starts chewing some bubble gum.)

BEE:

She sounds intriguing.

BO: *(blows a bubble which pops)*

Yeah, but I don't think I have a chance in hell with her.

BEE:

Why not, honey?

BO:

I think she's out of my league.

BEE:

What do you mean?

BO:

I guess I just don't feel very good about myself.

BEE:

But why, honey?

BO: *(looking uncomfortable)*

Sophia seems so put together and I'm so clumsy.

BEE:

I think you're being too hard on yourself.

BO:

Well, I don't even know if she's gay. But I invited her over to do homework this week and found out it's her birthday, so I want to make it special. Please don't say anything to embarrass me when she's here. Promise?

BEE: *(laughing)*

Am I really that bad?

BO: *(sarcastic)*

A monster! *(becoming serious)* But really though, it kind of seems like you're not very interested in your own life, so you tend to get overly involved in mine.

BEE: *(slaps herself jokingly)*

Bad mother!

BO:

No, I know you mean well, but...

BEE:

It's just that I love you so much and want to make sure you're okay.

BO:

I'm okay! I'm okay!

(BO gets up and moves towards her room.)

BEE:

Sweetheart, do you have to rush off? I thought we were going to watch that show together.

BO:

Mom, we live together. Isn't that enough?

BEE:

Can I help you with your English homework?

BO:

I need some space, woman!

BEE:

You're right! I'm not that interested in my life. I miss the way it was in the old days when it was you, me, and your father. God, we had a ball. *(chuckles)* You weren't even eight; you probably don't remember when your dad and I were at the height of our careers in that kooky Off-Broadway play, Crazy Fruitcakes? *(laughs nostalgically)* We played these two lunatics in an insane asylum. Can you imagine? I played a suicidal borderline and he played an obsessive compulsive hermaphrodite who fell madly in love with each other. *(laughs)*

BO: *(moves back over to her mother and squeezes her shoulder affectionately)*

Of course I remember. I grew up with you both singing and dancing all the songs. Hey, how come you never did any acting after that? You have so much talent.

BEE:

Well, your father got sick and I had to take care of him and you. Then he died and I just couldn't get on a stage anymore. Guess I was

superstitious, like if I continued to act, more bad things would happen. What a crime that they had to give our roles to Barbara Cook and John Raitt when it finally landed on Broadway. They were great but we would have been sensational. Anyhow, that's why I ended up teaching drama at Drake High School part-time.

BO:

That's really sad, Mom. Just think of who you could have been if you hadn't given it all up. *(pause)* Well, got to go! *(moves away from the couch)*

BEE:

But, honey, the show's about to start.

BO: *(rushing to her room)*

I've got stuff to do: girls to pursue, films to create!

BEE:

Don't slam the door!

(BO slams the door.)

BEE: *(still indifferent but with a tinge of sadness)*

It's true. Just think of who I could have been if I hadn't given it all up.

(Lights dim.)

Scene 5:

(The living room the next morning. BEE has awakened feeling energized and is doing jumping jacks and other exercises.)

BEE:

Wow, I feel great! I haven't had this much energy in years. I didn't even need to sleep much last night.

(BEE starts tap dancing around the room and humming the tune of One from Chorus Line.)

Hey, look at the old gal now!

(BEE collapses on the couch, laughing hysterically.)

I didn't realize I still remembered those dance steps from Chorus Line, East Hampton, summer stock! Maybe I could even go back on the stage! I know! I should audition for the Mountain Play this year. I'd make a great Roslyn Russell in Gypsy! Jesus! Hey, where's that keyboard of mine? I feel like writing a song!

(BEE rushes to her closet and pulls out the keyboard.)

Here it is! Let's see. *(saying the first line from the song, I GOTTA.)* I gotta be an actress in a major Broadway show. Yes, that's it!

(BEE sings Track 4 - I GOTTA.)

I GOTTA BE A SUPERSTAR
LIKE MARILYN MONROE
I GOTTA EAT AT SARDIE'S
LIKE THE PEOPLE IN THE KNOW
I GOTTA HAVE CHAMPAGNE AND CAKE
WHERE FAMOUS PEOPLE GO

I GOTTA BELT LIKE MERMEN
BUT HAVE JULIE ANDREW'S SMILE
I GOTTA FEEL RISQUE LIKE GA-GA
BUT WITH BETTER STYLE
I GOTTA SING OVER THE RAINBOW
JUST LIKE JUDY WOULD
I WISH I'D MADE LOVE TO PAUL NEWMAN
JUST LIKE JOANNE COULD

OPEN YOUR GATE, BROADWAY
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, BROADWAY

I HEAR THE CROWD ROAR
AND NOW AT LAST IT'S MY TIME TO SOAR!
TODAY'S MY DAY, BROADWAY
I'M HERE TO STAY, BROADWAY
NO MORE WILL I ROAM
'CAUSE BROADWAY, BABY, I'M COMING HOME!

(BO and FRED enter and listen, looking amazed as BEE continues.)

I GOTTA RIDE A ROLLS ROYCE
HAVE THE GLITTER AND THE GLITZ
I GOTTA SCHMOOZE AT PARTIES
HAVE A PENTHOUSE AT THE RITZ
I GOTTA SEE MY NAME IN LIGHTS
AND TAKE MY CURTAIN BOW
I GOTTA WEAR CHRISTIAN DIOR
AND BE "THE CAT'S MEOUX"

I GOTTA DANCE LIKE GINGER ROGERS
TAPPING WITH ASTAIRE
I GOTTA STAR WITH MICHAEL DOUGLAS
THEN HAVE AN AFFAIR
I GOTTA LIVE A MUSICAL
ESCAPE INTO THAT DREAM
THEN BERLIN, SONDHEIM, ROGERS, HART
I'VE GOTTA JOIN YOUR TEAM!

OPEN YOUR GATE, BROADWAY
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, BROADWAY
I HEAR THE CROWD ROAR
AND NOW AT LAST IT'S MY TIME TO SOAR!
TODAY'S MY DAY, BROADWAY
I'M HERE TO STAY, BROADWAY
NO MORE WILL I ROAM
'CAUSE BROADWAY, BABY, I'M COMING HOME!

IF I WERE WISHING ON A STAR AND GRANTED JUST ONE DREAM
I'D LOOK OUT AT MY AUDIENCE AND SEE THEIR EYES AGLEAM
I CAN HEAR THE PEOPLE CLAPPING AND THE CRITICS SAY
"CONGRATULATIONS! YOU DESERVE
THREE TONIES FOR YOUR PLAY!"

OPEN YOUR GATE, BROADWAY
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, BROADWAY
I HEAR THE CROWD ROAR
AND NOW AT LAST IT'S MY TIME TO SOAR!

TODAY'S MY DAY, BROADWAY
I'M HERE TO STAY, BROADWAY
NO MORE WILL I ROAM
'CAUSE BROADWAY, BABY, I'M COMING HOME!

OPEN YOUR GATE, BROADWAY
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, BROADWAY
I HEAR THE CROWD ROAR
AND NOW AT LAST IT'S MY TIME TO SOAR!
TODAY'S MY DAY, BROADWAY
I'M HERE TO STAY, BROADWAY
NO MORE WILL I ROAM
'CAUSE BROADWAY, BABY, I'M COMING HOME!

BO:

Mom, you sound amazing! Where's that song from? I never heard it before.

BEE: *(laughs hysterically)*

Of course not. I just wrote it, darling!

BO:

You what!

FRED:

But, Bee, you can't write music! Where did you learn how to do that?

BEE:

I don't know; it's just coming to me! I feel this incredible burst of energy all of a sudden and my fingers seem to know where to go on the keyboard!

BO:

But, Mom, you hardly even know how to play more than a few chords.

BEE:

I'm just sounding it out. It's as if my ego got out of the way and I channeled something from the muses. You know, I think I could do a lot of things today! I just woke up feeling twenty years younger!

FRED:

That's fine, but don't overdo it. Remember your sciatica.

BEE:

What sciatica! I'm too young today for back problems, though I do have this bad headache. But, what the hell, just watch this!

(She jumps up, grabs BO, and starts tap dancing to the music of I GOTTA.)

BEE: *(speaking more and more rapidly)*

Hey, I've got a great idea. I've always loved musicals. What if I wrote some more songs and a play to go with them. It can't be that hard; after all I was an English major at Mills. Hell, maybe I could star in it myself and even win a Tony or two! Then you could write the movie version, Bo, and win an Oscar. Then...

BO: *(moving away from her)*

Mom, you're beginning to scare me! Slow down!

BEE: *(continues dancing by herself)*

I'm just feeling good! You know, I think I might actually enroll in the Theatre department at College of Marin and refresh my acting technique. You don't mind if we're both going to college at the same time. Do you, honey?

BO: *(impatient)*

I guess not.

BEE: *(interrupts)*

I really want to write another song while I'm feeling this creative burst.

(BEE grabs a pencil and some music paper and starts jotting down notes furiously.)

FRED:

Why don't you take a break, Bee.

BEE:

Later, when I have more time.

(BEE continues to work feverishly. FRED and BO look at each other perplexed, shrug, and exit. Lights dim.)

Scene 6:

(The following evening. FRED enters from outside, throws down his briefcase, makes himself a stiff drink, and slumps down on the couch. BEE is immersed with cleaning the living room. FRED sits there observing her cautiously.)

FRED:

You were acting kind of weird yesterday. Are you feeling any better?

BEE:

I don't know what you're talking about, I feel just fine.

FRED:

Really, you don't know what I'm talking about? You were running around like a wild maniac for hours.

BEE:

Oh come on, I was just having a good day. Is that not allowed around here?

FRED:

Whatever.

BEE:

I wish I had some of that energy today. I'm feeling a little exhausted to be honest. Anyway, how did your day go?

FRED: *(turning his attention back to himself)*

Another rough day in court. The plaintiffs won three times in a row. I feel exhausted, too.

BEE: *(in an irritated manner)*

Three strikes and you're out, Fred: burned out. Maybe you should go into another branch of law where you wouldn't get so frustrated.

FRED:

There is no such branch. They're all the same.

BEE:

How about something with more social purpose like helping immigrants?

FRED:

Why would I do something even more worthless like helping people who don't deserve to be in this country in the first place?

BEE: *(stops what she's doing and looks up confused)*

Wow! You don't believe that immigrants deserve to be in our country? I didn't realize you felt that way. Have your views changed recently or did I just not know that about you?

FRED:

Guess it's just one more thing you haven't paid attention to about me.

BEE: *(resumes cleaning)*

Well, I have noticed you've been drinking a lot more lately. Maybe you should put the cork back in the bottle.

FRED:

Mind your own business. Christ, I miss Rachel.

BEE: *(picks up the urn and holds it to her heart)*

Yeah, and I miss Seymour, but drinking isn't going to bring either one of them back.

FRED:

Remember when we first met at that grief support group at Marin General Hospital? We had such a great connection. It was like we were the only two people on the planet who understood what the other was going through. You really acted like you cared for me back then.

BEE: *(contemplating)*

I thought I did. *(pause)* Of course I care about you.

FRED:

Bee, what do you want from me?

BEE:

Maybe we both want to believe we have a partner because we're too afraid to be alone. And I know I want Bo to have a father figure.

FRED:

She has no interest in me, either. I could never be Seymour for either one of you.

BEE:

I guess grief wasn't the best grounds for an intimate relationship. I don't know; maybe you should find a mistress. I could still be your girlfriend.

(BEE notices lipstick on FRED's collar.)

What do you know. And here she is now! Lipstick on your collar. Bright pink, Fred? How young is she? Oh, well, good for you.

FRED:

Seriously, Bee? You don't even care about this?

BEE: *(sarcastic)*

Don't forget to take the garbage out tonight when you return from your next rendezvous.

(BEE exits.)

FRED: *(to himself)*

Well, Vanessa was 25. *(looks out the window)* But it's true, I'd rather be with someone much younger, like that darling little girl skipping in the park over there. That's what I've really longed for all my life and never had. The internet was good enough for a while but it's starting to bore the hell out of me. And lately Bee and Bo have walked in on me too many times. Bee's not at all interested in meeting my sexual needs. It's just getting harder and harder to resist.

(FRED sings Track 5 - PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS.)

WATCH YOU SKIPPING IN THE PARK
TELL YOU STORIES IN THE DARK
LITTLE LOVE BITES LEAVE YOU WITH MY MARK
JUST A SQUEEZE, A LITTLE TEASE
MAD ALLURE THAT NO ONE SEES
HIDE AND SEEK IS LOVELY IN THE TREES

FRECKLES ON YOUR LITTLE CHEEK
HAPPY GIGGLES WHEN YOU SPEAK
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW THE BIRDS AND BEES

PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS
SOMERSAULTS AND TWIRLS
PLAY HORSY ON MY LAP
CARESSES WHILE YOU NAP
PERFECT BUNS SO RIPE FOR ME TO SLAP!

TIC TAC TOE PLAYED ON YOUR SKIN
IF IT'S MY TURN AND I WIN
THERE ARE SECRET PLACES I FIT IN
MAKE BELIEVING TO CONFUSE
WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN, IF YOU LOSE
THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT YOU CAN'T REFUSE

ALL THESE YEARS I'VE TRIED TO HIDE

ALL THAT EVIL LUST INSIDE
WHAT IF JUST ONE TIME I DO ABUSE?

PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS
PETTY COATS AND CURLS
LOVE HOW YOU TASTE AND SMELL
ICE CREAM IF YOU WON'T TELL
NOW AT LAST YOU'RE UNDERNEATH MY SPELL

PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS
LACEY PANTS AND PEARLS
TAKE YOU TO MY MOTEL
NO PRESENTS IF YOU YELL
ALL THIS BLISS IS WORTH SOME TIME IN HELL
ALL THIS BLISS IS WORTH SOME TIME IN HELL

(Lights dim.)

Scene 7:

(BO's bedroom the same day. BO and SOPHIA are doing homework and eating birthday cupcakes. SOPHIA is a gorgeous, blond, very young-looking 17 year old. BO keeps staring off into space.)

SOPHIA: *(noticing BO's distraction)*

Where are you, Bo? You seem really preoccupied. Is there something wrong?

BO:

I'm sorry, Sophia. I've been looking forward to this so much. I'm just worried about my mom. She's was acting really weird yesterday.

SOPHIA:

What do you mean she was acting weird? What was she doing?

BO:

It's like she wasn't herself. *(gathering herself together)* But you know what, I'd rather not talk about that right now. I'd really rather focus on your birthday.

SOPHIA: *(concerned for BO but letting go of the subject)*

Okay, so when do I get to wish on my birthday cupcake?

BO: *(somewhat relieved)*

Now. *(lights the candle)* Blow and don't forget to make your wish.

(SOPHIA blows out the candle, laughing with delight.)

SOPHIA:

There. I wished I didn't have to do all this horrible homework.

BO:

That's no wish, silly. It's not every day a girl turns seventeen. Here, I'll make one for you.

(BO lights the candle on her own cupcake while SOPHIA watches with interest. BO looks up at SOPHIA and blows out the candle.)

SOPHIA: *(flirtatious)*

So what did you wish for me?

BO:

I can't tell or it won't come true.

SOPHIA: *(coy)*

Please...

BO:

Okay... I wished that you'd find the love of your life.

SOPHIA: *(shocked)*

You what!

BO: *(sighs)*

I just think you're so wonderful, you deserve all the love in the world.

SOPHIA:

Why are you even thinking about this?

BO: *(hesitates)*

Well, actually, there is something I haven't shared with you. I don't even know if you realize I'm gay. I know you're probably completely straight but I can't help it any longer. I've never liked anyone before you. Really. I... I guess now you won't want to sit next to me in class and I wouldn't blame you, because...

(SOPHIA puts her finger on BO's lips to silence her, then gives her a gentle, lingering kiss. BO is taken aback.)

So you mean it's okay? You're gay, too? You'll be my girlfriend?

SOPHIA: *(laughing)*

You ask too many questions.

(SOPHIA moves closer and kisses BO again. BO starts to kiss her more passionately. SOPHIA gets uncomfortable and moves away.)

Too much!

BO: *(moves back)*

I'm sorry. I got carried away.

SOPHIA: *(flustered)*

It's okay, but I should leave now.

(Lights off the room and spotlight on SOPHIA singing Track 6 - SOMETHING WONDERFUL.)

GLANCING SHYLY AT BO'S SMILE
I FEEL SO SAFE AND WARM

I BET BEING IN HER ARMS
COULD EVEN CALM MY STORM

WHY DON'T I WANT THIS SOMETHING WONDERFUL?
WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE SOMETHING HORRIBLE?
THINGS FEEL UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT

HOW DID I FIND THIS SOMETHING MAGICAL?
HOW COME FOR ME IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLE?
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S FOR REAL AND WHAT TO DOUBT NOW
WHY AM I NEVER FREE? WHY CAN'T I EVER SEE
WHAT THIS UNEASE IS ABOUT

WHEN WE'RE NEAR IT'S LIKE WE'RE LILIES
BASKING IN THE SUN
WINTER BLOSSOMS INTO SPRING
A NEW LIFE HAS BEGUN

WHY DON'T I WANT THIS SOMETHING WONDERFUL?
WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE SOMETHING HORRIBLE?
THINGS FEEL UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT

HOW DID I FIND THIS SOMETHING MAGICAL?
HOW COME FOR ME IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLE?
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S FOR REAL AND WHAT TO DOUBT NOW
WHY AM I NEVER FREE? WHY CAN'T I EVER SEE
WHAT THIS UNEASE IS ABOUT

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA!

WHY DON'T I WANT THIS SOMETHING WONDERFUL?
WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE SOMETHING HORRIBLE?
THINGS FEEL UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT

HOW DID I FIND THIS SOMETHING MAGICAL?
HOW COME FOR ME IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLE?
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S FOR REAL AND WHAT TO DOUBT NOW
WHY AM I NEVER FREE? WHY CAN'T I EVER SEE
WHAT THIS UNEASE IS ABOUT

SOMETHING WONDERFUL
SOMETHING HORRIBLE
SOMETHING WONDERFUL

(Spotlight off SOPHIA and back on the bedroom. SOPHIA starts hurriedly packing up her books.)

BO: *(confused and concerned)*

But wait! Are we okay?

SOPHIA: *(looks up at BO, sighs, and pretends she's okay)*

Yeah, we're okay. *(caresses the side of BO's cheek with her fingertips)*

Thanks for my birthday surprise. It really means a lot to me. I'll see you in school tomorrow.

(SOPHIA exits BO's room, closing the door behind her. She begins to walk across the living room and runs into an inebriated FRED.)

Oh, hi. I'm Bo's friend. I was just on my way out.

FRED: *(slurring)*

Hello, Bo's friend. Do you have a name?

SOPHIA: *(laughs flirtatiously)*

Of course. Sophia. Are you her dad?

FRED: *(sarcastic)*

No, I'm just the guy who lives under the same damn roof. You can call me Fred.

SOPHIA: *(moving towards FRED)*

Nice meeting you, Fred. *(puts out her hand to shake his)*

FRED:

We hug around here. *(gives her a seductive hug)* Bo doesn't often bring such beautiful friends home. I don't think I've ever heard her mention you before. I'm sure I would have remembered such a sexy name.

SOPHIA: *(oddly disaffected by his coming on to her)*

Maybe that's because I just moved here. I've only been in her school a few weeks.

FRED:

Well, welcome to the neighborhood, gorgeous. Why don't you stay for dinner so I... we can get to know you better.

SOPHIA: *(coy)*

No, I really can't. *(glances back at BO's door)* I've got to get home but thanks for the invitation.

FRED:

Consider it a raincheck.

SOPHIA: *(smiles at him)*

Thanks. *(pause)* I will.

(SOPHIA walks to the door and exits. FRED closes the door behind her and leans against it.)

FRED: *(in a seductive manner)*

So-phi-a... So-phi-a...So-phi-a!

(Lights dim.)

Scene 8:

(The living room the next afternoon. BEE rushes in from outdoors carrying huge bags of clothing and books, and wearing a large, colorful, flamboyant hat.)

BEE:

Bo, darling, come look! I was in San Francisco and bought all these gorgeous outfits and jewelry for you and me from Saks and Neiman Marcus. Then I got lots of music theory books from The Magic Flute. I want to start writing my musical. Have you thought about making that movie with me?

BO: *(enters and looks at the clothes with concern and disappointment)*

Don't tell me you're acting crazy again! Mom, what is all this stuff!

BEE: *(tosses a dress at BO)*

Here, honey. Try this on.

BO: *(hands it back to her mother)*

First of all, you know I don't wear dresses. And more importantly, where did you suddenly get all the money for this? It must have cost a fortune!

BEE: *(speaking rapidly)*

Oh, don't worry about that! I bought 500 lottery tickets. How can we lose! The winning ticket gets 10 million tomorrow, enough to buy a little apartment in Greenwich village, a chalet in Paris, and a trip around the world to celebrate. I have it all figured out. So start packing your bags, doll, "cause you and I are going travelin'!" I'm going to book tickets to Paris, Tuscany, then a cruise around the Greek Islands. Would you like to go to Egypt? I've always wanted to ride a camel to the pyramids and...

BO:

Stop! You're still crazy! Who are you? You look like my mother, but I don't recognize you!

BEE:

Come on, sweetheart, I'm just really feeling alive! Be happy for me! How do you like this outfit I bought for myself?

(BEE takes off her coat, reveals a sexy negligee, and starts dancing seductively around the room.)

BO:

Did you really wear that outdoors! That's outrageous!

BEE:

Don't be so inhibited. You've got to let go more, darling! As the Buddhist's say, live life as if your hair were on fire! You know, I think I really have a chance of making it with my music. I stayed up all night working on a new song, and started writing the script to go with it. It's called Move Over People! Come on, have a front seat. I want to play it for you.

(BEE pushes BO down on the couch. FRED enters.)

Oh, good! Fred, sit down. You can be in my audience, too!

FRED: *(looking startled)*

Oh no, not again. Bee, what's going on with you? One day you're normal and the next you're so hyper.

BEE: *(impatiently)*

Shut up and listen.

(FRED takes his place on the couch with resignation. BEE plays the keyboard and sings Track 7 - MOVE OVER PEOPLE! in a manic manner.)

I FELL ASLEEP FEELING TIRED AND WORN
THIS MORNING I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN REBORN
I'M NOT THE GAL THAT I USED TO BE
SO WHO THE HELL IS TALKING IF IT ISN'T LITTLE ME?

SOMEBODY ELSE TOOK CONTROL OF THE WHEEL
SPEEDING THROUGH LIGHTS WITH ABANDON AND ZEAL
HOW COME I AM SO SUDDENLY FREE?
COULD SOMEBODY HAVE SECRETLY SLIPPED ME SOME LSD?

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, THIS FEELS LIKE MY DAY!
ROLL OUT THE CARPET, 'CAUSE I'M ON MY WAY!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, COULD THIS BE FATE?
I USED TO BE SO INSECURE, TODAY I THINK I'M GREAT!

I FEEL LIKE I AM THE STAR OF A PLAY
SUDDENLY LIFE IS A WILD CABARET!
I DECLARE THIS A NEW HOLIDAY
AND HEAVEN HELP WHATEVER JACKASS
DARES GET IN MY WAY

I'M GONNA GO WRITE MY BIOGRAPHY
WHEN I'M DONE I'LL MASTER PSYCHOLOGY

LATIN AND MICROBIOLOGY
AND THEN I'LL GET A MASTERS AND AN M.D. PHD.

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, PREPARE I HAVE COME!
BLOW ALL YOUR BUGLES, START BEATING THAT DRUM!
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CANNOT BE
BECAUSE I AM THE NEW ASTOUNDING AND ALMIGHTY ME!

GET OUT OF THAT ROCKING CHAIR
GOT TO TRAVEL EVERYWHERE
EGYPT, TURKEY, GREECE, AND ROME

PARASAILING THROUGH THE AIR
LIVE MY WHOLE LIFE ON A DARE
ALL THE EARTH WILL BE MY HOME

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, TODAY IS MY DAY
ROLL OUT THE CARPET, I'M GETTING MY WAY
IT'S QUITE REMARKABLE, IT'S JUST MY FATE
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A HUMAN BEING WHO WAS HALF AS GREAT

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, TAKE PAUSE, HERE I COME!
BLOW ALL THOSE TRUMPETS, START POUNDING THAT DRUM!
I CAN BE ANYTHING I WANT TO BE
BECAUSE I AM THE MOST EVOLVED, EXTRAORDINARY ME

(BEE laughs hysterically. FRED and BO clap uncomfortably and look at each other with concern.)

BEE:

Oh, I think I'd better run out again and go to Barnes and Noble. I forgot those books I wanted on consciousness and cosmology. And maybe I'll stop at Rileystreet's Arts Supply for some oil paint and brushes. Oh, there's so much to do! See you guys later! *(rushes out the door)*

BO: *(turns towards FRED and looks at him seriously)*

Fred, I'm really worried about Mom. What's wrong with her?

FRED: *(exasperated)*

I don't know. It's exhausting being around her.

BO:

What should we do?

FRED:

Oh, nothing. I'm sure this is just some weird phase she's going through.

BO:

I'm not so sure.

FRED:

Oh, not another drama queen. Let it go.

BO: *(feeling scolded)*

Okay, I think I'm going to do some homework. Come get me if she's still like this when she comes back.

FRED:

I've got better things to do like have another drink.

(BO exits, feeling uncomfortable, leaving FRED by himself. FRED watches BO leave, then heads to the door.)

Fuck this! I know where I'd rather be.

(Lights dim.)

Scene 9:

(The same evening. BEE knocks on BO's door.)

BO: *(calls out)*

Yeah?

BEE: *(opens the door)*

Can I talk to you, honey?

BO: *(quickly putting down her cell phone)*

Come on in, Mom. I've actually been really worried about you and wanting to talk.

(BEE enters and sits down on the bed.)

BEE:

I just wanted to catch up on what's happening with your college applications for next year. You never tell me a thing.

BO: *(looking at her mother nervously as if trying to assess her emotional state.)*

Nothing. I haven't sent them out yet. But anyway, Mom, are you doing okay now? That was kind of weird earlier. You've been acting crazy off and on for days.

BEE:

I've just been in a good mood. No big deal. Not like your college applications. Isn't it getting late in the year to apply?

BO:

You're changing the subject. I don't understand why you've been so strange lately.

BEE:

You're changing the subject. Why don't you want to talk to me about college?

BO: *(begrudgingly letting it go, and speaking hesitantly, as if what she intends to say could be upsetting to her mother)*

Okay, fine, we can talk about college. I guess I just still haven't decided where I want to go yet. I know we talked about my applying to schools close by but it's just, I'm still interested in NYU... especially that program I told you about called the Tisch School. It seems like it might be perfect for my interests.

BEE: (*upset*)

Bo, we did talk about this... NYU is 3,000 miles away. Why on earth would you go there when we have such great schools right here. What about Berkeley? You could even commute there from home. Or how about Mills? I had a blast when I went there.

BO:

But it might be a good adventure for me, Mom. I can come home for Christmas and summer vacation and you could come and visit me in between.

BEE:

But what if you were lonely, honey? You know how you were saying you don't feel good about yourself? Wouldn't it be harder if you didn't have me around to give you support? Besides, I'd miss you so much.

BO: (*looking discouraged*)

You're right; I do feel bad about myself and I do need your support. I feel like an alien from outer space.

BEE: (*more at ease and joking around*)

All right, I didn't want to admit this to you before, but the truth is, when I was asleep eighteen years ago, an alien beamed down from Saturn and impregnated me. Your father never knew. It'll be our secret.

BO: (*laughing*)

Yeah, right. But, seriously, I'll think more about the California schools.

BEE:

Good. Well, it's late. Here, let me tuck you into bed. (*tucks her into bed*) Sleep tight, darling. I love you.

(BEE exits BO's bedroom and moves into the living room. She goes over to the container of SEYMOUR's ashes, picks it up, kisses it, and puts it back down. She stands there and laments.)

God, Seymour, I feel lonely and Bo hasn't even gone yet. I know I shouldn't discourage her from separating from me. If only you hadn't left me, maybe I'd be a better mother.

(BEE sings Track 8 - I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU.)

REMEMBER HOW WE PLAYED AND LAUGHED
SO MUCH WHEN WE WERE YOUNG
REMEMBER HOW WE WALTZED TO ALL
THOSE BALLADS THAT WE'D SUNG

WINTERS AND SUMMERS AND SPRINGS HAVE PASSED
I NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU
IF LOVE IS REAL, IT WILL ALWAYS LAST
I KNOW THAT YOU FEEL IT, TOO

REMEMBER HOW WE LIED
PRETENDING THAT YOU WOULDN'T DIE
REMEMBER HOW WE CRIED
WHEN IT WAS TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE

WINTERS AND SUMMERS AND SPRINGS HAVE PASSED
I NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU
IF LOVE IS REAL, IT WILL ALWAYS LAST
I KNOW THAT YOU FEEL IT, TOO

I CRAVE YOUR LIPS, YOUR LING'RING KISS
AND ALL THOSE HUGS I HAD TO MISS
I CRAVE YOUR WINKS, YOUR SEXY STYLE
YOUR BRILLIANT MIND, YOUR CATCHY SMILE

WINTERS AND SUMMERS AND SPRINGS HAVE PASSED
I NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU
IF LOVE IS REAL, IT WILL ALWAYS LAST
I KNOW THAT YOU FEEL IT, TOO
IF LOVE IS REAL, IT WILL ALWAYS LAST
I KNOW THAT YOU FEEL IT, TOO

(Lights dim.)

Scene 10:

(BO's bedroom, early evening a couple weeks later. BO and SOPHIA are kissing and drinking champagne while they talk to each other.)

BO:

Hey, beautiful, here's to us on our three week anniversary!

(They cheer each other with their champagne glasses.)

SOPHIA:

Where did you get the champagne from?

BO:

I snuck it out of my Mom's liquor cabinet. She'll never know because I'll refill the bottle with club soda.

SOPHIA: *(laughs)*

That's hilarious.

BO: *(more pensively)*

God, she's been acting so erratic lately. One minute she's normal and the next minute she's completely manic.

SOPHIA:

I can see why you'd be worried about her.

BO:

Fred thinks I'm overreacting but I don't know.

SOPHIA: *(looking startled and uncomfortable at the mention of FRED's name)*

Do you think maybe she should go to a doctor?

BO:

Oh god, I don't know, maybe. Do you think so? But she's making it out like nothing's the matter. She'd never agree to get help.

SOPHIA:

Maybe you could just keep an eye on her for now and see if it gets any worse?

BO: *(sighs)*

Yeah, I guess that's all I can do. Anyway, have you ever had champagne? I've never had it before.

SOPHIA:

I've had lots of different drinks. This is delicious. Can I have more?

BO: *(pours more champagne in SOPHIA's glass)*

Wow, you drank that fast. I wonder if we'll get drunk.

SOPHIA:

That might be fun.

BO:

I've never been drunk before. I'm beginning to feel a little weird though. It's cool. *(acting slightly drunk and less inhibited)* So tell me, what do you like about me exactly?

SOPHIA: *(amused and less inhibited)*

Gee, let's see. *(pause)* You ask ridiculous questions, aren't subtle, and are incredibly handsome.

BO: *(mulling over what SOPHIA has said)*

Handsome, hmmm. And I think you're beautiful and irresistibly sexy.

SOPHIA: *(continuing to flirt but with a little concern)*

Is that all? But what about my mind? I don't want you to like me for my looks alone.

BO: *(playful)*

Oh, yes, of course, your brilliant mind. That's the real reason I sit next to you in American History, so I can copy all your answers.

SOPHIA: *(playful)*

Ah, the real truth comes out.

BO: *(getting more serious)*

Actually, I think I want all of you!

(BO starts to unzip SOPHIA's blouse and SOPHIA jumps up in alarm.)

SOPHIA:

Stop! Can't go there!

BO: *(startled)*

Sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable. I guess I assumed you were sexually experienced because you seem so sophisticated.

SOPHIA: *(pauses uncomfortably)*

I've had sex with guys that didn't matter. It's different with you.

BO:

I don't understand. Different 'cause I'm a girl?

SOPHIA:

No. Different because I care about you. Look, I don't really want to talk about this right now.

BO:

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to push you too far. It's just that I like you so much. We don't have to be sexual.

(BO starts rearranging her clothing and sits up.)

So why did you guys move to Fairfax from San Francisco?

SOPHIA: *(still on edge but collecting herself)*

Things went bad.

BO: *(concerned)*

Really? What was so bad about it?

SOPHIA:

Do you promise you won't tell a single soul?

BO:

Absolutely. You have my word.

SOPHIA: *(pauses and whispers)*

My parents found out I was having an affair with my English teacher. It was just horrible. He actually ended up getting fired. We moved to Marin so I could start over.

BO:

Wow! That does sound horrible. *(pause)* What was it like having sex with an older man?

SOPHIA: *(uncomfortable)*

I don't want to talk about this any more, either. Let's talk about you. Tell me about the film you're working on.

BO:

Well, okay. It's about this guy who's an astronomer. He spends a lot of time studying aliens because he'd really like to be abducted himself.

SOPHIA:

Weird. I'm not much of a sci-fi person but I guess you are. Your whole room is decorated with posters of space ships and planets.

(SOPHIA goes over to the wall and stares at one of the posters.)

It sort of feels like outer space in here.

BO: *(contemplative)*

I guess I'm a little like the guy in my script; I think I would relate more to aliens than humans. Anyhow, the film is kind of a metaphor about his alienation from the world. In the end he discovers he's from another planet and that's the reason he never fit into society.

SOPHIA:

Sad and freaky but cool.

BO: *(tentatively approaching SOPHIA again)*

I'm so glad you like the idea. I hardly ever talk about it with anyone.

SOPHIA: *(feeling more relaxed and trusting)*

And I haven't told anyone else about what happened in San Francisco.

(BO reaches out her hand and SOPHIA takes it. BO sings Track 9 - COME AND DANCE WITH ME, while taking SOPHIA in her arms and dancing.)

COME AND DANCE WITH ME
IN A TRANCE WITH ME
JOIN THE SYMPHONY
GENTLY SWAYING
LET THE MUSIC FLOW
ROUND AND ROUND WE GO
FASTER! FASTER!

WE BECOME TWO BIRDS
SOARING THROUGH THE SKY
THERE AREN'T ANY WORDS
TO DESCRIBE THIS
DO NOT BE AFRAID
I WILL NOT LET GO
FASTER! FASTER!

TOUCHING YOUR CHEEK I FEEL LIGHTER
WATCHING YOUR SMILE LIFE LOOKS BRIGHTER
HUG ME CLOSE AND TIGHT
MAKES THE WORLD SEEM RIGHT

COME AND DANCE WITH ME
THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
HOW WILD CAN YOU BE?
JUST SURRENDER!
LAUGHTER IN THE AIR
SWEETNESS EVERYWHERE
FASTER! FASTER!

SEE YOUR FAMISHED EYES
SEARCHING FOR MY SOUL
I WILL NOT TELL LIES
FALL INTO ME
FEEL YOUR STARTLED HEART
RACING ON MY CHEST
FASTER! FASTER!

TOUCHING YOUR CHEEK I FEEL LIGHTER
WATCHING YOUR SMILE LIFE LOOKS BRIGHTER
HUG ME CLOSE AND TIGHT
MAKES THE WORLD SEEM RIGHT

I HAVE DREAMT FOR SO LONG
OF FAR AWAY WORLDS THAT MIGHT BE
NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD FIND
SOMEBODY TO GO THERE WITH ME
PAST MARS AND JUPITER
THERE ARE SOME MOONS
WHERE SEAS OF LAVENDER
SWELL AGAINST THE SAND DUNES
LILACS AND DAFFODILLS
COVER THE BOUNDLESS HILLS
AND ANCIENT SONGS OF LOVE
PLAY IN THE TWILIGHT

TOUCHING YOUR CHEEK I FEEL LIGHTER
WATCHING YOUR SMILE LIFE LOOKS BRIGHTER
HUG ME CLOSE AND TIGHT
MAKES THE WORLD SEEM RIGHT
HUG ME CLOSE AND TIGHT
MAKES THE WORLD SEEM RIGHT

(BO moves over to a vase of red roses on her bureau, picks one out for SOPHIA, and puts it in her button hole.)

SOPHIA:

Thanks. That was fun. I better go now. I have a curfew.

BO:

Okay, beautiful. I'll see you tomorrow.

SOPHIA:

Sure, babe. See you in history class.

(SOPHIA gives BO a quick peck on the cheek, moves to the door, and exits. As she goes outside, she bumps into FRED who is drinking bourbon and smoking a cigar. The two of them gaze at each other. FRED grabs her in his arms and kisses her roughly. She smiles, hands him the rose, and rushes out the door. Lights dim.)

Scene 11:

(The next day. BO enters the living room and goes over to BEE who is feverishly painting a picture on a canvas.)

BO:

Mom, can I talk to you? I really want to tell you about what's been happening with Sophia.

BEE: *(painting in a frenzied state)*

Sure, honey. A little later though. I'm not in the mood right now. I've got a headache and I'm busy painting a very important picture. I think I'm gonna sign up for an oil painting class at the San Francisco Art Institute next semester.

BO:

Mom, you're so different lately. You're hard to reach. You're always busy with some new vocation. Can't you stop for a second?

BEE:

Well, I guess I could listen to you while I paint. Tell me anything, beautiful.

BO: *(inhales as if she's about to start talking, but then sighs in exasperation)*

I can't talk to you when you're so hyper! *(tentatively)* Maybe you should see a doctor.

BEE: *(still painting feverishly)*

A doctor? Are you kidding? This is the best I've felt in twenty years! Why would I need a doctor?

BO:

I just don't think this is normal.

BEE:

Oh, come on. Who wants to be normal! This is much more fun! I just feel like my true self for the first time in my whole life! Why do you all want to take that away from me! *(pause)* Why, Bo Bernhardt, you're not envious, are you?

BO: *(looking at BEE as if she's crazy)*

Seriously?

BEE: *(getting more antagonistic)*

Oh, you know what I'm talking about. You've been nagging me lately just because I've finally come alive and have all these talents. Suddenly you're not the only one with creative aspirations!

BO: *(looking hurt)*

I can't believe you'd say that! I've only ever wanted the best for you!

(BO runs into her bedroom and slams the door.)

BEE: *(shouting)*

God! So much drama when I try to take care of me for the first time!

(BEE glances towards the window, then suddenly puts down the paintbrush.)

What the fuck! Somebody parked their utility truck in front of my driveway again! I've had it! That's the tenth time this month! Where the hell is that rifle I bought yesterday?

(BEE rushes to the closet, pulls out her rifle, and starts screaming at the top of her lungs.)

I'll show you, you fucking son of a Bitch! Who do you think you are? God damn bastard! Leave me alone! Fuck off! Get lost!

(BEE opens the window and positions the rifle to shoot. BO and FRED hear her screaming, come out of their bedrooms, and attempt to restrain her.)

FRED:

What the hell! Bee, what are you doing! Put that thing down now before somebody gets hurt!

BEE:

Mind your own business! I'm just going to shoot the fucking tires a little. *(looking at FRED provocatively)* Besides, the guy's probably an illegal immigrant, Fred. I would think you'd want to join me!

BO: *(crying hysterically)*

Mommy, please don't do this!

(BEE is moved by her daughter's words and pulls the rifle back inside the house.)

BEE:

Okay, okay, I'll stop!

FRED: *(pulling the rifle way from her)*

Bee, what were you thinking? You've been acting like a lunatic!

BEE: *(in her provocative tone)*

I'm just expressing some emotion, Fred. Isn't that what you said you wanted?

(FRED rolls his eyes.)

BO:

Promise you'll never do anything like that again!

BEE:

Okay, sweetie. No more guns. I'm gonna go write my novel in the bedroom.

(BEE exits and BO and FRED look at each other with startled expressions on their faces.)

BO:

So now we have to do something. Right, Fred?

FRED:

I'm so fed up with all this crap. Your mother's driving me nuts.

BO:

You're being so selfish. There's something seriously wrong with her!

FRED:

Well, you're her daughter. Why don't you do something about it!

(FRED storms out the door. BO realizes she's all alone. She sits down on the couch and cries. Lights dim.)

Scene 12:

(BO's bedroom, the next night. BO is seated on her bed. SOPHIA enters from outside.)

SOPHIA:

I see what you mean about your mom. I just passed her on the street and she was laughing hysterically and talking to herself.

BO:

Oh, hi, Sophia! What a nice surprise! Yeah, my mom seems to be getting worse and worse every day.

SOPHIA:

So maybe she does need some kind of help.

BO:

You're right. Fred's still just dismissing everything but I'm really concerned. I think I'll call a doctor as soon as the offices open in the morning.

SOPHIA:

Yeah, I think that's probably a really good idea.

BO:

But anyhow, I wasn't expecting to see you tonight. What's up?

SOPHIA:

Not a good thing. I'm here to talk about something hard.

BO:

What is it? Did something bad happen?

SOPHIA:

No, it's not like that. *(pauses uncomfortably)* It's just that I don't know if I can keep seeing you, Bo. I feel really confused right now!

BO: *(looking shocked)*

What? I don't get it; we're so good together! What happened? Did I do something to upset you?

(BO goes over to hold SOPHIA.)

SOPHIA:

Please, don't. *(pushes BO away gently)* It isn't anything about you. It's all me!

BO: *(getting increasingly agitated)*

I don't believe you! You're lying! I knew it! There is something wrong with me.

SOPHIA:

No! No! That's not it.

BO:

I bet you've never really even been attracted to me. Have you? I've never been good enough for you.

SOPHIA:

No! You're wonderful! I'm all messed up.

BO:

What do you mean you're all messed up? I don't understand!

SOPHIA:

There are just some things about me that you don't know.

BO:

Well, tell me! You can tell me anything. I want to understand! We can work this out!

SOPHIA:

There's nothing to work out! You shouldn't be with me! No one should be with me!

BO:

But why? I don't get it! What's the matter with you?

(BO puts her hand on SOPHIA's shoulder.)

SOPHIA:

I'm so sorry. You deserve somebody better.

BO:

I don't want somebody better. I want you. Look, how about this? Let's just give you some time to sort out your feelings. Is it possible that you just need a little space? Maybe we don't need to break up.

SOPHIA:

I don't know, Bo.

BO:

Would you be at least willing to give it a try?

SOPHIA: *(dispassionately)*
I guess so. That sounds okay.

BO:
So you're still my girlfriend and I'll see you as soon as you feel better.

SOPHIA: *(half-heartedly)*
Sure.

(SOPHIA gives BO a hesitant hug.)

BO:
Thanks for not giving up on us.

(SOPHIA exists. BO stands there looking dumbfounded and picks up a globe of Saturn on her desk.)

Arreon Zartack looked up into the sky as his alien girlfriend faded into the distant atmosphere. He hoped not forever.

(Lights dim.)

Scene 13:

(Early morning, the next day. The sun is just beginning to rise outside and BEE is dancing frenetically around her living room. Suddenly she moves over to BO's bedroom.)

BEE: *(talking very fast)*

Where is everyone? Wake up! I've got something sensational to show you! *(knocks loudly on BO's door and opens it)* Come out, come out, wherever you are! Time for a show, honey! *(drags BO into the living room in her pajamas)* I had this fantastic dream last night that I've got to share with you.

BO: *(despairing to herself and looking at her watch)*

What time is it? I was going to call the doctor but the offices aren't even open yet.

BEE: *(laughs)*

Forget the doctor. What I'm going to tell you is so much better. I dreamt that I could fly, honey, and, you know what, I think I really can! Seriously! And here's the secret! You simply will yourself to lift off the ground one hundred percent! Don't hold back anything. That's the trick, and up you go, just like Peter Pan and Wendy! Here, let me show you.

(BEE holds her arms over her head, closes her eyes, and concentrates deeply.)

BO:

You're scaring me, Mom! What are you doing now?

BEE:

It's all right, honey. You're gonna love this. I promise! It's the most amazing feeling I've ever had! Last night I flew over our house, past our neighborhood and above the Bay into San Francisco. Oh, my God, the lights were just shimmering on the Golden Gate! I've got to go again! This time we can do it together!

(FRED opens the bedroom door and comes into the living room.)

FRED:

What the hell is going on in here, it's 5am?

(BEE paces around the living room making wild gestures, and sings Track 10 - MOVE OVER PEOPLE! (REPRISE) while BO and FRED look on with concern.)

I COULD RUN MARATHONS THREE TIMES A WEEK
CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN TO THE HIGHEST PEAK
ZOOMBA AND RUMBA MY FEET GALORE

THEN WHISTLE, YODLE, CROW AND CROON
AND STILL I'LL SING SOME MORE

I'M NOW CONNECTED TO ALL FORMS OF LIFE
NO LONGER BOTHERED BY EVERYDAY STRIFE
DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF YOU THINK IT'S ODD
BECAUSE I KNOW WITHOUT A DOUBT
THAT I'M SOME SORT OF GOD

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, I SAID IT'S MY DAY
WHERE'S THAT DAMN CARPET? GET OUT OF MY WAY!
IT IS QUITE MYTHIC TO HAVE SUCH A FATE
I SHOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY BECAUSE I AM SO GREAT

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, I'VE ALREADY COME!
GET ME MORE TRUMPETS, A MUCH LARGER DRUM
CAN YOU BELIEVE WHO I'VE TURNED OUT TO BE
BECAUSE I AM A BETTER VERSION OF THE FORMER ME

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, AT LAST IT'S MY DAY
GET ON YOUR KNEES, IT'S OKAY IF YOU PRAY
I AM YOUR SAVIOR AND THIS IS YOUR FATE
I MUST BE MORE THAN HUMAN OR I COULDN'T BE THIS GREAT

MOVE OVER, PEOPLE, MAKE HASTE I HAVE COME!
SMASH ALL THOSE CYMBALS, START KILLING THAT DRUM!
I AM NOW FULLY EVOLVED AS CAN BE!
I AM YOUR NEW MESSIAH
AND YOU MUST BOW DOWN TO ME!

(BEE completes the song with satisfaction, pauses for a moment, and then rushes to the window. BO shrieks and FRED runs to restrain BEE from jumping.)

BO:

Mom! Stop it! Please! What are you doing!

FRED:

Bee, what the hell do you think you're doing?

BEE:

I just want you to see I can fly!

BO: *(rushing to help FRED restrain BEE)*

Mom, you don't realize it but you're not thinking straight!

BEE:

Let go of me! I have a right to be free! To be me! Can't you see!

BO:

She's gonna kill herself! I don't know what to do!

FRED:

Bo, I've got her. Go call 911.

(BO runs to the landline and starts dialing.)

BO:

Hello, officer. This is Bo Bernhardt. Please help! It's my mom! She's trying to jump out the window! She's gone absolutely crazy! *(crying)* Yes! 91 Ace, off of Sir Francis Drake, Fairfax. Please send someone... now! I'm scared!

BEE:

Let go of me, Fred! You don't understand. I can fly in the sky, way up high, don't know why!

FRED:

Christ! I can't hold her much longer!

BO:

Mom! Would you please come away from there. I called the police, there's a car nearby and an officer is already on his way, everything's going to be okay.

BEE: *(turning to look at BO)*

The police? How could you! I'm your mother. I'm not a criminal!

BO: *(exasperated)*

You're not acting like my mother. I don't know who you are anymore!

(There is a loud knock at the door. BO quickly opens it and a COP enters, assesses the situation, and goes over to help FRED get BEE away from the window.)

BEE:

What are you doing? I've got my rights!

COP:

It's okay, lady. I'm just going to take you to Marin General. You can explain it all to the doctor.

BEE:

I'm not going to any hospital! Let go of me!

(BEE yanks herself away from the COP and FRED and bumps into the table holding the container of SEYMOUR's ashes, knocking it to the ground. The container breaks and the ashes and sharp shards of clay are dispersed all over the floor.)

Oh, no! What have I done! Not my Seymour!

(BEE falls on her knees, desperately attempting to scoop up the ashes, cutting her hands on the container fragments in the process. She screams out in pain.)

Arghh!

(BO rushes over to her mother in an attempt to help.)

BO:

Mom! No! Don't! You'll cut yourself!

(The COP puts a straight jacket on BEE and starts dragging her out of the house. BEE struggles.)

BEE:

Seymour! Bo! Help me!

(Lights dim.)

(End of ACT I.)

ACT TWO

Scene 1:

(Afternoon, two days later. Spotlight on BEE slumped on the couch singing Track 11 - THE UNWALKED PATH.)

WE'RE GIVEN CHOICES AS TIME MOVES ON
THEY'RE NOT AS SIMPLE AS RIGHT OR WRONG
YEARS COME AND GO BEFORE YOU KNOW
THEN ONE DAY, THEY'RE GONE

SO MANY PLACES TO SEE OUT THERE
SO MANY COSTUMES I DIDN'T WEAR
AND LUSCIOUS LIPS I NEVER KISSED
HUGS I DIDN'T SHARE

THE UNWALKED PATH WON'T LET ME BE
I HEAR ITS HAUNTING, WAILING PLEA
"IF YOU'D ONLY FOLLOWED ME
WHO WOULD YOU BE NOW?"

MILLIONS OF BOOKS THAT I NEVER READ
HUNGERS I HAVE THAT I NEVER FED
AND ALL THOSE WORDS I THOUGHT ABSURD
THAT I WISHED I'D SAID

I MADE MISTAKES THAT I CAN'T DENY
AND LOVED A MAN WHO JUST HAD TO DIE
WHEN IT'S ALL DONE, WHAT HAVE I WON
IS THERE TIME TO TRY?

THE UNWALKED PATH WON'T LET ME BE
I HEAR ITS HAUNTING, WAILING PLEA
"IF YOU'D ONLY FOLLOWED ME
WHO WOULD YOU BE NOW?"

WHAT IF I'D MADE IT AS AN ACTRESS?
MY TALENTS SO DIVINE, MY ROLES WOULD BE COUNTLESS?
WHO IS THE WOMAN THAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN?
SHE WHISPERS IN THE DARK

THE UNWALKED PATH WON'T LET ME BE
I HEAR ITS HAUNTING, WAILING PLEA
"IF YOU'D ONLY FOLLOWED ME

WHO WOULD YOU BE NOW?"
"IF YOU'D ONLY FOLLOWED ME
WHO WOULD YOU BE NOW?"

(Lights back on in the room. BO is there, attending to BEE.)

BO:

I'm so glad you're home from the hospital, Mama! How are you feeling?

(BEE doesn't respond.)

I'm gonna make you some tea.

BEE:

No... bourbon.

BO:

Come on, Mom. You're sick. You shouldn't be drinking alcohol.

(BEE doesn't respond.)

BO:

Ok, I'm gonna make the tea and maybe you'll change your mind.

(FRED enters from outside. BO looks up at him in surprise.)

Where have you been?

FRED:

None of your damn business.

BO:

None of my business? You've been MIA ever since Mom's been in the hospital.

FRED: *(slurring his speech)*

Well, I'm here now so what's going on? Bee, you look like a zombie.

BO:

Well, while you've been out obviously getting drunk for the past 48 hours, Mom's been in the hospital getting diagnosed with brain cancer.

FRED:

What? Oh fuck! You're kidding me! Bee! How are you feeling?

(BEE doesn't answer but remains slumped on the couch with a blank stare.)

BO: (*shouts*)

How do you think she's feeling! She's got a tumor in her brain. That's why she's been so manic. I knew we should have been doing more the last few weeks.

FRED:

Well, how the hell was I supposed to know that?

BO:

Something was obviously wrong. You know how crazy she's been acting. Maybe you should have been paying attention to something besides your alcohol.

BEE:

Where's my alcohol?

FRED:

Okay, baby, I'll make you a drink, just the way you like it.

BO:

I can't believe you! She shouldn't be drinking right now.

FRED:

Why the fuck not if she's gonna die anyway!

BO:

She's not gonna die!

(FRED hands BEE the drink, pours himself one, and gulps it down.)

FRED:

Oh, crap! I'm gonna be sick!

(FRED rushes to the bathroom and can be heard throwing up.)

BO: (*moves towards BEE and takes away the drink*)

Mom, give me back that drink. I don't want you putting any poison in your body. We've got to make a plan. Is anything hurting you?

(BEE remains silent and despondent, staring into space. FRED returns and addresses BEE.)

FRED:

Look, Bee, I'm sorry. I can't go through this again. I've got to get out of here. I'll come back for my stuff later.

(FRED rushes out the door and BEE starts crying for the first time.)

BO:

I don't believe it. What a coward! You never should have been with him in the first place, Mom. Why are you crying? Is it because Fred left or because of the cancer?

BEE:

Neither. I'm just afraid the brain tumor has been writing all my music and not me.

(BO moves over to give BEE a hug.)

BO:

Oh, Mom, you're freezing. Let me get you a blanket.

(BO leaves to go into BEE's bedroom. BEE closes her eyes and slumps into the couch." Lights dim.)

Scene 2:

(6AM the next day before sunrise. BEE is sitting alone in the dark living room drinking bourbon and looking despondent. She gets up to turn on the television, flicks from one channel to the next, looks disgusted, turns it back off, and kicks it. She starts flipping through magazines, looks bored, and becomes increasingly agitated.)

BEE:

Arghh!

(BEE throws the whole pile of magazines across the room and then hurls the glass of bourbon against the wall. It shatters, making a lot of noise. BO hears the commotion and runs out from her bedroom in her pajamas.)

BO: (alarmed)

What was that!

(BO sees the magazines and broken glass and runs over to her mother.)

Mom, are you okay? What happened? Why is everything on the floor?

BEE:

Who the fuck cares.

BO:

I do!

BEE:

What difference does it make? I'll be dead within a year anyway. I might as well die a drunk if it takes away the pain. Oh, God, why the fuck is this happening to me! I didn't do anything to deserve it!

BO:

Don't talk that way! You're not going to die! You're going to fight this thing and I'm going to help you!

BEE:

I googled brain tumors on the Web and it doesn't look pretty. And like the doctor said, they can't operate on me 'cause my tumor is located too deep inside my brain. I don't have a chance.

BO:

Yes, you do! There's still hope! You heard Dr. Stern; there are other options. We should still go ahead with the chemo and radiation, even if we can't operate. Tell me you'll make an appointment with him and get on the schedule right away.

BEE:

I don't want to talk right now. I just want to pass out.

(BEE gets up to pour herself another large glass of bourbon and resumes drinking.)

Want some?

BO:

Of course not! It's 6 o'clock in the morning! Now why don't you put the drink down and I'll make you some breakfast. How about banana pancakes with that new gourmet maple syrup from Healsburg. Your favorite.

BEE: *(continues drinking)*

Not hungry.

BO:

I can't believe you're drinking bourbon at this time of day.

BEE:

It's still last night to me 'cause I never went to sleep.

BO:

You really sound down. I don't know how to help you. I can't believe Fred would leave you at a time like this.

BEE:

Who the hell needs him? He wasn't much good even when he was around. The only man I miss is your father.

(BO tries to take the alcohol away from BEE.)

Leave me alone. That's the only thing I have left.

BO: *(exasperated)*

Mom! I don't want you to die! I can't watch you killing yourself anymore! I guess I'm going back to bed. I'll talk to you later.

(BO returns to her room and slams the door.)

BEE: *(stumbling around, bumping into furniture and toasting God)*

Shit! I'm scared. Terrified of the darkness, terrified of the unknown. There is no comforting reincarnation, no pie in the sky heaven, just an endless abyss where you're trapped in nothingness for eternity! And God!

(scoffs) Where the fuck are you! What kind of an all powerful being gives people brain tumors anyhow? Not to mention all the other suffering in the world! And here I thought you gave me the gift of incredible music when what you really gave me was cancer! Is this some kind of hideous joke? And now what? Are you going to take my creativity away from me if I get rid of the tumor? Or even worse, kill me and tear me away forever from my daughter, the one thing I treasure most in this world? You're the All Mighty alright! Of agony, torture and grief! When it's my damn turn to be God, I'm gonna do a hell of a lot better job!

(BEE gulps more bourbon. Suddenly SEYMOUR, a 45 year old angelic male figure appears behind her. BEE feels his presence, turns around, and speaks with slurred speech.)

Seymour! Is that you?

SEYMOUR:

Bee! You're so drunk!

BEE:

What are you doing here? You're dead!

SEYMOUR:

You really needed me, so I came to help.

BEE:

I'm so happy to see you! You're the only one I want to talk to.

(BEE moves over to hug him but trips and falls on the floor. SEYMOUR goes over to pick her up and puts her on the couch. He sits down on the adjacent floor to attend to her.)

I'm just so mad about everything.

SEYMOUR:

I know, sweetheart.

BEE:

I just want to drown myself in alcohol and make it all go away!

SEYMOUR:

That's not going to help and I think you've had enough.

BEE:

Seymour, you should hear all the beautiful music I've been writing and now I find out it's all because of a brain tumor. I just can't stand it!

SEYMOUR:

Well you're not going to write any music in the state you're in now. But once you stop drinking, I'll bet there are some incredible songs you could write. Maybe even about what you're going through.

BEE: *(starting to pass out)*

What was that?

SEYMOUR:

Just go to sleep now, sweetheart.

(BEE falls asleep and SEYMOUR covers her with a blanket. Lights dim on BEE and SEYMOUR. Spotlight on BO in her bedroom, picking up her cell phone and dialing.)

BO:

Hello, Sophia! Pick up your phone. God damn it! I don't care if it is 6:15 in the morning. Wake up and talk to me! Listen, even if you can't be my girlfriend anymore, could you at least be my friend? My Mom's dying of brain cancer and I'm really scared! Please, won't you just call me when you wake up! I need you!

(Lights dim.)

Scene 3:

(BEE wakes up at noon looking disheveled. She holds her head in her hands, rubs her eyes, and looks around.)

BEE:

That was a weird dream. I guess I've never been that drunk before. *(looks around at all the empty bourbon bottles)* I really ought to get my act together.

(BEE gets off the couch, stumbles to the keyboard, and sits down.)

Time to get back to my music. Maybe there is some way that I could write about everything that I'm going through.

(She plays the first phrase of the melody to Track 12 - IN THE DARKNESS, pauses, then plays the same melody again, this time humming along. She pauses again and begins to sing the words to the first phrase.)

IN THE DARKNESS I AM FRIGHTENED
BY THE MONSTER THAT PURSUES ME NIGHT AND DAY
IN THE SHADOWS IT LIES LURKING
KNOWING THAT I MUST SURRENDER AND OBEY

BEE: *(speaking to herself)*

Wow! That might be the most intense thing I've ever written, but I guess it's okay.

(BEE sings the second phrase.)

I AM BREATHLESS FROM MY TERROR
AND I HEAR A SCREAM AND REALIZE IT'S ME
FRANTIC, LIKE A STALKED PREY

(BEE pauses as if trying to grasp onto an elusive idea.)

MY EYES DARTING FOR AN OPENING TO FLEE

(BO enters the room and stands quietly in the corner listening. BEE sings the chorus.)

BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY HOME
I'M A SHIP LOST AT SEA
THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK
MAYBE IT BECKONS TO ME

BO:

God, Mom, that's really dark!

BEE:

Oh, I didn't know you were listening.

BO:

I'm glad you stopped drinking but I don't know about you writing such depressing stuff.

BEE:

You know, I think maybe writing about my experience could actually make me feel better.

BO:

Well, okay. It is moving. I'll bet you have a hangover. Here, let me give you a glass of water and let you get back to your writing.

(BO pours BEE a glass of water, hands it to her, and gives her a kiss on the forehead.)

I'll be in my room if you need me.

BEE:

Thanks, sweetheart.

(BEE returns to playing the first phrase of the song on the piano. She pauses, gathers herself, and then sings IN THE DARKNESS in its entirety.)

IN THE DARKNESS I AM FRIGHTENED
BY THE MONSTER THAT PURSUES ME NIGHT AND DAY
IN THE SHADOWS IT LIES LURKING
KNOWING THAT I MUST SURRENDER AND OBEY
I AM BREATHLESS FROM MY TERROR
AND I HEAR A SCREAM AND REALIZE IT'S ME
FRANTIC, LIKE A STALKED PREY
MY EYES DARTING FOR AN OPENING TO FLEE

BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY HOME
I'M A SHIP LOST AT SEA
THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK
MAYBE IT BECKONS TO ME

IN THE DARKNESS DEATH CONSUMES ME
ITS FORBIDDING PRESENCE BURNS WITHIN MY HEAD
IN THE SILENCE I AM CHOKING

AND THE STENCH OF CANCER FILLS MY SOUL WITH DREAD
I TRY RUNNING, I TRY FLAILING
BUT MY ARMS AND LEGS ARE PARALYZED WITH FEAR
WINTER COMES TO FAIRFAX
WHERE THE FOG'S SO THICK NO ONE CAN SEE MY TEARS

BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY HOME
I'M A SHIP LOST AT SEA
THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK
MAYBE IT BECKONS TO ME

MY NECK PRICKLES, CANCER TICKLES
CRAWLING IN MY SKIN
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT I SEE ITS HORRID GRIN
SPIRIT SAVE ME, DON'T ENSLAVE ME
WON'T YOU GUIDE THE WAY
WOULD YOU HELP ME TO ESCAPE
IF I WERE TO PRAY?

BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY HOME
I'M A SHIP LOST AT SEA
THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK
MAYBE IT BECKONS TO ME

BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY HOME
I'M A SHIP LOST AT SEA
THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK
MAYBE IT BECKONS TO ME

(BEE finishes her song and pauses as if reflecting on the power of what she has just communicated. Suddenly SEYMOUR appears in front of the keyboard and startles her.)

BEE:

Oh, my God, Seymour, I thought you were part of a drunken dream! Are you really here?

SEYMOUR: *(laughs)*

I thought you might think that. Yes. It's really me.

BEE:

But how can that be? You're dead!

SEYMOUR:

I told you but I guess you don't remember. You've been having such a hard time. I've come back to help you.

BEE:

I'm so glad. I've really needed you. But, oh God! Look at you! (*getting self-conscious*) You can't be more than forty-five years old, like the day you died, and here I am, an old lady. I'm practically old enough to be your mother! I must look terrible! (*starts primping*)

SEYMOUR: (*smiles*)

You don't need to do that; you look just as beautiful to me as the day we first met.

BEE:

Now I know it's really you; no one else could ever be such a corny romantic. I'm so glad to see you!

SEYMOUR:

I've really missed you, too, sweetheart.

BEE:

I took your advice and started composing again. As long as I have a tumor giving me the ability to write music, I might as well take advantage of it.

SEYMOUR:

Can I hear what you've been writing?

BEE:

Actually, there's another song I'd rather be singing with you right now.

SEYMOUR:

Oh? Which one?

BEE:

Remember the song we used to sing when we first did Off-Broadway, Love Lovin' You? You always were the one for me and I've never felt that more strongly than I do right now.

(*BEE and SEYMOUR sing and dance Track 13 - LOVE LOVIN' YOU.*)

BEE:

YOU ARE THE FRIEND THAT I RELY ON
WHENEVER I FEEL SAD
YOU ARE THE SMILE THAT I CAN COUNT ON
ANYTIME THINGS LOOK BAD

YOU ARE THE GENTLE SOUL I TRUST
WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMS UNFAIR

SOMEONE WHO'S ALWAYS ON MY SIDE
WITH BUNDLES OF LOVE TO SHARE

SEYMOUR:

WHEN YOU ARE FEELING LOST AND WEARY
HAUNTED BY WHAT YOU FEAR
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE TO HOLD AND SOOTH YOU
WIPE AWAY EVERY TEAR

KNOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE
AS LONG AS I'M BREATHING AIR
KNOW THAT I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR SUNSHINE
WHEN LIFE'S TOO GRAY TO BEAR

BOTH:

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I LOVE
LOVE LOVIN' YOU
YOU'RE THE ONE I ADORE
YOU LOVE ME, TOO

SEYMOUR:

I'M THE ONE IN YOUR FRONT ROW CLAPPING
NO MATTER WHEN OR WHERE
EVEN IN DIFFERENT WORLDS AND LIFETIMES
YOU CAN BET I'LL BE THERE

SOME LOVES ARE MEANT TO LAST A SEASON
OTHERS LIKE OURS DON'T END
DON'T ALWAYS KNOW THE RHYME OR REASON
YOU'VE GOT A LIFELONG FRIEND

BOTH:

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I LOVE
LOVE LOVIN' YOU
YOU'RE THE ONE I ADORE
YOU LOVE ME, TOO

BEE:

SUMMERTIME BEFORE SEPTEMBER
EVEN NOW I STILL REMEMBER
TULIPS BLOOMING, BLUEBIRDS SINGING
SUNSHINE LUSTING, CHURCHBELLS RINGING
TILL THE DEAD LEAVES ALL FELL DOWN
AND TURNED TO YELLOW ON THE GROUND
IT SEEMED AS IF THE EARTH GREW OLD
BUT STILL OUR LOVE WITHHELD THE COLD

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT...

BOTH:

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I LOVE
LOVE LOVIN' YOU
YOU'RE THE ONE I ADORE
YOU LOVE ME, TOO

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I LOVE
LOVE LOVIN' YOU
YOU'RE THE ONE I ADORE
YOU LOVE ME, TOO

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I LOVE
LOVE LOVIN' YOU
YOU'RE THE ONE I ADORE
YOU LOVE ME, TOO

(Lights dim.)

Scene 4:

(Early evening the same day. The doorbell rings. BEE goes over to answer it. JUDE, an overweight woman overloaded with jewelry, and RUTH, an anorexic-looking shrewish woman with lots of make-up, appear at the door. Both are 34 years old and wearing black.)

BEE:

Jude, Ruth! I almost didn't recognize you. What a surprise! What are you doing here?

(The two women move over awkwardly to hug her.)

JUDE:

We just heard from Aunt Sylvia that you were ill and wanted to stop by and see if there was anything we could do to help.

BEE:

That's very kind of you. I was just talking... I mean thinking about Seymour. He'd be so delighted that you've come over to pay me a visit. *(calls out)* Bo! Come in here! It's your dad's step-daughters.

(BO enters looking suspicious.)

BO:

What are you two doing here?

BEE:

Bo! Be nice. They just heard I was sick and wanted to help.

BO: *(annoyed)*

Really? After ten years!

RUTH:

My, how you've grown, Bo! And what an interesting haircut you have.

BO: *(sarcastic)*

Whatever.

BEE:

Please come in and have a seat. Can I get you girls anything to drink?

JUDE:

Absolutely not. We're here to help you. You sit down and I'll make all of us a cup of tea. Bo, why don't you show me where everything is.

(JUDE and BO move into the kitchen area to prepare the tea and RUTH sits down on the couch next to BEE.)

RUTH: *(with an overly concerned tone covering up her enthusiasm)*

So, Bee, dear, Sylvia said it was a brain tumor. Is it really true?

BEE:

So I'm told. Apparently it's inoperable.

JUDE: *(calling out from the kitchen)*

That's awful! So how long do you think you have, Bee?

BO:

Don't say that! She's not going to die! She's going to start chemo and radiation and outlive you both!

BEE:

Honey, I haven't decided on any treatment yet. I'm still thinking about it.

RUTH:

So, without the treatment, Bee, how long do they say you have?

(RUTH extends her hand to BEE's knee in an inauthentic gesture of concern.)

BEE: *(moving away from the hand uncomfortably)*

Ah, I'm not sure. Hey, where's that tea?

(JUDE and BO enter with the tea and serve it.)

BEE:

So what have you both been doing since Seymour died? Are you still living in his house?

(JUDE and RUTH shift uncomfortably in their seats.)

RUTH:

I'm taking gourmet cooking classes at Williams-Sonoma and Jude just got back from a wine tour of Italy.

BO:

Wow. Sounds like you both have an awful lot of free time on your hands. Guess all of Dad's money has really lasted.

BEE:

Bo! Don't be disrespectful. That's all behind us now. The girls have come here to be nice.

(Everyone uncomfortably sips their tea in unison except for BO. JUDE gets up and starts looking around the living room. She notices a particular painting on the wall.)

JUDE:

Hmm. That's quite interesting. I don't remember seeing it the last time I was here. Is it by anyone significant?

BEE: *(laughs)*

Why, yes, me! I just started oil painting last week.

BO:

Mom's been so creative lately.

JUDE: *(picks up a small lamp)*

How about this? Is it an antique? Or this clock? *(picks up a clock)*

BO: *(furious)*

Mom! Don't you see what they're doing! They're taking an inventory of your belongings!

BEE: *(stands up uncomfortably)*

Is that true, Jude, Ruth? Is that the reason you came here today?

JUDE:

Well, to be frank, Seymour was our step-father. Why shouldn't we want to get what is rightfully ours?

BEE:

You've got to be kidding! You both got absolutely all of Seymour's estate ten years ago just because you had a better lawyer than us. There was nothing at all left for Bo, his biological daughter! And now you have the audacity to say you feel entitled to even more!

BO:

Mom, don't let them take advantage of you. Just tell them to leave right now.

BEE:

All these years I've tried to make contact with you because I knew Seymour would have wanted it. But I know he would never have stood for what you're doing now. I think it's time for you to go. Here, *(hands them each a tea cup)* You can keep the tea cups. They're worth five dollars each. Show yourselves out.

(The women depart with a huff, slamming the door behind them.)

BO:

Good riddance! I know that sucked for you, Mom, but I'm glad you finally see them for who they really are.

BEE:

You're right. Vultures!

BO:

My step-sisters are worse than Cinderella's.

BEE:

From now on I think I will refer to them as Judas and Ruthless.

BO:

Right, but seriously, Mom, are you all right?

BEE:

It's amazing. They were going through my belongings as if I were already dead. Can you believe it? Well, I've got news for them and everybody else!

(BEE AND BO sing and play Track 14 - THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET)

BEE:

I'M STILL HERE EVERYONE
THIS OLE BAG ISN'T DONE
YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE DOUGH
SORRY, HONEY

BO:

NO GRIM-REAPING TODAY
THROW YOUR SHOVELS AWAY
IT'S NOT HER TIME TO GO
NO MORE MONEY

BEE:

I'M STILL FEELIN' GREAT
GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT

BO:

HER BRAIN'S WORKIN'
STOP YOUR SMIRKIN'

BOTH:

THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET

BEE:

YOU THINK MY TIME IS DONE
GUESS WHAT! I'VE JUST BEGUN!

BO:

READY SET, HERE SHE COMES!
LOOK, SHE'S GLOWING!

BEE:

THERE WON'T BE ANY WILL
I REFUSE TO STAY ILL

BO:

YOU ARE WASTING HER TIME
GET THEE GOING

BEE:

I'M STILL FEELIN' GREAT
GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT

BO:

MY BRAIN'S WORKIN'
STOP YOUR SMIRKIN'

BOTH:

THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET

BOTH:

HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA H-AH
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA H-AH HA HA

BEE:

I'M STILL FEELIN' GREAT
GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT

BO:
HER BRAIN'S WORKIN'
STOP YOUR SMIRKIN'

BOTH:
THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET

BEE:
MY BLOOD'S FLOWING STRONG
GUESS YOU GALS GUESSED WRONG

BO:
THERE WILL BE NO EULOGY

BOTH:
CAUSE THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET

BO:
SHE'S STILL HANGIN' HERE

BEE:
IN OUR BIOSPHERE

BO:
YOU CAN'T GRAB HER ART

BEE:
'TIL DEATH DO US PART

BO:
LONG AS SHE CAN SEE

BEE:
THIS RING STAYS ON ME

BO:
YOU DON'T GET HER GOLD

BEE:
'TIL I'M STIFF AND COLD

BOTH:
THIS GAL AIN'T DEAD YET!

BO:

I'm so relieved to hear you talking this way. You are alive and we're gonna keep you that way.

BEE:

Damn right!

(Lights dim.)

Scene 5:

(The next day. BEE enters the house whistling, with a huge shopping bag of food. She proceeds to unload the items. BO enters from the bedroom.)

BO:

Well you're in a good mood today. What's all this stuff?

(BO goes over to the bag and pulls out some chia seeds.)

Organic chia seeds, Mom? *(reaches in the bag again)* Blue-green algae? Seriously, you're gonna eat that?

BEE:

Damn right. I'll show Seymour's terrible step-daughters that I'm gonna last forever.

BO:

I'm so glad you're talking about living for a change, but how are chia seeds and algae going to help with that?

BEE:

I've been doing a lot of research lately on the internet. You'd be amazed how many studies there are showing the incredible benefits of organic, anti-oxidant rich foods.

(BEE starts to mix the ingredients while mimicking Julia Child's voice.)

For my first culinary masterpiece I shall sprinkle the essence of pure Good Earth persimmon powder avec le Whole Food's caramel whey protein. Next I shall add a heaping tablespoon of Molly Stone's organic almond butter and voila! Blend them all together toute de suite.

(BEE puts the ingredients in a blender and turns it on for a moment, then pours a blood-like, dark red foaming drink into a large glass. She holds the glass up to BO.)

A votre sante!

(BEE gulps down the drink.)

BO:

Looks like blood.

BEE:

Guaranteed to kill all brain tumors. Want some?

BO:

I'm glad you're being so healthy and it's definitely an improvement from alcohol, but I think I'll stick with diet pepsi.

BEE:

I've also signed up for hyperbaric oxygen, neurofeedback, somatic therapy, shamanic healing, and oh, yeah, I bought these crystals from Open Secret.

(BEE holds up some crystals.)

BO:

And chemotherapy and radiation?

BEE:

Well, actually, I've decided not to go ahead with those. I've really done some soul-searching, honey, and I'm absolutely convinced that it was Western medicine even more than cancer that killed your father and Fred's wife. I'm not going to put that poison in my body.

BO: *(agitated)*

You're impossible! How do you expect to cure cancer cells with crystals?

BEE:

Look, Bo, just because our culture doesn't value these things doesn't mean they don't work. Some of these so-called new age therapies have been around for thousands of years. That's a lot longer than Western medicine.

BO:

Have you talked to your oncologist about this plan?

BEE:

I don't need his permission. I'm gonna live and I'm gonna do it on my own terms.

BO:

Oh, my God!

(There's a knock at the door.)

BEE:

I wonder who that is. I'm not expecting anyone, are you?

BO: *(excited)*

I wonder if it's Sophia?

(BEE answers the door and FRED appears.)

BEE:

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

FRED:

Hello, Bee. Look, I don't want to bother you. I just came here to get my stuff.

BEE:

Bother me? Why would it bother me that you dumped me the second I got a cancer diagnosis?

FRED:

Let's not argue. I'll get out of here as soon as I can.

BO:

It's been weeks, Fred. Why the sudden motivation to get your things?

FRED:

I'd rather not talk about it.

BEE:

Well, aren't you being Mr. Evasive. Is there something you're hiding?

FRED:

Look, I'm just trying to do the right thing here and get my things out of your way.

BEE:

It's a little late to be trying to do the right thing.

FRED:

You're certainly entitled to your animosity, Bee.

(FRED begins to move around the house collecting his things. BO looks on sadly, then goes to her room and shuts the door. Lights off the living room and onto BO in her bedroom. She picks up her cell phone and speed dials.)

BO:

Sophia! I'm so glad I can finally reach you! I'm so tired of just leaving messages on your voice mail. *(pause)* Thanks for asking. Yeah, it's been incredibly stressful. Not only is my mom seriously sick with cancer, but she's actually refusing the treatment. I'm so worried about her. I feel so alone. *(pause)* Thanks for your compassion. I really appreciate it. And

now Fred's here collecting all his stuff, it's so weird. But now I'd really like to talk about us. I have to know. Is it over between us or do I still have a chance? *(pause)* Well, how much more time do you need to figure it out? I'll do anything. *(pause)* Well, okay, if you still need more time. I just miss you so much. *(pause)* Okay, that's great! So then I'll hope to hear from you soon.

(BO puts down the phone, looking discouraged. Lights off BO's bedroom and back on the living room where FRED has finished collecting his things.)

FRED:

Well that's everything, Bee. Hey listen... Take care of yourself.

BEE: *(sarcastically)*

Yeah, right, whatever.

(FRED leaves the house ambivalently and shuts the door behind him. He begins to walk away but then pauses and sits down on a bench near the front door. He thinks for a second, then stands back up and approaches the door again. He raises his hand to knock, but then stops himself suddenly and freezes. He sits back down on the bench, holds his head, and then reaches out to the sky desperately as if addressing God.)

FRED:

Dear God, I don't know what I'm doing. I'm so confused. I thought for months that all I wanted to do was sleep with Sophia, and then last night I finally did and just ended up rushing away in horror this morning. I hate myself!

(FRED stands back up and paces back and forth.)

I'm so stupid. I thought by coming back here to Bee, everything could be normal again. But the truth is I never really loved her. There's no way she or anyone else can save me now.

(FRED reaches up to the sky and sings Track 15 - BROKEN PRAYER.)

I HAVE COMMITTED A FOUL CRIME
I AM REPUGNANT AND FILTHY
LIKE AN INCURABLE JUNKIE
I WANT TO KILL WHAT'S INSIDE ME

GOD, BEHOLD MY SINFUL SOUL
HEAR MY BROKEN PRAYER
I OUGHT TO BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL
PLEASE JUST SEND ME THERE

I KNOW THAT I CAN'T UNDO THIS

SUCH ACTS SHOULD NOT BE FORGIVEN
SLAVE TO MY MASTER, PERVERSION
LOST IN THE DARK OF MY OWN SIN

GOD, BEHOLD MY SINFUL SOUL
HEAR MY BROKEN PRAYER
I OUGHT TO BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL
PLEASE JUST SEND ME THERE

I CANNOT FATHOM WHAT I HAVE BECOME
RECKLESS AND RUTHLESS AND NUMB
HOW DID THIS MONSTER GET BORN FROM INSIDE OF ME?
WHY DID I SUCCUMB?

GOD, BEHOLD MY SINFUL SOUL
HEAR MY BROKEN PRAYER
I OUGHT TO BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL
PLEASE JUST SEND ME THERE

GOD, BEHOLD MY SINFUL SOUL
HEAR MY BROKEN PRAYER
I OUGHT TO BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL
PLEASE JUST SEND ME THERE
I OUGHT TO BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL
PLEASE JUST SEND ME THERE

(FRED walks decisively away and the lights dim.)

Scene 6:

(Later that same day. BO stumbles into the living room from outdoors, with a nose ring and tattoos, appearing inebriated. BEE is seated on the couch knitting some clothing.)

BEE:

Welcome home. *(looks up at BO)* Oh, my God! Bo, what happened to your face? Come over here and let me see you.

(BO moves closer.)

BO: *(using somewhat garbled speech)*

Nothing, Mom. I just decided to decorate myself.

BEE:

Honey, why on earth would you do such an awful thing to your beautiful face?

BO:

I've got my very own ring of Saturn in my nose. And look: here's another one in my belly button. *(lifts her shirt)*

BEE:

Oh, my God. I can't stand it!

BO:

If you don't like the rings, you're gonna hate the tattoos.

BEE:

Tattoos? You mean there's more than one?

(BO rolls up one shirt sleeve and then the other.)

BO: *(provocatively)*

I've got Mars on my left shoulder, Venus on my right shoulder, and Sophia's name on my wrist.

(BO holds up her wrist in her mother's face.)

Want to see the other rings? There's the one on my tit and one on...

(BO hiccups and starts to pull down her pants.)

BEE: *(stands up)*

Stop it! You're killing me! Why have you disfigured yourself?

BO: *(pauses, looks down, and speaks quietly)*

I thought it would cheer me up. I feel really depressed.

BEE: *(yelling desperately)*

When you're depressed you're supposed to come to me, not run out and go crazy!

BO: *(defeated)*

I've been trying but you haven't been available.

BEE: *(pensive)*

Huh. I guess maybe that's true.

(BEE and BO look at each other in silence.)

I'm really sorry. I'd like to be there for you now. Please tell me what you're so depressed about.

BO:

I'm depressed because you have cancer and Sophia is avoiding me.

BEE:

That sounds really hard. I haven't been thinking about how much my illness is affecting you. And I didn't realize Sophia has been avoiding you. I know how important that relationship is. Is there anything I can do to make it better?

BO: *(pauses and takes a deep breath)*

You just did, Mama.

(They hug.)

BEE:

We can't do anything about the tattoos right now but could we at least remove some of the rings?

BO:

I guess so. Why not.

(Together they gently remove some of the rings.)

BEE:

Why don't you go start your homework and I'll tell you when dinner's ready.

BO:

Ok, Mom.

(BO returns to her room. BEE sits in deep thought about what has happened. Suddenly SEYMOUR appears.)

SEYMOUR:

You're really deep in thought, sweetheart. What's going on?

BEE:

Seymour, you're back. I'm so glad to see you! I just realized I haven't been a very good mother lately. I've been so preoccupied with my cancer and my creativity. I haven't made time for anyone else.

SEYMOUR:

Yeah. There are people who really care about you. They are going through all of this with you. *(looks over at the kitchen)* Wow, Bee, I've never seen your kitchen filled with tofu and kale before. What's that all about?

BEE:

I've decided to heal myself with organic foods and supplements.

SEYMOUR:

Come on, Bee. Eating healthy makes sense, sure, but the fight against cancer requires chemo and radiation.

BEE:

Huh. *(pauses thoughtfully)* You know, a lot of people have been saying that to me lately but somehow it's only when you do, that I'm able to hear it.

SEYMOUR:

So you'll do the chemo and radiation then?

BEE:

How about this: I promise I'll really consider it. But you know, I think I realize now what's been holding me back. There is something that scares me even more than dying.

SEYMOUR:

What's that, honey?

BEE:

I've seen you and Rachel go through chemo and radiation and become completely disabled by it. It really terrifies me to think of becoming so

compromised that I would be utterly dependent on other people.
You know how self-sufficient I am. What if I were really in need?

(BEE sings Track 16 - WHO'S GONNA PLUCK MY CHIN HAIRS.)

I'M NOT SCARE OF DYING
DON'T FEAR GROWING OLD
I COULD SLAY A DRAGON
BRAVE THE BITTER COLD
I CAN COPE WITH ILLNESS
ALL THE AWFUL PAIN
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I DREAD MOST
THAT'S DRIVING ME INSANE! (I WORRY)

WHO'S GONNA PLUCK MY CHIN HAIRS
WHEN I'M TOO OLD TO SEE? (I ASK YOU)
WHO'S GONNA CHANGE MY DIAPERS
WHEN I JUST GOTTA PEE? (AND FURTHER)
WHO'S GONNA WIPE MY FANNY
WHEN NATURE TELLS ME "LET GO!"?
WHO'S GONNA BE THERE TO CATCH MY DROOL?
I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW

I'LL CLIMB ANY MOUNTAIN
REACH THE HIGHEST CREST
TACKLE NEW COMPUTERS
ACE THE HARDEST TEST
SMASH THOSE BALLS IN TENNIS
CREAM THE IRS
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND
AND SIMPLY MUST CONFESS (IT'S FRANKLY)

WHO'S GONNA PLUCK MY CHIN HAIRS
WHEN I'M TOO OLD TO SEE? (I ASK YOU)
WHO'S GONNA CHANGE MY DIAPERS
WHEN I JUST GOTTA PEE? (AND FURTHER)
WHO'S GONNA WIPE MY FANNY
WHEN NATURE TELLS ME "LET GO!"?
AND WHO'S GONNA BE THERE TO CATCH MY DROOL?
I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW

I'VE JUST GOTTA BE IN CHARGE
'CAUSE THAT MAKES ME FEEL WHOLE
NEVER COULD LET SOMEONE ELSE
ASSUME THAT ALPHA ROLE
I AM MADE OF STURDY STUFF

SO SSHH!
DON'T TELL A SOUL
UNDERNEATH I'M JUST PLAIN MUSH
WHEN I'M NOT IN CONTROL (I'M FRIGHTENED)

WHO'S GONNA PLUCK MY CHIN HAIRS
WHEN I'M TOO OLD TO SEE? (I ASK YOU)
WHO'S GONNA CHANGE MY DIAPERS
WHEN I JUST GOTTA PEE? (AND FURTHER)
WHO'S GONNA WIPE MY FANNY
WHEN NATURE TELLS ME "LET GO!"?
WHO'S GONNA BE THERE TO CATCH MY DROOL?
I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW

(The instrumental music continues quietly in the background.)

SEYMOUR: *(laughing)*

Oh, Bee, you're such a character. They'll always be plenty of people around who would be happy to help.

BEE:

Seymour, have you been hearing a word I've been saying? Listen...

(BEE resumes singing the song.)

I'VE WON SPECIAL PRIZES
FORGED MY HERO'S QUEST
DARED TO BE A MOTHER
THAT WAS JUST THE BEST
EVEN FACED YOUR DYING,
LIVED MY LIFE WITH ZEST
BUT THE THING THAT BLOWS MY MIND
IS WHAT IS COMING NEXT! (OH, LORDY!)

WHEN I CAN'T PLUCK THOSE DAMN HAIRS
'CAUSE I'M TOO BLIND TO SEE (I WONDER)
WHO'S GONNA SQUEEZE MY HAND AND
WHO'S GONNA CRADLE ME? (BESIDES THAT)
WHO'S GONNA REASSURE ME
WHEN I AM RIDDLED WITH FEAR
WHO WILL REMEMBER WHEN I AM GONE?
I'D REALLY LIKE TO HEAR

SEYMOUR:

When people love you, it's not a burden for them to take care of you. Your friends love you, I love you, and Bo loves you. You'll never be alone.

(BEE and SEYMOUR hug. Lights dim.)

Scene 7:

(That same evening. SOPHIA stands outside the front door, appearing fragmented. She raises her hand to knock, then hesitates and sings Track 17 - LA LA LA LA.)

THOUGH I FEEL SO CLOSE TO HER
THERE ARE SOME THINGS SHE CAN'T KNOW
HOW I FELT THE WRONG HANDS TOUCH
PLACES WHERE THEY SHOULDN'T GO

HOW I FELT HIM NEXT TO ME
GROPING AT ME IN THE DARK
HE WAS GONE BEFORE THE DAWN
LEAVING MY SOUL WITH HIS MARK

LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LAH
WILL I EVER FEEL
THAT MY LIFE IS REAL?

DAD STILL VISITS IN THE NIGHT
MOTHER WON'T LET HERSELF HEAR
FEEL HIS ROUGH BEARD BRUSH MY THIGHS
BREATHE THE STALE MUSK OF HIS BEER

I AM TRAPPED INSIDE A CAGE
WAITING FOR MORE MEN TO COME
AND YET WHEN THEY'VE LEFT MY BED
I LIE THERE MISSING THEM SOME

LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LAH
WILL I EVER FEEL
THAT MY LIFE IS REAL?

SOMETHING IS PULLING ME TOWARDS THESE MEN
THOUGH IT'S WRONG I KNOW
WHY DO THE DIRTY THINGS CALL TO ME?

WHY CAN'T I SAY NO?

I WISH THAT BO COULD AWAKEN ME
FROM THIS GRUESOME TRANCE
I'M ON A PATH THAT I CAN'T GET OFF
I CAN'T STOP THIS DANCE

LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LAH
WILL I EVER FEEL
THAT MY LIFE IS REAL?

EVERYTHING I FEEL VANISHES TO
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LAH

(SOPHIA hesitates again but then knocks at the door. BEE open the door and greets SOPHIA.)

BEE:

Sophia, it's been so long. Is Bo expecting you?

SOPHIA:

No, Mrs. Bernhardt, but I'd really like to see her. Is she home from school yet?

BEE:

She's in her bedroom. Let me see if she's up for a visit.

(BEE leaves SOPHIA standing at the doorway. She walks to BO's bedroom and knocks on the door.)

It's me, honey. Can I ask you something? Sophia is at the door. Do you want to see her?

BO:

Sophia! Really? *(pauses)* Sure, let her in.

(BEE fetches SOPHIA and leads her to BO's room.)

BEE:

I'll leave the two of you alone.

(SOPHIA steps inside BO's room. BEE closes the door behind her and exits. SOPHIA and BO face each other awkwardly.)

SOPHIA: *(with a shaky voice but trying to act normal)*
How's your mom doing, Bo? She doesn't look so good.

BO: *(oblivious to SOPHIA's anxiety)*
I know. She's only getting worse and she still hasn't started any of the treatments. I'm so frustrated with her.

SOPHIA: *(trembling)*
That's so hard. Have you told her how much you want her to do them?

BO:
Only every day since she came home from the hospital. I feel so helpless.

SOPHIA: *(with a hint of desperation)*
I'm so sorry you're going through all this. Would this be a bad time for us to talk about our relationship?

BO:
No, of course not. I've been dying to know what's gonna happen with us.

SOPHIA:
I've been missing you a lot and I think I'm finally able to be with you for real.

BO:
Wow! That's incredible! I've missed you, too.

SOPHIA:
So, it's ok? You still want to be with me after all this time?

BO:
I never stopped wanting to be with you. I always thought deep down that you'd come back. I hope you won't think I'm crazy, but look what I did.

(BO shows SOPHIA the tattoo on her wrist, looking embarrassed.)

SOPHIA:
Oh, God! That's my name! Is that a real tattoo or just a temporary one?

BO:
It's real all right. Does that freak you out?

SOPHIA: *(finally relaxing)*

No, babe, I'm gonna get one of your name on my wrist too.

BO:

Cool!

(BO moves over to give SOPHIA an intimate hug and kiss. Suddenly she pulls back and exclaims.)

Whoa! What's that smell? I recognize it from somewhere. Wait! Is that?... Oh, my God, it's Fred's aftershave. I don't believe it! You didn't! Not with Fred, did you?

SOPHIA: *(agitated)*

I'm so sorry. I knew it was a horrible mistake and as soon as I did it, I wanted to come over and make it all go away. You're the one I really love!

(BO turns away from SOPHIA and looks down.)

Don't move away from me. Please, tell me what you're thinking?

(BO doesn't respond.)

Bo, talk to me. Tell me that you're angry. Say anything!

BO: *(still facing away from SOPHIA)*

Get out of my house!

SOPHIA:

Bo, please!

BO:

Now!

(BO points to the door. SOPHIA looks heartbroken and ashamed and runs out crying. BO rushes to her desk and pulls out an envelope opener. Frantically, she starts trying to scrape the tattoo off her wrist. BEE suddenly appears in the doorway.)

BEE:

Is everything okay, honey? I just saw Sophia rush out crying. Oh, my God! What are you doing to your wrist? Is that blood? Stop it!

(BEE rushes over to BO and grabs the envelope opener away from her.)

Why? Why are you cutting yourself?

BO:

I just have to get this damn tattoo off.

BEE:

But why? What happened with Sophia?

BO:

She just broke my heart. Mom, you're not gonna believe this! Sophia slept with Fred!

BEE:

Oh, my God! You've got to be kidding me!

(BO throws herself into her mother's arms, crying.)

BO:

I smelled his aftershave lotion on her and then she admitted it.

BEE: *(talking out loud to herself)*

I knew he was turned on by younger women but I had no idea how young. That's a crime. I'm going to have to report him to the police.

BO:

Oh, my God! That's intense!

BEE:

You don't have to worry about this, darling. It's the right thing to do and I'm going to take care of it. I'm so sorry that Sophia was unfaithful to you and that it was with my ex-boyfriend of all people. *(looks down at BO's wrist)* Oh, God, you're really bleeding. *(grabs some kleenex and holds it on BO's wound)* I've got to take you to the hospital right away.

BO:

I'm not the one who needs to go to the hospital. This is just a little scrape.

BEE:

What are you talking about?

BO:

I'm not going to agree to any treatment until you do, too.

BEE:

Bo, this is no time to talk about me. You've harmed yourself.

BO:

Mom, you've been harming yourself every day you've put off getting the chemo and radiation.

BEE:

All right! All right! I'll do the damn treatments.

BO:

You promise?

BEE:

If you promise never to hurt yourself again.

BO:

Okay. I promise.

BEE:

We've got a deal! But first let me make this call to the police about Fred.

(BEE picks up the phone as BO looks on feeling upset and anxious.)

Hello officer, I'd like to report a crime. My name is Bee Bernhardt and I just found out that my ex-boyfriend molested a seventeen year old. *(pause)* It's Fred Loesser. *(pause)* What? Really! Wow! Thank you for your willingness to tell me that.

(BEE hangs up the phone and looks stunned.)

BO:

What is it, Mom? What happened?

BEE:

You won't believe this. The police officer told me off the record that Fred just now turned himself in!

(Lights dim.)

Scene 8:

(Three weeks later in the afternoon. BEE's bedroom. BEE is propped up in bed in her pajamas, looking exhausted. BO is gently applying a washcloth to BEE's head.)

BEE:

Thanks. That feels nice.

BO:

Sure, Mom. Can I get you anything to eat?

BEE:

No, honey. I'm really nauseous from the chemo.

BO:

Well, this is just your first round. Maybe it will get easier.

BEE:

I'm afraid that's not the way it works, but it's okay. I'm glad I decided to go ahead with the treatments even though it's hard.

BO:

I'm glad, too. Is anything else hurting you?

BEE:

Let's talk about something else to take my mind off my symptoms.

BO:

How are you feeling about Fred, Mom?

BEE:

I can't believe what he did to Sophia. He was always a little secretive but I had no idea I was living with a stranger all those years.

BO:

I can't believe it either. What do you make of it?

BEE:

I suspect he's always had some predisposition to pedophilia but I don't think he acted upon it until recently.

BO:

So why now?

BEE:

I can't shake the feeling that somehow it's his reaction to all the death that's been around him. First there was Rachel's cancer and now mine. It's like rather than dealing with his own mortality, he tried to run away from it by escaping into fantasies with younger women.

BO:

It sounds like you're almost empathizing with him.

BEE:

Don't get the wrong idea. What he's done is unconscionable. I guess what I'm saying is that I just hope he gets the help he needs.

BO:

Even though I'm still angry at Sophia, I hope she gets the help she needs, too.

BEE:

What do you mean?

BO:

I don't think this was an isolated incident for her. She told me she'd had an affair with a teacher at her other school. I think she must have some deep pain inside of her that compels her to be with older men.

BEE:

That's really mature of you, honey, to see beyond your pain and feel such compassion for her.

BO:

Well, I could never be with her again, but I'd like to think that somehow she'll be okay.

BEE:

Hey, I just thought of something. I know a really wonderful guidance counselor at the College of Marin. I'll bet she could really help Sophia. Would you like me to get in touch with her?

BO:

Yeah, I think that's a great idea. I'd feel a lot better about all of it.

(BEE smiles at BO, and sits up as if she has more energy.)

BEE:

You know what, I think I could actually eat a little something now. Could you get me some tea and grilled cheese sandwich?

BO:

Really, mom? Well I guess your appetite is back!

(BO exits the bedroom and SEYMOUR walks in.)

BEE:

Hi, handsome. Were you just listening to our conversation?

SEYMOUR:

Just long enough to be really proud of both of you. I see you've started your treatments.

BEE:

I finally felt brave enough to meet the challenge. You know, Seymour, after you died, I think a big part of me stopped living, too. I haven't done anything halfway resembling real life for years. But here I am now, closer to death than I've ever been, and yet I'm suddenly beginning to feel alive again.

SEYMOUR:

That's great. What made you feel so brave?

BEE:

Well, you did! I was doing everything I could to avoid the grief of having lost you. Spending time with you again gave me a chance to feel the extent of what you mean to me. Now I know you're always with me so I can let you go and live the rest of my life fully, no matter how long I have.

SEYMOUR:

Then I can leave knowing you'll be okay.

BEE:

Still, I don't want to say good-bye to you...

SEYMOUR:

Of course not, but at least let's do it the best way we know how: by my singing you a love song.

BEE: *(laughs)*

Okay, sweetheart. Which number do I get to hear?

SEYMOUR:

How about your favorite, Love Goes On Forever.

(SEYMOUR sings and dances Track 18 - LOVE GOES ON FOREVER.)

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE AND BID OUR LAST FAREWELL
TO MOVE ALONG AND GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS
WE SANG AND DANCED FOR YEARS
AND LAUGHED TIL WE SHED TEARS
WE ACTED IN A WILD OFF-BROADWAY PLAY
WE MADE A HOME, GAVE BIRTH TO BO TOGETHER
SHE'S GROWN TO BE AS MAGICAL AS YOU
I WISH THAT I COULD STAY FOR EVEN ONE MORE DAY
AND NEVER MISS THE CRAZY THINGS YOU DO

WE SANG SONGS AND THE YEARS PASSED BY
WE GREW OLD AND I HAD TO DIE
THIS IS OUR FINAL LULLABY
BUT LOVE GOES ON FOREVER

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE AND HAVE OUR LAST EMBRACE
I HAVE TO LEAVE AND YOU MUST FACE YOU'RE ILL
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT, IT WILL TAKE ALL YOUR MIGHT
AS HARD AS IT WILL BE, I KNOW YOU WILL
THIS CANCER IS A VULTURE THAT HAS STALKED YOU
IT SWOOPS AROUND YOU, HOPING YOU WILL FAIL
THE DANGER HERE IS REAL, BUT MEDICINE CAN HEAL
YOU'LL BE TOUGH THOUGH YOU MIGHT STILL BE FRAIL

WE SANG SONGS AND THE YEARS PASSED BY
WE GREW OLD AND I HAD TO DIE
THIS IS OUR FINAL LULLABY
BUT LOVE GOES ON FOREVER

I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT WE WILL MEET SOMEDAY
IN SOME ENCHANTED PLACE
WE'D SING AND DANCE AGAIN IN OTHER PLAYS
AND ONCE MORE WE'D FEEL THIS GRACE

(BEE joins SEYMOUR in finishing the song.)

WE SANG SONGS AND THE YEARS PASSED BY
WE GREW OLD AND I/YOU HAD TO DIE
THIS IS OUR FINAL LULLABY
BUT LOVE GOES ON FOREVER

WE SANG SONGS AND THE YEARS PASSED BY
WE GREW OLD AND I/YOU HAD TO DIE
THIS IS OUR FINAL LULLABY
BUT LOVE GOES ON FOREVER

BUT LOVE GOES ON FOREVER

(BEE and SEYMOUR embrace, then step away and let go of each other's hands. SEYMOUR walks backwards and blows her a kiss. Lights dim.)

Scene 9:

(Daytime, one month later. BEE stumbles into the living room, bald and emaciated. She slowly moves over to the couch. BO enters from outdoors with a book bag on her back and rushes over to support her.)

BO:

You look awfully weak today, Mom. How's the nausea?

BEE:

Pretty bad. This latest round of chemo is really making me sick. But maybe that means it's knocking the crap out the cancer. I thought I'd try some medical marijuana to see if it would help.

BO:

Wow! My mom smoking pot! This should be pretty interesting.

BEE:

Wish me good luck.

(BEE pulls a pipe and marijuana out of her pocket, loads the pipe awkwardly, and starts inhaling and coughing.)

BO:

I'm sorry that the treatments have been so hard but I'm proud of you for hanging in there.

BEE: *(giggling)*

I feel stoned already.

BO:

Well, whatever helps.

BEE: *(becoming more aware of her surroundings)*

What's that large package falling out your backpack?

BO:

Oh, I wasn't going to show it to you yet.

BEE: *(teasing)*

Show me what, Bo?

BO:

It's a package from NYU. I'm really sorry, Mom. I know we decided that I wasn't going to apply. I guess I went ahead just to see what would happen. I'm not even going to open it because I'm obviously not going.

BEE:

I think it's a good thing that you applied. I was in a really bad place when I was dissuading you before. I never should have tried to keep you from pursuing your dreams. You know, Bo, it's really thick. That probably means you got in! (*getting excited*) Come on, let's open it together!

BO:

But Mom, with you in the midst of the chemo and radiation, I'm afraid. How could I possibly consider moving 3,000 miles away at a time like this?

BEE:

Sweetheart, the last thing I want in the world is for my treatments to keep you from moving on with your life.

BO:

But you're so sick. You really need me right now!

BEE:

I know I wasn't strong enough to give you this message before, but the truth is I can take care of myself. And you know what would be really good medicine for me right now, is my incredible daughter following her dreams.

BO:

Really, Mom? You mean it?

BEE:

I mean it so much that if you don't open up that damn envelope this minute, I'm going to!

BO:

Okay, okay! Here goes!

(BO looks through the envelope to see if she can see inside.)

BEE:

Now!

(BO tears it open and reads the first sentence.)

BO:

Dear Ms. Bernhardt, we are delighted to inform you that you have been admitted into the fall class of New York University's, Tisch School of the Arts...

(Starting to cry, BO throws down the envelope and rushes over to sit next to BEE on the couch to hug her.)

BEE:

I'm so thrilled for you, sweetheart! Congratulations! Wait, there's one more package I'd like you to open right now.

BO:

What's that, Mom?

(BEE stands up unsteadily and goes to a closet to retrieve a package. She returns and hands it to BO, who looks at it for a moment, then slowly opens it.)

BO:

A new movie camera! Oh my God! And it's top of the line, too. I can't believe you got it for me! *(pause)* This isn't from that time when you were manic and buying everything in sight, is it?

BEE:

No. Actually I bought it two years ago when I realized film making was your passion. I just wanted to wait for the perfect moment to give it to you.

BO:

Thank you so much! I really love it, Mom. *(BO and BEE hug.)* So what about you? What do you think you'll be doing this coming year.

BEE:

Well, you know, even though I'm treating the cancer I still feel really creative. So while you're busy studying film at NYU, I'll be writing musicals in Fairfax.

BO:

Well, will you look at the two of us following our dreams!

BEE:

Yeah, we certainly are a hell of a pair!

(BEE and BO sing Track 19 - HELL OF A PAIR.)

BEE:

YOU LOST YOUR LOVER AND I'M SNORTING DOPE
DAUGHTER AND AND MOTHER AND NEITHER COULD COPE
I WAS SO MANIC, AND YOU WERE SO SAD
BUT WE'VE GOT ONE ANOTHER
SO IT CAN'T BE ALL THAT BAD

BO:

SOME MAY DESERT US AND HARDSHIPS WILL COME
STRAIGHT JACKETS, BRAIN TUMORS, JUST TO NAME SOME
LET DRAUGHTS AND EARTHQUAKES DO HARM IF THEY MUST
BUT IF SOMEBODY TRIES TO BREAK US THAT WOULD BE A BUST

BOTH:

WE'RE ONE HELL OF A PAIR
WORLD, YOU'D BETTER BEWARE
OUR LOVE IS SO RARE
GET THROUGH EVERYTHING TOGETHER
FROM NOW ON UNTIL FOREVER

BO:

FRENCH FRIES NEED CATSUP AND ICE-CREAM NEEDS CAKE
WITHOUT THE OTHER, THEY'D BE A MISTAKE
AND JUST AS NATURAL AS TWO ONES MAKE TWO
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANY WORLD WHERE I'M NOT LOVING YOU

BEE:

CAN'T WAIT TO SEE ALL THE FILMS YOU CREATE
CAN'T WAIT TO MEET ALL THE GIRLS THAT YOU DATE
YOU'RE THE BEST DAUGHTER THAT EVER COULD BE
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I AM
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WITH ME

BOTH:

WE'RE ONE HELL OF A PAIR
WORLD, YOU'D BETTER BEWARE
OUR LOVE IS SO RARE
GET THROUGH EVERYTHING TOGETHER
FROM NOW ON UNTIL FOREVER

BEE:

MY LIFE NEVER FELT QUITE RIGHT
DAYS BLURRED INTO ENDLESS NIGHT
TILL THAT OLD STORK CAME ONE DAY
AND YOU WERE DROPPED MY WAY
NOW THAT YOU ARE HERE WITH ME
I'M WHOM I'M SUPPOSED TO BE
I'LL FACE VILLAINS ANYWHERE
CAUSE I'M HALF OF OUR PAIR

BOTH:

WE'RE ONE HELL OF A PAIR
WORLD, YOU BETTER BEWARE

OUR LOVE IS SO RARE
GET THROUGH EVERYTHING TOGETHER
FROM NOW ON UNTIL FOREVER
FROM NOW ON

(Lights dim.)

Scene 10:

(Nighttime in the living room four months later. BEE is oil painting. BO runs in from her bedroom frantically.)

BO:

Mom! I can't find my locket with Dad's picture in it. You remember the heart one he gave me when I was five.

BEE:

I haven't seen you wearing that for over a year. Why are you looking for it now, sweetheart?

BO:

I need to bring it to college!

BEE:

I'll help you look for it in a minute but let's talk first. Come sit with me.

(BEE pats the couch. BO resists momentarily but then sits down next to her.)

Are you missing your Dad?

BO: *(starting to cry)*

I guess it's really hard to imagine going off to college without him sending me.

BEE:

Come here, honey. Let me give you a hug.

BO:

I'm feeling scared and homesick already and I haven't even left.

BEE:

You know, I'm only gonna be a skype call away. And besides, now that I'm in remission, I'm going to be healthy enough to come visit on all the major holidays, if you can stand seeing me that often. I plan on getting us front row orchestra tickets to every great play on Broadway. And sweetie, if there's one thing I've learned in this whole cancer ordeal it's that your Dad is with us all the time.

BO:

I know you and Dad love me but it's still hard to leave the place that has all of our memories.

(BEE pauses.)

BEE:

You're right. Going to college is a really big deal. Your life will never be the same. But you don't need to stay in the place where all the memories are because I'll be here keeping them safe for you. Your bedroom will always be right here waiting for you any time you want to come home.

BO:

I'm really excited to be going but I'm still feeling scared.

BEE:

How about if I tuck you into bed, sing you a lullaby, and we can finish the packing together tomorrow.

BO:

Sure. I'd like that.

(BEE and BO go into BO's bedroom and BEE tucks her in. BEE sings Track 20 - SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, with BO interjecting.)

BEE:

YOUR FUTURE IS A FAIRY LAND
WHERE DAYS ARE SPUN FROM DREAMS
EACH WILD ADVENTURE THAT YOU SEEK
IS CLOSER THAN IT SEEMS

BUT IF, BY CHANCE, YOU NEED MY HELP
I SWEAR THEY'LL ALWAYS BE
A SPECIAL BEDROOM JUST FOR YOU
BACK HERE AT HOME WITH ME

SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, IT'S OKAY
AFTER THE DARKNESS COMES THE DAY
SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, DON'T YOU FEAR
YOUR HOME IS ALWAYS HERE

I'LL PAINT THE WALLS A GENTLE PINK

BO: *(says)*

Not pink!

BEE:

WITH TULIPS AND WITH TOYS
I'LL PASTE UP PICTURES EVERYWHERE
OF FAMOUS ROCK-STAR BOYS

BO: *(says)*

Not boys!

BEE:

DISPLAY THE TROPHIES YOU HAVE WON
IN VOLLEYBALL AND POOL
AND PHOTOS OF THOSE SPECIAL DAYS
FROM QUEEN LAKE CAMP AND SCHOOL

SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, IT'S OKAY
AFTER THE DARKNESS COMES THE DAY
SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, DON'T YOU FEAR
YOUR HOME IS ALWAYS HERE

I'LL BUY TEDDYBEARS AND DOLLS

BO: *(says)*

Not dolls!

BEE:

TO KEEP YOU SNUG IN BED
LINE YOUR SHELVES WITH FAIRY TALES
THAT YOU AND I HAVE READ
LIFE CAN OFTEN KNOCK YOU DOWN
AND TEAR YOUR DREAMS APART
I'LL GUARD YOUR BEDROOM WITH MY LIFE
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY SWEETHEART

BO: *(says)*

That's nice.

BEE:

SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, IT'S OKAY
AFTER THE DARKNESS COMES THE DAY
SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, DON'T YOU FEAR
YOUR HOME IS ALWAYS HERE

SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, IT'S OKAY
AFTER THE DARKNESS COMES THE DAY
SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, DON'T YOU FEAR
YOUR HOME IS ALWAYS HERE

SLEEP TIGHT, SWEETHEART, DON'T YOU FEAR
YOUR HOME IS ALWAYS HERE

BO: *(says)*

Love you, Mama.

(BO reaches out her hand to BEE. BEE kisses her, gets up, leaves the room, and closes the bedroom door gently behind her. She enters the living room, goes back momentarily to her oil painting, then stops, looks around the room reflectively, and smiles. Slowly as the music starts playing, she begins first to dance, then sing Track 21 - DEATH YOU OLE BOOGIE-MAN.)

DEATH, YOU OLE DEVIL
TAKE YOUR FORK OFF ME
IT WAS NOT MY TIME
TO BE YOUR FRICASSEE
I'M JUST BEGINNING
YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE
DEATH, YOU OLE BOOGIE-MAN
COME AND PLAY WITH ME!

UH UH
UH UH!
NO MORE NEED TO CRY!
UH UH
UH UH!
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE!

I'M YOUNG AND SEXY
LOYAL AS A WIFE
MORE STARVED THAN I WAS
I'VE WOKEN UP TO LIFE
DEATH, YOU OLE SCOUNDREL
COO ME A LOVE SONG
WE'RE PARTNERS TO THE END
WHETHER SHORT OR LONG

UH UH
UN UH!
NO MORE NEED TO CRY!
UH UH
UH UH!
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE!

DEATH, YOU ANGEL FROM THE DEEP
WHISPER IN MY EAR
UNVEIL ALL THE WISEST WORDS
THAT I NEED TO HEAR
HUG ME WITH YOUR BIG DARK ARMS
TENDER AND SEVERE

FEEL YOUR COLD BREATH ON MY SKIN
AS YOU DRAW ME NEAR

DEATH, YOU GRIM REAPER
CUDDLED BY MY SIDE
I USED TO RUN AWAY
PRETENDING I COULD HIDE
HOPED FOR FOREVER
ON THIS CRAZY RIDE
NOW I KNOW THAT IT ENDS
AND YOU ARE MY GUIDE

UH UH
UN UH!
NO MORE NEED TO CRY!
UH UH
UH UH!
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE!

NOW I
GET IT
YOU'RE A LONELY GUY
LET'S DANCE
ALL NIGHT
WATCH THE STARRY SKY

UH UH!
UH UH!
NO MORE NEED TO CRY
UH UH!
UH UH!
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE

HA HA!
HA HA!
NO MORE NEED TO CRY
HA HA!
HA HA!
I'M NOT SCARED TO DIE!

(BEE stands there smiling. Lights dim.)

(End of ACT II)