

**AFTER ALL  
A TRILOGY**

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A New Play

by

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**AFTER ALL**

**PART ONE: "DARK MATTER"**

**Cast of Characters**

**MARION:** AGE 40-50 The frustrated but loving wife of PALMER. She is rather flamboyant in her style of dress... maybe to get her husband to notice her. She has the look of a 1970's discontented housewife who serves cocktails precisely at 5pm about her. She also has a Long Island accent.

**PALMER:** AGE 40-50 MARION'S loving husband who is always in a good mood. He remains cool, calm and collected no matter what. Even in the direst of situations, the kind you'd think would certainly wipe that smirk off his face, he stays happy. Frankly, it is a little unnerving and perhaps, even suspicious.

**SETTING:** The home of Palmer and Marion. Two large matching turquoise recliners are positioned in front of a fake fireplace which is built into a fake sandstone wall and houses a fake fire.

**AT RISE:** *PALMER sits in his recliner wearing a long-sleeve turtle-neck shirt, walking shorts, black knee-high socks and Oxford-style wingtip shoes. MARION enters wearing a 1970's turquoise and orange, all-over "Mod-print" kaftan. SHE carries two cocktails. SHE hands a cocktail to HIM.*

**MARION**

Here you go my darling.

**PALMER**

*(HE reclines)*

Thank you, Sweetheart.

**MARION**

My pleasure. Sinatra?

**PALMER**

Of course, Sinatra! What else?

**MARION**

Sinatra it is.

*(SHE crosses to the record player)*

**PALMER**

And do start it at the end, won't you Cuddle Cakes?

**MARION**

What Boo-bear?

**PALMER**

Just play the final number...the last song. After all, we mustn't wear it out. It's the last LP we have.

*(SHE does as asked. The music begins. SHE moves to her recliner. SHE sits. SHE reclines. HE proposes a toast)*

**PALMER**

Cheers, to you My Squiggle-puff!

**MARION**

And to you My Dumpling Dove!

**PALMER**

*(HE takes a sip and is startled)*

Whoa! Hold on!

*(HE un-reclines)*

Oh my! Oh my! What is this then?

**MARION**

It's a cocktail of course.

**PALMER**

But it's **not** a Manhattan, My Pet.

**MARION**

*(SHE un-reclines)*

You're absolutely right. It's not a Manhattan. Not as such.

**PALMER**

But you know... Snookums, I only drink Manhattans.

**MARION**

Yes, I do know that...

**PALMER**

Well then what curious puzzlement this is? You know that I only drink Manhattans...and yet, this is not a Manhattan.

**MARION**

Yes, that's right.

**PALMER**

And why is that, my Sunshine?

**MARION**

I'm afraid we are fresh out of Crown Royal. Besides... I think we should try new things now and then.

**PALMER**

Nonetheless... you might have said something, Pussycat.

**MARION**

About what my Pudding Pop?

**PALMER**

You might have alerted me to the Crown Royal situation...

**MARION**

I'm not sure it is a *situation*.

**PALMER**

Perhaps not. So, okay then...what exactly is this unanticipated substitute? This startling stand-in?

**MARION**

It is called a "Sidecar". It was invented for an American Army Captain who was stuck in Paris...

**PALMER**

An American in Paris?

**MARION**

An American Army Captain in Paris at the end of World War One. He was feeling under the weather...

**PALMER**

He was ill then, was he?

**MARION**

Some slight chills. Nothing serious.

**PALMER**

Ah. Thank goodness.

**MARION**

So his bartender...

**PALMER**

He had his own bartender?

**MARION**

No, you Silly Cabbage! The bartender of the tavern he frequented! *That* bartender invented this drink with a body-warming brandy and vitamin C-rich lemon juice.

**PALMER**

But...why Sidecar? Why was it given such a silly name?

**MARION**

Oh, that's because he was known...

**PALMER**

The bartender?

**MARION**

No, no... the captain... the captain was known for riding around town in the sidecar of a motorcycle, hence the name.

*(HE takes another sip)*

So, what do you think of it?

**PALMER**

Well, My Little Mooncalf, it's not a Manhattan. But it doesn't much matter. It's fine. Yes, it's just fine.

**MARION**

Well *of course* it's fine. I knew it would be... because with *you*... everything is always...ugh! Oh, never mind.

**PALMER**

No, please, finish that thought. Because with me everything is?

**MARION**

Well, you tell me! Besides the Sidecar... how is everything else? It's all perfect, right? It's all Christmas with lipstick! Isn't that so? It's all kisses in a goddamned Dixie cup!

**PALMER**

What exactly do you mean by all of that Butter-butt?

**MARION**

I don't know. I didn't mean anything by it.

**PALMER**

You must have meant something by it. You said it.

**MARION**

You just seem a bit off, is all. Not quite yourself. Ugh! Frankly, you seem too happy. Are you feeling all right?

**PALMER**

Yes, I'm feeling fine. And actually...I was going to ask the same question. How are you feeling? Are you feeling fine as well?

**MARION**

Me? Ha! Yes, of course I'm feeling fine. Or at least as fine as can be expected.

**PALMER**

So not fine then.

**MARION**

Okay, maybe not. I guess I'm feeling... "fairish".

**PALMER**

Fairish. I see. Well, you know of course...*some* individuals are simply not *meant* to be happy. Some are not capable of being happy. And I am afraid, My Cranky Little Crocus Blossom, you just may be one of those individuals.

**MARION**

That's a terribly to say. And terribly unfair. I think I've adjusted quite well, all things considered. You have to remember, all that I've given up. I almost never mention what I've left behind. What *we've* left behind.

**PALMER**

Yes...and just as well, for what would be the point?

**MARION**

I never bring up the fact that you seem to have less and less time for me. I never complain about my imposed solitude...my levied loneliness. I never whine about the unbearable boredom.

**PALMER**

Well...not "never", my pet.

**MARION**

And I only rarely remark about how much better...notably better... life was back on Earth. Or even on Mars.

**PALMER**

On Mars!?!?

**MARION**

Yes! At least on Mars we had our black vinyl LP record collection in tact! But I almost never mention it.

**PALMER**

And again, what would be the point? We both know there is no going back to either...no question about it.

**MARION**

None. And so, I've adapted to this desolate outpost of space quite well I think. And, believe me, it hasn't been easy. You've got to realize, you leave here every day. You get to go to work. But I am stuck here, 24/7.

**PALMER**

I know my Sweet Potato...but...well actually... the days here are thirty-three hours long. So, it's actually 33/7.

**MARION**

I've had to adjust to the strangeness... to the seclusion of this life. The absence of friends. The bizarre feeling of an artificial gravity that varies at the whim of the impurities of the fuel being fed into our home unit. But you've been through it too. You must know what I mean.

**PALMER**

No, I can't say that I do. No, this is where you and I differ. I find life here to be quite wonderful and incredibly satisfying. I only wish I could find a way to make it so for you as well.

**MARION**

Do you think you could get the television set to work?

**PALMER**

Not without a synchronous vibrating rectifier. Even if I could get one, the static from the other planets...

**MARION**

Well then, there you have it. I am just doomed to stay in this gloomy state of mind. You'll have to get used to it.

**PALMER**

Not necessarily. Bubby Barnett's wife was having similar feelings, but now she is as happy and content as he is.

**MARION**

Is she now?

**PALMER**

Yes! And do you know what caused the change? Bubby started her on Scatarine.

**MARION**

He what!? The narcotic? But isn't that habit-forming?

**PALMER**

It's absolutely habit-forming! She's totally addicted. Yes, My Bleak Bumble Bee...she's a complete Scatarine fiend.

**MARION**

I certainly hope you are not proposing this for me!!!

**PALMER**

She is happy and you are not. Besides, Bubby Barnett has convinced me that the agency has been pumping Scatarine into our offices since we've arrived.

**MARION**

So that's why you men are always happy...

**PALMER**

Yes...and it is only the wives who don't go to the agency's offices that are still having problems.

**MARION**

So, you men are all Scatarine junkies too? And you're not upset by this?

**PALMER**

Upset!? Why should I be? I have been extremely happy since we arrived. And the others are all happy too as they too are all Scatarine users. There's no question about it...those not addicted are more likely to be miserable.

**MARION**

I knew something was going on down there! You've been so different since the day we arrived. Too happy! Too agreeable! What has happened to the bastard I knew back on Earth? That S.O.B. I knew on Mars?

**PALMER**

He's gone. I'm happy he is! And now I want you to join us.

**MARION**

Absolutely not!

**PALMER**

Why are you fighting this?

**MARION**

Isn't Scatarine also known to shorten one's life? Isn't it known to cause an early death?

**PALMER**

Well, yes, I believe it does. At least in women.

**MARION**

So how do you reconcile that?

**PALMER**

Well, while it's true that your new-found happiness may hasten your death...that's just an unfortunate inevitability. Oh, look, you're sure to die anyway before too long, so why not live out whatever is left of your sad, pathetic life in contentment. A contentment that only Scatarine can bring?

**MARION**

I can't be at peace when I am shortening my own life!

**PALMER**

You won't care anymore. You'll miss neither the TV nor the LP's. You won't need them. You'll be content. Just content.

**MARION**

Palmer, you may appear to be happier...but you're not. You sit in that chair, night after night with that silly smirk on your face, but you're not content. You sit there...just waiting... waiting for them to kill us. And once they know what you know...they will. You know it! You said so. And yet, you actually seem happy about it.

**PALMER**

That's just it. I'm happy with anything and everything. As far as them killing us...well sure, that is going to happen.

**MARION**

And the thought of dying? Are you happy about that too?

**PALMER**

Living or dying—it doesn't make any difference. Whatever happens, I'm incapable of being unhappy.

**MARION**

But if it weren't for the drug, we'd both live.

**PALMER**

No dear. Now you're talking nonsense. They will kill us.

**MARION**

No, they wouldn't because...if your brain was working... you'd think of a way to kill them before they killed us. There must be a way. You just can't think of it while the drug has you in its grip.

**PALMER**

Nonsense. The drug doesn't have **you**, Dear. Why don't you think of a way? There is no way.

*(The lights go out. The stage is in total darkness)*

**PALMER**

What's this then?

**MARION**

They've cut the power.

**PALMER**

Why would they do that?

*(THEY each light a match)*

**MARION**

They've been listening.

*(THEY each blow out their match)*

**(BLACKOUT)**

**END OF PART ONE**

**AFTER ALL****PART TWO: "MAID TO MEASURE"**

**JAMISON:** **Age 40** A rich, spoiled but charismatic man.

**DORIAN:** **Age 40** A highly successful, executive.

**SETTING:** DORIAN'S luxurious, high-rise office. There are double doors at stage-left that lead to the outer-office and a door at stage-right that leads to his off-stage wet-bar. There is a desk area with two visitor chairs. There is also a separate "living-room" area with a couch, upholstered wing chairs, tables and lamps. Across the back wall are large floor to ceiling windows.

**AT RISE:** JAMISON sits in a wing chair in the "living room" area. He flips through a photography book from the coffee table.

**TIME:** Tuesday. Six-thirty pm.

*(JAMISON speaks loudly to DORIAN who is off stage mixing cocktails at his unseen private wet bar)*

**JAMISON**

Dorian, this is some spectacular office!

**DORIAN**

Ya think?

**JAMISON**

What are you kidding? It is mighty, mighty impressive!

**DORIAN**

Thank you, Jamison. We do our best.

*(JAMISON moves to the large floor to ceiling windows. First HE looks straight out...then straight down)*

**JAMISON**

Whoa!

**DORIAN**

You okay?

**JAMISON**

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I just made the mistake of looking straight down. Damn! It is so high up! What an incredible view! It has got to be one of the best views in the city.

*(DORIAN enters with a tray with two cocktails)*

**DORIAN**

I suppose. You know, I've been here up here so long, I don't even notice it anymore. I've grown accustomed to it. Cheers!

**JAMISON**

Cheers! Even more impressive, is the fact that you have your very own wet bar in your very own enormous office.

*(HE raises his glass)*

Well, to you Dorian! To you who has come such a long way...

**DORIAN**

Since Gregor Mendel High School? Jesus, I hope so!

**JAMISON**

No really! I mean...the Executive Director of the Federal Domestic Center! It is damned impressive!

**DORIAN**

Look who's talking? Didn't you just make the list of the top ten most affluent humans beings under the age of fifty?

**JAMISON**

Yes, but I inherited most of it from my father. You, on the other hand are a *self-made* man.

*(DORIAN starts dancing and singing "Fit As A Fiddle" from "Singing in the Rain" as he serves the drinks)*

**DORIAN**

Hey, remember this?

*(Singing)*

Fit as a fiddle and ready for love.

I can jump over the moon up above.

Fit as a fiddle and ready for love!

Don't you remember that song?

**JAMISON**

No. Should I?

**DORIAN**

Yes, of course you should! You and I sang it in the senior class production of "Singing in the Rain". You played the Donald O'Connor part and I played the Gene Kelly part.

**JAMISON**

Wow! What a memory! I vaguely...

**DORIAN**

Hi, diddle-diddle, my baby's OK,  
Ask me a riddle, I'm waiting to say  
Fit as a fiddle and ready for love!

*(DORIAN sits as JAMISON raises his glass to him)*

**JAMISON**

Uh-huh. Well...God, it's so good to see you Dorian.

**DORIAN**

You too, Jamison.

**JAMISON**

I really am so proud of what you've accomplished!

**DORIAN**

Well, thank you. But really...Jesus! Enough already!

**JAMISON**

Oh sorry. I didn't mean to upset you...or embarrass...

**DORIAN**

No, it's fine. But really enough!

**JAMISON**

Okay.

**DORIAN**

So...

**JAMISON**

So...?

**DORIAN**

So, Jamison, what is this all about?

**JAMISON**

What do you mean?

**DORIAN**

I mean...I haven't heard hide nor hair from you in over twenty-two years. What's caused this sudden urge to see your old high school co-star after all of these years?

**JAMISON**

Well, as I told you on the phone...she is just not right.

**DORIAN**

Who is not right?

**JAMISON**

Jessica.

**DORIAN**

Your wife?

**JAMISON**

That's right.

**DORIAN**

She's not right?

**JAMISON**

That's right. She's not right. That's right.

**DORIAN**

You mean she's ill?

**JAMISON**

Good heavens, no! She is as strong as a horse.

**DORIAN**

An ox. I think you mean she is strong as an ox.

**JAMISON**

Do I?

**DORIAN**

Yes. That's the expression. Strong as an ox.

**JAMISON**

Strong as an ox? That doesn't sound right. Are you sure?

**DORIAN**

Yes, an ox. I am absolutely certain. Not a horse.

**JAMISON**

Well, okay then.

**DORIAN**

Healthy as a horse. I think that's what you were going for.

**JAMISON**

Perhaps so.

**DORIAN**

Happy as a clam.

**JAMISON**

No, certainly not that.

**DORIAN**

Fit as a fiddle?

**JAMISON**

No, I don't think so.

**DORIAN**

Fit as a fiddle. And ready for love?

**JAMISON**

No!!! Please! Can we just...

**DORIAN**

Sorry old boy. I was on a roll. So where were we?

**JAMISON**

I was just saying...Jessica is not right.

**DORIAN**

So you mean...not right in the head? You mean she's what?

**JAMISON**

What?

**DORIAN**

Batty? Bonkers? Bananas?

**JAMISON**

No!

**DORIAN**

Unzipped! Unglued! Unbalanced!

**JAMISON**

No! There's nothing wrong with her mentally or physically!

**DORIAN**

Then what? You said she wasn't right!

**JAMISON**

What? Oh. Yes, that's right. She isn't right.

**DORIAN**

Well, what did you mean by that?

**JAMISON**

What I meant is...was...is... I meant... she's not right for me!

**DORIAN**

Ahh...

**JAMISON**

I mean she's not what I want. She's not right for me... anymore.

**DORIAN**

I see.

**JAMISON**

I'm so glad you do.

**DORIAN**

Yes.

**JAMISON**

I was beginning to wonder if we would ever get there.

**DORIAN**

And you've just realized that she isn't right for you now?

**JAMISON**

Well, it's a situation that's been brewing.

**DORIAN**

Brewing... has it?

**JAMISON**

It's been building over time.

**DORIAN**

For how long? For how long has it been building? Brewing?

**JAMISON**

For about twenty-three years.

**DORIAN**

Twenty-three years!!!

**JAMISON**

Yes, give or take.

**DORIAN**

Give or take???

**JAMISON**

Well, I mean pretty much since the day we got married.

**DORIAN**

And you've done nothing about it in all of these years?

**JAMISON**

Well, I needed to be sure.

**DORIAN**

And you are sure now.

**JAMISON**

Oh my yes! Absolutely.

**DORIAN**

I cannot believe it took you twenty-three years to discover you had a problem.

**JAMISON**

Well, I suppose I always knew it. But we didn't always have the options we have today.

**DORIAN**

What options?

**JAMISON**

Back then there was like one man for one woman. You went out...you found that one special someone...you committed yourselves to one another until death do you part. You know what I'm talking about?

**DORIAN**

Yes, go on.

**JAMISON**

But today, with the growing preponderance of women over men...like six to one...it's a whole different story.

**DORIAN**

Wait! Are you talking about the cyborg women?

**JAMISON**

Yes.

**DORIAN**

Those aren't women. They are robots.

**JAMISON**

You say potato...

**DORIAN**

No, I am telling you! They are machines!

**JAMISON**

But they look like women. They feel like women.

**DORIAN**

But they are machines. They have no hearts. No brains.

**JAMISON**

And that is the best part! Isn't it!

**DORIAN**

What is!?!

**JAMISON**

They have no hearts or brains! And as a result...they do whatever the men want them to do. They do as they are told!

**DORIAN**

Jamison, you are not thinking of scrapping your marriage so that you can marry a robot, are you?

**JAMISON**

Yes I am! That is exactly what I am thinking and I want you to build her for me.

**DORIAN**

What!?! Absolutely not!

**JAMISON**

To my specs. I will pay you whatever you want.

**DORIAN**

Impossible!

**JAMISON**

Oh come on! You know it's not impossible. You are the leading cyborg guru in the world. It's how you landed this gig complete with your own wet bar!

**DORIAN**

Jamison, there is just no way.

**JAMISON**

I can't believe you are fighting this.

**DORIAN**

Well believe it! It is not going to happen!

**JAMISON**

Come on! Who better than you? You're the Executive Director of the Domestic Center...the very Government agency that developed these cyborg women.

**DORIAN**

But they were developed to save marriages...not replace them.

**JAMISON**

How so?

**DORIAN**

How so? They were developed strictly to replace illicit 3rd-party sexual flings or trysts or entanglements married men are sometimes tempted by. They were meant to give those horny bastards who strayed an alternative to a marriage-destroying affair with some flesh and blood bimbo.

**JAMISON**

What!?!

**DORIAN**

A wife can deal with her dear little hubby doing the nasty with a machine. And although she may be embarrassed by it, at least she's not heart-broken over it. These cyborg women are no more than high-powered state-of-the art blow-up dolls. And they were never meant to be anything else.

**JAMISON**

Look Dorian, I just want the perfect wife.

**DORIAN**

I'm sure you do. Every man does. But real women are human, and no human is perfect... so no man gets the perfect wife. And to be perfectly fair...that goes both ways. Look, you may get a perfect robot, but she cannot be a perfect wife. She will not be a person. She will not be a human being.

**JAMISON**

I can live with that.

**(BLACKOUT)**

**END OF PART TWO**

**AFTER ALL****PART THREE: "AFTER ALL"****CHARACTERS**

**BUDDY:** Age 40's Chum's simple-minded friend.

**CHUM:** Age 50's Buddy's slightly smarter friend.

**BUNNY:** Age 50's A ditsy housewife married to Harv.

**HARV:** Age 50's A disgruntled factory worker.

**PETER:** Age 60's A demoted Saint.

**TECH 1:** Age 20's: A Computer geek.

**TECH 2:** Age 20's: A Computer geek.

**AFTER ALL****Scene 1**

**SETTING:** An empty space, perhaps an abandoned warehouse or deserted airplane hangar.

**AT RISE:** *BUDDY and CHUM are on the floor, tied together with a heavy rope, back to back. They have apparently been there for some time as they seem to be accustomed to it.*

	<b>BUDDY</b>
Chum?	
	<b>CHUM</b>
What Buddy?	
	<b>BUDDY</b>
Ain't it somethin'?	
	<b>CHUM</b>
What Buddy?	
	<b>BUDDY</b>
You know...	
	<b>CHUM</b>
No. No, I do not know.	
	<b>BUDDY</b>
Yes, you know...	
	<b>CHUM</b>
No. I don't. How could I know? You ain't said nothin' yet!	
	<b>BUDDY</b>
What do ya mean?	
	<b>CHUM</b>
I mean...you ain't said nothin'! Nothin' that I could know.	
	<b>BUDDY</b>
You've lost me.	
	<b>CHUM</b>
All you said was "Ain't it somethin'?"	

**BUDDY**

Yeah.

**CHUM**

How is a body supposed to respond to that!?!?

**BUDDY**

Well...I dunno.

**CHUM**

No, really think about it. Ain't is somethin'? How am I supposed to know what the hell you are talking about!

**BUDDY**

I'm talking about...Ain't it somethin' how sometimes things just come together.

*(CHUM does not respond)*

Chum?

**CHUM**

What!?!?!?

**BUDDY**

Ain't it somethin' how sometimes things just come together?

**CHUM**

Ha!

**BUDDY**

So now do you know what I mean?

**CHUM**

No.

**BUDDY**

What I mean is, sometimes, just when ya think it's all about as bad as it can get...

**CHUM**

Uh-huh...

**BUDDY**

Just when ya think your world has crumbled into tiny, useless little bits...

**CHUM**

Yes?

**BUDDY**

And you've fallin' down a deep, dark hole...and you just keep fallin' and fallin'... with no end in sight...

**CHUM**

Yes?

**BUDDY**

And just when you think you've reached the deepest, darkest pit of human existence...

**CHUM**

Okay, I got it, Buddy...then what?

**BUDDY**

Then suddenly and all at once-like, it all just comes together.

**CHUM**

Ahhh.

**BUDDY**

And after all of that...it is all alright.

**CHUM**

And my dear friend...

**BUDDY**

Yes?

**CHUM**

Are you portending that this is one of those situations?

**BUDDY**

No...not necessarily...

**CHUM**

A ha.

**BUDDY**

I'm not necessarily *portending* that.

**CHUM**

Not necessarily! Not necessarily!!!

**BUDDY**

Settle down now. No point in getting your chin out!

**CHUM**

Are you completely mad?

**BUDDY**

Not completely.

**CHUM**

Nothing here has come together!

**BUDDY**

But...

**CHUM**

No buts! Do you hear me? Nothing here has come together!  
Nothing! In this situation, we are clearly screwed!

**BUDDY**

Okay Chum, chill!

**CHUM**

Not necessarily!

**BUDDY**

Geez, I was just makin' a observation.

**CHUM**

**An** observation.

**BUDDY**

**An** observation.

**CHUM**

What observation?

**BUDDY**

**An** observation that there are times... although probably  
not this time... when things... I mean...ya know, lost  
things...

**CHUM**

Yes, go on.

**BUDDY**

Well, just when it seems that all is lost... and maybe it  
is...

Yes?

**CHUM**

And then...whammy!

**BUDDY**

Whammy?

**CHUM**

Yes! Whammy! Just like that, it all just seems to work out for the best.

**BUDDY**

Sometimes, yes, but not this time.

**CHUM**

Clearly not! Certainly not this time!

**BUDDY**

Good. We agree on something!

**CHUM**

*(After a pause)*  
Of course this still could...

**BUDDY**

What?

**CHUM**

This still could work out for the best. Don't ya think?

**BUDDY**

No! No, I don't think! And that's your problem. You think too much!

**CHUM**

What do ya mean?

**BUDDY**

That's how we got into this situation in the first place...me not thinking and you thinking too much!

**CHUM**

Ya know you have referred to it that way twice.

**CHUM**

What?

**BUDDY**

This thing we are in. Twice now, you have called this thing we are in, "a situation".

**CHUM**

So what of it?

**BUDDY**

Well, I'm not sure it has reached that stage. I'm not sure it has reached the situation stage.

**CHUM**

Oh, you're not???

**BUDDY**

Not entirely. Not entirely sure.

**CHUM**

Well, it has Buddy! It bloody damn well has reached the situation stage and is quickly spiraling downwards towards the severe predicament status!

**BUDDY**

Well, at least ya didn't say crisis condition.

**CHUM**

It's a short tumble from severe predicament status to crisis condition, believe me! A very short tumble.

**BUDDY**

Chum?

**CHUM**

What?!?

**BUDDY**

Nothin'.

**CHUM**

No, what were you gonna say?

**BUDDY**

Nothin'.

**CHUM**

Tell me!!! Tell me, God dammit! It drives me out of my mind when you start something and then you don't finish it!

**BUDDY**

*(Buddy begins to cry)*

I...I...I...I...

**CHUM**

Now why do you have to dispatch tears?

**BUDDY**

I'm sorry Chum.

**CHUM**

Now, cut that out! We don't have time for that now. You know that!

**BUDDY**

No, we don't. There is no time for tears...

**CHUM**

We've gotta invest our time endeavoring to figure this thing out.

**BUDDY**

Then you think we can? You think we can endeavor it out?

**CHUM**

No, no I don't think we can...

*(Buddy begins to cry again)*

But we sure better try, and bawlin' doesn't help a thing!

**BUDDY**

I'm sorry, Chum.

**CHUM**

Oh, it's okay Buddy.

**BUDDY**

This whole situation is my fault. Isn't it?

**CHUM**

Well, it's not all your fault. Not completely.

**BUDDY**

Well, how much is?

**CHUM**

I dunno.

**BUDDY**

But how much of this situation is my fault?

**CHUM**

What the devil are you talking about?

**BUDDY**

You said it's not all my fault. I want to know...how much of this situation do you consider to be my fault.

**CHUM**

I don't even know how to dignify such a preposterous question with an answer.

**BUDDY**

How about in percentages? What percentage of this do you think is my fault and what percentage is your fault?

**CHUM**

Where is this going to get us?

**BUDDY**

I just want to know what you are thinking. I have a number in mind. I'm gonna write it here on the floor. When you tell me your number, I'll show you mine.

**CHUM**

That's just ridiculous! I'm not playing this game. Don't waste your time.

*(BUDDY struggles to take a Jumbo Brand crayon out of his pocket and writes two numbers on the floor.)*

You're wasting your time. I'm not gonna tell you a number.

**BUDDY**

*(After a pause)*  
Eighty-thirty.

**CHUM**

Eighty-thirty what?

**BUDDY**

I think 80% is your fault and 30% is my fault.

**CHUM**

What! That is just plain moronic!

**BUDDY**

Why moronic?

**CHUM**

First of all, it doesn't add up!

**BUDDY**

What do you mean?

**CHUM**

It has got to add up to 100%. That adds up to 110%.

**BUDDY**

No it doesn't.

**CHUM**

What doesn't?

**BUDDY**

It doesn't have to add up to only 100%.

**CHUM**

Yes, it does!

**BUDDY**

I don't think so...

**CHUM**

Well, of course it does! Like 100% of a pie. You cannot have more than 100% of a pie...or anything else!

**BUDDY**

Why not?

**CHUM**

Because you just cannot. You cannot have more than one hundred percent...one hundred percent is all there is! That's why not!

**BUDDY**

What about one of those really big pies...like where the cherries are bustin' out of the top?

**CHUM**

Nope. No pie can be more than 100%.

**BUDDY**

Who says so?

**CHUM**

Everybody says so? People! All of the people out there!

**BUDDY**

I'm a person and I don't say so!

**CHUM**

Well, all of the people except you! Ninety-nine point nine, nine, nine, percent of the people say a pie can only be 100%. Besides, you are not out there...you are in here...with me!

*(CHUM struggles to take out his Jumbo Brand crayon and writes something on the floor. BUDDY sees this, but cannot read it.)*

**BUDDY**

So, what did you write?

**CHUM**

Never mind.

**BUDDY**

No, really. Let me see it!

*(No reply)*

Fine. Don't let me see it.

**CHUM**

I have no intention of sharing it.

**BUDDY**

Fine. I really don't care anymore what your thoughts might be as to where the blame for this should fall.

*(BUDDY struggles to try to read it)*

After all, its just one man's opinion. C'mon, let me see!

*(Still no response, BUDDY continues to try. CHUM now sits on top of what he wrote. BUDDY finally pushes CHUM aside and reads the crayoned numbers)*

Zero, slash, one-hundred?

**CHUM**

That is correct.

**BUDDY**

What does that even mean?

**CHUM**

Zero...that's my portion of the blame...one-hundred...that would be your slice of the blame pie. And the slash is what I'm gonna do to your throat if you don't shut 100% of that pie hole of yours right now!

**BUDDY**

Geez, Chum, don't get beastly about it. You don't have to get violent. I don't see why you have to do that.

**CHUM**

I'm sorry Buddy.

**BUDDY**

Well, I would think you would be!

**CHUM**

Yes, yes, yes... I am really sorry.

**BUDDY**

Apology accepted.

**CHUM**

What apology?

**BUDDY**

Your apology...when you said, "I am really sorry!"

**CHUM**

Oh, no, no, no. You misinterpreted what I was saying. I wasn't apologizing...I was merely articulating the facts.

**BUDDY**

What facts?

**CHUM**

The facts of this predicament. That's right, it's no longer a situation. It has ripened. It has evolved. It has matured into a full-scale predicament! And I am so friggin' sorry, that I ever allowed you to get us into this friggin' predicament in the first place! Of those facts, I am absolutely, 100% indisputably certain!

**BUDDY**

I can't believe you think this is my fault!

**CHUM**

Why not? A minute ago you were blubbering that this was *all* your fault. I am merely concurring with you. What changed?

**BUDDY**

You've changed. That's what's changed!

**CHUM**

What? What the hell are you mumbling about?

**BUDDY**

Just stating the facts. Just articulating the facts.

**CHUM**

Yes, you...articulating anything. Ha!

*(Pause)*

How long do you think we've been here?

**BUDDY**

Dunno. How long do you think we've been here?

**CHUM**

Hard to say...

**BUDDY**

Well...what time do you suppose it is?

**CHUM**

Well, I certainly don't know. What do I look like... friggin' Big Ben? Didn't I just ask you that question? If I knew what time it was, would I have just asked you?

**BUDDY**

Why don't you just say it?

**CHUM**

Say what?

**BUDDY**

Fuckin'.

**CHUM**

Hey, watch your mouth!

**BUDDY**

Well, why don't you say you are not fuckin' Big Ben. You are not foolin' anyone with that friggin' stuff. We all know you are saying fuckin', but covered with a candy coated shell. Fuckin', go on, say it!

**CHUM**

No!

**BUDDY**

Go on Chum! Fuckin, fuck, fuck, fuckin', fuck. You can't do it, can you? Mr. Tough Guy. All those big words you use and you can't say a simple four letter "f" word!

**CHUM**

Frig you!

**BUDDY**

Ah ha! You can't even say it when you mean it! What is wrong with you!?!

*(Suddenly lights go out)*

Oh great. What's happening now?

**CHUM**

How the fuck do I know what's happening now?

**BUDDY**

There, you said it! This is a real breakthrough!

**CHUM**

Because I'm fucking frightened out of my fucking mind! I detest the dark!

**BUDDY**

You do?

**CHUM**

Yes, I'm terrified of it.

**BUDDY**

You are? Wow, I never knew that!

**CHUM**

Well. You know it now.

**BUDDY**

Geez, you think ya know someone. God, you really are scared, I can feel you shaking.

**CHUM**

Yes, I know. I am really, really spooked by the dark.

**BUDDY**

Wow, all dark...or just strange places dark?

**CHUM**

What!?!?

**BUDDY**

I mean are you scared in the dark of your own room?

**CHUM**

Yes.

**BUDDY**

So you have to leave a light on at night?

**CHUM**

Yes.

**BUDDY**

Well, how about that!

**CHUM**

It's no big thing.

**BUDDY**

You spend nearly your whole life with a guy...

**CHUM**

Sing to me!

**BUDDY**

What!?!?

**CHUM**

Sing to me! It is the only thing that relieves the fear.

**BUDDY**

You want me to sing to you?

**CHUM**

Yes, yes, sing to me. Sing "That Old Black Magic". That always works.

**BUDDY**

Okay.

**CHUM**

Go on. Hurry up, Buddy.

**BUDDY**

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC  
HAS ME IN ITS SPELL,  
THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC  
THAT YOU WEAVE SO WELL.

**CHUM**

Go on Buddy...

**BUDDY**

ICY FINGERS  
UP AND DOWN MY SPINE,  
THE SAME OLD WITCHCRAFT  
WHEN YOUR EYES MEET MINE.

**CHUM**

Go on Buddy...

**BUDDY**

THE SAME OLD TINGLE  
THAT I FEEL INSIDE,  
WHEN THAT ELEVATOR  
STARTS ITS RIDE.

DOWN AND DOWN I GO,  
ROUND AND ROUND I GO,  
IN A SPIN, I'M LOVIN'  
THAT SPIN I'M IN,  
UNDER THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC  
CALLED LOVE.

How's that Chum? I can tell you're better cause you're not shakin' no more. Chum? Chummy?

**(STAGE REMAINS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. SET CHANGE MUSIC BEGINS)**

**END OF SCENE 1**

**AFTER ALL**  
**Scene 2**

**SETTING:** A bedroom, somewhere. There is a bed with a night table and table lamp on each side.

**AT RISE:** *Nighttime. BUNNY and HARV are in the bed, but the stage is still dark and the audience is unaware of the bed, the lamps, BUNNY or HARV. They think BUDDY and CHUM are still on stage. Won't they be surprised when they hear different voices in the dark?*

*(Stage is still in total darkness)*

**BUNNY**

What's the matter Harv?

**HARV**

Can't sleep Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Why not Harv?

**HARV**

Don't know Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Want a pill?

**HARV**

Took one.

**BUNNY**

Want another?

**HARV**

No Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Take another Harvey.

**HARV**

No!

**BUNNY**

Why not?

**HARV**

No!

**BUNNY**

But the first one did no good.

**HARV**

The bottle clearly states to take one.

*(BUNNY turns on her light and sits up in bed)*

**BUNNY**

But that doesn't mean for a man your size.

**HARV**

Of course it does!

**BUNNY**

No! They have to print the smallest dosage for the smallest man who might be taking their pills...like Wally Cox.

**HARV**

Wally who?

**BUNNY**

Wally Cox. You remember Wally Cox, Harv!

**HARV**

Can't say that I do, Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Sure you do! Wally Cox! He used to be on those game shows.

**HARV**

What game shows?

**BUNNY**

You know...What's My Line?...Hollywood Squares.

*(HARV sits up in bed and turns his light on)*

**HARV**

I remember Paul Lynde.

**BUNNY**

Big deal, everybody remembers Paul Lynde. He was that head wagger from that witch show.

**HARV**

But he also waggled his head in other things...

**BUNNY**

Like?

**HARV**

Like "Bye, Bye Birdie". And he did stints on "I Dream of Jeannie" and "The Flying Nun".

**BUNNY**

Huh.

**HARV**

What a career he had!

**BUNNY**

Well, if you know Paul Lynde, and you sure do seem to know all about him, you must know Wally Cox. Wally was the square right above Paul, often used to block.

**HARV**

Little guy?

**BUNNY**

Yes, that's my point. He was a little guy, so you can take another pill.

*(HARV turns off his light and lies down)*

**HARV**

Don't want one, Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Go on, take another.

**HARV**

No!

**BUNNY**

You could a dozen more, a man your size.

**HARV**

I'm not gonna let my size influence my dosage.

**BUNNY**

Suit yourself.

*(BUNNY turns off her light and lies down)*

**BUNNY (Continued)**

Want some warm milk?

**HARV**

Yuck, God no!

**BUNNY**

A seltzer?

**HARV**

No.

**BUNNY**

Some fruit maybe? A banana? An apple?

**HARV**

No. No, nothin'! I don't want nothin'!

**BUNNY**

Some ice cream? That always helps.

**HARV**

What kind?

**BUNNY**

Chubby Hubby.

**HARV**

Hmmm.

**BUNNY**

Is that a yes?

**HARV**

No, Bunny. I really don't want nothin'.

**BUNNY**

Suit yourself.

*(After a pause)*

Some tea?

*(HARV turns on his light)*

**HARV**

Dammit Bunny, I had just fallen asleep!

**BUNNY**

What do you mean?

**HARV**

I mean, I was sound asleep when you woke me with your tea question! I don't want no tea. I don't want no nothin'! I don't want nothin' to drink! I don't want nothin' to eat! I don't want no more pills. I don't want nothin' but sleep. That's all! I want sleep! Dear God in heaven, let me sleep!

**BUNNY**

Okay, okay. Settle down mister!

**HARV**

Okay, but please! Let me try to get some sleep!

*(HARV turns off his light)*

**BUNNY**

Okay, I'm sorry. Believe me, I won't say another word!

*(Pause and then BUNNY turns her light on)*

Nasty bastard!

*(BUNNY turns her light off. HARV turns his light on)*

**HARV**

Forget it! It's no good. I can't get back to sleep. Go on, talk. Babble on! Chatter away!

**BUNNY**

I'm not saying another word!

**HARV**

No, please do! I can't sleep anyway. So, please, gab and jabber till the sun comes shining through that window, and I have to get up, get dressed and get to work.

*(BUNNY turns her light on)*

**BUNNY**

Okay, that's it! What is up with you?

**HARV**

Nothing is up.

**BUNNY**

Come on...tell me. Did something happen at work today?

**HARV**

No, nothing happened at work today.

**BUNNY**

Are you worried that something is going to happen tomorrow?

**HARV**

No, nothing ever happens at work. I go in, I punch the time clock, I go to my machine. I punch the same hole in the same piece of sheet metal for ten hours and I punch out. I go to my locker, I get my lunch box and I come home to you. Nothing ever changes.

**BUNNY**

Well, that's good. Maybe it was something you ate. Did you eat something bad today? What did you eat?

**HARV**

Did I eat something bad? You tell me! You made my breakfast, my lunch and my dinner. I only eat what you give me to eat. Did I eat something bad? Were the eggs spoiled? Was the baloney rancid? Was the macaroni salad tainted?

**BUNNY**

No, I don't think so.

**HARV**

Then it was nothing I ate. I only eat what you give me to eat.

*(Harv turns off his light. Bunny turns off her light)*

**BUNNY**

That's nice, isn't it?

*(BUNNY turns on her light)*

**HARV**

What's nice?

**BUNNY**

I make you breakfast. I pack your lunch. You go to work and bring home money. I buy more food and again, I make your breakfast and I pack your lunch, you go to work...you only eat what I give you...and the cycle continues.

*(BUNNY turns off her light)*

**BUNNY (Continued)**

I mean, when you think about it, it's nice. We have sort of settled in. We each have a job to do and together we have a pattern to our lives. I think that's nice, don't you?

*(No response)*

Harv? Don't you?

*(No response)*

Harvey?

***(STAGE REMAINS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. SET CHANGE MUSIC BEGINS)***

**END OF SCENE 2**

**AFTER ALL**  
**Scene 3**

*(Without a pause from Scene Two)*

**AT RISE:** *BUNNY turns on her light and HARV is not there, however, BUDDY is there in his place.*

**BUNNY**

*(Startled)*  
Oh my God!

**BUDDY**

Oh, my God!

**BUNNY**

Who are you?

**BUDDY**

I'm Buddy, who are you?

**BUNNY**

I'm Bunny.

**BUDDY**

Pleased to meet you.

**BUNNY**

Where's Harvey?

**BUDDY**

Who's Harvey?

**BUNNY**

Harvey's my husband!

**BUDDY**

Oh!

**BUNNY**

What have you done with him?

**BUDDY**

I haven't touched him! Where's Chum?

**BUNNY**

Who's Chum?

*(Buddy turns on his light)*

**BUDDY**

Chum's my pal.

**BUNNY**

Oh.

**BUDDY**

Well...where is he?

**BUNNY**

I have no idea where he is.

**BUDDY**

Oh.

**BUNNY**

How did you get in here?

**BUDDY**

I don't know. We're in bed...maybe we're dreaming.

**BUNNY**

That's it! Of course! We must be dreaming.

**BUDDY**

Yes, of course!

**BUNNY**

Or rather, I must be dreaming. You are not real!

**BUDDY**

No, I'm real all right! I'm dreaming and you're not real.

**BUNNY**

No, you're wrong! I'm very real! I have a real life! I make tuna casseroles for Harvey and I go grocery shopping on Wednesdays and I have my hair washed and set on Thursdays.

**BUDDY**

It's very becoming.

**BUNNY**

Oh, why thank you! I do the color myself...why pay those prices? I am real, all right, but, I am dreaming, so I am just gonna turn off my light and go back to sleep.

*(BUNNY & BUDDY both turn off their lights)*

**BUDDY**

What's your husband like?

**BUNNY**

Oh, you know. He's a good man...a good provider.

*(BUDDY turns on his light)*

**BUDDY**

Oh, yeah? What does he provide?

*(BUNNY turns on her light)*

**BUNNY**

You know...the basics. Food, a roof over our heads...

**BUDDY**

Nice.

**BUNNY**

And he knows a lot about a lot of things.

**BUDDY**

Yeah? Like what?

**BUNNY**

Well, like Paul Lynde.

**BUDDY**

Paul Lynde from The Hollywood Squares?

**BUNNY**

Yes! Just tonight he was telling me all about him...and his appearance on "The Singing Nun"...or was she flying?

**BUDDY**

A nun that flies?

**BUNNY**

"The Flying Nun". It was on around the time of "My Mother the Car". Harv knows all there is to know about Paul Lynde. Probably Kaye Ballard too. What's your friend Chum like?

**BUDDY**

Oh you know...he's probably not as smart as your husband...

**BUNNY**

Few are.

**BUDDY**

He uses a lot of big words, but he's just a regular guy.

**BUNNY**

Regular?

**BUDDY**

Yeah, you know...a good pal. Someone to hang around with. A guy's guy. He is afraid of the dark though.

**BUNNY**

Hmm. Harv is kind of an insomniac. He can't sleep.

**BUDDY**

Chum makes me sing to him in the dark. "That Old Black Magic".

**BUNNY**

Harv makes me bring him warm milk when he can't sleep.

**BUDDY**

Yuck! I hate warm milk. It makes me gag. It's that skin that forms on the top. What is that stuff? Yuck...God...I'm gagging just thinking about it.

*(Pause)*

This bed is really comfortable.

**BUNNY**

Posture-pedic. *Sealy* Posture-pedic. Best you can buy.

**BUDDY**

Hmm. The best you can buy. Are you rich then?

**BUNNY**

Oh my, no. We got it at a sale at the Ramada Inn after the flood. It took weeks for it to dry out. Even longer for the smell to go away.

**BUDDY**

What kind of smell?

**BUNNY**

Gamey.

**BUDDY**

Gamey.

**BUNNY**

Harv didn't mind it much. Said he slept better when the bed was moist. Reminded him of his childhood I guess.

**BUDDY**

I come from a family of bed-wetter's. Oh, but don't worry. I've almost kicked the habit.

**BUNNY**

I'm not worried because you are just part of my dream. Good-night.

*(BUNNY & BUDDY both turn out their lights)*

**BUDDY**

Good night.

**BUNNY**

If you should happen to need to make a wee in the middle of the night though....it's right through that door.

*(No response)*

Buddy?

***(STAGE REMAINS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. SET CHANGE MUSIC BEGINS)***

**END OF SCENE 3**

**AFTER ALL  
SCENE 4**

**SETTING:** The empty warehouse.

**AT RISE:** *Lights comes up on CHUM and HARV, who are now tied back to back.*

**CHUM**

Buddy?

**HARV**

Please, call me Harv.

**CHUM**

Oh, right. Sorry.

**HARV**

No problem, Bro.

**CHUM**

I've hung around Buddy for so long...

**HARV**

Uh-huh.

**CHUM**

I get confused by new people.

**HARV**

It's okay, I understand.

**CHUM**

So...what do you look like?

**HARV**

What do you mean?

**CHUM**

Well, I mean, does it not kind of disturb you that we have been hunkered here talking for God knows how long, and we don't even have an inkling what each other looks like.

**HARV**

No, not really.

**CHUM**  
I'm sort of a stocky guy.

**HARV**  
Yeah, I can tell.

**CHUM**  
I've got mahogany brown hair.

**HARV**  
Mahogany, huh?

**CHUM**  
Yes. And sienna brown eyes.

**HARV**  
Okay.

**CHUM**  
And you?

**HARV**  
*(After a pause)*  
The same.

**CHUM**  
Your wife, what's her name?

**HARV**  
Bunny...

**CHUM**  
Bunny...really?

**HARV**  
Beatrix really.

**CHUM**  
Beatrix.

**HARV**  
Yes.

**CHUM**  
Really?

**HARV**  
Yeah, Beatrix.

CHUM  
Strange name.

HARV  
Kind of.

CHUM  
You don't hear of a lot of Beatrices? Beatri?

HARV  
No, I suppose you don't.

CHUM  
So, they call her Bunny.

HARV  
Yes, that's right. Bunny.

CHUM  
(Pause)  
Where did that come from...Bunny?

HARV  
I don't know. She was Bunny before I knew her.

CHUM  
And she was Beatrix before that.

HARV  
Yes.

CHUM  
Maybe from Beatrix Potter. Those children's stories.

HARV  
Maybe.

CHUM  
Was Beatrix Potter a bunny?

HARV  
I don't know.

CHUM  
I think she was a bunny.

**HARV**

I thought she was the author.

**CHUM**

Hmmm, maybe you're right.

**HARV**

Maybe.

**CHUM**

So, what does she look like?

**HARV**

Beatrix Potter?

**CHUM**

No, Beatrix Bunny, your wife.

**HARV**

Oh.

**CHUM**

Brown hair too?

**HARV**

I suppose so.

**CHUM**

You suppose so?

**HARV**

Yeah, a kind of brown... I suppose.

**CHUM**

Eye color?

**HARV**

Why is the eye color so important to you!?!

**CHUM**

Just making conversation.

**HARV**

What difference does it make?

**CHUM**

Just curious.

*(After a beat)*

**CHUM (Continued)**

You don't know, do you?

**HARV**

What!?!?

**CHUM**

You don't your little Bunny-wife's eye color!

**HARV**

That's ridiculous! Of course I do! She's my wife!

**CHUM**

What then?

**HARV**

This is just silly. What difference does it make?

**CHUM**

How long have you been married?

**HARV**

Twenty-two years.

**CHUM**

Whoa!

**HARV**

The same amount of time that I was single.

**CHUM**

So half of your life.

**HARV**

Yes. I got married at twenty-two. Next year I will have been married twenty-three.

**CHUM**

Mote than half of your life. And then twenty-four.

**HARV**

That's right.

**CHUM**

And so on until death do you part.

**HARV**

Exactly. Death.

**CHUM**

You might want to learn her eye color before that fateful day.

**HARV**

I don't want to think about that...

**CHUM**

What if on that fateful day, Saint Peter meets you at the great pearly gates and the only question you must answer for admission is, what is your wife's eye color?

**HARV**

You are talking nonsense!

**CHUM**

It could happen. One never knows.

**HARV**

Rubbish!

**CHUM**

Alright then, just remember where you heard it. And on that fateful day...when Saint Peter...

**HARV**

Are you sure he is still a saint?

**CHUM**

Of course he is!

**HARV**

I'm not so sure.

**CHUM**

What is that suppose to mean?

**HARV**

Well they demoted a whole bunch of them you know.

**CHUM**

Who did?

**HARV**

The church. The Pope, I guess.

**CHUM**

They never did!

**HARV**

Sure they did.

**CHUM**

Impossible. Once a saint, always a saint.

**HARV**

No, St Christopher for example...wings clipped so to speak.

**CHUM**

Blasphemer!

**HARV**

It's absolutely true. My uncle used to own a factory in Rochester that made those little magnetic Saint statues for the dashboards of cars.

**CHUM**

Yeah?

**HARV**

Yep!...And on the day Christopher was sacked from sainthood... my uncle pretty much went out of business.

**CHUM**

He went out of business?

**HARV**

He couldn't convert fast enough to another Saint.

**CHUM**

Bummer.

**HARV**

Molds and stuff, you know. He even thought about doing little statuettes of Henry Fonda....

**CHUM**

Henry Fonda?

**HARV**

Yeah. St. Christopher sort of looked like Henry Fonda, but with a beard.

**CHUM**

I can see that.

**HARV**

He thought he could just adjust the mold... sand it down...

**CHUM**

Great idea!

**HARV**

Yeah, but then he realized Henry Fonda would never sell for dashboards the way St. Christopher did.

**CHUM**

Yeah. Probably not.

**HARV**

He finally just gave up.

**CHUM**

Geez, the poor guy.

**HARV**

It gets even worse. One day, he shipped out all of the remaining St. Chris statuettes to the Vatican... hundreds of cartons of them. He just packed them up, invoiced them and shipped them off to the Pope. Then he popped his clogs.

**CHUM**

He what!?!

**HARV**

Popped his clogs. Joined the choir invisible. He done himself in.

**CHUM**

Wow!

**HARV**

Shot himself three times...just to be sure it took. They found him laying in his empty warehouse dead, holding the gun in his right hand and a little St. Christopher statue in his left. The model with the bobbing head. That was the one he was most proud of.

**CHUM**

That's incredible!

**HARV**

It just goes to show you...the Pope makes one decision and a man in Rochester ends his life. I wonder if the demotion of the other Saints had similar results.

**CHUM**

What other Saints? Who else? Who else did they can?

**HARV**

Can't remember them all. I think St Ursula, St. George and St. Nicolas...

**CHUM**

St. Nick! Holy shit!

*(Suddenly the lights go out)*

**HARV**

Oh oh. What's this then?

**CHUM**

Do you know "That Old Black Magic"?

**HARV**

Why?

*(Pause...stage still black)*

**BUNNY**

Is that you Harvey?

**HARV**

Bunny?

**BUNNY**

Oh, Harvey, thank goodness. I had the strangest dream. I dreamed this very strange man named Buddy...

**BUDDY**

Hey, what do ya mean strange?!?

**BUNNY**

Oh my!

**CHUM**

Buddy?

Chum?

**BUDDY**

Oh my God, where were you?

**CHUM**

In bed with Bunny.

**BUDDY**

What?!?

**HARV**

What color are her eyes?

**CHUM**

Green as emeralds.

**BUDDY**

Green then?

**CHUM**

Yes, she's got very pretty green eyes. Unforgettable really. Never saw anything like them.

**BUDDY**

Why thank you Buddy.

**BUNNY**

Harv, they're green.

**CHUM**

Well, of course they are green. A really beautiful green.

**HARV**

Thanks Harv.

**BUNNY**

Bunny, you were in bed with that guy?

**HARV**

Yes, but I was asleep.

**BUDDY**

He knows your eye color. Were you sleeping with your eyes open?

**HARV**

**BUNNY**

Of course not. Where were you anyway?

**HARV**

Right here!

**BUNNY**

Right where?

*(Lights up to reveal all four in bed with a heavy rope around them. They appear to be naked under the sheets.)*

**ALL**

Oh my!

*(THEY look under the sheets to see if they are really naked)*

**BUNNY**

This is some dream!

**HARV**

What is going on here?

**CHUM**

You are right, Buddy! Her eyes are incredibly green.

**BUNNY**

You must be Buddy's pal, Chum.

**CHUM**

That's right. Do you know her own husband of twenty-two years didn't even know what color they were?

**BUNNY**

Twenty-three.

**CHUM**

What?

**BUNNY**

Twenty-three years. We've been married twenty-three years.

**CHUM**

*(To Harv)*

You said twenty-two.

**HARV**

No, I didn't.

**CHUM**

You said twenty-two! The same number of years as you were single.

**HARV**

Well, it was 22 *then*. You don't know how long we have been sitting here.

**CHUM**

What are you saying?

**BUNNY**

Yeah, Harv...what are you saying?

**HARV**

I'm saying...maybe we have been in this situation for over a year.

**CHUM**

No!

**BUDDY**

No, that can't be.

**HARV**

It could be. Does anyone know for sure?

**BUNNY**

I don't.

**CHUM**

But it can't be a year. We'd be sitting in piss and stuff and we'd be dead from lack of food...and water.

**HARV**

Maybe.

**CHUM**

What do you mean, maybe?

**HARV**

Maybe we are dead.

**BUNNY**

Stop it Harv! You are scaring me!

**CHUM**

You think we are dead?

**HARV**

Nah.

**BUDDY**

Besides, if we are dead, how are we still talking to each other?

**HARV**

And if we were dead, I would be in heaven...no question about it.

**CHUM**

Unless...

**BUNNY**

What? Unless what?

**CHUM**

Unless we are only sort of dead...like step one of dead...and this is the waiting room.

**HARV**

The waiting room?

**BUDDY**

Like we're waiting for Saint Peter?

**HARV**

Not Saint Peter again!

**BUDDY**

What's wrong with Saint Peter?

**CHUM**

He don't believe in Saint Peter.

**BUNNY**

Is that so?

**HARV**

I don't not believe in him. I'm just not saying I do believe in him.

**BUDDY**

Sort of hedging your bets then?

**CHUM**

Well, if this is a waiting room, I wish they would offer us some refreshments while we wait.

**HARV**

I could really use a soda.

**BUNNY**

I wonder if they have sugar-free.

**CHUM**

And maybe some of those little bags of peanuts, like on the airplanes.

*(Lights go out)*

**HARV**

Here we go again.

**CHUM**

Oh God!

**BUNNY**

Oh my.

**CHUM**

*(singing)*

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC  
HAS ME IN ITS SPELL...

**CHUM and BUDDY**

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC  
THAT YOU WEAVE SO WELL...  
ICY FINGERS  
UP AND DOWN MY SPINE...

**HARV**

THE SAME OLD WITCHCRAFT  
WHEN YOUR EYES MET MINE...

*(Lights come up. THEY are now in a group therapy session. THEY sit in chairs in a semicircle with ST. PETER in the middle seat. ST. PETER looks a little like Henry Fonda with a beard. HE holds a notebook and pen, and is dressed in a three-piece suit. The others wear choir robes. The walls are faded from age, except for the oblong shapes saved from discoloration by the diplomas which once hung there, now taken down as a result of his demotion)*

**BUDDY**

He looks a little like Henry Fonda too.

**HARV**

Shhh...

**PETER**

Okay, so first, I need to get some background information from each of you.

**HARV**

Ha! I would think you'd have filing cabinets on each of us.

**PETER**

Let's start with Buddy.

**BUDDY**

Oh Jesus!

**CHUM**

*(Shocked)*

Buddy!!!

**BUDDY**

Whoops, sorry. I meant, "Oh Peter". Saint Peter. Can I call you that?

**PETER**

Peter is fine. Really. Just call me Peter. You can drop the Saint part.

**HARV**

You too!?!

**PETER**

Buddy, tell us a little about yourself.

**BUDDY**

Ok, Peter. I was born a while back, I met Chum, my friend, and now I'm here.

**PETER**

Buddy, when I said tell us a little about yourself, I was hoping for a little more than that.

**BUDDY**

Well, that's pretty much it.

**PETER**

But that can't be...

**BUDDY**

No really, the details which fill in the middle parts are not so important.

**PETER**

But you must have more to your life than that. What about some of the good deeds you have done?

**BUDDY**

Uh, nope, nothing springs to mind.

**PETER**

Bad deeds?

**BUDDY**

Again, nothing too interesting.

**PETER**

But surely, there must be something...

**BUDDY**

Nope. The three critical events that happened to me are my birth, meeting Chum, and my death...if death is what this is. Is that what this is?

**PETER**

Why is the Chum thing so important?

**BUDDY**

Well, he is...was...the only friend I have ever had.

**PETER**

Well ok then. Chum how about you?

**CHUM**

What?

**PETER**

Has your life been equally uneventful?

**CHUM**

Oh, no. My life's been full of events.

**PETER**

Oh, good. Tell us about your eventful life then.

**CHUM**

I went to the mountains once.

**PETER**

No, start from the beginning.

**CHUM**

Well I was born. I was a baby with colic and then a boy...

**BUNNY**

A bed wetter?

**CHUM**

No, that was Buddy.

**BUDDY**

Chum!

**CHUM**

Sorry Buddy.

**PETER**

*(Impatiently)*

Go on!

**CHUM**

Oh, right. Now, where was I?

**BUNNY**

You were born, a baby with colic, a boy who didn't wet the bed...

**CHUM**

Well, at least not every night like some people.

**BUDDY**

Hey!

**CHUM**

Then I was a teenager with bad skin and then a man without a job. Now I am here. But I did go to the mountains once.

**PETER**

I see. The mountains. You liked the mountains?

**CHUM**

Oh yeah, I loved the mountains.

**PETER**

What about them...

**CHUM**

I loved the way they made me feel. They remind us we are small...inconsequential. And as a result our cares and woes are also small and inconsequential. It helped me get through the less happy times.

**PETER**

Well good then.

**CHUM**

Yes, very good. You can tell the big guy that he did a great job on the mountains. One of his best works.

**PETER**

I'll be sure to pass that along.

**BUDDY**

Will we actually get to meet the big guy? I mean God?

**PETER**

We'll see. Now then, that brings us to you Bunny.

**BUNNY**

Oh no, I'm sorry.

**PETER**

I beg your pardon?

**BUNNY**

I'm not ready yet.

**PETER**

Oh.

**BUNNY**

Could you take Harv next?

**HARV**

Yes, you *are* Bunny! You're ready!

**BUNNY**

No, Harvey, I am *not* ready!

**HARV**

Bunny! This isn't a waiter taking our order!

**BUNNY**

I know that!

**HARV**

Then, what do you mean you are not ready?

**BUNNY**

What do you mean, what do I mean? I am simply not ready.

**HARV**

Do you realize who this is??? This is *thee* St. Peter! St. Peter...she's ready.

**CHUM**

Oh, now he's *thee* Saint Peter. Suddenly you believe he is a saint!

**HARV**

Shut up!

**CHUM**

Peter, why don't you do Harv next. I can't wait to see how this one goes.

**HARV**

Shut up!

**CHUM**

Don't tell me to shut up! You shut up!

**PETER**

Please, both of you shut up! I am trying to get through this. Now, I do need to do Bunny next.

**HARV & CHUM**

Sorry Saint Peter.

**BUNNY**

Ugh.

**PETER**

Bunny, I'm sorry. You may not be ready for me, but I am ready for you.

**BUNNY**

Oh, all right.

**PETER**

So please. Proceed.

**BUNNY**

What was the question?

**PETER**

It's not really a question. Just tell me about your life.

**BUNNY**

Oh, my life is great. Was great? Which verb tense do I use? I'm not even sure what's going on here. Is this death?

**PETER**

I'm just trying to get an idea of the details, the accomplishments and disappointments of your life.

**BUDDY**

The good deeds and the bad deeds?

**PETER**

That's right.

**BUNNY**

But why? I thought you kept a big book with the details of when we are naughty and nice.

**PETER**

Oh please! That's St. Nick who knows when you've been bad or good. We can't possibly keep up with the millions and millions of people who have lived on earth. We can't document every time someone lies, or steals, or murders!

**BUNNY**

But, I was always taught...

**PETER**

Well of course you were, but who are you going to believe? Think about it. Do you really think all of that can be book kept?

**BUNNY**

No, I suppose not.

**PETER**

Of course not.

**HARV**

But if you don't keep records, how do you make the ultimate decision?

**PETER**

From these interviews.

**HARV**

But, if you don't keep records...how do you know the person isn't lying.

**PETER**

Hmmm, I don't. I guess I don't know. You know, I think I am probably too trusting. I never even considered that.

*(HE makes a note in his steno pad)*

**PETER**

Why would someone lie to me?

**HARV**

Duh?! To avoid eternal damnation in the burning fires of Hell!?!?

**PETER**

Oh, is that what you think this is about? Heaven or Hell?

**BUNNY**

Well, sure. What else?

**PETER**

I'm really sorry. The receptionist should have explained some things to you. There is no hell.

**ALL BUT PETER**

What??!!

**PETER**

Well not as such. That whole heaven and hell thing was created to keep people from, well, doing terrible things to each other while on earth.

**BUDDY**

Huh?

**PETER**

Oh yes. You see, your life on Earth was just the first stage of your existence. We use it as sort of a training ground for the second and third stages. It gives you time to develop your interests, specialties, talents. Then when you get to this stage, stage two, we can better direct you down the right road.

**BUNNY**

Sort of like a guidance counselor.

**CHUM**

There are roads in heaven?

**BUDDY**

So this is stage two?

**PETER**

That's correct. This is stage two. Round two if you like.

**HARV**

What's round three?

**PETER**

Hold on, we are getting way off course here. Let's get back to Bunny.

**BUNNY**

*(Nervously)*

Oh God.

**PETER**

*(Startled, looking behind him to see if God entered)*

Oh geez, don't do that! I thought he was right behind me. Don't ever do that again!

**BUNNY**

Okay, I'm sorry.

**PETER**

It's all right. Oh, gosh, let me just catch my breath here.

**CHUM**

Are you all right?

**PETER**

Oh yes. I'm fine. Just had a bit of a start there.

**BUNNY**

I am sorry.

**PETER**

No, don't be. It's really okay. It's just that he never comes to this part, and I was, well never mind. So Bunny, your life?

**BUNNY**

I have tried to lead a good life. I've tried to be a good daughter, a good wife, a good friend.

**PETER**

Good. How do you mean, good?

**BUNNY**

I have never broken any of the big commandments.

**PETER**

The big commandments?

**BUNNY**

That's right. None of the big ones.

**PETER**

That's funny, I didn't realize they came down in sizes.

**BUNNY**

Well of course. They aren't all equal. They each definitely carry a different weight.

**PETER**

Like what? Small, medium and large?

**BUNNY**

Well, sure.

**PETER**

Fascinating. Please explain this to me.

**BUNNY**

Well large would be...thou shalt not commit murder. Medium would be...thou shalt not steal...and small would be the one about your neighbor's wife. The coveting one.

**PETER**

So, you never committed murder?

**BUNNY**

Oh, my gracious, no!

**PETER**

Did you covet thy neighbor's wife then?

**BUNNY**

No, St. Peter! Of course not.

**PETER**

Then, what little commandments did you break?

**BUNNY**

Thou shalt not lie. I have to say...that's a little one, but it's a tough one.

**PETER**

Why?

**BUNNY**

Sometimes in life, you've just got to lie to protect the other person's feelings. Particularly when you are married.

**HARV**

What!?! What is that supposed to mean, Bunny?

**BUNNY**

Oh, Harv, not about anything important.

**HARV**

About what then? What unimportant lies did you tell me?

**BUNNY**

Well, not lies so much...well, not exactly lies...and it was never anything important.

**HARV**

Bunny!

**PETER**

Forget about it Harv. She said it was about nothing important. Okay then Bunny, so you kept most of the commandments and you tried to be a good person. What is it that interested you the most in life?

**BUNNY**

Well, I guess I liked being a wife best.

**PETER**

And why was that?

**BUNNY**

I guess I liked being needed.

**PETER**

And you felt Harvey needed you?

**BUNNY**

Oh, absolutely. Mr. Macho Man would probably never admit it, but he needed me real bad. He couldn't do a thing without me. Could you Harv?

**HARV**

That's ridiculous!

**BUNNY**

I told you he would never admit it.

**HARV**

That don't prove nothin'.

**CHUM**

Peter, he didn't even know what color her eyes were...

**BUDDY**

Or even how long they were married!

**BUNNY**

It don't matter. Whatever he says...and despite that he don't know the things he should, I know he loves me and could not live without me, and that is enough for me.

**BUDDY**

Geez, that's beautiful!

**PETER**

Folks, none of that really matters here. I am just trying to get some facts about ...well, let's move on. Harv.

**HARV**

Yes, Saint Peter?

**CHUM**

*(Mockingly)*

**Saint. Saint** Peter.

**PETER**

You don't seem to have a lot of friends here, do you? Even your loving wife Bunny seems to put up with you because she thinks you are needy. What do you think about all of that?

**HARV**

Ah, it has all been twisted around here.

**PETER**

So, Harv. Same drill. Tell us about your life.

**HARV**

Well, it's not been much of one so far. I mean, since the start I have worked and up until the day I died, if I have in fact died, I worked.

**PETER**

That's it?

**HARV**

That's it. Work. That is my life. That was my life.

**PETER**

And Bunny?

**HARV**

Oh, yeah, of course there was Bunny.

**PETER**

What about Bunny?

**HARV**

Bunny has been great. Caring. Took care of the house, took care of the yard, took care of the dog, and until today, I always thought she was honest too.

**BUNNY**  
Harv!

**PETER**  
What about that Harv?

**HARV**  
What about what?

**PETER**  
The honesty thing. Have you ever told a lie to Bunny?

**HARV**  
Never!

**PETER**  
Harv, Harv, Harv. It's me. Peter.

*(Looking over his shoulder to make sure God isn't behind him)*

Saint Peter. Are you telling me the absolute truth? You never lied to Bunny?

**HARV**  
Well...

**BUNNY**  
You lied to me?

**BUDDY**  
Oh oh.

**HARV**  
Not about nothin' important.

**BUNNY**  
Harvey!

**PETER**  
Okay, you know what? We're not going to have time to get into that now. I think we're nearly through here in fact.

**CHUM**  
Through? So now what?

**HARV**  
Yes, now what? Phase two?

**PETER**

No, actually, I don't feel any of you are ready for phase two. I am going to return you to the lives you came from.

**BUNNY**

You are?

**HARV**

You are?

**PETER**

Yes, and this time around, please start living your lives. If it's the mountains you love, go to the mountains. If you hate your menial job, change it.

**BUNNY**

But I am happy with my life.

**PETER**

Bunny, what about that special, secret dream of yours?

**BUNNY**

You know about that?

**PETER**

Of course I do. You need to follow that dream.

**HARV**

What dream?

**BUNNY**

Oh Harv. I've always wanted to make the costumes for The Rockettes. Since childhood. All that sequins, the feathers. And you get to make the same one over and over again. I am going to do it! I can't believe St. Peter knew about that!

**HARV**

How come I never knew that?

**BUNNY**

You never asked Harv.

**BUDDY**

What about me St. Peter?

**PETER**

Buddy, you have spent your whole life serving Chum. You are a nice guy, always willing to help another person.

**PETER (Continued)**

But Buddy, you deserve a life too. Go find one. Find some other friends, some new interests. Chum needs to go to the mountains. Let him go.

**BUDDY**

I understand.

**PETER**

Well, that's it. Collect your clothes at the reception area...and have a good and productive life. I'll see you next go around.

**ALL**

Goodbye Saint Peter. Thank you.

*(All but PETER exit. The lights come up from behind a scrim revealing TWO TECHNICIANS at a control panel. As they talk PETER sits in his chair and reviews his notes not hearing the TECHNICIANS)*

**TECH ONE**

What a group!

**TECH TWO**

Exhausting!

**TECH ONE**

I can't believe we found a guy who actually thinks he *is* Saint Peter. What a break!

**TECH TWO**

We found him in Manhattan. They got everything there. This is only your second week. Stick around, you'll be amazed at what we are able to do here.

**TECH ONE**

The boys did a good job recreating the bedroom. I don't think Bunny had a clue it wasn't really her house.

**TECH TWO**

Fortunately none of them were very bright. Not like last week.

**TECH ONE**

The Commissioner really thinks this is going to impact the economy and reduce crime?

**TECH TWO**

That's what he has committed to the committee. Well, while we did these four, the rest of this office did another 300. Multiply that times the three-thousand sites we have around the world, it has got to eventually add up.

**TECH ONE**

Even if only forty percent of them change their lives, as the commissioner has projected...it's a big number.

**TECH TWO**

Happy people are more productive and less likely to hurt each other. The economy gets better, crime goes down. It's the next best thing to a police state.

**TECH ONE**

Well, I'm beat. I gotta get out of here. Tonight is Jamie's Little League game and tomorrow is Christa's first recital.

**TECH TWO**

No rest for the wicked. Have a good weekend Charlie.

**TECH ONE**

You too, Bob. See ya Monday.

*(Flicks on a switch to talk to ST. PETER from a microphone. His voice comes over a speaker.)*

Good job Peter. You keep that up, and we'll be talking about reinstating you into Sainthood.

**PETER**

Oh, why thank you God. That would be terrific. Thank you, thank you very much. You have a good weekend.

**TECH ONE**

You too, Pete.

*(PETER turns out the lights and exits as Sinatra's version of "That Old Black Magic" swells.)*

**(Blackout)**

**END OF PLAY**