

**THOMAS AT MILE ZERO**

**Staging Note:** The action of the play will move continuously without trying to recreate a realistic set. I suggest a metaphoric set may best serve, around which is created an expressionistic suggestion of the play's scenes. There is also the possibility of a reflecting pool of water symbolic of the entrance to the fairy world that Thomas and the Boy Thomas encounter. Maybe that's all we need. I've deliberately been minimal in my stage directions and non-dialogue descriptions.

**PROLOGUE SCENE: 1**

*This scene may re-occur at different times throughout the play.*

THE BANSHEE, a woman with long flowing hair is rhythmically washing a long, white, cloth in a large metal tub of water with a scrub board. Thomas and Colleen are under a cloth together. The banshee removes the cloth from them and takes the cloth to her washing bucket. In this scene, they are ten years old. They have an apple balanced between their mouths.

COLLEEN:

Bite it.

THOMAS:

It will fall.

COLLEEN:

I liked your story.

THOMAS:

Thanks. Creation of the world stories are hard to write.

COLLEEN:

(Enthusiastically)

Yeah, yeah, I totally got that. Quick, before someone comes.

THOMAS:

Okay here goes.

(He bites the apple and it falls. They stand there ever so close, near to kissing and then a younger Dante calls.)

DANTE:  
Tommy Domangard! You Hemorrhoid, your turn to  
peel the potatoes. The boiling pot waits.

THOMAS:  
Colleen, shoot, I--

COLLEEN:  
Promise me--

THOMAS:  
What?

COLLEEN:  
Nothing. Wait! I mean--We'll be friends. Always.

THOMAS:  
That's a big decision.

COLLEEN:  
(Imploring, serious.)  
Promise?

THOMAS:  
Yes Colleen. Like the return of the wild apples,  
I promise we'll always be friends.

(Colleen exits past the Banshee.)

SCENE: 2

*(The lights rise on ten year old Thomas, later known  
as the boy, and his father Sean, his mother Maura and  
his brother(s), yelling for echoes on top of a hill. )*

SEAN:  
HELLLOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THOMAS:  
HELLLLOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

SEAN:  
THOMAS!!!!

THOMAS:  
DADDDDDDDY!!!!!!!!!!

SEAN:  
OOOOOOOOOOGA!

THOMAS

BOOOOOGAaaaaa!

*(They laugh together)*

THOMAS:

Great echo. So our family owns all this?

DANTE:

Helloooo!

MAURA:

Simmer down.

*(To them all with a shot at Dante, who's grudgingly settles down.)*

You want the whole town to hear all of yee going loonie?

SEAN:

Oh Maura, they're just excited. Yes it's all ours, and someday we'll build our family manor right here.

THOMAS:

Manor?

SEAN:

A home, but much more than that—it will be in our family for generations. Your children's children will celebrate Christmas here.

MAURA:

You got plans boyo! I believes that when I see it. I best get back and get a pot on for supper.

*(Maura exits.)*

THOMAS:

Hey Dante did you hear that, my children's children--

DANTE:

That'll be the day. You won't outlive the gully monster.

THOMAS:

Monster?

DANTE:

You hear that, it's crashing through the woods. And you know the Banshee won't be far behind.

THOMAS:

It's just Patrick, and Ian. Our monster older brothers. So you're just bullshittin me.

SEAN:

What was that son? A clean mouth is a clean mind.

DANTE:

Patrick's working the early shift at the mill. I don't know where Ian is. It's the gully monster and he's sure to get you now. It's coming, and it especially likes little kids. Always eats the youngest, your guts will be hanging from his fangs.

OFFSTAGE FEMALE VOICE:

Quick stand on a rock, or get into a tree. The gully monster can't get you then.

THOMAS:

Sadie? Sis? Do you see anything? Is that true Dad? Do I have to stand on a rock?

SEAN:

Always good to have something to stand on.

DANTE:

It's coming! Sounds hungry, I'm not taking any chances. Here's my rock. Get your own.

THOMAS:

Oh Dad! It's coming. Where's Sadie, where's everyone? The monster is coming--Stay away!!

(Thomas disappears in the washer-tub and Boy appears suddenly.)

SCENE: 3

Deep in the forest. A dying echo of Thomas is heard.

(Boy runs forest length not noticing the gully monster.)

GULLY MONSTER:

Smell the moss. Ah, the morning dew.

BOY:

Mommy! Dad?!

GULLY MONSTER:

Ah the sound of a male child in fear. Shall I sew his mouth shut?

(BANSHEE keeps washing.)

GULLY MONSTER: (Continued)

You're right I will let him be. That is the sound of my peace.

(She catches Boy.)

For eternity. What profit? What escape? What plans boy? All for nothing. It's over.

BOY:

Please let me go.

GULLY MONSTER:

(With a quick change in tone)

My darling, I'll protect you. You're mine.

(The older self of Thomas enters and stands by his younger self.)

GULLY MONSTER: (Continued)

Hear me now as you survive these next years, your worldly self is cursed with fear and faithless doubt. As that self who is beyond the veil passes to adulthood, he'll be tested. Like all the rest, he'll fail.

BOY:

I can't stay here. I will need to move on?

GULLY MONSTER:

Everything moves on. But as it does let's always have some fun. And you, you my dear will be our beauty, truth and harmony forever young. Are you with me?

(Grace enters. She is a younger looking Fairy.)

GRACE:

Leave the boy. The wheel must turn.

GULLY MONSTER:

No. It's done. The tests are in motion and for now his happy innocence is mine to protect--

GRACE:

--To let go--Because it's his and his alone.

BOY:

(To Grace)

I want to go with you. Take me back.

GULLY MONSTER:

Everybody wants Grace. Endless paintings of you. Glamorous purity. No one wants the Monster.

(To Grace)

Your power is limited without his worldly self taking charge. Come boy, I want to smile again.

(She takes the boy over her shoulders and goes into the forest. Lights change as the boy yells.)

BOY:

Thommmmmmmmmmmmmaaaaass.

(The Gully Monster muffles his cry.)

We transition into the next scene with the older Thomas.

THOMAS:

Thomas??

(SOUND OF A SCHOOL BELL.)

SCENE: 4

(Thomas begins talking with Colleen)

THOMAS

I'm standing on Gospel Rock cliff. The last days of our Indian Summer. The ocean is bashing the edge five meters below. Zane and the guys are calling to me. Jump Man! Jump you wuss! I stand there with my toes curled around the edge of the rock. Seagulls fly at me----I stared straight ahead though. I was in their perch but I wasn't staying. Look out world. You know it's gorgeous up there when the sun sets past the hills above the beach and over the mountain beyond. Orange fire. Shadow patterns on my chest. Tonight's the night, I was going to finally dive-- --I braced myself with one last deep breath. Who am I kidding? I didn't breathe. I took the plunge and dove. My arms over my head pointing to the water as I soared down so fast. The ocean met me faster than I expected. Great rush.

(MORE)

THOMAS (Continued)

I went right to the bottom and touched. I surfaced fast laughing and gasping for air. I did it. I showed them. I didn't just jump. I dove head first.

(Pause, To Colleen)

I wish it were all true. I walked down the side and swam back alone. That's it. The whole story.

COLLEEN

Sad one, you should have really dove.

THOMAS:

Yeah, you're right.

COLLEEN:

I mean it. It's spring. Time to take the leap.

THOMAS:

Yeah.

COLLEEN

I mean it's time. Change the ending

THOMAS:

Okay, well I'll write it down with a new ending.

COLLEEN:

There are other ways to leap.

THOMAS:

Yeah.

COLLEEN:

We're not kids anymore.

THOMAS:

Nope.

(Colleen kisses him. Thomas's kisses back.)

THOMAS: (Continued)

Grad Night? Let's make it perfect Colleen. Roses and Candles...

COLLEEN

Romantic. I like that. See you maybe after school at the treefort. We can hang-out. Get some homework done.

THOMAS:  
Hang-out. Yeah sure.  
(Pause. He talks out ahead)  
I'll write it, that new ending. I'm writing alot  
of new stuff these days.  
(Now more to himself.)  
Got to make some sense of the world.

(We hear the sound of another school  
bell. Or perhaps the "morning  
announcements" ad lib.)

SCENE: 5

A few weeks past the last scene. Thomas and his dad  
Sean are stuck in in a BROKEN CAR, WAITING FOR THE  
EARLY FERRY.

THOMAS: (Continued)  
You just going to sleep?

SEAN:  
Passes the time.

THOMAS:  
I can't sleep.

SEAN:  
It's easy. Just close your eyes, and think of  
nothing.

THOMAS:  
(Pause)  
Dad, dad, man, what the hell, how did we miss the  
ferry.

SEAN:  
It left without us.

THOMAS:  
Very funny. This boat of a car--, you knew the  
radiator would blow.

SEAN:  
We were running the heater so it should have  
cooled. Sorry son, you have somewhere to be?  
(Pause.)  
Colleen's a lovely girl.  
(Pause, no answer from Thomas.)  
Tomorrow's only Sunday. Skip mass, and sleep in.



THOMAS:  
Why did I have to come on this trip. Damn.

SEAN:  
Don't swear son. Life is too short.

THOMAS:  
What does that mean?

SEAN:  
Don't know, my father always said it to me.

THOMAS:  
Oh. I still don't know what it means.

SEAN:  
Wisdom of your fathers. Best not to question.

THOMAS:  
That's what I do.

SEAN:  
I've noticed.

THOMAS:  
Do you ever feel something is missing in your  
life?

SEAN:  
Yes.

THOMAS:  
Yes?

SEAN:  
Yes. But what could possibly be missing in yours  
so soon?

THOMAS:  
Just a feeling I had. A bad dream since I was  
about ten.

SEAN:  
So soon, I didn't know. Here's more wisdom: that  
feeling goes away.

THOMAS:  
Away? Really?

SEAN:  
No, not really. But you forget as you get older  
that anything really was ever missing. Male  
Identity Amnesia Syndrome.

THOMAS:  
Something to look forward to I guess. You know  
you could have just picked up my grad tuxedo  
without me?

SEAN:  
I could have, that's true. But then we'd miss out  
on all this.

THOMAS:  
I wouldn't miss it.

SEAN:  
I WOULD.

THOMAS:  
Dad—

SEAN:  
Didn't mean to raise my voice son.

THOMAS:  
Do you want to talk some more?

SEAN:  
Men must talk less, and walk more.

THOMAS:  
What does that mean?

SEAN:  
Not sure, my dad said it to me—think about it.

THOMAS:  
What time is it?

SEAN:  
A quarter to the hour.

THOMAS:  
What hour?

SEAN:  
The same hour as last time you asked.

THOMAS:  
What hour is that?

SEAN:  
ONE! One in the morning.

THOMAS:  
You could have said so.  
(He looks at his Dad, who grunts)  
Five hours to go before the first ferry.

SEAN:  
Son, life...

THOMAS:  
Yes?

SEAN:  
Nothing.  
(Pause.)  
Best to sleep.

THOMAS:  
Can't sleep.

SEAN:  
So you said. Blast it all, just be quiet.

THOMAS:  
I thought we made this trip to do something  
together.

SEAN:  
We're doing it, we're waiting.

(They stare ahead, as the lights  
fade. Immobile in their car. In the  
darkness, we hear Thomas)

THOMAS:  
What time is it?

*(There is a sound of a Ferry Blast  
leaving the dock. Lights Down.)*

Thomas moves into the next scene with flowers.

SCENE: 6

Thomas is at the home of his girlfriend Colleen. Her father James is the only one home.

(Thomas sits nervously, while James drinks.)

THOMAS: (Continued)  
Home early today Sir?

JAMES:  
(Noticing the flowers.)  
Questions, questions.

THOMAS:  
Sorry to have bothered you Sir. Please let Colleen know--

(Colleen arrives home, she hesitates a moment, looking at the two men.)

THOMAS: (Continued)  
Colleen--

COLLEEN:  
Daddy, you're home early.

JAMES:  
Everyone is concerned about my clock. First your mother long distance, young Thomas here and now you--

COLLEEN:  
Everything good at the mill?

JAMES:  
Tip-Top, The Japanese market is opening up. They might buy us out. Good for the town, perhaps bad for your Dad--But never mind that, never mind.  
(Referring to his clinking glass)  
I little relaxing drink, I'd ask you to join me, but--

COLLEEN:  
Oh Dad, you're funny.  
(To Thomas)  
I'll be right down. So good to see you.  
(Noticing the flowers)  
Oh are those for me?

THOMAS:

Yes, Yes.

COLLEEN:

I'll put them in water.

JAMES:

No dear, sit down. I'll take care of the flowers.

(James takes the flowers and unwraps them. Then one by one, he clips off the heads of flowers throughout the scene.)

You and Colleen have known each other a long time.

THOMAS:

Since she, I mean you, that is, your family...

JAMES:

Do I make you nervous? I'm your father's boss, after all--

THOMAS:

(Maintaining status)

I've known your daughter since we were seven.

JAMES:

That's a long time isn't it? Now both of you are graduating.

THOMAS:

Yes. I don't plan to miss it. We were just planning to study some French. Colleen--

JAMES:

I dislike French. Tres, Tres, Mal, My petit chou. I dislike cabbage as well. Oh, you don't understand. Yes I know my daughter will look gorgeous on that night. But I'm not selling anything.

COLLEEN:

Daddy, please. Why are doing this?

JAMES:

(Ignoring her.)

Do you plan to stay in Ladysmith all your life Thomas? Not all your life? You wouldn't be going to University like my daughter Colleen would you?

THOMAS:

Uh no Mr. Avery, I plan to continue at my grocery store job and maybe commute to the college in Nanaimo for a few courses.

JAMES:

A few courses? What courses would they be?

THOMAS:

It's just a plan right now, but I thought I'd take all my English courses--save some money and then go to University. UBC maybe---or UVic-- uhm I really, don't ...uhm first I just want to graduate.

JAMES:

I'm not smiling. You see Mother and I have discussed Colleen's future, and I have decided to send her to Queens, our old university.

COLLEEN:

Dad! We haven't really--

THOMAS:

You've decided...(pause) that's cool.

JAMES:

Funny thing, it's very faraway. Kingston Ontario and it would seem unlikely that your friendship should continue to grow.. Make it an end ship, very soon Thomas.. After all the phone company won't pay your long distance bill.

THOMAS:

But Mr. Avery--

JAMES:

--There are no buts Thomas.

THOMAS:

Yes, I see what you are saying, but--

JAMES:

HEAR what I'm saying. That's the trouble with your TV generation, too visual. Listen to me Thomas. You're only seventeen you have a life to live and Colleen has hers.

THOMAS:

Colleen might have something--

JAMES:  
Come this way Thomas and let me show you the latest addition to my collection.

THOMAS:  
Sir, that's okay, I'll call later.

COLLEEN:  
Oh please, Thomas is not interested in that.

JAMES:  
(Ignoring her, reveling in the item.)  
See this beauty. An R.C.M.P. issue 38 given to me by my good friend Sergeant Nicholas.

THOMAS:  
A nice gift, Mr. Avery.

JAMES:  
Killed himself and left it to me in his will.

THOMAS:  
I'm sorry Sir, I didn't know.

JAMES:  
Of course you didn't. A blessing really--he was worth more to his family dead than alive.

THOMAS:  
(*Uneasy, backing away*)  
That's wonderful sir.

JAMES:  
We both know where you stand with Colleen now don't we?  
(*Pause, as he handles his gun.*)  
Good-bye Thomas.  
(*Thomas nods, exits. James sweeps up the flower heads and disposes of them. Colleen is shocked.* )

COLLEEN:  
Dad!

SCENE: 7

Zane and Thomas are playing catch. Lunch at school.

THOMAS:  
He brought out a gun!

ZANE:

Yeah, I know, crazy man. Relax. You'll find the guts to work that out.

THOMAS:

Road movie, I need some new material.

ZANE:

Cross Canada? We're doing it? Perfect, we need this right now. Something crazy— We'll piss in the Atlantic Ocean, and drive right back all in five days.

THOMAS:

Can we? Should we? Do we try?

ZANE:

We DO! There's only do. Next week. Yeah!! And don't wuss out on me. We're both going in. We're driving 10000 clicks just to swim in both oceans. Are you with me!?

(They begin the rugby cheer.)

Pass'em ball, hey! Oooga!

THOMAS:

Booga!

ZANE:

I can't hear you.

THOMAS:

BOOOOOGAaaaaa!

ZANE AND THOMAS:

Zigga, zagga, hey! Hey! Hey!

(We hear a school bell.)

THOMAS

We're going to be late for class.

ZANE:

(Calling back to him.)

You ever thought of talking to your dad about Colleen. Or any of your other dreams? Whoah--it works.

(They look at each other and laugh. Thomas exits Zane is left alone. Quick fade to a sharp spot light.)



ZANE: (Continued)

I'm alone. There's silence. A sharp edge of light cuts through, wicked and sweet, right through all this screwed-up society stuff-you know, left to us by the generation before. Our world's avoidable destruction-- The light cuts without violence. I step into that pool of light. There's an intake of breath. There are other social beasts here too. I hear it first like the low purr of the Porsche convertible we will rent for Grad night. ..zzzzzz and then louder ZZZZZZZZZZZZ, and then my name, ZANE! ZANE! The crowd chants my name Zane, wild, loud, fun, free. Zane. Then a hush. From the heavens a guitar is lowered down into my hands. I hold it and it caresses me back, and I play the music of the God guitarist Jimmy Hendrix. The music plays through me, and I stumble with grace through the chords I don't even know. And then I feel it...waves rolling over me, green, yellow, and blue breaths of blood. Waves of soul. I believe in soul. The crowd shouts love, and I feel joy. The music forgets it has a body, I have a body, and I just play.

SCENE: 8

*Thomas is on his bed writing in his journal. His Dad has entered*

THOMAS:

(Noticing his father staring)  
Whacha looking at?

SEAN:

You.

THOMAS:

Stop it would you please.

SEAN:

When did you get so old? My youngest--

THOMAS:

--July 1st every year Dad.

SEAN:

So I hear your essay on Canada's Uncertain Identity won first prize in The Sun Student Essay competition?

THOMAS:

Yep.

SEAN:

That's good son. Next time, could you write something funny, happy?

THOMAS:

I won first prize.

SEAN:

Yes, of course. But happy is as happy does. people need happy stories. Son, we never had the talk.

THOMAS:

Dad we had the sextalks already. You gave me condoms.

SEAN:

I suppose we did. But the other talk is more important.

THOMAS:

What talk is that?

SEAN:

Well we never seem to get through it--in the car last week-- I've tried many times, but well what I want to talk about is: what are you going to do?

THOMAS:

Do?

SEAN:

With your life.

(Pause)

Did you hear me son, my voice went up at the end there. That is the question, that's the talk.

THOMAS:

Oh that talk.

SEAN:

Yes I know it might be late to have that talk, but procrastination is the thief of the time.

THOMAS:

Well I wanted to become a writer, maybe travel first...

SEAN:

Writer! That's okay for a hobby son, do it on the side. But get a trade, or a saleable skill first.

THOMAS:

Dad, I like it.

SEAN:

A job is not about likes. You've got to survive in this world. You've got to keep up with other men, or you'll loose. I've twenty-seven years at the mill. Y0u've got to commit. Or who knows, any chinaman might out do you. They're hardworkers that bunch. Then, where'd you be? In my day, when I was your age--well a bit younger--kids were fainting at their desk for lack of food because there was no job for the family--

THOMAS:

Dad! Give it a rest please.--It's 1982, the depression is another world. I don't want to talk about this.

(Maura comes into the room.)

MAURA:

I'm doing a final load. Any dirty clothes here.

THOMAS:

Mom, I can do my own laundry--do you both have to--

MAURA:

Oh, the lord of the manor is writing his opus!

SEAN:

(With pained reference to her interuption.)  
We were talking--

THOMAS:

Folks, I just want to be left alone.

MAURA:

Ooh the artiste wants to be left alone--No need for clean Stanfield's then? Oh I forgot you wear Trudeau's now don't you.

THOMAS:

Mom!

MAURA:

It's a pun son! Wordplay. See I got the gift! I got the gift. You need to laugh, where's your laugh?

THOMAS:

Mom!

(Pause)

My swim towel needs a wash. Remember--Zane and I are going to Blund Lake tomorrow for a few days.

MAURA

All right then, to the business.

(She picks up the towel and exits.)

SEAN:

Something eating you son?

THOMAS:

No. Just writin' it down.

SEAN:

All right then.

(Turning to go.)

THOMAS:

Dad?

SEAN:

Yes son?

THOMAS:

In life, with people, power, taking charge-- what I mean is, how do you give in, without giving up all the time?

SEAN:

That's a million dollar question.

(He references a famous poetry line.)

Invictus!

THOMAS:

I'm not talking poetry Dad, I'm talking life.

SEAN:

What is life without poetry?

(Thomas begins to leave.)

SEAN: (Continued)

Where are you going?

THOMAS:  
Walk. The field. The stars are out.

SEAN:  
Don't leave all these lights on. Money doesn't  
grow on trees.

SCENE: 9

(Lights Transtion)

Colleen Alone in her room.

COLLEEN:  
(Speaking into a phone)  
Mom? Italy must be so beautiful. So much art for  
you to study. Yes, lots of studying here too. Are  
you going to be home for Graduation? I sure hope  
so. Everything is great. You're not sure? I  
guess it's early there. I should get to sleep.  
Paint me a pretty picture Mom. Good-bye. Love  
you.

SCENE: 10

*Scene is the start of a sequence of short scen~~e~~s.*

*We hear the sound of a ferry blast, Traffic noise,  
gradually subsiding to the whiz of cars. Somewhere on  
the trans-Canada highway towards the east. Thomas has  
his head out the window. Wind in his face.*

THOMAS:  
Canada, damn. Look at it.

(Zane jokingly swerves the car.  
TRANSITION, Later down the road)

SCENE: 11

(They are out of the car, looking at  
a map.)

THOMAS: (Continued)  
Thunder Bay. Exact spot

ZANE:  
Last Leg of Terry Fox's marathon.

THOMAS:

Last leg?

(He looks up to the sky)

Sorry man.

(Back to Zane)

They ought to put a monument here

(They nod and return to the car.)

SCENE: 12

(Zane is now driving, later in the day.)

ZANE:

One thousand clicks to go!!! Ladysmith Good-bye. Praries and Frenchies good-bye. Hello Newfies down the road! But you've hardly talked so far. What are you writing in your journal? Tell me the latest story or big idea.

THOMAS:

I've no new stories to tell now.

ZANE:

Come on, you always have one.

THOMAS:

(He keeps writing)

Nope.

ZANE:

The sun is getting brighter these days and they say it's the hole in the Ozone. They say it will fry us by 2001. The environment stuff usually gets you going.

(Pause)

Look it's getting monotonous-- we've been driving straight for five days. Read me something from your journal.

THOMAS:

Alright, but I'm telling you it's kinda cheesy. "At seventeen years old I'm amazed--" --You really want to hear this?

ZANE:

Read it all dude. Don't leave a word out--consider I've cast a magic truth spell.

THOMAS

"I'm passionate. I have lots of love, I was just wondering where will it go in my life. Cause of this fear, and doubt. Quivering quick to the edge of my spine and down to my tailbone. And up into my skull. I pray. Because of this longing. Pain maybe. As we approach eastern Mile Zero something's got to change."

ZANE:

Man, Loosen up, we're doing this to have fun.

THOMAS:

Yeah sure.

(He starts to write again)

SCENE: 13

ZANE:

Zigga, zagga, hey! Hey! Hey!

THOMAS:

Car.

ZANE:

Whoah, the roads are thin here man.

SCENE: 14

(They do a run around the car and then Thomas is in the passenger seat.)

THOMAS:

I've just got that unnamed feeling of unknowing.

ZANE:

Right on, just let it happen.

THOMAS:

--where the head meets the heart and body and becomes a mind.

ZANE:

Yes, Thomas, give in to it.

SCENE: 15

(The boys are down the road, pissing.)

THOMAS:

When Pierre Elliot Trudeau won this last election he walked triumphantly above the crowd, and his first words to all of us were "Welcome to the 1980s." I loved that. Brought home the constitution. That takes style and guts. But now all of us-- we're about to graduate high-school-- and I search for a metaphor for my life and hit upon Canada. It exists on paper. Sure. But what is it? The place, the country, even the idea of Canada as a country--I don't know what that is and I'm lost. It doesn't seem real. Just like my life. I don't exist because I don't know where I'm from. Where is here? Who is here?

ZANE:

Dude, I think you are overreaching the parallel. Just because you share the same birthday doesn't mean you've gotta have the same endless indentity crisis all your life.

(Transition to next scene, Thomas driving.)

ZANE: (Continued)

You're lucky to have such a great old lady.

THOMAS:

My mom?

ZANE:

I was right. You're beyond help. I mean Colleen.

THOMAS:

Colleen, she's the best. Like I told you in all ten provinces. She's a heart, my heart.

ZANE:

If you're not going to do with her because of her Dad, Why don't you two break up?

THOMAS:

Because I can't stop thinking about her. No worries man, it's still SO in the works. Grad weekend. I want it just right. Candles in the treefort? Or Roses and a dinner at the Casa Martinez. Something fancy. Women like that, eh?



ZANE:  
Oh yeah, very cool You know, I couche, cood with  
the French Teacher.  
(Thomas responds with a challenging look)  
I'm not pullin' you man.

SCENE: 16

THOMAS:  
This is it? Mile Zero.

ZANE:  
There's no sign. There's nothing.

THOMAS:  
But it's where that guy at the roadstop said to  
go. Ssh, hear that?

ZANE:  
Sounds like moaning--

THOMAS:  
Zane, Look! It's her!

(Above the two, the washer woman--  
the Banshee is illuminated. She  
beckons. Zane goes forward.)

THOMAS:  
Zane, don't!

ZANE:  
(He stops.)  
What does she want?

THOMAS:  
Death.

(The Banshee exits.)

THOMAS: (Continued)  
We're lost.

ZANE:  
We're not. We're here. Our feet are are firmly on  
the pebbles of this beach.

THOMAS:  
I'm lost. Wait, Dance it out! Dance it out. Okay,  
Good.  
(He tries to dance her away.)

(A SCREAMING SOUND. Flashes of White and Blackness. More sounds that quickly fade back to the beach sounds. Zane moves quickly one way and Thomas the other. What will become obvious is Thomas and Zane have crossed into the Other World.)

ZANE:  
Thomas! Thomas! What happened?

THOMAS:  
Zane? Zane? Where are you?

SCENE: 17

*The lights remain black and we immediately transition to DANTE'S basement suite. Dante is tidying the room. There's a loud, insistent knock at the door, and yelling by Colleen. Colleen is an eighteen year old school friend of Thomas and Zane. She's pretty looking, thin and a bit nervous. Colleen is also the daughter of James we met earlier in the play.*

COLLEEN:  
(OFFSTAGE)  
Dante! Dante! you there!

DANTE:  
Who the hell is that? Do you know what time it is?

COLLEEN:  
(offstage)  
Hello! Dante, please answer, it's Colleen!  
(offstage)  
Dante! Dante! I really have to talk with you!

*(Dante does one quick check of his place)*

DANTE:  
Come in Colleen, door's unlocked.

*(Colleen comes in quickly and looks about. She's upset but trying to hide her feelings.)*

DANTE: (Continued)  
So Colleen! Colleen, uhm--Sit down.

COLLEEN:

(She sits down, on Dante's bed--notices a package of condoms.)  
So this is post University life?

DANTE:

Yeah--

COLLEEN:

Not missing much am I?

DANTE:

Beats logging camp. I'm glad you looked me up. I haven't seen any Ladysmith people in ages. Don't get back much. What's Up? My little bro treating you right Colleen?

COLLEEN

I haven't seen Thomas. He took off with Zane.

DANTE:

What?

COLLEEN:

He's been gone for three days. I didn't hear from him. I thought he might be here. You never answer your phone--

DANTE:

Yeah, I--Just a dumb stunt before graduation. Don't worry about it.

COLLEEN:

I was hoping he'd be here.

DANTE:

What's wrong Colleen?

COLLEEN:

Dad showed Thomas his special handgun.

DANTE:

What?

COLLEEN:

His souvenir handgun.

DANTE:

Odd. But sometimes a gun is  
(Colleen cuts in)  
--just a gun--

COLLEEN:

--Don't joke, I'm really worried. I don't know what to do. My dad says I can't see Thomas anymore. Told me I'm going to Queens, like Mom. I have to talk with him. He's probably all but forgotten about our plans.

DANTE:

Plans?

COLLEEN:

Nothing, just an expression.

DANTE:

*(He smiles)*

Hmmmm, hey what do you think of my lips?

COLLEEN:

What?

DANTE:

My lips. Do you think they're full enough?

COLLEEN:

What are you on?

DANTE:

Non-sequitor therapy--it's a new technique I might use for my Masters--should I ever go back that is. But I was looking here, and I thought geez I've got thin lips.

COLLEEN:

Is this supposed to be a come-on?

DANTE:

No.

COLLEEN

Cause, you know, that's too weird. Thomas is-- I don't like this at all. My dad has done this again...I come to you for your help. You-- with your--

*(Dante is trying to maintain her.)*

You're the older man with the fresh thick paper psychology degree--help me. Make me feel better.

DANTE:

Hmmm I guess I could get you drunk.

COLLEEN:  
My Dad's the drinker in my family.

DANTE:  
I could wait upon you hand on foot, and listen to everything you say with great intensity, and compliment your eyes, hair, and your perky breasts.

COLLEEN:  
Perky! I'm sorry, perky! Did I hear you right?

DANTE:  
Aha non-sequitor-therapy worked, I got you laughing.

COLLEEN:  
Well...I need more compliments.

DANTE:  
What are you saying?

COLLEEN:  
Hold me.  
*(There is an awkward pause.)*  
Talk to me.

DANTE:  
*(With honesty)*  
You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen.

COLLEEN:  
Now, you're just saying that.

DANTE:  
No you do. I mean that. And that laugh, wow—you've had that laugh since you were—I don't know, a little girl.

COLLEEN:  
I've grown.

DANTE:  
I can see that.

COLLEEN:  
What else would you do?

DANTE:  
Well maybe I'd just listen to you, just let you talk, and I'd listen.

COLLEEN:  
That's good, but I'd run out of things to say.

DANTE:  
Well then I'd sing you something, an Irish love ballad, or maybe recite a poem I wrote for you. Or maybe I'd just kiss you and ask questions later.  
*(He does kiss her)*

COLLEEN:  
Oh.  
*(Pause.)*  
Yes, your lips are too thin.

DANTE:  
That's what I thought. Thanks for confirming that.

COLLEEN:  
I better go. The last bus leaves up island in  
*(She nervously checks her watch.)*  
Yes. It leaves soon. If Thomas shows up, don't...

DANTE:  
I won't say anything.

*(She leaves quickly. Dante is left silent, then he makes a phone call.)*

### SCENE 18

*The otherworld.*

*More Thunder and wind. Darkness, and a single sharp spot of light falls on Zane from the sides of the stage, a woman, strumming Stairway to Heaven enters. Zane is asleep on the beach. The sound of the screaming Banshee subsides at the entrance of a beautiful woman who is playing a guitar. Zane awakens*

ZANE:  
Is this real? Is this feeling true? Is this heaven?

GRACE:  
It is real.

ZANE:  
You are so awesomely beautiful, major rage on.

GRACE

Thank-you. I'll take that as a compliment.

*(She reaches to help Zane up. When their hands touch, it is an electric feeling.)*

ZANE:

Oh, yes, yes I see now. I know. All one, everything connected. This is not a dream.

GRACE:

You understand. Zane. But your friend Thomas is in grave danger. He needs your help.

ZANE:

Anything I can do, I will. This feeling does it last forever?

GRACE:

It's always there for you. You are a good friend Zane, but you may be required to sacrifice.

*((There is a loud heavy metal lick as the Gully Monster enters))*

GULLY MONSTER:

Ah the long hairs, I always enjoy the long hairs.

ZANE:

Whoah, back off. I'm a virgin.

GULLY MONSTER:

You have no idea who I am. Barely have you drunk the water of the pituitary

GRACE:

His choice is made.

*(She plays more on the guitar)*

The path must be taken.

*(Another turn on the guitar)*

*(The Gully Monster picks up her guitar and smashes it.)*

GULLY MONSTER:

If he passes the tests, and remains true, the boy will be given to you.

*(To Zane)*

But you've heard what waits for you.

(MORE)

GULLY MONSTER: (Continued)  
All you'll remember of this encounter is her  
piercing scream. She needs death, great and  
small.

GRACE:  
Be gone!

*(A faint cry of the banshee is heard  
Both Grace and Gully Monster exit  
and the boys awaken.)*

**SCENE 19**

ZANE AND THOMAS. We return to the scene just moments  
later as Zane and Thomas recover from the event.

THOMAS:  
I'm still here. I'm still alive. Zane! Zane!

*(More blasts of Thunder, a distant piercing Scream)*

THOMAS: (Continued)  
*(There is another SCREAM-CLOSER. Zane awakes and looks  
for Zane.)*  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

*(Zane taps Thomas on the shoulder.  
Thomas is scared.)*

ZANE:  
What? What have you got to be sorry about?

THOMAS:  
I don't know. I just felt contrite.

ZANE:  
Cause of the ghost?

THOMAS:  
You saw her too! That was the Banshee. Somebody  
close to me is going to die.

*(TREMENDOUS THUNDER. WHITENESS AND DARKNESS)*

VOICE:  
Endddddddddddddddding.



ZANE:

The times they are a changin' Let's high wind it back as quickly as possible and hope to hell she doesn't follow.

**SCENE:** 20

At Thomas's family home. It is mid-evening. Maura Mahoney, a mid-fifties woman is wearing a brightly coloured house dress. Sean Mahoney is in old work clothes, wearing a ball cap. He is relaxing on the couch reading a book.

MAURA:

Did you like the dinner I made?

SEAN:

*(He does not look up from his book)*  
Yes, always your best.

MAURA:

Nobody seemed to like the dessert I made for the Grade Twelve Banquet.

SEAN:

Their loss, my gain.

MAURA

*(Good naturedly)*  
Yes I can see that.

SEAN:

*(Patting his belly.)*  
Starting next week it's time to lay-off the Doctor Pepper.

MAURA:

I don't understand how you like that drink. Just because that Mormon couple we met at the marriage renewal tells you its good for you because there's no caffeine. It still has a lord's supply of sugar.

SEAN:

Oh, you say now does it? I can always say my Doctor ordered me to it. Can't say who told you to wear that dress today.

MAURA:

Gretchen Growden was over for tea.

SEAN:

Another hen party was it? You got the priest in your sight today have you?

MAURA:

My days of fighting the parish priests are over now. All the kids are gone.

SEAN:

Don't start that would you now Mo. Not again, you'll be staining our new carpet with tears.

MAURA:

All my children are grown now. Thomas is my wee last one. That's the boyo, he'll go far.

SEAN:

If he can keep his head out of the clouds and focus.

MAURA:

Och! Let the boyo dream. He's young yet.

SEAN:

Would you stop, I'm studying this prospectus of Stalling Lake.

MAURA:

Not another stock again-Let's put our money into a trip. Let's travel. I'd love to visit the old country again. See my sister before she passes.

SEAN:

Why do we need to go anywhere? It's all right here. We live in the most beautiful place in the world.

MAURA:

Is it too much to ask? A bleeding holiday before the Lord sends us all home.

SEAN:

We are home Maur'.

MAURA:

All my children are gone. Seems like only this morning at the first gloryrays of sun that my youngest was cutting his first tooth.

SEAN:  
Would you stop! Leave me to read, and you read  
your book. What is it anyway?

MAURA:  
Never you mind. It's nothing.  
(Hiding the book she was reading)

SEAN:  
(*He walks over*)  
Let me see.

MAURA:  
(*Laughing nervously*)  
You can't see it, keep your blessed hands away.  
SEAN!

(*They tease with the book finally SEAN sees it..*)

SEAN:  
A new dictionary! How much did this cost?

MAURA:  
It's borrowed, the priest gave it to me.

SEAN:  
What makes you read this? Is it entertaining?

MAURA:  
It's just something I like to do. After all,  
the dictionary has all the books in one.

SEAN:  
I guess you're right Maura. You're always right.

MAURA:  
You finally learned. Now about our trip to  
Ireland—

SEAN:  
No, go by yourself.

MAURA:  
Why won't you come?

SEAN:  
I like where I'm at. Here is where I am at.

MAURA:  
Now you're talking like Thomas. You just want  
everything to stay the same.

SEAN:

Is that a crime?

*(He puts his book down)*

I'm done. I'm going for a walk to the back of the property?

MAURA:

Remember the bears.

SEAN:

It is late. Maybe I'll go the Village Store and pick up some more Doctor Pepper.

*(By this time he's put his shoes on, and a light coat. He's ready to go. He picks-up a walkman player.)*

MAURA:

What's that you got there?

SEAN:

Motivational Tapes for making a million bucks.

MAURA:

That will be the day buster.

SEAN:

It's all here

*(The phone rings.)*

MAURA:

Who could that be? Maybe the school about grad night? Or Mrs. Josef about her pie, Or The Hotel About Cleaning Shifts?

SEAN:

Answer it and you'll know.

MAURA:

*(Picks up the phone)* Hello! Thomas, where are you, I can hardly hear you.

SEAN:

Say hello for me. I'm off.

MAURA

What Thomas, just a moment your father is just heading out the door.

*(Calling to Sean.)*

Buy a loaf of bread Sean.

SEAN:  
Yes I will pick up some bread.

MAURA:  
*(Back to the phone)*  
Yes I can hear you now.

*(SEAN signals that he will and leaves.)*

SCENE: 21

*(Lights up on Thomas and Zane crowded around a roadside payphone.)*

THOMAS:  
Is that you, you're there Mom, you're speaking to me?

MAURA:  
Well of course I'm speaking to you. My lips are moving lad. Where are you?

THOMAS:  
Is Dad there?

MAURA:  
I told you, he just left to the store. Where are you.

THOMAS:  
In the middle of Saskatchewan Mom.

MAURA:  
What!! What in blazes are you doing there lad? You told me you're going to the lake.

THOMAS:  
We took a detour Mom.

MAURA:  
A detour? Where?

THOMAS:  
Mile Zero, Newfoundland.

ZANE:  
Tell her! Don't waste the quarters.

MAURA:  
Zane is that you?

ZANE:  
Hi Mrs. Mahoney. We saw a ghost.

THOMAS:  
I was going to tell her.

MAURA:  
Tell me what! Are you making it back in time for  
Graduation? I made a cake for you.

THOMAS:  
Mom, thanks. Mom listen--we saw the banshee.

MAURA:  
Saints in blessed heaven. Swear on Saint Patrick  
you are not taking the power of that creature in  
vain.

THOMAS:  
Mom I'm not lying.

MAURA:  
When?

THOMAS:  
About four thousand kilometres from here, she was  
beautiful.

ZANE:  
She was creepy, but there was a chick with her.  
She was screaming way off pitch.  
(Attempting to recover his real vision:)  
But I know--what was it--I know something--

MAURA:  
Hello! Hello! Did you say she was wailing?

THOMAS:  
Yes Mom. That's why I called. Is everyone okay?

MAURA:  
You just didn't get enough sleep. Probably eating  
too much junk food.

THOMAS:  
Mom there's a great stuckness in my chest.

MAURA:  
Come home, I'll make Oats Delight.

THOMAS:  
Mom. It's scary. The Banshee--

MAURA:  
--Don't mention her name.

THOMAS:  
It's not that I fear my end is near. It's that  
I'm always afraid of beginning.

MAURA:  
Thomas, I've listened to you so many times, and  
still I really don't what the blazes you're  
saying, but I like it just the same.

THOMAS:  
I'm just trying to tell you how I feel Mom. I'm  
trying to tell you--

MAURA:  
--We don't talk about feelings Thomas. Not now.  
Don't talk anymore. Just come home. Zane drive  
safely. Avoid any visions.

THOMAS:  
It's nothing to worry about.

ZANE:  
The boy's safe with me Mrs. Mahoney.

(Lights down on the boys.)

MAURA:  
Come home boys. Thomas, there's a lad.

(She looks at the clock, checks that  
is ticking, adjusts the time.)

LIGHTS FADE.

**SCENE: 22**

*(Zane and Thomas asleep in the car, parked in an empty  
lot. Both are zonked out. Suddenly there's noise.)*

PETER:  
Bitch! Get in the fuckin' cab.

LADY:

Leave me--

(She tries to avoid a hard slap to the face, and gets it again.)

PETER:

-- Bitch! This is all you've done? You got more to do tonight.

(*Inside the car, Thomas and Zane awake.*)

THOMAS:

What! Did you see that?

ZANE:

Shit, asshole.

THOMAS:

Do they have prostitutes in Saskatoon?

(*Lady tries to run, Peter the Pimp comes after her. She makes it to the boy's car.*)

THOMAS: (Continued)

Duck!

ZANE:

Screw this noise.

(*He gets out of the car*)

Hey! Leave the good woman alone.

PETER:

Stay out of this boy.

LADY:

Get lost kid. We're just having a friendly discussion.

PETER:

You heard the lady.

ZANE:

Do you need a ride somewhere Miss?

PETER:

Lady's got a date already. If you got the cash you can be her next soft touch.

(*He grabs her arm, and pulls her into himself.*)



ZANE:  
Would you like a ride somewhere Miss?

PETER:  
You deaf, or stoned on B.C. homegrown, longhair?  
Get your skinny, long haired la-la boy ass out of  
here.  
(Dismissing him)  
Onward, lady.

THOMAS:  
Zane, let's go.

ZANE:  
Thomas we can't just go...

PETER:  
Take the advice of your boyfriend faggot.

ZANE:  
No wonder they call this toon town.

PETER:  
You insult my town faggot?  
(He advances on him and begins to slam him into the car)

*(The Lady grabs his arm and tries to  
pull him off.)*

LADY:  
Come on Peter, you're hurting the kid.

*(Peter swings her off, and then  
turns to slap her, Zane grabs his  
arm in midswing.)*

ZANE:  
Give me a hand Thomas.

*(Peter turns his arm into a  
backswing and slams Zane in the  
face. Zane is on the ground. Peter  
goes to his pickup truck and gets a  
gas can. He begins to pour the  
liquid on Zane.)*

ZANE: (Continued)  
What? Lay off Man.

*(Peter kicks Zane. Thomas gets out  
of the car and stands there frozen.)*

PETER:

Don't you fucking move boyfriend, your little faggot plays with fire, he's going to get what's coming to him.

LADY:

No! Peter, leave the kid alone.

*(Peter strikes a match on his boot. It flares up, and he comes in close to Zane.)*

PETER:

*(Leaning to his ear)*  
Smell that boy?  
*(Peter has taken out a knife and cut off some of Zane's long hair.)*  
That's right boy. That's the smell of faggots like you burning in hell. You interrupted my business. What have you got to say to me?

ZANE:

*(Humming a tune we recognize it as Taking care of business)*

PETER:

You want to see your friend alive again Tommy boy? Leave.

ZANE:

Don't go Thomas.

PETER:

That scared rabbit aint got the balls to see anything through faggot.

THOMAS:

I'll go Zane, I'll go get help.

ZANE:

Don't leave me here Thomas.

PETER:

Don't leave me here Tommmmy.  
*(The Match has gone out.)*  
Lady give me your lighter.  
*(As he goes for the lighter, he splashes more gas onto Thomas.)*  
Lighter's coming for you too punk. Get your ass out of here.

THOMAS:  
I'll be back Zane. I'm coming back.

(Thomas leaves, in a quick back up,  
and then runs off.)

ZANE:  
Fuck Thomas, come back!

PETER:  
Just you and me kid. Say hi to the devil for me.

*((He gets the lighter very close to  
Zane, and then hoarsely whispers))*

PETER: (Continued)  
Get your ass up. Feel this lady. Feel this right  
here Lady. See that's the beating heart of a  
faggot. Thumpety thump, thumpety thump.

ZANE:  
I've some money.

PETER:  
(Laughing)  
The faggot has money.  
(He takes what money is offered)  
Get in your car and never come near my business  
again.

*(Zane attempts to gets up towards  
his car, he starts the engine.)*

*(Thomas comes running after Zane.)*

THOMAS:  
Zane! Zane! I called the cops. The cops are  
coming!

ZANE:  
Forget it! Selfish fuckwad! Where the fuck were  
you?

THOMAS:  
He told me to go. I tried to stay. I went for  
help. I was coming right back to you.

ZANE:  
You left me! I could have fuckin' been killed!

THOMAS:  
I was trying to get help.

ZANE:  
This was no dream, you piece of shit. This was no  
banshee, it was real.

(They make their way to the car.)

THOMAS:  
I know. I--

ZANE:  
Get in.

THOMAS:  
We should wash up.

ZANE:  
No one's washing anything. We need more of the  
road.

(Thomas gets in the car, far and  
faint we hear the banshee cry.  
Grace appears.)

GULLY MONSTER:  
Worlds within worlds as the time moves along.  
You pass the first test Thomas if your friend  
stays by your side.

(HERE, THIS MAY STILL BE A NEW SCENE  
DOWN THE ROAD. Zane punches him.)

THOMAS:  
Ow! Oh. Yeah, okay. Want another punch? Punch me.

ZANE:  
You think that's going to make it all better?  
You smell of fear. Not the kind that makes  
sense. But the kind that stops you in your  
tracks. Look in the mirror. Look what do you see?

THOMAS:  
A coward.

ZANE:  
Yeah, oh shit. A coward. My best friend is a  
fucking coward. What does that make me? Maybe,  
man, we're just a couple of hosers-goofs from  
westcoast nowhere. But we matter.

THOMAS:

Punch me.

ZANE:

Nope, Celtic dead man. Here's where we wash it all away. The world is not a fun place when you are looking at it through other people's eyes. You're blind to your power. Seize it. Grab it. Fucking live.

THOMAS:

I'm sorry.

ZANE:

There's dark magic surrounding you Thomas. Let's go home.

SCENE: 23

THOMAS IN THE TREEFORT But Thomas is on a branch outside the treefort praying. Colleen enters into the tree fort and calls up to him

*(COLLEEN enters.)*

COLLEEN:

Thomas, I've been looking everywhere for you. Where have you been for almost a whole week?

THOMAS

Seeing the country before graduation.

COLLEEN:

I wish you told me.

THOMAS:

Does your dad know you're here?

COLLEEN:

He went for a drive to sober up.

THOMAS:

Jerk. Scared the hell out of me, doesn't care if other people might be hurting, might need--I ought to tell him--

COLLEEN:

--What are you talking about?

THOMAS:

My Dad had a heart attack two nights ago.

COLLEEN:

Is he okay?

THOMAS:

No. It's touch and go, he might not make it.

COLLEEN:

Oh. *(pause)* Oh, I see. I'm sorry.

THOMAS:

It really is raining--Can you hear it on the roof?

COLLEEN:

You're soaked skin through.

THOMAS:

I love the forest, burst of wet, source of life and breath, I could--

COLLEEN:

Live here?

THOMAS:

You read it--we always--

COLLEEN:

--Said that we could.

THOMAS:

You're still finishing my sentences. Colleen, the night before in the hospital, with my Dad yelling --"Let me live and die in my own bed!"-- I had a big fight with him. Sort of said he was not the greatest father. Dumb! That was so dumb. Do you hate your father?

COLLEEN:

There would be nothing left of me if I did that.

THOMAS:

Forgive him?

COLLEEN:

Listen to the rain.

THOMAS:

It's a prayer. The world begins again with each little pissass raindrop. So bloody decisive. They don't think about where to fall, you know, it's like they just do.

COLLEEN:

I'll be leaving soon, and I want to remember this in the way we planned.

THOMAS:

(Remember Grad, remembering plans)  
You're going away. To Queens. This is it.  
(Quickly with the new thought.)  
Stay and go to UVic with me.

COLLEEN:

Thomas let's have now.

THOMAS:

I guess that's a plan. Amongst all the plans.

COLLEEN

Remember the story you wrote about the apple.

THOMAS:

Don't bring that up, an apple is an apple  
Colleen.

COLLEEN:

Yes, but you turned it into a story of the surprise of creation. I knew--

THOMAS:

--We were eleven Colleen.

COLLEEN:

That's just it, even then you had a gift, a strength. What happened to those guts inside you, the guy I promised....

THOMAS:

I don't know Colleen. I lost wonder when reality kicked me in the head. But what the hell, at least I felt the kick, unlike yourself.

COLLEEN:

I take the path of least resistance.

THOMAS:

Be ordered to Queens by your nutcase dad.

COLLEEN:

It's not like that.

THOMAS:

(Quickly perhaps, challenging her.)  
I might be out here for the whole night.

COLLEEN:

Allright, I'm going.

THOMAS:

Wait Colleen!

(Thomas brings himself down from the  
treefort. He goes to kiss her and  
holds her. They begin to kiss each  
other. Both needing each other's  
touch. )

COLLEEN:

Oh Thomas, I'm so sorry.

THOMAS:

Let's not talk.

COLLEEN:

Uh okay.

THOMAS:

I mean it's better that way right, more romantic.

COLLEEN:

It just is. Shut up and kiss me some more.  
(She reaches into his pants.)  
That was a better kiss.

THOMAS:

(In the middle of the groping, which is overwhelming  
him with excitement.)  
Better than what?

COLLEEN:

Nothing.

THOMAS:

((*He tries to study her for a moment.*)  
Better than who?

COLLEEN:

Dante.

THOMAS:

You were with my brother?  
(MORE)



THOMAS: (Continued)

(Colleen nods, and tries to kiss him but Thomas is overwhelmed both by the news and his own awkwardly arrived orgasm)

Oh shit. Oh Shit! This is too much. This is too much. I've--

COLLEEN:

--Oh it's okay. It's alright. This all happens, I'm sure, I guess, I mean I don't know--

THOMAS:

No, no it doesn't, shouldn't, didn't, couldn't. Why'd it have to? This is not the way I wanted it. This is not how we were going to do it. God damn hell Colleen, I wanted roses for you. Take your hands off me.

(He turns away and he tries to clean himself, and rebuckles himself.)

COLLEEN:

I was looking for you, I was worried, it just happened. Well nothing really happened--

THOMAS:

Fuck Off!

*(Colleen backs away uncertain.)*

COLLEEN:

Thomas, you swore at me!

THOMAS:

Yeah I did. Get used to it.

COLLEEN:

(She tries to hold him.)  
I know you must be mad.

THOMAS:

(He pushes her hands away.)  
I have to get back home.

COLLEEN:

Thomas, I'm sorry. It's you I want.

THOMAS:

*(Partially to himself, straining anger.)*  
Wait until I talk with Dante.

COLLEEN:

It meant nothing.

THOMAS:

Colleen we talked about promising ourselves to each other. Right to our first love, all of our kisses belonged only to each other. All of them.

COLLEEN:

It can still all happen that way.

THOMAS:

Your dad is waving guns, my girlfriend is playing with my brother, my dad is dying--have you been listening to me? Or are you as insane as your dad?

COLLEEN:

My Dad! I'm tired of being afraid. Don't be afraid.

THOMAS:

Fear is the only friend I've got right now. We'll talk later.

COLLEEN:

When? So easy for you to just escape. Be present, be there. That's what I wanted. When?

(Thomas exits. Scene transitions with Boy.)

SCENE: 24

*(We see the image of the boy who is seven standing on a rock.)*

BOY:

Daddy, the gully monster can't get me.

*(Lights fade and come up on the next scene.)*

SCENE: 25

Mahoney Family Home. Maura and Thomas enter from upstairs.

MAURA:

Your father has more he wants to say to you.

THOMAS:  
I'm not going in there again Mom.

MAURA:  
Tell him that you--that he means something to  
you.

THOMAS:  
Any words I say won't get past this fight, or the  
one yesterday--.

MAURA:  
--Let your feet do the talking then. Save your  
breath, while he speaks his last.

THOMAS:  
Where is everyone else? Why do you have to go  
through this alone?

MAURA:  
Your brother Kieran is resting. He needs his  
rest. Irene has to look after her own. Dante,  
said he was coming here tomorrow.

SEAN:  
(Calling from his bedroom)  
Thomas? Bring some more water will you?

*(Thomas gets some water, and goes  
slowly towards his father.)*

MAURA:  
We can't be sure of anything.

THOMAS:  
They thought he'd be dead yesterday Mom.

MAURA:  
Then there's hope for us all. Now see to him.  
Thomas you're keeping your prayers going, like I  
asked

THOMAS:  
Yes Mom.

MAURA:  
Well tonight, we're doing three Novenas, we'll do  
it in shifts, and sometimes together.

THOMAS:  
Yes Mom.

MAURA:

Well go Thomas, go.

*(Thomas approaches into his father's room and towards his bed.)*

THOMAS:

Here's your water Dad.

SEAN:

I'd ask for ice-cream, but I can't really taste it. Oh, I love ice cream. Almost as much as your mom.

THOMAS:

I love ice-cream too Dad.

*(Pause.)*

Want to go swimming?

SEAN:

What?

THOMAS:

A pretend swim. You taught me to swim Dad. Let me teach to imagine one now. It could be easy, we just decide where to go, and start making it up.

SEAN:

Sounds silly.

THOMAS:

Just go with it. Pick a beach Dad.

SEAN:

Allright, all right. Cook Point.

THOMAS:

We walk the trail down through the woods. Hey, let's make it my birthday, you know a special Canada Day swim.

SEAN:

All right. First thing in the morning at the lowest tide--

THOMAS:

--We tear off our clothes, I race on ahead, cause you know I'm younger.

SEAN:

Across the heavy sea smooth boulders...

THOMAS:  
And down to the edge, the barnacles exposed.

SEAN:  
Oh darn.

THOMAS:  
What is it Dad?

SEAN:  
Part of the story son. I cut my feet on the barnacles.

THOMAS:  
"The lowest of the low still have a job to do."

SEAN:  
Yes that's what my Dad always said about them. Sharp things they really cut.

THOMAS:  
Come to the sandbar, you'll forget about that.

SEAN:  
Oh, hard not to imagine all this. Such a wonderful day!

THOMAS:  
Yeah Dad, look at the waves. Stay with it. We have to get in the water.

SEAN:  
Blast of energy. (*Cough*) I -- (*cough*) Race ahead of you. The fresh wet sand feels good on my feet.

THOMAS:  
The splortchalaork of the sand as we walk over the clam holes--

SEAN:  
What kind of word is that?

THOMAS:  
Splortchalaork--I made it up, onomatopoeia

SEAN:  
Did they teach you that in that high school of leftover hippies?

THOMAS:  
What do you mean Dad?

SEAN:  
Use real words.

THOMAS:  
It's a word Dad.

SEAN:  
Onomatopoeia? What three-dollar word are you pulling out there?

THOMAS:  
Dad! What gives? We were going to go for a swim.

SEAN:  
Sorry son, I just prefer to use real words.  
(He coughs some more.)  
Thomas, Thomas, don't ever die.

THOMAS:  
I don't understand.

SEAN:  
It was a joke son. You understand.

THOMAS:  
I'm not joking.

SEAN:  
Good for you son, death is no joking matter.

THOMAS:  
(Reminding his Dad he wants a lesson for living.)  
I'm not talking about death Dad.

SEAN:  
I know son, I know.

THOMAS:  
Dad, you think that maybe you could call me by my name instead of son all the time?

SEAN:  
Whatever you like son.

THOMAS:  
My name is Thomas.

SEAN:

I know your name son. I gave it to you. From the moment you were born, we said you were filled with doubts.

THOMAS:

Sean, what's it like?

SEAN:

I'm not a writer Thomas--I'm just a working man dying.

THOMAS:

Tell me what it's like.

SEAN:

Thomas, remember when you were little, and the whole family climbed to the top of our property and looked out over the gully. And Dante said "Look out! the Gully monster will get you," and your oldest sister said...

THOMAS:

"Not if I was standing on a rock or a tree-stump."

SEAN:

I've got nothing to stand on.

THOMAS:

I remember, I wrote a story about it. We climbed to the top of that hill and you said you were going to build a huge home there. You never did.

SEAN:

I never finished this one either.

THOMAS:

I heard you can't die as long as you've got something to finish.

SEAN:

Oh that's a good one Thomas. Write it down.

THOMAS:

I'll write it all down, Dad. Get 'em published.

SEAN:

Oh Thomas, head in the clouds. Remember get a saleable skill.

THOMAS:

Not that again...

SEAN:

Listen to me, listen...you see, I want to say something to you. I want to know you are taking care of yourself. I want to know you can believe in yourself.

THOMAS:

I believe I like to write.

SEAN:

Bravo! Let me applaud the effort.

THOMAS:

I don't need your applause.

SEAN:

I know son, I know.

THOMAS:

Especially when you don't really mean it.

SEAN:

Son, I'm just trying to get you goin, get you to see.

THOMAS:

I want you to know I will be okay.

SEAN:

I'm sure you will. You're my last child. When this is all over, when it's done, tell everyone I said something really important to you.

(They pause, Thomas tries to talk about love, but hides it.)

THOMAS:

Dad, I don't hate you.

SEAN:

I don't hate you either Thomas. Go now.

THOMAS:

I don't want to just yet. I do need your applause. There's so much I need to know.



SEAN:  
Carry a dictionary like your mother, you'll know everything then.

THOMAS:  
What?

SEAN:  
Another joke son.

(He laughs and the laughing turns to an urgent coughing fit.)

THOMAS:  
Dad, are you okay?

MAURA:  
(RUNNING IN)  
What is it? What's the matter, Thomas, go pray.

(THOMAS goes out, and begins to pray and his mother soon joins him, as they are kneeling against the couch)

BOTH:  
Hail Mary, full of grace, the lord is with thee,  
Blessed art thou amongst women, blessed is the  
fruit of thy womb, Jesus, Holy Mary, Mother ....

**DANTE**, 24 years old, son, and brother bursts into the home.

DANTE:  
HOLY MARY MOTHER OF God!! What in the world are you two doing?

MAURA:  
Keep your voice down. Have you forgotten so soon?

DANTE:  
Yes Mom, Freud's become my new church. And Pavlov's rats are my angels.

THOMAS:  
I thought they were dogs.

DANTE:  
Quite right!

MAURA:  
Overeducated layabout--get a job Dante.

DANTE:  
It's good to see you too Mom, and I'm glad you'll  
allow the Twentieth Century guests in my mind to  
enter this premodern home.

THOMAS:  
You interrupted us Dante.

DANTE:  
My brother, my little pal--

THOMAS:  
You're drunk.

DANTE:  
I might be stoned too  
(He takes out a baggy)  
Want some, I'll get you higher than your prayers  
will carry you.

MAURA:  
Dante, leave this house now.

THOMAS:  
Mom!

MAURA:  
Leave, I'm going to sit with your father and  
when I return you'll have made friends with the  
other side of that door.

DANTE:  
Mom, I'm here to see Dad, that's all I want to  
do, and then I'll be gone.

MAURA:  
I'll tell him you dropped by. You and those other  
lunatics.

THOMAS:  
Mom!

MAURA:  
Thomas, not another word.

*(She exits)*

THOMAS:  
You couldn't come home straight.

DANTE:  
Who are you calling straight? I'm more than  
straight.

THOMAS:  
It's not about you Dante, not now, not right  
now. This whole family is so wrapped up in  
themselves. I wish we could see each other--

DANTE:  
I see the Mommy's boy I know will never leave  
home. What do you say to that?

THOMAS:  
Nothing.

DANTE:  
I suppose nothing will come from nothing.  
Nothing.

THOMAS:  
Why couldn't you come home decently?

DANTE:  
I tried Thomas, I tried.

THOMAS:  
Well you didn't try hard enough, asshole.

DANTE:  
Who the hell are you to talk?? Take off on a  
road trip to nowhere. Leave your girlfriend--

THOMAS:  
Leave Colleen out of this!

DANTE:  
Oh so you know about—

THOMAS:  
--That's all you can say--no denials??

DANTE:  
Yes we kissed. Yes I liked it. If I'm not  
mistaken so did she. You got any gum? My mouth  
is dry.

*(Thomas is not sure what to do. He  
paces. He looks back at Dante. He  
slumps in a chair and starts to  
cry. There is a pause.)*

*(Tension between the two brothers finally Dante speaks.)*

DANTE: (Continued)  
Give me some gum. You always have peppermint gum.

*(Thomas rummages through his pockets. He throws the gum violently at Dante.)*

DANTE: (Continued)  
Best you can do? I've nothing to hide. That's my secret. You're just like Dad.

THOMAS:  
Don't say that. I'm my own person. I'm not like Dad.

DANTE:  
Good for you kiddo.

THOMAS:  
Don't call me kiddo.

DANTE:  
You're still a kid, kiddo. And you are your father's son Thomas. All your doubts are directly from Dad. You even sign your name like him.

THOMAS:  
You say all that as if it's an insult.

DANTE:  
It is. Oh don't get me wrong, we both love Dad. I showed up. But hell, sometimes I want take a laser to those worser parts in me that are coded right down to my bones from Dad. Do you think we will feel free when it happens?

THOMAS:  
Jerk! Shut-up, Mom might...Dad is--I don't know--

DANTE:  
He'll never die cause there's little you.

THOMAS:  
I--I--

DANTE:  
I, I, I--sing the blues for you--

*(MAURA re-enters to the main scene)*

MAURA:  
--Enough. Your father is dead.

*(Pause. Everyone remains still.)*

THOMAS:  
Shouldn't we call the ambulance?

MAURA:  
Of course, that's the right thing to do. But your father is dead.

THOMAS:  
But how do you--?

MAURA:  
--I know. He said to leave him there until morning. He likes to sleep late on week-ends.

DANTE:  
Did he get last rights?

MAURA:  
What do you care? I told you to leave. Get out of my sight! You've got no respect.

DANTE:  
Mom, I was, I just wanted--

MAURA:  
--Aye, you want, you want. That's all there is to you lad. I can't speak to you now Dante. I told you to make friends with the other side of that door.

DANTE:  
Mom, I'm sorry.

MAURA:  
Sorry, is it? Be sorry somewhere else.

DANTE:  
*(Going to touch his Mother)*  
Mom, do you--

MAURA:  
--Don't touch me Dante. Get your weedy fingers from my door. Get sober lad. I'll not talk to you until then. Dead father or no.

THOMAS:  
You should go Dante.

DANTE:  
Don't tell me what to do kiddo.

MAURA:  
That's right no one can tell the great Dante what to do. Hit the road lad.

DANTE:  
When is the funeral?

MAURA:  
The funeral will be on Saturday. Your father has requested that nobody bring drink Dante. Go now, pickle yourself on that thought lad.

*(Dante picks up his coat and goes to leave. He exits.)*

THOMAS:  
He did get last rights with Father Theo?

MAURA:  
Yes lad, Father Theo gave the old boy a good service.

THOMAS:  
What do we now?

MAURA:  
On Sunday, right after early mass, I'm leaving for Ireland and other places.

THOMAS:  
Other places?

MAURA:  
Other places--see the world. Like your father always said--"The world is your Oyster." What in the blazes did that mean anyway?

THOMAS:  
How long are you going for?

MAURA:  
Your father had a saying for almost anything; funny we won't hear that anymore. I don't know how long--I have some savings. You'll look after the house won't you Thomas?

THOMAS:  
Yes. Mom, are you O.K.?

MAURA:  
Of course I am, why shouldn't I be?

THOMAS:  
Dad's, he's, I can't believe--

MAURA:  
Yes boyo, yes. I know. None of us live forever.  
It's the way of the world.

(She keeps busy.)  
Now make sure there's lots of roses, your father  
loved roses. Oh, Thomas--You know that Mr. Jerry  
Macelrath? Your father asked me to make sure he  
doesn't come to the funeral. Seems silly, but  
that's his part of the business. You'll call him  
won't you Thomas?

THOMAS:  
Yeah, uh, sure.  
(He goes to call, but stops.)  
It's 3:30 in the morning Mom.

MAURA:  
Why so it is, well,

(She turns to go upstairs.)  
I'm tired, and I'm going to our--the room  
upstairs, to rest a bit, I don't know, you  
understand.

(She pauses on the stairs, Mother and son as far apart  
as possible.)  
Thomas, I don't have words for this, have you?

THOMAS:  
No. That's my word. No.

MAURA:  
Aye, yes, yes, no, that's the word.

*(Lights fade to black as they pause staring across at  
each other.)*

**(End of act one.)**

THOMAS AT MILE ZERO

Act Two

SCENE: 26

*The living room of the Mahoney home. Thomas is crashed on the couch. There is a knocking at the window. Thomas stirs a little. Another knock. Thomas stumbles awake and goes to the window. He looks out the window. LIGHTS UP on Thomas's view of what he sees out the window. The same view we saw at the start of the play. There is a woman with flowing long hair, and she is rhythmically washing a white shroud cloth.*

THOMAS:

No that's my word. It can't be. Oh, mom, your words now, blessed be.

*(He turns from the window in fright. He goes to ring the bear bell, but finds it is gone. He makes a ritual circle quickly. He tries to hide himself under the covers, and soon there's a knocking at the door.)*

DANTE:

Open the door little bro—can't believe it's locked.

THOMAS:

Go away! Mary protects me!

DANTE:

What are you talking about, you wuss? It's me Dante.

*(Thomas goes to the door and opens it gently. Dante bursts in, grabbing Thomas's shoulders.)*

DANTE: (Continued)

Booooooooo! Holy hell, man you're shaking.

THOMAS:

Leave me alone. ~~I'm not myself today.~~ You're not supposed to be here.



DANTE:  
Look Mammy's boy, it's bloody cold out in the  
treefort. I need some tea.

THOMAS:  
I thought you'd want black coffee. HEY IN THERE!  
(Yelling close to Dante's ear)

DANTE:  
Bug off man.  
(Rubbing his head)  
I'm going Irish today. Sure cure is good tea,  
hot. Coffee spins you out more. How goes the  
battle?

THOMAS:  
Mom's upstairs. Dad is still here. Not sure  
what to do.

DANTE:  
(Not quite sure, but attempting.)  
We do the things that people do when dealing with  
death.

THOMAS:  
(Looking for approval)  
I tried to sleep.

DANTE:  
(Teasing)  
Top of your list was it?

THOMAS:  
(Defending himself with the facts.)  
Mom planned for the Kearney Funeral Home—wanted  
to wait until morning.

DANTE:  
That will be four more hours. Hell man, we have  
to get Dad prepared for the wake tonight.

THOMAS:  
Suddenly there's a we here is there. Screw you to  
hell Dante. May all the Saints close their ears  
if you ever come calling.

DANTE:  
Give prudish priggery a rest. Hell, you're wound  
tighter than Phyllis Diller's face.

THOMAS:

Screw you Dante! Screw you. Fuck. Brothers are meant to be there for each other. Child of the same Mother. I wish it weren't true. I wish-

DANTE:

Let it out, it's healthy --

*(The lights flicker. There is a SCREAM.)*

THOMAS:

What was that? That was her. I'll light a candle, I'll boil some water. Where's a candle, anybody got a candle?

*((He continues to search, and finally holds up his bic lighter))*

DANTE:

Little bro calm down.

*(The lights flicker again. There's another faint scream.)*

*(There is another scream. Zane goes to window and looks out. He's terrified and uncertain at what he sees.)*

THOMAS:

She's here!!! She's here! Oh RollingStonesballs, boil some water. It's the banshee.

DANTE:

Our Celtic Fairy of death and change. Holy Hell! It is her. Thomas, she's coming this way.

*(He takes the cross from the wall and holds it up)*  
There's no one left to take. There's no one here!

THOMAS:

Is it really her?

The figure advances to the door, and the door starts to open. The boys look at the opening door. Dante at the front of it with his crucifix. The figure enters the house. We discover it's Maura, holding a utility flash light, and a ringing a bear-bell. She's dressed in a formal black dress with a light, white shawl, wrapped over her head.

MAURA:

Put that away Dante, or I might start to think you've found your faith again. All the noise we're making, we're liable to wake the dead.

*(She jingles the bell. She's on edge but attempting to stay in control.)*

Although it's damn fun to make some noise.

*(She jingles the bells again)*

THOMAS:

How are you doing Mom?

MAURA:

Again with the questions! Would you stop.

THOMAS:

It's okay, it's going to be okay.

MAURA:

Okay is it. Okay is it? That's what you see is it! That's what your grade skipping mind tells you is it? You traipse all the way across the country, all the way to who knows where, and see the wailing lady--

THOMAS:

--I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm sorry I left like that.

DANTE:

He was just doing something stupid before Grad.

MAURA:

No words from you little man from hell's fire. ~~Appropriately named.~~ Oh you hurt when you were born.

DANTE:

What? --why am I a target?

MAURA:

Blast you boy, you dare to ask? You're like that PNE game—where you wack the mole. Don't stick your head up! Whack! There it is. That's why I love you Dante. Little thorn that you are—you keep sticking your head up. Forgive me Dante, but here's the hand that says I'm sorry to you for saying you hurt when you were born. Take a good look. See this is the hand that stroked your face at your birth, and rubbed your tummy when you were sick. Here's the hand that was there for you to see you off to school—this hand will always be there for you. For all my children. One day you're holding a tiny, grasping, needing child. And then Clap!

*(She claps her hands loudly.)*

Hear that? Magic! You're holding a larger, grasping needing child. I might read the dictionary to match my words to your fancy understanding. But my hands don't need words. They are there for you. I'll hold you forever, forever my boys. I look into your eyes and wish and wish. I wonder of the story you will live, the shadowy places you might go, the happiness you might see and the people along your way. I hope you feel the touch of my hands on that journey. Even though you might think I fade away like a forgotten echo. Because each day from your birth there's a little bit more letting go. Its your part of the business boys, ~~it's your part~~. Live your own fables. (Pause) But take a good look at my foot too boys. You see it boys? Fine because right now you both need a good kick in the head.

DANTE:

Mom-

MAURA:

~~--I'm tired. Too tired to argue with my smart son.~~ Don't waste your life Dante. It's too short. You see, it's gone as fast as this water runs down the drain.

*(To Thomas)*

Blast you! You could have stayed! You could have stayed!

THOMAS:

I'm here. I'm here now.

MAURA:  
Bless us all, so you are! Oh lord.  
(She pauses.)  
*"I'll bring home the bread!"*

DANTE:  
What did you say Mom?

MAURA:  
Last healthy words he spoke to me. Last words he  
spoke. Oh Thomas why did you go Thomas? Thomas  
it's all your fault.

*(She drops her glass from the  
shaking. It breaks.)*

THOMAS:  
Mom.

MAURA:  
Ohh—the glass broke. The glass broke. That's the  
last one. ~~The last one.~~

DANTE:  
Mom, they're cheap glasses. Zellers special.

MAURA:  
You bought them for our Twenty-Fifth anniversary.  
Dante.  
(She starts to laugh)  
Oh boys. Boys.

*(Dante gets a broom and starts to  
sweep up the glass and the brothers  
begin to help their Mom to the  
table.)*

MAURA: (Continued)  
Thomas all is not well with my world.  
(Tearful laughs)  
I'm sorry you have to miss your graduation. My  
Sean, my old Sean is dead.

THOMAS:  
I'm sorry Mom.

MAURA:  
Sorry? Sorry, write something to say for the  
funeral.

THOMAS:

Mom, I can't do anything for the funeral. I just can't

MAURA:

I can't. You'll do it. You're the one. Write something Thomas. Honour your father. Honour yourself. I must get some rest. I must get some rest.

SCENE : 27

(The Boy is seen on the hill calling.)

BOY:

DADDDDY! DAD!

ECHO VOICE:

DADDYyyyyyyDAD!

BOY:

WHERE AM I?

ECHO:

WHERE AM I , I, I, I, I??

BOY:

WHERE?

(From behind the boy, a representation of the Banshee appears to envelope the boy, and we hear the HOWLING as we fade to black and more rain.)

SCENE 28

Dante is alone in the living room. His Father is in the corner inside the coffin. The coffin is tilted slightly so that Sean's body is visible to us. As we have heard earlier, his body has been entranced by the Other World., and so is able to speak.

(Sean is known here as FATHER to distinguish him now as "dead.")

DANTE:

(Speaking to his Father)  
Well Dad, I guess you're glad that's over and done with. I'll see them again at maybe Thomas's wedding, and a few more Christmas times-- How did I get into this family? Three brothers, and one lonely sister hiding in Nelson. Glories gone, all the adult I could become.

FATHER:

You can always tell a man by the shine of his shoes.

DANTE:

Jesus, Did you speak? Oh Jesus, you're possessed by the Little Ones aren't you.

FATHER:

Listening for one minute does more good than talking for ten.

DANTE:

Holy Mother! You're talking but only saying those damned clichés. ~~you always thought we heard.~~

FATHER:

Write it down. Remember to write it down.

DANTE:

Alright Dad. Here I Go.  
(He gets a pen and starts writing notes, attaching them to his dad.)  
There. You can always tell a man by the shine of his shoes. Oh Dad, that's a good one, see I wrote it down.

*(The tearing of the paper wakes Thomas with a start. He sees what Dante is doing.)*

THOMAS:

What are you doing? Leave Dad alone.

DANTE:

Mom asked me to change his suit. So I did. She said it was about time he bought a new suit.

THOMAS:

She did not, you're crazy. What are these notes?

DANTE:  
All the wisdom of our Father to help guide him to  
the next world.

THOMAS:  
This is not right.  
*((He begins to remove the notes. Dante is angered by  
this.))*

DANTE:  
Touch the notes and I'll bash you upside your  
brain Tommy.

THOMAS:  
Screw you.  
*((He removes a note.))*

FATHER:  
Invictus!

DANTE:  
*(Grabbing the note.)*  
Invictus, I always liked that one.

THOMAS:  
Don't insult Dad this way.

FATHER:  
I am the captain of my soul.

DANTE:  
Did you hear that?

THOMAS:  
Hear what?

DANTE:  
Meant only for me and my friend Jamiesons. I feel  
so special world.  
*(He turns his attention back to Thomas.)*  
Blow against the wind bro.  
*(Looking at the paper)*  
Call yourself a writer. You can't even write a  
decent euology. My scribbled notes make a better  
tribute than your constipated scrawl. 00000000  
*(He makes a gesture as if he's going to the bathroom.)*

THOMAS:  
Go to hell Dante!



(He lunges for Dante. Dante ducks the punch, tripping Thomas onto his back. Holding him there laughing.)

DANTE:  
Shall we try the Mahoney Typewriter Torture?

(He begins to tap on Thomas's chest and then dings his face at the "end" of a sentence.)

THOMAS:  
Let me up!

DANTE:  
What are you going to do? Scream for Mommy! Shut your face.  
(He continues to type on Thomas.)

THOMAS:  
What do you want! Leave me alone.

DANTE:  
You know they brought the constitution home this year. I wonder if there's anything Trudeau put in about torturing little brothers on the day after their father dies, the day of their graduation, and the day of the loss of their virginity.

THOMAS:  
Go to hell.  
(He spits in Dante's face)

(Dante is surprised. Lets him up, as Thomas gets up, he swings out at Dante, backhanding him across the eye.)

DANTE:  
Holy hell. Shit!  
(He begins to laugh.)

THOMAS:  
What! Why are you laughing?

DANTE:  
I didn't know you had it in you. A touch of happy violence. You liked that didn't you?

THOMAS:  
I didn't like anything.

DANTE:  
Sure you did. You reached your potential as a man  
now bro. It's all happiness from here on in.

THOMAS:  
The man with all the answers. Mr. Grad School.

FATHER:  
Answers are like apples, pluck them before they  
get rotten.

DANTE:  
I dropped out of grad school. You don't seem  
surprised.

THOMAS:  
But dad was so proud of you at your university  
grad.

FATHER:  
Get a saleable skill.

DANTE:  
He asked me why I didn't take something  
practical. So feeling unblessed for life by Dad, I  
signed on for grad school. It's not the right  
timing, although since I quit, I've had all the  
answers. I walked into the ocean and kept  
swimming, the sun was setting, and I was  
floating. Every answer I needed came to me.  
Then I drowned feeling that power.

FATHER:  
Death is better than a kick in the head.

DANTE:  
Hah, oh Dad. You've got to have that one.

THOMAS:  
Who are talking to?

DANTE:  
No one. Ghosts

FATHER:  
The world is your oyster son.

THOMAS:  
I don't know what to say about Dad.

DANTE:  
Study Archie Bunker and dose it up with Canadian nicety and there's Dad. Look no further.

FATHER:  
(Referring to "Hanoi" Jane time.)  
Jane Fonda was a cow.

~~DANTE:  
Maybe we should bury Dad in his deluxe recliner?~~

THOMAS:  
I'll help you get his jacket back on Dante.

DANTE:  
The notes stay.

THOMAS:  
Sure--the notes stay.

(The boys put on their father's suit jacket.)

DANTE:  
Sometimes I wake up in the morning, and I've dreamed I've lived all my mistakes over and over again. I'm always glad the dream ends and then the terror of the great potential of the new day overtakes me. Then I go to the can.

FATHER:  
A stitch in time saves nine.

THOMAS:  
So what do you do over there then?

DANTE:  
I go running everyday. Occasionally, I peruse those new personal adds. Out to the clubs--

THOMAS:  
--Looking for anyone?

DANTE:  
No, just someone to lick and like me.

THOMAS:

Man, I mean guy or girl? Don't be shocked  
Dante—I'm naïve, not stupid.

DANTE:

Anything that moves. Lately. I search for work  
too. Really, I read the classifieds. Then I go  
for a run, and then I read. I watch TV, I read  
some more, then I go to sleep, and promise myself  
that tomorrow I'll try harder.

FATHER:

(As the corpse)  
I'm going to fix that leaky shower tomorrow.  
Right after the morning news.

DANTE:

I go running everyday. Oh Jesus Dad, are you ever  
going to shut up?

THOMAS:

You're saying Dad is talking to you right now.

DANTE:

You can't hear him?

THOMAS:

No.

DANTE:

It's because I never got to say a proper good-  
bye. Dad, you're going to bloody haunt my head  
forever?

FATHER:

Scattered mind is the playground of the devil.

DANTE:

Shut up Dad. ~~Okay it was funny once, but it's  
gone way past that now.~~

*There's a knocking at the door, some muffled laughter.  
Thomas goes to answer discovering it is Zane and  
Colleen calling.*

ZANE:

(*Calling from the door.*)  
Hello! Hello! Who's the graduate?

Zane enters wearing a French Renaissance coat, purple velour, with a walking cane. Colleen enters looking stunning in her formal graduation gown

THOMAS:  
You guys, what are you doing here?

COLLEEN:  
First to express our sympathy for your loss, And--

ZANE:  
*(Turns his walking cane into long necked Trumpet and he gives it a blast a few times)*  
Da Dah! Ladies and Gentleman. Thomas Domangard Mahoney, Graduate. Please step forward for your diploma.

*(Colleen brings the diploma down, Thomas ignores her, and she puts the diploma down on the "couch")*

THOMAS:  
Zane! ~~Once we got back.~~ I didn't think you'd ever speak to me again.

ZANE:  
~~I told you,~~ I'm your friend. I heard about your dad. Got up early and baked your family some Banana Bread.

DANTE:  
What? Is that the best you can do? Don't you know there are seven stages of grief and it's your job as a friend to help us go through all of them.

ZANE:  
Uhm okay. Harsh. I didn't know.  
*(There is silence in the room.)*  
You know the banana bread; I made it with two bananas. Less sugar that way.

DANTE:  
*(Pushing Zane's good nature)*  
If we don't go through them, we might—Oh screw it, slice me a piece.

ZANE:  
Yeah sure, Thomas you got a knife—?

THOMAS:

(quickly)  
--Don't insult my friend that way.

DANTE:

Joking little bro.  
(To Zane)  
I appreciate the gesture.

ZANE:

Thomas, dude it's okay, I understand. I got a knife.

THOMAS:

I can't forgive him that easily.

COLLEEN:

Please don't fight, not now.

ZANE:

Here's your piece my friend. You too Dante.

DANTE:

Take it up with Colleen. She needed someone.

THOMAS:

Don't talk about her, don't say anything about her.

DANTE:

What did I say?

ZANE:

Do you guys like the bread? It's an easy recipe.

THOMAS:

I need her too.  
(To Colleen)  
But you're leaving to Toronto in July.

DANTE:

All the more reason to forget about me and the meeting of lips.

THOMAS:

Stop talking, shut the hell up!

ZANE:

Lip meeting? I'm confused.

DANTE:  
Big news flash.

THOMAS:  
There! You did it again.

ZANE:  
Water off the duck man.

THOMAS:  
Dante and Colleen kissed each other.

COLLEEN:  
(To everyone, with attention to Zane.)  
It mean't nothing. Really.

ZANE:  
Oh.  
(Pause as it sinks in)  
Would you like some more banana bread?

THOMAS:  
To hell with the banana bread!  
(He throws the banana bread on the ground.)  
Zane, sorry.

DANTE:  
Srew your friends, what do they know?

ZANE:  
Stop right now. Don't say another word. No more  
sorries.  
(To Dante)  
No more insults. I try to listen to what's in my  
gut you know. Adopted son of Gretchen Growden--  
Left aside and chosen again. Chosen, choice.  
Choose peace, bro, both of you.

THOMAS:  
I'm glad you're here. I thought once we got home--

DANTE:  
--Babble, babble, babble, boil and trouble. What  
the hell are you talking about?

THOMAS:  
We ran into some trouble in Saskatoon.

DANTE:  
Trouble?

THOMAS:

This guy-

ZANE:

It doesn't matter. None of it matters. I live now, you too Thomas.

DANTE:

Bang on the nose. Don't think it all begins in University because it sucks. That's just a place for old men to drop their pants and play with their PhDs, while undergraduates wait to take their next order.

THOMAS:

(Almost embarrassed at Dante)  
Zane and Colleen, You shouldn't miss the party.

ZANE:

Wouldn't want to miss the chance to see a dead man up close.

(To the corpse)

Hi Mr. Mahoney, I brought you some roses.

DANTE:

Cool Zane. That must have cost you party money.

ZANE:

They're from Nadine's stage display. Done with the use now anyway.

COLLEEN:

We brought Ladysmith High's grad to you. Flowers and all.

ZANE:

Step forward Thomas. Colleen has a surprise for you.

*(Thomas steps forward and takes his diploma, receiving air kisses from Zane. Dante claps)*

COLLEEN:

(She tries to be celebrational but trails off)  
Good people of Ladysmith for the outstanding short story-- You won Thomas. Here, 98 percent. They announced it at the...

*(Thomas is surprised and steps forward. He accepts the award and a kiss on the lips from Colleen.)*



THOMAS:

Uh Thanks.

COLLEEN:

(Looking around, and for Thomas)  
Roses. You wanted roses. You got them. You know,  
I love you.

THOMAS:

I-- Thanks for coming, both of you. I'm choked,  
no really.

(He tears up.)

COLLEEN:

Sorry about your dad too Dante.

DANTE:

The lady gives me a sorry. I leave all the ladies  
sorry.

FATHER:

Son, be a man son.

(Dante reacts to the voice.)

COLLEEN:

What's the matter with your face Dante?

DANTE:

Your boyfriend's hand connected with it.

COLLEEN:

(To Thomas)  
You hit him?

ZANE:

Now you're fighting?

DANTE:

It's a complicated time.

COLLEEN:

Thomas, let's talk over here a minute.  
(She takes him to a quieter corner.)  
I know things are crazy, but I thought all about  
you throughout the ceremony.

(She resolutely tells him the plan.)  
Almost like we already made it happen. Maybe we  
still can. The grad party, all of it.

DANTE:

(Taunting)

You haven't got the guts little bro to move on.

THOMAS:

Move on? Yours is the head that's haunted. Run away now why don't you? Get drunk somewhere, get high, Screw someone in an alley, and keep on running.

FATHER:

Dead men tell no tales.

DANTE:

Take your own advice Dad!

FATHER:

Giving advice does not mean it will be taken.

DANTE:

Dad. Holy hell--Yeah Thomas I like to run. An escape, a mind turn-off. Pounding feet. Ten clicks everyday. Everyday. I heard about Dad's heart attack and went for a run. It was raining-- wispy, thin rain, and I was running to the end of the breakwater where there's quite a wind. I pass this group of people. Ten or so. They're silent, sad, I can't see why. I look back, and see someone tossing dirt or something into the water. I get to the lighthouse at the end and turnaround. I feel the waves salt spray my knees. The man is still there. Bull Kelp bashes, Sea Lions bark, Rain pours, Shirt-wet back, the Olympic mountains ghost in the white-dark of the day. As I get closer to the man, I count my breaths. He's rooted himself. He's crying. I overhear someone yell to him from the shore, "Your father's dead Steve. Leave him rest." I jog ten breaths closer to him and the man does not move. I'm one breath away, inches apart, and he sighs, and then we breathe together. And I'm taken from this world. I'm there, my feet still hit the ground, but somehow I'm in a more real place. At that moment, I became something other than Dante the grad-school dropout, I became an element in this man saying Good-bye to his father.

(MORE)

DANTE: (Continued)

(Noticing how intrigued Colleen is, Dante delivers some of this directly to her, seducing her.)  
I like to think that when he remembers that day, he'll remember the wind, the rain, the cold stone the sea lions, and he'll remember the lone jogger. Not me, you see, but an element of nature. Like life and death meeting. I become wind, rain, and ocean-- But hell, what do I know what he was thinking? He'd just held the dust of his father in his hands.

THOMAS:

You do now. There's no escape.

(Thomas is crying)

DANTE.

I know. Screw it. Colleen, I need--

FATHER:

--A faint heart never won fair maid--

THOMAS:

--You dare! Asshole! With Dad here, you cross me--

DANTE:

Damn the Irish ghost. Leave at once. You know he kinda looks like you in that pose Thomas. Except for those tears of yours. He looks kinda happy.

FATHER:

Happy is as happy does.

DANTE:

But he's probably thinking ooh boy my littlest son will never become a man.

FATHER:

Practice on a carrot.

THOMAS:

You are sick man. I said leave it.

DANTE:

Gonna hit me again little bro? Leaving it. Leaving it all. Leaving him soon. I will miss him. Here's to you Dad.

(MORE)

DANTE: (Continued)

*(He raises his glass and swigs, he looks at the corpse of his father.)*

Here's to our Dad. You'll like this one Thomas.  
Here's to how he taught us all to swim.

FATHER:

If you're ever in trouble just float on your back.

COLLEEN:

*(Touching his face.)*

It's alright Thomas, maybe tomorrow--

THOMAS:

--You smell of my brother.

ZANE:

She's chosen you dude. Accept the love man.

THOMAS:

Love! Happy Graduation. Happy Birthday to me in a week. Hide and seek. One, Two, Three— Help me someone. Hello. Anyone? What do I care? My dad is dead.

MAURA:

*(Calling from offstage.)*

What's that noise? What am I hearing said in my house?

THOMAS:

Mommy!! She's awake! She's always awake. She knows everything. I've got to get away.

MAURA:

*(Coming down.)*

Blast you, what's the noise? Boys, Thomas, what's the matter?

THOMAS:

Mom, Dad is dead.

MAURA:

Thomas? Thomas!

DANTE:

Mom, we thought you were asleep.

MAURA:

Ach no, I was talking with Father Theo.

THOMAS:

No!! Not the Priest! She called the priest.

*(There is a wailing howl from  
outside.)*

ZANE:

The Banshee is back. She's coming for more.

Thomas runs in fear and hides, locking himself in a  
small storage cupboard.

MAURA:

Blast you Zane, don't go makin trouble. What's  
wrong with Thomas? Of course I called the Priest.  
Are you all deaf? What's wrong with you son?

COLLEEN:

*(Calling to him.)*  
Thomas, I have to leave in less than week!!  
Please talk to him.

DANTE:

The baby is just asking his age.

MAURA:

That's all you can say? Oh Sean, they got no  
respect. What's this?  
*(Noticing the notes)*  
Are you mocking him?

SEAN:

The joke's on them.

MAURA:

Aye that it is boyo. He brought the bread. He  
taught you to swim. He was a good man. And you  
mock him with your reckless dishonour?  
*(To Zane and Colleen, to clear them away.)*  
Zane, son, Colleen, shouldn't you be celebrating'  
for graduation.

ZANE:

Yes, Mrs. Mahoney. I'm sorry for your loss. I  
brought some banana bread.

THOMAS:

Mom are you alright?

MAURA:

You're a dear one to be always asking that question even now. Come out, if you want to talk, like a human being.

THOMAS:

It's okay, it's going to be okay. Dad's gone, but--

MAURA:

--He's on the sauce? Who was it? You Dante? I told you no drink. Or was it Sadie? Some oldest sister she is. Were the little people teasing you again?

THOMAS:

I haven't talked to the little people since I was seven Mom.

MAURA:

Well maybe you should. Do yah some good. Now get out here, Thomas You've got a job to do. Have you written it yet?

THOMAS:

NO! Not yet. I can't, won't, shant, no, no.

MAURA:

Thomas, come out of the box I can't keep talking like this.

THOMAS:

Nope. I'm never getting out of this box.

MAURA:

Right only one thing to do. Dante, Zane. Grab the sides. If the snake won't come to St. Patrick, then St. Patrick must go to snake. Move it out. This boy is going to the priest.

They all struggle out the door with Thomas inside the Blanket Box/Hope Chest.

FATHER:

Don't leave all the lights on. Money doesn't grow on trees.

(Lights OUT/Lights transition.)

SCENE: 29

*Dante and Zane with Colleen arrive into the church carrying the cupboard that carries Thomas. Thomas is moaning. Maura follows in behind calling to them.*

MAURA

Fetch Father Theo, Dante.

*(She leans towards the cupboard. Dante goes to get Father Theo.)*

Thomas, we're here.

THOMAS:

Where is here? That's what I want to know.

ZANE:

Riddles man, riddles man.

MAURA:

Hush now smoking lad, this is God's house.

*(She turns back to the cupboard.)*

Thomas you're at the church. Father Theo will talk with you.

THOMAS:

Church. Blessed be for me. Blessed be. I won't talk with him. I told you. Leave me alone.

*(Father Theo enters and hears this. In keeping with our Identity theme, I'd suggest the character be French Canadian.)*

FATHER THEO

Hello Thomas.

*(Pause and no answer.)*

Do you like the box?

THOMAS:

Yes. ~~Yes I do.~~

DANTE:

Mom, this is crap. Why don't we just drag him out.

FATHER THEO:

*(To Dante and company)*

When he is ready, he will emerge. Patience.

*(To Thomas)*

It's a comfort to you is it?

THOMAS:  
I like the box, Father. It's quiet. It's dark.

FATHER THEO:  
I might know something here Thomas

THOMAS:  
Damn rights Father, is that so?

MAURA:  
Mind your manners son. This is a priest you're talking with. He's an educated man, not like your brother.

DANTE:  
Mom, I've a degree.

MAURA:  
Oh, he has a degree, does he! Listen to the Professor.

FATHER THEO:  
Perhaps it would be best if you waited in the vestment room.

MAURA:  
Yes good idea Dante, Zane, Colleen—clear out! This is our part of the business.

FATHER THEO:  
You too Maura.  
*(He gestures for them all to back away. All of them begin to the back area of the church.)*

MAURA:  
I'll not be leaving my youngest born without me in his hour of need.

FATHER THEO:  
Take care of your own self Maura. Put the kettle on, have some tea.

MAURA:  
Bless you Father I tank I will. A cup of the black stuff is just what I need.  
*(She goes to exit)*

FATHER THEO:  
I understand.



DANTE:

Do we half to go too? I can't wait to see how you're going to get him out of the trunk.

THOMAS:

I'm not coming out. Tell them all Mom.

FATHER THEO:

Your mother has gone to get tea Thomas. The rest of you may stay, but be quiet. That allright with you Thomas?

THOMAS:

Suit fits wear it.

FATHER THEO:

Pardon?

DANTE:

Something Dad use to say. It means it suits him.

(Father Theo gestures him to be quiet. Dante realizes his mistake.)

DANTE: (Continued)

We'll be quiet, we promise.

FATHER THEO:

Your mother is asking you to say a few words at the funeral. It's not customary, but perhaps--

THOMAS:

I told her I wouldn't.

MAURA:

*(Peaking around the corner)*

You'll do as your bloody well told Thomas.

COLLEEN:

Thomas, you can do it.

THOMAS:

Leave me alone. Shut up.

MAURA:

Don't you say shut-up to your mother.

DANTE:

Yeah, smarten up.

COLLEEN:

Show some respect.

FATHER THEO:

They're being quiet Thomas. They all are. Pretend it's just you and me talking. We're alone now Thomas, just you, and the heavenly Father makes three.

THOMAS:

A fine trinity.

FATHER THEO:

Ahh you were always a bright lad for catechism. I'm sure you are bright enough to write a few words about your father to say as final blessing from your family.

THOMAS:

I won't.

FATHER THEO:

I see. Well it was good talking with you Thomas.

(Pause, silence.)

THOMAS:

Hello?

FATHER THEO:

I'm here. Are you ready to live in the world?

(Mother re-enters with tea. She beelines to Thomas.)

MAURA:

I've got some tea for you too Thomas. Quick steeped just the way you like it.

THOMAS:

Please stop fussing about me.

FATHER THEO:

(Annoyed at the interruption with Thomas.)  
Yes Maura, do be quiet.

DANTE:

Hey Father, watch who you are talking to.

FATHER THEO:

I beg your pardon Mrs. Mahoney.

THOMAS:  
See this is it. My world is all gone. How can I  
write about what I don't understand? What do you  
really want from me Father?

FATHER THEO:  
To help you-

THOMAS:  
--Why did you become a priest Father?

FATHER THEO:  
What does that have to with-

THOMAS:  
Everything Father. Can you answer my question?

FATHER THEO:  
Divine inspiration.

THOMAS:  
God told you to become a priest.

FATHER THEO:  
Uh, yes, yes, I felt I had a calling.

THOMAS:  
How did he call you Father?

FATHER THEO:  
What do you mean?

THOMAS:  
I mean did he call you collect, did he give you a  
dream, was there a burning bush, did you have a  
conversion on a ferry ride?

FATHER THEO:  
It was a feeling Thomas. Why the questions  
Thomas?

THOMAS:  
I really want to know. Do they take you aback?

FATHER THEO:  
Are they supposed to?

THOMAS:  
Can you answer my question?

FATHER THEO:  
What was the question?

THOMAS:  
You forgot my question?

FATHER THEO:  
Yes.

THOMAS:  
So did I. That's a relief.

FATHER THEO:  
What's a relief?

THOMAS:  
To forget my question. At least that's one I  
don't need to worry about.

MAURA:  
Stop playing games Thomas—listen to the priest.

THOMAS:  
Why? I'm just a test for him. If he can help me,  
he can verify his life has meaning.

(Zane has been meditating quietly)

ZANE:  
That's your clue Thomas.

FATHER THEO:  
I know this is a difficult time.

DANTE:  
Mom this isn't working. You just don't know how  
to deal with him. Let me turn the hose on him--

MAURA:  
--I know what I know. That's all I know or need  
to know. Knowing isn't everything. Believing is  
everything. I have my faith. This will all work  
out. Father Theo will help. I do thoroughly  
believe that. What shall we do Father?

FATHER THEO:  
I was going to suggest prayer, but perhaps a  
whiskey might help.

MAURA:

Saints be blind, dumb and deaf. You're joking to me at a time like this.

ZANE:

Dude, I mean Mrs. Mahoney, you've got the answer.

(Thomas says his next line overtop of Dante. Moves quickly.)

DANTE:

(To Zane)

Be quiet Stonehedge. You don't know anything.

THOMAS:

(He talks overtop of Dante)

Apples were the world on the tree. Gone. Back soon. Soon. Gone.

ZANE:

Your mom talked about belief. I know my man Thomas is called Thomas for a reason. Heard the story a hundred times--Thomas the doubter. I swear on the earth that he has plenty of reason to doubt. But what this is all about is belief.

MAURA:

The lad is talking sense. Why can't you be more like him?

DANTE:

Stop making comparisons. You always used me as a comparison. Telling me to be more like Thomas. Be smart like Thomas. I'm smart Mom. I'm my own person.

MAURA:

Can't you think about how I feel?

THOMAS:

Feelingsssssssssss oh wwwhooh whoahh feeeeeelings.

(THOMAS continues to sing throughout.)

DANTE:

He's singing, now you have him singing!

FATHER THEO:  
Do you really make comparisons? That's not a good idea.

MAURA:  
Who asked your opinion?

FATHER THEO:  
Well I'd say you did.

MAURA:  
Your always lording it over Father. You even talked about the cleanliness of my home From the altar no less!

COLLEEN:  
Your home is quite neat.

MAURA:  
What would you know little rich girl?

COLLEEN:  
My family is not rich.

MAURA:  
Dollar for dollar you aren't. All of it lost though bottle for bottle for that no-good father of yours.

COLLEEN:  
Well so you know Mrs. Mahoney?

MAURA:  
Aye so I do, so don't go putting on airs-

COLLEEN:  
I wasn't doing anything-

MAURA:  
--No backtalk either, I've had enough of your sing-songy voice.

COLLEEN:  
What? Thomas, say something.

THOMAS:  
Say what, you want to screw my brother.

MAURA:  
Watch your mouth Thomas.

COLLEEN:  
You're all mad.

THOMAS:  
So is it true, do you-?

COLLEEN:  
Yes, no, I mean I wanted to-

MAURA:  
--Shameless little trapper.

THOMAS:  
Colleen, do you?

COLLEEN:  
Yes, so, so I did. Thomas. Grow up! You're nuts.

(Thomas steps out. Colleen and Zane are relieved. Dante looks for reactions from Maura and Father Theo. Maura is stoic. Father Theo is surprised but NOT shocked.)

THOMAS:  
I am not nuts.

(He's naked. He may walk to each person and gives each of them a rose.)

MAURA:  
We should pray.

(No one moves really. Thomas stands alone.)

FATHER THEO:  
So we shall.

(Father Theo gathers to begin prayer.)

MAURA:  
Join me now Thomas.

DANTE:  
Is that all you're going to say him? After all he's done?

THOMAS:

I'm content.

DANTE:

Get your clothes on you little jerk.

(Thomas ignores Dante. Dante takes a jar of holy water and throws it at Thomas.)

DANTE: (Continued)

Now get dressed. No need for anyone to see your shortcomings. Devil alive, you stupid git.

FATHER THEO:

(To Dante)

Get out of the church. Do you know what you have done?

DANTE:

Yes, I know.

FATHER THEO:

Do you have anything to say for yourself? Holy water thrown this way. It is an offense.

MAURA:

Aye Father, tis. Out with it lad.

DANTE:

I'm sorry Mom-- about the water.

(Pause.)

But he looked thirsty.

MAURA:

What!! What boy, I'm beside myself. See me over there. I'm beside myself.

DANTE:

Christ I swore. Oh shit, I did it again. Damn, oh what the hell, I apologize.

(Maura walks over to Dante and cuffs his head.)

MAURA:

Now, I need to pray. Let's all pray. Dante join me now.



DANTE:  
Those are your caring hands Mom? Apologize to me.  
I never got to say good-bye.

FATHER THEO:  
Son, you're angry—

MAURA:  
I'll do nothing of the sort. Get down on your  
knees and pray.

FATHER THEO:  
Pray or leave.  
(There is silence. Then Thomas laughs.)

MAURA:  
Stop laughing in the church.

THOMAS:  
Why not, its damn funny? My brother has to out  
crisis me. Competitive jerk.

DANTE:  
I'm not going to pray.

FATHER THEO:  
Where's your faith son?

DANTE:  
I'm not your son. My name is Dante. Take your  
church faith Theo. My father's funeral is in two  
days. That's the last time you'll see me in this  
house.

MAURA:  
Bite your tongue and bleed boy. How can you do  
this to me?

FATHER THEO:  
What I hear you saying Mrs. Mahoney, and if  
you'll calm down--

MAURA:  
Don't try that counselling malarkey on me Father.  
Save it for the rest of those lot drinking in The  
Pen every night. You're just as angry as I am,  
be a man and show it.

FATHER THEO:  
I am a man.

ZANE:

May I try Father Theo?

(Father Theo nods)

Mrs. Mahoney's son is questioning the core of her beliefs just after the death of her main squeeze of forty years. This thought scares the jeebers out of her, and she sees her son Dante only in the darkest light of betrayal while her youngest stands on the edge of the same abyss.

(Pause.)

Am I right Mrs. Mahoney?

MAURA:

Yes. That about sums up the stew.

ZANE:

Dante, you should apologize.

THOMAS:

What did you put in that banana bread Zane?

COLLEEN:

Dante, please apologize and join your brother in prayer. You owe it to him.

DANTE:

I don't owe him anything. I owe my rent. I owe my student loans. I owe my phone bill. I owe Michael Zamboni for spitting on me in the eighth grade. I owe the Lucky dollar for the caramels I stole at lunch on a dare. I owe the laundry mat 24 quarters for all the times I cheated and got extra dryer time. I owe your coats pockets Mom all the spare change I took because you and Dad were too cheap to give us an allowance. But I owe my brother nothing.

FATHER THEO:

Is this a confession?

COLLEEN:

You!

DANTE:

You what? You kissed me. You kissed me. You wanted more, didn't you?

*(He kisses her again. Colleen slaps him across the face. She leaves the church in a hurry.)*

ZANE:

Ouch! Wouldn't you agree Father?

FATHER THEO:

Yes, ouch. I'd agree with that.

MAURA:

Oh Lord. Let this go. Please forgive my youngest sons and their friends. I give you up Dante. If the church you were raised in means nothing to you and your mind is made up, so be it. You have your father's stubbornness. I'm sorry you missed your moment. It happened fast. I heard his last breath, "My best to the kids." You see, you're free. You have my sorrows and my blessings too. It's your part of the business.

DANTE:

Right. Thank you Mom. Good. I think I will pray now Thomas.

MAURA:

Aye good.

THOMAS:

I don't want to pray.

MAURA:

Thomas, see what you're doing to your family. You've made it out here, now just do a good Our Father and we'll be done with it.

THOMAS:

(Kneeling down he starts.)  
I can't remember the words.

MAURA:

Don't be a foolin' fairy lad, just say it.

THOMAS:

I honestly don't know the words.

FATHER THEO:

Yes, well, perhaps if you just spoke outloud to God.

THOMAS:

You've heard from me before God, please tell me. What shall I do?

ZANE:  
Good Thomas. Turn around and face it.

MAURA:  
Don't interrupt.

(They begin to pray the Our Father.)

THOMAS:  
Zane, that's it. You're right. You're right. I've got to face this head on, everything head on.

**SCENE: 30**

*(Thomas arrives to Colleen's house, shivering and cold wet. Thomas goes over to Colleen)*

THOMAS: (Continued)  
You're not surprised to see me?

COLLEEN:  
Yes, I am. For so many reasons.

THOMAS:  
Tell me again.

COLLEEN:  
That I love you?

THOMAS:  
Yes.

COLLEEN:  
Yes, I do.

THOMAS:  
Oh Colleen, why! Hell forget that--I love you too--okay? It hurts.

COLLEEN:  
So much, I know.

*(Thomas goes to Colleen and hugs her deeply and kisses her on the lips)*

THOMAS:  
Feels good now.

COLLEEN:  
Like truth.

THOMAS:

Your dad?

COLLEEN:

Forget about him. I tell you Thomas, we don't have much time. In four days I'm working in Toronto's Yorktown Hotel, then over to Queens...

THOMAS:

That's what you want to do?

COLLEEN:

Yes, and my dad wants it. Okay, he's paying. I really want it, maybe not right away, I'd rather spend more time with you.

THOMAS:

Could we be--? Do we have to go our separate ways? I doubt--

COLLEEN:

--No matter what happens, I know we're always inside each other.

(pause)

I hope. But why spoil now?

THOMAS:

--Colleen I--

COLLEEN:

Sssh, Thomas you try to see to much of it all at once. Just this moment.

(She kisses him.)

Would you like an apple, late winterfall?

THOMAS:

How did you know?

COLLEEN:

I felt your craving. I don't know why. Yes, here no--wait, let's do the ritual. Tada! The apple.

(She puts it in her mouth)

THOMAS:

We haven't done this since we were eleven.

COLLEEN:

*(Removing apple)*

Almost seven years ago, You never forget. It's part of who we are

*(She waits)*

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy.

THOMAS:

Doctor, Lawyer, Chief

BOTH:

Who are we going to be? Old and wise and getting the prize.

*(They place the Apple carefully between their mouths and begin to bite it and eventually the apple falls to the floor, and they kiss. They suspend themselves in the kiss. The Gully Monster invades the scene. She tosses the box of apples to floor and they roll She has the Boy chained to her.)*

THOMAS:

That's not part of the ritual.

COLLEEN:

It always was for me.

THOMAS:

Me too.

GULLY MONSTER:

Summoned here by the ritual. Watch and learn your future.

BOY:

I won't look.

GULLY MONSTER:

You'll have no choice boy.

*(She pulls on the chain and yanks him hard. The boy gasps for air.)*

COLLEEN:

We've thought about this so many times before, haven't you?

THOMAS:

Sure. Colleen I really want to do this, I mean all the way.

(Checking)

Yahp, I mean, nope, okay--

COLLEEN:

(Thinking he's still on about Dante)  
Oh—I thought--But it's just jitters.

*(Colleen's father stomps in from the back entrance and is shocked to see them.)*

JAMES:

He'll be feeling more than jitters.

COLLEEN:

Dad, daddy. I didn't hear you come in.

JAMES:

Shut-up girl.

(To Thomas)

I didn't think you'd have the guts to set foot in here again.

THOMAS:

I found some Sir.

JAMES:

What? You needed a piece of her did you before she goes? A little piece of slutass lad? I'll give you a piece Tommy.

COLLEEN:

Dad, no leave him alone.

JAMES:

Shut-up.

(He swings at stumbles and hits Colleen)

THOMAS:

Leave Colleen alone Mr. Avery.

JAMES:

I didn't mean to hit you.

THOMAS:

Sir, Mr. Avery your head is bleeding.

JAMES:  
Kid, if just you stand there I'll teach you to  
defy me.

*(Thomas stands steady, waiting for  
James to advance.)*

JAMES: (Continued)  
Challenge me will you?

*(He walks towards Thomas. Thomas  
doesn't move. James Avery comes  
nose to nose with Thomas.)*

THOMAS:  
Mr. Avery you are bleeding.

JAMES:  
Leave!  
*(He pauses for micro-moment.)*  
Move!

*(Thomas doesn't move. James stands  
at him, sneering as he backs away  
ready to give Thomas a backhand.  
Thomas still doesn't move)*

COLLEEN:  
Thomas, no! Please Move.

*(Thomas still doesn't move.)*

JAMES:  
Stay out of this Colleen.

*(He takes Colleen by the hand and  
forces her to move.)*

JAMES: (Continued)  
Go to your room. Now!

THOMAS:  
Leave her alone.

*(Thomas steps in between the path of  
James and Colleen and doesn't move.)*



JAMES:

(Starting to laugh, puts his arm around Thomas and squeezes his shoulders. He takes Thomas's arm and places behind his back.)  
Trying to earn a medal boy? Now go.  
(He collapses into the couch.)

THOMAS:

You're bleeding Sir.

COLLEEN:

Let him bleed.

JAMES:

What was that? You'd let me lie here, you ungrateful girl.

COLLEEN:

This ends now. I'll call the cops and this time I'll do everything to make sure charges are pressed.

(He struggles up.)

JAMES:

Yes, well, I guess I did hit you. Oh damn, I'm your father Colleen. I want what's best for me. I mean you, you, you I mean. YOU! God damn it to hell. My own daughter. Will you forgive me?

COLLEEN:

Forgiveness?

JAMES:

Bitch, just like your mother.

THOMAS:

Mr. Avery, you don't mean to call Colleen that.

(Thomas pushes Mr. Avery down.)

(James and Thomas stay almost motionless staring at each other.)

JAMES:

(Admitting to Thomas.)  
You're right.

COLLEEN:

Your words. God I hate them. Silence that's all.  
(MORE)

COLLEEN: (Continued)  
Pure. We could share that moment. No words, no  
care for losing meaning. Just silence.

JAMES:  
Colleen, I'm sorry.  
(Pause, he sits down)  
Let's enjoy the silence.

COLLEEN:  
I don't believe you.

JAMES:  
Go Thomas.

THOMAS:  
I'm staying Sir.

COLLEEN:  
Am I supposed to believe anything you say?

JAMES:  
Believe me if you want.

THOMAS:  
Mr. Avery, Sir?

COLLEEN:  
He's out.

THOMAS:  
He looks peaceful that way.

COLLEEN:  
He'll sleep till lunch and then he'll be really  
nice to me.

GULLY MONSTER:  
I am the darkness boy. See inside yourself.

THOMAS:  
(Breathing out.)  
Holy crap. I stood there. Did you see that? Oh  
man, okay, we have to press charges against him.  
How do we do that? Call the cops? I'm your  
witness. We should write down everything that's  
happened--

COLLEEN:  
--Thomas, it's my fight now.

(Thomas nods sits on the chair.)

GULLY MONSTER:  
There it is. He passed! He passed!

BOY:  
Will you let me go?

THOMAS:  
Yeah, but I'm there if you need me.  
(Remembering, revved up.)  
Colleen, we can still--

COLLEEN:  
Yes. Soon I hope. Thomas, I am filled with--

GULLY MONSTER:  
--Rage. Come boy, back to the otherworld beyond  
the veil.

(They exit. The phone rings.)

(Thomas exits. Lights/*Scene  
transitions from the last.*)

**SCENE: 31**

(The boy comes running beyond the  
forest followed by the Gully  
Monster.)

BOY:  
You tell me lies about the world.

GULLY MONSTER:  
I reflect the truth.  
(Catching the boy with her verse.)  
"Come away, O human child! To the waters and the  
wild, With a faery, hand in hand, For the world's  
more full of weeping than you can understand."

BOY:  
Did you make that up?

GULLY MONSTER:  
Someone else. But you see it speaks to you, your  
place is here.

(The Boy comes to her.)

GRACE:

The boy will not last here in the otherworld.  
His place is to be part of Thomas the man.

GULLY MONSTER:

I can't do that. His smile. We're learning to  
smile and laugh. His laughter is innocence  
itself.

GRACE:

You will corrupt the boy.

GULLY MONSTER:

I'm not that type of monster. I just want to  
hear his laugh and have him write poetry. Why  
can't I write poetry?

GRACE:

Your unique existence is your poetry.

GULLY MONSTER:

But why can't I laugh anymore? I want more from  
this life. I want some fun. Come boy, laugh for  
me.

(She exits with the boy.)

GRACE:

(Calling to her.)

Your time is disappearing Mistress. Please, you  
know that. Let the boy go. There's no telling  
what will happen as he comes of age. It might be  
too late for his return. The wheel is turning.

**SCENE: 32**

COLLAGE OF SCENES which is one of Thomas's Story.

NEWS MEDIA FLASH:

This just in, A man size penis has been spotted  
in Paris, London, and on the Great wall of China.

THOMAS:

The orgy of experience.

ZANE:

A hush came over the crowd.

*(Barking Dogs are heard)*

DANTE:

Quick in here.

*(They enter a place that is some kind of performance club)*

COLLEEN:

See, these are my breasts. Just like chocolate cake--

THOMAS:

Colleen is that you?

COLLEEN:

Thomas, what are you...it's an early rehearsal, call me Candy.

THOMAS:

What are doing here?

COLLEEN:

I ran away from home.

THOMAS:

And you're a stripper?

COLLEEN:

Performance art.

*(Dogs Barking. Middle of a Forest)*

THOMAS:

How did we get here?

DANTE:

There's a whole crowd of people coming Zane: They must have read the add.

NEWSPAPER GUY:

Penis Lost, hardly been used, if found call Thomas.

THOMAS:

You placed an add!!

*(Dogs barking getting louder)*

REPORTERS:  
That's the girl! Miss, is it true your boyfriend  
lost his penis?

REPORTER 2:  
Did you cut it off?

REPORTER 3:  
Is his penis being held hostage by Lesbian re-  
education separatists?

REPORTER 4:  
Are you a Lesbian?

REPORTER 1:  
Why are you in a tree? Is the penis part of some  
Greenpeace protest?

JOHN:  
*(Colleen's Father)*  
Where is he? He turned my daughter against me.  
I'll kneecap him

COLLEEN:  
My Dad has got a gun.

ZANE:  
Wow, my dream is so real.

COLLEEN:  
He's got a gun Thomas!

SCENE: 33

*(Gradually the lights rise on **Thomas**  
asleep on the porch swing. His  
Mother is waking him up. He looks  
around, terrified, and realizes  
he's still back home.)*

THOMAS:  
Jesus, damn. Who's there?

MAURA:  
It's only me Thomas. No need to swear at your  
mother.

THOMAS:  
Oh Mom. You couldn't sleep?

MAURA:

No—I couldn't. Such a housefull these last few days. Well the boyo is finally finishing something. Tomorrow, he's in the ground

THOMAS:

Yes he is at that.

(She smiles a bit. He searches for her reaction.)

MAURA:

You were out till all hours Thomas. Bad dreams keeping you awake?

THOMAS:

Yeah.

MAURA

Well good. It'd be unnatural if you weren't. You shouldn't worry though. He's going to a better place.

THOMAS:

Hmm.

MAURA:

Ock! There you go—living up to your name. You'll not have a faith be your crutch in your life. Give you proof of the better place.

THOMAS:

Mom, do you really believe it?

MAURA:

Believe what?

THOMAS:

All of it I guess. That God's son walked the earth, that--

MAURA:

Stop it will yah stop? It's not the right time. Talk to the priest next week.

THOMAS:

Sssh you'll wake the house up Mom. I want to talk to you Mom.

MAURA:

All right what do you want to talk about? Let me get my Anne Landers encyclopedia.

THOMAS:

No Mom. Let's you and I talk.

MAURA:

I'll say what I think if you dare me Thomas, so best leave it alone.

THOMAS:

Why'd you love Dad?

MAURA:

What kind of question is that? I'm going to bed.

THOMAS:

Mom—he's dead.

MAURA:

Well you dared me boyo. Thomas, I loved your father because I did. Don't ask these roses to explain their beauty.

THOMAS:

Mom, I don't mean to upset you, I really want to know. It's a naïve question not meant to offend. But you guys would fight and gripe at each other, and sometimes he'd go away on long drives, and he'd put you down in subtle ways, I mean did you ever think you could go away and study and do something else when we all became older?

MAURA:

Where do I begin?!

THOMAS:

I don't mean to--

MAURA

Thomas, I loved, love, the word is love-- Dad, your father, my old Sean, because the world is-- was--less lonely with him.

THOMAS:

Sometimes that was hard to tell.



MAURA

You're my son and you think you know something of us. Well, well, there's a place that two people, when they know each other, when they love each other, a place that no one else knows but them.

THOMAS:

That's a place I'd like to know.

(Pause)

How'd you meet?

MAURA:

Oh well, we met by me pushing him down into the mud. Little stinker made a whip about my hair.

THOMAS:

Really? How old were you?

MAURA:

Nine maybe, he was two years older. It wasn't love at first site. Surprised me though by coming back ten years later. Here he was now. A hard worker from Canada, got his journeyman ticket for the railway. And he wanted to take me away. So-- I did.

THOMAS:

It's a big country Mom isn't it.

MAURA:

You'd know that now wouldn't you. Too pretty, too stupid and not old enough to have grudges. That was a fine trip. We had no money for meals until Toronto. But--oh well--we were happy just the same.

THOMAS:

And now?

MAURA:

I'm for Ireland Thomas day after the funeral.

THOMAS

You're really leaving everyone behind.

MAURA:

You're the boyo now Thomas, you don't need me.

THOMAS:

Mom, I'm afraid.

MAURA:

Well stop it would you! Life's too short. So why bother wasting it with careless, fearful nonsense-- There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just say it outloud. Son, I found your journal this morning. I read about that dream story you had.

THOMAS:

What one was that?

MAURA:

About your mother finding your penis in her favourite teacup

THOMAS:

Mom! Mom, this is unbelievable, you shouldn't have read that.

MAURA

You're right! I wish I hadn't, but I wanted to see if you'd written on your dad. But you had to go writing stories like that at a time like this. You'll not be speaking at the service today. You've got nothing proper to say.

THOMAS:

First you tell me you to, now you say no, I--

MAURA:

I thought about keeping this all to myself. I really did. But I've my own life to lead. This is your lot in life. It's the only way! So says your body to me.

THOMAS:

You talked with it?

MAURA:

Aye, that I did. I have dreams too. Strange mysteries death brings. I had a good long talk with your penis. In Gaelic of course. Oh he told me that unicorns are not all gone. Damn fool I was for believing they were. A right good fellow to tell me that bit of truth. His orders were to honour your father. Understand the man he helped you become. Those were the orders. But you're failing. I know you can say something.

THOMAS:

I won't be there Mom.

MAURA:

Oh Thomas, the lord has taken your Father. Be a man now, it's the way of the world.

THOMAS:

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end."

MAURA:

That's good, write that down, use it for the family words.

THOMAS:

It's Shakespeare mom.

MAURA:

Well he knew something didn't he.  
(Looking away distractedly)  
Best get a pot on.

(Maura exits. Thomas stands there and then finds the nearest scrap of paper and starts to write as the lights fade.)

SCENE: 34

The Funeral. In the formal setting of the small local Catholic Church. Father Theo is standing as the gathered communicants are singing the last lines of the Prayer of St. Francis. ~~Thomas is seen ghosting near the back.~~ We imagine all the the attendees.

EVERYONE:

God, Make me a channel of your peace, Where there is hatred, let me sow love; Where there is injury pardon; Where there is doubt, faith--

(Thomas enters through the centre and stands at the front of the church. The music trails off.)

FATHER THEO:

The final blessing moment has passed.

THOMAS:

I have something to say.

MAURA:

Yes, please let him speak.

FATHER THEO:

As the youngest son, you may speak.

THOMAS:

Good Afternoon. My name is Thomas. I had been asked by my mother to say a few words at the funeral as a final blessing from his family. Mom?

(He looks over to her.)

I met many of you and talked with you about my father yesterday. Like us all he had many hats. Father, Husband, Worker, Town politician, Gardener, Swimmer. He has died before I reach eighteen years. I've wanted so much to grieve for my father. I guess I did. I want so much to tell on how much and why I love my father. I guess I could. But when it comes down to it, here and now, I search for words of certainty. All I know for certain is I hardly knew you Dad. Roof, shelter, duty fulfilled and then you were somewhere over there-dreaming your own dreams. Or just watching TV. I'm sorry you and I will not meet as adults, where we can both struggle in the vast loudness of saying yes all the time, when our every breath wants to scream no. In that struggle, I find strength from something we use to do together. You taught me to swim. I love the water, every cell comes alive. Just a few days ago, I swam out and I looked back at all the homes of our town, old Mrs. Flynn the painter; the Vanhorvsen's home with the fishboat still unfinished, and over the cliffside--the millionaire's home. I kick my legs and a thousand drops of seawater shoot into the air and are held for a moment. Maybe even all the moments of this town are caught in those drops and then they fall back to the ocean. All the lives lived, and all of the hats we've all worn or will wear, and every so often one needs a rock to stand on, a place to be. Just to be. I realize my father gave me that gift. A certainty I need. On the last day as he lay dying, we went swimming. We created the story of an imaginary swim. Together as we'd done when I was very little, we'd experience, the wild joy for the water, and the renewal of a cool swim in the ocean. Just being. Present. That's how I will remember you Dad.

(Thomas kneels at the "coffin.")

DANTE:

That's my bro. The reception will take place at our family home after the burial. My sister has made her famous Nanaimo Bars.

(To Thomas)

"I am the master of my fate."

LIGHTS FADE.

**SCENE:** 35

(LIGHTS UP.)

THE FAIRY FOREST

(The Banshee and the Boy dance of death.)

BANSHEE.:

The triumph of three. Birth, Life, Death.

(To the Banshee)

It's time for me to return to my origin and live again. My time to go to Tir-na-nog has come.

GULLY MONSTER:

What of the boy

GRACE:

The boy's time is now and forever. He will return beyond the veil when he's called.

BOY:

But what will I do?

GRACE:

Your world's self will grow to an old age and die. Each day he will be more of the man he was meant to be before our worlds collided. You will be there with him, ageless with the guileless power of innocence, able to face his real monsters. All will be in balance again.

BOY:

I'm ready.

(Grace leaves, the boy joins with the Banshee.)

BANHSEE

(To the Gully Monster.)  
The shroud is yours now.

*(They take the shroud and place it over the gully monster, who begins to wash it in the tub. The banshees dances with a final cry and takes the boy out to the world beyond the veil. We hear the rain.)*

*(Lights fade. The monster, now the banshee dances out wearing the shroud.)*

**SCENE: 36**

*IN THE TREEFORT. It is early morning. A CROW CAWS. We see a body stir.*

*(It's Thomas. He gets up to sitting. He's not wearing a shirt. The body next to him stirs, and from the voice we recognize Colleen)*

COLLEEN:

Thomas. Stay here with me some more.

THOMAS:

The last star is just about gone. Can you make a wish on a last star?

COLLEEN:

Tempt fate, why not.

*(Colleen says this knowing of Thomas' battle with fate)*

THOMAS:

My wish is: I wish it were not the last star.

COLLEEN:

It's still night.

THOMAS:

Sunrise soon.

COLLEEN

I could stay.

THOMAS:

You have to go.

COLLEEN:  
Yes. But I'm as close as our voices on the phone...

THOMAS:  
We said no phone calls.

*(The crow caws.)*

COLLEEN:  
Good to be alone.

THOMAS  
Yes.

COLLEEN:  
Let's stay out here until the last possible moment. Thomas, you're crying.

*(She hugs him.)*

THOMAS:  
Got any apples?

COLLEEN:  
What are you asking Thomas?

THOMAS:  
Come here.

*(They kiss)*

COLLEEN:  
Yes please again!

*(They kiss until their kisses become tentative.)*

THOMAS:  
Last night--

COLLEEN:  
-- was good.

THOMAS:  
Sentence complete. Period. Yes, yes, oh yes, the best I've ever had.

COLLEEN:  
Perfect. This is crazy. Why are we breaking up? You're crying again.

THOMAS:  
I think I'm happy, and you?

COLLEEN:  
Right now, yes.

THOMAS:  
You have to go.

(Pause)

COLLEEN:  
Yes.

(She turns to go.)

THOMAS:  
Colleen. You know, Ten, Twenty, Fifty years from now, when this forest is paved over for a mall or something, we'll still remember--I don't know--when we were young together.

COLLEEN:  
How could we forget? Now you've got me doing it.

*Thomas takes his hand and wipes his own tear across the tear on Colleens.*

THOMAS:  
Our tears are real. I want in. To this grand tiptoeness. I submit. I give-in. I give back to me my power. People, Crowds, faces, a pond, a pool, an ocean, a life, a force, a society pounding around me, and through, by, and in me. Caging the rain and wind inside me. I cry and I know I'm alive. But I let go.

COLLEEN:  
That's the whole story.

*(She starts to exit from the tree house.)*

THOMAS:  
That's so true. That's the whole story.



SCENE: 37

Colleen exits and Thomas is left alone. He hears someone calling.

Lights up on the boy atop the rock

BOY:  
Thomaaaaaaaaaaaaaas!

THOMAS:  
*((Not turning, acting as the echo))*  
Thomaaaaaaaaaaaaaas!

*(Thomas then turns to the boy and they see each other for the first time.)*

BOY:  
Who are you?

THOMAS:  
I am here.

BOY:  
I didn't say where. I said who.

THOMAS:  
Yes. I heard you. I answered your question with the only answer I know. Who are you?

BOY  
I am an echo. I'm a boy. Are you a boy like me?

THOMAS:  
Yes and No.

BOY:  
Oh, that's a funny answer.

THOMAS:  
Yes it is. What are you doing alone out here so early?

BOY  
I'm waiting for the gully monster.

THOMAS:  
A monster? Aren't you afraid?

BOY:  
Not anymore. Now, I want to meet her.

THOMAS:  
Oh. What will you do when you meet her?

BOY:  
I'll probably ask her some questions.

THOMAS:  
That's a good place to start.

*(They turn and yell out for echoes.)*

THOMAS: (Continued)  
Thom--Thommmm--Thomaaaaas!!!!

BOY:  
Thom Thom Thommmmmmmaaaaaaaaas!!!

**END OF PLAY**