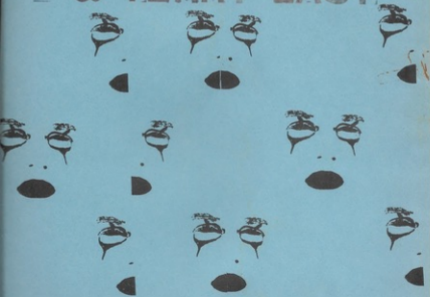


THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUX^{XX}

BY
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THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUXX was first performed at THE TURRET, Halifax N.S.
June 23 - July 6, 1978, by the bTheatrical Co.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUXX

by

PAUL LEDOUX & TERRY LAST

Music SAM BOSKEY
Choreography SIKAI
Director ROSEMARY GILBERT
Producer JUDY MILNE

THE CAST:

Bill Carr PIERRE/COP 1/ MAE WEST
Hugh Michael Dann JOHN/ COP 2
Michael Joyce TERRY
Terry Last BARTENDER
Sandy Lein RALPH
Jim MacSwain BEN/PHOTOGRAPHER
Rod Murray TOMMY
Bruce Nickson BILLY
Bruce Tubbe TONY

MUSIC: Sandy Moore
David Helyer, David Felyer, Charlie Phillips, Carl Matheson.

PUPPETS: Tom Miller.

ACT ONE: TRUXX, A GAY BAR IN MONTREAL

ACT TWO: A POLICE LOCK UP.

While THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUXX was inspired by a real life raid by Montreal police, and certain elements of the story are based on real events the play is a work of fiction. All the characters are fictional.

MUSIC ON REQUEST.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUXX

ACT ONE

The Set Up; Truux, a gay bar in Montreal. On stage a dance floor, a number of tables, with chairs, a stand up bar and a jukebox. Between musical numbers songs are played on the juke box, providing dance music. There are two EXITS; The Main Entrance to the club, which in the original production, staged in a Caberet, was through the audience, and the door to The Men's Room, through which a red light shines. Above the door is a sign reading Men. From time to time the light in the Men's Room will go out and the BARTENDER will have to go over and turn it back on. The players may begin onstage, or enter during a musical introduction, as in the original production.

Music begins. THE BARTENDER is serving drinks. PIERRE comes in and goes to the bar. JOHN following him turns off and goes into the Men's Room. RALPH comes in, looks around, goes and sits near the jukebox. TOMMY comes in, cruises the bar, waves at RALPH, and starts to dance to the music. TERRY and BILLY enter. BILLY looks very uncomfortable. TERRY gets him to dance. JOHN and TONY come out of the Men's Room together laughing. PIERRE goes over, grabs JOHN and they start to dance. TONY starts dancing, cruising TOMMY. BEN enters, goes to TONY, says something. TONY laughs and dances away, leaving BEN dancing with TERRY. TONY hauls RALPH on to the floor. Everyone is now dancing and the first song begins.

" CRUISIN' " is coming up.

"CRUISIN'"

ALL: Got to see what's shaken out on the scene tonight.
 Got to see what's happening, got to get alright.
 I'm up to here, the work week shit has got me feeling tight.
 Got to bust the mould, blow my load, out on the scene tonight.

Chorus

Crusin', yeah we're cruisin', cruisin', yeah bar choosin'
 Crusin' hot out on the town tonight.

The disco beat is pounding 'n turning on the crowd
 Don't care what it's saying, play it really loud
 Bust the weekly worries, tear away the shroud
 Breakin' out, cruisin' in heavy stutting proud.

Change

We're not looking for no trouble
 We're not looking for no fight
 We're just looking for some action
 On a lonely Friday night.

We plan to do some drinkin'
 Maybe do some dancin' too
 It's like a morgue out on the street
 We demand something to do.

(Repeat first verse and dance it out)

(At the end of the dance we have PIERRE and JOHN centre stage.
 RALPH and TOMMY back at the jukebox. TERRY and BILLY at the bar.
 BEN and TONY leaning against the wall, near the bathroom door)

PIERRE: Pig fucker! What in the hell do you think you're doing with that
 asshole? You thinking of hiring out for the night?

JOHN: Come on, Pierre. I just met him in the bathroom, that's all.

PIERRE: You want to hire out you just remember to ask permission.

JOHN: I just noticed he was wearing a yellow hanky in his left pocket and I
 thought if I was subtle enough I could find out what it meant.

PIERRE: He's got no hanky .. Yellow, red, blue or green. You'd better get a
 lot more subtle unless you want to see your health in danger. What did
 he say?

JOHN: Nothing, come on let's get another drink.

(JOHN moves toward the bar. PIERRE grabs him, spins him around)

PIERRE: Come on, talk, or I'll make you talk!

- JOHN: O.K! O.K! Keep your cool for Christ's sake. (Pause) He's from New York. He cruises the Ramrod and the Crisco Disco. (Pause)
- PIERRE: And what else?
- JOHN: (Edging PIERRE back to the bar) He says he caught a terrible cold last night cruising along Rue de la Commune looking for Montreal's waterfront bars. All he had on was a leather jacket and tight little leather pants. I mean, he does look kind of interesting don't you think. (PIERRE mad) Just to talk to.
- PIERRE: Keep you eyes off him or else.
- JOHN: Or else what, lover?
- PIERRE: You'll find yourself tied up at home. And I'll make you forget everything.
- JOHN: You're still numero uno baby, don't worry, but you should trust me more.
- PIERRE: I'd rather trust the cops pretending to cruise the CN washrooms, you tramp.
- (By this time they've reached the bar)
- JOHN: Aw come on! He's nothing. I mean look at his crotch! There must be two or three boxes of Kleenex down there. No one's that big. Unless...
- (PIERRE grabs him and starts to drag him out)
- PIERRE: Come on, let's get out of here.
- JOHN: But Pierre, it's so early. Come on baby, let's dance.
- (JOHN and PIERRE move on to the dance floor. A slow song has just come on the jukebox (SEE GEES 'How Deep Is Your Love'). They dance, close together. BILLY and TERRY, who have been watching them, take notice)
- BILLY: Wonder where they parked their mopeds?
- TERRY: The James Dean Memorial Curb across the street.
- BILLY: I don't know who in the hell they think they're fooling.
- TERRY: Nobody.
- BILLY: They sure as hell aren't trying to fool the general public.
- TERRY: Well it may not be a class act, but you've got to admire their elan.
- BILLY: I thought you hated leather faggots.
- TERRY: Hate is an awfully harsh word. All I said was that I abhorred anyone who could wear pants cut that badly. In any case I appreciate the theatrical quality of their performance.

BILLY: It beats me.

TERRY: Does it ? (Meaning PIERRE.)

BILLY: Come on you know what I mean.It's all so phoney,a room full of limp wristed Brandos and men who wish they'd grown up to be Mae West.

TERRY: (Like Mae West.) Umm,a Rock Hudson Fan.

BILLY: Queens give me the creeps.

TERRY: Without the queen there would be no commonwealth Billy.

BILLY: Come on look at these guys.

TERRY: Umm...

BILLY: I mean no wonder ... (TERRY yawns turns away.)
Well I'm sorry if I boar you,that's just how I feel.
(to BARTENDER) Hey give me another beer Buddy.

TERRY: Your just so butch Billy.

BILLY: Oh fuck you.

TERRY: Fat chance sweetheart.

(TERRY walks away.He cruises TONY,then heads for the Men's Room.)

BILLY: Give me a double rye.Straight up.

TONY: Now that's more like it.You like that Ben ? (Talking about TERRY)

BEN: Sure.

- TONY: Well, he sure as hell beats anything else in here tonight.
- BEN: How about me?
- TONY: Hey man, you know what I mean. (Pause) I don't know why in the hell you wanted to come here for anyway. Dad's is the place these days. All the really greasy husks hang out at Dads. (Pause) This is like cruising an accountant's convention.
- BEN: I hate the way they look at you.
- TONY: Who?
- BEN: (To the audience) Them. I hate the way they look at you. Like you were meat.
- TONY: So, I'm meat. It turns me on.
- BEN: They just want to fuck you.
- TONY: So, what's wrong with that? (Pause) Friction and novelty, excitement, new experiences.
- BEN: Yeah, I know adventures. It stinks.
- TONY: Come on man, I met you in the baths. What were you looking for that night?
- BEN: But it's different now. I love you.
- TONY: Here we go again. I love you too. You know that. But I like to cruise. It turns me on.
- BEN: Everybody just gets pissed and goes home and fucks some stranger. (Pause) It stinks.
- TONY: Well that's the scene, man. That's what it's like in the bars. Everywhere. All the bars, straight, gay, bars for elephants, bars for ants. It's the same in all the bars.
- BEN: But...
- TONY: And everybody says it stinks, and it's ugly and it's sad and it's stupid, and every Friday the bars are jammed again. That's how it is.
- BEN: Why can't we just forget the bars?
- TONY: Cause that's the only place they let us live. Listen, I need a piss. Get me a drink will you?

(TONY heads for the bathrooms. BEN heads for the bar. Before TONY gets to the bathroom TERRY comes out. They stop and talk. TERRY throws a series of standard pick-up lines at TONY. TONY gets into the humour of the approach and plays along. As they talk they get more and more relaxed with each other. A leg touches, their arms brush. Little things, highly charged with sexuality.

- TERRY: Oh, hi. Haven't I seen you around somewhere? You come here often? I've never seen you here before and haven't we met somewhere before that? Love your jeans.
- TONY: Thanks.
- TERRY: Where did you get your jeans? What sign are you? Wait! I can always tell ... Aries ... no! Cancer ... oh, there's that word I always forget to ... Wait, wait, wait! Scorpio, right! I'm a Virgo ... believe it or not.
- TONY: It's in the stars.
- TERRY: In the cards.
- TONY: (Short pause) Got a light? Got a smoke? No thanks, I don't smoke ... cigarettes.
- TERRY: Don't smoke? No neither. This is my first anniversary. I gave up last week. How about a drink. Molson's? Dubonnet thanks.
- TONY: Love your jeans... Where did you get... Oh, sorry, we've done that one already, haven't we? Bet you look great out of your jeans.
- TERRY: Oh, so you're a vegetarian. I've always been fascinated by vegetarians.
- TONY: You eat here a lot?
- TERRY: Only when I'm really bored. What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?
- TONY: I'm a cop. you're under arrest.
- TERRY: Love your jeans.
- TONY: Where did I get them?
- TERRY: Holt's? Timmy E's. Heiman Marcus, Sally Ann?
- TONY: Where is that ring from? Is that Mexican silver, Navaho, Indian.
- TERRY: What's that button stand for.
- TONY: Total anal involvement.
- TERRY: God, this place is boring. Home for drinks?
- TONY: Listen to your Judy Garland records? Live at the Palladium.
- TERRY: Love her, but ever since I saw her at Sardies spilling spaghetti all over herself I can't bear it when they play 'Somewhere over the rainbow'.
- (TONY cracks up, hugs TERRY. They laugh)

TONY: Your turn.

TONY: I'm stumped. Love your come on.

TONY: Glad you liked it. Want to fuck.

TONY: That's a bit more direct.

TONY: What it lacks in delicate decorative swirls it makes up for in simplicity of line.

TONY: Oh, a decorator.

TONY: No, a librarian. Want to see my tatoos sometime?

TONY: Let's dance and take it from there.

(They begin to dance)

TONY: So anyway I got my own place now. I just got tired of relying on friends, you know.

RALPH: Great. I'd love to see it.

TONY: It ain't much. Just a furnished roon. A bed, a hot plate, two clothes hooks... oh and a T.V. so old you can still pick up Howdie Doodie.

RALPH: Well, as long as it's clean.

TONY: Clean! The other night I was watching this old Cowboy and Indians movie on the T.V. I woke up at dawn and there was a whole tribe of cockroaches trying to burn a rat at the stake. (Pause) If they hadn't driven the stake into my chest I might have let them do it just to get a home cooked meal.

RALPH: (Laugh) Well, if you get into trouble you know you can always stay with me.

TONY: Thanks Ralph. (Pause)

RALPH: So, have you heard from your family?

TONY: Who?

RALPH: You should call your mother during the day. He doesn't even have to know.

TONY: Man, he's never gonna hit me again.

RALPH: But...

TONY: Just forget it, Ralph. You know what he said: "No fucking faggot is going to live under my roof." So that's how it's gonna be. (Pause) Listen, man, can you lend me a twenty? I'm kinda flat.

- RALPH: I'm sorry, Tommy, but my cheque's almost gone and I don't get another for a week.
- TOMMY: Sure, that's cool. Something will turn up. Well I gotta go now.
- RALPH: Well I can spare you ten, I guess.
- TOMMY: Really! Wow man, thanks. How can I have another beer?
- (BEN has been watching TERRY and TONY. Now as they dance he makes a half-hearted attempt to play the game and hustle BILLY)
- BILLY: Another rye. No. 'Nother double'
- BEN: That's strong stuff.
- BILLY: I can take it.
- BEN: Yeah. (Pause) Bet you can. (Pause) I never seen you here before.
- BILLY: No. (Pause) I always thought it would be more crowded or something.
- BEN: Yeah, well Duds down the street there has kind of stolen the business.
- BILLY: So how come you come here?
- BEN: I don't know... guess I don't like the scene too much.
- (Lights go off in the bathroom. Bartender leaves the bar to go and turn them back on. Yells something. "This is Montreal not N.Y.!!!")
- BILLY: What, they blow a fuse or something?
- BEN: (Thinks he's kidding) Yeah. (Laughs)
- BILLY: (Pause) Jesus, if my boss saw me here!... I mean God!!!
- BEN: Yeah... Well, everyone here is gay so... you came in with that guy?
- BILLY: Terry? Yeah... I sort of met him at university.
- BEN: Is he your lover?
- BILLY: No! No! Well, I'm sort of bi you know and...
- BEN: Yeah. I used to be bi too. (Bartender returns)
- BILLY: Ginse 'nother.
- (There is a long pause. Neither of them can think of anything to say)
- BEN: Yeah well... ah... good talkin' to ya, ah see you later... ah...

BILLY: (offering his hand) Yeah. A pleasure... ah... see you.

(BEN takes his drink and goes to a table. He's drunk TONY'S. BILLY follows him with his eyes, until BEN passes JOHN and PIERRE who are sitting down. BILLY notices PIERRE and JOHN are watching him. He smiles embarrassed. JOHN smiles back. BILLY decides to play a song. He goes over to the jukebox. RALPH and TOMMY have drifted over to the bar. RALPH is buying TOMMY a beer. BILLY looks at songs. JOHN comes over, watches BILLY picking out records)

JOHN: There's just so much to choose from.

BILLY: What? Oh yeah.

JOHN: (Reading title) 'You're so good'. I'll bet.

BILLY: Look I... ah...

JOHN: You ever go to New York?

BILLY: Yeah... a couple of times.

JOHN: You ever cruise the Crisco Disco? (Pause) You know in New York? You know the big apple! Red hot New York?

PIERRE: (Coming over) I thought you were coming over here to put on a record, pig fucker! I told you to keep away from other men didn't I?

JOHN: But he's been to the Crisco Disco, Pierre! That's all we were talking about!

PIERRE: (Dragging JOHN away) I'll Crisco Disco you, you slut. You'll be so sore you won't walk for a week.

JOHN: Pierre!

(PIERRE hauls him back to his seat. BILLY just stands there rather confused. Takes a drink. Focus change to RALPH and TOMMY at the bar)

TOMMY: What do you think of that guy?

RALPH: I don't know. I've never seen him before.

TOMMY: I think he looks alright.

RALPH: I suppose.

TOMMY: Man, I haven't had anyone since Monday. If I don't get someone hot tonight I'm gonna stop wanting it. I'm due for a bit of luck, some groovie guy with a fancy apartment, good music, maybe a taste of coke, a lot of loving and breakfast in bed in the morning.

RALPH: Can I buy you another beer?

TOMMY: Thanks. Man, that's what I need. He looks like the kind of guy who has a charge account at Holt's.

RALPH: It sounds nice.

"LIVING IN A WORLD OF SODOMY"

RALPH: Well I had my first experience when I was just thirteen. Now I'm over sixty and I'm called a tired queen. It's been good and it's been bad - the way life has to be. I've been living my life in a world of sodomy.

CHORUS: Just spilling our seed on rocky ground
Chasin' all the horny men in the bars uptown
And living in a world of sodomy.

THE GROUP: They say that I abominate the spirit of the Lord
And Gabriel should stick me with his flaming sword
But I am what I am and that's all I want to be
And I'm living my life in a world of sodomy.

REPEAT CHORUS

JOHN & PIERRE: They call us little leather boys looking to get licked
You know the way we dress ain't no reason to get kicked
We got a right to live our lives a right to liberty
And we're living our lives in a world of sodomy.

REPEAT CHORUS

THE GROUP: We cruise the bars on Friday night when we're in the mood
You do the same straight or gay so don't go getting rude.
I love it when a hunk of man is coming on to me
Yeah, I live my life and love it in a world of sodomy.

JOHN: I'm telling you, Pierre, one more word out of that asshole at the office and I'm gonna start breaking things.

(JOHN and PIERRE walks by TERRY and TONY on the way to the bathroom. TONY and TERRY are dancing and talking to each other)

TONY: That guy at the bar a close friend? (BILLY)

TERRY: God, him! I just picked him up on the way over from Studio One. He is the total bore, the cosmic bore, the crown price of Boreland, the very essence of boredom personified. Dull. Dull. Dull.

TONY: You find him boring.

TERRY: Oh, you know, he's OK. I just wanted to see how he'd handle Truxxx. Besides, how was I to know there would be anyone as interesting as you here?

TONY: You make a practice of picking up straight strangers and taking them on tours of the fleshpots?

TERRY: He's not exactly a stranger - and not quite straight.

TONY: Do tell.

TERRY: Alright. I met him in the washroom on the ninth floor of Sir George. You know the spot?

TONY: Not personally.

TERRY: Lovely place. No cops, and all the security guards are too old to hide in the ceiling.

TONY: So you picked this guy up in a university washroom.

TERRY: He's studying Sociology in his spare time. Told me he was working on a paper for Soc. 223.

TONY: What's that?

TERRY: The History of Deviance. (Laugh) Well, it was a Monday night and I was bored stiff.

TONY: Stiff?

(TERRY and TONY continue to dance. TONY goes over to BILLY, who is watching them)

TONY: Hi. I really love your jeans. Where did you get them?

BILLY: Oh, Holt's.

TONY: I don't ever remember seeing you here before.

BILLY: No! I've never been before...ah (Pause)

TONY: Where do you usually hang out, must be a nice place.

BILLY: I don't go out too much to bars, I guess.

TONY: You like to stay at home?

BILLY: Yeah... sometimes... I kinda like sports.

TONY: Me too. Bet you have a nice place eh?

BILLY: Yeah... well it's kind of small you know but...

TONY: I'd love to see it sometime.

BILLY: Not in here isn't it.

TONY: Yeah. It would be nice to get a breath of air. I mean, if you were interested we could...

(BILLY'S boozing is catching up to him. He feels sick. He pulls a yellow handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes his face and shoves it carelessly into his left hand rear pocket)

BILLY: Listen, I got to go to the bathroom.

TOMMY: I'm not into those 'sports', man. What do you think I am, a cheap whore?

BILLY: Huh?

TOMMY: Oh, fuck off.

(TOMMY walks away. He goes over to the dance floor and starts to dance. Flirting with TERRY. BILLY stands there looking confused for a minute then makes for the bathroom to throw up. BEN in the meantime has been screwing up his courage to cut in on TERRY. He now takes advantage of TOMMY'S presence alone on the dance floor to do it. He cuts in front of TERRY. TERRY laughs and cuts in front of him. BEN cuts in again, gives TERRY a little shove. TERRY spins away and begins dancing with TOMMY. TOMMY stops dancing, drags BEN off the dance floor)

TONY: Give me a break, man. You're like a fucking little puppy dog.

BEN: I want to be with you tonight.

TONY: We're together almost every night of the week.

BEN: I know, but I still want to be with you tonight.

TONY: Come on, Ben. I didn't come down here tonight for a little outing you know. I don't want to be with you tonight.

BEN: You don't give a shit eh?

TONY: Come on man, loosen up on the chain a bit. I need a taste of freedom.

BEN: That's more important to you than I am?

TONY: Sometimes you make me feel like I'm cast in a cheap soap opera, Ben.

BEN: Well, I can't help it. I love you. I want you to be...

TONY: (Ironic) True?

BEN: Yeah. I want you to be true.

(BEN and TONY sing "The Love Song")

"THE LOVE SONG"

TONY: Don't tell me you love me and want to be true.
I can't take it.
I can tell you you're special, that's the best I can do.
So don't push it.

BEN: Sometimes you're so gentle and tender with me
That I love you.
Then we're out on the scene where it hurts to be free
I can't take it.

TONY: Be realistic, you know nothing lasts long
Sex is sex
We can hold on a while, don't come on so strong
Keep it cool.

BEN: I can't keep it cool, don't tell me that's wrong
I'm in love.
We can make it last, we can make it go on
If you love me.

TONY: O.K., so it's love, O.K., I love you.
O.K., we both know it, so what do we do?
Settle down, raise some kids, save for old age?
Huddle together till time tears out the page?
Through heartache and boredom our love like a cage,
Is that Love ?
To keep us and hold us through times twisted rage
Is that Love ?

BEN: I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.
But I love you. I do. I love you.

TONY: And I love you too.

(As the song ends JOHN and FIERGE come out of the bathroom
holding hands. They walk by TONY and BEN. A pause)

TONY: You know old Ralph over there, Ben?

BEN: Sure.

TONY: He lived with the same guy for twenty years.

BEN: What happened?

TONY: The guy died. Now look I do love you but I am not going to play house. It's bullshit. It doesn't even work for the straights anymore. I like it too much out here on the edge. So if you want ...

(BEN just turns away and runs to the Men's Room. TERRY, who has been dancing with TOMMY and following the proceedings stops dancing as BEN goes by.)

TERRY: Well you're a lovely boy and a very nice dancer, and I'm sure we'll be great friends in the end, but I have to leave you now. You see that handsome man over there has promised to teach me all about the gay rights movement tonight. I hope to get organized. Toodahoo!

(TERRY joins TONY. TOMMY stomps off the floor, goes to talk to RALPH. CRUISIN' is played under the following action. Several dialogues overlap.)

TOMMY: What a bunch of turkeys in here tonight.

PIERRE: Jesus look at the assholes in this place. Man one of these days I'm gonna open my club, and I'm gonna bar every queen in this town.

JOHN: Oh come on Pierre it's still nice here, and the people haven't changed at all.

PIERRE: Shit, this used to be a leather bar.

TERRY: I was just standing there in the shadows wondering if anyone interesting would show up....

PIERRE: Man you are nuts, look at this place!

TERRY: ...and, you know the buildings around there are all sort of boarded up...

TONY: Very spooky.

RALPH: Sometimes no one says a civil word to me until three...

TERRY: Anyway the next thing I know there's a police car in the ally and I'm in the spotlight once again.

RALPH: And by then they're so drunk I'm never sure what they mean.

PIERRE: Next thing you know the joint'll be full of straights cruisin the scene. Fucked fruit flies.

TOMMY: Man I want out of this stupid scene.

TERRY: One guy down the road breaks out of the shadows and starts to run...

- JOHN: Oh come on Pierre. There's some real hunks in here tonight.
- TERRY: This cop is after him, and smashes the back of his head in with his nightstick...
- RALPH: Maybe we could go fishing.
- TERRY: So they put us in this wagon full of guys, took us down to the station and booked us for 'night loitering.'
- TOMMY: Fishing ?
- TERRY: I mean for all they knew I could have been out walking my dog.
- TONY: Do you have a dog ?
- TERRY: God no !
- TOMMY: Fishing.
- PIERRE: Hunks. That's all you ever think about.
- JOHN: All I ever think about is you baby.
- TONY: So what are you gonna do about it ?
- RALPH: George and I used to go fishing every summer.
- TERRY: Pay the fine.
- TOMMY: I think I'd prefer bird watching.
- PIERRE: Then how come you keep on dragging me out to all these jock bars to drool at the athletes ?
- JOHN: We've met some very nice men in those bars Pierre, and you know it.
- RALPH: Just get way back in the woods, with no one else around.
- TONY: Ever thought of going to jail ?
- TERRY: Ooh yes. I've been lucky so far. They let me go after they booked me.
- TONY: That's not what I meant.
- PIERRE: Fucken jocks! Sports suck shit.
- TERRY: You mean as a political act ?
- PIERRE: Life ain't no game.
- TERRY: Do I look like Mahatma Ghandi ?
- JOHN: That's a strange thing for a guy who dresses like you do and works in a bank to say.

- PIERRE: That's got nothing to do with it! Think they're good sports at the bank ?
- TONY: So you're just going to let them push you around ?
- TERRY: We're going to get pushed around for as long as we exist.
- RALPH: Back then it was just so hard to be yourself in the city.
- JOHN: Come on Pierre. There's nothing like a good sport .
- TOMMY: You know Ralph sometimes I think your brain has really turned to mush.

(TOMMY EXITS to Men's Room.)

- TERRY: We scare the shit right out of the straight world. I mean talk about repression.
- PIERRE: Good sports! These jock types are the worse kind of closet queen.
- TERRY: They have to get pissed drunk and watch people pounding each other over the head with hockey sticks before they even have the nerve to pat each other on the back.

(JOHN AND PIERRE sing the JOCK SONG. THE BARTENDER comes out from behind the bar. He has on tights, and brings with him bright tasseled satin jock straps. All three put them on their heads and their crotches. Dance with song is mock ballet.)

- PIERRE: Well me and the boys on a Saturday night
Go out to a game and get a bit tight.
We put back the brew and we yell fight! fight! fight!
And we hug when they score cause that makes it alright.

- ALL THREE: (CHORUS)
The jock strap is our sacred symbol of might.
Life can go on if our jock straps are tight.
Let's hear it, let's hear it for our great God Jock.
Let's cheer it once more for good old jocks.

- JOHN: Our jock straps are on in our hearts and our souls
It's snugly warm and it's shielding our poles
That twitch when we see a really fine goal
Or wat-h a golfer slip one right into a hole

- ALL THREE: It even gets hard when the quarterbacks dance
After field goals in thier sexy tight pants
Or our best bolter plays with his bat
Out in the bull pen without any hat.

CHORUS:

PIERRE: Yeah it catches the dribble that runs from the end
 JOHN: Of our little peanuts when we watch our friends
 ALL THREE: Like Dirty Harry blow off the head
 Of some twisted pervo, who's a bit strange in bed.

CHOIRS:

(The song ends. THE BARTENDER goes back behind the bar.
 JOHN and PIERRE leave the bar, laughing. As they're
 going BILLY comes out of the Men's Room. JOHN throws
 a jock strap at him. PIERRE throws one over his shoulder.)

JOHN: Take that you big palooka!

(BILLY looks at the jock strap, then sees the other one
 on the floor. He goes over to pick it up, at the same time
 RALPH goes to get it. Some cheap business ensues.)

RALPH: Oh, ah hi.

BILLY: Oh ah, ah hi.

RALPH: My name is Ralph.

BILLY: Bill. (THEY shake hands.)

RALPH: I've never seen you in here before.

BILLY: No...ah...first time...ah..just came in with a friend to you know
 check it out. Never been to a place like this...just sort of you
 know...researching.

RALPH: Yeah I know I come down here researching almost every night.
 So what do you do for a living?

BILLY: Me oh ..I work at a boys club. (Say very fast.)

RALPH: Oh that's great. I just love boys... I mean I always wanted one...
 I mean like a son ...not as a ...

BILLY: Yeah I know what you mean. Boy if they know I was in here!

RALPH: They're so afraid we'll hurt their children. It's crazy!

BILLY: I'd never lay a hand of one of my boys!

RALPH: There are those who would though...I suppose.

BILLY: Yeah well there's those who take advantage of little girls too!

RALPH: It's beyond me.

(The lights go out in the Men's Room. The BARTENDER runs over to turn them back on. He yells something about spending the rest of his life in jail.)

- BILLY: What's with the lights in the bathroom ?
- RALPH: Oh the management is worried that the police are going to bust the place so they're making sure the lights stay on in the washrooms. God knows what might happen in the dark.
- BILLY: Police?
- RALPH: Ever since Expo they've been awfull. Just a few weeks ago they raided
- BILLY: Well look I've got to go. Nice meeting you. We'll see you again sometime, ah..it's been interesting

(BILLY heads for the door. TERRY notices his leaving)

- TONY: Really there's been this guy in front of the Androgyny Book Store all week with this sign that says, "Beware the Wrath Of God on Sodom." It's too...
- TERRY: Oh going Billy ? Hope you got enough material for your next term paper! So what did you do ?

TONY: Well we.....

PHOTOGRAPHER: Flash !!!

(Before BILLY can make the door all hell breaks loose. Sirens go off. THE TECHNICAL SQUAD FIGHT SONG begins. Through the main door come TWO COPS in riot gear, with machine guns and Cop Puppets on both hands. Out of the Men's Room comes THE PHOTOGRAPHER, his whole head a giant camera, flashguns blazing in both hands. The bar goes mad in a big flurry of attempted escapes. THE COPS beat up everyone in a nice dance number that goes with the song.)

"THE TECHNICAL SQUAD FIGHT SONG"

- COPS: We are the men of the Technical Squad
Meaner by far than Traffic or Fraud.
Happy to bust anybody but God.
- ALL: Cause he's on the side of the Technical Squad.
- COPS: You know in a raid we're always the best
Armed to the teeth in our bullet proof vests.
There's no one as good at mass arrests
- ALL: As the men, as the men, of the Technical Squad.
- COPS: Morality says that Truax is gay
That's all we need to be on our way
We'll bust all those pervos, we'll do it today
- ALL: Sing the men, Sing the men, of the Technical Squad.

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'll take the pictures ,smile if you please
 Aw come on boys, let's see you say cheese.

ALL: Quick get that fag who's down on his knees!
 For the men, for the men of the Technical Squad.

ALL: Let's not forget the Morality bunch.
 They're not quite as mean, but they still pack a punch
 And though you may say that they're all out to lunch
 They sent for, they sent for, the Technical Squad

COPS: And when they called we were glad to aid
 Our brothers in blue on an important raid
 It's much more fun that a full dress parade

ALL: To the men, to the men, of the Technical Squad.

COPS & PHG. OK you queers, backs to the wall
 We'll give you a frisk, but that's not all
 Brace yourself boys, you're in for a fall

ALL: Sing the men, sing the men, of the Technical Squad.

(At the end of the song all the people in the bar
 have been stopped, knocked down, sat down or flattened
 against a wall. On the beat after the song TOMMY makes
 a break for it. THE COPS grab him, throw him over a table
 and frisk him. Every time the PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture
 he yells; "FLASH!")

COP 1: What's the hurry pretty boy ?

TOMMY: Leave me the fuck alone! I didn't do nuthin'.

COP 1: What's the hurry then.

COP 2: What's this? (COP 2 pulls a bottle of poppers out of TOMMY'S pocket.)

TOMMY: Room Odorizer.

COP 1: Come on cut the crap. What's in the bottle?

TOMMY: Look at the label.

COP 2: Locker Room... Aroma of Men.

COP 1: (Takes bottle) Let's see that stuff.

(COP 1 opens bottle tentatively. He takes a sniff.)

Smells like Vics Vapor Rub.

(COP 1 shrugs, takes a bigger sniff, then another. He
 closes the bottle, hands it back to COP 2)

Got me. Locker Room Aroma of Maaaaaaaaa.....

(The peppers kick in.COP 1 falls forward.COP 2 catches him.
PHOTOGRAPHER trying to take picture of TONY takes picture
of COPS fumbling around.)

TERRY: Quick,get me out of here.

TONY: How ?

TERRY: I don't care how.

TONY: I don't know how.

TERRY: Oh fuck.

(Meanwhile the COPS have recovered.They now grab TERRY
and TONY who have been edging away.TONY reaches for ID,
but before he can get it,they're both spun round and
set up against a table.PHOTOGRAPHER is setting up for
another shot.)

COP 2: Turn around! Hands flat against the table.Now,don't move.

TONY: What in the hell do you guys think you're doing ?

COP 1: (Frisking TONY) He's clean.Just a routine search.

TONY: You call this routine ?Machine guns ? And what's that ?

COP 1: That's a bulletproof vest.

TERRY: Must be poofproof too.

COP 1: Just keep your ass out and your head down faggot.You'll
get your turn..

TERRY: Couldn't I take a number and sit down ?

TONY: Are you charging us ?

COP 1: You bet we are.

TERRY: Oh I thought this was public service call.If you're charging
than two fifty I really can't afford it.

COP 1: You're all going to be charged as found ins in a Common Sawdy
House.

TONY: A Common Sawdy House! (TONY is outraged,then starts to laugh.)
Gentlemen.Take me away!

(TONY throws himself backwards.COPS catch him,flounder and
PHOTOGRAPHER takes picture.)

COP 1: (To TERRY) Ok sweetheart,bend over and spread em.

TERRY: Spoken like a true aficionado.

COP 1: Shut your face Mac.

TERRY: What a lovely deep voice.

(COP 1 begins to frisk TERRY)

COP 1: Come on spread em wider.

TERRY: Ummmmmm. Pass the margarine Marlon.

(COP 1 loses his temper. He smashes TERRY hard, grinding his face into the table. The effect should be a total shift in mood. PHOTOGRAPHER takes picture.)

COP 1: Look you fucken little queer I'll...

COP 2: Claude!

(COP 1 lets TERRY go in contempt. They go over to Ralph, who is sitting down, slumped in a chair.)

RALPH: I've never been caught before.

(PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture. BILLY is hauled up off the floor. THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUCK begins. It's a song and dance number, and at the end the cast is marched off stage. First verse is slow. Then it picks up)

"THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED TRUCK"

RALPH: Oh we were rolling out in barrels

TERRY: We were really out of luck

TONY: It really was a riot.

TOMMY: The night they raided Truck.

ALL: CHORUS:

Oh they came in through the front door

And they came in through the rear.

I was yelling to my favorite man

Quick get me out of here

But it really didn't matter

We didn't have a chance

They waived their guns, it was no fun

And I'd just come there to dance.

ALL: Oh I looked up from my cocktail

At a nasty machine gun

They said we're gonna plug ya

If ya try and break or run

But it really didn't matter

The Sargeant told his men

Let's fix em good for Motherhood

Let's throw them in the pen.

CHORUS: (EXIT)

ACT TWO

THE SET UP; Act Two takes place in jail. The set is very simple. Playing area is divided into two areas; a holding cell, and an interrogation room. Both areas can be defined by lighting effects. There is a bench in the cell area and a single chair in the interrogation room. Action shifts between the two areas in a kind of cross fade style.

At rise The Pen Song begins. The music plays and the Cast enter in procession .

The COPS usher TOMMY into the interrogation room, and the rest of the CAST into the cell. Those in the cell sing the song.

" THE PEN SONG"

IN CELL : I never thought I'd come to this
Though they always said I would.
I don't dress up in wigs and bras
I swear I never could.
So how come I'm stuck and sitting here
In this room of desperate men ?
How come we got to spend the night
Like cattle in a Pen ?

CHORUS:

We're in the pen, till God knows when
They've got us good right now.
And in a room so de rigueur
I would not keep a cow.

I know my son is worried sick
About her baby boy
Who always calls if he'll be late
Out chasin' after joy
But here I am just sitting here
Upon this bench of steel
My eyes are closed I'm praying hard
The whole thing isn't real

CHORUS:

If I'm not out by seven ten
I'm really in a fix.
I know my boss will fire me
If he reads that I suck dicks.
So call up Will my lawyer friend
And say that I am here
He'll get me out, I have no doubt,
It's how and when I fear.

CHORUS:

BILLY: (Pacing) I've got to get out. I've got to get out of this hole. I've got to get out of this...

COP 1: You'll get out soon enough, pretty boy.

TONY: Hey Sarge, you know what?

COP 1: No, what?

TONY: Your cock's sticking up. (COP checks)

COP 1: You'll get your turn, Faggot. (Goes into interrogation room)

BILLY: I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead.

TERRY: Then for God's sake lie down and shut up. Sit down at least, you're making me feel I'm at a tennis match. Have a smoke - Tony, give the man a cigarette!

(TERRY takes TONY'S pack, takes out a cigarette for BILLY and one for himself)

Oh, your last one. (Lights them both) Now, for God's sake relax. See like this...

(TERRY strikes a devil-may-care pose)

BILLY: But I'm dead. They'll fire me for sure. Where in the hell can a ... a homosexual gym teacher get a job?

TERRY: Specialized health spas?

BILLY: I work with kids!

TERRY: Well you don't work with me. Toughen up, sweetheart, it's a hard, cruel world. You aren't the first fairy they've ever locked in one of these slime-covered holes. (Quoting Wilde's Ballad of Reading Goal) "He did not wear his scarlet coat, for blood and wine are red, and blood and wine were on his hands when they found him..."

TONY: Come on, Terry, cool it.

TERRY: I'm just trying to point out that this (The room) is the essence of civilized behaviour. I mean, they didn't even beat us over the head with telephone books on the way in.

RALPH: I suppose next they'll serve us tea.

TERRY: Certainly. And little sandwiches with the crusts cut off.

TONY: They cut the crusts off so we can't chew them up and mould them into realistic looking firearms and make a daring escape.

BILLY: (Laughs) I'd be willing to try.

- TERRY: God, I just wish they wouldn't take your belt. I always feel so helpless with my pants falling down around my knees.
- BEN: Yeah, life is tough isn't it.
- TERRY: It speaks at last! For a while there I thought you'd escaped from a silent movie. (BEN doesn't answer) Well, enough of this frivolity. Down to serious business. Cigarettes. Who's got em, and how many. Tony?
- TONY: You're smoking my last one.
- TERRY: No spare carton? Well... How about you, Ralph?
- RALPH: I don't smoke.
- (TERRY looks at BEN. BEN obviously hates him)
- TERRY: Oh God.
- (Cross cut to TOMMY and COPS)
- COP 2: Take it easy, Claude.
- COP 1: Take it easy! You got kids too!
- TOMMY: Kids? What kids! I never touched any kids. What in hell are you talking about?
- COP 1: Who in the hell do you think you're kidding?
- TOMMY: Nobody.
- COP 1: Well you can bet your ass on it, punk. We'll have you fingered like that. (Snap)
- TOMMY: I never touched no kids!
- COP 2: Fine, then all you have to do is prove that, Tommy.
- TOMMY: I don't have to prove nothing.
- COP 1: Look, kid, you talk or we start to push.
- (Stomps out of the room)
- (Cross cut to Pen)
- TOMY: (To COP 1) Hey man! When do we get our phone calls?
- COP 1: Don't worry about it, you'll get em.
- TONY: When?

COP 1: We know what we're doing.

TONY: I'll bet.

TERRY: Hey, Tony, ask him about buying some cigarettes.

TONY: Do we get phone calls or not.

COP 1: Sure.

TERRY: I'll pay up to five bucks a pack.

COP 1: Any special brand?

TERRY: Sobranie gold tip? No, no, Export is fine, really.

COP 1: (He has Exports) Nah, I can't do it. See, says here cigarettes may harm your health.

(He holds up the pack, takes out a smoke, laughs, walks back into the interrogation room)

(TONY gets up and sings "The Jail Song". The short phrases between verses are taken in turn by others in cell.)

"THE JAIL SONG"

TONY: Come gather round boys and I'll tell you a tale
Of the things that I've seen way out on the trail
I've been places obscene that have left me quite frail
But there's no place I've been that's been worse than jail.

OTHERS: Behind bars. In the lockup. Doing time. Incarcerated.

TONY: They put you up against the car, then they run you downtown
Say empty out those pockets boy and get rid of that frown.
Just give us your belt and your shoelaces too
Starts you in to wonderin' what they think you're gonna do.

OTHERS: String yourself up, end it all, suicide, can't be that bad.

TONY: Then they take you down the hall and they put you in a cage!
With thirty drunken loonies all screaming their rage.
You ask the jailer "Is this the best you can do?"
Then he tells ya "Buddy, you'll see worse before you're through."

OTHERS: Axe murders, pederasts, maniacs, traffic violators.

TONY: So you pick yourself a corner that son't smell too bad
Cement benches give you piles, you think while feeling sad
About the life you're living, thinkin' it's a losin' bet,
And just when things are looking worse you run out of cigarettes.

OTHERS: Nicotine fits, you need a hit, just a butt, how about a puff?

Then the morning comes and they take you to trial
Looking like hell and trying to smile
Standing there and wondering who
It was last night who threw up on your shoe.

Stole your buttons,One sock.A tie pin.Your penny loafers.

The judge looks down hard on the wreck of a man
In need of a shave who steps to the stand
"How do you plead?" "Well judge you see..."
"Pay the twenty dollars and I'll let you go free!"

Pay the fine.Or go to jail.Just get gone.And let this be a lesson to you.

(Cross fade to TOMMY and THE COPS.)

What in the hell are you guys pushing me for ? What in the hell do
you want ?

Look Tommy we know what's been going on in that bar.We've had
complaints .It's going to go better with those who co-operate.

Man I don't know what in the hell this is all about.The dulltest
people in town hang out in that bar.It's dead these days.Dead.

So business has fallen off eh ?

What business ?

Look Tommy,maybe we can make some kind of deal.

No deals.

Come on Claude,he's just a kid.

What do you do for a living punk ?

I told,you I'm looking for a job.

You're a goddamn little faggot whore.That's your job.
We got a case at Truxx with or without this pimple.No deals!

Look,will you guys just tell me what in the hell you're talking about!

(Cross fade to Cell.)

(Counting cigarettes.) One,two,three,four.Now if I smoke half of one
now,and then in an hour I smoke the rest of it,then wait an hour and
smoke the rest of it then ...Hey what time do we go to court ? About eight ?

No court on Saturday.

What ! Oh God! If I smoke one now,right now a whole one,maybe I won't
start to scream.

TONY: The main thing is they bore you into submission. One of the biggest tools

TERRY: In their arse-enal. What time is it anyway ?

RALPH: Five twenty-six.

BEN: Tony.

TONY: God. Hang in men, just give your name, rank and serial ...

TERRY: Wheaties. That's my cereal. Breakfast of champions, right Billy ?

BEN: Tony!

TONY: Yeah Ben !

BEN: I'm sorry.

TONY: For what ?

BEN: Back at the club. I was stupid.

TONY: Aw forget it man. (He hugs BEN.) It'll be ok.

BILLY: Jesus. (To RALPH) You ever been to jail before ?

RALPH: My God no! It was different in the old days. Everyone was so... discreet. You just went to the Tropical Club, after the shows were over, met someone and went home. The police didn't bother you as long as you were discreet. You just didn't talk about it or make any fuss. Sometimes something would happen, up on the mountain or something, but if you go up there looking for men what can you expect ?

TERRY: Arggggg! Locked up in a mass arrest. I don't believe it. Tony ! Oh Tony! I hate to break up your saulin little scene, but if we don't do something to get my mind off ciggies I'm going to go bonkers.

TONY: Right. A literary discussion ?

TERRY: Sounds yummie. What do you think we should call the story of our disheartening incarceration ?

TONY: Gay Niggers of America ?

TERRY: Oh that black stuff has been done to death. How about Fruits on Ice ?

TONY: Sounds like a specialty cook book... I've got it! We Shall Over Come.

TERRY: Now that is tasteful.

RALPH: This reminds me of one of those old British prisoner of war movies.

TONY: Splendid.Stalag 69.

RALPH: I say sir ,morale is getting a titch low.

TERRY: Perhaps an entertainment would be in order.I leave it to you Sargeant.

RALPH: Thank you sir!
Hello,hello.Welcome on board the Love Boat duckies.As your entertainment officer I think we can safely say we have a splendid cruise lined up for you tonight.We've layed a three day tour of Allen Ginsburg on for you,plus some very special acts.First that world famous impersonator, chantuese, Mr.Bruce Filbert Rasin.Take it away Bruce!

TERRY: Oh you're all so kind.Thank you thank you.Oh I love you all.
Ladies and Gentlemen,the ever popular Mae West. (TERRY does nothing.)
Thank you,thank you.You're beautiful.Now Judy Garland.(Nothing)
Marilyn Monroe (Yawns) and Lisa Minelli, Taluhla,and the show stopper Miss Carol Channing.Doesn't anyone have a smoke ?

RALPH: Thank you ,thank you.Thank you Bruce.Wonderful,Wonderful act,and now a song,an old favorite I know you're all going to love.
Come on gang join in,let's have a ball!

BLAH BLAH BLAH

RALPH: We're poor little lambs who have lost our way.

TONY: Blah,Blah,Blah.

TERRY: We're sick in the head we've heard doctors say.

TONY: Blah Blah Blah.

TERRY: We're terminally doomed

We crawled from the womb

With limp wrists and lips when we say:

CHORDS:

ALL 3: Blah.Blah.Blah blah blah blah.Blah.Blah.Blah.

RALPH: I never left mother cause I hate pa,
Blah, Blah, Blah

TONY: I tried to cut. off his nuts but I didn't know how
Blah, Blah, Blah

TERRY: Please let me speak
My daddy was Greek
And made me the freak I am now.

CHORUS: Repeat

BEN: I went to the priest to..(TONY) unburden my soul

TONY, RALPH,
TERRY &
BEN: Blah, Blah, Blah

TONY: He said I was doomed cause I like the wrong hole

ALL BUT
BILLY: Blah, Blah, Blah

TERRY: Yeah he said that I'd sinned by getting myself rimmed

RALPH: And Hell was my ultimate goal!

CHORUS
ALL BUT
BILLY: Repeat

TONY: The good mother said I wish they were dead

ALL BUT
BILLY: Blah, Blah, Blah

TONY: They'd have us all shot

TERRY: Likely as not

RALPH: But would settle for castration instead

CHORUS: Repeat.

(BILLY can't manage it)

(Song ends with laughing)

(TERRY has finished his last cigarette during the song. He now
reaches for another. He is out)

TERRY: Oh God. Nicotine fit time! Just don't let me swallow my tongue, O.K.
Tony?

BEN: Blah, Blah, Blah.

TERRY: Oh it's the whisper fairy. Don't blah blah me sweetheart. It's not my fault we're in here. I wasn't marching down mainstreet 'flaunting' my buns in a march last week.

TONY: If we don't push we won't get anywhere.

TERRY: Well at least you won't get put in jail.

TONY: Right. It's been years since you've been in jail. Man we're shooting sport for every ham handed pig in this town and you know it, and what do you do about it? Roll over and play dead.

TERRY: (Covering his eyes.) Well maybe if we're real quiet they'll all go away.

(Cross Fade to TOMMY and THE COPS.)

COP 1: Eight o'clock. P.M. July 30. Where were you?

TOMMY: I'm not sure.

COP 1: Not sure.

COP 2: Come on Tommy. Think. Remember.

COP 1: September then. The tenth, eleven fifteen. Spill it.

TOMMY: It 's a long time ago.

COP 1: Long time ago. Shit.

COP 2: Come on Tommy. Who were you with?

TOMMY: I don't know I tell ya!

COP 2: Well you must at least know what you did that day.

TOMMY: I don't even know what day of the week it was.

COP 1: Friday. The kid was coming home from a hockey game. That jog your memory bozzo?

COP 2: Come on Tommy think!

TOMMY: I don't remember.

COP 1: Don't remember what?

TOMMY: I don't remember anything at all.

COP 1: Well you'd better remember something. Fast !!!

(Cross Fade back to cell.)

TONY: (Doing a game show host) Hi there! We've been waiting for you!
 It's time to play Truly Concerned! Tonight an extremely
 controversial topic;
 The Homosexual;prancing,gibbering,sick,disgusting,perverted,
 degenerate abomination,OR well spring of civilization!
 What do you think ?
 We don't even care.Ratings are going up!up!up!
 Especially with tonights powerpacked panel;the most
 prestigious group of experts in the history of prime time!
 Now let's meet ourladies and Gentlemen! Tonight's
 panel!

(TONY assigns characters to everyone in the cell)

Leonardo Di Vinci!
 Mr. Mike Angelo
 Cole Porter
 And the king himself; Mr.J.Edgar Hoover!

And now before we get down to tonights burning issue...

HOOVER: That's the idea,burn the buggers!

TONY: A word from our sponsors!

TERRY: Hi! Oscar Wilde for Florida Oranges,an Equal Opportunity Employer...
 No,no,no,no,no,no. I can't go on.I can't do it. I am quipped out
 I cannot mutter a merry metaphor no more.Chortleless .
 Joke's poor.I can't let go with no hit of wit until I light
 a cigarette.

Tony,you've got to help me.I'm starting to feel like Phil Harris...
 or was it Tex Ritter ? In any case "I've just got to have just one
 more cigarette."

TONY: You know I gave you my last a long time ago Terry.

TERRY: I know,but what about Padolph Valentino here ?(To MEN)
 Look sweetheart,I wasn't going to steal your man,just borrow him
 for awhile.Anyway it's not my fault if he's a bit of a slut,is it ?

BEN: I forgot my pack at the bar.

TERRY: He forgot. The last time someone told me they forgot I ended up with clap. Bennie baby, what's that little bulge there in your pocket? I mean, either those are cigarettes or you're taking some very wierd hormones!

(TERRY goes after BEN'S shirt pocket where he does have cigarettes. BEN jumps up and hits him. TONY grabs BEN. TERRY pulls back into a corner)

BEN: Fuck off!!

TERRY: Take it easy man! You gone crazy!

BEN: Shut the fuck up!! Shut the fuck up you stupid son of a bitch!! I've had it with you and your goddamn cigarettes! Fuck you!!

(A pause. TONY holds on to BEN who has quite cracked up. TERRY huddles in a corner)

TERRY: I don't see what's so crazy about wanting a fucking cigarette. (Pause) Doesn't everyone want a fucking cigarette sometimes. I mean, isn't that what it's all about somehow? Having a cigarette. All I wanted was a goddamn smoke. Is that too much to ask? I mean, I'm not doing any harm am I? I mean just a...you know...just a... puff on a goddamn... cigarette. If, if, if, if, if I didn't need it I wouldn't ask...I mean if I...I don't care about nothing...I just want a...a...goddamn smoke...

(He breaks down)

BEN: (Gets up and goes to him) Here. I..hardly even smoke.It's just that I... You get so ... Here.

(Not knowing what to say he returns to his seat and sits down)

TERRY: (After a moment, he takes one out, lights up) Thanks.

(He lays the cigarettes out in front of him, counts them)

One, two, three, four, five...six. (Forces himself to smile) Gee, this is wonderful...just wonderful! God, I may survive this ordeal after all! I may!

(Cross Fade to TOMMY and COPS)

COP 2: Come on Tommy.Do you think you could make five years inside as a sex offender?

COP 1: We've got you by the balls boy. Talk you little queen or I'll rip em right off!

TOMMY: I never touched no kids:I never done that !

COP 1: Yeah sure all you ever do is turn a few tricks at Truxx right ?

TOMMY: Yes. No!

COP 1: Yes, no! What kind of shit is that? Either you do or you don't. When are you gonna stop lying to me boy?

TOMMY: You keep on twisting my words!

COP 2: Well then what are you trying to say... Tommy? Just tell us the truth that's all we want. (Pause) I'll do everything I can for you. Right down the line. My word...

COP 1: Ah shit, don't waste your time on the douche bag. We got all we need if say put him away. I give him two weeks in the pen before some con who doesn't like chicken hawks puts a hunk of steel in his guts.

(COP 1 starts to leave. TOMMY panics)

TOMMY: Alright. Alright. I turn tricks sometimes. I do. But I'm no pro. Honest. Just...just people I like, sometimes they give me money, that's all.

COP 1: Where?

TOMMY: Huh?

COP 1: Where do you turn these tricks?

TOMMY: I don't know, different places. Hotels, cars, their place, if they can take me. My place if I have to...ah...

COP 2: How about Truxxx?

TOMMY: In the bar? No. Never there.

COP 1: Fuck you! (He leaves)

COP 2: Look Tommy, this is it. He'll come back with the Desk Sergeant in a second and he's bound and determined to hook you for child abuse.

TOMMY: But I didn't touch no kid!

COP 2: I believe you, but you got no proof of where you were on the night in question. You got dragged in on a raid on a bar we know is the centre of homosexual prostitution, and... hell, child abuse, Tommy, the jury can be murder. We don't need much of a case. You fit the general description.

TOMMY: But I've told you the truth!

COP 2: That's not enough! We want Truxxx! We want a trick in the fuckin' john of that place! Come on! There must be something.

TOMMY: Alright! (Pause) Alright.

TOMMY: Some nights. Back when it used to get real crowded. That space back in by the bathrooms... there's this space see. This little space. And all the light is red and the crowd gets tighter and tighter in there, everyone pushing against the walls, against each other, getting closer and closer, see, touching, tight everywhere, then the lights, someone would turn out the lights, unscrew them, and the crowd pushes tighter and tighter, touching...touching...and someone would start and it would just explode...like a fire in a skyrocket factory and...and it all happens.

COP 2: And somebody pays you.

TOMMY: I'm just there, I...maybe I meet somebody...maybe after we have a drink...maybe we go somewhere else or...he just lends me some money... or...

COP 2: That's good, but not good enough.

TOMMY: That's all there is!

COP 2: He'll be back soon.

TOMMY: O.K! O.K! Alright. They pay me. They pay me then. I do it for them anywhere you say. In the bathroom. On the dance floor. O.K., they pay me, they pay me.

(TOMMY lowers his head onto the desk. The COP gets up and goes out)

COP 2: Sorry.

(CAST in Cell sing.)

"WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE?"

Why can't they leave us alone?
 What we ever done to them?
 We never do them no harm.
 We wouldn't do that.

Why can't they leave us alone?
 We're just living our life.
 We don't get in no one's way.
 We couldn't do that.

(Interlude)

TOMMY: How come they chase us?
 How come they beat us?
 It's mostly love we're talking about.
 It's love the hassel's about.
 Don't get mad about that.

TOMMY & CAST: Why can't they leave us alone
They're never gonna beat us.
As long as people are living
There'll always be us
There'll always be us
There'll always be us.

(Song fades out. During the song COP 2 has gone
and gotten a statement for TOMMY to sign. He
hands it to him. TOMMY signs.)

COP 2: That's right Tommy. It's gonna be Ok. Come on.

(COP 2 leaves TOMMY goes to Cell Area.)

Ok girls listen up! We have got a case here. You are all
going to be charged as found in's at a Common Sawdy House.
Got me ? Good. Now don't make a mess in your pants, it's just
a little fine. All you have to do is plead guilty and
that's that. Just a little slap on the wrist for being naughty.
And you know what we're going to do, because you're such good
boys we're going to let you all go home in a little while.
But first we've got someone here who wants to see each and every
one of you. So thanks for flying Technical Squad and come on out
in the hall.

TONY: Who wants to see us and what for!

COP 2: Now don't be like that. It's just a doctor who's very concerned
about your public health.

RALPH: You want us to take physicals ?

COP 2: Nope. V.D. Tests.

(EVERYONE screams and makes a fuss. TONY runs downstage and
addresses the audience.)

TONY: ~~Over~~ on gang, don't let them do this to us. Everyone who believes
in faries clap!

(MAE WEST now enters. High Drag style .SHE is using
a giant cue tip for a walking stick. On her first
line THE CAST grabs a fire hose from the back of the
stage and straddle it forming a line, the front man
holding the nozzle. On the chorus MAE sticks her
Q Tip into the nozzle and twists. The front man
then falls off the hose, and goes to the back of the
line.)

MAE: Did I hear someone say Clap ?

(Music begins,MAE does big entrance.)

Hi boys.

"VD SONG"

MAE: Some people call me sawbones
Others just call me Doc.
You call me anything but Man'
And I might twist off your cock.

CAST: CHORUS:
Dooooon't you stick that thing,
Don't you stick that thing in me !
I just might pee when you down on your knee
If you stick that thing in me.

MAE: Some say every man has a right to be free.
I say that's fine till he catches VD
So drop your drawers boys
And we'll have a look see
So just point that thing at me.

Umman.Hi ya big boy.

CAST: CHORUS:

MAE: You might say that this is against your rights
Well that's what you get if you run 'round in tights
And go out cruising
Most every night.
Now point that thing at me!

Oh,a Mouseketeer.How's Mickey ?

COP 2: Just fine Jimmy!

CAST: CHORUS:

MAE: In my line of work you meet interesting men
And if they're unlucky ,you meet them again.
But what's the use
Of an infected friend ?
Oh just point that thing at me.

(MAE is about to stick RALPH,who has come to the
hose nosel,but RALPH in a rage drops the hose
and walks upstage.)

RALPH: No!
 No, I'm sorry but I've had enough. You've dragged me down here, locked me up, pushed me around like a criminal and made me feel guilty for the first time in ten years. What did I do? I'm an old man. I've never pushed, or fought. I've never been in any kind of trouble. I've just tried to live my life. Well that is enough. Doctor you will not stick that thing in me. If you try you'll need ten guards, and some way of explaining the death of an old man. I'm going back to my cell. I have nothing more to say until I hear from my lawyer.

TONY: Not guilty! Not guilty! Not guilty!

(THE CAST picks up on the chant. THEY move back into the cell. MAE exits. COP 2 goes to get TOMMY. Alone the chant among the CAST soon dies. As it does TOMMY is escorted back to the Cell area. Silence as he is brought in. COP 2 leaves. TOMMY is plainly in bad shape. He stands in a corner away from everyone.)

RALPH: You OK Tommy ?

TOMMY: Yeah.

RALPH: You look awful, what did they do ?

TOMMY: Just fuck off, OK Ralph ?

RALPH: Sure Tommy... I just thought ... if you needed help..

TONY: Look man if they did anything to you in there you should get it out front as soon as possible 'cause ...

TOMMY: Just leave me alone ok ?

TONY: I'm just trying to tell you that they got no right to ...

TOMMY: FUCK OFF !!!!

(There is a long pause.)

BEN: Maybe he needs a smoke or something.

RALPH: You want a smoke, Tommy ?

TOMMY: Yeah.

TONY: Terry ?

TERRY: (Smoking) This is my second last one.

TONY: Oh man!

TERRY: Well do you want me to go to pieces too ?

(There is another pause. Then BILLY gets up and goes over to TERRY. He's sure of himself for the first time in the whole evening. He's angry.)

BILLY: Give me the smokes.

(TERRY sees he means business. He gives him the cigarette pack. BILLY goes over to TOMMY, lights up the smoke and gives it to TOMMY. TOMMY takes it, looks up, tries to smile.)

TOMMY: Thanks man. (Takes a drag) Jesus I... Those fuckers... They ...

(TOMMY starts to cry. BILLY and TOMMY embrace.)
There is a quick BLACKOUT. THE CAST gets set for
GAY UNTIL THE DAY THAT I DIE.)

"GAY UNTIL THE DAY THAT I DIE"

TOMMY: Feeling kind of funky with my feet back on the ground.
Glad I'm haulin' ass, they really pushed us round.
But we'll be coming back much stronger, they won't run us out of town.
And I'll be gay until the day that I die!

CAST: CHORUS:
I'll be gay until the day that I die
Don't waste our time askin' why
That's how it is, that's how it's always been.
Don't talk to me about sin,
That's not the world we're livin' in
And I'll be gay until the day that I die!

RALPH: I feel a little shaky but I'm feeling pretty good
Now I'm standing on my feet like I always knew I could.
And I'm gonna keep on pushing like I know I always should,
Cause I'll be gay until the day that I die.

BILLY: Feeling really angry, and I haven't for awhile.
I'm kickin' out the closet door, I'm ready for the trial.
I'm headin' for tomorrow, and I'm walking with a smile.
And I'll be gay until the day that I die.

TERRY: I'm glad I'm getting out, that's the only thing I know
I'm getting out of trouble, then I'm laying really low
I've got my life to live and I'm quitin' this old show
Though I'll be gay until the day that I die.

TOMMY: I don't know what to do, I can't go home no more
I know I'll have to wear the badge, I know they'll call me whore
Well I'll say it with a grin, and I'll yell it when I'm sore
Cause I'll be gay until the day that I die.

REN: It's hard for me to say it, I don't know what to say
Talking ain't my strong point and it's always been that way
But you can bet it all I ain't forgettin this day
And I'll be gay until the day that I die.

MAE&COP 2: Some of you ain't done your time in prison yet
Don't fool yourself, you'll get your turn, we bet
Unless you teach the world you don't owe no social debt
Because you're gay until the day that you die!

CAST: **CHORUS:**

(This number has to be as joyous and splashy as possible.
In the first production we had the bartender run onstage
with arms full of pink balloons, with I'LL BE GAY UNTIL THE
DAY THAT I DIE printed on them. The balloons were handed out
to the audience at the end of the song and the sight of all
the downtown bars full of our pink balloons was a joy.
Sell this song.)

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

PAUL LEDOUX is a native of Halifax. He has worked in Theater, Television, and Radio, and his plays have been staged in Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

TERRY LAST graduated from the Theater Department of Concordia University, and continues to live in Montreal, where he is active in the Gay Rights Movement. THE NIGHT THEY SAIDED TRUCK is his first play.

ABOUT THE CO-OP:

The Dramatists' Co-op was formed in 1976 by a diverse group of Nova Scotian playwrights joined in a common determination to improve their talents, their markets and their visibility. A wide variety of services are now offered by the Co-op. These include a Reading Service, where new plays are read and evaluated, subsidized xerox and Typing Services for members, Travel Grants to enable playwrights to attend productions of their plays, Library Services and Workshops.

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CUE
LIGHTS

CROSS FADE TO TOMMY AND THE COPS

COP 2

Come on Tommy. We got all the proof we need. If you don't come across we're gonna have to come down on you real heavy. You think you could make five years in the pen as a sex offender?

COP 1

We got you by the balls boy! How much harder you want us to squeeze? (PAUSE) Answer me you fucken little queen or I'll rip your goddamn nuts right off!

TOMMY

I never touched no kids! How come there's nothing in the paper if someone's bothering kids! I never done that!

COP 1

Never done what?

TOMMY

You know what!

COP 1

So all that you do is turn a few tricks at Truxxx eh?

TOMMY

Yes. No!

COP 1

Yes, No? What kind of shit is that? Either you do or you don't. When are you gonna stop lying to me boy?

TOMMY

You keep on twisting my words!

COP 2

Well then what are you trying to say then Tommy? Just tell us the truth that's all we want. (PAUSE) I'll do everything I can for you. Right down the line. My word...

COP 1

Ah shit don't waste your time on the douche bag. He's gonna keep his mouth shut right up until the moment when he suddenly realizes those other no class assholes in there have sold him down the river. You'll have lots to say then you little fag asshole but it'll be too late. Come on Frank let's get out of here. This baby fucker's enough to make me puke. We'll see how long he lasts in the pen. I give him two weeks till some con puts a piece of steel into his guts.

TOMMY

Alright. Alright. I turn tricks sometimes. I do. But I'm no pro. Honest. Just...just people I like, sometimes they give me money that's all.

COP 1

Where?

TOMMY

Huh?

COP 1

Where do you turn these tricks?

TOMMY

I don't know, different places. Hotels, cars, their place if they can take me. My place if I have to...ah...

COP 2

How about Truxxx?

TOMMY

In the bar? No. Never there.

COP 1

Fuck you! (HE LEAVES)

COP 2

Look tommy, this is it. He'll come back ~~with the Desk~~
~~Sergant~~ in a second, and he's bound and determined to book
you for child abuse.

TOMMY

But I didn't touch no kid!!

COP 2

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the night in question. You got dragged in on a raid on a
bar we know is the centre of homosexual prostitution, and..
hell, child abuse Tommy the jury can be murder. We don't
need much of a case. You fit the general discription.

TOMMY

But I've told you the truth!

COP 2

That's not enough! We want Truxxx! We want a trick in the
fuckin' John of that place! Come on! There must be some-
thing.

TOMMY

Alright! (PAUSE) Alright. Some nights. Back when it
used to get real crowded. That space back in by the

bathrooms...there's this space see. This little space. And all the light is red and the crowd gets tighter and tighter in there, everyone pushing against the walls, against each other, getting closer and closer see touching tight everywhere, then the lights, someone would turn out the lights, unscrew them, and the crowd pushes tighter and tighter, touching...touching...and someone would start and it would just explode...like a fire in a skyrocket factory a ...and it all happens.

COP 2

And somebody pays you.

TOMMY

I'm just there, I...maybe I meet somebody...maybe after we have a drink...maybe we go somewhere else or...he just lends me some money...or...

COP 2

That's good, but not good enough.

TOMMY

That's all there is!

COP 2

He'll be back soon.

TOMMY

O.K! O.K! Alright. They pay me. They pay me then. I do it for them anywhere you say. In the bathroom. On the dance floor. O.K., they pay me, they pay me.

TOMMY LOWERS HIS HEAD ONTO THE DESK. THE COP GETS UP AND GOES OUT.

COP 2

Sorry.