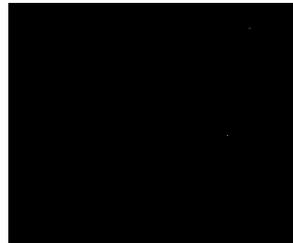


Losing My Religion

(in 140 Characters or Less)

A full-length play

By Hannah C. Langley



CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOYCE ADKINS-KELLER (55, FEMALE)

CHARLOTTE “HARLEY” CONNOR/JUDY’S VOICE (30, FEMALE)

CHARITY ADKINS-KELLER (27, FEMALE)

ADAM BELLMAN (28, MALE)

TIME:

2016

PLACE:

The Adkins-Keller home in Topeka, Kansas

A bar and a bus stop in Lawrence, Kansas

Twitter

General Design Notes:

This is not a musical. It is a play with music. Action should never be stopped for scenic changes as lights heavily affect time and space. The songs within the script are either original song parodies or have lyrics listed in the public domain. Any original composition to fill the spaces between songs is encouraged. When characters are typing on Twitter, they need not read as slowly as if they were actually typing.

Words and phrases in () need not be said. They are there for the actor’s reference.

Projections should not be the centerpiece of the play and the tweets that are included within the dialogue need **NOT** be projected. All tweets not “sent” as direct messages (DM) are accompanied by a notification “bing” sound.

Casting Notes:

The characters presented in this play are fictional. This is not a biography. Directors should cast the best actors regardless of race, gender, ethnicity...etc.

SCENE 1: TWEET CUTE

Projections of hateful tweets populate and illuminate the stage.

@TheWVBCSaysRepent God damns all sinners! Posted December 25 2015

We'll smile and thank him as you burn. Posted December 27 2015

God hates your Pride! Posted December 31 2015

A shadowy figure dances, tapping and humming their way through Judy Garland's "Get Happy". As the dance continues, more and more tweets appear from different users—tweets about God's hatred of sin and sinfulness, tweets about how God and Faith are worthless or destructive. When a tweet appears on stage, it is accompanied by a notification "bing". The tweets and bings overlap creating a chaotic cacophony of internet noise, competing with the figure's tapping and humming. Until CHARITY ADKINS-KELLER (27), the once-shadowy dancer dressed in men's basketball shorts and a t-shirt, is illuminated. She freezes and kneels in prayer, before the iPhone lying in front of her.

CHARITY

Dear God. Good morning! And Happy New Year! Thank You for giving me another day, to serve You on this earthly plane. It's not that I'm not excited for the swiftly approaching Rapture. Because I am! I'm just—grateful for more time, to spread Your word in a world that despises you...

And I continue to pray for the strength to be a good soldier. One of Your Chosen and make myself *worthy* of Your love...

Charity waits as if for a response. Then:

And grace. Amen!

With zeal, Charity opens the Twitter app on her phone. A Twitter-blue light illuminates her as a projection of her profile is displayed.

Her bio reads: Charity Adkins-Keller [musical note] Get Ready for the Judgment Day [musical note].

CHARITY

(typing)

@blueroomjew Jews are Hellbound heathens who deny the Lord. #sorrynotsorry

She posts—Bing!

CHARITY

Repent and convert or face an eternity in Hell! #truth

Bing!

Twitter-blue lights up on ADAM BELLMAN, backpack on, waiting for the bus. We see his profile too. His bio reads: Adam Bellman [star of david] Jewish Grad Student/Blogger, OG of the OT.

ADAM

@charity4God1989 Do I know you? This is like the 100th Tweet you've tagged me in this week.

Bing!

CHARITY

No. But God knows your [heart]. And, He knows it's wicked.

Bing!

ADAM

Wait! I do know you!

Bing!

ADAM (CONT'D.)

You're one of those horrible anti-Semites that posted that music video—About Jews literally being Evil incarnate.

Bing!

CHARITY

“Horned Hedonists”? ...I wrote that one!

Bing!

ADAM

Well then! Don't you have better things to do than troll my Twitter feed?

Bing!

ADAM (CONT'D.)

Aren't there some army widows you have to harass?

Bing!

CHARITY

I'm not trolling. I'm teaching you and your thousands of followers!

Bing!

ADAM

I wasn't aware hate speech was a subject worthy of "teaching".

Bing!

He posts, quickly composing another tweet.

ADAM

Guess the public school system's really gone to Hell! [flame emoji] [devil emoji] [flame emoji]

Bing!

CHARITY

Couldn't agree more! The moment schools stopped honoring God's teachings...[American flag emoji] [flame emoji]

Bing!

Adam laughs—*Wow*.

CHARITY

No subject is more important than the Word of God.

Bing!

Couldn't agree more.

ADAM

Bing!

Both smile, despite themselves.

Nice bio, btw.

ADAM

Bing!

Starting a new tweet:

ADAM

Are those lyrics from—"Get Happy"?

Bing!

—Thanks. Yours needs some work.

CHARITY

Adam smirks—*Challenge accepted.*—before composing a response.

The two continue tweeting at each other as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 2: THE VOICE OF JOYCE

Months later. The tune to “God Bless America” plays. A spotlight slowly fades up on JOYCE ADKINS-KELLER (55). She wears a God Hates Fags t-shirt and holds four huge signs: God Hates Fags, God Hates Your Yarmulke, God Dooms USA and Thank God for Cancer, around her waist is a belt made of the American flag and the Rainbow flag; both brush the floor. When Joyce sings and speaks, it is with a full and shameless voice, radiating righteous joy.

JOYCE

*God hates America.
Land that I loathe.
Stand against her
And chide her.
Kill the fags
And the dykes
That you love.
God hates America.
Your Home Sweet Home!*

Dressed in black, CHARLOTTE “HARLEY” CONNOR crosses a distance from Joyce.

JOYCE

We’re talking to you, Miss! You and the rest of that Heathen prophet’s followers.

HARLEY

He’s no one’s prophet. Just a good guy who stood up for civil rights, you dumb—

JOYCE

Yet you worship him like a golden calf?

HARLEY

We’re *trying* to mourn him.

JOYCE

Why bother? You’re either a dyke or a dyke-lover and Hell’s coming for you soon.

HARLEY

Guess I’ll see you there, bitch!

JOYCE

Your Momma must be so proud. My children are right here!

HARLEY

Shout another fucking word at me or anybody else leaving this service and—I'll—

JOYCE

Satan got your tongue?

Harley, keys wedged between her knuckles,
raises her fist to Joyce.

HARLEY

I'll make you sorry.

JOYCE

In front of all these cameras? Go ahead. Just know, I'm a lawyer.

Shit—Harley drops her fist before spitting on
Joyce's shoe.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

Disgusting!

(as Harley exits)

Remember this, kids. These people are no friends to you. They'll pull you straight down to Hell.

Lights cross fade to The Blue Room bar where
Harley stands behind the counter.

HARLEY

Psycho bitch.

Harley pours two shots of whiskey. She holds
one in her hand and stares at the other for a long
beat before clinking the two glasses together.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

To you, Mark. Pain's finally over, pal.

Harley downs her shot and leaves the other one
on the bar top as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 3: GOOD FIGS DON'T FALL FAR

The home office of the Adkins-Keller compound. Charity types at her desk. She sighs, letting herself slouch a bit, rubs her eyes, temples. She checks her phone. Nothing new. Charity plugs her headphones into the computer. She resumes typing—now to the rhythm of “Get Happy”.

With every passing second, more of Charity becomes drawn into the music. Though she remains seated, she taps her feet, moves her head. Then it's her arms, then her hands until she bursts out of her seat, unplugging her headphones. “Get Happy” blares from the external speakers.

Joyce enters, glowing, signage in tow.

JOYCE

Charity! We're ho-ome!

Charity shuts the music off and slides back into her seat.

CHARITY

Oh! Hey, Mom!

JOYCE

You and your pagan music.

CHARITY

Sorry.

JOYCE

No worries. You know what's right. Where it counts.

Joyce gestures to her chest—*In here.*

CHARITY

Of course! So where're the rest of the troops? Need help getting the signs out of the—?

JOYCE

—Let's let them do the heavy lifting for once.

With a wink, Joyce goes to a nearby cabinet.

CHARITY

Sounds good.

Joyce pulls a box of Cherry Cordial chocolates out of its hiding spot.

JOYCE

Those queer-lovers came out in droves today...Missed your voice out there.

CHARITY

I love a good picket. But someone's gotta man the fort.

JOYCE

...And who better than my oldest and brightest?

Joyce offers Charity a chocolate.

CHARITY

Can't start playing favorites now, Mom.

JOYCE

Already gave you this job, didn't I?

Charity and Joyce bite into the chocolate.

CHARITY & JOYCE

Mmm-mmm.

They let themselves relax.

CHARITY

Why are these so good?

JOYCE

Because they're not good for us. Gotta make sure this box lasts.

CHARITY

I'm pretty sure the rest of the kids finished the last one off.

JOYCE

They don't know where we hide them.

CHARITY

They're crafty.

JOYCE

My waistband says otherwise. . .Any calls while we were out?

CHARITY

Dad said he'd be late for dinner.

Joyce pops another chocolate.

JOYCE

...No new clients?

CHARITY

(shaking her head)

Just death threats. People are getting more and more vicious.

Bing! Charity's phone buzzes.

JOYCE

Another sure sign. Like your Grandfather keeps preaching, Rapture's right around the corner. And we'll be the only one's ready.

CHARITY

We're very blessed...To know what's coming.

Bing! Charity checks her phone, typing something. Then she starts scrolling.

JOYCE

Exactly why we work so hard to put the Truth in our neighbors' unwilling ears...Should've seen this woman in Lawrence today!

Charity smiles down at her phone, reading.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

So possessed by the sinful spirit she tried to stab me with her keys!

Joyce waits for Charity to react but her daughter's face is buried in her phone.

JOYCE

...Fortunately for your old mom, there were too many witnesses.

CHARITY

...Oh, yeah?

JOYCE

Three news crews worth. All raving about your latest tweet.

(leaning over her daughter)

You tweeting them back right now?

CHARITY

Oh. No. I'm just—that Jewish guy—the rabbi's son with the blog about Judaism and moral relativism.

Joyce nods, verbalizing her distaste—*Gross*.

CHARITY

I know. He's been posting *a lot* about the Church—Just catching up on my retorts.

JOYCE

Well, keep it up. We need some repentant Christ-killers to come back before the end.

CHARITY

Why else would I be—?

Bing! Bing! Bing!

JOYCE

...Those all from the Jew?

CHARITY

He's not online right now. *These* are...about this morning's tweet. Church's even trending!

Charity hands her phone to Joyce.

JOYCE

(putting on her glasses)

Thousands of shares? Wow!

(reading)

“Thanking God for Cancer @ ‘activist’ fag Mark Tyler’s funeral cuz God abhors ur sins and we do too. Lev 20:23”. No wonder they’re so riled.

Joyce closes the chocolate box—*Break time is over*.

Charity takes the chocolates back to their cabinet as Joyce puts the signs away in their designated cubby.

JOYCE

Wait. Are these—?

CHARITY

I alphabetized them. Starting with “A” for adulterers ending with “Z” for Zendaya.

JOYCE

That is so—thoughtful. It’s such a relief your brother and sisters—all the kids really—have someone to look up to. Especially now. I could feel the Temptation filling them since “You-Know-Who” left. They were fond of her.

CHARITY

All she ever wanted to do was fornicate. It’s God’s Will she’s gone.

JOYCE

Amen.

CHARITY

I’m sad for Uncle Andy and Aunt Marissa though...

JOYCE

Banish that sadness! We rejoice in *all* the Lord brings.

CHARITY

I know. It’s just—she was their only child.

JOYCE

It was your Aunt and Uncle’s joy to rid themselves of “You Know Who”...To protect the rest of us. Remember: Our only job is to obey God, and God alone, not our weak and sinful hearts.

CHARITY

Jeremiah 17:9.

IN UNISON

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked...”

JOYCE

(doing a “you and me” hand gesture)

One mind. One heart. So what else’ve you been up to today? School work, I hope.

CHARITY

Read over some case studies for class. Started looking into a new song parody for the website. I'm thinking of doing a Lady Gaga one.

JOYCE

Good. Your sisters need something more to do. Summer's coming fast and I already caught them fighting again.

CHARITY

What was it this time?

JOYCE

Beth took Leah's "good" sweater or something! I don't know what to do. Leah's graduating high school next year and she's still...She reminds me of You-Know-Who.

CHARITY

Don't think like that. She's your daughter. You raised her strong.

As if on cue, the sounds of a loud girl fight outside.

JOYCE

You're strong. The others I have to worry about.

Joyce grabs a ruler from the desk, slapping it into her opposite palm.

Charity flinches ever so slightly.

JOYCE

(on her way out)

Speaking of children, if you're still babysitting for Carolyn tonight—?

CHARITY

I'll make sure to pick up stuff from Walmart on my way home...Maybe even more chocolate.

JOYCE

What would I do without you, Charity?

CHARITY

You'd thrive. But you'd sleep less.

JOYCE

I do like my sleep every now and again.

She exits, brandishing the ruler.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Leah and Beth Adkins-Keller!

A pained cry is heard off-stage, probably Leah.

Charity hits play and resumes her work.

CHARITY

(in her best “Judy Garland” voice)

Forget get your troubles! Come on get happy! You better chase all your cares away. Do do do do do. Come on get happy! Get ready for the Judgment day!

Lights shift signifying the passage of time...

SCENE 4: A STIMULATING DEBATE

Bing! Charity opens her Twitter app. Twitter-blue light illuminates both Charity and Adam, who stands at the bus stop, backpack in tow.

ADAM

(he types as he reads)

Thx again 4 for flooding my feed while I was away...for the last few hours. You sure know how to make a Jew feel persecuted.

He posts the tweet—Bing!

ADAM (CONT'D.)

As always, I'll pass on taking credit for killing Christ and joining your Church.

Bing!

He posts again, stops and starts a new one. A sign-off.

ADAM (CONT'D.)

Gut Shabbes, Charity.

Bing!

CHARITY

The Sabbath isn't until tomorrow! Why won't you repent?

Bing!

CHARITY

P. S. Welcome back.

Adam's immediately pulled back in.

ADAM

I'll repent. But Yom Kippur isn't until October. [Smiley]

Bing!

ADAM

P. S. I missed you too.

Bing!

Charity reads and responds with force.

CHARITY

God doesn't buy into your dead rote rituals & neither do I! Ur smart. You know all your fasting is meaningless human legalism.

Bing!

ADAM

Shayna meyd, four months of talking to me and you still think your "God hates Fags" signs are anything more than "meaningless human legalism"?

Bing!

Charity types "Shayna meyd" into Google before responding.

CHARITY

Yes!

Bing!

Charity reads the definition. She doesn't like it. She doesn't hate it either.

CHARITY

—Your ceremonial laws died with Jesus. Recall Acts 10. 14-15.

Bing!

ADAM

Remind me of those again? My New Testament gets fuzzy after grading papers all day. #gradstudentprobs

Bing!

CHARITY

That does sound miserable. But not as miserable as the Hell you and your students will be burning in if you don't learn to repent...[Smiley].

Bing!

ADAM

Enough jokes. Let's focus. The verses.

Bing!

CHARITY

Too long to explain via tweet.

Bing!

ADAM

Let's...DM then?

Bing!

CHARITY

...Don't you have papers to grade?

Bing!

ADAM

You wimping out on me? It's not like we haven't done it before...

Charity's foot taps. She pinches herself.

Bing!

ADAM (CONT'D.)

...Souls are on the line here.

Bing!

Charity now has the Biblical backing to proceed.
She moves into her bedroom as she responds.

CHARITY

You mock me. But it's true.

Bing!

For direct messaging, Charity and Adam no longer type as they talk. Both are free to explore the space, although they never look directly at each other—Bluetooth-like effect.

ADAM

Isn't this better? [Winky face]

CHARITY

Hey! What's our rule?

ADAM

No winking. [Sad face] Forgive me?

CHARITY

Don't ask me for forgiveness. Ask God!

ADAM

Oy vey. So Acts—What's the story?

CHARITY

God rained down food—four-footed animals of all kinds—and said to Peter, “Kill and eat.” And, Peter said, “Surely not, Lord! I have never eaten anything impure or unclean.” Then the voice spoke to him a second time, “Do not call anything impure that God has made clean.” Look it up.

ADAM

I don't doubt your knowledge of the text. I doubt your interpretation.

CHARITY

You Jews keep Kosher. High holidays. But you don't obey where it counts.

ADAM

You think spreading the message that God hates Jews, gay people, and the Dalai Lama is true obedience?

CHARITY

It's telling the truth! It's the loving thing to do!

ADAM

Loving? Your Church is petitioning the government to implement a death penalty for being gay. What about when Jesus said, “Hate the sin, love the sinner”?

CHARITY

That wasn't Jesus! That was St. Augustine. Yet another deceitful, fag-enabling rapist—

ADAM

Wait! What makes you think St. Augustine was a “fag-enabling rapist”?

CHARITY

He was a Catholic priest, wasn't he?...What? No comeback?

ADAM

Sometimes I forget...Never mind.

CHARITY

No “never mind.” You started typing something. I saw the dots.

ADAM

I wonder if there’s any hope for you.

CHARITY

...Wonder the same about you.

A moment. Both sides regroup.

ADAM

How about this! John 8.7. People want to stone a woman for committing adultery—

CHARITY

—You people love bringing this one up!

ADAM

— Before stoning her, they consult Jesus. Ask him, “What should we do with this adulterous woman?” And, Jesus says—

CHARITY

—“Whoever is without sin among you, let him be the first to cast a stone...”. I know.

ADAM

So you think your Church is without sin?

CHARITY

No. But we don’t promote it—like you and the rest of this doomed country! We obey. And when we fail, we repent.

ADAM

If you believe in forgiveness, how can you support a death penalty?

CHARITY

Because God commands it!

ADAM

—Sure. The Bible does say gay men should be put to death for their sins but it says the same thing about women caught in the act of fornication. So, by that logic, the woman you baby sit for? The one you said joined the Church after having a child out of wedlock?

CHARITY

Carolyn?

ADAM

Right! Carolyn. You believe she should've been killed too?

CHARITY

The Bible doesn't call for her execution.

ADAM

Kinda does—Deuteronomy 22:20-21. Check it if you like.

Charity confidently Googles the verse on her phone. She reads, shrinking.

ADAM

Isn't it odd your Church only promotes that level of literalistic punishment for one group of sinners, instead of them all?

CHARITY

Mom and Grandpa are right. Satan makes you crafty.

ADAM

Was that a personal "you" or a collective Jewish "you"?

CHARITY

Little bit of both.

ADAM

If you're truly on a mission to save souls, under your Church's proposed legislation, gay people would have no chance at developing a relationship with God. They'd just go right to Hell. Because man—fallible, sinful man—made the decision to end their lives...Don't you see how ass-backwards that is?

CHARITY

...I have to go.

ADAM

Shayna meydl. I just want you to think—!

CHARITY

—What does that even mean?

ADAM

Thinking?

CHARITY

No! “Shayna meyd”. You’ve called me that twice today.

ADAM

We both know you googled it the first time I typed it.

CHARITY

Does it have some sort of other meaning?

ADAM

It means “beautiful girl”.

CHARITY

That’s...not even relevant.

ADAM

But it’s what you are. Under all the ugliness.

CHARITY

...Thanks?

ADAM

—Not physical ugliness! I mean the ugly rhetoric and fear that your family’s subjected—

CHARITY

—Gotta go, Adam. Bye!

Her Twitter light goes out.

ADAM

...Talk soon, Charity.

Lights cross fade as Adam enters the Blue Room, where Harley stands behind the bar, phone in hand, wiping away tears.

HARLEY

Shit—! Hey Adam!

ADAM

You okay, Harley?

In her room, Charity slumps.

HARLEY

Of course! I—I keep forgetting—calling Mark’s number. When I wanna talk about dating or if I can’t find something in back or just the fucking weather. And then...you know it’s like it’s happening all over again. God, cancer sucks.

ADAM

...Have you thought more about joining the Grief Group down at the synagogue? Dad keeps asking how you—

HARLEY

—We’ve been over this. Love you. Love your Dad. But I don’t do religion. Okay?

ADAM

It’s not about religion. It’s about community. Family.

Harley slides Adam a beer—his usual.

HARLEY

I’ve got all the community and family I need right here.

ADAM

Just try it once. I’ll go with you.

HARLEY

You’re doing it again!

ADAM

I’m not doing anything. I’m just trying to—

HARLEY

—I know it’s coming from a good place but I don’t want or need it so find another “project person”.

ADAM

You’re not a project person. I don’t have project people.

HARLEY

Mentor some more students. Adopt a rescue dog. And you definitely do! Some guys try to fix cars. You try to fix people. It’s your weird, little hobby.

ADAM

No it’s—Quit changing the subject! This is about you!

HARLEY

No. This is about you needing a less invasive pastime or—

Adam's phone buzzes. He can't help but check it.
It's not Charity. Adam slumps.

Harley notices.

HARLEY

Maybe get yourself a girlfriend...

ADAM

What?

HARLEY

Who're you texting, Adam?

ADAM

No one! Just trolling Twitter trolls. The usual.

HARLEY

Show me the messages then.

Adam grips his phone tight.

HARLEY

That's what I thought. Come on, tell me about her...It'll cheer me up.

ADAM

...Not much to say. Barely know her.

HARLEY

But you clearly *like* her...Come on. Spill it.

ADAM

Fine...It's crazy, Harley. She's crazy.

HARLEY

"Crazy in bed" crazy or—?

ADAM

Just crazy. Pretty much everything that's wrong with the world.

HARLEY

So she's a republican?

ADAM

More of a...radical anarchist? But only because she doesn't know any better. She's super smart. Well-read. But *really* misguided. Got an insane family...

HARLEY

(sarcastic)

Sexy.

ADAM

She is. I mean, no. She's—I never thought when we started talking that I could actually—That we could connect...But lately, every time, I feel myself making an impact. We're always getting into this deep philosophical shit and we argue and argue and it's so—
(a frustrated sigh)

And then it's like—

Adam, unable to put his passion into words,
signals an explosion with his hands.

ADAM (CONT'D.)

You know?

HARLEY

Wow. It's finally happening.

ADAM

What?

HARLEY

You're rebelling. Good for you. Twenty-eight's a little late but better now than after you've been married off to the perfect Jewish wife of Rabbi Bellman's choosing.

ADAM

My Dad's not gonna choose my wife.

HARLEY

Right. He won't have to.

ADAM

What's that supposed to mean?

HARLEY

No tattoos. Good grades. Never miss Shabbat dinner. You'll pick who you know he'll like.

ADAM

Or he'll just like who I pick.

HARLEY

So your radical anarchist's also Jewish?

ADAM

Well...No.

HARLEY

Exactly.

ADAM

This isn't even a relationship thing. I just wanna help her.

HARLEY

But helping's basically foreplay for you sooo...

ADAM

Ugh. No it's—Okay. You're right. This is stupid! I'm being stupid.

HARLEY

Oh my God. Just ask her out already! Bring her here.

ADAM

Uh, I don't know about that.

HARLEY

Life's short, Adam. Live while you can.

Adam hesitates. Harley reaches for his phone.

HARLEY

I'll text her for you. Just give me—

ADAM

No! No. I can do it. I'm gonna—do it.

Adam opens the Twitter app.

HARLEY

Good.

Harley exits to the back of the bar.

ADAM

Hey, so... I frequent the Blue Room Bar. I think it's close enough to you...If you ever wanted to meet or needed to talk.

Bing!

Twitter lights illuminate Charity as she reads his message with a mix of fear and consideration. Charity pockets the phone, pacing. Her Twitter light goes out.

Adam gives up on getting a response. His Twitter light goes out as he turns back to his beer.

CHARITY

These are not your thoughts. These are traps set for you by the Devil.
These are not your thoughts. These are traps set for you by the Devil.
These are not your thoughts. These are traps set for you by the Devil.

(catching herself in the mirror)

“Shayna meyd!”

(re: frumpy athletic garb)

Ha!

After a moment, Charity locks the door and pulls an pair of old jeans from the back of her bottom drawer. She quickly changes into the jeans, examining herself in the mirror. Maybe she does a Garland-esque dance move. She looks sexy. She likes it. Then...

CHARITY

This isn't right. This isn't right.

Charity strips off the jeans.

CHARITY

(praying)

God. Help me. Please. I don't wanna fall away. I don't wanna go to Hell like “You Know Who”. Please.

She waits. No response.

She re-hides the jeans as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 5: RESISTANCE

The office. Joyce stands in front of a large map of Kansas. Charity stares longingly at her phone as Joyce speaks.

JOYCE

We could use the weekend to get down to Wichita. There's gonna be a big to-do for a stricken Corporal Vance Avery, highly decorated for being an agent of evil. But it is testing season and I want the kids to have time to study. What do you think? Charity?

CHARITY

Huh?

JOYCE

This is the fifth time this week you've gone catatonic on me.

CHARITY

Sorry. Haven't been sleeping.

JOYCE

Probably because you never turn off that phone of yours.

CHARITY

It's not that—I-I've been thinking...about the Law.

JOYCE

You're not having trouble in classes, are you?

CHARITY

Not the law lowercase. God's Law.

JOYCE

Ah. Even more fruitful! What've you been thinking?

CHARITY

I was talking to Adam—the Jew—and I thought I was making progress but now...I feel bad talking to him.

JOYCE

That's just your misleading "feelings" at work again.

CHARITY

But we were talking about repentance—His repenting and then he brought up fornication.

JOYCE

Was that dirty Jew trying to tempt you?

CHARITY

No!—No. He was making an argument. Brought up a couple of verses that show how God's hatred of fornication and homosexuality is equal.

JOYCE

Sin is sin, hon.

CHARITY

...Then what about Carolyn? If we got America's laws to match up to God's Law before she found the Church, she would've been stoned! Right when everyone found out she was pregnant with Zeke.

JOYCE

Yes and her death would have been well-earned.

CHARITY

But what about Zeke? He was just a baby inside her. Maybe God gave Carolyn a chance to repent before she sinned, but not—

JOYCE

—Charity! You're letting this heathen soften your resolve and harden your heart against God. The people going to heaven, it's decided before we're born. Remember Romans.

CHARITY

I remember...

JOYCE

So if someone—anyone is punished or killed, it is good and we celebrate it because it is God's Will. The Truth. The one you're resisting right now.

CHARITY

I'm not resisting. I just feel like—

Joyce picks up the ruler and slams it down hard,
just missing Charity's fingers.

JOYCE

God hates your feelings. The Devil gave you those to make you weak in the Word of God.

CHARITY

I'm sorry! I just wanted to know about Zeke! What you thought—I've never not known what to say before. Please, Mom. Forgive me.

JOYCE

Hon...Of course, you're forgiven...It just troubles me when you talk that way.

CHARITY

I just wanna know the Truth.

JOYCE

You already do. This country—this world will never change its ways. Not before His return. We'll continue to fight. To reach them but we will win very few. Even fewer if we let ourselves doubt...

Joyce gets the chocolates from their hiding place.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

It's awful. The people out there...They speak so highly of love and forgiveness when they have no kindness for the true children of God.

Charity takes a chocolate as Joyce touches
Charity's eyebrow, tracing the scar there.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

Only violence and derision.

Charity nods, tracing her scar, remembering.

JOYCE

(turning back toward the map)

So Wichita?

CHARITY

Let's do it.

JOYCE

Put it on the Google calendar.

Charity turns to the computer and starts to type.
Then—Bing! She stares down her glowing
phone, quickly popping a chocolate in her mouth
as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 6: INTANGIBLES

A few nights later. Charity returns to her room, carrying library books about Jordan. She quickly tacks a large map of the country up on her wall.

Twitter-blue lights come up on Adam in the bar again, surrounded by piles of papers, grading.

ADAM

Been a few days and you haven't responded to my tweets. Did your Mom give you any answers to my questions? I'm excited to deconstruct them.

Bing!

Charity opens the Twitter app on her phone.

ADAM

Seeing a lot more of your Mom on the news this week. Ramping up for Pride Month, I assume. Haven't seen much of you though. You sick or something? [Sad face]

Bing!

Charity's feet tap the floor. She doesn't respond.

ADAM

The lack of hateful retorts in my feed's really worrying me. I keep imagining what could've happened...Maybe you've already been raptured? Leaving us heathens to burn.

Bing!

Adam looks at his mountains of work.

ADAM

If this is a preview of Hell, I hate it...

Bing!

Charity finally responds, shifting into DM:

CHARITY

Hell'll be so much worse and you know it!

ADAM

Ah, so you're still on the earthly plane. [Happy face]

CHARITY

Not for very much longer. So if I were you, I'd start repenting pronto!

ADAM

I'll need all the deets before that happens.

CHARITY

Grandpa had another vision. This time of pink caves. Out in the desert. Whole Church was there...New followers too.

ADAM

Uh huh.

CHARITY

And, when he woke up—

ADAM

—Woke up? I thought this was a vision.

CHARITY

Vision. Dreams. Same thing.

ADAM

One's more commonplace than the other....

CHARITY

Can I tell the story without the commentary?

ADAM

Fingers are off the keys!

CHARITY

So, he was telling the whole Council about it. How vivid it was. So Mom casually popped online and typed pink caves into Google and check out what she found!

Adam receives a picture from Charity.

ADAM

Wow. They're beautiful.

CHARITY

And they're in Jordan! That's when Mom started thinking—Jordan's pretty significant after all. This must be God telling us where we're gonna go!

ADAM

For vacation?

CHARITY

No. Where we'll go when the American people demand our exile.

ADAM

Worst they could do is shut down your Twitter account.

CHARITY

You can't argue with the Voice of God.

ADAM

Your Grandpa had a dream about random pink caves.

CHARITY

In the Holy Land!

ADAM

Coincidence doesn't equal correspondence is all I'm saying.

CHARITY

Have you no Faith at all?

ADAM

I have plenty. It just isn't blind.

CHARITY

It's not blindness to believe in God's ability to speak to us.

ADAM

Didn't say that. Just don't believe He speaks the way you say He does.

CHARITY

Well, how does He speak to you? ...If at all.

ADAM

Metaphor. The intangible. God gave us two main tools of Faith: our minds and His Words. They demand constant consultation. Interpretation, based on the times, place. Need.

CHARITY

You're just picking and choosing then.

ADAM

Your Church cherry picks like everyone else. This pink cave theory's all interpretation. God didn't literally hand you guys a map. Your Mom *interpreted* the dream through her own apocalyptic, doomsday lens.

CHARITY

Mom knows the difference between God's Voice and coincidence.

ADAM

She believes she knows...Do you ever hear God's Voice?

Charity looks at her bottom drawer.

CHARITY

That's—hard to put into words. To type, I mean.

ADAM

...Can I maybe call you then?

CHARITY

Why?

ADAM

I wanna hear you talk about God's voice. In your voice since—I've never really talked to you-talked to you.

CHARITY

Why would you wanna talk to me? You're obviously not going to repent.

ADAM

Same reason you keep tweeting me.

CHARITY

I'm trying to save you! We need repentant Jews for the Rapture.

ADAM

There're other Jews. . .Probably less stubborn ones.

(realizing something, worried)

Do you have other—people on Twitter? That you talk to? Like me?

Charity's feet begin to tap again.

CHARITY

...Not like you. No.

A victory. Adam celebrates.

ADAM
 What makes me so special?

CHARITY
 Your large Jewish following.

ADAM
 It's not that large—

CHARITY
 —You always act like you know me. You think you know everything about me.

ADAM
 I don't! I'd like to.

CHARITY
 ...Why?

ADAM
 Because you're—fascinating and I wanna save you too.

CHARITY
 I don't need saving! I have God. My life is good. Everything is—

ADAM
 —Then why's your Twitter been so quiet lately? It's not just me you're trying to avoid. Why aren't you showing up at rallies?

CHARITY
 I've been busy. Work. Law school.

ADAM
 You've always had work and school. What's different now?

CHARITY
 ...Nothing. It's just getting—harder.

ADAM
 Because *this* is getting to you! What we're doing. You're finally seeing the cracks in your family's insane logic—

CHARITY
 —You hate God! My family! Everything I believe in. You hate me!

ADAM

God, Charity. I hate most of what you say and do. But I *like* you. And, you like me too!

CHARITY

No, I don't!

ADAM

...Really?

CHARITY

I don't know!

ADAM

I didn't want to either. I—wanted to hate you. Still kinda do.

Charity needs to move; the tapping isn't enough.
She starts to rhythmically pace her room, still
illuminated in Twitter-blue light.

ADAM (CONT'D.)

But the way I feel when I talk to you—It's kind of like God's Voice for me. In quality, I mean! 'Cause I've never seen you. I don't understand you. But there's something—intangible, pulling me toward you, without words...It's—hard to type.

Charity paces. She doesn't respond.

ADAM

Sorry if that was too far or when I invited you out—I don't wanna get you in trouble.

Despite herself, Charity's pacing begins to look
more like a dance.

ADAM

I might not understand but I get it. You...The child of “prophets”. The pressure of a religious family. Living up to certain—sometimes impossible—expectations, to believe the same way. I love studying religion—teaching! But I don't know if I wanna be a rabbi. That's always been the plan but...It's much worse for you, I know! But I still think you should come. To the Blue Room. Just to talk! No expectations. Just try out the real world. Charity?

The tension in Charity's body builds with his
passion.

ADAM

Okay. Since you're still not interrupting with the usual fire and brimstone, maybe I finally screwed this up beyond repair and you'll never talk to me again. Or maybe you just need some time?

You didn't answer about how you hear God's voice. Maybe, run this by Him? See if He has anything to say about it.

Charity freezes, strenuously, beautifully, almost choreographed, staring at the phone.

Adam waits before finally closing Twitter.

Charity moves her hands as if to respond then...

CHARITY

No!

She throws her phone to the floor and moves to crush it with her foot. Then she stops herself.

CHARITY

I can't—

Charity picks up her phone, scrolls and presses play. She sways as the instrumental track to Judy Garland's "You Made Me Love You" plays...

CHARITY

(shaking her head)

I can't let myself. . .

The lights change, signifying a shift in time and space to a memory, a fantasy, carried by Judy's music. . .

SCENE 7: YOU KNOW YOU MADE ME

Adam reappears dressed in a tuxedo jacket, a vision from old Hollywood, looking right at her.

CHARITY

...Remember.

A projection appears: Sent February 2016

ADAM

I might consider conversion, if you answer one question.

Adam extends a hand to Charity, inviting her to join him in an incredibly intimate but touch-less dance.

CHARITY

What's the question?

ADAM

What do you do for fun?

CHARITY

It's fun to serve God.

ADAM

That's not an answer! I want something you're really passionate about...

CHARITY

Well, I guess...

Charity does a Garland-eque dance move.

JUDY'S VOICE/CHARITY

I didn't wanna tell you. I didn't wanna tell you.

ADAM

Judy Garland! I should've known from your bio! My mom loves *Summerstock*.

CHARITY

Really?

ADAM

All her movies actually. Made me watch them as a kid.

CHARITY

Doubt you've seen as many as me.

ADAM

I'm surprised you've even seen one.

CHARITY

TCM's kind of our go-to channel. Mom put it on every time I got sick.

ADAM

Huh. Would've thought everything good entertainment-wise was banned at your house...

CHARITY

We believe it doesn't matter what you watch—as long as you know the Truth in your heart.

ADAM

I like that.

CHARITY

See. We're not so bad.

ADAM

Don't push it. . .So why Judy?

CHARITY

...The sound of her voice. It's really warm, joyous but always a little sad around the edges. Like she knew what was coming for her.

JUDY'S VOICE/CHARITY

That's true. Yes I do...

ADAM

And, what's that?

CHARITY

Hell.

The music swells and lights turn a fiery red.

Sounds of Hellfire and Twitter notifications mingle and merge, drowning out Judy's voice as Adam freezes and Charity quickly withdraws—back to reality, away from Adam and her dream.

I can't go.

CHARITY

The lights return to normal and Charity finds herself back in her room, alone.

I have to be good.

CHARITY

Charity pockets her phone. Rushing into the home office, she grabs two picket signs. They read: God Hates Fags! & God Sent the Shooter!

I have to be better. I will. be. worthy.

CHARITY

Charity starts to sing...Her voice is warm, joyous but a little sad around the edges.

*God hates America
Land that I loathe
Stand Against her
And Chide her...*

CHARITY

(voice catching)

*Kill the
fags and
the dykes
that you love.*

Charity continues to sing as she marches out of her house and lights cross fade to...

SCENE 8: RALLYING CRY

The office. Joyce sits at the desk, working. She checks her watch.

Charity enters, hot and sweaty, wearing her Mom's flag belt from Scene 1, carrying four signs under her arms.

CHARITY

Am I late? I'm so sorry. I was—!

JOYCE

Were you out picketing by yourself *again*?

Putting the signs away, stripping off her belt:

CHARITY

Yeah, uh. Class got cancelled last minute. Thought I'd make the most of my time before my desk shift started—

JOYCE

Sweetheart, that's not the safest—

CHARITY

I'm fine, Mom. Don't worry.

JOYCE

Your hands are shaking.

CHARITY

I'm just a little hungry, that's all. I'll grab a banana from the kitchen. Then I'll be ready to—(work).

JOYCE

Charity.

Joyce rises.

CHARITY

I'll only be a second. Just—

JOYCE

Sit. Now.

Charity does as she's told.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

I've been meaning to talk to you about the last couple of weeks...

CHARITY

I'm sorry. I've been so—

JOYCE

Don't apologize!

Joyce moves to grab the chocolates.

JOYCE

I see how hard you're working. We all do. How you've redoubled your efforts to serve the Lord.

CHARITY

It's nothing...

Setting the chocolates on the table:

JOYCE

It's *not* nothing. In fact, your Grandfather and I were talking about it—with the rest of the Elders, of course—And, we decided since the kids are out of school now and we were due for a family trip...

Joyce hands a plane ticket to Charity.

CHARITY

New York?

JOYCE

Always said you wanted to go before the End.

CHARITY

Mom. This is—amazing!

JOYCE

We'll be there a week from today. Preaching at Pride!

CHARITY

Wow. Okay.

JOYCE

This picket's gonna be special.

CHARITY

Oh, how so?

JOYCE

I was doing some Googling. About New York Pride, the Stonewall Riots, all that devilish nonsense. And, you know what God brought me to?

CHARITY

What?

JOYCE

The same night those queers are celebrating—That was the night your favorite—Judy Garland killed herself! Some sources even argue she inspired this whole, “It’s okay to be gay” movement.

CHARITY

That’s a bit of a stretch.

JOYCE

No. It’s a revelation! That’s why the whole thing—We’re building it all around Judy Garland! And, you, our resident songwriter have the most important job of all—Writing us a new song. A parody of one of hers.

Charity’s stomach turns.

JOYCE

I knew God gave you an affliction for that woman for a higher purpose!

CHARITY

D-do you think Judy’s the right choice though? She’s not really relevant anymore.

JOYCE

She’s one of America’s many idols. “Wizard of Oz” is practically fag propaganda.

CHARITY

Since when?

JOYCE

Three grown men skipping and singing through a forest with a little girl? What’s more queer than that?...I thought you’d be thrilled...

CHARITY

I am! But...isn't this expensive? And, I'd have to miss my summer classes—

JOYCE

It's only a few days. You'll catch up.

CHARITY

But, is it even worth it? To go all that way for Pride? Especially with everything that's going on—with what just happened in Orlando.

JOYCE

That's a big part of the reason we're going.

CHARITY

But God's already punishing these people pretty thoroughly. If they haven't gotten the message yet—

JOYCE

—Forty-nine lives is nothing compared to the number of lives the American Pride machine takes from God every year.

This hits Charity hard, harder than expected.

CHARITY

...Right. I guess you're right.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

You don't need to worry. About money. About anything! All you have to do is relax and write us a beautiful song.

Smiling, Joyce pushes the chocolates toward Charity.

Nauseous:

CHARITY

I'm not—No, thank you.

This refusal surprises Joyce.

JOYCE

Oh.

CHARITY

Sorry.

JOYCE

It's all right, sweetheart. I know it's hard...Been hard. Being the eldest. Juggling Law School all while preparing the way for His return.

Joyce reaches out for Charity, a comforting touch.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

I was so much like you. Your Grandpa relied on me for—everything. Still does. But I got through it. With God's strength...You will too.

Charity just nods as lights shift to...

SCENE 9: UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

...Her bedroom. Charity enters with a note pad, at work on her “Get Happy” parody.

CHARITY

Repent your foibles. Come make it—snappy? You’re gonna—No. You better...Pray...For His Mer-cy. . .Shout Hallelujah! Come, make it snappy. Get ready for your—

Charity tosses the lyrics aside and kneels to pray.

CHARITY (CONT’D.)

God. I know You don’t care. I know You hate my feelings. But You want my obedience. And I want to be obedient. But I need your help ’cause—nothing feels right anymore. I can barely look at my Mom. And helping her celebrate the untimely destruction of life, using a person who hasn’t done anything, except sing songs and make people smile, it’s like Adam said—it’s ugly! Judy—She’s not like other people we’ve picketed.

I know how that sounds! I know she led a sinful life. But, she didn’t kill people in godless wars or tell people how to live. She only hurt herself! ...How bad could she really be? And, even if she was bad, why would You give her such a beautiful voice to sing with? Why would You give her all the tools to lead others away from You? To lead *me* away from You! Why? Please tell me.

I need an answer! And it needs to be from You! ’Cause you know I’m fighting. You must know. So give me a sign! Show me! Tell me! Strike me down! Something! Anything!

Charity opens herself up to the Lord for an answer. She waits. Nothing. Overwhelmed by the silence, Charity begins to pull out her dresser drawers, throwing them to the floor before sinking into the pile of clothes.

Joyce approaches Charity’s room.

JOYCE

(re: noise)

Everything all right in there?

CHARITY

...Yeah, Mom! Everything’s—fine!

JOYCE

...Okay.

After a moment, Joyce exits.

Charity slumps. She might use a shirt to wipe her tears. Then, she sees her special pair of jeans.

A sign?

Charity takes them in her hands as lights fade down.

SCENE 10: OFF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW

The Blue Room. Harley works behind the empty bar.

Charity enters, wearing her special jeans, looking lost and terrified.

HARLEY

Can I help you?

CHARITY

Um, no! Just looking for...

Charity scans the bar.

HARLEY

For?

CHARITY

Adam. Adam Bellman? Said he comes here a lot.

HARLEY

Not usually on Mondays...At four in the afternoon.

CHARITY

Oh! Right. That makes sense.

Charity's foot starts to tap.

HARLEY

I like your jeans.

CHARITY

What?

HARLEY

Your jeans. I feel like I had that same pair in the early 2000's. Taking me right back to my Von Dutch hat days...Not our best, right?

Charity doesn't know what Harley's talking about. She smile-shrugs before looking back at the door—*Should she run or should she...?*

HARLEY

You can *sit* and wait for him if you—

CHARITY

I dunno.

HARLEY

Relax! Keep me company ‘til I get busy. He might show up in a bit.

After a beat, Charity takes a seat, careful not to get too comfortable.

HARLEY

Want something?

CHARITY

Like a drink?

HARLEY

That’s what we serve here.

CHARITY

No! I don’t—

HARLEY

—Oh! Sorry.

(instant regret)

How long’ve you been sober?

CHARITY

All twenty-seven years of my life.

HARLEY

You’ve never had a drink?

Charity shakes her head.

HARLEY

Huh...I’ll get you some water to start.

CHARITY

You don’t have to! I’m not—

Harley sets down the water.

Thank you.

CHARITY

You from around here, Miss—?

HARLEY

CHARITY
(cautiously sniffing the water)

Charity.

HARLEY
(checking if she heard correctly)

Charity? ...Where'd you say you were coming from?

CHARITY

Just thirty minutes out. Topeka.

HARLEY

Ah. You go to Washburn?

CHARITY

Yeah. Law—Why?

HARLEY

You look...familiar...Know a Marcie Hammond? Design student?

CHARITY
(sweating)

I don't. No!

HARLEY

Sorry for being nosy. Pride myself on placing faces. Maybe you've got some relations out here?

CHARITY

Big family. Who knows?

Charity takes a violent sip of water.

HARLEY

...So, Adam's a friend or—?

CHARITY

No. Not really...Maybe?

Charity starts shredding her cocktail napkin.

HARLEY

Do you always destroy napkins?

CHARITY

Sorry. I-I'm nervous. I've never actually met Adam—In person.

HARLEY

You're the anarchist he's trying to date! I thought you guys weren't talking?

CHARITY

Anarchist—Date? This is not a date.

HARLEY

Seems like a date.

CHARITY

It's not! I don't date! I— I don't really know what I'm doing here actually...But it is—exciting. I mean, I'm in Lawrence. By myself. In a bar! Waiting for a—a guy. Like—

HARLEY

—A date. Sounds exactly like what a date is.

CHARITY

(giggling, nerves)

Oh my gosh. It does. I'm going on a date.

(panic)

Wow. I-I shouldn't be here. I-shouldn't-be-here. I-I-needta-go—

HARLEY

Whoa. Whoa. Breathe—It's okay. Follow my lead.

They breathe together until Charity has regained some composure.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

Good. You're good. See. You're okay.

Harley pushes Charity's water closer.

HARLEY

Now drink.

Charity takes a sip.

CHARITY

Thank you.

HARLEY

Do you need me to call someone?

CHARITY

No!

HARLEY

No calls. Got it....Let me guess. Left a bad ex?

CHARITY

I don't have any ex's.

HARLEY

Okay...We'll get back to that later. But you *are* running from something.

CHARITY

I'm not running! I just needed a-a break from—where I was.

HARLEY

Oh my God. It's all coming together now. No dating. The old-ass clothes. The "never-had-a-drink" thing. You're from one of those freaky cults.

CHARITY

It's not a cult!

HARLEY

But it is a religious thing.

CHARITY

...Yes.

HARLEY

It's a cult! So how'd you and Adam meet? Is it a Jewish cult? Do those exist—?

CHARITY

No. We've just been talking online. And he—He's made some very strong arguments against what I believe. And it was kinda getting hard...at home so I decided to take him up on his offer to meet. Here. "Try out the real world".

HARLEY

Like a delayed rumspringa!

CHARITY

Huh?

HARLEY

What the Amish kids do. Their folks just kinda let them out for a year or two. Usually have a bunch of sex, try some drugs—See if it's for them.

CHARITY

Yeah, well, that's definitely not how it works in my family.

HARLEY

I assumed...I'm also the victim of a very religious upbringing. It can be—tough.

Charity starts shredding her napkin again.

HARLEY

So how 'bout that drink?

(holding up a bottle of liquor, tempting)

When in Rome...

CHARITY

...Do as the heathens do?

HARLEY

Yikes...You said you're twenty-seven, right?

Charity nods.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

One drink's definitely not gonna kill you.—And, it'll be on the house.

Pulling away, wary:

CHARITY

Why are you being so nice to me?

HARLEY

Maybe I'm just a nice person...

Charity unconsciously traces the scar on her eyebrow.

HARLEY

Are you?

CHARITY

...I wanna be.

HARLEY

(pushing a drink toward her)

Well, as my buddy Mark used to say, it's not nice to refuse gifts.

CHARITY

I—I have to drive tonight. I'm sorry. Maybe another time?

HARLEY

I'll hold you to it. Name's Harley, by the way.

(extending a hand)

Short for "Harlot".

CHARITY

What?

HARLEY

Nickname for a while back home. Sorta stuck.

CHARITY

Your parents call you that?

HARLEY

They did.

CHARITY

...I'm sorry.

HARLEY

(shrugs, turning away)

Not the worst thing they called me.

Charity looks at her phone and opens the Twitter app. Blue light illuminates her as she types.

CHARITY

Hey Adam. Long time, no text. Ha. Anyway...I wanted you to know...I did it. I made it out. Hope to see you soon? [Smiley face]

The lights fade down on the bar.

SCENE 11: SEWING DISCORD

The office, where Joyce sits, sewing a large canvas dummy. The sight is both domestic and terrifying.

JOYCE

(singing, to the tune of “Get Happy”)

Repent your foibles. Come, make it snappy!

You better pray for His Mer-cy.

Shout Hallelujah! Come, make it snappy!

Be ready for your Judgment day...

Charity enters, baggy sweatpants pulled over her special jeans. The sight of Joyce makes her jump.

JOYCE

Hey, hon. How’d the study session go?

CHARITY

Oh, fine!

JOYCE

Great! Do you wanna sit down and have a little—?

Joyce starts for the chocolate.

CHARITY

—I’m really tired. I think I should just—

Joyce, disappointed, resumes sewing.

JOYCE

Of course! Go rest and start packing. New York’s just a few days away.

CHARITY

Right. Thanks, Mom...

JOYCE

Love you, Charity.

CHARITY

(exiting, guilty)

Love you too.

Taking off her sweatpants, Charity slumps into her clothes pile, punishing herself.

CHARITY

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

Bing! Adam appears in Twitter-blue light.

ADAM

Charity! Hey.—I'm so sorry. I didn't get your message 'til just now.

Charity, illuminated in Twitter light, goes through several emotions—Surprise. Excitement. Soul-crushing guilt.

CHARITY

It's okay. . . It was probably a mistake anyway. Shouldn't've gone there.

ADAM

No! I just hadn't heard from you in so long. I thought I'd scared you away. I would've been there if I'd—Do you—Can we meet tomorrow?

Charity looks as if she'll refuse when Joyce gets carried away by the music in the office.

JOYCE

(singing loudly)

The world is burnin'. Come, make it snappy!

The Lord'll bury you just as planned

Shout Hallelujah! Come, make it snappy!

You're gonna miss the Promise Land.

CHARITY

(cringing)

. . . Tomorrow sounds great.

Joyce's voice trails off as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 12: CONFESSIONS, TRUE AND FALSE

The Blue Room. The next day. Charity enters, wearing the same jeans.

HARLEY

Look who's back from the bunker! And, super early too. Is that also a cult thing?

CHARITY

No. Just needed to make it out before my Mom got home.

HARLEY

Gotcha...I'm happy to see you. Was just thinking about you going back to your mothership or whatever and what would happen if you got caught...?

CHARITY

Wouldn't be good.

HARLEY

Right...

Harley pours Charity a glass of water.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

So... You don't have to tell me but—Will you at least give me some of the rules? It's kinda killing me not knowing...

CHARITY

What do you mean?

HARLEY

What's your cult's thing? Are aliens or group marriages involved—?

CHARITY

—No. Nothing weird like that. We're just—strict.

HARLEY

How strict? Like God's Loophole strict or?

CHARITY

Huh?

HARLEY

What base are you allowed to get to before—?

CHARITY

—I’ve never even held hands with a guy.

HARLEY

Aw, Princess. You’re breaking my heart! You told Adam you were coming back, right?

CHARITY

He’ll be here at seven.

HARLEY

So you’re just gonna sit here and stew about it for three hours?

CHARITY

I could go somewhere else.

HARLEY

I’m not trying to get rid of you! Just feels like you should be distracting yourself with getting all dolled-up or something.

CHARITY

Is that what you do?

HARLEY

It’s a fairly universal pre-date ritual.

CHARITY

I wouldn’t even know where to start with all that.

HARLEY

Tons of options. Paint your nails or get ‘em painted. Get a new hair cut.

CHARITY

I don’t cut my hair.

HARLEY

“Don’t” as in never?

CHARITY

Long hair’s a sign of modesty. Cutting it would be an act of rebellion.

Harley looks at Charity—*Seriously?*

CHARITY (CONT’D.)

1 Corinthians Chapter 11:15...I thought you were religious?

HARLEY

I was *raised* Catholic. We don't really read the Bible. The priests tell us what to believe.

CHARITY

And you listen to those child-rapists?

HARLEY

(laughing)

That's the whole thing for a lot of Catholics—as long as you keep it on the DL, you can curse, touch little boys, murder puppies, whatever you want. But as soon as anyone else finds out—That's when you start being damned.

CHARITY

Mainstream Christianity's a joke.

HARLEY

Amen to that.

CHARITY

If you'd read the text, you'd know, God's always watching. He's the one that punishes.

HARLEY

In my experience, people do most of the punishing.

(re: Charity's long hair)

Just thinking about that verse makes me wanna take scissors to your hair right now.

Charity grasps her hair, protective.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

Haven't you ever wanted a change? To be someone else?

CHARITY

...Kinda what this whole sneaking out thing's about.

HARLEY

Then take advantage of it. Go crazy! Get a nice little pixie cut going—

CHARITY

I don't wanna look like some dyke!

HARLEY

No...Wouldn't want that.

Harley moves away from Charity, suddenly cold.

CHARITY

I didn't mean everyone with short hair's a dyke. I mean, short hair might look...nice on some people but I—I'm going home eventually.

Harley starts mixing a platter of cocktails after noticing a group of regulars enter.

HARLEY

Maybe you should just leave now then.

CHARITY

Oh. I—

HARLEY

'Cause Adam's a pretty attractive guy. Might make going back—hard.

CHARITY

Really? I mean, I've seen his Twitter picture and I guess he's—Not that I think about stuff like that! I don't! But, *you* think he's...?

HARLEY

Not my type but yeah.

CHARITY

“Type”. Girls always say that in movies. But what does that even mean?

HARLEY

Well, for me, it means he doesn't have a vagina.

CHARITY

You're a...a...You don't seem like a dyke.

HARLEY

Just a tip: Us “dykes” don't like being called dykes by non-dykes.

CHARITY

Right. Um—

HARLEY

So that's part of it—how you were raised to think people like me have a choice? That we chose the Devil.

CHARITY

More like the Devil chose you.

HARLEY

Great.

CHARITY

I'm not trying to be rude. I'm only repeating what the Bible says.

HARLEY

No one in the Bible ever said "dyke".

CHARITY

I-I guess not. But—

HARLEY

Don't even try to rationalize it. I don't like it..But I used to think shit like that before I—left home too.

CHARITY

You left? But—why?

HARLEY

...It was time.

CHARITY

No. Why would you wanna be with—women?

HARLEY

Same reason you wanna be with Adam. It's how I was made.

CHARITY

We're supposed to resist those feelings though. Like God demands.

HARLEY

God also demands you obey your Mother and Father and yet you're here.

Charity takes that in.

HARLEY

You think because you snuck out, there's a chance you're going to Hell? That since I've loved women, I deserve the same punishment as a murderer?

CHARITY

I—I just know what the Bible says!

HARLEY

But do *you* think it's right? Do you really think that's what either of us deserve?

CHARITY

It's not about that though! What *anybody* thinks or feels. It's about what God wants.

HARLEY

And you're sure you know what God wants?

CHARITY

Yes...

HARLEY

Doesn't even sound like you believe that.

A moment. Then:

Charity grabs a cocktail off the bar and chugs it.

HARLEY

Oh. You shouldn't—!

Setting the empty glass down on the bar, Charity coughs a little.

Harley laughs—*Oh boy*.

HARLEY

You like?

Charity nods, still coughing.

CHARITY

Kinda burns.

HARLEY

You get used to it.

Smiling, Harley passes Charity another drink as lights shift to...

SCENE 13: SONG & DANCE

A few hours later. More patrons have populated the bar but Harley's attention is all on Charity, as she takes a swig of her latest drink.

HARLEY

(re: Charity's empty drink)

So...how're you feeling?

CHARITY

Besides the existential terror? Pretty great!

HARLEY

Want another?

CHARITY

Yes, please!...It all makes sense now. All of it.

HARLEY

(sliding her another drink)

What does?

CHARITY

Why people do this. Why Judy did it. Makes everything easier—Everything feels easier.

HARLEY

...Judy?

CHARITY

Judy *Garland*, of course!

HARLEY

What does she have to do with—?

CHARITY

—She's my favorite!

HARLEY

Oh. Oh-kay?

CHARITY

This stuff—

(re: alcohol)

This's what killed her. This and drugs. But that's not all the way true. Judy. She was this—bright and shiny person. Special. Anyone could see it. But there was always something—missing. Keeping her from being what everyone wanted. And, that's what killed her. Wanting to be wanted. But everyone, her family, they all wanted so much. She never stopped performing. And, that's—hard. Being told you're great, maybe even the best but *knowing*, deep down, you're still not good enough. You're never gonna be good enough. Even though you're trying so, so hard to...

Charity gets lost in her swirling thoughts.

HARLEY

Charity...

CHARITY

Before all this Adam stuff started, I never felt like I had to lie! Never even thought about it. But now, I'm realizing I've always hidden things and that's *also* lying. I'm a liar! ...I don't know how people live like this. With lies. It's exhausting.

HARLEY

I hear that. I prayed every night in Junior High for the day I could stop lying about how cute I thought Justin Timberlake was.

CHARITY

I just wanna to tell my Mom how cute Adam is.

HARLEY

...Thought you didn't think about stuff like that?

CHARITY

Exactly! I'm not supposed to but I do—I've done so many things, bad things. Or they're supposed to be bad...Like these jeans! I've been holding on to them since I was thirteen.

HARLEY

I knew it!

CHARITY

When my body started changing, they started fitting tighter and I was like ooo...But then Mom told me I couldn't wear them anymore. "Too promiscuous." But I loved 'em soooo much. How they felt. I couldn't bring myself to throw them away. And now—

Charity laughs, stretching out her arms.

HARLEY

What?

CHARITY

Every time I put them on just to look at myself, I'd panic! Thinking—Am I going to Hell? For this? This stupid, little thing...

Charity puts her leg up on an empty bar stool, going into a deep ballet stretch, leaning over the bar.

HARLEY

Um, what're you doing?

CHARITY

I need to move!

Charity notices the iPad behind the bar, grabbing it.

CHARITY

OOO! Can I put a song on?

HARLEY

(trying to grab it back)

You have a problem with my playlist?

CHARITY

...No. Just wanna mix it up!

Harley, more curious than concerned hands the iPad to Charity.

HARLEY

Okay. But no weird cult music.

CHARITY

Don't worry. Everyone will love it!

As Judy Garland's "I Don't Care" begins to play, Charity poses, just as Judy did in "Good 'Ole Summertime".

HARLEY

Wait. You're not gonna—?

Despite her clear inebriation, Charity's following performance is impressively accurate and seems almost second nature.

CHARITY

*They say I'm crazy
Got no sense*

HARLEY

That answers my question.

CHARITY

*But I don't care
They may or may not mean offense
But I don't care
You see, I'm sort of independent
I am my own superintendent
And my star is on the ascendent
That's why I don't care*

HARLEY

Ho-ly shit.

CHARITY

*I don't care, I don't care
What they may think of me
I'm happy-go-lucky, they say that I'm plucky
Contented and carefree*

Adam enters. Seeing Charity, he attempts to approach her. But hearing her sing, he stops just out of her line of sight, excited to watch.

CHARITY (CONT'D.)

*I don't care I don't care
If I do get a mean and stony stare
If I'm not successful
It won't be distressful
Cause I don't care
A girl should know her etiquette
Alas, alack
Propriety demands we walk a narrow track
When fellas used to blink at me
I'd freeze 'em and they'd shrink at me
But now when fellas wink at me
I wink at them right back!*

(speaking to Harley)

This is the part where she swings around the pillar!

HARLEY

Okay!

CHARITY

*I don't care I don't care
If he's a clerk or just a millionaire
There's no doubt about it,
I'll sing and I'll shout it
Cause I don't care!
Oh, I don't care, I don't care
When it comes to happiness,
I want my share
Don't try to rearrange me
There's nothing can change me
'cause I don't care!*

Applause from Harley, Adam and the rest of the bar.

Charity slips a little.

Harley catches her, leading her back to the bar.

CHARITY

I've always wanted to do that!

ADAM

You've got quite a voice there.

CHARITY

Adam!

ADAM

Charity.

They share a moment.

HARLEY

Aww. This is like a really weird Hallmark movie moment.

CHARITY

Did you—? You saw?

Charity gestures to where she was just dancing.

ADAM

Yeah. . .

Charity groans with embarrassment.

HARLEY

Don't worry your pretty little head. He's super into it.

ADAM

I—Uh.

Charity giggles, seeing Adam blush.

HARLEY

Here!

(putting a beer down on the bar)

You gotta catch up to Precious over there.

CHARITY

You know my name's Charity, right?

HARLEY

I know. It's just hilarious that you of all people have a stripper name.

CHARITY

I don't have a stripper name! Charity's a virtue!

HARLEY

I think the strippers are going for irony...

Charity groans again.

Harley places a hand on Adam's shoulder.

HARLEY

I'm actually gonna do my job now. But just know, I've grown fond of this one. So, I'll be watching you.

ADAM

No need. Really.

HARLEY

I'll be the judge of that.

Staring Adam down as she goes, Harley moves away from them but is clearly still within earshot.

ADAM

Shayna medyll. I can't believe you're really here.

CHARITY

Me neither.

Adam moves to hold Charity's hand.

Charity pulls hers away.

ADAM

What's wrong?

CHARITY

Nothing. Just—This is the first time I've been alone. Well, not alone, but— unsupervised with a man.

Adam glances at Harley, who's still staring.

ADAM

I think we're pretty supervised.

Charity shrinks a little in her seat.

ADAM

Sorry. I get it. I was just—It's not a problem.

CHARITY

I want you to know, it's not you—I just need to take this—whatever it is—slow.

ADAM

Slow I can do.

(beat, laughing at himself)

You're a very surprising person. I mean, one day you're ignoring tweets the next you're here, singing! Getting drunk!

CHARITY

I'm not drunk!

HARLEY

(interjecting as she wipes the counter)

You're totally drunk.

CHARITY

Oh, gosh.

ADAM

Don't be embarrassed. It's—really cute. Not in the weird, pejorative sense just—Sorry.

Ah! Now that I'm hearing myself, I might be more charming online than I am in real life. I hope I'm not, but—

CHARITY

No, Adam. You're not. You're—

Charity's phone buzzes in her pocket. It couldn't be anyone but her Mom. She doesn't answer.

ADAM

What?

CHARITY

Nothing. You're just—shorter than I imagined.

ADAM

(playful)

Well, so are you!

HARLEY

(to herself)

Such nerds.

Charity's phone buzzes again. She ignores it.

ADAM

Are you sure everything's okay?

CHARITY

No. Everything's not okay in a lot of ways...I'm still coming to terms with being here.

Meeting you. Making friends with a dyke—

HARLEY

That's only okay when I say it, remember?

CHARITY

Right! I mean, making friends with a—homosexual.

HARLEY

We'll keep working on it. . .

(catching a look from Adam)

I'm not here!

CHARITY

All that. That's serious sinful business.

ADAM

Do you regret it?

CHARITY

That's the scariest part...

Adam unconsciously reaches his hand out for
Charity's again but stops himself.

Charity notices.

ADAM

...Just know, you wouldn't have to do it all on your own, if you wanted to...go. I
could—I'd want to.

Charity wraps her hand around Adam's.

CHARITY

How do you say "thank you"?

ADAM

Hebrew or Yiddish?

CHARITY

Whichever you like the best.

ADAM

Hebrew. Todah.

CHARITY

Todah, Adam.

ADAM

You're welcome, Charity.

Lights cross fade to...

SCENE 14: DAMNED

The office. Joyce enters with a bunch of signs that read: God Hates Judy Garland. Some feature the face of the deceased actress. Others read: God Hates her Fag Worshippers!

JOYCE

Charity?

Joyce looks around the office, before setting down the signs and exiting.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Leah? Beth? Levi? Anybody seen your big sister?

Joyce drags a very unflattering, plush effigy of Judy Garland, wrapped in a rainbow flag, on-stage.

Joyce props the dummy up as if she were a guest at the desk. There, she finds a note.

She sighs—*Another study session?*

JOYCE

(texting)

Just found your note. Come home soon. . .

(glancing at Judy)

I wanna show you something.

The lights cross fade to The Blue Room. Harley, Charity and Adam are where we left them, except a drink or two more has been consumed.

Charity and Adam are laughing about something. Then a phone buzzes and keeps buzzing. Everyone scrambles to check if it's theirs.

Adam gets his first.

ADAM

It's me! It's me... Ugh. The grandparents're calling. I really should be a good grandson and take this.

CHARITY

Of course! Take your time.

ADAM

I'll be back soon...Hopefully.

(on the phone)

Ma koreh, Savta?

Adam exits the bar with the phone to his ear.

Harley slides back down the bar toward Charity,
who holds her phone in her hand.

HARLEY

So you gonna let him take you out to his car and give you a peek at his Kosher sausage?

CHARITY

What!—No! That would be. No.

HARLEY

(laughing)

Jesus Christ! I'm kidding.

CHARITY

—Don't take the Lord's name—!

HARLEY

—Does whatever backwoods cult you come from forbid teasing?

CHARITY

No!—Well, yes. Teasing of the—

(leaning in, secretive)

“sexual” kind.

HARLEY

Wow. Just wow.

CHARITY

(checking her phone)

Oh no.

HARLEY

What?

CHARITY

My Mom wanted me to come home an hour ago. What am I gonna say when she calls?

HARLEY

—Tell her to fuck off. You're an adult and you're living your life.

CHARITY

Harley! Be serious.

HARLEY

I am serious! No more Mom shit....

Harley sets two shot glasses down.

HARLEY

(pouring whiskey)

You're ruining your good buzz.

Charity taps her foot—before reaching for one of the shots.

HARLEY

No!

Harley pulls the shot away from Charity.

HARLEY

Not for you.

(to the sky)

Cheers.

Harley quickly clinks the shot in her hand against the one on the bar and downs it, leaving the second shot—still full—on the bar.

CHARITY

...Who's it for then?

HARLEY

A friend.

CHARITY

But nobody else is here so...

Charity reaches for the shot but Harley stops her again.

HARLEY

It's for his memory, okay? Plus, you've definitely had enough.

CHARITY

Oh. I'm sorry. Right. You're right. I'm drunk. Very drunk.
(laughing to herself)

What am I thinking!

HARLEY

(re: Mark's shot)

You didn't know.

CHARITY

You're right. I don't. I don't know—What if I'm wrong? What if *this* is the wrong choice?

HARLEY

Oh my God. Would you rather stay conflicted and a virgin for the rest of your life?

CHARITY

—It's not about that.

HARLEY

It's always about that.

CHARITY

It's not *just* about that! I don't wanna keep lying. And I wanna keep seeing you!

HARLEY

But mostly Adam.

CHARITY

And if I do that, I'll lose—my job. My Mom. I'll miss Leah's graduation. Everyone. They'll never talk to me again. What do I do?

HARLEY

Leave! I did it and I was sixteen!

CHARITY

Sixteen?

HARLEY

My parents kicked me out after they caught me “parking” with another girl.

CHARITY

I’m so—

HARLEY

—I’m not telling you this so you feel sorry for me. I’m telling you this because getting shut out of my family was terrible, but not nearly as terrible as it would’ve been if I’d stayed.

CHARITY

Have you—Have they reached out since—?

HARLEY

Mom only started calling after my Dad passed a few years back. Left some voice mails about wanting to reconnect. Even apologized.

CHARITY

And, you haven’t called her?

HARLEY

I don’t have anything to say to her.

CHARITY

But she’s your Mom.

HARLEY

Didn’t act like it.

Grasping Mark’s shot glass:

HARLEY (CONT’D.)

Family’s the people who love you no matter what.

CHARITY

But what about Hell? If I do this and I’m wrong…God’ll come and—I’m going to burn.

HARLEY

Well, I’ll be right there with you, so you won’t be lonely.

CHARITY

Hell isn’t a joke, Harley! It’s forever.

HARLEY

Look. Even if you went home right now, stuck your head back in the sand and made your self miserable trying to please your family's version of God, if you're doing it just to avoid Hell, that's not really repenting. It's just another lie.

CHARITY

That—makes a lot of sense.

HARLEY

I said it, didn't I?

Charity's phone vibrates from its place on the counter. Harley looks down at who's calling.

Joyce's photo ID labeled "Mom" is projected.

HARLEY

Aw. So that's your—?

Harley's eyes widen in recognition. She looks from Joyce's face on the vibrating phone to Charity.

Charity's face flushes green.

CHARITY

Harley.

Stress and alcohol combine. Vomit rises in her throat.

HARLEY

That's your Mom? You're her—

CHARITY

I'm gonna—

Charity rushes to a nearby trash can and vomits as lights cross fade to....

SCENE 15: REVELATIONS

The office, where the Judy effigy still sits. Joyce pokes her head in—No sign of Charity yet. She paces, before taking out her phone, texting Charity again.

JOYCE

I don't wanna be that crazy Mom calling her adult daughter at school. But if you don't get back to me ASAP, I might have to be.

Joyce sends the text—Bing! Then she notices Charity's headphones still plugged into the computer—*That's odd*. Joyce pulls the headphones out. Judy Garland's "You Made Me Love You" blares from the speakers. Joyce immediately silences it. She heads to Charity's door, knocking.

JOYCE

Charity? Charity, did I miss you coming home?

Nothing. Joyce twists the door knob.

JOYCE

Hon? You left your headphones...

Joyce steps inside to see the dresser drawers and clothes still all over the floor and no Charity. To Joyce, it looks like a crime scene. Panicked, she rushes back to the office. Lights stay up on Joyce as she dials...

Lights come back up on the bar, where the action resumes.

HARLEY

Un-fucking-believable!

Adam enters. Seeing Charity hung over the trash can, he rushes to her.

ADAM

Charity, are you okay?

HARLEY
You knew about this?

ADAM
About?

HARLEY
About who she really is? Who her mother is?

ADAM
Shit. I was going to tell you.

HARLEY CHARITY
When? Harley. Please.

HARLEY
God! I knew you looked familiar!

CHARITY
I can explain!

HARLEY
You don't have to. I know everything I need to know from your mom's picture.
(to Adam)
How could you let this person into my bar? After all she's—

ADAM
She's trying to change!

HARLEY
She can change all she likes. Elsewhere.

Charity's phone rings again.

HARLEY
On second thought!
(answering Charity's phone)
Hey, bitch. Remember me?

JOYCE
Excuse me?

CHARITY ADAM
(reaching for the phone) What the fuck?
Harley! No!

HARLEY

Shut up you two!

(to Joyce)

Lawrence? A few months back? I'm that "dyke" who threatened you with my keys.

JOYCE

That happens a lot.

HARLEY

Of course!

JOYCE

Whoever you are, I want you to put my daughter on the phone!

HARLEY

I'm not done talking to you yet.

Charity tries to speak into the phone but Harley pushes her back with a palm to the face.

Inarticulate mumbles from Charity.

To Joyce, she might sound gagged.

JOYCE

I need to know she's safe. What're you—?

HARLEY

She's fine!

JOYCE

(re: mess upstairs)

Did you take her?

HARLEY

What?

ADAM

Come on, Harley. Stop.

JOYCE

Did you kidnap my Charity? Her room's a mess and—

HARLEY

—Do I sound like a kidnapper, lady?

CHARITY

Please.

ADAM

Let it go.

HARLEY

Fuck off!

JOYCE

I'll give you whatever you want!

Joyce fumbles with her keys, opening a locked drawer in the desk, full of emergency cash.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

We've got money! Please don't—Don't hurt her.

HARLEY

—I don't want your money!

Dodging Adam, Harley keeps the phone in her possession.

HARLEY (CONT'D.)

I want you to hear me!

Harley grabs a paring knife from behind the bar and holds it out to keep Charity and Adam away.

JOYCE

...Okay. Okay. What do you want me to hear?

HARLEY

You—It should've been you. You should be the one that's dead. That suffered and died....How is it that you people live long lives in big houses but good people. They're just trying to live and they die. In bad, painful ways. They're dead and buried and you're still breathing? You're still here to trash their memories when they're gone. How is that? Huh?

JOYCE

We have God on our side.

Harley resists crushing the phone.

HARLEY

...You better pray that's true, lady. For you and your daughter's sake.

Harley hangs up and sets the knife on the bar.

The lights go out on the bar.

JOYCE

No!

Joyce prays, rocking back and forth, lips moving wordlessly for strength against her tears. The motion becomes more violent as she goes.

JOYCE

I rejoice in all the Lord brings. I rejoice in all the Lord—

Joyce's chant dies in her throat.

JOYCE

Not her. Take another, Lord. Not Charity. Please. Just not her.

Joyce waits for an answer to her prayer but the silence is deafening.

Joyce slams her hands down on the keyboard, accidentally hitting play.

Judy's voice rings out again.

Joyce looks to the Judy Garland effigy sitting across from her, letting the music play as lights cross fade to...

SCENE 16: COMING TO

Lights fade back up on the bar. Harley holds the phone away from her. Charity grabs for it.

CHARITY
(still on the phone)

Mom? Mom!

Charity, realizing the line's dead, turns on Harley.

CHARITY
Why would you do that?

HARLEY
Do you know who that woman is—To me? To people like me?

ADAM
You didn't have to—.

HARLEY
You should be on my side! They hate you too!

ADAM
She's not like the rest of them.

CHARITY
(to Adam)
You think my Mother deserved to be talked to like that?

HARLEY
Are you kidding me with this—?

ADAM
(to Charity)
It's not like *she* hasn't said anything horrible before.

CHARITY
And you think that makes this okay?

HARLEY
You're seriously painting your MOTHER as the victim here, Charity? Who the fuck else is named, Charity? I mean, Jesus Christ! I've read your tweets—Met your Mom!

How?

CHARITY

You really don't know? Didn't tell your little shiska about Mark?

HARLEY

“Shiska”?

CHARITY

Don't listen to her. She's being—

ADAM

Who's Mark?

CHARITY

This place was his baby. Sold it to me for a song when it got to be too much for him and your “Church” picketed his funeral.

HARLEY

...I'm sorry.

CHARITY

He was like a father to me and you tweeted “thank God Cancer kills fags too”—

HARLEY

I wouldn't've phrased it like that!

CHARITY

That's what you meant! You were there, Adam. Your Dad gave a speech. How could you?

HARLEY

I—I didn't think about it. I didn't wanna think about it.

ADAM

Must be nice—having that choice.

HARLEY

I'm sorry. Okay? And, y-you're upset. I get it—

ADAM

You obviously don't!

HARLEY

And you have every right to be! But if we shut her out, we're no better than they are!

HARLEY

They're fucking terrorists!

CHARITY
What!

ADAM
That's a little dramatic, don't you think?

HARLEY
Dramatic?

CHARITY
Can I say something?

ADAM
Hold on a second.

CHARITY
(to Adam)
I can speak for myself!

HARLEY
(to Adam)
Orlando just happened!

ADAM
(to Charity)
I was just trying to help!

CHARITY
(to Adam)
I don't want you to!

HARLEY
And they were out there celebrating! With signs—God Sent the Shooter! God Hates Fags!—Singing songs! Or did you forget that too?

ADAM
I didn't forget! You just—

HARLEY
You just give passes to people you wanna—!

CHARITY
Terrorists try to hurt people! We never did anything like that.

HARLEY
You don't think you hurt people—?

CHARITY
People hurt us! See this scar?
(pointing to her right eyebrow)
I got it while I was on a picket with my family. A man chucked a bottle of Coors right in my face.

HARLEY
Well, you obviously pissed him off.

CHARITY

I was eight. I was child.

ADAM

(to Charity)

You never told me that.

HARLEY

You want sympathy for one little scar? Do you know how many scars—how many lives—You're not even worth explaining this to!

CHARITY

I'm just saying, this—hate. It's a two-way street.

HARLEY

Well, your side's been driving WAY over the speed limit.

CHARITY

I really am sorry, Harley. For everything. Especially for your friend.

HARLEY

It's not enough.

ADAM

What's she supposed to do then? Beg?

HARLEY

Would you stop thinking with your idiotic dick right now?

ADAM

That's not what—I just wanna help!

HARLEY

She's an adult! How are you gonna "help" her—bring her home with you?

ADAM

Well...

HARLEY

Are you crazy? You think Rabbi Bellman's gonna be okay sitting across the dinner table from an anti-Semite?

ADAM

My father's always been welcoming of guests.

HARLEY

Girlfriend's aren't "guests".

ADAM

You're the one who told me to ask her out!

CHARITY

She did?

HARLEY

When I thought she was a punk rock chick with a tongue ring, not a fucking neo-nazi!

CHARITY

We're not Neo-Nazis!

HARLEY

Doesn't change the fact that I want you out of my bar.

CHARITY

But I take it all back.

HARLEY

You can't.

CHARITY

That's why there's forgiveness. Friends forgive—

HARLEY

Friends? You think we're—?

(imitating Charity)

"I'm sorry" but the word "Sorry" doesn't do shit for me. Can't and won't unfuck the fucked up parts of my life and it never will.

CHARITY

You—You're right. I—

Charity looks at Adam, before bolting out the door, leaving her stuff behind.

ADAM

Charity—! Fuck.

HARLEY

You should go too.

ADAM

Of course I'm going! Just let me—

Scooping up Charity's abandoned purse and phone with one hand, Adam tries to give Harley some cash.

HARLEY

I don't want your fucking money!

ADAM

Don't be like that.

HARLEY

Don't tell me what to be! Ever. We're done.

ADAM

We're having fight. We're not—

HARLEY

Are you going after her?

ADAM

I have to make sure she's—

HARLEY

You don't even really know her! I thought—We were family. But you're still choosing her. Over me. And Mark.

ADAM

I'm not choosing anyone. I'm just—

HARLEY

You just did.

Harley turns away from Adam.

ADAM

Fine. If that'll make you feel better, cut me out too. Hate me forever because I fucked up. I know I fucked up, Harley. Please....You may hate both of us but Charity was right. There's a reason for forgiveness.

HARLEY

You don't deserve it.

ADAM

That's not what forgiveness is about. It's what you deserve.

Adam waits a moment before exiting.

Shaking, Harley turns to the crowd.

HARLEY

Sorry about that folks. For those of you still here, next round's on me.

Lights cross fade to outside of the bar, a space created by light where...

Charity fumbles in her pockets for her keys. Realizing she left her purse, she turns back, finding herself face to face with Adam.

CHARITY

Can you just—Can I have my purse? Please?

Adam, kinda comatose, processing the loss of a friendship, doesn't respond immediately.

ADAM

Yeah. Here.

Charity takes the bag. Each waits for the other to say something that will make it all better. Then:

Charity turns to leave.

ADAM

Wait. Where are you going?

CHARITY

Home!

ADAM

You're still drunk. You can't just—

CHARITY

I can! I'm gonna go home. I'm gonna tell my Mom—everything. I'm gonna be honest. Beg her forgiveness. Delete my Twitter. I'll stop listening to Judy Garland. I'll give up singing all together. I'll—

Charity punishes herself.

CHARITY

This was so stupid. I'm so, so stupid.

ADAM

Charity. Don't—

CHARITY

Stop pretending that we're still—

ADAM

I'm not pretending. I don't want you to think I'm mad at you!

CHARITY

You should be! I'm mad at you!

ADAM

Join the club!...If anyone here's stupid, it's me. I should've known—I knew better.

CHARITY

...I think I knew too. What we, my family was doing. That it wasn't good. For a while now. But I—I was so afraid, I kept doing it. To protect myself. You—at least, you were trying to help.

ADAM

...Maybe. Or, I was just—Either way, I'm sorry. I don't know what I expected. I wasn't thinking this far ahead...Which is weird. I'm usually always thinking. But with you...

Adam reaches for Charity but she pulls away.

CHARITY

Your Dad. Your parents? What would they think of me really?

ADAM

As a person? They'd welcome you with open—

CHARITY

Adam.

ADAM

...You wouldn't be their first choice.

CHARITY

Would they tell you to leave? To never come back.

ADAM

Not never.

CHARITY

And you'd risk that? For someone you met on Twitter?

ADAM

...Like I said, I didn't think this all the way through.

CHARITY

Me neither.

ADAM

I don't regret meeting you though! I don't think it was the wrong thing.

CHARITY

(more to the ether than Adam)

How can you *know* though?

ADAM

You could ask God?...He got you this far.

CHARITY

That's not—I've never actually heard God before.

Adam sees the shame and sadness in Charity's face and takes her hands in his.

ADAM

Just because you don't hear Him doesn't mean—

Charity suddenly kisses Adam on the lips, quick and awkward.

CHARITY

Was that—right?

Adam nods, still not able to find the words.

CHARITY

Then why—(aren't you saying anything)?

Adam stops her mouth with his. It's a great kiss.

Oh no.
CHARITY

Charity takes a step back from Adam.

What is it?
ADAM

Charity kisses Adam again—*a goodbye.*

I have to go.
CHARITY

Charity rushes off, leaving Adam alone as light
cross fade to...

SCENE 17: BREAKING AWAY

Lights fade up on the Adkins-Keller home office.
 “You Made Me Love You” still plays as Joyce
 waits, stress eating chocolates across the table
 from the Judy effigy.

Charity rushes inside.

CHARITY

Mom?

(re: Judy effigy, music)

What are you...?

JOYCE

Charity! You’re all right!

(turning off the music)

He brought you back to me!

Joyce moves to hug Charity.

JOYCE

H-Have you been drinking?

Disgusted, pointing to the Judy effigy:

CHARITY

Is that what you’ve been making?

JOYCE

I’ve been sitting here, worried sick and you were—Where were you?

CHARITY

...I was at a bar, Mom. I was at a bar in Lawrence.

Charity moves toward her room.

JOYCE

What! You come into this house smelling like sin and—where are you going?

CHARITY

To get my stuff.

JOYCE

Stuff?

CHARITY

I'm leaving the Church. And I know that means I can't stay here.

JOYCE

No. No. You're not leaving. You're going be punished. You're staying right here. You will be punished but first—We're going to New York. You're going to perform at Pride. You're gonna sing and carry Judy.

(pressing the effigy into Charity's arms)

And we're gonna be together with God.

CHARITY

No! I'm not gonna be part of this anymore.

JOYCE

This...This is all for you, Charity. I planned all of this for you.

CHARITY

Well, I don't want it!

JOYCE

Where do you think you're gonna go? To that—dyke on the phone!

CHARITY

No! She doesn't even wanna—She's not my friend anymore.

JOYCE

She was never your friend!

CHARITY

You're right! And, it's got a lot to do with this—place and its opinions.

JOYCE

Opinions? Everything we believe is the truth. God's Truth.

CHARITY

Your truth.

JOYCE

I raised you better than this. Stronger.

CHARITY

This's taking all the strength I've got.

JOYCE

Strength is sticking by the Word of the Lord. You're running away. Abandoning God.

I'm not abandoning God.

CHARITY

Abandoning your family!

JOYCE

It doesn't have to be that way.

CHARITY

Why were you at a bar?

JOYCE

I was meeting Adam.

CHARITY

The Jew from Twitter!

JOYCE

Yes and he's not a bad person. I think you'd even like him, if you'd—

JOYCE pulls out a wad of emergency cash.

JOYCE

Stop! Here. If you're gonna start a new life, I'd rather it not be as a whore to a Christ killer.

CHARITY

I don't want your money and I'm not staying with him!

JOYCE

You think I believe that?

CHARITY

Believe what you want.

JOYCE

Have you even thought this through? You won't have a job anymore. Tuition money. That'll be over too.

CHARITY

I have money saved. I'll find another job, take out loans like everyone else.

JOYCE

I won't let your sisters or brother call. Your father and grandfather will never—

CHARITY

Will you though?

JOYCE

...You know the rules, Charity.

CHARITY

They're stupid rules!

JOYCE

Don't talk to me about stupid! You're leaving everything—Salvation—for some man!

CHARITY

I'm leaving everything because I can't keep pretending to know that I have answers when I don't!

JOYCE

You don't need know anything. You need to trust God.

CHARITY

I can't trust something I don't know, Mom!

JOYCE

Then trust me!

Charity is silent.

This cuts Joyce. She turns away from Charity.

JOYCE

I see...

CHARITY

Why can't we just have different opinions! Why can't you love me like I love you?

JOYCE

How could you love me? You were my favored child and now you're—You're trying to tempt me—

Joyce knocks the chocolates onto the floor.

JOYCE (CONT'D.)

Damn me. Damn us all! You love nothing but the desires of your sinful heart.

CHARITY

This isn't you. This isn't how you really feel!

Joyce slaps Charity hard across the face.

JOYCE

Have I taught you nothing! It doesn't matter how I *feel*! God hates my feelings, Charity. God doesn't have time for my small. Stupid. Selfish feelings! And, He certainly doesn't care about yours.

Charity starts for the door.

JOYCE

Wait, you can't just leave. You—Your things...Charity!

Joyce steps in front of Charity.

JOYCE

...I don't wanna lose you.

CHARITY

...So you'll call?

JOYCE

I-I can't let myself...

Charity pushes past Joyce, getting to the door.

CHARITY

Goodbye, Mom.

Charity closes the door behind her as she walks out on her mother and her old life.

JOYCE

Goodbye...

Joyce, strength gone, collapses under the weight of her loss, wrapping herself around the discarded Judy Garland effigy on the floor. Joyce strokes Judy's hair like she used to stroke her daughter's.

Lights come up on Harley back at the bar, closing up, all alone. A moment. Then:

Harley picks up her phone and dials. It rings. Then:

RECORDED VOICE

You've reached the voice mail box of Mark Tyler. Please—

HARLEY

(hanging up)

Shit!

Harley gets out two shot glasses, filling them with whiskey. She takes hers, clinking it against Mark's. She tries to sip but she can't bring herself to do it.

After a tense moment:

HARLEY

Goddamn it, Adam.

Harley places the shot down on the table. She dials again. And this time, there's an answer.

HARLEY

H-hey Mom...It's me. It's Har—It's Charlotte.

Charity's feet tap the gravel drive.

CHARITY

(half singing, half mantra...)

Forget your troubles. Come on. Get happy...You better...Get happy. GET HAPPY.

Charity's mouth moves in silent prayer. She waits for a response then—Bing! She pats the pocket where her phone is, looking up at the sky.

CHARITY

(collecting herself, rallying)

—You better chase all your cares away. Shout Hallelujah. Come on. Get happy. Get ready for the Judgment Day. ..

END OF PLAY.