

"SHAMUS DRAGAY"

An LGBTQ Screen Play by Grant Sutor Vuille

SCENE 1

(Shamus Dragay was pondering the state of his mind one fine day while attempting to write his memoirs)

Shamus

(somewhat pensive) What, oh, what do I begin to write about my unbelievable story? I pray, dear reader, you will not be too bored. My experiences and adventures are truly limited to say the least, yet, with my ability to exaggerate the truth at every turn, I promise to at least keep your eyelids from fluttering shut. Today we begin the adventure. The goal is to unravel my existence piece by sordid piece until which time sense can finally be made. Have you given up? I hope not. I need you as my counsel. Judge me if you will; please, be gentle, though, for I bruise easily...

(He finished writing and signed the first page of his diary. He then sighed, sat back, and enjoyed a sip of beer)

(CUT TO)

SCENE 2

(In a flashback to the beginnings of his life we see dear Shamus being born. The nurse lifts the child and puts him into his exhausted mother's arms)

Shamus

(narrating) Once upon a time I chose to be born. Though I'm not sure what some consider a choice? It was at exactly 11:16am May 2, 1950 that I popped forth. (relieved) Mama I'm so glad that's over with. Wonder if there's time to get in a set of tennis?

Papa

(happily looking on) Oh, great, another boy. This one's sure to be an ace on the tennis court.

Doctor

(looking concerned) Let's all try and get some rest. Anyone care for a sedative?

Shamus

Sure, Doc, and make it snappy. (narrating) And thus, I, Shamus Dragay, Faggot Supreme, came forth into the world and "Lo, the Angels of Death were heard to be singing in the east."

(As Mama, Papa, the Doctor, and attending staff admired our dear Shamus, the walls of the hospital dissolved away momentarily as the Angels of Death hovered beyond. They waved their shriveled arms as they chanted in song, their tattered flowing robes shimmered ominously)

Angels of Death

Beware, Beware, oh, ye of little faith / Today is Born a King among souls / For surely, do you think we'd lie, motherfuckers?

Shamus

(narrating) God, those Angels of Death have a bad attitude; but so would you if you had their job to do every day. For sure!

(CUT TO)

SCENE 3

(In another moment, we the observers soared into the skies to have a heart to heart with God, our creator)

Shamus

(Leaving his body briefly to speak on our behalf)

I'm happy to report that there is no such thing as an Angel of Death. Please disregard those ugly impostors who invaded the sanctity of my holy birth. You see, later in life when I began to become paranoid due to circumstances pertaining to the AIDS crisis I began to think perhaps I was an angel of death myself. I was relieved to have been told by a gospel minister that there simply is no such thing. This was such a relief as I have felt this might have been a role the Almighty had assigned to me . . . is that so, dear Lord?

God

(absolutely) Sure, babe, t'would be a thankless job . . . if of course, I had need of any, and I don't.

Shamus

(relieved) It's just that, I was watching this movie about Leprechauns and they had this scary character called the Banshee--a spook of sorts seeming bent on the destruction of innocent victims. Oh, well....

God

Fear not, dear Shamus, all is well in the Universe thanks to me, naturally.

(CUT TO)

SCENE 4

(Shamus smiled with delight, comfortable in the knowledge that God did love him as he did all creation. He flew back to the Earth and as he soared above the mountaintops and valleys below he thought back to his early life---all those magic moments that seemed to have this sad edge to them. Somehow, he felt he never did anything right, always falling short of real success or belonging)

Shamus

(narrating) And friends! Where are they? I needed them but they were nowhere to be found. I remember my friend Myles....
(pensive) And there he was at the tender age of 10 with his friend Myles, in the woods by a pond with a waterfall, alone together. Mother Nature warmed their souls and freed their spirits. (To Myles) I need some boogie.

Myles

I'm game, this is my secret place. Let's get down and dirty.

Shamus

Ah, what luck / Boogie to be had, and now / No reason to be sad
/ Doesn't it make you awfully glad?

Myles

The poetry thing turns me on, Shamus. Bump me 'til the Angels cry uncle.

(And boogie they did, and the fairies flew and the elves danced tangos. When the heavy hopping was done, they knew they had won, and children they were not, what fun)

Shamus

(sucking an after sex blade of grass) The question remains, was it good or bad boogie? Sometimes I wonder ... afraid some disapproving eye is looking over my shoulder.

Myles

(with the knowledge of the Universe) Boogie is always good.
Boogie is never bad.

Shamus

(smiling) Be sure your partner agrees.

(They embraced tenderly, kissed, then plunged back into the pond,
naked as jaybirds, splashing wildly)

(DISSOLVE TO)

SCENE 5

(So years later we look at Shamus when he decided to become an
MGM Hollywood starlet. There he was at the glorious studios
minding his own business when the MGM Lion strolled by
nonchalantly)

Shamus

Hi, Mr. MGM Lion.

MGM Lion

Hi, Shamus Dragay. Welcome to my MGM studios.

Shamus

(Narrating) From this moment on I just know I have to be a star at
MGM. Unfortunately, MGM has long been dead, except on paper.
(To Lion) So, Mr. MGM Lion, I've decided to make my own films
and star myself and my friends --- if only I could scare up a few
--- Never say die!

(And so, amid the hustle and bustle of studio activity, Shamus
observed all he could, then proceeded to find himself in the local
MGM Fag Bar . . . you know, the one right across the street)

Shamus

(narrating) And so it came to pass that I, Shamus Dragay, desired to make a motion picture--the most important consideration being stars, and where to find them. It wasn't long before I realized that I should pick them up in the local Fag Bar. I prefer non actors as I insist on total realism. Of course there would be a script-- to be written as we went along. I'm a strong believer in cinema verite. Another requirement would be lots of S.E.X.! Without it, there can be no film. The sex to plot ratio should be at least 5 to 1. And naturally, all my films must be produced in the greatest of all widescreen processes ever developed--that is, ShamuScope69, developed of course by that illustrious filmmaker and author, Mr. Shamus Dragay.

(And now, back to the Fag Bar, just west of MGM)

Shamus

(continuing narration) So there I was in the Fag Bar with the great filmmaker himself, aka, myself--I was drunk as is per normal of most alcoholic wannabe's.... (to himself) Say, Shamus . . . wake up . . . listen, I'm making this great Fag Film, Triple X natch, and I wonder if using my ShamuScope69 process in filming will be okay, or me thinks, too over-the-top? (Sloshed to himself) Nah, be my guest, Shamus, and not only can you use the process free, I'll be glad to act in any of the sex scenes myself. (Elated) Oh, that is good news. Thanks to me, myself, and I, it is really appreciated. (narrating) Before the evening was out, I had recruited several young studs for my Fag Film and all I need is a title and a start date. Let's see...how about "Fags Blowing With the Wind" or "All's Queer on the Western Front" . . . I'll think of something....

(CUT TO)

SCENE 6

(In an intimate rendezvous with a fellow Fag, Shamus began to recruit his dream cast)

Shamus

(narrating)

So, Once Upon a Time, when I was a young teenage adult, I, Shamus Dragay, made the choice to pursue my dream man . . . I mean, star for my Fag Film Phenomenon.

Lance

(teasingly) So, Shamus, you gorgeous hunk, what are you in to?

Shamus

You name it and I do it.

Lance

I do it all. The question is, can you keep up? Shamus Honey, name that tune.

(Thus went the conversation of the two would be one--night--lovers as they sat at the bar--pick--up--joint--starlet hangout----well, you be the judge. Stars are indeed born daily!)

(CUT TO)

SCENE 7

Lance

(Narrating) It was a dark and stormy night. I was working with my fellow cast members at striking the set for “The Night God” at the Texas Conservatory of Drama in Cactus, TX. This, dear reader, is a flashback. I was pulling nails from 2x4’s when Mr. Lewis Leonard, a stud of 23---

Shamus

(Pushing Lance aside) ---Excuse me, Lance darling, this is my gig! (Beginning again) It was a dark and stormy night. I was working with my fellow cast members at striking the set for “The Night God” at the Texas Conservatory of Drama in

Cactus, TX. This, dear reader, is a flashback. I was pulling nails from 2x4's when Mr. Lewis Leonard, a stud of 23--I was a mere 18 at the time---and he approached me and asked me to help him and the Professor of Lighting, Dr. Watson, get it? ---WATT-SON, gather up lights and cables and put them away.

Louis

(slyly) Hey, cutie . . . yeah, you with the tight ass hole....

Shamus

You mean, I?

Louis

Yeah, who poured you into those jeans? Come on and help me and Dr. Watson put away this gear.

Lance

(Stepping back into the scene, narrating) Our dear Shamus began helping the young theatre student and his aging mentor Dr. Watson, the lighting Professor no les, put the heavy theatrical lights and cables away in storage closets.

Shamus

(Pushing Lance away, begins narrating) As I helped them put away all the tons of cable, lights, and equipment, I couldn't help but notice what a nice piece of ass that lovely Louis Leonard was. I really was surprised at myself because I'd spent so much time in my teenage years and now as a freshman in college trying to be straight, get dates with girls and get drunk at Delta Chi Fraternity make--out--parties. I had to face facts, nothing was working. My sex life was nil.

Louis

Stupid! My name's spelled Louis, not L.E.W.I.S!

Shamus

Same difference . . . Gee, bub, lighten up.. (narrating) Why was he insulting my intelligence? Who cares how you spell it anyway.

Louis

Got a ride to the cast party for this turkey we just put onstage?

Shamus

No, I was going to walk. It's not far.

Louis

So be that way!

Shamus

(narrating) What's this, a guilt trip? (To.Louis) Okay . . . I'll ride over with you.

Watson

(butting in) If you girls are done, let's blow this joint.

Louis

(double entendre intended) I'm practically on my knees already--- care to help me out, Shamus? I'll handle the guys six feet and up . . . let's go, Dr. Watson, before he changes his mind. Shake that pretty tail of yours, Shamus, we're out'a here.

(CUT TO)

SCENE 8

(The three of them pile into the Professor's VW Volkswagen Bug)

Shamus

(narrating) And off we went, into the night, in the professor's old VW Bug. After we'd been riding a long while I became restless and somewhat suspicious. (aloud to them both) Say, where is this party

at anyhow? I thought it was supposed to be across campus just a minute away.

Dr. Watson

Those cast parties are so dull.

Louis

Do you really want to go that bad?

Shamus

Well, yeah....

Dr. Watson

Okay, Shamus, but it's always a good idea to arrive fashionably late. So we'll get freshened up at my place first, and then, if we're still in the mood, we can go to your precious little cast party.

Shamus

(quietly to self)

Again with the guilt trips---what is it with these guys?

Louis

(sarcastically) Don't you like our company, Shamus?

Shamus

(put-upon)

Sure ... Yeah, I do ... But I was really looking forward to being with everyone in the cast.

Louis

(yawning) Oh, those thespians are such bores! Worry not, darlin', that tired party won't begin for a bit. We were the first to leave strike, so we've got plenty of time.

Dr. Watson

(irritably) Don't be a bore, Shamus, we'll have a party of our own. Then later, if you still insist, we'll drop you off to play with your tacky little friends.

Shamus

Okay . . . thanks....

(The jolly threesome continued on into the night clear to the outer limits of Cactus, TX)

(CUT TO)

SCENE 9

(They finally arrived at Dr. Watson's townhome. Upon entering, Shamus became especially engrossed with dozens of theatrical posters everywhere. Many of them boasted Broadway credits for Dr. Watson. Being a novice, Shamus was in awe. After some naive ad-libs, the three settled down to brimming glasses of pink champagne)

Shamus

Dr. Watson, what was it like to work with actress Shirley Booth on Broadway?

Dr. Watson

(snootily) When you have earned the right to know I shall tell you and not before.

Louis

Pouring Shamus champagne) Have some more to drink , , sweet pea?

Shamus

It's awfully late. Shouldn't we be leaving to join the others?

Dr. Watson

(outraged) Not that again! You really are trying my patience, young man.

Louis

Drink up, we'll leave in a little bit.

Shamus

It's just that I don't want to miss all the fun.

Dr. Watson

Oh?! You're not enjoying yourself here with us? We don't bore you, do we, frat--rat--boy?

Louis

Stop worrying, we'll get you back to your little dorm buddies, all right, Shamus, honey?

(Some more time passed---so did another bottle of champagne---and Shamus was definitely feeling no pain. All the while his hosts were exchanging wicked glances and toying with his insecurities. Their recruiting tactics were in full swing)

Dr. Watson

(standing) I'm exhausted. Sorry girls, it's my bedtime.

Louis

(stretching and yawning) Nancy, you got that right . . . time to catch forty winks . . . and a little man-pussy to boot.

Shamus

(His heart begins pounding. Flushed with embarrassment he asks sheepishly) I don't suppose you could give me a ride back?

Dr. Watson

(stamping his feet like a sissy) The impertinence! If you intend young lady to make the grade at this Drama College, then you had better begin by showing your superiors a little respect! Good night!

(Shamus waited until Shithead--excuse me--Dr. Watson had left the room before speaking to Louis)

Shamus

I didn't mean to piss him off. What do I do now? Can you give me a ride back to campus, Louis?

Louis

Oh, Shamus, grow up. Forget about the cast party. We're too drunk and too tired to go anywhere now. Come to bed . . . Let's go to my room. There's a spare bed in there.

(And so, reluctantly, and yet with his heart still pounding, Shamus followed while Louis led the way. Up the narrow stairs to his bedroom they went. Inside the bedroom, Louis, without hesitation began helping to remove Shamus's clothes. There was a single bed across from another larger bed so Shamus threw himself upon it wearing only his BVD's. Moments later, to his surprise, he felt himself being crushed beneath the soft warm weight of Louis' naked body. He felt shocked . . . a thrilling adrenaline rush as Louis eased the pressure and began kissing and caressing him all over. Shamus made love to this man for a good ten minutes, his underwear long since tossed aside---naked---stripped bare and committed to the assault.

Shamus

(narrating) He did things to me I'd previously only heard about in locker rooms filled with naked teenage jocks.

My cock, my asshole ravishing pleasures here--to--for unknown. Yet, as I gave in, as the minutes passed, I slowly became consumed

with shame---shame so deep, so penetrating that I suddenly froze, even before climaxing. I began to push him away. What if Mama found out? (out loud, fearfully) . . . Mama ., I can't . . . Stop . . . I can't do this!

Louis

(tenderly) Relax, everybody does this.

Shamus

(getting up out of bed) No . . . No they don't.

Louis

Yes, some do, Shamus. Come back to bed . . . Please....

Shamus

(pacing anxiously) No, I can't, I've got to get back to the dorms.

(Dr. Watson bursts into the room)

Dr. Watson

(honey-coated allure) Hmmm . . . well well, boys, what seems to be going on in here? May I assist in any way?

Shamus

(losing it) Get out! Get out!!

(Dr. Watson minced a twittering about-face and caught his breath at the top of the stairs outside the bedroom)

Louis

Cut it out, Shamus, and get back in bed.

(But Shamus was almost dressed. He was very upset, massively distraught, and hyperventilating)

Shamus

I am out of here...NOW!!

Louis

Don't be angry. Please....

(In a flash Shamus was dressed and bounding out of the room, passing Dr. Watson on the landing who simply glared. Down the stairs and out the front door into the pouring rain he ran. Thunder and lightning boomed and seared the sky. Shamus suddenly realized he was running barefooted in deep puddles. Stopping abruptly he tossed his head back and bellowed heavenward)

Shamus

(nearly sobbing) Oh God, oh God . . . my sneakers!

(He was crying now. With a burst of adrenaline he ran back into the townhouse, up the stairs, past the affronted Dr. Watson, still glaring haughtily, into Louis's room where he grabbed his sneakers.

Shamus

I forgot my sneakers.

Louis

Don't be upset. Come here a minute.

Shamus

(angry) No. You're All Queers!

(The sneakers were on and Shamus was once again finding himself dashing out and down the stairs as Dr. Watson snorted disapprovingly)

Dr. Watson

(feigning disgust, clucking) Your behavior is shocking and out of line!

(At the bottom of the stairs Shamus turned and exploded in a furious rage)

Shamus

QUEERS! Stupid Fucking Fags! FAGS!

(CUT TO)

SCENE 10

(Out into the Texas storm Shamus ran. Oh, yes, this was twenty four years ago, for he was so much older now, sick with AIDS, and still trying to make sense of his past. Running, stumbling, crying, praying; he splashed through hundreds of muddy puddles trying desperately to remember the way to campus)

Shamus

(narrating) Yes, this was twenty four years ago. Now, battling AIDS, this incident seems so trivial. But it was the beginning of my Homosexual existence. Still I struggle to make sense of the past. That night I walked and ran for what seemed like hours in the pouring rain. Unsure of the direction a car finally pulled up some 45 minutes later and a kind gentlemanly businessman offered assistance.

Man

Can I give you a lift somewhere?

(Shamus hopped into the man's car dripping wet)

Shamus

(exhausted) Yes, thank you, sir. Thank you very much. Can you please take me to my dorm at the campus?

I'm not sure how far it is.

(The thoughtfully kind gentleman was smoking a pipe)

Man

You were headed in the right direction. You seem distressed. That's why I stopped. Are you alright?

Shamus

Yes. I am now.

(For a short while they drove in silence. Finally, the man at the wheel spoke up)

Man

I live near here. Would you like to come over and take a shower... get cleaned up?

Shamus

(growing suspicious) No thank you. I just need to get back to the dorm. I'm in enough trouble already.

Man

(warmly, enticing) You'd be no trouble at all. We could get you out of those wet clothes and into a nice warm bed. We don't want you catching cold. I'll cook breakfast in the morning.

Shamus

(nearing tears) As tempting as that sounds . . . one trauma is, I mean, at a time . . . Please, sir, I just need to get home right away.

Man

All right then . . . as you wish.

(And that was that, to the Dorms they went, and in a few minutes they were parked outside. The gentleman took Shamus's hand in his and squeezed, not letting go his grip)

Man

(suave, sophisticated, polite) Are you sure you don't want to change your mind and come on over to my place? I promise to bring you back here early tomorrow.

Shamus

(hesitating) Yes, well . . . thank you, but no, no, I can't. Thanks . . . thanks for the ride. You're a lifesaver. Good-bye.

(Like baby, that was indeed that. The man let go his grip and Shamus bolted out of the car. Unfortunately it was still raining as he made a mad dash for his dorm. After discovering that he had been locked out he ran, from window to window, banging on the glass in an effort to wake someone. Finally he succeeded in arousing a sleepy student who grudgingly let him climb through the window. Shamus then made his way into the hall and back to his own room where he let himself in with his key. He tried to be quiet but his three other dormmies gradually woke up, and seeing how upset he still was, tried to comfort him. From the future Shamus reminisced as these incidents occurred from the moment he left the gentleman's car)

Shamus

(narrating) When he finally let go my hand, I lumped out of the car. It was still raining and I made a mad dash for the dorm. I had lost my innocence, and it hurt bad—devastating----like losing a loved one. I wonder today how my life might have turned out if this far away event had never happened. Weeks of a funeral-like depression followed. Years did not ease the vividness of these memories. Now, in the present I think of two ex-lovers who tested positive for AIDS. My life today is in weird sexual limbo, having tried many times to love men deeply, and even a few women. What a shambles my love life has been. Yet I feel the desperate, constant need to be loved and to love others. One day, before I die, I must learn to love completely, unconditionally.

(CUT TO)

SCENE 11

(And so, one day in the present, Shamus was visiting a friend named George who had full blown AIDS. His girlfriend waved good-bye. Now they were alone together)

Shamus

(Thinking nervously to himself) Oh, no . . . I'm Shamus the babysitter! . . . No, no, that's not right, I'm Shamus the caregiver....

(Poor George was indeed very sick. He had sores and rashes all over his body. He had not long to live and was on dozens of medications. Shamus sat and talked quietly with him as he lay in his hospital bed at home)

George

Yeah, Shamus, I can't really figure how I got this disease. We waste our time worrying about it. There's a lot of different ways to get it and I just figured that I got it through the use of IV drugs. But just between you and me, it could have been some other way.

Shamus

What do you mean, George? Are you telling me you---

George

(cautioning)

---Now, like I say, like a lot of this, that, and the other things going on in group and such . . . I just don't figure it's none of anybody's business. This is between you and me . . . so don't tell nobody, okay?

Shamus

Even Annie doesn't know?

George

She don't know shit---just you---right now I'm telling you. When I was in prison I did a little smoking . . . from time to time . . . you know what I mean....

Shamus

By smoking you can . . . Seriously? Nobody knows? That's cool. Wish you hadn't said anything. I'm not good at keeping secrets.

George

Not only did I smoke it, I took it up the dirt-shoot from time to time.

Shamus

(Pondering this news) I kind 'a wish you hadn't told me, but I'll try and keep it a secret. George, as God is my witness, you shouldn't be ashamed to be Gay.

George

Let's just say I'm more comfortable being socially acceptable. And I like chicks, too.

Shamus

God loves you either way . . . Why shouldn't be care? Sex between a man and a woman is a sin so what is the difference if we choose a partner of the same sex . . . Biblical shit is freaky, anyway, you're fucked if you do or screwed if you don't. God has to love us because He gave us life. He made us the way we are. I just feel confused if I dwell on it.

(DISSOLVE TO)

SCENE 12

(Shamus sat and wrote in his diary one foggy morning. He had just gotten word that his darling ex-lover had died. His thoughts are revealed in layered montages of imagery and sound)

Shamus

(writing quietly while narrating his thoughts) Last Thursday, one my ex lovers died. His name was Eddie, born on June 26th 1958 he died on April 23rd 1992. He died of complications associated with AIDS, pnemosistis pneumonia to be precise. I had hoped to visit him in a few weeks when I was down in Florida o on vacation. He was two months short of his 34th birthday. Ironically, two years ago when I was living in Kentucky with another ex-lover, we lost our precious kitty Junie Moon on exactly the same day---April 23rd. For about 10 years I have been rather obsessed with numbers and dates. It's called numerology and it has psychic implications for me. I can't explain it, but it touches something deep within me. I believe it's just one way God sends his many messages to us using signs and symbols. I believe God lives within us all and that he is taking good care of Eddie and Junie Moon, Tinkerbelle---another kitty---and my precious Doriana----yet another kitty--both of whom passed away on the same day, also two years apart on December 3rd, 1989--91. I want people to remember Eddie. If Marilyn Monroe and James Dean can be bigger stars after their death, then why not Eddie? But then, I forget that God knows Eddie, therefore the whole Universe knows Eddie---so, why worry? All of us are stars in the eyes of the Lord....

(FADE TO)

SCENE 13

(Here was Shamus on the tennis court one sunny afternoon with his friend Jim. Jim and his new racket decided to cream Shamus with a tennis ball after a particularly grueling point which resulted in victory for our hero. Jim slammed the ball at Shamus, hitting him in the back as he was walking to the service line. This was very

un-sportsman-like. Normally, whenever Jim would lose a point he would smash his racket onto the court. Because this was a new one, smashing a ball at Shamus seemed a better idea. Not so. Shamus did try to curb his rage momentarily)

Jim

(surprised at himself) Oh, Shamus, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit you like that.

(Our Shamus' blood began to boil, because naturally, he's being his typical good-sports-man-like self, so he's not going to say a thing even though Jim has been inhuman for the last two sets.

Shamus

That's okay. Let's quit.

(Shamus walked slowly to the gate--somewhat calmly, trying hard not to show his anger. Jim walked to the rear of the court as if to begin serving the next game)

Jim

I said I'm sorry. Where are you going?

Shamus

Let's quit. I've had enough.

Jim

(tersely) Hold on, I gotta get the balls.

(Shamus walked slowly to Jim's new Toyota Pacea sports car in the parking lot. Once there he simply stood silently by the car, facing away from the court as Jim approached from behind. Shamus was taking a few deep breaths and mentally trying to picture a babbling brook in a rain forest. He didn't know what to say or do at this point, but he knew he must remain calm. Acting like nothing had happened came to mind)

Jim

(approaching) Dammit, I said I was sorry!

(Jim opened the car door for him. Shamus got in and picked up his house keys on the floorboard. Shamus then settled back and shut the door gently. Jim, now in the driver's seat next to him, is very sensitive about his new car and had in the past accused Shamus of slamming the door. The door is somewhat light to be fair and shuts with quite a bang no matter how easily one makes the move to close it)

Jim

Thanks for slamming the door!

Shamus

(losing it) Fuck you!

(Jim raised his elbow and nearly hit Shamus in the face with it but stopped short)

Jim

(angrily) God Damn it!

Shamus

(raging) Fuck you! Take me home! Now!

(They drove the five miles to Shamus's home in silence. They pulled up to the townhome where he lived with his sister. They stopped, the car idled. Silence. For good measure, Jim decided to remind him of good car-door manners)

Jim

(sarcastically) Will you please not slam the door!

(Shamus got out of the car and in the process of doing so he gave Jim the ultimatum)

Shamus

I never want to speak to you again. I won't be coming to the Positive People AIDS meetings either.

Jim

Suit yourself--just don't slam the door.

Shamus

Shut it yourself.

(Shamus went into the house leaving Jim's car door wide open, forcing him to put on the emergency brake, get out, walk around and do the job himself. Shamus did not look back. He went to his room and fumed. He did not hear from Jim for a while. Later, alone in his room with his cats, Shamus grew very depressed. The consequences of losing one's temper are great. This had been a good lesson in how to destroy a relationship)

Shamus

(narrating) I really need to get a grip on the anger within me. Today was a good lesson on what not to do next time I'm in a tense situation. From this moment on I promise to exercise more self control.

(DISSOLVE TO)

SCENE 14

(It was exactly 5:05 am in the morning, only about 12 hours after the infamous tennis incident. Shamus was in bed with his cats, Seymour, Tina, and Bandit. He had been up, writing down this sordid tennis---tale in his journal. Still, he could not sleep. So many inner conflicts tortured him)

Shamus

(quietly, aloud) I've done it again--destroyed another friendship. Anger did it--blind anger. So many friends...there was Mark who

opposed my Ascorbate vs. AIDS theories—who, after taking me out a dozen times, giving me presents, just suddenly gave me the silent treatment. In group he still made jokes about Vitamin-C at my expense. He died shortly after his Valentine's Day party which I grudgingly went to. I remember another friend who just hung up on me, then wrote a nasty note later, all because I was drunk when he called. He thought I should move to Hollywood to become a star—great idea, but not very practical. Candace, my friend in Boston, after hinting for years that I come for a visit, when I finally do she spends four days baiting me with digs about who's more successful than whom. Then there was Len in the Gay Men's Chorus. I tried to be his friend, he wanted sex. The two don't mix. Last time I went to Florida, my old friends Bill and Sally wouldn't return my calls, yet they write all year like they miss me. Made me think they're scared of people with the AIDS condition. Mike and George are the same way. Now, they don't write or call. I reach out to people and get nothing in return. Thank God for my cats. (praying) Dear God, please show me the way. Teach me to be tolerant. Teach me to love more. Teach me to forgive others and let go of the conflicts. Amen.

(Shamus turned over in bed, petting his cats and saying goodnight to each of them. It had been a difficult day. All God's creatures need and deserve love and respect. Conflicts rarely make any sense in the aftermath)

(DISSOLVE TO)

SCENE 15

(Shamus was in the park a few weeks later with his friend Tandy who had just lost his lover to AIDS. They sat on a bench together enjoying the weather as best they could, attempting to comfort one another)

Shamus

(referring to Tandy's dearly departed lover) It's tough . . . really tough, I know. Right now I feel a lot of anger. My companion Eddie suffered terribly as did your lover. Guess that's the way it goes. Another dear friend bites the dust and makes a reservation

in the clouds. I'm truly sorry , Tandy , though I feel helplessly misunderstood,

I do try to make sense of things . . . I'm just so very sorry for what we're having to deal with and how agonizingly sad it all is....

Tandy

(close to tears) Oh, Shamus, how can I live without my dear sweet **Anthony**? I just can't accept that he's gone, I just can't.

Shamus

I sometimes feel I can't live another day. To lose a friend is devastating. I'm ashamed of myself for not loving life more . . . every moment a test of our will to continue living.

Tandy

There must be a poem---perhaps some words written down to describe how we feel. This can't be the end to the script. Where have all the ShamuScope69 cameras gone?

Shamus

They're in storage waiting on a re-write of the script. (pausing to reflect) There are thousands of songs about love and loss. I wrote a song about Eddie. I call it "Eddie's Song". I wrote it three days before what would have been his 34th birthday.

Tandy

(smiling, a glimmer of anticipation) Oh, please, Shamus, sing it for me.

Shamus

(singing "Eddie's Song" by Shamus Dragay)

(F) There was this guy named, Eddie /

(C7) He was my buddy and my friend /

(Bb) I miss him more than my Teddy /

(Shamus suddenly broke down in tears. Tandy comforted him as best he could)

Tandy

Oh, please, Shamus, don't cry. Your song is beautiful. Please continue.

Shamus

(recovering) I'm sorry Tandy. I'll start again. (singing "Eddie's Song")

(F) There was this guy named, Eddie /

(C7) He was my buddy and my friend /

(Bb) I miss him more than my Teddy /

(F) Oh, God, my love is not pretend /

(F) Save a place for me in Heaven /

(Bb) Dear, Eddie, my sweet Ba'Boo /

(C7) Gone are the days when we were together /

(F) So what else is new or known /

(C7) Give me a break and forgive me my friend /

(Bb) I miss you every day, hey, hey /

(F) Should'a built that home together /

(F) Save me a place in the clouds /

(F) Save me a place in the clouds.

(Tandy begins crying more and so does Shamus. After blowing their noses together they recover)

Shamus

I also have a poem.

Tandy

About Eddie? Oh please recite it.

Shamus

(reciting "Eddie's Birthday" poem)

Today is Eddie's birthday, but he is not Here /

He died 2 months and 3 days ago on April 23, 1992 /

Eddie had AIDS and was Very sick /

His doctors had abandoned him, Or was it visa versa? /

It's hard to Blame anyone because everyone worked hard /

To save his life -----

Eddie fought hardest of All /

He was a wonderful person /

I Loved Him very much but I failed him /

I could Not communicate my love to him enough /

Eddie Needed lots of love and lots of attention /

If you love someone I beg you to let them Know /

Eddie is always in my dreams /

I know I must say good-bye /

His presence is among Us still and has been since June
26, 1958 /

I didn't buy you a present this year /

This Poem will have to do, forgive me /

God, Please bless Eddie in Heaven /