PLAYWRIGHT'S BIOGRAPHY
Douglas Beane is the author of the plays The Country Club, As Bees in Honey Drawn (Outer Critic's Circle John Gassner Award), and Advice from a Caterpillar. Universal has purchased the film rights to Bees and the film version of Caterpillar, starring Cynthia Nixon, Tim Olyphant, Andy Dick, and Ally Sheedy, received the best feature film award at both the Aspen Comedy Festival and the Toyota Comedy Festival.

Steven Spielberg is producing Mr. Beane's first original screenplay, To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar. The film, starring Wesley Snipes, Patrick Swayze, John Leguizamo, Robin Williams, and Stockard Channing, was the number-one film in the United States for a month. His second original screenplay, Rasputin's Penis, is in preproduction. Plans for the upcoming theater season include a collection of sketches, Mondo Drama, and a new musical, The Big Time.

Mr. Beane's career as a producer and artistic director began with his creation of the popular New York theater company, Drama Department Productions, which has presented hit revivals of forgotten plays. Among them are Williams's Kingdom of Earth (New York Times Highlight of '96), Lardner and Kaufman's June Moon (Obie Award, Lucille Lortel Award, Encore Taking Off Award), Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life Among the Lowly (Genie Award, Dramalogue Award), Hart and Berlin's As Thousands Cheer (cast album available on CD), and Kelley's The Torch-bearers (Lucille Lortel Award). He has produced world premieres by Frank Pucheski, Paul Rudnick, and David and Amy Sedaris.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION
Music from a Sparkling Planet was first produced by the drama department at the Greenwich House Theater in New York City on June 20, 2001. It was directed by Mark Brokaw; the set design was by Allen Moyer; the lighting design was by Kenneth Posner; the sound design was by Janet Kalas; the original music was by Lewis Flinn; the costume design was by Michael Krass; and the stage manager was Christine M. Daly. The cast was as follows:

TAMARA ........................................... J. Smith-Cameron
HOAGIE ......................................... Ross Gibby
MILLER ........................................... T. Scott Cunningham
WAGS ................................................ Josh Hamilton
ANDY ............................................... Michael Gaston

TIME
The play take place in the past, present, and future.

PLACE
In and around Philadelphia.
MUSIC FROM A SPARKLING PLANET

Act I
“The Past and the Present”

First the past. The early seventies. A woman dressed in a spacesuit (a little too much cleavage) stands before a cardboard set representing a spaceship. She wears a tiny helmet with an antenna. Her name is Tamara Tomorrow and she is a children’s television show host.

TAMARA: Boys and girls, this is Tamara Tomorrow from a far-off galaxy in the distant future and I’ve come to tell you what the future holds for you. By the year 1979 all diseases will be cured by pills and exercise. In the middle of the nineteen eighties people will communicate only by thoughts! Oh what the future holds for the boys and girls of the Philadelphia area! Come blast off with me and I’ll show you such a sparkling planet. By the year 2002 most every home will have a computer —
(Now, the present. We see a bar in Philadelphia. Miller, a press representative in a very stylish suit, walks in and Hoagie, a personal trainer in sweats, stands up.)

And all days will be filled with only —
MILLER: (A desperate cry for life.) Trivia!
HOAGIE: (A cry at a sporting event.) TRIVIA!!!
TAMARA: Scientific discussion.
MILLER: My life is so full of shit I can’t even bear it. I need trivia now. Category.
HOAGIE: Best television portrayal of the future. After “Star Trek.”
TAMARA: The most scientific discussions.
(She is gone.)
MILLER: “Lost in Space.”
HOAGIE: “Lost In Space” sucks. You take the cool robot out of “Lost in Space” and all you have is my family on any trip and who wants to see that?
(Wags, a handsome young lawyer in a relatively conservative suit, enters. Like the other two men, though an adult, there is something of a child to him.)
WAGS: OK, in like the history of bad days, this is one for the books. I need trivia YESTERDAY!! Category.

MILLER: TV show that is just wrong and so pisses you off.
WAGS: Very good category! TV show that is just wrong? “I Dream of Jeannie.”
MILLER AND HOAGIE: Why?
WAGS: This woman is walking around calling her boyfriend “master” and nobody’s just assuming it’s an S and M thing? Just wrong, Hoagie?
HOAGIE: I’m sorry but for something like this I am going to fall back on an old standby.
WAGS: Howells?
HOAGIE: On “Gilligan’s Island” why did the Howells pack all that clothing for a —
HOAGIE, WAGS, AND MILLER: Three-hour tour?
MILLER: One of life’s great mysteries. And for me? Show that is just wrong?
“H.R. Puffenstuff.” What sex was that thing? No, what sexual preference was that thing? It’s like some bi-curious Mayor McCheese. Take it from my eyes.
HOAGIE: Miller’s got it.
WAGS: Miller wins. Oh, hey, Mills, what’s this I hear about Greg?
MILLER: Nothing, he just had an attack or something. Category —
HOAGIE: Most stoned cartoon character.
WAGS: (Simultaneous with Miller’s next line.) Ahhh, Shaggy, too easy.
MILLER: (Simultaneous with Wag’s previous line.) Shaggy on “Scooby Doo.” Obvious.
WAGS: No, I heard he like fell down and started twitching and —
MILLER: It’s nothing, just some seizures. He’s at the hospital resting and —
WAGS: Jesus, what is —
MILLER: It’s nothing, he’s having tests done, I’ll pick him up later. Nothing, let me get those beers.
(He leaves.)
HOAGIE: God, Wags.
WAGS: What?
HOAGIE: This is like happy conversation. This is sit-in-a-bar-and-talk-about-nothing-in-a-bar-with-friends conversation. This is unwind time, not wind-up time.
WAGS: I just asked how —
HOAGIE: OK. For the record, when you come in and are like, “Oh my girlfriend Wendy wants me to move in” and all that. “Oh, they’re passing me over for partner again this year.” We’re guys. We don’t care. We just want to know who is your favorite James Bond.
WAGS: God. I’m such an asshole.
HOAGIE: Nah.
WAGS: Why do I do this? When exactly am I going to become this sensitive adult who is aware when people want to talk about things and don't want to talk about things?
HOAGIE: Don't stress it.
WAGS: So — who is —
HOAGIE: Sean Connery. Be real.
WAGS: Same here.
(Miller arrives with a tray of beers.)
MILLER: Back with beer!
WAGS: Listen, uh, Miller. About what just —
MILLER: Quick, who's your favorite local Philly celebrity?
HOAGIE: Very promising category. We can have fun with this.
WAGS: Local Philly only.
HOAGIE: Dr. Dead.
WAGS: Oooh. Good call.
HOAGIE: Friday nights at eleven. Watch "Creature Double Feature" with Dr. Dead.
WAGS: Very good call.
MILLER: I found him ghoulish.
HOAGIE: A little Christopher Lee, a little Peter Cushing. Dr. Dead would come out of his casket introduce the next movie —
MILLER: Very big on the puns that one.
WAGS: "Grave evening, I've been lurking to meet you."
HOAGIE: And then Dr. Dead would say good night.
WAGS: "Pleasant nightmares."
HOAGIE: And he'd slowly close his casket. The lightning would flash and that creepy creepy music would — I hear it now in my head and I get goose flesh.
MILLER: Tchaikowsky's Swan Lake. Oh the terror.
HOAGIE: Dr. Dead. Wonder where Dr. Dead is now?
WAGS: He died. Brain cancer. It was really —
(Hoagie shoots him a look.)
My favorite James Bond is Sean Connery.
MILLER: So. Wags. Favorite local Philly celeb.
WAGS: Uhm. Tamara Tomorrow.
HOAGIE: Oh my God, Tamara Tomorrow, I change my vote.
WAGS: She was rocking my six-year-old world.

HOAGIE: Race home from school. Get that TV set on. There's Tamara Tomorrow.
WAGS: And the cleavage. And talking about the future and all. And introducing an "Astroboy" cartoon.
MILLER: Best Japanese animation we have to do someday soon.
HOAGIE: She was so sexy and happy and positive and sexy.
(The others agree.)
WAGS: And all those just happy predictions for the future. She was hope, right?
Dr. Dead was how awful things could be and Tamara Tomorrow was how good they could be.
MILLER: The conflict of light and darkness. Oh look. This conversation has depth after all. So there.
HOAGIE: Nah. Tamara was hope.
WAGS: And the first stiffy, man. I tell you, her and that cleavage. First time boner material.
MILLER: Well, I'm afraid, for favorite local Philly celeb, my votes gonna be —
(Hoagie is about suggest someone else, but he's cut off by Miller.)
Don't say the newscaster with the gerbil rumor or I will abruptly leave this bar. No. For me. Tamara Tomorrow.
HOAGIE: But you're —
MILLER: Boys, when we were growing up in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, I knew then and there that I was . . . artistic. And one look at Tamara in that ensemble and anyone could see there was a very unique aesthetic at work. Tamara Tomorrow. Love. Her.
WAGS: That is so — wonder where she is now?
MILLER: Around I guess.
HOAGIE: We should call her.
MILLER: What do you mean "call her)?
HOAGIE: Look her up in the phone book.
MILLER: Hoag. And I need you to really concentrate. I think Tamara Tomorrow was a stage name. That probably is not her real name. I am willing to hazard a guess that there are no Tomorrows in the Philadelphia phone directory.
(In the past, the early seventies, Andy, a producer, walks up to an impromptu curtain backlash of a community theater.)
HOAGIE: What is her real name?
ANDY: Sharon Phipps?
MILLER: I would be having no idea.
(The present is gone. In the past, the curtain parts, and there is Tamara Tomorrow or who she really was. Sharon Phipps. She has on a very old bathrobe.)

ANDY: Sharon Phipps?
TAMARA: And then Leo, we gotta Dutchman those flats.

(She sees Andy.)

Hello, sweetheart. You gotta wait outside for the cast.

ANDY: Actually, I'm here to see you.
TAMARA: Outside, in the house, I'll be there in —
ANDY: I'm a producer.
TAMARA: Hi, Sharon Phipps. I'll change it.
ANDY: Andrew Connelly.
TAMARA: Nice to meet you, Mr. Connelly.
ANDY: Very good performance. The Inquirer was right when they said it was a highlight of the 72-73 season.
TAMARA: I don't read reviews. And it was the Courier-Post.
ANDY: The kids really liked you.
TAMARA: Thank you, sweetheart. And you're calling me Sharon.
ANDY: You have a real presence.
TAMARA: I like to think so. It's a hell of a lot of fun. It's community theater, doing a children's matinee. Most people just do the musical version, but we're doing the original. More dark, more disturbing, more literary. So, a producer. How long have you been a producer?
ANDY: First time at it. I have to direct too, so — you have a great quality. And when the pirate ship fell down. You just kind of made a joke and pushed it back up and . . . kept going. I admire that.
TAMARA: I always wonder what goes on in the minds of producers. Is that it?

(Her robe comes undone. He looks. She catches him as she quickly closes it.)

ANDY: Listen, Miss Phipps, could we go out for a drink? I have something I'd like to discuss.
TAMARA: Coffee. Drink and me don't mix. I've found out. And my name is Sharon.

ANDY: Sorry, Sharon. I'll tell you here. I'm in kind of a bind. I have this role that should have been cast about a month ago. And I happened to be here with my daughter — who loved you by the way — and I saw you and if there's anyway that you could come and help us out it would be —
TAMARA: Of course. Of course, I'll — this is an actor's dream. What are the particulars? I'd —

ANDY: I'm over at Channel Thirty-six and we just bought this package of Japanese animation, and we're going to need a host to introduce —

TAMARA: Oh. I'm sorry. You're a . . . television producer. I thought you were a theatrical producer.

ANDY: In Philly? Not likely.
TAMARA: Oh.
ANDY: You seem disappointed.
TAMARA: I — I'm sure you're wonderful people over at Channel Thirty-six and you all do lovely work. But I'm an actress of the theater. I'm not —
ANDY: You don't like television? I think you'd be very good at it.
TAMARA: I might just. But it — I don't like it. I got this philosophy. That people go to the theater to be told the truth and that they watch television to be lied to.
ANDY: Why you picking on TV? I don't say bad things about theater. I think it's a great place to find talent.
TAMARA: Hey. What can I say? I'm just carry, cousin. It's been nice talking to you. I should get ready for the next show.
ANDY: It's only a little local television show. No adults will see it. It's on opposite Mike Douglas for Christ's sake.
TAMARA: I really don't want to do television.
ANDY: You're a good actress, this could be a lot of exposure.
TAMARA: Mr. —
ANDY: Connelly.
TAMARA: I just — later on in life if you will. I am getting to do what I always wanted to do. I just got divorced and now I get to do for me. I am going to be a stage actress. I know you can't comprehend that but — I don't wanna be somebody on TV that never gets to meet people. I like being in a theater, live, where you know what the audience is feeling. My ideal is like what Melvin Siders has got. You know Melvin Siders? Runs a small Yiddish language theater here in Philly. And each night, 'cepting Fridays, he's there affixing his makeup in a theater no bigger than a storefront.

With a cast of —

ANDY: Wait. Melvin Siders?
TAMARA: Yes.
ANDY: The Jew theater guy?
TAMARA: You know him?
ANDY: He's gonna be Dr. Dead over on Channel Forty-eight.
TAMARA: Sorry?
ANDY: Dr. Dead. Kaiser Broadcasting bought a package of old Hammer films. He's gonna introduce them. There's this Uncle Ted guy doing really well in Scranton and —
TAMARA: I had no idea.
ANDY: Hey and Helen Hayes is a Snoop Sister, so what the hell?
MILLER: Hey, Greg.
TAMARA: I have to follow my —
Hoagie: Yeah, Joe?
ANDY: Do both. I think it would be a real good career choice.
WAGS: Wendy just don't. For once.
TAMARA: I'm sorry, I have flats to Dutchman.
(She leaves.)
ANDY: (Shouting off.) 'Cause for all the stuff you love about your theater, there's one thing that television is that theater isn't. It's a living.
(Andy smiles smugly and walks off, taking the past with him. We are in the present.)
Hoagie: Things are —
MILLER: Things are a little —
WAGS: I'm not happy, OK?
Hoagie: Fucked up.
MILLER: Up in the air, let's say. They're running all these tests on you and there's still no reason for the seizures, not drugs, not AIDS, and the doctor is being real comforting and supportive. He keeps saying over and over again, "This is very rare, this is very rare" like, "You're gay and you have money, this is rare, you'll want this."
Hoagie: The lady is crazy is the deal, Joe. She's like, you know, all businesswoman flirty and flirting with me during her ab work and I say one little thing flirty back and she's like, "I'm sorry I don't date people whose jobs are written on their sweatshirts." And then complaining to you. Like I was going to date her. Like I don't know it's gym policy that trainers can't date clients. And I've gotten offers to break that rule with girls a lot younger and better looking than her so — well, not lately, but —
WAGS: "What is the future of our relationship?" Wendy, why do you even ask something like — future? Where do you — relationship? What is a person supposed to do with that kind of a — future? Of our relationship — don't — that every — don't do that. Future thing. Of the — don't do that.
MILLER: Greg, the deal is — they don't seem to be having a — you know, no-
TAMARA: I was playing an elfin boy.
ANDY: So you say your I'm-from-the-future crap here — then you walk down
to this tape mark —
TAMARA: Spike mark, I'm a pro.
ANDY: And you say your “Astroboy” intro crap.
TAMARA: What's my motivation?
ANDY: Sorry?
TAMARA: For that move, what's my motivation?
ANDY: This is the camera that's going to be on then. If you don't move, no
one will see you.
TAMARA: I can make that work.
ANDY: So that should do the intro for “Astroboy,” now for “Ultraman” —
TAMARA: (To herself:) I'll be going for my ray gun and be interrupted by thought.
ANDY: We'll start over at the launchpad.
TAMARA: Wait, aren't we going to rehearse it? The “Astroboy” section?
ANDY: Rehearsal? Wait, are you gonna make me nutty with this method act-
ing stuff?
TAMARA: Hey, I'm sorry but I'm from the legitimate theater where we take a
little time with what we do —
ANDY: Amateur theater —
TAMARA: Hey, amateur is Greek Latin talk for something you do from the heart
and I do everything from the heart so I don't take umbrage at that!
ANDY: Just smile and talk.
TAMARA: I am an actress! I'm not some — Jessica Savitch smile pretty girl
spokesmodel. I have emotions. Enough to share. The world needs me to
show my emotions because they're all so cut off they can't express their own!
ANDY: OK, OK — calm down. You're gonna be great. Just wonderful. You've
memorized your lines and you're enough of an old pro that you can walz
through this no sweat.
TAMARA: Thank you.
ANDY: You just do the intro, do “Astroboy,” then we have plenty time during
the cartoon.
TAMARA: You're real kind.
ANDY: You want a quick snort before?
TAMARA: I don't partake. Anymore.
ANDY: Right. Sorry.
TAMARA: And that wouldn't be very professional.
ANDY: Very good. So, Greeting and intro of Tamara Tomorrow — just be your-
self. Then you walk over to the —

TAMARA: Spike mark.
ANDY: Spike mark —
TAMARA: Spike mark, I'm a pro.
ANDY: And you do your intro into “Astroboy” and then there's a cartoon.
TAMARA: Easy as pie.
ANDY: Easy as pie. And at the end, I'll be right by the camera.
TAMARA: Spike marks.
ANDY: And if I go like this —
(Makes an “OK” sign.)
TAMARA: OK.
ANDY: Right. Or I'll go like this.
(Indicates — stretch.)
Which means?
TAMARA: Taffy? I'm guessing.
ANDY: No, stretch.
TAMARA: Stretch?
ANDY: Just keep talking.
TAMARA: Keep talking. Keep talking what?
A VOICE (wags): On in fifteen Andy.
TAMARA: Where is this talk going to come from — idiot cards?
ANDY: OK people — let's look alive! (Off handedly to Tamara.) Just make some-
thing up.
TAMARA: Make somethi — ad lib? Improv?
(Lights change.)
ANDY: You'll be great — have fun out there.
(A voice [Haggie] begins a countdown from ten.)
TAMARA: Improv? Improv? DO I LOOK LIKE I'M FROM CHICAGO?!!!
— give me that snort.
(She takes a swig. The countdown is done. We see the nervous energy of the
room slide into a calm hum. Red lights on the TV come on. Tamara's face
appears on the monitor. She is a natural.)
Hey, space kiddies. Lucky for you, you've tuned in. This is your friend
Tamara Tomorrow and her theater of the future and we'll be here on Chan-
nel Thirty-six until I am called back to the year 3000 to bring you “Ast-
roboy,” “Ultraman,” and “Tobor, the Eighth Man.” And I'll let you in
on a secret. Tobor is robot spelled backwards. Oh yeah. Now I'm gonna
tell you about “Astroboy” and I'm gonna walk over here to do it because,
well quite frankly, I want to be close to my ray gun. You never know who
doesn't want you kiddies to see these things. Astroboy is a cartoon friend
and he's a robot boy being raised by Professor Elefun. And he can fly by turning his feet into flames. So — let's all meet Astroboy!
(A beat of silence. She looks over at Andy. He is making the stretch sign. A quick look of panic on Tamara's face. Then a mischievous grin slowly arrives on her lips.)

TAMARA: Well, how much time we got, Andy?
(Andy drops his clipboard.)

TAMARA: Here also, but you can't see him, is another friend of the future . . .
Andy. Asteroid Andy. Asteroid Andy how much time have we got before the “Astroboy” cartoon?

ANDY: Uh — mayb — one minute five.

TAMARA: That's metric futuretime for one minute and five seconds. Well in that time let me tell you about what the future is gonna be like. I know a lot of people out there because of the Russians and their bombs are real real worried that there's not gonna be a future.
(Andy is now shrugging in disbelief up to men in the booth.)

TAMARA: Well, space kiddies, there is a future and I'm it and here's what to expect. OK. By the year 2005 all meals will just be a pill. It will taste just like food and you'll be full afterwards but it's just a pill.
(Andy looks at her — "What?")

TAMARA: And by the year 1996 — everyone will have a personal jet pack to go to school in.
(Andy shakes his head as he picks up his clipboard.)

TAMARA: And by the year 2047 there will be only one sex.
(Andy drops his clipboard again. The monitor flashes to the face of Astroboy as we hear his opening march. The lights go down and Andy runs up to Tamara.)

ANDY: Where the hell did you come from?
(In the present, Wags, Miller, and Hoagie at a bar.)

TAMARA: The future.

ANDY: No, really.

MILLER: Tie breaker.
(All three take a swig of beer.)

TAMARA: No. Really. That's my character — I just thought if I really was from the future, I'd probably be very confident. I mean, what's 1973 if you're living in the year 3000.
(Andy, Tamara, and the past are gone. Wags and Hoagie are ready to play, very competitively.)

MILLER: Tie breaker. In case of tie, three questions, same category, loser chooses category. Category is — Superhero relatives.

HOAGIE: (With Wags.) Yessssss!

WAGS: (With Hoagie.) Fuck me! OK.

MILLER: Who are Racer X's parents?
(Both slam the countertop with an open palm. Wags a little quicker.)

Wags.

HOAGIE: Damn!

MILLER: Racer X's parents are Moms and Pops Racer, because — (Doing an imitation of a voice-over.) Unknown to Speed, —

HOAGIE, WAGS, MILLER: (All doing the same voice.) Racer X is actually his long lost brother, Rex Racer.

HOAGIE: (Regular voice.) I so knew that.
(He's now pacing around the bar.)

MILLER: Correct, one point for Wags. Question two. Who is Astroboy's father?
(Both slam the table, Wags again a little quicker.)

Wags!

HOAGIE: (Pointing at the countertop.) My buzzer's not working, man.

WAGS: Professor Elefun.

(Miller makes the sound of a losing buzzer on a game show.)

HOAGIE: No!

WAGS: What?

MILLER: Hoagie?

HOAGIE: No. No no no no no. No. (Quickly and in Wags's face.) Astroboy was created by the head of the Scientific Institute, Dr. Bointon, who was grieving over the death of his son, Astor Bointon, but when Astroboy refused to grow older, Dr. Bointon went mad and sold him to a robot circus where he was freed when the robots achieved equal rights and he went to live with Professor Pachydermus J. Elefun and you can eat my hairy ass and suck on my fat one!

MILLER: That's one point for Hoagie and two offers I notice are never thrown in my direction. Final question. The tiebreaker of the tiebreaker. Category: Relatives. What is your maternal grandmother's maiden name?

(Wags and Hoagie just look back at Miller confused.)

Just kidding. Who are Batman's parents?

(Wags and Miller slam the countertop at the same time. A crushing boom and we are in the past with Andy and Tamara seated at a table in old, original Bookbinders.)

ANDY: Only the best for Tamara Tomorrow. I ordered shrimps as an appetizer.
It's on its way.
TAMARA: Shrimps? This is either a thanks-for-doing-a-good-job-kiss-off meal
or this is a re-sign.
ANDY: Have whatever you want, don't even look at the right side of the menu.
TAMARA: Sounds like a kiss off to me.
ANDY: Don't say that.
TAMARA: Hey you said six weeks, I did six weeks. We went opposite MikeDou-
glas —
ANDY: Don't —
TAMARA: We didn't even make a dent in his ratings. So I got a little coin put
away and now I can go back to doing plays. Lump crab meat for me.
ANDY: Well. Actually? I know and you know the ratings are not good. And
we said we'd only do this for six weeks and all. But there's something we
didn't count on happening. And it happened.
TAMARA: What's that? I hope our waitress brings some bread for the table.
ANDY: Second TV sets. Most houses, a lot of families today they have a sec-
ond television set. So Mom is in the kitchen watching "Mike makes your
day" and the kids are in the rumpus room. Watching "Tamara Tomor-
row." And Mom feels safe 'cause the kids are just watching a nice clean
lady introduce some cartoons. And the kids like her 'cause a grown-up
is talking to them very matter-of-factly and not down to them and the
sponsors are happy 'cause the kids are believing anything the nice lady is
telling them and the parents aren't around.
TAMARA: Isn't that nice we get to leave on a high point? I hear they're doing
Strindberg this season. *(That doesn't sound fun. She tries to convince her-
self that it will be.) That should be fun.
ANDY: Actually, we got an offer. From Frank's Cola. To go to an hour and a
half. Ninety minutes. So we can get the kids just when they get home
from school. We're gonna add three more Jap cartoons —
*(The present appears; the trivia game is going strong.)*
HOAGIE: Best Japanese Animation!
ANDY AND WAGS: "Marine Boy" —
ANDY: and —
ANDY AND MILLER: "Speed Racer."
HOAGIE AND MILLER: *(To Wags.) Why?
ANDY AND WAGS: Marine Boy chews oxygum and can breathe underwater —
HOAGIE AND WAGS: *(To Miller.) Why?
ANDY: and —
ANDY AND MILLER: Speed Racer has a car with gadgets —
MILLER: and really tight pants.
MILLER AND WAGS: Hoag?
ANDY: And —
ANDY AND HOAGIE: "Johnny Cypher in Dimension Zero."
MILLER AND WAGS: Why?
HOAGIE: The name, man. It's way cool.
*(Miller and Wags groan; they all walk off; the present is gone.)*
ANDY: Frank's will sponsor the whole thing. All they need is for you to sign
on for two years.
TAMARA: I don't know if I have ninety live minutes a day in me.
ANDY: You got a great presence, and you're quick on the feet. I don't know if
you noticed but we haven't written a line for you in near two weeks. You
just get up and wing it and it's great.
TAMARA: But I — I really should do a play.
ANDY: You can do both — I, if I may speak my mind, really think you should
do this. It would be real good for your career.
TAMARA: How do you know what'll be good for my career? You don't know
me. We've worked together every day for a month and a half, right hand
up, this is the first time we ever talked.
ANDY: We're busy, we have a job to do, we don't have time to know each other,
that's business.
TAMARA: OK. You put too much sugar in your coffee. And you don't stir it,
you stab it with the stirrer. When you laugh, before you laugh, just be-
fore you laugh, you look around like you want to make sure you heard
what you just heard, then it sounds like somebody popped a balloon. You
do't follow sports except hockey and your socks have really only matched
twice.
ANDY: What are you a spy?
TAMARA: So. You tell me about me.
TAMARA: Yeah, yeah, so are you. So me.
ANDY: You love theater. Uh, you got a divorce from a guy. Who you didn't
like, I guess. And that gives you time to do theater. Which you love.
TAMARA: And?
ANDY: And?
TAMARA: Jeez, I wish that waitress would get here with some bread for the table.
I tell you Andy that was really pretty pathetic.
ANDY: So you won't stay on, 'cause I didn't get to know you?
TAMARA: Pretty much.

ANDY: Uh. Well, I noticed that you're funny and easy to work with and, uh, very good on the show and —

TAMARA: Lonesome.

ANDY: Sorry?

TAMARA: Lonesome. Like they say in country western songs. I'm lonesome, Andy. Mighty lonesome. Television is so lonely. I'm spending my days, talking in an empty room into a machine. And I never hear anything back. I miss people. I'm sorry. But the answer is no. A friendly no, but a no.

ANDY: Well if it's people you want —

TAMARA: What's with the extra napkins, you expecting a spill?

ANDY: The hostess recognized you, she asked me to get you to autograph it for her daughter.

TAMARA: Oh. OK.

(*She starts to sign.*)

ANDY: She'd like you to sign it, "your friend."

TAMARA: That's sweet.

(*She signs it; he hands another napkin to her.*)

ANDY: This one is for the dishwasher.

(*She signs it; he hands her the stack of napkins.*)

ANDY: And these are for the kitchen staff and the waitresses.

(*She smiles. Turns and waves at the staff.*)

ANDY: And umm, while you're doing them, could you do one for me?

(*She looks at Andy, then starts to write a long message.*)

ANDY: What you writing?

TAMARA: "I should tell you. Our show isn't going to be on. After next week. Tamara Tomorrow." (*She writes now as she talks.*) "Will be on a half an hour earlier."

(*Andy looks up.*)

TAMARA: "We're adding three more cartoons. 'Speed Racer,' 'Johnny Cypher,' and 'Aquaboy.'"

ANDY: "Marine Boy."

TAMARA: He chews gum.

(*In the present, we are back in the bar.*)

HOAGIE: Category.

ANDY: Champagne!

TAMARA: All right. Just this once.

HOAGIE: Biggest cartoon character slut.

MILLER: Excluding Disney?

HOAGIE: Yes. You first, Wags.

TAMARA: "See you in the future, Tamara Tomorrow."

(*The past is gone.*)

WAGS: I — uh — sorry — my mind is — off somewhere.

HOAGIE: Mills, biggest cartoon character slut!

MILLER: OK, we are really scraping the bottom of the —


MILLER: (*Appalled.) Not Betty!

HOAGIE: Hey, check it out. Bam! Bam! Looks nothing like Barney.

MILLER: I find your view of womanhood questionable.

HOAGIE: Hey Wags, biggest cartoon character slut?

WAGS: I — I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention. I shouldn't have come out tonight guys, I've got a lot on my mind. Wendy and I are — and the firm is a real pain lately and — Wendy is on and on about getting married. I mean, more than usual. And nothing I do is right anymore and —

My apartment is too small and hers is too far away and —

MILLER: What is going on with you?

WAGS: Well —

MILLER: What?

WAGS: Well, whether or not I will be a husband, it looks like I'm going to be a daddy.

HOAGIE: Oh shit.

MILLER: You've had that straight boy panic look all night. I knew somebody somewhere must be pregnant.

WAGS: Fuck, I mean I want to. Down the road. But.

MILLER: Look at us. Life presents itself. Life and death present themselves and we're —

HOAGIE: And we're not going to talk about it anymore we are distracting each other from our —

MILLER: Just... trapped.

WAGS: Yeah. Trapped. And I want to escape.

MILLER: Escape. Any old excuse. To — so what are you going to do?

HOAGIE: We're not — who had a better car — Batman or James Bond?

WAGS: Like you know, OK, when something bad happens, the very first instinct you get or I get is to run away. But you don't dream of heeding it 'cause like well, you have commitments and — even if it were just for a day, but you don't.

HOAGIE: Who had nicer Nazis, "Wonderwoman" or "Hogan's Heroes?"

WAGS: Like, at work, a partner will come by and say something so, you know,
snotty to me, like if it were a stranger saying it at the gym you would just have to clock him. And I don’t. Clock. Or say something. Or just take my fucking attached case and leave. I don’t. I just smile at him. Like, “Oh, you devil.” ’Cause I can’t leave, I’m thinking of my future.

(Somewhere, Tamara appears, signs an autograph, and leaves, over and over again.)

TAMARA: See you in the future, Tamara Tomorrow.
WAGS: So you don’t run away, you stay, but all the time with the run away like feeling going.
MILLER: I know. Exactly. I want to — get away.
WAGS: Run away.
MILLER: Yeah.
HOAGIE: We’re not talking about these things. We’re talking about —
TAMARA: See you in the future —
HOAGIE AND TAMARA: Tamara Tomorrow.
MILLER: What about her?
HOAGIE: I was talking to somebody at work, she said she saw her.
TAMARA: See you in the future!
HOAGIE: Like about six months ago.
MILLER: No way.
WAGS: Who saw her?
HOAGIE: Brenda the stretch instructor told me. She was at the Granite Run Mall and on this wall they had all these celebrity handprints from when the mall opened of like —
(In the past, Tamara speaks at the mall opening.)
TAMARA: It’s an honor to be opening this new mall with my television friends: Dr. Dead, Larry Ferrari, Wee Willie Webber,
HOAGIE AND TAMARA: Sally Starr —
HOAGIE: Al Alberts, what have you, only like since the mall opened nobody knows who most of those people are anymore so they put a earring hut in front of it so anyways Brenda walks by and she sees this woman looking at the wall behind the pagoda. Looking real sad.
TAMARA: I place my handprints on this wall for all time, space kiddies —
HOAGIE: And in a second, Brenda knew that it was Tamara Tomorrow.
TAMARA: And I sign my name.
HOAGIE: So she says,
TAMARA AND HOAGIE: “Tamara Tomorrow?”
TAMARA: And —
(Shes begins to write something on the wall.)

HOAGIE: This woman looks at her real sad, puts on her sunglasses and walks away.
TAMARA: I’ll see you —
MILLER: That is so wild.
TAMARA: in the future.
WAGS: Evidently nobody knows where she is. She’s in hiding.
MILLER: A sort of Delaware Valley Greta Garbo.
WAGS: Wouldn’t it be great to meet her?
MILLER: Oh God yeah. The best — but —
HOAGIE: I would like to go to thank her for my first erection.
WAGS: Wonder what she looks like?
TAMARA: See you in the future, Tamara Tomorrow.
WAGS: We could —
TAMARA: See you —
MILLER: What?
WAGS: Go find her —
TAMARA: in the future —
WAGS AND TAMARA: Tamara Tomorrow.
WAGS: it would be fun.
MILLER: And fucked up.
HOAGIE: And fucking crazy. Fucked up and fucking crazy.
WAGS: It would be an escape.
MILLER: A getaway.
HOAGIE: Guys, no way.
TAMARA: See you —
WAGS: Could you, guys — I’m owed so many sick days I could — It’s only going to take a day at the most and —
MILLER: And I have tons of work, but no clients breathing down my neck right now, so I could —
WAGS: Run
MILLER: Yeah.
WAGS: Find Tamara Tomorrow.
TAMARA: See you —
WAGS: Hoag, could you?
HOAGIE: I can’t, work is —
MILLER: Hoag, you’re a trainer at a gym. Call in and say you’ve sprained something.
HOAGIE: Yeah. I could.
TAMARA: See you in the future.
(The present is gone. Tamara is in the past stamping a stack of eight-by-ten glossies one after the other. Next to her, a glass of Kirin.)
See you in the future, see you in the future, see you in the future, see you in the future.
(She begins to sort of sing it as Andy walks in.)
ANDY: Well, look who went and got happy all a sudden.
TAMARA: What?
ANDY: Singy-songy. You always do that when you're in a good mood. You must be liking TV all a sudden.
TAMARA: It's OK, I don't understand it. I mean they shoot my picture out into the atmosphere and it gets picked up by all these antennas and whatnot. What leaves me scratching my head is — what about all those things of me that don't get picked up, where do they go?
ANDY: (Chuckling.) That's the damnedest question I ever heard. We'll ask Phil sometime.
TAMARA: Now movies, I understand how they work.
ANDY: Can you stay a little later today? Frank's Cola people want you to tape a commercial once and for all, to play so you don't have to do the setup every day. The promotional tie-in. The doll and the badge spiel.
TAMARA: Good idea. Put it on tape. More time to think of what the hell I'm gonna say next.
ANDY: Yeah.
TAMARA: Yeah.
ANDY: (He stares at her working for a while — she looks up.) So if it's movies you understand, we could go check that out. Sometime.
TAMARA: What are you saying?
ANDY: I'm saying, we should go see a movie sometime.
TAMARA: Oh. That. That would be — a movie. That would be — is this what I'm thinking?
ANDY: Probably.
TAMARA: I don't know what to say to that.
ANDY: How about yes? We have a good time, you know? I can laugh with you. We got laughs. And you're not like — you're more modern in your thinking. You're divorced for chrissake. And you're ... easy on the eyes, that's for sure.
TAMARA: Be still my girlish heart.
ANDY: And in case you didn't notice, I am noticing a lot more things about you. Like you make songs out of anything when you're in a good mood.
See I noticed that. And you, just before the cameras go on, you whisper, "sell it" Two days a week you're on a diet, two days you're not. The fifth day is anybody's guess. All these things, I noticed on account of you told me that I didn't notice things. And I did and that made me want to — ask you to see a movie. Look I'm not good at this.
(A nervous pause. She goes back to stamping. He turns to leave. Without stopping, she says absentley.)
TAMARA: I noticed you're married.
ANDY: That is the, with the exception of my two girls, that is I would say the mistake of my life. My wife and me, we don't — I haven't loved her for a very long time. It just evolved into nothing.
TAMARA: Get a divorce.
ANDY: I'm . . . Catholic.
TAMARA: I'm sorry. Get it annulled then.
ANDY: I don't make that much. It's just a movie. And, for what it's worth. That lonesome thing you talked about. I've got it too. Mighty lonesome.
TAMARA: I . . . would like to but I —
(They never look at one another, but as they speak, their hands slowly reach across and find one another.)
See I got this sixth sense that knows what nothing can come of.
ANDY: I know. Instincts, like.
TAMARA: And nothing can come of this.
ANDY: Nothing. We shouldn't even —
TAMARA: It's, whattaycall. Futile.
ANDY: We don't then, that's OK.
(They are holding hands.)
TAMARA: There's no future in this. (She looks at him. She abruptly gets up.) I got a commercial to do.
(The past fades. We see the present. Hoag, Wags, and Miller in a car. Miller is driving.)
MILLER: I so cannot believe we are doing this. I feel like I'm playing hooky.
HOAGIE: Somebody from work is going to see me, I know it.
WAGS: Stop whining, we are having an adventure. We've just been to a great place — how did you know about that place, Miller? Nothing but old TV toys and shit. And that place is wild. I had no idea how much . . . just junk goes with all this stuff we know in our heads.
HOAGIE: Or things I didn't even know were in my head, I'd see a board game and be like, "Oh my God, I remember that show."
MILLER: And she — the lady who runs the place REALLY knows her stuff. I
mean REALLY. And she knows all the local celebs, 'cause, you know she
gets them autographed. The Lorenzo the clowns, the Captain Noahs. The
Pixannes.

HOMIE: Drag she didn't know how to find Tamara Tomorrow.
MILLER: I think this is going to be tougher than we expected.
WAGS: This lady in the store, I think her name was Eadie —
MILLER: If not it should be.
WAGS: Anyway, she was real helpful, and I kind of thought it would be nice
to buy something, so I bought something.
MILLER: You are such a softie. I was wondering what was in that bag. What
did you buy?
WAGS: It's great, man. Unbelievable. Actually in the box. You know? This is
so valuable. I can't believe I got one.
MILLER: Would you show us what the hell you bought — I was coveting the
Mork and Mindy game — so you know.
WAGS: I got — I found — and it's so rare —
MILLER: WHAT?
(In the past, Tamara is doing her commercial.)
TAMARA: This doll looks like your best friend, me —
WAGS AND TAMARA: Tamara Tomorrow —
WAGS: Doll.
(He presents it, his friends can't believe him.)
MILLER: You are so high.
WAGS AND TAMARA: And —
WAGS: Look —
WAGS AND TAMARA: In —
WAGS: (Simultaneous with Tamara's next line.) The —
TAMARA: (Simultaneous with Wag's last line.) My —
WAGS AND TAMARA: Utility pockebook both lipstick and a weapon.
(Tamara is gone.)
WAGS: I mean these are so rare. The people who have them don't ever want
to sell them so that just drives the price right up.
HOAGIE: How much did it cost?
WAGS: And the demand is huge.
HOAGIE: How much?
WAGS: I was lucky to get it.
MILLER: How much did it cost?
WAGS: Two hundred and fifty dollars.
HOAGIE: WHAT?!
HOAGIE: The next time you guys have three hundred and forty-five dollars to just throw into the wind, throw it in my direction, OK?
MILLER: This is cool stuff.
HOAGIE: Yeah, if you find it at a flea market for ten bucks maybe.
WAGS: Hey, how I spend my money is my —
HOAGIE: All I know is, if I had money like you guys make it, I wouldn't waste it on toys. (Silence. This is awkward.) Actually I would, probably. I need a drink.
MILLER: OK, let me find a space.
HOAGIE: And then I can show you what I bought.
MILLER: You, after all this —
WAGS: What did you —
HOAGIE: Oh yeah. Poor, stupid Hoagie actually got a good thing that actually might help us find Tamara Tomorrow. And it only cost six bucks.
WAGS: What ya get Hoag?
HOAGIE: A scrapbook. Some little girl fan of Tamara Tomorrow put together. Of articles she cut out and then rubber cemented in.
WAGS: Good one, Hoag.
MILLER: Let me see —
HOAGIE: No, you have to find a parking space.
MILLER: Pass it up to Wags, he'll show it to me, I'll find a space. (It happens, as Miller tries to find parking.) Ohhhhh. Cissy signed it. And she doted her "i" with an enlarged happy face. I just look at that and I wonder where she is today. How she's doing? Was her divorce bitter? Read to me, Wags.
WAGS: Uh. Oh it's all chronological. Sweet. Uh. "Meet Tamara Tomorrow. The word over at Channel Thirty-six is she may just be what the kids want, they've extended the six weeker for a whole season. Tamara adds a little more to the mix, sez she...
(In the past, Tamara appears.)

TAMARA: I believe in hope. I believe in the promise of tomorrow. I'm just an old-fashioned girl from the year 3005.

WAGS: Whoa. "Will Tamara Tomorrow dethrone King Mike?"

TAMARA: I do not believe in competition. By the year 2252 all wars will be settled by lawyers in negotiation.

WAGS: Tamara Tomorrow sells out appearance at the Franklin Institute. In a telephone interview from the set.
(We begin to see pictures of Tamara at publicity events.)

TAMARA: The Franklin Institute experience was great. It just shows there is a tremendous interest in the future in the —

(The pictures are too numerous and begin to overlap, as do Wags and Tamara's next two lines.)

WAGS: But who is Tamara Tomorrow? Is there an actress portraying this character? All those at Channel Thirty-six are mum, including Miss Tomorrow herself and program director Andrew Connelly.

TAMARA: I'll be opening a great new mall, called "Granite Run," and then I will be receiving the key to the city from Mayor Frank Rizzo. I hope all my fans can be at both of these events.

HOAGIE: Tamara Tomorrow opens new pediatric wing of Thomas Jefferson hospital. Extra police brought in for quote mob control. Man! (All three are reading now, simultaneously. The stage is covered with articles.)

WAGS: Here Tamara takes a first ride on SEPTA's new trolley of the future. Miss Tomorrow gives us her own recipe for space food snacks. Tamara Tomorrow shows three easy exercises for the whole family. Tamara Tomorrow: Why I hate pollution.

MILLER: Tamara Tomorrow seen here having lunch with the amazing Kreskin in town to do the "Mike Douglas Show." They discuss mental telepathy in the future and its impact on the stock market. Tamara Tomorrow on hand to open the new modern wing of the Philadelphia museum. Gazing at a Warhol, she claims, "I like the old stuff."

HOAGIE: Latest craze in South Philly? Girls and boys in zippered jumpsuits. According to local stores, they can't keep the stuff in stock. Tamara Tomorrow to license her name to Shapiro shoes for new line of sneakers. Tamara Tomorrow, that girl that loves to tell us all what we'll be doing, has us wondering, what will she be doing next? (Just as they end, all the other articles vanish and the stage is covered with one large Philadelphia Magazine cover. On it Mike Douglas and Tamara Tomorrow in a mock "put up your dukes" pose. And the headline, "The Battle for Thirty." Tamara steps forward.)

TAMARA: I like Mike Douglas. His week with John Lennon and Yoko Ono was wild and wonderful. And I hope our week with the real Ultra Man, flying in all the way from Japan, will be equally wild and wonderful. (She is gone.)

HOAGIE: For the first time in his ten years, Mike Douglas has fallen into the number two spot. And it's behind Tamara Tomorrow. Though this is a one show phe-mon-mon —

MILLER: Phenomenon.
HOAGIE: She has done what Merv never could do. Which has national buy-
ers looking. Will "Tamara Tomorrow" be the biggest thing to come out of Philly since Bandstand?

(The next three lines overlap.)

MILLER: "Tamara Tomorrow" producer, Andrew Connelly.

HOAGIE: Phone went unanswered by Andrew Connelly.

MILLER: Rumor has it show is being shopped by Andrew Connelly.

(Andy appears.)

ANDY: If a national market would be interested in "Tamara Tomorrow," and I don't see why they wouldn't be, I can easily see —

MILLER: We should call over to Channel Thirty-six —

ANDY: Channel Thirty-six allowing us to produce the same kind of —

WAGS: Right.

(Pulls out cell phone.)

ANDY: Of fun show that we have now —

WAGS: Maybe he still works there —

ANDY: And this season we're going to go to tape —

WAGS: Knows how to get a hold of her.

ANDY: So, if need be the folks on Central and Pacific time can see it.

WAGS: (Into cell phone.) Channel Thirty-six, please. Yeah, general information, sure.

MILLER: Get the number and we'll call from the bar. It's much more professional.

ANDY: But I have no doubt that Tamara could maintain that air of spontaneity that makes the show work.

(In the past noon. An elegant mid-seventies apartment on Rittenhouse Square. The house is decorated for Christmas, and Tamara is wearing an elegant Christmas robe.)

HOAGIE: (Still reading from the scrapbook.) Don't think that Tamara Tomorrow and her constant escort Andrew Connelly are anything more than business partners. He is a happily married man and father of two girls, and she's a woman who prefers to live in the future.

(The present is gone. Tamara has a drink in her hand and is a little tipsy. A jangle of keys. Tamara turns toward the door and puts a bow on her head.)

TAMARA: Ho ho ho!

(Andy enters and puts the keys back in his pocket.)

ANDY: Hey, baby.

TAMARA: Come over to Sandy Claus and get your candy.

ANDY: What you got on your head?

TAMARA: Aren't I a regular Christmas present with a bow on my head?

ANDY: What a present you are, baby.

TAMARA: You're a little late —

ANDY: Things are nuts down at the studio, just got out.

TAMARA: If the ham is dry, you have no one to blame but yourself.

(They kiss.)

ANDY: Having a little Christmas cheer?

TAMARA: Sure, you want some?

ANDY: Nah. Have to drive.

TAMARA: Drive? Oh no! And! You promised. Christmas would be us this year.

You said you'd tell her that you had to work late at the studio it would be your year to do it and —

ANDY: She put the girls on the phone. She doesn't play fair.

TAMARA: You don't play fair, and you know it.

ANDY: Baby, I'm worried about you, you're putting too much into us, I told you when we started —

TAMARA: I'm not putting too much, just something. The least you can do is —

ANDY: You gotta get outside interests.

TAMARA: Like what?

ANDY: Like — I don't know — your theater stuff — or — You gotta do something.

TAMARA: I — I enjoyed doing theater. But I've moved on. To — I've moved on. This is my life now.

ANDY: I'm sorry.

TAMARA: And it's good.

ANDY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I should call her, tell her I'm coming.

(Andy picks up the phone.)

TAMARA: It's just Christmases are tough, usually on a holiday, there's a parade for me to be in so it's not a big whoop. Thanksgiving, I did the Gimbles parade, so — just Christmas is hard, because I — there's no parade.

ANDY: And New Year's —

(Andy dials the phone.)

TAMARA: Mummers. I'm an honorary Mummer this year. So —

(Andy on the phone. He indicates Tamara should be quiet. She does so. In a bar in the present we see Wags on a cell phone.)

WAGS: Hello, Mr. Andrew Connelly.

ANDY: Honey, it's Daddy, can you put Mommy on?

WAGS: Mr. Connelly, my friends — colleagues are doing an article for the Philadelphia Inquirer on TV in its heyday.

ANDY: Yeah, so I talked to some guys at the station, and Phil —
WAGS: And we're so worked — very excited to find out that you were still employed by Channel Thirty-six.

ANDY: Let me finish, Phil says he'll cover for me.

WAGS: Could we — interview you about your work? Just the three of us. No cameras.

ANDY: Yeah, but because this is Christmas, and I said I would work it, you know, seven months ago —

(Tamara downs her drink.)

WAGS: Well the thing of it is, we're under a deadline.

ANDY: I — I’m going to have to work some other holidays a lot, OK?

(He looks at Tamara, who looks away and pours herself another Kirin.)

WAGS: How about in about an hour?

ANDY: OK, I’ll be there in a half an hour.

(The present leaves us, Andy puts down the phone and looks at Tamara, who gazes sadly into the future.)

TAMARA: There should be a parade. A Christmas parade.

ANDY: You got friends, right? You can be with your friends.

TAMARA: Or a special maybe. We should talk to Thirty-six. The Tamara Tomorrow Christmas Special.

ANDY: Call up your old theater pals.

TAMARA: Uh. Oh. No. I've got work. So much WORK to do.

ANDY: On Christmas?

TAMARA: Letters. All these letters to answer. From all these kids. I've got to sign them. There's this thing that happens, when I'm on the street, Andy. Children, small children, they come up to me and put their arms around my neck and even though you think they can't speak, they do. And they say —

(In the present, Hoagie, Wags, and Miller walk into the studio.)

"I love you." And it gets to me. Then their parents come up and take them away. And that gets to me, too.

(Tamara takes a long sip of her drink, and the past fades. Andy turns to the boys in the studio. He is older.)

ANDY: You the boys from the Inquirer?

WAGS: Yes, hello. I'm David Wagner. I'm a reporter. With the Inquirer and these are my colleagues. Also reporters. With the Inquirer. This is Miller.

MILLER: Hi. Miller Burke. Style section.

HOAGIE: Hey. I'm Hoagie.

ANDY: Hoagie?

WAGS: Mr. Connelly, we were developing a series of articles on a sort of Golden age of television in the Philadelphia area. "Bandstand," John Facenda —

HOAGIE: Gene London

ANDY: Gene London, geez you guys are doing your research. Well that was a different time then. The local stations — they had more time to fill back then. Networks didn't put on so much. There was more of a local feel to TV. TV then, they wanted it to reflect the community. Now, soaps and talk shows.

WAGS: Exactly the point of our article. We were wondering what you could tell us about Tamara Tomorrow.

ANDY: Why, what have you heard?

WAGS: Well, you were friends with her.

ANDY: What does this have to do with anything?

WAGS: I mean you produced her show and directed it at first and —

ANDY: Yes, we had a package of Japanese animation. And guys in rubber suits. "Astroboy," "Ultraman" —

HOAGIE: And later "Johnny Sokko and His Flying Robot"

MILLER: Hoagie works in research.

ANDY: And we... came up with the idea of Tamara and... it was very successful.

MILLER: And wasn't there talk of going national?

ANDY: That was — that wasn't meant to be I guess. That fell apart.

WAGS: Really, why?

ANDY: Well, no need to go into that.

WAGS: We would love to include it in our article.

ANDY: Look, we worked very hard not to have anybody write about it then, we're not going to have it dug up now.

WAGS: Not — write about —

ANDY: You don't do your research. Jesus, everybody knew about Tamara Tomorrow. Philly's a real big city that happens to be a very small town. Everybody knows everybody's business. You don't know about this Hoagie?

HOAGIE: I — uh — don't.

ANDY: Well, I'll forgive you. Maybe. Tamara had a fall. We kept it away from the kids. But word got around.

(In the past. Tamara stumbles on and looks at Andy. She is drunk.)

ANDY: Where have you been?

TAMARA: Lunch.

ANDY: Where?

TAMARA: Without you.
ANDY: That doesn't make any sense. (*The sound of a countdown from "10.")
Jesus! You can't go on like —
TAMARA: It's my usual lunch spot. I'm ready, I'm ready. Put a camera on me
and catch some magic.
ANDY: I can't — I'll go on.
TAMARA: You have no charisma.
ANDY: We're on. Someone get coffee.
(In a second we are on the air.)
TAMARA: Well. Look who's here. Space kids. Hello space kids. This is your old,
old, elderly friend. Tomorrow Tomorrow. And — so. What do we do first?
Let's do mail capsule. MAIL CAPSULE!!
(Andy waiting off to the side, waits till he knows Tamara is ready to
catch it.)
TAMARA: (She hisses.) I see the damn thing, Andy. Just chuck it.
(He throws it. It lands perfectly on to the ground right in front of her. She
looks at it, then puts her hands in a catching position.)
TAMARA: I'LL GET IT!! (She looks down at the ground again.) Oh forget it.
Probably just junk mail any — so, what next Asteroid Andy? (*This is sud-
denly the funniest thing she's ever heard.) Hemorrhoid Harry? Mongoloid
Morty? HEY! Let's watch an "Astroboy" cartoon. Let me tell you some-
thing, spacecritters. Astroboy is your Aunt Tamara's boyfriend. OH
YEAH!! Astroboy is the oooooooooooonly man who loves your Aunt To-
morrow. Did you know —
(The monitors are suddenly alive with the "Speed Racer" theme song. Tamara
is gone and as the music fades, Andy is in the present. The three reporters are
shocked.)
ANDY: She went for a rest up at Chit Chat Farms. She . . . got better. But that's
what happened. You'll hear all kinds of whispering, but that's the truth
and you heard it from me. But don't you print that, OK? She's away. Hid-
ing. She doesn't need to be . . . what do you call? Reminded of things.
WAGS: Where — uh, where is she hiding?
ANDY: I don't know definitely, but I have some ideas of how to reach her. If I
wanted to.
WAGS: What are those ideas?
ANDY: Didn't you hear me? I'm not telling.
WAGS: What —
ANDY: Hey I don't like your way of talking, what are you grilling me for? I'll
pick up that phone right now and call Patty Shirk over at the city desk,
so help —

MILLER: NO no, that's not —
WAGS: DON'T DO THAT!!
ANDY: Who are you guys? You ain't from the Inquirer. Patty Shirk died three
years ago. What do you guys want?
HOGGIE: We want to find Tamara Tomorrow.
ANDY: Why?
HOGGIE: It seemed like a good idea at the time.
MILLER: We were fans, when we were kids. We thought it would be —
ANDY: Why would you go through all this and put me through all this just —
WAGS: (Suddenly exploding.) Because our lives suck, OK!! Because our lives
are ghastly fucking messes, OK!! And we remember this moment, this
aspect of our life with some fondness, JESUS!! But we don't want it to
be this. This horrible story about public humiliation and —
(A shaft of light hits Andy. We are in the past, all others are gone.)
ANDY: Hello Space Kiddets. This is your friend Asteroid Andy. Yesterday,
Tamara Tomorrow was sick. Very sick. She had an inner ear infection,
which caused a sort of a balance problem — you can ask your family physi-
cian or school nurse about it they can explain it in detail. So. Tamara is
going to a place where she can get well and we're lucky enough that Chief
Halftown, from Sunday mornings, will be able to substitute host for the —
till she gets back.
(In the present. A car in the rain. Miller and Wags sit. And stare. A moment.
They then sing the Roadrunner song. Absently. Then silence again. Then —)
WAGS: I'm sorry I included you in my life-is-a-mess speech.
MILLER: Well. That's OK. It kind of is.
WAGS: Yeah?
MILLER: Yeah. I mean, yeah. I'd be further along in my job if I were better at
it. And — I really should be further along at it. Nothing is turning out
the way I thought it would — I started in advertising because, well the
whole "Bewitched" thing, and I thought I could flourish. But I didn't re-
ally. So, kind of got into public relations 'cause I thought it would be in-
teresting. And a breeze. Breeze, it ain't. And Greg.
(He looks out a window.)
Remember how, before Greg I was only dating really younger guys. Like
college age. Because there was never really the THREAT of responsi-
BILITY, which, you know worked for me. And if things got too deep they'd
have mid-terms or something and I was on to the new —
WAGS: I don't remember you dating younger guys.
MILLER: Wags, you fully do remember. You told your mother that my new nickname was "short eyes."
WAGS: Yeah. That was funny.
MILLER: So then I met Greg at this bar I can't even stand and we started just talking, I mean I wasn't looking for anything and just everything I said, all my pat answers — he would call me on it. And I knew that part of what it's all about is having someone to call you on it. If you want the mature relationship. So the second Greg is not there to call me on anything and he needs me. Look what I choose to do. No I would say fucking ghastly mess to describe my life would be a euphemism. Wonder how Hoagie's doing with that community theater lady? Supposed to be some friend of Tamara's.
WAGS: Mine is. Life a mess. I really should have been a partner two years ago easy. I'll have to leave soon. Try to be partner somewhere else. Or stay. Become one of those little gray guys in the gray suits we all whisper about. "Never made partner." And Wendy is — I mean she tells me she's pregnant and I leave and I haven't spoken to her since and now she can't find me. The running away thing that's just — not helping matters. Anywhere.
MILLER: Infantile. Both of us.
WAGS: Right now there are two people on this shitty stormy night, two people who were told by someone that they were loved. And right now those same two people are alone. And scared. And wondering. I mean, it's only been a day, but — we suck.
MILLER: I would say so.
WAGS: We should —
MILLER: I think so —
WAGS: Call the whole running-away thing —
MILLER: Give it a rest —
WAGS: Call it quits.
MILLER: Head back.
WAGS: Yeah. Return. Soon as —
MILLER: Wonder what poor Hoagie is doing with the community theater lady?
WAGS: Now, Hoagie, I love him like a brother but he's —
MILLER: More of a mess than we are.
WAGS: Seriously, he struts around in sweats all day, like the world is still high school gym class or something. He's like, in denial, about life, right?
MILLER: Dead end job, different girl all the time. So much growing up to do, he is so nowhere fast, right?
WAGS: Absolutely.
MILLER: Seriously.
(They stare forward for a bit.)
WAGS: Good lead. That Connelly guy put us on to.
MILLER: Wonder what the story was there. He got real supportive of us finding Tamara. After your life-is-a-mess speech. (In the past, at the studio, Tamara returns from Chit Chat Farms. She walks over to Andy.)
WAGS: Well, we should —
MILLER: Let's go —
WAGS: Go —
TAMARA: Hey ho. Nobody —
WAGS, MILLER, TAMARA: Home.
MILLER: Yeah.
WAGS: Right.
TAMARA: Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none. Especially the drink.
ANDY: Don't you look great.
TAMARA: Feel great. Clean bill of health from our friends over at Chit Chat Farms.
ANDY: That's great. How's it going?
TAMARA: One day at a time, sweetieheart. I'm ready for work. I'm a pro. I honor a contract.
ANDY: We have a problem. With the sponsors.
TAMARA: Oh. Really?
ANDY: Word is out on the streets about your . . . illness.
TAMARA: It is an illness. I was sick and now I'm well.
WAGS: Chasing after some poor lady. Who probably didn't want to see us anyway.
ANDY: Frank's Cola, in addition to being the manufacturer of children's colas, actually primarily is —
WAGS: I think it's best we — give up. Bite the bullet.
ANDY: The manufacturer of cocktail mixers for adults.
MILLER: It's time to go back.
WAGS: Go back.
ANDY: Ginger ale, club soda, lemon lime. They don't want — you know how this town talks. They don't want the image of a —
TAMARA: Ahhhhhhh.
ANDY: I don't have to say this. Of course Channel Thirty-six will honor your contract. They'll continue to pay you.
TAMARA: And what about us?
ANDY: What they also volunteered, and this is very generous, you will have the rights to the name Tamara Tomorrow. If you want to shop it around to another sponsor and take it to over to Seventeen or Twenty-nine or Forty-eight or —
TAMARA: And what about us?
ANDY: I have a contract with Channel Thirty-six, I can't —
ANDY: For God's sake be professional. People are listening.
TAMARA: Sorry. Real big city, very small town.
   (In the present, Hoagie jumps into the backseat.)
ANDY: I have other commitments, but —
HOAGIE: Guys!
ANDY: If you want, I have a friend over at Channel Eight in Lancaster. He might be able —
   (Tamara begins to leave.)
HOAGIE: The community theater people just gave us the mother lode.
TAMARA: No, I'm not doing Tamara anymore.
HOAGIE: We've found Tamara Tomorrow. The costume lady keeps in touch.
TAMARA: We'll just end it here.
HOAGIE: She's in Wildwood, New Jersey.
   (Wags and Miller look at one another for a moment.)
HOAGIE: We going?
   (Miller just looks forward.)
TAMARA: She'll be forgotten in no time.
ANDY: Sharon!!
MILLER: You wanna go, Wags?
ANDY: You can do television somewhere else.
WAGS: After all we just said, after all we just talked about?
TAMARA: No thank you.
MILLER: But to see Tamara Tomorrow?
TAMARA: Tamara Tomorrow will just go away.
WAGS: We can't.
HOAGIE: Why can't we?
WAGS: We shouldn't.
MILLER: Why shouldn't we?
TAMARA: She'll just disappear.
WAGS: Let's go.

MILLER: All right!
HOAGIE: YES!
ANDY: Sharon!!
TAMARA: And no one will find her.
WAGS: (Starting the car up.) Let's go find her.
TAMARA: No one will ever find me.

END OF ACT I
Act II
Scene One: “The Future”

Darkness. And from that darkness the triumphant march that is the opening theme of “Tobor, the Eighth Man.” Along with the music, onstage an incessant banging in time. As the music fades we are in Wildwood, New Jersey, and in the lobby of the Star-luxe Motel. The banging continues. It is Wags knocking on a door. Hoagie and Miller sit in awe on some very old modern furniture.

WAGS: Ms. Phipps? Ms. Phipps? We don’t want to hurt you, Ms. Phipps.
MILLER: Feature this architecture, please. You really have to go to Wildwood, New Jersey to see architecture like this. Wildwood, New Jersey or, of course, Pluto.
WAGS: Ms. Phipps?
HOAGIE: She’s not coming out, Wags.
MILLER: She’s not coming out, Wags. (To Hoagie.) Isn’t this just the setting you would want Tamara Tomorrow to be living in? Do you think she has a time share with Electro-woman and Dyna-girl? Just wondering.
WAGS: Ms. Phipps? We mean you no harm.
MILLER: Say, “We come in peace,” Wags.
WAGS: We come in peace.
HOAGIE: Man did you see her run? She’s standing there behind the desk there. We walk in, Wags says, “Ms. Phipps.” And somehow she knew what was up and she just, you know, bolted. Bolted for the room over —
WAGS: (To Hoagie and Miller.) She’s not coming out.
HOAGIE: This one lady at the community players said she’s been in hiding ever since a very ugly theater-in-the-round incident.
MILLER: I really thought I might get through my whole life without hearing you say a sentence like that. You know I’m kinda going for this decor right about now. This sort of “we’re in the sixties but we’re looking forty years into the future, only we’re forty years into the future now and it looks nothing like this.” There’s nothing so reassuring as the past’s view of the future.
HOAGIE: How did she know what was up?
MILLER: She saw it in our faces. That unmitigated hope. For her to be Tomorrow. She probably sees that look on three adult men and is out of here like a tornado already.
HOAGIE: What is with you? You’ve been this way since we stopped for gas.

MILLER: Just. Once I was doing it. This. It wasn’t a . . . fun quest. It was invasion of privacy or something I don’t — and Greg and — Wags, she’s not coming out. Why don’t you just sit down on the least Venutian furnishing?
WAGS: I feel so bad.
MILLER: We all do.
WAGS: This woman must feel so awkward. I mean, I thought we’d come in and be like — “Ms. Phipps, weren’t you Tamara Tomorrow?” and she’d by like — “Oh shoot that was so long ago how sweet of you to remember” and she’d make us tea and we’d get some pictures and we’d leave. But we just walk in and — she must just be embarrassed is what it is. She must just feel like — “What did I do with my life? I used to be a star and now I’m a front-desk clerk at a motel in Wildwood. Off-season.” (A moment of silence as all three just sit there and ponder this. Miller then rises, walks over to the door, taps on it gently.)
MILLER: Ms. Phipps? All your choices were valid. (He looks at the door: Nothing. He looks at the other two, then throws his arms up and walks over to the others.) Let’s go.
(He begins to leave. Wags soon joins him.)
WAGS: I can’t believe after all that, that’s how it ended.
MILLER: Yeah. Welcome to most things, right? Lots of stuff, then nothing. (They’re at the door.)
MILLER: You coming with. Hoags? (No response from Hoagie.) Hoagie?
(Miller and Wags are stymied as Hoagie walks over to the door and leans into it. His quiet plea is plaintive and very sincere.)
HOAGIE: Miss Tomorrow. My name is Hoagie. Actually my name is James, my nickname is Hoagie. Anyways, I came here with my friends, on account of. Well for me, on account of when I was a kid I was so fearless, right? I was athletic and easygoing and all those kind of things. And girls wanted me for a boyfriend when we got older. And I was . . . sure of myself. And it’s not that way now. Nothing I do is that way these days. Fearless. I’m fearful, I would say. And the reason I came is because — when I think about those fearless times and such. You were there. And if I could see you again. Maybe, I would — I’m sorry, we shouldn’t have bothered you. (He walks away from the door and joins Wags and Miller. Just as they are at the door, the other door unlocks. They turn and watch as the door slowly opens. For Tamara, years have gone by, but they don’t show much on her.)
MILLER: And the sun becomes the moon and the moon becomes a sun, the earth becomes the sky and the sky the sea and fantasy and reality jitter-
bug around the room like mice in old black-and-white cartoons. Three
mereal mortals are meeting Tamara Tomorrow.
TAMARA: Now you know why I hid in the office.
WAGS: Wow. This is — WOW!! Tamara Tomorrow. You're a legend.
TAMARA: Now you’ve seen me. You want some rooms or did you just come
for the show?
(A phone rings.)
WAGS: Actually —
TAMARA: Hold that thought, I gotta get the phone. There's a machine out there
if you want coffee or pop.
WAGS: Or maybe some Frank’s Cola.
TAMARA: What?
WAGS: Frank’s Cola. You used to do the commercials for them.
TAMARA: Right you are.
WAGS: “Is it Franky? Thanks.”
TAMARA: Of course, I forgot. They went out of business, you know.
(She picks up the phone, which has become quite annoying by now. Miller
punches Wags in the shoulder.)
WAGS: OW!! What is that all —
MILLER: Frank’s Cola, Wags?
TAMARA: (Into phone.) Sorry it took so long. Reservations?
HOAGIE: I mean good one, that’s only who fired her.
MILLER: She looks good. You think she's been tucked?
HOAGIE: A time machine.
WAGS: I don’t want it to end.
MILLER: This has gone very nicely and we should end it now because I don’t
want it to end with you getting slapped and us being asked to leave.
WAGS: It can’t end.
(Tamara hangs up the phone.)
TAMARA: So, gents, what'll it be? Rooms or gawkin’. ‘Cause if it's gawkin’ it's
five more minutes and then I’m asking you to leave.
MILLER: This isn’t what we want.
WAGS: You were Tamara Tomorrow.
TAMARA: So?
WAGS: How great is that?
TAMARA: I take it you don’t want rooms then.
WAGS: I want to be with you.
TAMARA: Been great kid. Now do you have something for me to autograph?

HOAGIE: Would you do that? I have a scrapbook.
WAGS: I’ve got a doll. Sitting in my car.
TAMARA: You boys need to get some sun. Get a hobby. Have sex with a part-
er. All right, I’ll sign and then you’ll leave.
WAGS: Sure, I mean, I w — we will. But that's not what we — I mean, we re-
ally liked you. The work you did before really affected us. On TV. And
even though we’re adults —
MILLER: On paper only.
WAGS: We cherish — I’m gonna use that word here, and I can’t think of an-
other time that I have — we cherish the memory of you.
TAMARA: I got three whole fans. I’m touched. Get me your dolly and you can
leave.
HOAGIE: You were great.
TAMARA: I wasn’t anything.
HOAGIE: No you really —
MILLER: You really were. Arc Great.
TAMARA: I’m a reference. I’m the answer to a trivia question. I’m whatayacall.
Camp.
MILLER: Trust me. I know camp. You’re not camp. You’re a . . . a . . .
TAMARA: Nice try.
MILLER: Is there nothing we can say to let you know how much you mean
to us?
HOAGIE: We’re fans. No lie.
WAGS: We’re not just fans. We’re more than fans.
MILLER: Stalker talk. Keep going.
WAGS: We. The three of us, just dropped out of our lives to find you. And
you — we found you and you’re not that easy to find. OK?
TAMARA: You want me to say “thank you” here?
WAGS: No. But we’re not just coming to you as . . . admirers. We’re here for
something else.
HOAGIE: Huh?
MILLER: Shhhhh.
WAGS: We’re here . . . for . . . on business.
(Hoagie is about to say something: Miller grabs his arm.)
MILLER: Let him go.
WAGS: A — we — we feel that if we would want to see you. Others might —
will want to see you. Like everyone our age from Philadelphia would want
to see you. So —
MILLER: This isn't what we wanted, but by God, he's going to make it something we want.
WAGS: We could help you . . . orchestrate . . . your comeback.

(A pause. Everyone looks at one another incredulously. The phone rings.)
TAMARA: (Running to the phone.) Conventions! Come next week we'll be ass to elbows in old men on tiny motorcycles. (She picks up the phone.) Star-luxe Motel.
HOAGIE: What are you talking about Wags?
WAGS: Just, it's not enough. Now that I'm here I want more. And — dammit, for all she's done for me, I want her to know she is something.
HOAGIE: But — what is this comeback thing?
MILLER: I for one applaud Wags. Every once in a while, I look at this fourteen-year-old trapped in the body of a nearly forty-year-old —
WAGS: Fuck you.
MILLER: And I say, "Oh right. He is a lawyer. Who's successful. And thinks of things and knows how to settle things. Right."
HOAGIE: Can we do that?
WAGS: I know a lot of people would be interested, I know I am.
HOAGIE: It seems dangerous. And foolish. At the same time.
WAGS: I gotta think. Of stuff.
HOAGIE: But —
MILLER: Hoag, the time for buts is done. We're in it now. And Wags is, God-damn it, a lawyer. And the thing about a lawyer is, it's like opera. All that recitative and then, they land on an idea and it's aria. And you gotta just sit back and listen.

(Hoagie looks back with no response. Miller explains in words Hoagie will grasp.)
MILLER: All that dribbling and then he shoots.
HOAGIE: Oh.
MILLER: Wags has a seriously good idea here. And it would be a hell of a lot of fun. (He looks at Wags.) And maybe for once in our gleamingly selfish lives. We could do something, anything for someone else. Imagine that.
WAGS: You in Hoagie?
HOAGIE: I'm in though I don't know what I can do or anything.
WAGS: Yes! Kick. Ass. We should concoct this really wisely. We could —

(Tamara is back.)
TAMARA: So. Sorry, where were we? Oh right, you had that foolhardy idea and I was trying to come up with a kind way of rejecting it.

WAGS: Well I don't know that you're taking everything into consideration. You could be famous again.
TAMARA: I'm retired from —
WAGS: I think there is money to be made here.
TAMARA: I get by.
WAGS: Real money.
TAMARA: How many people are your age and from Philly? Not many.
WAGS: How many people are my age and from Philly and parents now themselves and afraid of all the shit — may I speak frankly?
TAMARA: Go ahead.
WAGS: Afraid of all the shit they see on TV now. And would like a figure they can trust. And who gives them optimistic views of things to come. I remember, as sure as I am talking to you, that you once said that after the year 2001 most homes would have a computer. Most homes do now.
TAMARA: I was lucky on that one. I think I also said dogs would have full voting rights. I made it up, it was whimsy.
WAGS: Your whimsy turned into our hope.
TAMARA: Oh jeez. So what would I do? Just stand there peelin' potatoes? I didn't do a lot on that show in case you don't remember.
WAGS: You could —
MILLER: Personal appearances. Hi, Miller Burke. This is where I kick in. I work in public relations. In life. First of all, let me say, loved your work. You made the early seventies a great place to grow up. Totally overshadowed Watergate and the escalation of Viet Nam. Ms. Phipps. You can make so much money from personal appearances.
TAMARA: I don't think —
MILLER: Five thousand dollars a night. Easily. You've kept yourself off the market, you're very desirable.
TAMARA: I can't believe anyone would pay that much to hear me —
MILLER: Ms. Phipps, may I call you Tamara? Do you know what a Tamara Tomorrow doll goes for? Two hundred and fifty dollars. People our age have a lot of disposable income at their fingertips. And they will do anything to keep themselves young, why do you know what someone paid for just the plastic glow in the dark badge? Now if we repackaged the old shows, it would be a license to print money. Set up a few speaking engagements.
TAMARA: You boys are very sweet to think of me, but you all have a bolt loose. Thank you so much for stopping by. Let me sign your old pieces of junk that you probably paid too much for and I'll let you get back on the road. I think there's supposed to be bad traveling tonight.
Hoagie: Miss Tomorrow. I'm James. People call me Hoagie. I talked to you earlier through the door. I really think you should do this. It could mean a lot to a lot of people.

Tamara: Why?

Wags: Because we were close to you. And we lost you. And now we've found you. The way things are now, everything is so fast. A best friend is a casual acquaintance is a name on a Christmas card list is an obituary that makes you sigh only. Just like that. We all have one person we've lost track of and would like to get in contact with. You're ours. And I think you'd be a lot of other people's too.

Tamara: How did you even find me?

Hoagie: Community Players.

Tamara: Jeez, how did you find them?

Miller: This guy at the TV station.

Wags: Andrew Connelly.

Hoagie: Right.

Tamara: You boys done your homework.

Wags: We're serious about this.

Tamara: If I ever did this... comeback thing, I should tell you. Warn you. People are gonna want to know why I left and went away. And they're not gonna want to hear the how come. I had a substance abuse problem.

Miller: People are going to want hear about that. People are going to require it. That's a whole other lecture circuit.

Tamara: What you're saying is starting to make sense, you better leave.

Wags: Kids today would love you as much as their parents do.

Tamara: You got kids?

Wags: I—actually—not yet.

Tamara: Well when you do, get back to me. And what's your participation in this... huh? What kind of ungodly percentage would you take?

Miller: Nothing. We're doing this because we love you.

Tamara: Oh, now—

Miller: We... love... you. We have left behind all kinds of commitments to find you.

Tamara: Yeah, like what?

Miller: I—well—commitments.

Tamara: Well, thanks, I think. Now, you should get going and—

Hoagie: Ms. Phipps, it's me, Hoagie again. When you opened the pediatric wing at Jefferson, they had to bring in police there were so many people.

Tamara: So.

Hoagie: Those people all loved you. And that doesn't go away. People just have to be reminded of it.

Tamara: This is silly talk.

Hoagie: If they just reran your old show and you made some appearances, it's not that much work and you could remind people.

Wags: Exactly! That's what we should do! Rerun the old shows. People would love it.

Tamara: That's just scary.

Hoagie: In my personal experience, I have found that it's not the stuff that scares you that winds up being a problem.

Wags: We show the old shows, you show up at a couple of events, you could have that whole world back.

Tamara: Nobody cares.

Hoagie: You're the first girl I loved ever.

Wags: Same here.

Miller: Absolutely.

Tamara: That's sweet.

Hoagie: And that's like the love that stays with you your whole life.

Wags: And there must be a lot of other people who could say the same thing.

Miller: And I would give anything to hear you do those predictions one more time.

Hoagie: YES!!

Miller: To tell me how possible it all is.

Wags: Seriously!

Tamara: Remind us of all the good things we can expect.

(The phone rings. She reaches for it, stops, then looks at them.)

Tamara: You're talking talk that is just—(She looks at the phone, then back at them.) And it's not like I haven't thought about it before, but—(She looks at the phone and abruptly presses a button.) The answering service'll get it. (She considers their faces for a moment.) Give me. Let me have a sec. I'll be right back. (She is gone.)

Wags: She'll do it.

Hoagie: How do you know?

Miller: Maybe.

Hoagie: What just happened? In my head, I'm halfway back home. Now I'm staging a comeback. What the—(He mouths the word 'fuck.')
WAGS: She'll do it. I have to think.

(He looks out the window.)

HOAGIE: This is like a major fucking event and we have to stage it.
MILLER: We need to think. We should come up with a cohesive plan.
WAGS: We're gonna have to spend the night.
HOAGIE: How come?
WAGS: It's snowing.
HOAGIE: She said it was going to snow.
MILLER: Tamara Tomorrow. Clairvoyant still.

(Tamara walks in with a cardboard box.)

TAMARA: So I got this cardboard box, right?
MILLER: Sorry?

TAMARA: Where I just chuck any of my Tamara Tomorrow stuff actually all my showbizzy things. Anyways. Contracts and such are in here. I have no idea what I have.

(She sets down the box. The others gather around.)

WAGS: So, I take it you've signed on?

TAMARA: I have decided nothing. Just thought we'd look through this — see what we have on our hands.

WAGS: Hand me the contracts.

HOAGIE: You know what is so cool? We all like can have like a little task in this. Like Wags is lawyer so he can handle all the business stuff. Miller is the only PR person so he can plot out the career and all and I'm a personal trainer so I can help get her back into shape.

TAMARA: OK. The one with the sandwich name? I want him dead.

MILLER: You can't kill him, after a while you learn to love him. Wow. Lot's of programs.

WAGS: Contracts? No, income tax.

MILLER: I don't see any more pictures of you as Tamara or —

TAMARA: Pictures and costumes I have off in a storage. All I have is contracts, odds and ends, and —

(Hoagie reaches for something. He and Miller suddenly gasp.)

TAMARA: My antennae.

(Hoagie reverently pulls out a rusty antennae.)

MILLER: I am blacking out.

(He touches it.)

WAGS: Cool. Hey, a contract, thank you. This must have been your first, it looks like it's only for a month or so.

MILLER: Read it, Wags.

WAGS: Witnesseth. The party of the first part, Sharon Phipps, hereafter referred to as, "the artist" shall —

MILLER: Wags no longer read aloud please. Just speak when you fall on to something of pertinence. Whoo, here's a program, I didn't know you did this play. At Valley Forge Music Fair. Nice.

TAMARA: I used to be an actress, dabbled in theater. Community level, nothing big. Before Tamara.

MILLER: But this is after — It says Tamara Tomorrow on the program. Right at the top.

TAMARA: Oh yeah. That billing. My swan song, if you will.
HOAGIE: What do you mean?
TAMARA: It wasn't a . . . great experience.
MILLER: What happened?
TAMARA: This isn't about Tamara Tomorrow, you wouldn't be interested.
MILLER: I would.
HOAGIE: If it's about you, we would.
TAMARA: It was a play I had done before the television stuff. That I did again, right after. You don't want to hear this.

MILLER: Tell us.

TAMARA: It's no big story.

HOAGIE: You can tell us, if you want. We're friends.

TAMARA: Some friends of mine ran a small theater company I had worked with before. They were broke, they approached me to, for one night, recreate a successful role I had done for them and rent the Valley Forge Music Fair. And it was a bad experience — you didn't hear about this?

HOAGIE: All the community theater lady said was there was an ugly thing that happened. Was that the ugly thing?

TAMARA: Yeah. And it started with that program.

MILLER: What do you mean?

TAMARA: Well, that night I was in the dressing room, and I felt more alive than I had in so long and — there's this tradition, right? You never have a playbill in your dressing room. And they did this time, right? And — the program, the billing was — TV's Tamara Tomorrow parenthesis lettering so small it looks like an eye chart Sharon Phipps end parenthesis in J. M. Barrie's — maybe that's how come they have that superstition. So the actors don't have to feel queasy just before —

(The lights change. They are odd. Hoagie and Miller continue to watch; Wags continues to read the contracts. But they will supply all the background noises
in the next section. First, the growing sound of an audience grumbling in anticipation.)

WAGS: (As stage manager.) Places.

TAMARA: And I got to the wings and I wanted to cry and —

WAGS: (As stage manager.) Places for act one scene one.

TAMARA: And then for that moment, for that instant everything was better than all right. The house lights down, the stage lights up. The silent sound, the audience’s rapt attention. The sound of scenes going along well enough. Then the cue light and my doubt. A tug of the harness. Because we were in the round my entrance was to fly over the heads of the audience on to the stage. And my doubt had a voice —

HOAGIE: (Quietly) Tamara Tomorrow is really flying now!

WAGS: (Quietly) Look at Tamara soar, what’s she been drinkin’?

TAMARA: And the voice of my doubt grew louder and with it, the cold realization.

MILLER: (A little louder than the others.) Had a drink, Tamara?

TAMARA: That wasn’t my doubt talkin’ to me that night onstage.

HOAGIE: (A little louder.) She’s way in the air, she’s three sheets to the wind again.

TAMARA: It was the audience. Children, no longer young but gangly and spotted in their preadolescence with all that pent-up sexiness taking out their rage on me that evening on stage.

WAGS: (Openly loud now.) Hey, Tamara, can I have a drink?

(The others laugh derisively.)

TAMARA: And it was in the round so everywhere I turned —

(Miller hiccup, the others laugh as teenagers.)

TAMARA: Humiliation after humiliation. They piled up on the small round stage. A reminder by another character to “take my medicine” and a whole three-act play was performed by the audience for the actors onstage to watch. And I, well — (Lights and everything back to normal.) When it was over. I never wanted to act on stage again. How my life had turned out. Wanting to be a stage actress, becoming a TV personality, ending up a joke.

MILLER: Life is very cruel to a great many people.

TAMARA: Life’s a pain in the ass to most everyone. It’s how you take it that counts. Hey, and if anyone’s to blame for me not being a actress any more. It’s me. I coulda stuck with it. Maybe done a play under my own name only. Or done a play far away from Philadelphia. But. For all my talk. I didn’t love theater. Enough. When you love something, it’s no great shakes to say you love it when it’s all sweeties and dearies. But when it turns mean.

The true colors time. That’s when love is. And I didn’t have it. Wish to hell I did. Regret of my life, maybe. You know?

(She hands the program to Miller. He has found something else in what she has said. He gets up and walks to the window and looks out.)

TAMARA: He got quiet all a sudden. He wasn’t in the audience at Valley Forge, was he?

HOAGIE: Nah, he’s just moody lately.

WAGS: This is discouraging.

TAMARA: What’s discouraging, sweetheart?

WAGS: These contracts. Did you have a lawyer?

TAMARA: Well, I —

WAGS: I mean who was your lawyer, their lawyer?

TAMARA: I take it there’s a problem of some sort or another?

WAGS: Let’s just say these contracts are . . . more than a little one-sided. I mean the first one is straightforward enough —

(Andy appears as Tamara remembers him.)

ANDY: I’ll tell you here. I’m in kind of a bind.

WAGS: You’re hired at a salary to act on a television show.

ANDY: I have this role that should have been cast about a month ago.

WAGS: I mean a nice enough salary for back then.

ANDY: If there’s anyway that you could come and help us out, it would be —

WAGS: But nowhere does it mention you as originator of this role.

TAMARA: What does —

ANDY: I’m over at Channel Thirty-six and we just bought a package of Japanese animation and —

TAMARA: What does that have to do with anything?

WAGS: Well, you should have been compensated for that. And nowhere does it suggest in anyway your ownership of the name Tamara Tomorrow.

TAMARA: It was a six-week job. And what do I care who owns the name?

WAGS: Well if you walk around saying you’re Tamara Tomorrow, Channel Thirty-six could come along and say, “not without us, sister.” And their lawyers should be fired if they don’t.

TAMARA: This is all Hollywood talk, this.

WAGS: Now for your second contract —

ANDY: We got an offer from Frank’s Cola.

WAGS: Again, a nice salary for back then.

ANDY: To go to an hour and a half.

TAMARA: Hey that’s a nice salary for now.

WAGS: Nowhere does it mention residuals from rebroadcasting. Reruns.

168 DOUGLAS CARTER BEANE
ANDY: And Frank's will sponsor the whole thing —
WAGS: Or a percentage of the dolls and toys or public appearances.
ANDY: All they need is for you to sign on for two years.
HOAGIE: You know all that stuff? That kind of stuff sounds small but it adds up, I'll bet.
TAMARA: We didn't think about those things then. Andy just wrote something up and I signed it.
WAGS: You let the producer draw the contract and then you — Why would you —
ANDY: In case you noticed I am noticing a lot more things about you —
WAGS: let the management arrange your terms?
ANDY: Like you make songs out of anything when you're in a good mood.
TAMARA: It was a different time.
ANDY: See I noticed that.
TAMARA: I knew I could trust him.
ANDY: And you,
WAGS: Why?
ANDY: Just before the camera goes on —
WAGS: I mean you couldn't trust him.
ANDY: You whisper
WAGS: I mean he did fire you —
HOAGIE: Geez, Wags.
ANDY: Sell it.
HOAGIE: You're gettin' harsh.
TAMARA: *Eventy.* It was a different time. We trusted then.
ANDY: Two days a week you're on a diet —
WAGS: You trusted and you got screwed.
MILLER: Wags, chill.
ANDY: Two days you're not —
WAGS: I mean, I'm sorry —
ANDY: The fifth is anyone's guess.
WAGS: But we're starting a new venture here with nothing.
ANDY: All these things I noticed on account of you told me I didn't notice things.
TAMARA: I never said we were starting it!
WAGS: We have to go to Channel Thirty-six, hat in hand, begging. Why did you even bother to keep these contracts? They're useless.
TAMARA: I don't — They call me an artist. That's nice.
ANDY: But —

WAGS: But they're worthless.
ANDY: For what it's worth.
HOAGIE: Wagner, lay off!
ANDY: That lonesome thing you talked about.
WAGS: Why would you trust the producer to take care of you?
ANDY: I've got it too.
WAGS: I mean he's given you nothing.
ANDY: Mighty lonesome.
WAGS: Why did you trust him?
TAMARA: Because I loved him.
(Silence for a moment. *The three just stare at her.*
ANDY: And nothing can come of this.
TAMARA: I loved him and I'd like to think he loved me.
(Shakes the contracts from Wags. Andy disappears.)
WAGS: I'm sorry I didn't know.
TAMARA: And he hurt me. But what I wonder — as I stand here listening to you berate me and all — is how do you live? When you say something to a girl you love, when you promise things, do you have loopholes already concocted in your mind? When a pretty girl says she loves you, do you get it in writing? And in triplicate? How do you live at all in your world of negotiated agreements? And who trusts you to do anything? Who trusts you?
(This hits Wags hard. She returns the contracts to the cardboard box.)
TAMARA: And what frosts me is I'm the one who's getting looked at with the loser eye from you three. Like I did the coward thing, the stupid thing. When truth told, I'm the one that trusted. I flew into it, no parachute.
(She is riffling through the box.) I hope you learn to. I hope to God, you do, cause I wanna show you something — 'cause if you don't trust somebody and somebody don't trust you, your life is null and void. Here. (She finds an envelope.) And though I got burned, I don't doubt what I did for a minute. I don't regret — (She hands the envelope to Wags.) Here, read this.
WAGS: This is a letter —
TAMARA: Read.
WAGS: I read contracts, not love letters.
(Indicates that he should read; he does so.)
HOAGIE: I don't think Wagner meant to hurt you, ma'am. He just, doesn't have good people skills. I think he was trying to figure out —
WAGS: Oh.

MUSIC FROM A SPARKLING PLANET 171
ANDY: (Offstage) What they’ve volunteered.
MILLER: What?
ANDY: (We see him.) And this is very generous.
TAMARA: I trusted.
WAGS: Oh God. They gave it to her.
ANDY: You will have the rights to the name Tamara Tomorrow.
HOAGIE: Gave what?
WAGS: The copyright for Tamara Tomorrow.
ANDY: If you want to shop it around to another sponsor.
MILLER: What good’s the name if we don’t have the rights to the old shows?
WAGS: No. That’s not the question.
ANDY: Take it over to Seventeen or Twenty-nine or —
WAGS: The question is — what good are the old shows without the rights to Tamara Tomorrow? She owns everything.
(Like that, Andy is in the present talking to an unseen superior.)
ANDY: It was an amicable parting at the time.
TAMARA: I trusted.
ANDY: The station was trying to get out of an awkward situation.
HOAGIE: What do you know? She can go anywhere and be Tamara Tomorrow. Even to another station.
ANDY: I negotiated that contract. Contract. It was a letter I wrote and the owner of the station signed.
HOAGIE: Whoa.
ANDY: Don’t. You. Talk to her. I’ll talk to her.
TAMARA: Wags, Miller, Hoagie. I think it’s time for us to get to Philly.
ANDY: Let me do this meeting. We have history.
TAMARA: (She looks over at Wags.) I trusted someone and even though I got hurt, I did OK. So. Who trusts you?
(Wags looks away. She walks over and touches his cheek gently.)
TAMARA: I do. Right now, I do. You won’t let me be hurt again.
(A flash, we are in Andy’s office at Channel Thirty-six. Tamara, Wags, Miller, and Hoagie stand before Andy.)
ANDY: Sharon. God.
TAMARA: Look at you, Andy.
ANDY: You look great.
TAMARA: You look old. Geez you keep it cold in here, the whole left side of me is near froze off.
ANDY: Come and give us a hug.
(They do so. Timidly at first, then desperately clinging to one another.)

ANDY: I missed you.
TAMARA: Missed you too.
ANDY: Now don’t start crying.
TAMARA: I can’t cry no more. I’m all cried out. I make a cry face, nothing comes out.
(They pull apart.)
ANDY: Like old times.
TAMARA: Could be.
(Andy looks at the boys.)
ANDY: Hey, you found her.
(They smile awkwardly.)
ANDY: They brought you back to me. It’s a miracle. I talked to the station manager, actually, it’s not a station manager it’s a divisional chief, we’re all bought up by Info, Inc. You know them? Anyway, I mentioned that you were coming back and they expressed some interest. We don’t have that much time for local during the day just after one a.m., but still. Maybe you could introduce some old movies or — episodes of “Star Trek” or — cards on the table, not a lot of air time, bad slots, not a ton of interest, but interest.
TAMARA: Interest. Well. I haven’t worked in twenty years and a division chief has interest. How do you like that?
ANDY: Just having you back in the old building. I didn’t know how great it would be.
TAMARA: How have you been Andy?
ANDY: Busy. Tired. Lot of changes.
TAMARA: I read in the Inquirer your wife passed on. I was sorry to hear that.
ANDY: She died very sudden.
TAMARA: People our age do.
ANDY: I miss her. I’ve been in grief more than I thought.
TAMARA: How long has it been now? Five years?
ANDY: Six, almost.
TAMARA: Men your age don’t grieve that long. They remarry. Quick and to something younger and thinner. I read that in the paper too.
ANDY: Stephanie is . . . you would like her. You should meet. I tell you, once we hear back from the folks at Info, who knows? Maybe we’ll be working together again. You could meet her then.
TAMARA: No.
ANDY: No?
TAMARA: No. I don't need to hear back from anyone at Info to make my next step. Andy, I'd like you to meet David Wagner. Mr. Wagner is my attorney.

ANDY: Really? Yesterday he was a reporter.

TAMARA: Mr. Wagner.

WAGS: Channel Thirty-six is squandering one of its greatest commodities of the past. There is an opportunity for unprecedented revenue. Tamara Tomorrow remains a brand of integrity. Untarnished by time, this property has only garnered potential value. Now, according to a letter, dated July 12, 1977, Channel Thirty-six relinquishes all rights to the name and character of Tamara Tomorrow to Ms. Sharon Phipps.

ANDY: All right all right. You're a lawyer. And I know that letter, I wrote it.

But what does all that have to do with gettin' air time here?

TAMARA: You'll have to speak to my publicist, Mr. Burke.

MILLER: Any television station in the Delaware valley would give their eyeteeth to put Tamara back on the air. Channel Thirty-six should get in the game very quickly. She is a beloved local icon. Her appeal? Somewhat across the boards. Nostalgia and the future. Baby boomers, Gen Xers, Gen Yers. Gay men and lesbians? Don't get me started. Adult children of alcoholics and alcoholics? A role model. And a lot of people grew up in the Philadelphia area watching Tamara. Some even have moved across the country and with the influx of cable? National is a real consideration.

(Andy is in shock. He looks at Hoagie.)

ANDY: National? And what do you do?

HOAGIE: I'm her lover.

(Tamara laughs.)

MILLER: (Simultaneous with Wags) Hoag!

WAGS: (Simultaneous with Miller) Way to be!

TAMARA: No, Hoagie is a friend. A friend until yesterday I didn't even know I had. And my feeling is there are a lot more.

ANDY: What do you want?

TAMARA: I want the old videos of my show. First broadcast to last, in order. I own them, they’re going back on the air. We start entertaining offers tomorrow afternoon. Have your division chief come up with an offer.

ANDY: Sharon —

TAMARA: I'm sorry to be hard-nosed but that's me now.

ANDY: Sharon. I would like to give you the old shows, but I can't.

TAMARA: If you want a court case, I'm sure David can make it very ugly.

ANDY: Not that. Sharon. I would give you the shows if I could. This isn't about ownership. The truth is — we don't have them anymore. We ... taped over them.

(Tamara is devastated.)

WAGS: What?

ANDY: No one thought we'd ever rebroadcast them. We didn't have use for them.

WAGS: We taped over them for some Flyers games.

MILLER: Wags, quiet! (To Andy) What are you saying?

HOAGIE: You're bluffing!

ANDY: I wish I was. That was my work too. I checked into it.

MILLER: How could they do that?

ANDY: We don't have acres of storage here.

WAGS: So, there's nothing?

ANDY: The only tape I could find was the commercial for the merchandising. The news department has it on file. For your obituary. I'm real sorry.

TAMARA: Well now.

MILLER: I can't believe they would do that.

HOAGIE: And we were so close, too.

WAGS: (To Tamara) I didn't know this would be such a waste of time. I let you down.

MILLER: (To Tamara) If I'd — we'd known — we never meant to put you through this.

HOAGIE: Yeah, I really sorry they erased everything you did. That it's not around anymore.

TAMARA: No, it's around.

HOAGIE: Huh?

TAMARA: It's around.

MILLER: What do you mean?

TAMARA: Andy, you remember Phil, the technician.

ANDY: Sure, still works here sometimes on weekends.

TAMARA: You remember when I asked you and Phil, "Where does all the stuff broadcast of me that doesn't get picked up go?" And you and Phil laughed your asses off. And Phil said, "Just goes into the atmosphere, I guess."

ANDY: Damnedest question I ever heard.

TAMARA: I'm thinking Phil guessed right. It got put into the atmosphere. All that laughing and hoping. It was music like. And people heard it. Some right away, some a while later. They heard it. And I wasn't alone.

ANDY: I'm sorry there's only one thirty-second tape.
TAMARA: Get it for me, will you sweetheart? We’re gonna need it to show around. Because. Because, we’re doing a new show. Better than ever.

HOAGIE: Really?

MILLER: Are you serious?

TAMARA: I own my name right?

WAGS: Absolutely.

TAMARA: I’m doing a new show. I got a tingling in my fingertips telling me that this is the right thing.

ANDY: I’ll get a copy of the merchandising video from the news department for you. No hard feelings.

TAMARA: No. Not a one. Go. Get the tape.

ANDY: And maybe Channel Thirty-six will make an offer. Who knows?

(He exits. Cheering and hugging from Tamara and her boys.)

TAMARA: All right, space kidders, here’s what the future holds for us! I predict, By the end of 2002 — Tamara Tomorrow will reappear on the local Philadelphia screen. In the year 2003, Tamara Tomorrow will be the number one show in Philadelphia! And by 2004 —

(Hoagie steps forward and addresses the audience.)

HOAGIE: Her left side being cold was the first signal.

TAMARA: By 2005 — Tamara Tomorrow will be the highest rated local show in America.

HOAGIE: The tingling in her fingertips was the second.

TAMARA: 2006? Dolls and badges reissued, and me getting a percentage.

HOAGIE: After her predictions she felt tired and we started to drive her back to Wildwood. She complained of nausea.

TAMARA: By 2007 Tamara Tomorrow will be in national syndication.

HOAGIE: And we pulled off to the side of the road and she had her first stroke.

WAGS: (Stepping forward and addressing the audience.) We quickly drove her to Jefferson. Where she had her second stroke.

MILLER: (Stepping forward and addressing the audience.) God. Jefferson. The same hospital Greg was in. Of course, it’s like fate was guiding me back or something. So convenient. So — So we admitted her. And waited while they ran tests and —

WAGS: That’s when we first saw the candles, that evening.

MILLER: Astonishing. First a few flickering across the street from the hospital.

HOAGIE: Some local radio guy announced it. That Tamara Tomorrow was sick in the hospital. And people — adult children like, just started showing up and the candles got more and more to where they had to block off Market Street.

MILLER: And the next day —

HOAGIE: The next day. All of Philadelphia called in sick to work. And people just showed up and waited. Like vigil-like.

WAGS: I’d like to think she saw it. She was gone a lot of the time. And kind of in a coma or deep sleep. Occasionally saying words that didn’t make much sense. And when dusk came —

HOAGIE: Four forty-five.

WAGS: When the candles started again. She had her third stroke.

(Andy on television that night.)

ANDY: Channel Thirty-six regrets the loss of it’s former colleague —

HOAGIE: People who probably hadn’t thought of her in years showed up and just cried their eyes out. Real people with suits and cell phones and appointments.

ANDY: “Tamara Tomorrow” first appeared on the television screen in the fall of 1973 —

MILLER: I mean, OK, you can say, Philadelphia is not really that big a city. But the fact is, she shut it down.

ANDY: Watergate, Vietnam, and inflation, her brand of optimism —

HOAGIE: They dropped everything to be there. All the boys and girls —

ANDY: Boys and girls —

(Tamara appears as she does on the last remaining video tape.)

TAMARA: Boys and girls, this is Tamara Tomorrow from a far-off galaxy in the distant future and I’ve come to tell you what the future holds for you.

ANDY: Tamara or as she was really known Sharon Phipps quickly became —

(Wag is at Wendy’s door with the Tamara doll.)

WAGS: I’m sorry I left, Wendy.

(Miller appears at the foot of Greg’s bed.)

MILLER: Greg, I’m sorry.

WAGS: It was bad of me to go.

MILLER: Terrible of me to go.

WAGS: But.

MILLER: I had to —

WAGS: I had things I had to say good-bye to.

MILLER: and I won’t do it again.

WAGS: I won’t leave again.

MILLER: I’m sorry. But —

MILLER AND WAGS: I’m here now.

HOAGIE: All of Center City glowed with candlelight —
ANDY: All of Center City glowed with candlelight as Tamara's space kiddies, all grown up with space kiddies of their own.
(Wags places a hand on Wendy's belly.)
WAGS: Look what I bought for the baby.
TAMARA: The amazing and wonderful Tamara Tomorrow doll.
MILLER: You can trust me, I'll be here.
TAMARA: This doll looks just like your best friend.
MILLER: I'm your best friend.
WAGS: I'm your best friend.
TAMARA: Me, Tamara Tomorrow.
WAGS: I belong here.
MILLER: Just breathe. I'm here.
TAMARA: And in the utility pocketbook both lipstick and a weapon.
WAGS: I'm here for you. And the baby. OK?
ANDY: Ms. Phipps had no children of her own. Other than the entire tri-state area.
HOAGIE: Just silence and candles. And everybody knowing that they weren't a kid anymore.
TAMARA: Now.
MILLER: I have something for you.
TAMARA: For the boys.
(Miller pulls out the small plastic shield.)
MILLER: I got this. For you.
(He places it on the bed.)
HOAGIE: Everybody knowing.
TAMARA: This will shield you from the forces of evil.
MILLER: Just breathe.
TAMARA: As you embark on your journey. And it glows in the dark.
WAGS: I'm here.
MILLER: (Coming in after Wags 'Tim.' ) I'm here.
ANDY: On a personal note. I, along with everyone at Channel Thirty-six, will miss her immensely.
TAMARA: Come blast off with me and I'll show you such a sparkling planet.
There will be joy and laughter and music and hope, always hope, and everywhere the unmistakable sound of little boys and girls growing up and watching all of their dreams coming true.
(Wags, Miller, and Hoagie look off into the future. Frightened, but ready.)
TAMARA: Oh, what the future holds! What the future holds!

END OF PLAY

DIVA

By Howard Michael Gould

For Russ — and for the rest of his family
on his porch that night

And Albert began to feel fear. Real fear of never working again. Real fear of not having the one thing he needed — the love and respect of the people he hated.

— from SoCal by Jerry Belson