

**FELLOW TRAVELERS**  
an opera

Composed by Gregory Spears  
Libretto by Greg Pierce  
Directed by Kevin Newbury  
Based on the novel *Fellow Travelers* by Thomas Mallon  
Produced by Cincinnati Opera  
Co-commissioned by G. Sterling Zinsmeyer

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## **Characters**

Timothy Laughlin, early-20s, an aspiring reporter, new to Washington, D.C.  
Hawkins Fuller, mid-30s, works in the State Dept's Bureau of Congressional Relations  
Mary Johnson, Hawkins' assistant  
Miss Lightfoot, a secretary in Hawkins' office  
Tommy McIntyre, a reporter, friend of Senator Potter's  
Lucy, Hawkins' future wife  
Estonian Frank/Interrogator/Senator McCarthy  
Senator Potter/General Airlie/Bartender  
Potter's Assistant/Bookseller/Technician/French Priest

**Place:** Washington, D.C.

**Time:** September 1953 – May 1957

Scene 1: Park in Dupont Circle  
Scene 2: Potter's Office  
Scene 3: Hawk's Office/Trovers Bookstore  
Scene 4: Tim's Apartment  
Scene 5: St. Peter's Church  
Scene 6: Christmas Party at the Hotel Washington  
Scene 7: Interrogation Room M304  
Scene 8: Tim's Apartment  
Scene 9: McCarthy's Office  
Scene 10: Mary's Kitchen/Tim's Apartment  
Scene 11: Roof of the Old Post Office  
Scene 12: Hawk's Office  
Scene 13: Tim in France/Hawk in Chevy Chase  
Scene 14: Brick House  
Scene 15: Mary's Kitchen/Brick House/Room M304  
Scene 16: Park in Dupont Circle

## PARK IN DUPONT CIRCLE

*TIMOTHY LAUGHLIN sits on a park bench scribbling in his notepad. Beside him is a half-pint bottle of milk and some loose pages ripped out of the Congressional Directory. HAWK approaches from the shadows.*

HAWK  
Do you mind?

TIM  
Sorry?

HAWK  
Is there room?

TIM  
Oh, sure...sorry.

HAWK  
Don't they give you an office?

TIM  
No. It's...just an internship. *(TIM nervously takes a swig from his milk bottle. He slides down a bit, collects the loose pages, and goes back to his scribbling.)*

HAWK *(amused)*  
Is that your beverage of choice?

TIM  
What? Oh, yes...milk. Always has been.

HAWK  
Calcium! Strong bones. Good for a growing boy.

*(TIM smiles.)*

HAWK  
There's no "e" in "Cohn," by the way.

TIM  
Sorry?

HAWK *(re: TIM's pad)*  
Roy Cohn. No "e."

TIM

Oh. *(TIM is taken aback...this man was reading his notes? He crosses out the "e.")*

HAWK

Making a list of your pals?

TIM *(hesitating...should he say this?)*

I was just at a wedding...over at St. Matthew's.

HAWK

Joe McCarthy! Lucky devil, who do you know?

TIM

No one. I'm reporting for The Star. *(correcting himself)* It's just an internship.

HAWK

So, who was there? Come on, name names. *(reading off Tim's list)* Vice President Nixon.

TIM

Teddy Roosevelt's daughter: Missus Longworth, Senator John F. Kennedy...

HAWK

McCarthy, that's efficiency. Married his office girl. She'll crank out his baby and crank out his press release. *(TIM smiles cautiously)* Who gets married on a Tuesday lunch break? Is that why you came to this town? To be a reporter?

TIM

No. I was an English major at Fordham so...

HAWK *(suggestively)*

What would you rather be doing?

TIM

I'm Timothy Laughlin.

HAWK *(shaking his hand)*

Hawkins Fuller. Friends call me "Hawk." And now you're a friend.

TIM

Ideally, I would like a job on the Hill like everyone else.

HAWK

I'm in the State Department—Bureau of Congressional Relations.

TIM

Ah, lucky devil!

HAWK

If you like endless boring parties. Last night I had to convince the Estonians we love them. Endless boring parties. *(looking up at the sky)* It's muggy for September.

*(They sit there. What will happen? Neither wants this moment to end. HAWK, who usually has something to say, is speechless. Then, suddenly...)*

HAWK *(cont'd)*

All right, back to the salt mines. *(He puts his hand on TIM's shoulder and gives it an affectionate squeeze.)* Thanks for the chat, Skippy. Finish your milk.

*(TIM smiles. He watches HAWK go. TIM gets up, still dazed, and walks over to SENATOR POTTER'S office.)*

## **POTTER'S OFFICE**

*(TIM enters. TOMMY MCINTYRE is sitting on a desk, reading a newspaper. A tidy young man, POTTER'S ASSISTANT, is behind another desk.)*

ASSISTANT

Can I help you?

TIM

I'm here for an interview with Senator Potter. My name's Timothy Laughlin. *(timidly)* Someone phoned me...I work for The Star.

ASSISTANT

Oh, yes. Senator Potter's still at the hearings—he should be back soon. If you wouldn't mind... *(having a seat)*

TOMMY *(getting up off his desk)*

Eh, who's got time to wait for ol' Potter? Might as well give you your tryout now.

Tommy McIntyre *(offering his hand)*.

TIM *(shaking it, surprised by the slur)*

Timothy Laughlin.

TOMMY

Fellow Mick. I hear you can write a word or two.

TIM

I was an English major at—

TOMMY

—Hawk Fuller says you're a Hemingway. He's a good egg, Hawk Fuller. How do you know him?

TIM *(freezes for a moment)*

Hawk Fuller? Parties. I didn't know he'd recommended me.

TOMMY

Says you can write a word or two. Potter needs a speech writer. Ever done that before?

TIM

No, but I'm told I'm good at capturing voices.

TOMMY *(good-natured)*

We'll see about that.

*(TOMMY rifles around, looking for something on the ASSISTANT's desk.)*

ASSISTANT *(to TOMMY, irritated)*

Can I help you find something?

*(TOMMY ignores him, finds what he's looking for, thrusts a piece of paper into TIM's hands.)*

TOMMY

Here's what Senator Knowland will say on the floor in a couple of hours. I got it from his press man. He's slamming Adlai Stevenson for jumping in bed with the Russians. See if you can whip up something Potter can say in support of it.

*(TIM takes it. He reads through it as they watch. At first he seems a little overwhelmed by the assignment. Then he takes out his pad and pen and gets to work. As he writes, he thinks about HAWK who appears in the shadows for a moment.)*

HAWK

Calcium! Strong bones. Good for a growing boy.

*(SENATOR POTTER enters. He is energetic, walking with two canes.)*

POTTER *(affectionately to TOMMY)*

I hope you washed your grubby hands before touching anything in here.

TOMMY

Senator Potter, this Mick could be your new speech writer.

POTTER *(looking TIM over)*

Oh?

TIM *(nervously, it all comes out in a jumble)*

It's a great honor, sir. I've so admired your work throughout these North Korean Atrocity hearings—tireless—your commitment to exposing communism—I believe the fast-growing-tentacles-of-communist-ideology-are-the-most-significant-threat-to-our-great-democracy.

POTTER

Well said, son. Can you write as well as you speak?

TOMMY

Let's see.

*(TOMMY snatches what TIM's written out of his hands and gives it to POTTER. POTTER reads it to himself, with furrowed brow. TIM looks on...this one's not gonna happen. Suddenly POTTER lights up.)*

POTTER *(cont'd, reading excitedly)*

“In my great automobile-making state of Michigan, we're wary of any car or country that stays in neutral.” *(to TIM)* ‘Atta boy!—“Stays in neutral”...“Neutral's what you're in when you roll downhill.” Another Irish wordsmith!

*(POTTER rapidly blinks the lights on his canes. TIM beams.)*

TOMMY *(impressed)*

Blinking canes: you got the job.

TIM

Oh boy! *(embarrassed by that outburst)*

POTTER

I hope Monday morning's not too soon to start.

TIM

No, sir.

POTTER

Welcome to the staff. I'm off to shoot a few ducks and then, come Monday, we'll straighten out this damn country.

TOMMY *(playing along)*

It's time someone did.

*(POTTER leaves.)*

TOMMY *(to TIM)*

A land mine.

TIM  
Sorry?

TOMMY  
That's what blew off his legs, since I know that's what you're wondering. Battle of the Bulge in the Colmar Pocket. *(amused)* Potter says he liked France so much he left his feet there.

TIM  
Why the lights on his canes?

TOMMY  
He blinks when he's happy, or when he's hungry, or angry, or when he needs to hail a cab. We call him "Citizen Canes." Don't we, Matthew?

ASSISTANT  
No we don't.

*(TOMMY loves making MATTHEW squirm.)*

TOMMY  
You got a girl, Laughlin?

TIM *(surprised by that)*  
No. Why?

TOMMY  
She'd probably leave you if you did...this job's round the clock.

TIM  
Are you on Senator Potter's staff?

TOMMY  
Not officially. Just a friend of the family. Right, Matthew?

ASSISTANT *(annoyed)*  
Echk.

TOMMY *(cont'd)*  
I like to keep tabs on things—help Potter when I can. *(grinning)* Better be the first one to know.

TIM *(amazed the he got the job)*  
First one to know.

## HAWK'S OFFICE / TROVERS BOOKSTORE

(As TIM walks to Trovers, lights up on MARY and MISS LIGHTFOOT sitting at desks in HAWK'S office. MARY is at her typewriter, trying to get some transcribing done but MISS LIGHTFOOT keeps chattering away as she fixes her makeup. In the bookstore, a BOOKSELLER is shelving books.)

TIM (to BOOKSELLER)

I'm looking for something—it's a thank-you gift. Anything new?

MISS LIGHTFOOT (to MARY)

Do you believe that?! A plain old ordinary woman won a four thousand dollar Cadillac just like that (*she snaps*). A Cadillac. We could win "Mystery Voice," Mary! You and me.

MARY

Uh-huh.

MISS LIGHTFOOT (to MARY, baffled)

How is it you don't listen to the best program on the radio?

MARY (slight New Orleans drawl)

I don't know *how* you find the time.

MISS LIGHTFOOT (matter-of-factly)

Oh, I have the time. Hawkins doesn't whisk *me* off to every cocktail party in town.

MARY (rolling her eyes)

My mistake.

BOOKSELLER

Tell me somethin' about the receiver.

TIM

It's for a...great man—(*an idea hits!*) How about a biography of a great man?

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*gleefully*)

Hey! Did you hear about Jerry Baumeister? They gave him his walking papers.

MARY

You're kidding? He's such a kind man.

MISS LIGHTFOOT

Betcha I know how he'll walk on outta here. (*limp-wristed, swishing away*)

MARY

That's awful.

BOOKSELLER *(to TIM, pulling out a book)*  
This one's just in: "Henry Cabot Lodge."

*(TIM pays him, takes the book, and scribbles an inscription as he walks over to HAWK's office. The BOOKSELLER watches him go. TIM steps into the office, book in hand.)*

MARY *(warmly)*  
Well hello there. How can I help you?

TIM *(nervously)*  
I'm looking for Hawkins Fuller.

MISS LIGHTFOOT  
You're in the right place.

MARY  
I'm afraid he's not in at the moment. I believe he's at the Georgetown library—

MISS LIGHTFOOT  
—George Washington U., four to five-thirty.

MARY *(to Tim)*  
I'm happy to tell him you—

MISS LIGHTFOOT  
—Who's asking?

TIM  
Ti-Timothy Laughlin. I have a book.

MISS LIGHTFOOT  
We have eyes.

TIM *(fumbling)*  
I mean, I have a book for Hawk—Hawkins Fuller.

MARY  
It's lovely. *(touching the new cover)* My name's Mary. This is Miss Lightfoot. Will he know who it's from?

TIM  
It's inscribed on the...well, on the inscription page. It's a thank-you gift.

MARY

Does he know where to find you?

TIM

I don't have a telephone.

MISS LIGHTFOOT

Are you Amish?

MARY

Why don't you leave your address with me?

TIM

I'll write it in here. *(He scribbles his address inside the book and hands it to Mary.)*  
Thank you both. You're very kind. *(He waves and leaves.)*

MARY

Stop in again. Lovely to meet you. Goodbye.

MISS LIGHTFOOT

"Stop in again! Lovely to meet you." Buh-bye! *(snatching the book from MARY)*  
Nervous Nelly, that one. Thank you for what, I wonder. Let's find out. *(She flips to the inscription page and reads)* "Thanks to my new friend, Hawk. I got the job! You're wonderful."

MARY

Miss Lightfoot! Back to work.

MISS LIGHTFOOT *(reading)*

"See you soon, hopefully. Thankfully, Tim." Mary, who knew? Our very own Hawkins is "wonderful"?

*(MARY smiles, not wanting to participate in this. She knows exactly what's happening: HAWK has snagged another one. TIM walks back to his apartment, all aglow.)*

## **TIM'S APARTMENT**

*(Evening. Chicken soup is on the stove. TIM stirs it. He sits at the small table in the kitchen. It's cluttered with books, papers, and newspapers. He is writing a letter to his sister.)*

TIM

Hiya, Francie! Tip-top news from the Hill. You heard me. Your kid brother's got a fancy new job writing speeches for a Senator...Senator Potter. Thanks to a phone call from a wonderful new friend: Hawkins Fuller. His friends call him "Hawk." We met at an endless boring party. He might be my first *actual* friend in this every-man-for-himself

town. How are you both, and my incoming niece or nephew? You're naming it Timmy, right? No matter the gender? Drink your milk: you're drinking for two.

*(HAWK breezes in. TIM is stunned.)*

HAWK

Hiya, Skippy! What's for dinner?

TIM

Chicken soup. There's probly enough for two.

*(HAWK is amused. He stirs the soup. It looks disgusting—he puts the lid back on. TIM is in disbelief. He watches HAWK as though he were a hallucination.)*

HAWK

No telephone?

TIM

I don't even have a lease.

HAWK

How 'bout I buy you something better than soup? How 'bout a steak? You bought me a book.

TIM

But that was to thank *you*—

HAWK

—Where will it end?

*(Beat. It's so exciting, having HAWK here. TIM has no idea how to proceed.)*

TIM

Thanks but...I've got some work to do.

HAWK

All right, we'll stay in.

*(He starts rummaging through TIM's place, reading book titles, checking everything out.)*

TIM

Make yourself at home.

HAWK *(seeing the letter on the desk, reading the first line)*

“Hiya, Francie! Tip-top news from the Hill...”

*(Mortified, TIM snatches it out of his hand.)*

HAWK *(cont'd)*  
A girl back home?

TIM  
My sister. It's just the two of us, though I've plenty of cousins...

*(HAWK kisses TIM. TIM is stunned. HAWK kisses him again. They make their way to TIM's bed.)*

HAWK  
I should take you to Bermuda. Ever been?

*(TIM shakes his head.)*

HAWK  
Aw, you'd die. It's my favorite place on the planet. I'm your first, aren't I? You know what that means? *(half-joking)* Now I own you. Who owns you, Skippy? I wanna hear you say it. Be my brave boy.

TIM  
You've probably done this before...lots of times, right?

HAWK  
Once or twice. It's a great big world.  
Aw, you'd love it down there.  
Bronze boys on the beach—  
biceps you wouldn't believe.  
Nights, a palm tree grove, I'll show you.  
You never know what might come your way.  
You and me and the boys.  
Paradise.  
Bermuda.

TIM *(imagining)*  
As far away as it sounds.  
Sand as white as milk.  
Miles and miles.  
Just you and me and the moon.  
And the shells.  
My head on your arm at the end of the day.  
Paradise.  
Bermuda.

TIM and HAWK

Under the sheets in a tropical storm, you.  
The rain, finding its way through the gaps  
in the straw of our roof  
onto your chest.  
Two little drops.  
Paradise.

*(TIM gets out of bed, in a daze. He kisses HAWK's forehead, almost as though he's blessing him. He wanders into ST. PETER'S CHURCH.)*

## **ST. PETER'S CHURCH**

*(Red and green stained glass "resembles Christmas wrapping." TIM seems distracted, almost intoxicated.)*

TIM  
Last night.  
How many?  
How many kisses?  
His hands...  
How many hours?  
How warm, how strong...  
His hands.  
I died last night.  
How many hours?  
Last night.  
How many kisses?  
I died last night.  
How many whispers?  
How did he know that I am his?  
How many sins did I commit?  
Last night?  
How many more nights in his arms?  
How many more mornings?  
How many whispers?  
How many sins last night?  
How soon can I see him again?  
How many more nights? Last night.

Forgive me, Holy Father.  
I've been told over and over that  
"Mortal sin kills the life of grace in our souls."  
Is it true?  
I confess that I...that we...last night,  
his arms, iron bars across my chest.

So close, so happy.  
How many hours?  
I confess...  
“It’s a great big world,” he said.  
But it wasn’t last night.  
Thank God, it was only us,  
it was only right,  
last night.

How many sins did I commit?  
How many mortal sins?  
How many kisses?  
How many buttons?  
How much skin?  
How many sins?  
Last night?

Father McGuire says one mortal sin  
will cause more destruction than  
how many earthquakes?

Last night  
How many kisses?  
How tender?  
How many whispers?  
I died.  
How many earthquakes?  
How many kisses?  
Thank you Holy Father for sending him.  
Last night, I died.  
Last night.

*(Suddenly the reds and greens intensify. Church lights/sounds become the...)*

## **CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE HOTEL WASHINGTON**

*(The gang’s all here. It’s a gossip festival...a pack of vipers. Secrecy, paranoia, and holiday cheer.)*

ALL  
All seem to say.  
Did you hear?  
From everywhere.  
Did you hear about Bobby?  
Throw cares away.

One seems to hear words of good cheer.

MARY to HAWK: (*concerned*) They fired Bobby Parker.

HAWK to MARY: For what?

MARY to HAWK: For being in the wrong bar.

HAWK to MARY: (*breezily*) What's that got to do with me?

MARY to HAWK: Scott McLeod's on a rampage—he scares me.

HAWK to MARY: Lighten up, Mary. Chestnuts roasting, etcetera.

GENERAL AIRLIE to TIM: The Army's got plenty to offer fellas like you.

TIM to GENERAL: I don't think you'd want me.

GENERAL AIRLIE to TIM: Nonsense.

TOMMY TO TIM: So, howdayalike playing with the big dogs?

TIM to TOMMY: It's very exciting seeing McCarthy in action.

PARTY GUEST: (*spoken*) Did you hear the one about Roy Cohn in church?  
(*salaciously*) Ahhh...men.

MISS LIGHTFOOT to MARY: (*draping silver tinsel across her*) I say anyone who doesn't like Christmas is a Commie.

MARY to HAWK: You're borderline reckless.

HAWK to MARY: It's part of my charm.

ALL: Meek and the bold.

TOMMY to POTTER: McCarthy's not gonna like what the Army's got up its sleeve. They've got him by the balls this time.

ESTONIAN FRANK to MARY: Wanna learn some Estonian?

MARY to ESTONIAN FRANK: I can't even learn your last name.

ESTONIAN FRANK to MARY: Another vodka?

MARY to ESTONIAN FRANK: I probably shouldn't—okay.

TOMMY to TIM: Between you and me, Roy Cohn's days are numbered.

MARY to HAWK: Staying out late, coming in late. I'd call it reckless.

HAWK to MARY: I'd call it holiday cheer. Can I help it if I'm distracted by an Irish tiger cub?

MARY to HAWK: Easy. (*re: take it easy*)

MISS LIGHTFOOT: (*calling out*) Someone put on that *Santa Baby* record!

HAWK to TIM: Let's get outta here, Skippy. Whaddya say?

TIM to HAWK: I'd love to. I should probably stay with Senator Potter.

HAWK to TIM: I own you, not "Citizen Canes."

TIM to HAWK: Not so loud.

LUCY to HAWK: (*offering her hand*) —Hawkins Fuller, I believe my mother knows your mother.

HAWK to LUCY: Pleasure to meet you, Lucille was it? (*taking it*)

LUCY to HAWK: (*smiling*) Lucy.

MISS LIGHTFOOT to MARY (*horrified*): What did he mean by "Irish tiger cub?"

MARY: He's had too many brandies—come on let's find you some mistletoe, Miss Lightfoot (*taking her hand*).

HAWK to MARY: (*they are watching TIM, MISS LIGHTFOOT overhears*) Can I help it if I'm distracted by an Irish tiger cub?

MISS LIGHTFOOT: Irish tiger cub?

HAWK to TIM: Let's get outta here, Skippy. Whaddya say?

ALL: Silent night, Holy night. All is calm, all is bright.

(*Everyone "parties off" leaving Hawk all alone. Suddenly it seems so quiet. Where'd they go? Lights change abruptly from festive to clinical.*)

**INTERROGATION ROOM M304**

*(The INTERROGATOR is humorless. He is already convinced of HAWK's guilt. HAWK starts off confidently but becomes increasingly rattled as the interrogation progresses.)*

INTERROGATOR

Mr. Fuller, my name is Fred Traband. Please step into M304.

HAWK

These rooms always have such catchy names.

INTERROGATOR *(ignoring that)*

Leave your coat here.

HAWK

Quite a surprise, getting your summons. Today's a busy one for me—

INTERROGATOR

—This shouldn't take long.

*(They step into a cramped room where a TECHNICIAN is sitting in front of a polygraph, finishing his lunch.)*

INTERROGATOR *(cont'd)*

We have sufficient reason to questions you. Please *(sit down)*. Let me be frank, Mr. Fuller. Eighty percent of these investigations end with an admission of deviant behavior. As you know, the moral perversion and emotional immaturity of a sexual deviant make him the prime target of blackmail by anyone seeking to undermine the government of the United States.

HAWK

I know, I've heard: "One pansy can pollute an entire government office."

INTERROGATOR

Right. *(getting his clipboard)* Now Mr. Fuller, please stand up and walk to the wall and back.

HAWK *(confused)*

Walk...how?

INTERROGATOR

Normally. *(correcting himself)* Whatever *you* would consider normal.

*(HAWK does this, slowly. He's hyper-aware of his walk. The INTERROGATOR watches for swishing hips, then scribbles something down on his clipboard. He removes a piece of paper from a folder and thrusts it into HAWK's hands.)*

INTERROGATOR

Read this aloud.

HAWK

“President Eisenhower revealed in his State of the Union message last January that he favors some form of home rule for the District.”

INTERROGATOR *(listening for a sibilant “S”)*

Repeat the word “Disstrick.”

HAWK *(uneasily)*

“District.”

INTERROGATOR

Again.

HAWK

“District.”

*(The INTERROGATOR nods once and scribbles something down.)*

INTERROGATOR

Now this. *(He thrusts an open novel into HAWK’s hands).*

HAWK

Of Human Bondage? “Philip opened a large cupboard filled with dresses and, stepping in, took as many of them as he could in his arms and buried his face in them.” *(HAWK looks up at the INTERROGATOR)* I read good, don’t I, teacher?

INTERROGATOR

Keep reading.

HAWK

“They smelt of the scent his mother used. Then he pulled open the drawers filled with his mother’s things, and looked at them: there were lavender bags among the lines”— sorry— “bags among the *linen*, and their scent was fresh and pleasant. The strangeness—”

INTERROGATOR

Enough! I’m going to have to ask you to take a lie detector test. If you refuse, I must warn you—

HAWK

—I’ll take it.

TECHNICIAN

These are a little cold.

*(The TECHNICIAN puts sensors on HAWK, who flinches.)*

TECHNICIAN *(cont'd)*  
There we go. All set.

*(He returns to the machine.)*

INTERROGATOR  
Who was the president of the United States when you were born?

HAWK  
Calvin Coolidge.

INTERROGATOR  
Have you ever given or received presents of a romantic nature to or from another man?

*(Lights up on TIM.)*

TIM *(excitedly)*  
With thanks to my new friend, Hawk. I got the job! You're wonderful.

HAWK  
No.

INTERROGATOR  
Have you ever set foot in an establishment called "The Jewel Box" at the corner of L and Sixteenth Streets?

*(Lights up on flamboyant BARTENDER polishing a martini glass.)*

BARTENDER *(to HAWK, ebullient)*  
Haven't seen you in goon's moon, handsome! You just missed a "Some Enchanted Evening" that gave us some enchanted migraines. Want the usual?

HAWK *(to BARTENDER)*  
No.

INTERROGATOR  
Now Mister Fuller, have you ever engaged in sodomy or oral-genital contact with another man?

*(HAWK listens to a phrase from the Clarinet Man.)*

HAWK

No.

INTERROGATOR

Have you ever considered yourself to be in love with another male?

TIM

Chicken noodle soup. There's probly enough for two.

HAWK *(to TIM)*

No telephone?

INTERROGATOR

Mr. Fuller, answer the question.

HAWK

Of course not.

INTERROGATOR

Yes or no.

HAWK

No.

*(The TECHNICIAN tears off a long piece of paper and labels it. He removes the sensors from HAWK.)*

### **TIM'S APARTMENT**

*(HAWK gets his coat, trying to hide the fact that he's rattled. He leaves. He walks over to TIM's bed, unbuttons his shirt, and lies down next to TIM.)*

TIM

Mary asked me to supper next Sunday.

HAWK

You should go. I'm sure she wants to warn you about me. You should probably listen.

TIM

I like her a lot.

HAWK

And she likes you. *(razzing him)* Who knows, maybe that's what you're missing: a Southern belle, biscuits and gravy.

*(TIM punches HAWK playfully. HAWK grabs his wrist and twists him around so TIM is completely restrained. It almost looks painful.)*

HAWK *(cont'd)*

There! Now I'm Roy Cohn and you're David Schine. *(He mimes thrusting into TIM a few times).*

TIM *(amused, breaking away)*

They're not!

HAWK

Open your eyes, Skippy. Why does Schine get the red carpet treatment? *(releasing him)* McCarthy's in on it, too.

TIM

Oh please.

HAWK

I call them "The Jewel Box." Boy, do I love watching Joe self-destruct: "Have you *no* decency"—

TIM

You sound like a Red. McCarthy's doing the most important work a man can do: rooting out Reds who chew up our values from the inside out.

HAWK

You're a handsome lad but you don't have a clue.

TIM *(striking back)*

Well I didn't go to Harvard where Commie professors taught me what's what.

HAWK *(fiery)*

Name a single "Commie professor."

TIM

Did you ever go out with girls?

HAWK

Now and again. Too bad DiMaggio took Marilyn. Those lucky soldier boys in Korea get to watch her shake her goods. Don't forget to put this back on, Skippy. *(re: the cross TIM removes when he makes love.)*

*(TIM does.)*

HAWK *(teasing him)*

If you love God so much, why didn't you become a priest?

TIM  
I almost did.

HAWK  
Really?

TIM  
But I guess I like doing this too much. *(He kisses HAWK, who doesn't seem interested.)*

HAWK *(irritated)*  
What would "God" say?

TIM *(brushing that off)*  
How should I know? Let's go away for the weekend, Hawk! We'll find a motel by the beach, "Memory Lane" or "Bermuda Triangle." We'll stay in bed for two days straight.

HAWK  
I've gotta work Saturday, so do you.

TIM  
We'll call in sick. All right, let's go to the pictures Friday night. I'm dying to see "The Robe."

HAWK  
You and your Jesus pictures.

TIM  
You could learn a thing or two, Hawk. *(backpedalling)* We'll see whatever you want, I'll cook supper, whadya say?

HAWK  
I say "I don't know!" Let's see when we get there.

TIM *(stung)*  
Sorry.

*(An awkward beat. HAWK starts to get dressed.)*

HAWK  
I can't be your husband.

TIM  
I know.

HAWK

That's not how it works.

TIM

You don't have to say that.

*(Beat.)*

HAWK

By the way, they called me in today.

TIM

Who?

HAWK

Scott McLeod and his "Miscellaneous M Unit." What does the "M" stand for anyway?

TIM *(panicking)*

What? Why didn't you tell me?

HAWK

I'm telling you now.

TIM

They could be watching.

HAWK

They probably are.

TIM *(scanning his room)*

Listening.

HAWK

Probably.

TIM *(scared)*

What did they ask you?

HAWK

Don't worry, Skippy. Nothing about you. *(tenderly)* Relax, Skippy. You're my best kept secret. Miss Lightfoot kindly informed them I was a pansy.

TIM

How do you know?

HAWK

She quit the day I got the summons.

TIM

The rat! I never liked her.

HAWK

Hey. It's no big deal—they got nothin' on Hawkins Fuller. Ah, almost forgot...  
*(reaching into his pocket)* Merry belated Christmas. *(He puts a set of cufflinks into TIM's hand).*

TIM *(touched)*

I can't take your cufflinks.

HAWK

Why not?

TIM

They've got your initials.

HAWK

You're a writer, you can think of other words that starts with "H" and "F." "Holy Father." C'mere, Skippy. *(yanking TIM by the wrist)* Tell Mary I smack you around, see what she says.

*(HAWK tosses TIM violently onto the bed.)*

TIM *(loving it)*

What if they are watching us?

HAWK

Let 'em enjoy it. I know I will. It's a red hot world. Up in Hell's Kitchen, there's a man who plays the clarinet. He stands at his window and tosses out tunes from the second floor. He does things you wouldn't dream of, Skippy.

TIM *(horrified)*

Do you even know his name?

HAWK *(smirking)*

What's in a name?

**Blackout.**

*Intermission.*

## McCARTHY'S OFFICE

*(They're all drinking whiskey—TOMMY, POTTER and McCARTHY, who is louder than he needs to be.)*

TIM

It's an honor to meet you, Senator McCarthy.

MCCARTHY *(to TIM, re: the newspapers)*

This one's my favorite. "He dons his war paint. He dances his war dance. He goes forth to battle and proudly returns with the scalp of a pink army dentist." *(He explodes in laughter, throws the paper down.)* Senator Flanders—they're all pansies up there in Vermont. Drink up, everyone!

*(MCCARTHY pours another round. He stops at TIM's glass.)*

MCCARTHY *(to TIM)*

Are you old enough, son?

TIM *(surprised)*

I'm almost—

MCCARTHY

—I'm only kiddin'. *(He pours TIM some whiskey.)* You've got a baby face.

POTTER

Joe, we've got a problem.

MCCARTHY

Don't blink your canes at me, Potter. I've got an army of problems.

POTTER

Adams is your biggest problem.

MCCARTHY

Adams?

TOMMY

The Army's introduced the "Adams Chronology."

MCCARTHY

What the hell is that?

TOMMY

It's a list of what you and Roy Cohn did to pressure the Army to get David Schine special treatment. It'll drop like an A-bomb.

MCCARTHY

That prick Nixon's behind this.

POTTER

Roy Cohn's gotta go.

MCCARTHY

Roy's not going anywhere! (*casually, to TIM*) Son, did you happen to see Edward R. Murrow's half-hour dung heap about me?

TIM

I don't have a television. But I heard—

MCCARTHY

—Some Julius Caesar mumbo-jumbo. (*amused*) Practically called me a Nazi.

POTTER (*to TOMMY*)

We can get the Army to fire Adams, right? (*TOMMY nods*) But it's gotta be a trade. Roy's gotta go. Otherwise they're gonna investigate this whole thing, Joe. You know what that means.

MCCARTHY (*slamming his glass down, to TIM*)

What the hell are you writing down?

TIM (*stunned, lowers his notepad*)

Sorry sir, I—

POTTER

Leave him alone, Joe.

MCCARTHY (*to POTTER and TOMMY*)

Roy's not going anywhere! Believe it or not, I've got some friends in the press. Men like George Sokolsky, Jews on our side, Jews who actually know what a Communist is. They're not gonna like anyone going after Roy. Go after Roy and they'll go after *you*. I'll make sure they do. Everyone's money comes from somewhere, Senator. Even yours. They've got files on us? Tell 'em we've got files on them too. (*He drinks up.*)

(*Lights down on POTTER and MCCARTHY. TIM walks away. TOMMY follows him.*)

TOMMY (*to TIM*)

Hey Hemingway, want an inside scoop? Roy Cohn's a goner. Wanna put a fiver on it? (*Tim ignores him.*) Whoa there, friend. Why so icy? I hope you realize I'm a good friend to have. You know your boss "Senator Potter" does whatever I want? (*Tim rolls his eyes.*) It's true. He's got an illegitimate son—I keep his birth certificate on me at all times. (*He produces it.*) You never know when it will come in handy.

TIM

I don't want to know.

TOMMY

Ya heard it here first. Aw, lighten up, Timmy. I just want the same as you. To play the game and come out on top. (*TOMMY stops as TIM keeps walking.*) Say hello to your special friend, Hawk.

(*TIM shudders. He picks up a bottle of wine and brings it over to...*)

### MARY'S KITCHEN

SEN. MCCARTHY (*fiery, on the radio*)

Don't be coy with me, General Zwicker! Anyone with the brains of a five-year-old child can understand it. A general who says "I'll protect another general who protects Communists" is not fit to wear that uniform, General.

(*MARY flips off the radio.*)

MARY

Ooh, I can't *stand* the sound of that man's voice.

TIM

This was delicious.

MARY

You're a doll. New Orleans-style catfish, just like mama made. I hope there wasn't too much cayenne, I can get carried away.

TIM

No. (*He takes a big swig of water.*) Thanks for having me over, Mary. I don't have many friends in this town besides Hawk.

MARY (*with reservation*)

He's a good one to have. Impetuous maybe, but—

TIM (*suddenly wanting to change the subject*)

I've never been to New Orleans but I bet there's jazz in the air. Folks lounging on wrought iron balconies...

MARY

I'll take you to Mardi Gras sometime. That'd be a hoot. (*nervously*) Timmy? Can you keep a secret?

TIM  
Surely.

MARY  
The Estonian man I was with at the Christmas party...we had too many vodka tonics after the party and now, apparently I have a tiny Estonian in me.

TIM (*amazed*)  
Mary!

MARY  
Funny how life can change in a heartbeat. Nobody knows. Not even Hawk.

TIM  
I won't tell a soul. It might make a nice name...Estonia.

MARY (*regretfully*)  
Estonia. I know a doctor in New Orleans who will take care of it.

TIM (*shocked*)  
Mary! You're not gonna keep it?

MARY  
I can't. Not when I'm all alone. I can't.

TIM  
But that's a sin.

MARY  
I can't. (*regretfully*) Estonia. (*Mary starts to clear the table.*) Timmy, I've known Hawkins a very long time...

TIM  
That's what he says.

MARY  
Everyone loves him. Including me. I just don't want him to...  
I worry—that's all—about you.  
I know him well—and there are times  
I wish I didn't know him so well,  
if you know what I mean.  
He's "wonderful,"  
you're right about that.  
But he's a certain kind of wonderful, Timmy.  
I've seen all the...(choosing her words carefully)  
people and patterns.

It would break my heart to see you  
become another one of those  
people and patterns.

TIM (*dismissing that idea*)  
He's been a good friend. Don't worry, Mary.

MARY  
There was a time when I thought  
he might be the one for me—  
of course, I was wrong.  
It would break my heart to see you  
become one of those  
people and patterns.

(TIM gets up anxiously and walks over to his bed, where HAWK is waiting. He lies  
down. MARY watches.)

HAWK (*excitedly, to TIM*)  
Hey, wanna hear some good news? The "Miscellaneous M Unit" says I'm clean as a  
whistle. God help 'em.

TIM  
I'm sure they're still watching.

HAWK  
Let 'em watch! Hey, guess how we're gonna celebrate?

(TIM waits for it, uneasily.)

HAWK  
New office boy. Lewis. About your age, dirty blond, should we see if he's free tonight?

TIM  
What do you mean?

HAWK  
C'mon, Skippy, it's a red hot world. Let's let it burn us.

TIM  
What do you mean?

HAWK  
You're a smart boy. I mean the two of us could become the three of us.

TIM (*appalled*)

What are you doing, Hawk?

HAWK

Living. Why don't you try it?

TIM

That's not what I call living.

HAWK

There's more to life than cookies and milk. Open your eyes, Skippy.

TIM

Get out, Hawk. Get out.

HAWK

That's not what you want.

*(HAWK disappears into the shadows, as though he could care less. TIM's left alone.)*

MARY *(to TIM)*

Ever since that day you  
dropped off the book,  
I liked you, Timmy.  
It would break my heart...

*(TIM wanders over to a neutral space. Weeks pass without HAWK. He's in agony.)*

### **ROOF OF THE OLD POST OFFICE**

*(An American flag. TIM is pacing. He picks up an empty milk bottle. He hasn't slept in days. He is coming unhinged. HAWK arrives, looking disheveled.)*

HAWK

Quite a view.

TIM

I come up here to think.

HAWK

I was worried when I got your note: "Meet me on the roof of the Old Post Office"...sounded like you were planning on jumping. Are you? If so, I don't wanna be here. That can get messy.

TIM

No more jokes, Hawk—not anymore. Do you want your cufflinks back?

HAWK  
They were a gift.

TIM  
I enlisted.

HAWK (*shocked*)  
You what?

TIM  
I have to get over you.

HAWK  
There are other ways. Why don't we take some more time—

TIM  
—It won't work.

HAWK  
I know, Skippy.

TIM  
I'm all packed-up. I leave for training tomorrow...they told me I'll probably end up in France.

HAWK  
Sounds like torture.

TIM  
I wasn't enough for you, Hawk.

HAWK (*uncomfortable, looking off in the distance*)  
Skippy—

TIM  
What we had. We weren't enough.

HAWK  
Hey, look. The smokestacks of St. Elizabeth—the insane asylum where Ezra Pound's writing poetry.

TIM  
I've stopped taking communion. Because I don't mean it. I've been worshiping you, not Him. I have to— (*get over you*) Hold onto my waist...I wanna lean over the edge.

HAWK

Don't do that.

TIM

Just hold on tight. *(Reluctantly HAWK holds TIM as he leans out over the edge. TIM holds out his bottle out as though he'll drop it. Intoning, like a priest.)* With the breaking of this bottle I give up drinking milk, and I sever all attachments to Hawkins Fuller.

*(TIM tries to drop the milk bottle. He can't.)*

TIM *(cont'd)*

Promise you won't write.

*(HAWK leaves TIM standing there on the roof. HAWK, feeling terrible, walks back to his office.)*

### **HAWK'S OFFICE.**

*(MARY is packing her things. She thrusts a piece of paper into HAWK's hands.)*

HAWK

What's this?

MARY *(angrily)*

My letter of resignation.

HAWK

Mary—

MARY

—Scott McLeod is firing good people left and right while you stand there gloating.

HAWK

I'm not gloating. I can't stop him.

MARY

Somebody's got to! His "Miscellaneous-M Unit" is ripping this place apart. Jerry Baumeister shot himself in the head.

HAWK

Jesus.

MARY

I can't stay here, Hawk. I can't be one of those people who sit there and whisper and snigger. I can't stay. I don't approve—

HAWK

—You never have—

MARY

—I don't approve of your breaking his heart.

HAWK

I didn't make him enlist.

MARY

He's in agony, Hawk. He called me to say goodbye. Maybe a Russian bullet will put him out of his misery.

HAWK

Where are you going?

MARY

Back to New Orleans. I'll give you a ring when I'm back in town. I haven't been feeling well.

HAWK

Everyone's leaving me.

MARY

You'll find a new friend. Probably later this evening.

HAWK

I miss him, Mary. I know you don't believe me but...he's different. My Irish tiger.

*(She looks up at HAWK. She doesn't know whether to believe him. She leaves. HAWK goes over to his lawn. Picks up a rake.)*

#### **TIM IN FRANCE / HAWK IN CHEVY CHASE**

*(Two years have passed. TIM wanders into a Cathedral in France. HAWK is raking leaves in front of his new house. Mary is in a hotel room in New Orleans. Lucy is near Hawk.)*

TIM

I'm breaking our promise. It's two year to the day since we said goodbye and I'm writing to ask you for help. Please, Hawk, do what you can to help the Hungarians—the Russians are strangling them.

HAWK

Soldier boy, I have to admit “Help Hungary” came as a surprise. You have been on my mind. A lot.

MARY

Soldier boy. Getting your letter was the happiest part of my week, Timmy. Loved your doodles. Beetle Baily. I hope the Army is treating you well. Or as well as the Army treats anyone. Lonely here in New Orleans. I haven’t told anyone I’m here. Not even my mother. I stay in the hotel room, incognito. I’m headed back to D.C. on Sunday. No idea what I’ll do there. It’s not the same city without you. Dear Timmy, I miss you. Lots of love. Don’t let them boss you around.

TIM

I’m writing for the Army’s paper, *The Com Z Cadence*. No one to talk to. Billy Graham dropped in, I didn’t go. I’m eating lots of cheese and baguettes. I miss you.

LUCY

Sweetie pie...

HAWK

I bought a house in Chevy Chase...lawn and everything. Time to be an adult, I guess. Ike had a heart attack, I’m sure you heard. Your man Nixon’s waiting in the wings.

LUCY *(to HAWK, who ignores her)*

Honey, promise we’ll look at carpets tomorrow. Sweetheart, I’m seeing a crack—it might be a leak, maybe it’s nothing...*(annoyed)* It looks like they slapped some paint on, hoping we wouldn’t notice. I’ll phone the inspector tomorrow. *(She gives him a peck on the cheek.)* We’ve got enough roast for tonight, or would you rather go out for a steak? I’m feeling adventurous...

TIM

You’ve been on my mind.

HAWK

You know where to find me.

## **BRICK HOUSE**

*(It’s February, 1957. TIM’s back in D.C. He seems older now. More in control. HAWK has rented a Brick House for them to be together.)*

HAWK

I hope you find your new home satisfactory, Corporal Laughlin.

TIM *(amused)*

I'm not a Corporal.

HAWK

We'll you're certainly not a Skippy anymore.

TIM *(checking the place out)*

It's wonderful. Thank you, Hawk. *(embracing him)*

HAWK

I thought the dirty bricks might remind you of New York.

*(A moment. They look each other over. This is surreal.)*

TIM

I tried to stay away. I tried. What are we doing, Hawk?

HAWK

God only knows.

TIM

I lay on my cot, and thought of your arms across my chest.

HAWK

I'm married now, you know: "Lucy."

TIM

Mary told me. I remember Lucy from the Christmas party. *(as though she's a mythical creature)* Dark hair, porcelain hands... I don't give a damn as long as we're together.

HAWK

Here we are. Lie down with me, my brave soldier boy. Tell me about all your purple hearts.

*(They lie down on the bed. They kiss.)*

TIM

Every morning I'd go to the Cathedral. Those marble columns streaked with blood. I missed you. I bought some religious essays by T.S. Eliot but I couldn't focus. I finally went to confession.

*(Lights up on the PRIEST.)*

TIM *(cont'd)*

Bless me father for I have sinned. It's been nineteen months since my last confession. I have returned to God the best gift He ever gave me. But I cannot say I'm sorry for the sin.

PRIEST (*perking up*)  
What was this gift?

TIM  
The man I love.

PRIEST  
Can you give him to God in the spirit of a gift?

TIM  
No.

PRIEST (*disappointed*)  
May God have mercy on you, my son.

*(Lights down on the PRIEST.)*

TIM  
I've never felt as close to God as I do in our Brick House.

HAWK (*troubled...this was a bad idea*)  
I don't know about all that, Skippy. I just want you to be happy.

TIM  
I am. Because no matter what, I love you, Hawkins Fuller.

HAWK  
Same here. What are you doing for work?

*(Still processing what HAWK just admitted.)*

TIM  
I might need a hand. Do you know Leonard Osbourne?

HAWK (*nodding*)  
Lenny.

TIM  
I hear he's looking for someone to head up the Hungarian Refugee Relief.

HAWK  
I'll do what I can.

TIM  
You're the best. (*kissing HAWK*) What else did I miss, besides your wedding?

HAWK

Your pal Roy Cohn turned thirty.

TIM

Did David Schine bake him a cake?

HAWK

Nope, Schine was home with his fiancée. Poor Roy. McCarthy had a good line: “The resignation of Roy Cohn must bring great satisfaction to the Communists and fellow travelers.” Why do you care so much about Hungary?

TIM

It’s horrible, what they’re going through. It boggles my mind, the evil that Russians bring into this world every day. *(getting angry)* Do you know what they do to men like us in Russia?

HAWK

Easy now. *(caressing TIM, trying to calm him down)* Are you eating at all? You’ve lost so much weight.

TIM

I’m never hungry these days. *(looking around)* God, I love our Brick House—the fireplace. It’s perfect.

*(TIM kisses HAWK. HAWK sits up, suddenly concerned.)*

HAWK

Skippy, don’t you want a family someday?

TIM

No. This is plenty for me.

HAWK

But don’t you want—

TIM

—A “Lucy” of my own? No thanks. What’s the point?

HAWK *(glowing)*

Lucy and I honeymooned in Bermuda. Perfect weather. Sun for seven days straight. You’ve got to go someday, Skippy. You’d die. Lucy read novels and swam in the ocean. *(salaciously)* I went for long walks in the palm groves...

TIM *(incredibly anxious)*

Why did you tell me that, Hawk? Why? Why did you have to tell me that?

*(HAWK doesn't answer. He knows this isn't going to work. TIM gets up and leaves. HAWK watches him go. He sits down on the bed.)*

HAWK *(as though he's listening to himself talking to TIM)*

Our very own home, Skippy.  
Bricks...a fireplace  
Matching plates...a bed...a bookshelf  
Towels...gray for you, purple for me.

I'm not one of *those*, Skippy.  
Neither are you...we'll never be *that*.  
I'm not one of *those*.  
Squeals and aprons,  
dangling spatulas,  
I'm not one of *those*.  
Stay. Just stay.  
Come over here.  
There are things we can have.  
And things we can be...for each other, Skippy.  
We can't be *that*.  
You're not one of *those*.

Let me hold you for an hour.  
That's what we get.  
That's what we're given.  
Let me hold you.  
Your head on my arm  
just for an hour,  
you and me and the moon.  
Stay here in the shadows.

Matching plates...a bed...a bookshelf,  
we're not that.  
We'll never be that, Skippy.  
We can't have that.  
Just let me hold you.  
That's what we get.

For an hour  
Just for an hour.

*(HAWK gets out of bed and puts his jacket back on. He walks over to MARY's kitchen and sits down. He hasn't slept in days.)*

HAWK

This can't go on. This can't.

**MARY'S KITCHEN**

*(MARY is leaving for good. Back to New Orleans. She's packing kitchenware into a cardboard box and taping it up.)*

MARY

I never know what to keep. Speak now if you and Lucy need kitchenware. Believe it or not, this has been in my family since the Civil War. *(re: a cast iron pan)* Want a slice of bread with jam?

HAWK

No.

MARY

It's all I can offer...my neighbor came by and cleaned out the icebox. *(concerned)* How about coffee at least? You don't look so good, Hawk.

HAWK

Mary, I need a favor.

MARY *(trying to lighten it up)*

I don't work for you anymore, remember? *(off his look)* What is it?

HAWK

I need you to— I need you to tell Tim what I've done.

MARY *(worried)*

What have you done? *(nothing from HAWK)* What have you done?

HAWK

He asked me to put in a word for him, about a new job. I put in a word.

*(As MARY watches, HAWK goes over to room M304. The INTERROGATOR looks up from his clipboard.)*

HAWK

Hello again, Mr. Traband. Hawkins Fuller. We had the pleasure of chatting a little while back.

INTERROGATOR

I remember you, Mr. Fuller. What can I do?

HAWK

I have some information...someone who's applying for a job with Lenny Osbourne in Hungarian Relief. I think it's unwise, for his own sake, and the Department's—

MARY (*horrified*)

What have you done? *You?*

HAWK

If this young man—Timothy Laughlin—gets the job, he's liable to be blackmailed...on account of his tendencies.

INTERROGATOR (*writing it down*)

Your insight is greatly appreciated, Mr. Fuller. Now, if I could just get some specifics.

MARY (*in disbelief*)

I never thought I'd say it but...you are a swine, Hawkins Fuller. How could you? He's so young—this is his *whole* life...you. What have you done?

HAWK

I need you to tell him.

MARY (*angrily*)

Tell him yourself.

HAWK

I want it to seem like *you* found out. I want him to hate me. He's should hate me. It's the only way out.

HAWK (*strongly, to INTERROGATOR*)

Timothy Laughlin. Timothy Laughlin.

*(Lights up on TIM, lying in bed in the Brick House as MARY comes over, full of dread. HAWK watches this play out.)*

TIM

It's chilly in here, sorry. I can turn on the heater.

MARY

Don't bother, Timmy.

TIM

The bricks keep it cold. I know how you New Awlins gals like a little heat...

HAWK

I had to, Mary.

TIM

Are you glad to be moving back home?

MARY

I suppose. I can't take this town any longer. How are you holding up?

TIM

All right. I just don't understand why wouldn't I get the job? Maybe that is cocky of me.

HAWK

I want him to hate me. He should hate me. It's the only way out.

TIM

Do you need a hand with packing? You have the strangest look in your eye.

HAWK

I did it for both of us. It's the only way out. It would only get worse, believe me, I know. I was torturing him. Make it hard on him. I want him to hate me.

MARY *(to TIM)*

I know why you didn't get the job.

TIM

Why? I'm not qualified, you can say it.

MARY

Hawk told them about you. He was scared for his job. He thought if you both worked in the State Department...someone was sure to find out.

*(TIM is blindsided by this.)*

HAWK

I want him to hate me.

TIM *(to MARY)*

But why didn't he tell me...? I don't understand.

INTERROGATOR

Timothy Laughlin, Timothy Laughlin...

HAWK

Why?

MARY

He's not who you want him to be.

TIM

But he's exactly who I want him to be.

MARY

You should have had better, Tim. You will...I know it. Oh Timmy, I'm sorry.

TIM *(in shock)*

Please go, Mary. I'm sorry. Please go.

*(Heartbroken, MARY leaves. Eventually TIM gets up and turns off the lights in the Brick House. He gets his suitcase. He wanders over to the Park Bench. He sits.)*

### **PARK IN DUPONT CIRCLE**

*(HAWK approaches.)*

HAWK

Shed any tears over Joe's death?

*(TIM doesn't know what to say.)*

HAWK *(cont'd)*

My favorite part of the eulogy: "Joe was never vindictive. He was a warm, human, and exceptionally charming person." I'm sorry, are we talking about Joe *McCarthy* here?

TIM

The man's dead. He doesn't need any more floggings.

HAWK

You've got a suitcase.

TIM

I'm going back to New York on the three forty-five.

HAWK

You'll stay with your sister? She'll love that. "Uncle Timothy."

TIM

I don't know. I don't know anything anymore.

*(This moment is agonizing for both of them.)*

TIM *(cont'd)*

I'm trying to be angry at you. I'm not. I feel like I never existed.

HAWK

You did, Skippy. You did. You and me both.

TIM

We'll never see each other again, will we?

HAWK

No, Skippy. Someone else will have to remind you to say your prayers. And drink your milk.

*(HAWK leaves. TIM sits there alone. Eventually he stands, picks up his suitcase, and leaves.)*

**THE END**