



Dreams of Hope is a Creative and Performing Arts Organization
for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Supportive Youth.

Dreams of Hope
Presents the Season Preview of:

Being In Being Out

Original art pieces based on **belonging.**

January 22, 2012
4:00 PM

August Wilson Center
for African American Culture
980 Liberty Avenue Pittsburgh, PA 15222

FREE and open to the public

Special thanks to our funders:

THE HEINZ ENDOWMENTS

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(2011-12)

A Map in Love

by Dreams of Hope with Vanessa German

to be properly placed
to be suitable
to be in relation of
a member,
adherent
inhabitant
usually followed by
to /
I / belong / to
I BELONG

I
BELONG

I belong in the sound of the song of myself
I belong—in my / own / groove
I belong / in the sound of my joints cracking / to the feeling of my hands in
mittens
I belong in the ragtime tongue twist of my next verse /
I BELONG
right here / right now /
WITH YOU
in my own shoes
in the sound of my own breath /

the day we ran home & made cookies that burned
& all we did was laugh
playing monopoly & life like it was the national championships of / FEEL
GOOD /
right where we were & we'd won /
our hands on the bow /
fiddling down stardust from the sky /
turning the flag of friendship/ to a sail / in our hearts /
BURNING
LIKE TOO MANY FIRST KISSES
giddy / happy / love
tipsy on being safe & loud
dying our hair whatever colors we wanted to /
just to see what would happen with all that freedom turning fuchsia in the
kitchen sink /
& I fell asleep with a smile on my face
& you stopped trying to cut yourself

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& my mama met us both at the top of the stairs with her arms flung wide as
new jersey / to hold both of us / like we were nothing less than miraculous in
abstract pink converse / wanting nothing more / than all of this / all the time

& when is the last time you laughed until you cried
stayed up all night practicing your instrument so intently that you became it
& the music became your hands & your breath
& your heart beat was part of the song
& all of your problems turned into 8th notes
& rose off the tips of your fingers like a 3 count finger snap into the intro
& nobody talked about you like you were an alien /
& everything they said was
weird
strange
freakish
about you /
you decided to co-opt & claim for yourself & call / ART /

& I belong here
in the abstract poeticism of a hug so delightful it crushes the grief right out
from between my rib bones /
I belong with my chewed up finger nails /
with all my/ hard wrought / hard fought / hard got lessons / tucked deep into
creases of my pockets /
I belong here/ laughing off the spies & lies of narrowed eyes & pointed
fingers that pry & try to get under my skin / where I belong / rising to the
occasion of my own self

& I want YOU to belong here too /
to be so proud of something you did /
to be so positive that you are the most
GORGEOUS / MARVELOUS
person in this universe
& YOU WANT EVERYONE ELSE TO BE JUST AS CONFIDENT OF THIS TRUTH
OF YOU
just like I am /
RIGHT NOW
& I want you to throw out/every
INSECURITY /
and tell me to do the same &
WE'LL AGREE
/ that for now/ at least we are;
GROOVING / TWISTING / THRIVING / LAUGHING / DANCING
with every difference
and every happiness

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BECAUSE WE ALL BELONG HERE

& THERE IS ON MAP / on how / YOU CAN GET HERE TOO & it lives in the
sound of your laughter
it rises in the sound of conversation / about the meaning of things / that say
something about the meaning of / YOU & ME & you can find it
IN YOUR HANDS at work in the thing that gives you a feeling of so much joy
you think it could just come & knock you over / if it wasn't just a trumpet or
a violin / or a flag or the feeling of running with your dad into the 9th mile

& we belong here / on our own feet / safe on any street / we choose / to
move / to the beat of our own drum /
we click / we fit /
WE INSIST

/ if you've got a song / SING IT /
if you've got a dream/ bring it out of your mouth & SHOUT IT
if you got feet / TAKE A STAND
if you've got a friend / let them know that THEY BELONG
/ HERE /
IN THE SOUND OF THE SONG OF THEMSELVES /
SHAMELESS & PROUD /
right here / right now /
in truth /
WE BELONG

BELONG / as in / TO TRUST
to laugh so hard YOU CRY
TO BE SAFE IN THE SPACE IMMEDIATELY AROUND YOU
to dance happy in the rain/to not have to wonder who your friends are /
to know / to belong /
IS THE SAME AS—TO BE LOVED
IT IS THE FEELING THAT YOU GET WHEN SOMEONE SAYS
I / AM / HERE /

River
by Claire Matway

Sunday floods the valley's grooves with rain.
Here is a glistening garden of too many colors
to burden with names—
here is a chaos of ferns becoming
fireworks of themselves, here
is everything in my hands:
burgeoning bundles of leaves and petals, new cells exploding,
multiplying, pushing from the meristems into new body
to hold water, to carry
what they have been told to carry.

The definition of flower changes when winter comes.
The definition of woman changes when I
am tucking in my shirt, or straightening my tie, or
offering my arm to my mother as we walk—
The definition of snowflake changes
when the sequins on the wind
become little beautiful crystals
melting in your hair.

And this is always shifting, this is what makes
most days see me differently: some days
I am a bird, some days I am a five-year-old
in my father's boots, some days my whole belly
is the view across the river
of the slate-gray rooftops (strewn
over a steep hill) that find themselves
suddenly soaking in gold

AND WE ARE ALL LIKE THIS,
churning between what we are supposed to be
and what we imagine
when we picture ourselves walking into a room.
We are still learning that
there is something transcending
names and pronouns and the DNA strands of roses,
something along the lines of

sixth grade, when I spent every morning thunderstorm
at my bus stop, saving worms, or
preschool, when my sister
wanted to be an astronaut—

and there is something transcendent here,
something between gardener and cloud-eater
and shipwreck-fisherman and bicycling balloonman

and in the nighttime there is light
because back before gravity
somebody flung a million balls of aluminum foil
into the sky and now
they are spreading out like
solar systems,
circling like slow dancing,
promise me you'll dance with me—

snow is dusting the valley's grooves with white; it is
spreading out like solar systems, like the fronds of ferns,
like you and me and

WE ARE ALL LIKE THIS, only
cradled to the earth, only
some days we are birds, only
some days we are five-year-olds
in our fathers' boots, only some days
our ribcages are skylines at dusk,
when boats and buildings are glittering themselves to sleep
in the blue blue blue

because LISTEN
I am not about the organs I was born with,
I am not about my IQ score or my zip code,
I am about the fact that I
can run around loving every little bit of the world
with flowers tucked behind my ears

because, listen,
there is a tenderness in the word
river
that I cannot describe with a word or a silhouette or a thousand
chrysanthemums,
that can only trace itself along
the smallness of your hands
and the gentle slope of your shoulders

because I am a city and
you are a blessing
and all of everything is a
field of wildflowers greater than any

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you will find in the Rocky Mountains
because each of us is part of an
as-yet-undiscovered family of plants

and THIS is the force of
sun in our skin, of air in our eyelashes,
THIS is the pull of afternoon on us,
the pull of skylines on our ribcages,
solar systems on our shoulder blades,
and THIS is the force of blooming
that is carrying us home! and
WE are the force of blooming
that is carrying us home

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Harry Potter and the Network of Doom
by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Harry Reporter	Hermione Teacher	Ron Students	Anchor
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Note: In the script names have been given to the ANCHOR, REPORTER, and TEACHER—Bob Brown, Sue Smith, and Mrs. White. However, the roles can be played by any gender and the character name should be the same as the actor playing the part. Also, the students can be played by as many actors as are available.

We begin in darkness for a few beats. Then we hear the “Hedwig’s Theme” cue from the movie. It fades as the lights come up. HARRY, HERMIONE and RON are Up Center in the middle of an intense conversation.

HARRY: But Dumbledore said it’s my destiny to fight Voldemort.
RON: That’s right, Hermione, he did.
HERMIONE: But Harry, Professor McGonagall told us not to leave the school grounds!
RON: That’s right, Harry, she did.
HERMIONE: They just want us to be safe!
HARRY: Then why stick us in a castle on a cliff over a lake with a three-headed dog?
RON: He’s got a point, Hermione.
HERMIONE: But—

They freeze and stay frozen. The ANCHOR enters Down Left.

ANCHOR: We interrupt this broadcast of “Harry Potter and the Sippy Cup of Hot Soup” with a late breaking news bulletin. I’m Bob Brown. (*Looks to another “camera.”*) We’re receiving reports that the local high school has exploded into chaos today when one of the students admitted . . . he’s gay. We take you now to this scene of tragic turmoil with our reporter Sue Smith. What’s the situation like there, Sue?

The REPORTER is discovered Down Right.

REPORTER: Thanks, Bob. It’s like a war zone here! Tensions are running sky high and people who make things up for a living are saying that the riot police will be called in at any moment!
ANCHOR: We’re getting unreliable reports that many of the students have collapsed in sheer terror.

REPORTER: According to unfounded gossip, several children had to be life-flighted to local hospitals from the shock.

A group of STUDENTS enter Down Right, talking and laughing.

REPORTER: Here's a few students, now. Let me see if any are conscious. (To STUDENTS.) Pardon me! Sue Smith—Evening Action News. A gay student came out in your high school today—your reaction.

STUDENT: Huh?

STUDENT: What?

REPORTER: People who don't know what they're talking about tell us that John Jones proclaimed during the middle of English class he is homosexual. Is it true that your screaming was so loud several lab rats exploded?

STUDENT: Screaming?

REPORTER: Did any of you faint?

STUDENT: She's talking about that short story John wrote.

STUDENT: Oh please, we've known John's been gay since, like, forever.

REPORTER: And yet you found the courage to eat lunch in the same room with him!

STUDENT: He's my locker partner.

REPORTER (*almost in tears*): You're so brave! So what are your plans now?

STUDENT: I've got band practice.

REPORTER: No. What are your plans for getting John out of here? Should he be arrested? Shot out of a cannon? A giant slingshot maybe?

STUDENT: Why would we want to get rid of John? This is his school. He belongs here. (*They start to walk away.*)

STUDENT: You're weird. (*They exit.*)

REPORTER (*to camera*): As you can see Bob, these young people are so overwhelmed they don't even know how much pain they're in. Back to you. (*Exits.*)

ANCHOR: Thanks, Sue. Stay tuned for more as this heartbreaking story develops. We now return you to "Harry Potter and the Deathly Halitosis."

ANCHOR exits as HARRY, HERMIONE, and RON unfreeze.

HARRY: But I know Voldermort knows that I know that he knows that I know . . . that he knows. My scar's been hurting all day.

RON: It has Hermione.

HERMIONE: Yeah, about that scar business. D'you ever think about maybe using a Band-Aid? I'm just saying, it might clear up.

RON: It could Harry.

HARRY: I got it because my mother loved me.

RON: She did Hermione.

HERMIONE: That's sweet and everything. But you're supposed to be the

greatest wizard of your age . . . and you can't get rid of a little scar?
Draco never shuts up about it.

RON: She's got a point, Harry.

HARRY: But—

RON (*to* HERMIONE): You wanna get married?

They freeze. ANCHOR renters.

ANCHOR: We interrupt this broadcast of "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Shopping List" to bring you an update on the shocking developments currently unfolding at the local high school. We go now to Sue Smith, our reporter on the scene. (REPORTER *is discovered Down Left with* TEACHER.) What the mood like there, Sue?

REPORTER: A tornado of terror is tearing this school apart, Bob, and I have Mrs. White, the brave and gutsy teacher of the very English class where John Jones first began his campaign of panic.

TEACHER: I beg your pardon?

REPORTER: Mrs. White, can you describe this episode of agony?

TEACHER: What in the world are you talking about?

REPORTER: People who weren't there reports shrieks of pain and torment echoing through the halls when John Jones revealed his secret life as a monster.

TEACHER: John read a short story he wrote about coming out to his family last year. It was very moving.

REPORTER: Is it true, Mrs. White, that the hair on several of the children's heads burst into flames?

TEACHER: Look, I thought you said you were doing a story on increased public school funding?

REPORTER: Do you need that extra money to build him a special cage?

TEACHER: What?

REPORTER: Uninformed web sites are claiming the police have yellow-taped the doors and windows and that John Jones is being flown to an island where he can't spread his gay germs.

TEACHER (*stern*): You need to stop this right now. John's one of my best students and one of the most popular kids in school.

REPORTER: Because he pretended to be one of them?

TEACHER: He IS one of them. Good afternoon. (*She exits.*)

REPORTER (*to camera*): As you can see, Bob, the situation here is even worse than those badly spelled texts and Facebook comments have lead us to believe.

ANCHOR: Sue, I'm worried the teacher doesn't care that a stranger is inside that school!

REPORTER: Bob, I'm shocked how many of the students seemed to believe John Jones belongs there!

HARRY, HERMIONE, and RON *slowly unfreeze and, during the following, will slowly walk to Down Center, looking at ANCHOR and REPORTER in disbelief.*

ANCHOR: If children are exposed to difference and diversity at such a young age, can they ever be happy again?

REPORTER: According to people who don't know what they're talking about, John Jones has also managed to fool his own family, several friends, his pastor, and most his neighbors into thinking he's a member of the community!

ANCHOR: Is this the end of civilization as we know it, Sue?

REPORTER: Not as long as you and I stay strong, Bob, and report the news the way we want it to be!

ANCHOR: In this great struggle, Sue, we can't let them tell us who they are!

HARRY, HERMIONE, and RON, *in a single motion, whip out their wands and flick them at ANCHOR and REPORTER.*

HARRY, HERMIONE & RON: Stupefy!!!!!!!

ANCHOR *and* REPORTER *freeze.*

HARRY, HERMIONE & RON (*after a beat they shrug their shoulders*):
Muggles.

The Choice
by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Pastor Johnson Pastor Quigley
Mr. Green Mrs. Green Jessica Green (their daughter)

Scene: 5 chairs.

At rise, JOHNSON is already seated. QUIGLEY leads in MR. & MRS. GREEN and JESSICA. QUIGLEY is talking as they walk in.

QUIGLEY: Right this way, please. Pastor Johnson is ready to see you.

They enter, JOHNSON stands. Handshakes all around.

JOHNSON: Mr. & Mrs. Green, thank you for coming in.

MR. GREEN: Of course, Pastor Johnson.

MRS. GREEN: If there's a problem, we'd like to help.

JOHNSON (*pauses*): I'm not sure how to tell you, but a few weeks ago
 Jessica announced to youth group that she, well, ah . . .

QUIGLEY: Jessica came out as bisexual.

JESSICA: I didn't announced it! I told my friends.

QUIGLEY: Jessie—you told Amanda, and you know how she gossips.

JESSICA: So what if she told the other kids, it's no big deal.

JOHNSON: I'm afraid it's a very big deal.

MRS. GREEN: Trust me, Pastor Johnson, after a while it doesn't seem as
 shocking.

JOHNSON: You knew about this?

JESSICA (*to JOHNSON*): I told you they did!

MR. GREEN (*stern*): Jessica! (*To JOHNSON.*) Jessie's always been very
 honest with us.

MRS. GREEN: I don't really understand this whole bisexual thing . . .

(JESSICA starts to say something.) I'm sorry, Jess, I really don't, no
matter how many times you try to explain it to me. (*To JOHNSON.*)

But she's still growing up and if she needs time to figure things out—

JOHNSON (*cutting her off*): I've been around children long to know they go
 through phases.

JESSICA: It's not a phase!

MRS. GREEN (*parental*): Jessie!

JESSICA: Well it's not. And I'm not a child.

MR. GREEN: Then stop acting like one and let the Pastor finish.

JOHNSON: I know young people can get odd notions in their heads and the
 best thing is to let them work it out.

QUIGLEY: Pastor Johnson and I thought the wisest choice was to let it runs
 its course.

JOHNSON: I'm sorry to say, however, that the matter has become more serious.

MR. GREEN (*long pause*): Yes?

JOHNSON (*turns to* QUIGLEY): Pastor Quigley?

QUIGLEY: According to Jessie's Facebook page—she's now dating someone.

JOHNSON: A girl.

JESSICA: You're reading my Facebook? That's private!

MRS. GREEN: Jessie, honey, Facebook is the opposite of private.

MR. GREEN: Who is it, Jess—Carla?

JESSICA (*mumbling and embarrassed*): Well, um, yeah. Kinda.

MRS. GREEN: Why didn't you tell us?

JESSICA: We just kinda, well, ah . . . you know.

JOHNSON: And so we have a problem.

MR. GREEN: Problem?

QUIGLEY (*after a beat*): Jessica's such a great kid and everyone in youth group really looks up to her. We can't let something like this get in the way of her future.

MRS. GREEN: Her future?

JOHNSON: If I can speak frankly—what Jessica thinks she is goes against every teaching of this church. You have to understand that already we're hearing from other parents.

MR. GREEN: From who?

JOHNSON: That's not the issue, Mr. Green. Jessica's a leader in the youth group and I can't, this church can't have someone openly defying what we know is true.

QUIGLEY: Saying she might be having these feelings is one thing, but for her to talk about being involved with another girl . . .

JESSICA: We've only gone out a couple of times.

QUIGLEY: Do you really think this is the choice God wants you to make?

JOHNSON: I've asked you here today because we need to help Jessica do what she knows in her heart she must do.

MRS. GREEN: And that is?

JOHNSON: She knows what the church says and she needs to accept it. You know that, don't you Jessica?

JESSICA: I know what the church says, but I know what God tells me, too.

JOHNSON: That's not really an answer. To be part of this church, you must believe in all it says. Or else . . .

MR. GREEN: My family has belonged to this church since before you came here.

JOHNSON: I know that.

MRS. GREEN: We were married in this church.

JOHNSON: Yes.

MR. GREEN: My grandfather helped lay the foundation when the old church burned down.

JOHNSON: Then I'm sure you'll want to make whatever choice is necessary to save it.

MRS. GREEN: Are you asking us to choose between our church and our daughter?

JOHNSON: I'm not asking anything, Mrs. Green. The church's teachings are very clear.

MRS. GREEN: But we belong here.

JOHNSON: And I hope you choose to stay. (*Stands.*) I'll give you a few minutes to talk it over. Pastor Quigley? (JOHNSON *exits*, QUIGLEY *follows.*)

QUIGLEY (*at door*): I'm so sorry.

The three are left on stage, not speaking. The lights fade.

Freedom of Me
by Dreams of Hope with Douglas Levine

(VERSE 1)

"There are no rainbows in hell,"
She said, with a glint in her eye.
"Then I can keep my bathing suit on year round,"
Was my immediate, sincere reply.
Some use words like a weapon,
Afraid of what they don't understand.
But, lately, I feel, whatever their deal,
I'm gonna brush 'em off like crumbs with my hand.

(CHORUS)

Freedom of me!
These wings are taking flight.
Freedom of me!
I'm so incredibly light.
Freedom of me!
It's time to soar above my fear,
Time to be strong,
And tell the world that I belong.

(VERSE 2)

"I've heard about people turned straight,
So maybe there's some hope for you, too."
"It's better to be somebody who's popping pills
Than to be somebody like you."
I used to listen in silence,
To everyone with nothing to say.
But given the choice of raising my voice,
You know I'm raising my voice all the way!

(CHORUS)

(BRIDGE)

We're never alone, a single body and soul.
We're thousands together, creating a whole.
So hold up your head when you are heavy with doubt,
And sing the song inside of you that's burning to get out . . .
To get out.

(CHORUS)

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Freedom Of Me

Words by D. Levine with Dreams of Hope
Music by Douglas Levine

Medium 4

A_m /G D7 F_{Maj7} /E D **Solo 1:** *F₇₊₉ D/B* **Solo 2:** *A*

"There are no rainbows in hell," _____ she

5 *G A₇₋₁₃ G/D D_m E_{m7}/A D F₇₊₁₃ B_{m7}* **Solo 3:**

said, with a glint in her eye. _____ "Then I can keep my bath-ing suit on _____

8 *D/A* **Solo 2:** *E₇ A₉ /G F_{#m7}*

_____ year 'round," _____ was my im - me-di-ate sin-cere re-ply. _____ Some use words as a wea-

12 *G_{Maj7} /A B_{m7} E₉ G_(add9) D/A*

pon, a - fraid of what they don't un-der-stand. _____ But late-ly I feel, _____ what-

16 *F₇₊₉ B_{m7} E₁₃ E₇₋₁₃ E₇ A_{sus} A*

ev - er their deal, _____ I'm gon-na brush 'em off like crumbs _____ with my hand. _____

Energetic 4

19 *F C* **Solo:** *F C* **All:** *F C* **Solo:**

Free-dom of me! These wings are tak - ing _____ flight. _____ Free-dom of me! I'm so in -

22 *F/G A_{m7} B_{bMaj7} F_{Maj7} E₇₊₅ E₇* **All:**

cre - di - bly light. _____ Free - dom of me! _____ It's time to soar a - bove _____ my fear.

25 *A_{m7} /G D₇/F_# /E /D F_{Maj7} (BassG)*

_____ Time to be strong, _____ and tell the world _____ that I _____ be - long.

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Freedom Of Me

A_m /G D₇ E₇₊₅ A_m /G D₇ F_{Maj7} /E D

32

As in the beginning

Solo: F_{#7+9} D/B /A G A₇₋₁₃

"I've heard a-bout peo-ple turned straight, — so may-be there's some hope for you, too." —

35

G/D D_m E_{m7/A} D F_{#7+13} B_{m7} D/A

Solo: — "It's bet-ter to be some - bod - y who's pop - ping pills — than — to

38

E₇ A₉ /G F_{#m7} Group: G_{Maj7} /A

be som - bod - y like you." — I used to lis - ten in si - lence to

42

B_{m7} E₉ G_(add9) D/A

ev - ery - one with noth - ing to say. — But giv - en the choice — of

45

F_{#7+9} B_{m7} All: E₁₃ E₇₋₁₃ E₇ A_{sus} A

rais - ing my voice, — you know I'm rais - ing my voice — all the way. —

Energetic 4

48 All: Group: All: Group:

F C F C F C

Free - dom of me! These wings are tak - ing — flight. — Free - dom of me! I'm so in -

51

F/G A_{m7} B^bMaj₇ F_{Maj7} E₇₊₅ E₇

All: cre - di - bly light. — Free - dom of me! — It's time to soar a - bove — my fear.

Freedom Of Me

3

54 *A m7* /*G* *D7/F#* /*E* /*D* *F Maj7* *E+* *A m7*

Time to be strong, and tell the world that I be-long.

57 /*G* *D7* *E7+5*

We're nev-er a-lone, a sin-gle bod-y and soul.

59 *A m7* /*G* *D7* **In two** *F Maj7*

We're thou-sands to-geth-er, cre-at-ing a whole. So

62 *D7/F#* *C/G* *G#o7-9*

hold up your head when you are heav-y with doubt, and sing the song in-side of you that's

65 *A m9* *D9* *F/G*

burn-ing to get out... to get out.

68 **Big in 4** *Eb* *Bb* (+opt. solo ad-lib) *Eb* *Bb* *Eb* *Bb*

Free-dom of me! These wings are tak-ing flight. Free-dom of me! I'm so in-

71 *Eb/F* *G m7* *A b Maj7* *E b Maj7* *D7*

cre-di-bly light. Free-dom of me! It's time to soar a-bove my fear.

74 *G m7* /*F* *C7/E* /*D* /*C* *E b Maj7* (+8va) (Opt. solo)

Time to be strong, Time to be strong, and tell the world that I be-long.

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The Way My Heart Goes

46 $F\#m7$ $A/G\#$ A $Gm/B\flat$ $F\#m/B$ $D6/E$ $G\#m/F$ $F\#m7$

sing 'til ev' - ry - bod - y knows... Yes, I will sing

48 $A/G\#$ A $Gm/B\flat$ $F\#m/B$

'til ev' - ry - bod - y knows the way my heart

50 The way my heart grows strong - er.

goes. The way my heart

50 E $F\#m7$ $Bsus$

52 The way my heart beats fast - er.

goes. The way my heart

52 E $F\#m7$ $Bsus$

54 'Til ev' - ry - bod - y knows... **Rit.**

goes. The way my heart goes.

54 E $F\#m7$ $Bsus$ B E