



DREAMS OF HOPE

GAY YOUTH IN GOOD FAITH

1.28.07

(2006-07)

Bus Scene

by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Pat	Leslie	Adam
Eve	Passenger #3	Passenger #4

LESLIE and PAT board bus on way to Pride Parade. They are excited and talking very fast and loud.

LESLIE: I am so excited!

PAT: This is going to be the best Pride ever.

LESLIE: I'm really glad you talked me into this. You've been out forever. I'm still nervous.

PAT: There's nothing to be nervous about. It's going to be great. I think there's going to be at least 100 dykes on bikes this year!

ADAM (to EVE): Gay Pride?

EVE: How can you be proud of a sin?

PAT and LESLIE hear the comment but decide not to respond.

PAT (*over-exaggerating*): And I hear RuPaul is coming!

LESLIE: Who's that?

PAT (*throwing attitude*): She's a fabulous drag queen. And I hear she'll be throwing condoms from her float!

LESLIE: (*Laughs.*)

EVE: Instead of being proud they should be praying.

ADAM: "A man shall not lie with a man for it is an abomination."

Pause. LESLIE is shocked.

PAT: People should keep their noise out of our business.

LESLIE (*nervous*): Isn't our stop coming up?

PAT: Oh, you'll know when we're there. It'll be packed. (*Going on excited.*)

Everyone's going to be there.

ADAM (*speaking to PAT and LESLIE*): Jesus won't.

PAT (*to ADAM and EVE*): Excuse me?

ADAM (*spelling it out*): I said: "Jesus won't"

PAT: What is your problem?

EVE: You will suffer the vengence of eternal fire like Sodom and Gomorrah!

PAT (*shouting*): Who do you think you are? What gives you the right?

LESLIE (*concerned, looks around worried*): Pat, calm down.

PAT: Hold on. I said what gives you the right?

LESLIE: Pat . . .

EVE (*interrupting*): The Bible. I wish I had mine with me.

PAT continues to get upset and talk back to EVE.

LESLIE: Pat, let's just move.

PAT: Fine. (*Under her breath.*) Religious freaks.

EVE (*under her breath*): The nerve of some people.

PAT and LESLIE move to empty seats.

LESLIE: How about here?

#3: Sorry, we don't want your kind sitting here.

LESLIE runs off bus. PAT follows.

#4: Queers.

Religion Monologues

by Bre Christenson, Michael David Battle, Rayna Faigen, Renee Ballard, Romairas Harp, & Terrance McGeorge

BRE

Some religious gay people say, "Who are we to tell religious straight people that they're wrong? It's what they believe." And I can agree. Who *does* know what is right or wrong? But, that also means that those straight people have no right to tell us we're wrong for what we believe. For all anybody knows I could be right. Gay people CAN be loved by God because He made us the way He wanted us to be.

Some people believe that the stories in the Bible were handed down from God to the writers so that they could share His words with the world. But, I don't believe that. I believe that the Bible is a great book, a good read, and very good fiction. I believe those stories are fables that tell us more about what was going on in the head of the writer than of God. The Bible has, amazingly, been passed down to us over thousands of years and mistranslated in the process. So, the big problem I have with organized religion (if you haven't figured it out yet) is that it's based on a book I don't believe in. Give me something like *Darwin's Ghost* or *Guns, Germs, and Steel*. Now that's what I believe in. I do believe that none of what we have become could have happened without the power of our Lord . . . But, that doesn't mean I have to believe and trust in human beings.

MICHAEL

In my darkest hour
I reached out
Decided to go to this place
Old
Wood rotting
Small
Hot and sweaty
Men in their Sunday's finest
Women in their old church dresses and hats
Me, in my old khakis and button-down shirt
That pastor
He stood above the altar in the pulpit
Gave his sermon
Testified for the Lord
Me, I was in the pew, not paying attention
Wondering to myself why I was even here
God didn't love me
If She did, none of these bad things would've happened
Something made me go there, on that ordinary Sunday morning
Looking around and seeing the women fanning themselves and the pastor, he
was sweating bullets and gulping water in between sentences

In my nostalgia, I looked up and the pastor was staring at me
Saying, "In your darkest hour, God will come to you" and "God will never leave, nor forsake you"
That's all I heard, and all I remember
By the end of the sermon, tears were streaming from my face soaking my
 button-down
The pastor looked out to our congregation as he stepped out of the pulpit
Asked if there was anyone who didn't know Jesus that wanted to accept Jesus as
their personal savior
No one moved
Me, heart thumping faster and faster, didn't want to move though
These people didn't know my struggle, looked at me like the little dyke that
 deserved all she got
The pastor looked out one more time, and said, "I know that there is someone
God is pulling on your heart right now, telling you to come up here."
Slowly I rose from my pew, and walked up the mile long aisle to the altar
Pastor took my hand and I fell down crying and knelt at the altar
Pastor said that he knew I had been through several things and none of them
 were my fault
The congregation staring at me saw me, the little dyke, get saved
This is my church
Church isn't that building worth millions of dollars and people falling out
There may not even be a hallelujah or amen shouted
My heart is moved and I know that I'm relishing in God's glory
She's the one who will judge me

RAYNA

I used to belong to this Jewish congregation, but I really felt like nobody there ever tried to get to know me. One day I was there and I happened to be wearing more feminine looking clothes than I usually do. And this boy was staring at me. He just stared and then asked if I was a girl or a boy. When I told him I was a girl, he said I was not. I just don't understand why he asked if he had already had his mind made up about my gender. Then he went over to his friends and they started to stare at me and laugh. Just that incident made me hate the temple and I still carry that event with me and it hurts to know people are so unaccepting.

The Unitarians care so much about me and I have only known them for two years. They are all very loving and all accept me for who I am. They make me think of myself as a real person, not an outcast.

I don't understand how "god" can help me. God cannot go on a diet for me and have me lose weight, or put knowledge in my head. I don't believe he can change me. I have to go on that diet in order to lose the weight, I have to study in order to gain the knowledge. In my mind it's up to me to change my life. I must evaluate what I need to do and work on making those things happen for me.

RENEE

My feelings on religion are very complicated. My father was a pastor of his own church so I grew up in a religious background. I do consider myself "Christian," but, I don't agree with a lot of things that religion stands for. So, that also means that I don't really go to church. I have a lot of bad experiences with churches, especially my father's church. It really hurt when he questioned my faith because I was gay. I mean he cheated on my mother with the female pastor, but yet I get my faith questioned and I'm wrong. I mean other than the fact that I have people almost every day telling me I'm sinning and that I'm going to hell, I'd like to think that I have a good relationship with god. At times I do question myself, sometimes, I mean what gay person hasn't, unless you don't believe in god at all. There's a lot of stuff going on in the world, so I think knowing that there is a higher power looking over you takes some of my fear away and I guess I feel safe. Basically, what I'm saying is a lot of people try to tear you away from whatever you believe in and I think you just got to find your own peace of mind. That's what I'm trying to do now.

ROMAIRAS

Going to church was my idea. I wanted to go every Sunday dressed up in a new outfit I had gotten from my mother. Most of the time these outfits were tight around the waist. I had something extra that I wanted to show off. My mother would always say "Why do you wear your pants so tight?" It never failed. When 4:30 came around I knew what to expect. And if you thought my mother's reaction was bad, you should have seen the faces that I would get from the rest of the congregation. It was like I was dirty or had some sort of disease. I guess that's how it is; especially in a church that could never come to terms with the fact that people are different.

I learned to grin and bear it until one day, after a few years, the lead vocalist on the worship team came up to me and said, "You have a problem that you need to seek healing for. Come to the house sometime, I have a gift for you that will help you." It never crossed my mind that she was talking about my bisexuality. I thought she wanted me to get healing from lying or porn, but never about something that was a part of me. Not my sexuality. Never my sexuality. So I went to her house and she handed me a book called *Hope and Healing for the Homosexual* by Mario B.

After that I never went back to that church. Never ever spoke to anyone from there again. It wasn't a bad breakup for me because I learned that church isn't for everyone and spirituality can be gained by anyone. I pray on my own, read about God on my own, and talk to Him alone. I have a relationship with Him and that's all that matters. Yeah, that's all that matters.

TERRANCE

Modern day religion is infuriating to me. It's not just the fact that I'm judged on a daily basis and that religious leaders spend so much time damning my soul to hell . . . The worst part is that they believe they alone talk to God and God tells them how to feel about me. It's a huge dilemma for me that any other sin can be forgiven or anybody can repent, but the "sin" of homosexuality is so awful even God won't forgive me. It almost makes me wanna lose my relationship with God.

I admit that I was turned away from religion for a while because of all that hatred and bigotry. I don't know if homosexuality is right or wrong—I can't answer that—but I do know that God loves me. Religion is something a lot of gay people struggle with. I wake up almost every day and ask myself: "Am I wrong?" It even affects my relationship with my boyfriend.

One night we were in bed talking and I brought up religion—something we'd never discussed before. I asked him: "Do you think being gay is wrong?" He said: "No, I believe God still loves me even though I'm gay. I don't know if it's wrong, but right or wrong, I do know that I love you."

And his words made me realize that I should never doubt myself, my judgment, or my love for another person. And what he said made me think about other things as well:

First is that God loves me no matter what, second is that no one can ever really know the truth about what God thinks or feels, and lastly, even if it is wrong, my boyfriend would still love me and be by my side. I believe that God has always been there for me, that God will always love me . . . and that God sent me someone to love.

My Miracle Is

by Dreams of Hope with Douglas Levine

(VERSE 1)

Things have been said to my face you would find hard to believe.
Like, "God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve."
"It's just a phase you're going through."
"God has given up on you."
"Isn't there something you can do?"

What I can do is keep my head up high and clear of worry and doubt.
There's no bus big enough to drive the fear and ignorance out.
But all who have died so a dream wouldn't break
Have left us a message in history's wake:
That miracles are for us to make.
Miracles are mine to make!

(CHORUS)

And my miracle is . . .
 Patience, hope; believe, and mend.
My miracle is . . .
 All hypocrisy shall end.
My miracle is . . .
 Freedom, acceptance, knowledge, and truth.
My miracle is . . .
 Cherish the old and empower the youth.

(SEGUE AND ENDING)

My miracle is . . . love myself!
My miracle is . . . love myself!
My miracle is . . . love myself!
That's my miracle.

(VERSE 2)

What's to be
Learned from the countless who lived under injustice before?
Like Dr. King and Gandhi and Milk back to the days of yore . . .
Nes gadol haya sham,
Fight for peace and peace will come.
You can start a ripple for tomorrow's sake,
That miracles are for us to make,
Miracles are mine to make.

My Miracle Is

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

Medium up

The musical score is divided into four systems. The first two systems are piano accompaniment. The third and fourth systems include vocal lines with lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the notes.

System 1: D_{m7}/E^{\flat} $A^{\flat}M7$ C_{m7}/D^{\flat} $G^{\flat}M7$ D_{m}/F $/E$ D_{m9}

System 2: D_{m7}/E^{\flat} $A^{\flat}M7$ C_{m7}/D^{\flat} $G^{\flat}M7$ D_{m}/F $/E$ D_{m9}

System 3: D_{m7sus} $/E$ $/F$ $/G$ $/A$

System 4: D_{m7sus} $/E$ $/F$ $/G$ $/A$

Lyrics:

Things have been said to my face you would find hard to be-lieve. Like.

"God made A-dam and Eve, not A-dam and Steve." "It's

My Miracle Is

15 D_{m7}/E^b A^bM7 C_{m7}/D^b G^bM7 D_{m7}/E^b A^bM7 C_{m7}/D^b G^bM7

just a phase you're go - ing through." "God has giv - en up on you."

mf

19 D_{m7}/E^b A^bM7 C_{m7}/D^b G^bM7 F_{m7sus} /G /A^b /B^b /C

"Is - n't there some - thing you can do?" _____ What I can

23 F_{m7sus} /G /A^b /B^b /C

do is keep my head up high, and clear of wor - ry and doubt. There's

26 F_{m7sus} /G /A^b /B^b /C

no bus big e-nough to drive the fear and ig - nor - ance out. But

My Miracle Is

29 B^b_{sus}/E^b B^b/D C_{m7} F B^b_{sus}/E^b B^b/D C_{m7} F

all who have died — so a dream — would -'nt break have left us a mes - sage in his - to - ry's wake: That

mp

33 B^b_{sus}/E^b B^bM7/D C_{m7} F C_{m7} C/D

mir - a - cles are — for us — to make. — Mir - a - cles are mine to make! — And my mir - a - cle is...

f

§

37 G7 C/G B^b/G C7 G7 C/G B^b/G C7

Pa - tience, hope, — be - lieve — and mend. — All hy - po - cri - sy — shall end. —

And my mir - a - cle is... — — — — — And my mir - a - cle is...

41 G7 C/G B^b/G C7 G7 C/G B^b/G

Free-dom, ac-cep-tance, know-ledge and truth. Cher-ish the old and em-pow-

41 And my mir-a-cle is: _____

44 C7 C^m/B^b D^m/B^b

-er the youth. Love my-self

44 And my mir-a-cle is: _____ And my mir-a-cle is: _____

47 C^m/B^b D^m/B^b C^m/B^b D^m/B^b B^bM^o E^b/F F

Love my-self Love my-self That's my mir-a-cle!

47 _____ And my mir-a-cle is: _____ That's my mir-a-cle!

My Miracle Is

51 Dm7/Eb A♭M7 Cm7/D♭ G♭M7 Fm7sus /G /A♭ /B♭ /C

55 Dm7/Eb A♯M7 Cm7/D♭ G♯M7 Dm/F /E Dm9

59 Dm7sus /E /F /G /A

learned from the count-less who've lived un-der in-jus-tice, be-fore? Like

62 Dm7sus /E /F /G /A

Doc-tor King and Ghan-di and Milk, back to the days of yore.

Rallent.

65 $Dm7/Eb$ $A\flat M7$ $Cm7/D\flat$ $G\flat M7$ $Dm7/Eb$ $A\flat M7$

Nes, Ga-dol, Ha - ya, Sham. Fight for peace... and peace will

mf

69 $G\flat M7$ $Dm7/Eb$ $A\flat M7$ $Cm7/D\flat$ $D\flat add9$ $B\flat sus/E\flat$ $B\flat M7/D$ $Cm7$

Relaxed **Poco rit.** **A tempo**

come. You can start a rip-ple for to - mor-row's sake, that mir-a-cles are for us

mp *p*

73 F $Cm7$ C/D *D.S. al Coda*

to make. Mir-a-cles are mine to make! And my mir-a-cle is

f *building*

My Miracle Is

0

77 C7 G7 C/G B \flat /G C7

er the youth, Pa - tience, hope, be - lieve and mend.

And my mir - a - cle is: _____ And my mir - a - cle is: _____

77

80 G7 C/G B \flat /G C7 G7 C/G B \flat /G

All hy - po - cri - sy shall end. Free - dom, ac - cep - tance, know -

_____ And my mir - a - cle is: _____

80

83 C7 G7 C/G B \flat /G C7

- ledge and truth. Cher - ish the old, and em - pow - er the youth. *psub.*

And my mir - a - cle is: _____ And my mir - a - cle is: _____

83

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment line, and a line of guitar chords. The first system (measures 77-79) has chords C7, G7, C/G, B \flat /G, and C7. The second system (measures 80-82) has chords G7, C/G, B \flat /G, C7, G7, C/G, and B \flat /G. The third system (measures 83-85) has chords C7, G7, C/G, B \flat /G, and C7. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the first system. The piece concludes with a *psub.* marking.

My Miracle Is

86 D m/C E m/C D m/C E m/C

Love my-self Love my-self

And my mir-a-cle is: And my mir-a-cle is:

psub. e cresc. poco a poco

Poco rall. Big!

90 D m/C E m/C E m7/F B bM7

Love my-self That's my mir-a-cle!

That's my mir-a-cle!

ff sf

Molto rit. Freely

93 D m7/E b A bM7 mp

That's my mir-a-cle.