

## Jon - Side #2

### JON

In the elevator I think of sleep-away camp. How Michael bribed Jim Shanahan with M&Ms to switch bunks, so we could whisper in the night.

I remember being teenagers, when our families rented houses in Hyannis and we'd walk down the beach, hop the fence and swim for hours together up and down the shore.

I think of our first summer back from college, when we reunited for a joint on the Kennedy Breakwater, and Mike told me he was gay.  
The sun is fighting off the January clouds as it sinks behind the park. I run from 53rd and Fifth to East Drive, past the Zoo, the Dairy. A pay phone! I jam in a quarter, dial Mike -- his machine picks up -- I try again -- same thing - goddamn it! -- slam the phone down and keep running. I'm running. Past the Skaters, past the Carousel, the statue of Shakespeare.

The Sheep Meadow is empty. I hop the fence and run to the middle of the field. Rain begins falling and I spin myself in circles and stagger around like a wino.

The TICK BOOM, TICK BOOM is so loud I can't hear the rain on the grass. I can't hear the wind.

I'm about to scream when I realize I'm not alone. Watching me from the hill in front of me are hundreds of seagulls. I sprint right into them, waving my arms like a cast-away on a desert island spotting a rescue plane.

**JON (CONT'D)**

They fly up into the air en masse, only to land across the meadow, on another hill. I talk to them. MY FRIEND IS DYING. I'M LOST. I'M AFRAID.

I run past the fountain, the waterfall, up through the woods, to the top of the Belvedere Castle. I look down into the empty Delacourt Theater.

I see an old rehearsal piano, sitting out under a tarp, below the trees. I climb down, hop another Fence, and pull off the tarp.

**End**