

*(MAXWELL STRATTON BRAMFORDSON III enters the train, looking about him as though he were perhaps about to do something dastardly. He's dressed shabbily, including an overcoat and hat, but he has a sense of style. Seeing that the car is empty, he begins searching around the seats for trash, wrappers, whatever food-related items he can find. He is interrupted by the arrival from the next car of SEAN, SHAWN and CELESTE, three of the whitest people you could ever want to meet.)*

CELESTE

Come along, come along!

SEAN

We're coming, Celeste.

SHAWN

You're not our mother.

CELESTE

I know, but we're down fifteen dollars against yesterday, and I want to make this month's goal! *(seeing MAXWELL, who has abruptly stopped what he was doing and is looking away from the threesome)* Now let's do this.

SHAWN

*(to SEAN:)* You know, this is a good opportunity for us to get even better.

SEAN

You're so wise and good. *(they share a peck)*

CELESTE

Enough with the mutual admiration and sex society! We have work to do! *(clears her throat, addresses MAXWELL)* Please pardon our intrusion on your evening, good sir! My name is Celeste...

SEAN

I'm Sean, S-E-A-N.

SHAWN

And I'm Shawn, S-H-A-W-N.

SEAN & SHAWN

We're in love!

CELESTE

*(throwing them an angry glance – that's not in the script)* Um, yes, they're...in love, but that's not what we're here to talk about tonight! Is it, boys?

SEAN

No, it isn't!

SHAWN

You see, we're wondering if you have any spare change, or even dollar bills – or, what the hey, maybe you've had the best day ever, and you have a twenty just burning a hole in your pocket!

SEAN

The amount doesn't matter. What matters is the cause. Isn't that right, Celeste?

CELESTE

It sure is! You see, many's the time we've found ourselves on the subway, struggling to get a seat, standing in uncomfortable heels –

SHAWN

Sean has that problem all the time.

SEAN

Stop it, you! *(they giggle)*

CELESTE

*(sotto)* If you don't both stop it, you will not get dinner! *(they behave; she continues her spiel:)* Um...fighting the urban battle one train ride at a time. Perhaps, like us, you've occasionally had your spirits raised by a small band of homeless men singing uplifting spirituals, like "Clap-a Yo Hands."

SEAN

Or "This Little Light of Mine."

SHAWN

Or "Like a Prayer." Which isn't a spiritual, but is awfully catchy.

SEAN

Such moments always provide a kind of nourishment you can't get from a healthy, well-balanced meal. They offer sustenance to our very souls.

SHAWN

One night the three of us were talking about homelessness, and what the heck we might be able to DO about it. And then it hit us!

CELESTE

We're not homeless, but we like to sing!

SHAWN

We have plenty of food, but we also ride the subway!

SEAN

And when we put those things together, we came up with a totally incredible, truly fantastic, spectacularly terrific idea!

CELESTE, SEAN & SHAWN

We sing to raise money for the homeless!