

Captive Barbies

### Cast of Characters

<u>Lee:</u>	Male-24
<u>Larry:</u>	Male-24
<u>Thomas:</u>	Male-30
<u>Darrell:</u>	Male-32
<u>Mike:</u>	Male-22

Scene 1

LEE

(Offstage)

Get back here and take it like a man!

*Larry (24) and Lee (24) enter stage right. Larry is dense in build with an intentionally burly appearance constructed by facial hair and big pecs underneath his police uniform. Lee wears a skimpy tank-top, and cutoffs cling tightly to his lean body. His slim frame, hairless skin, and stunning eyes behind eyeliner make him look like a younger boy. Yet the emaciation apparent in his appearance--his worn skin, sunken cheeks, and bruised neck--show that he has been around for far too long. Lee is in handcuffs and Larry leads him across the stage. Lee stops and Larry allows him.*

LEE

Oh, come on. You can't arrest me and not arrest him. If he runs free, so do I.

LARRY

It doesn't work that way, man. He ran away faster.

LEE

That's not fair.

LARRY

My job isn't about fairness.

LEE

What makes you think that was prostitution?

LARRY

I know gay prostitution. Come on before I have to make this worse for you.

*Larry tugs but Lee stays planted.*

LEE

Gay prostitution. Listen to you--degrading a minority. Look at the bruises on my neck.

LARRY

What?

LEE

Look. They're like pretty little paw prints, aren't they? They're also on my stomach. Arms. Look closer, police man.

(CONTINUED)

*Larry observes Lee.*

LEE

You know, I could turn this story in to the news. Tell them about how you interrupted me and my lover--

LARRY

He was not your lover--

LEE

--proclaimed I must be a prostitute because I'm having gay sex over there, then called me faggot--

LARRY

--I did not call you a faggot, dude.

LEE

--And then put these bruises on me.

LARRY

What the fuck are you talking about?

LEE

You can't deny the media would eat that up. There would be a whole uprising around homophobic police officers.

LARRY

I didn't touch you rough at all.

LEE

Then why do I have these bruises?

LARRY

I don't know. A kinky client?

LEE

More biased assumptions from a crooked cop! CNN, MSNBC--did you hear that?

*Larry is silent.*

LARRY

Fine. Go. Consider it a warning.

*He uncuffs Lee.*

LEE

Wait, it was that easy? You're a pussy for a cop.

LARRY

Don't tempt me, man.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Wait--what's your name.

LARRY

I'm going to leave, and you're going to forget about this.

LEE

Uh-uh. Tell me your name. It's Larry--isn't it?

LARRY

You heard my radio or something. Congrats.

LEE

Larry Swanson. Went to Granger Elementary.

LARRY

You're creeping me out, man.

LEE

You don't remember me? Lee Crownwell.

*Larry looks at Lee. He then looks away.*

LARRY

Shit, man. Yeah, I remember you a little. What happened to you? You turned into a prostitute?

LEE

Again, I am not a prostitute.

LARRY

Dude, I'm gonna leave now. Be grateful for that.

LEE

No! You're going to stay and hear me out. Otherwise the media is going to hear that a funny little thing happened in the park. Maybe they'll make a musical about it in honor of me.

LARRY

No one will ever buy your lies, man.

LEE

There's no such thing as a lie. There are just differing realities. And people believe in whichever reality they want to believe. And, which reality do you think the media would rather believe? Mine or yours.

LARRY

Mine is the true one.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

But which one would sell?

*There's a beat of silence.*

LEE

Just hear me out. You know you owe it to me, Larry. Me--Lee Crownell. Don't pretend. You know it.

*More silence.*

LEE

I'm going to educate you.

*Larry laughs.*

LARRY

Good luck.

LEE

Oh, you're finding this entertaining now. Good. An audience believes you more when you're entertaining. Anyways, so, let's say I was...hypothetically...doing an act of prostitution. It wouldn't make me a prostitute, because that's not all of my identity, is it? No. And, why would you care? Why should anyone care? It's the world's oldest profession. What am I hurting?

LARRY

It's against the law, man.

LEE

Fuck the law!

LARRY

I'm a cop.

LEE

So the law fucks you?

LARRY

No, the law fucks you--the prostitute.

LEE

A, not a prostitute, and B, the law fucks everyone. And everyone fucks the law. It's one big clusterfuck. Anyways, you're looking at this in a much too narrow way. You're letting the ideological state apparatus control your views.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Where the hell are you getting these lines? You were giving a blowjob in a park--you're not supposed to be this smart.

LEE

I went to Yale. I studied Theatre and Women's Studies.

LARRY

You can't get a job with that.

LEE

Gee, I wonder why someone like me would be HYPOTHETICALLY getting paid for sex in a park.

LARRY

Did you really go to Yale?

LEE

Remember what I said about differing realities?

LARRY

Also called lies?

LEE

And the law...the law tries to fit all of our realities into one reality. And it just doesn't work. Because rules are subjectively made by people in power who are ashamed to admit that they're paying to get blow jobs from boys in eyeliner and cutoffs in a park.

*Larry is silent, trying to think of what to say to Lee's rant. Finally, he shrugs.*

LARRY

Okay. Fine. You win. Yay, prostitution. Happy now?

LEE

No. Tell me about how much you remember me.

LARRY

I...you were the weird kid that always wanted to have tea parties 'n shit.

LEE

Oh, you loved those "tea parties 'n shit." You used to get all into them before elementary. Like you'd put on a tiarra and everything. Play house with me like it's nobody's business.

LARRY

What are you talking about, man?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Wear a pink lacy dress--the whole nine yards.

LARRY

I didn't get into nine yards of anything until football.

LEE

Now, that's a cover up.

LARRY

I'm not covering anything. You lived down the road from me, went to school with me, and I talked to you a couple times.

LEE

By a couple of times you mean like all the time?

LARRY

I don't remember this stuff.

LEE

Come on, Larry, admit it, you were weird along with me.

LARRY

Well, at least I'm not weird now.

LEE

Oh, so you think I'm weird now?

*Beat.*

LARRY

I think you're a freak.

LEE

Shot through the heart, loverboy. Why on earth would you say such a thing? You're freaky too. Let's get freaky right here, right now. Make up for lost time.

LARRY

Not into guys, but thanks.

*Larry walks away.*

LEE

You're not out yet?

LARRY

I'm not gay.

(CONTINUED)



LEE

Sweetie, I knew you were gay in elementary school. We played with barbies together.

LARRY

Don't pull that shit with me.

LEE

God, a gay cop abusing a gay pedestrian. The media will find this very disturbing. Faggot on faggot hate.

*Larry twists Lee's arm.*

LARRY

I am not a faggot. You're the faggot.

*Lee laughs.*

LEE

Not a faggot, huh? But you still like dick?

*Larry twists the Lee's arm more. Lee moans.*

LEE

Careful, you're arousing me, mister.

LARRY

God, why do you have to be so obvious. You always were. So in-your-face about being a little queer.

LEE

Does it make you mad?

LARRY

I just don't get it. Couldn't you just act like a man?

LEE

Does it get you all riled up? You wanna ravish me now. Just come closer.

LARRY

I *will* arrest you, dude.

LEE

Prove it. I mean to much to you.

LARRY

I have a gun.

LEE

Oooh, a gun. A big, bad gun.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I'm a motherfucking cop!

LEE

And I'm a motherfucking prostitute. Get over it.

*Beat.*

LEE

Wait no, again. Not a prostitute. I just do prostitution.

LARRY

(Slow. Like talking to a child.)

I'm leaving now. You'll go the other way. Know what's good for you.

LEE

You can't leave. We were friends once. And now we're reunited. For ever and ever.

LARRY

We were children.

LEE

For old time's sake. Let's chat. Come on, just treat me like a human being. And then we can go on with our lives and just forget about each other.

LARRY

Do you know what I did with those barbies we played with?

LEE

What, kind sir?

LARRY

I mutilated them. When I was about seven. Popped their heads off and melted their limbs. Then threw them in my closet.

LEE

Oh, I remember now. *That*, my man, is freaky.

LARRY

I'm not your man.

LEE

You always got the classy ones from Mattel.

LARRY

Who's Mattel?

(CONTINUED)

LEE  
Oh, you've gotta be kidding me. You remember Terrence,  
right?

LARRY  
What?

LEE  
Terrance Miller?

LARRY  
Terrance Miller? Yeah, we...we were best friends.

LEE  
Best friends?

LARRY  
Yeah. He's still like a brother to me.

LEE  
You weren't best friends when I knew you.

LARRY  
Stop telling me my own past. You're fucking crazy.

LEE  
Because my reality differs from yours.

LARRY  
No, because you're telling lies.

LEE  
Or, I'm just saying things you don't want to hear.  
Terrance Miller! When did you start becoming friends  
with him?

LARRY  
I don't know...maybe around middle school.

LEE  
Why?

LARRY  
I don't know...because he was cool.

LEE  
Cool? Unlike me.

LARRY  
Dude, I barely remember you.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

You don't want to remember me. But back to Terrance.  
What made him so cool?

LARRY

I don't know...he was just...into cool stuff. And  
people liked him.

LEE

What stuff was he into?

LARRY

Normal stuff. Just an average guy.

LEE

And average is cool?

LARRY

It's cooler than being a freak.

LEE

And I'm a freak?

LARRY

You know what, you're back under arrest--let's get you  
to jail.

LEE

NO! You thought I was a freak, didn't you?

LARRY

I don't wanna have to force you.

LEE

Tell me! Or this affair is getting national coverage.

LARRY

Fine, you wanna know the truth? You were a faggot.

*Silence.*

LEE

Oooh. Ah! A faggot! So what? I was gay. Big deal. Have  
you gotten over it yet?

LARRY

You weren't just gay, man. You basically had a rainbow  
baton coming out your ass. And you still do.

LEE

Oh, unlike you, big police man. The only batons you  
stick up your ass are probably big, masculine,  
sporty-sport sitcks, right?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Nothing goes up my ass.

LEE

(Flexing mockingly)  
Oh, so you're a top? Cool shit, dude.

LARRY

And what are you, a little bottom bitch boy?

LEE

I am everything and nothing. Like a Checkov play.

LARRY

What are you talking about?

LEE

All the world's a stage and all its men and women  
merely players.

LARRY

Are you high?

LEE

Do you believe that I studied Theatre at Yale now?

LARRY

I can't believe a word that comes out of your mouth.

LEE

Look at my neck. Do you see that scar?

LARRY

Are you gonna blame that on me too?

LEE

I can't believe that you became best friends with  
Terrance Miller! How could you? After what he did?

LARRY

What the hell did he do?

LEE

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HE DID!

*Lee kicks Larry in the balls and quickly takes  
Larry's gun, aiming it at him.*

LEE

Jesus, they didn't teach you how to defend yourself at  
that fancy cop academy, did they?

*Larry is visibly scared, but tries to appear calm.*

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Man, you're digging yourself in a deep pile of shit for doing this.

LEE

Oh, it's worth it. Give me those handcuffs.

*Lee takes the hand cuffs and puts them on Larry.*

LEE

Terrance fucking Miller.

LARRY

I don't know what your problem is.

*Lee laughs. He motions for Larry to crawl to him on the floor with his handcuffs. He whistles.*

LEE

Here, boy! Come on. Come on puppy.

*Larry begrudgingly obliges. Lee puts the gun to Larry's head. Larry whimpers a little.*

LEE

Ooh, I like to hear you squeal. Are you scared, Larry?

LARRY

Maybe.

LEE

Oh, so I guess I'm not so harmless anymore. Tell me--do you still think I'm a faggot?

LARRY

No.

LEE

A freak?

LARRY

No!

LEE

Oh, so you think I'm a MAN, now, don't you?

LARRY

Yes.

LEE

Tell me you worship me.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I...I worship you.

LEE

Oh, Larry, this is getting very sexy.

LARRY

Dude, please, just run off, and I'll not say a word.

LEE

Not until you apologize.

LARRY

For what?

LEE

Multiple things.

LARRY

Okay, thing one?

LEE

Terrance Miller. Apologize for becoming his friend.

LARRY

Fine. I'm sorry.

LEE

Why are you sorry?

LARRY

I don't know!

LEE

Say, it dick head, or I'll blow your fucking brains out!

LARRY

I don't know!

LEE

My hand's on the trigger!

LARRY

I'm sorry because he beat you up that one time. At recess on the playground. In that corner where the aids couldn't see. With his friends. Right before you transferred schools.

LEE

And?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

And I watched it and said nothing.

LEE

He kicked me in the neck with one of those tacky roller-skate-slash-sneaker hybrids. I had to get stitches. I even had internal bleeding. Now, thing two. Roll over onto your back.

*Larry does so.*

LEE

Tilt your head to the side.

*Larry follows the orders. Lee places his foot on Larry's face.*

LEE

Now tell me you're a little faggot.

LARRY

I am not a faggot!

LEE

Tell me you're a little faggot that likes men!

LARRY

But I don't.

LEE

Larry, I have no time for your false reality! Tell me the truth now--I have the gun!

LARRY

Fine! I'm a little faggot. But I wasn't lying when I said I don't take it up the ass!

LEE

Well, that's a shame.

*Beat.*

What was your first time with a guy like?

*Beat.*

Come on. I need some excitement. Let me guess--middle school. You and the other star football player--

LARRY

Cop school.

LEE

Oh, that sounds like one of those poorly-written erotic movies.

(CONTINUED)



LARRY

He tried getting me to return the favor...and I said...

LEE

That you weren't gay?

LARRY

I said I wasn't into men.

LEE

And you believed it, too.

*Lee playfully kicks Larry in the face while laughing. We hear the sound of a car pulling up in the distance. Lee lets out a "I've been naughty laugh."*

LEE

Jesus, I really need to work on my temper. I may be in trouble now. It's a shame you pushed me, Larry.

*Lee pulls a bandanna out of his pocket and begins to gag Larry with it.*

LARRY

Stop--just let me go and I won't say a word about you. You'll be off the hook, man.

LEE

How am I supposed to trust you? The playground never dies, Larry. I need time to run away.

*Lee continues to gag Larry.*

LEE

Now, you're going to roll on over into one of those bushes, and I'm going to skedaddle. If you're smart, you won't mention my name when someone finds you. But, I doubt your intelligence--exclusive tops tend to have a very small cranium capacity. And Larry...all bullshit and altering realities aside...it was really nice seeing you tonight. I've missed you like crazy.

#### Scene Two

*Thomas and Darrell's kitchen.*

*Thomas (30) sits at a table stage right going over paperwork. He is an attractive, effeminate, small man with a big, anxious attitude. His leg bounces up and down emphatically while he sifts through the papers and sips on a coffee mug--always placing his mug on his coaster. He is not nearly*

(CONTINUED)

*at the level of Lee, but he is very much a gay man. Darrell (32) enters carrying a cup of coffee. He is tall and well-built--a typical attractive "dad" looking type. There is a fineness in him. Soft words and a shaven face. Smooth movements and gentle gestures. But, something is brewing in him, ready to erupt. He sits at the table. Darrell puts down the cup of coffee on the table. Thomas looks up from his papers at the mug and moves a coaster under it. He returns to his papers.*

THOMAS

I've been thinking about names. If he or she is a baby of a different race--like, Hispanic, can we give him or her a Hispanic name? I know I sound a little stupid, but I love Spanish names. Like...

(Trying too hard to pronounce it Spanish-like.)

Ehctorr.

DARRELL

Hector?

THOMAS

No, Ehctorr. You have to roll your "r" at the end. Rrrr. Try.

DARRELL

No...

THOMAS

Just try! We might be adopting a Hispanic baby! Or Latino. Or whatever is more correct.

DARRELL

We're not naming him Ehcter.

THOMAS

Orrrr. Just try.

DARRELL

No. How about something more traditional like...Billy.

THOMAS

Why couldn't we name him that--if he or she is a boy, that is.

DARRELL

(Drinking his coffee.)

Because we're not Hispanic. Or Latino. I don't really want to make us into the showcase of multiculturalism. Two gay men with a son named Ehctorr.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Thank you for saying it right! But really, it's sticky--adopting. Because of the culture clash. Because we don't want to deny him or her of her or his cultural identity but who are we to--

DARRELL

I've told you I don't think this is a good idea anyways--

THOMAS

--support such a culture. Who are we to give him or her an idea of what it is to be Hispanic or Latino or Native American or--

DARRELL

(Putting down his coffee--not on the coaster.)

Not a good idea.

THOMAS

--Or even Southern, really. What if she or he is a Southern baby? That's its own subculture.

DARRELL

Southern?

THOMAS

(Putting the mug back on the coaster.)

Yes. Southern.

DARRELL

Do you know how asinine you sound?

THOMAS

I'm being culturally sensitive.

DARRELL

So, because the child is from the South--the one-month to...two-year-old--

THOMAS

No, I don't want one that old--their personalities are already formed by then.

DARRELL

Whatever. Because the child is from the South, we are supposed to read him to bed with...Tennessee Williams?

THOMAS

It is part of his or her heritage. Just how he or she was born. Be more sensitive.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

There's a line between sensitive and retarded.

THOMAS

*That's insensitive! What if he or she has a mental problem?*

DARRELL

Then we send him back.

*Darrell downs the rest of his coffee. Places it off the coaster. Thomas attempts to put it back on the coaster. Darrell stops him.*

DARRELL

It's empty!

*Thomas takes the cup to the sink.*

THOMAS

That's not funny, Darrell. You don't just send a kid back.

DARRELL

I wasn't being serious about sending--

THOMAS

It's not a joke. You don't joke about a child.

DARRELL

Well, I don't want the kid in the first place.

THOMAS

You said--

DARRELL

I said, "Okay." I finally said, "Okay." A month ago. After how many months of pushing and prodding to make me utter those two syllables?

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

You know what? It's too late for this. We've been up way too late after having a long day of work to be going through these papers. Let's just go to bed and start new in the morning.

DARRELL

(Defeated.)

Okay...

*Darrell stands up and leans against the table. Thomas walks over and gives Darrell a quick kiss.*

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

You don't know how happy it makes me that you agreed to this.

DARRELL

I think I do.

*Darrell runs his hand over Thomas's face. He flips Thomas around so that he is sitting on the table. Darrell goes in for a kiss, but Thomas breaks away and hops off of the table.*

THOMAS

Darrell, tables weren't made for being sat on.

*Thomas begins to gather the papers on the table into a folder.*

THOMAS

I've been thinking about it, and what do we do about the whole gay thing?

DARRELL

The what?

THOMAS

The gay daddies thing? Like, I don't want to impress a sexuality onto the child. It would be hypocritical to install hetero-normative values into him or her, but it would also be detrimental to tell him or her that she or he can be with whoever he or she wants to be with. Because what if he or she ends up getting a crush on someone of the same sex in kindergarten? But then, he or she gets his or her ass beat because of what we taught him or her? Can you imagine the psychological damage?

DARRELL

I thought we were going to bed.

THOMAS

Yeah. Yeah. Totally. Just, just a thought. I'm just worried for not preparing him or her for the real world. Do we tell him or her..."Yeah, like whoever you want, but if it's someone of the same sex, keep it a secret!"

DARRELL

I am really tired. This paperwork did tire me out.

THOMAS

You didn't even do any of it. I did everything.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

Thomas...

THOMAS

Sorry...you know I just want to do this all perfectly.  
I want to do the best for him or--

DARRELL

It.

THOMAS

What?

DARRELL

It.

THOMAS

It?

DARRELL

Call the child, "the child," or call the child, "it." I  
can't take another "he or she" or "him or her" coming  
out of your mouth.

THOMAS

Well, that's because you want a boy so bad.

DARRELL

Yeah, I did. But you wouldn't let me have that even  
with the compromise I made.

THOMAS

Sexism!

DARRELL

If we had a girl...who would teach her how to use a  
tampon?

THOMAS

I guess I would. With diagrams.

DARRELL

But you don't really know what it's like.

THOMAS

Then we'll ask Dana. And Dana can do a thorough  
demo-fucking-stration.

DARRELL

I also thought it would be nice to have a kid with my  
genes.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Ego-centrism?

DARRELL

I'm tired. I'm a public prosecutor. I have shit to do tomorrow.

THOMAS

Why don't you want to have this baby? That's what husbands do. It's the technical next step.

DARRELL

Technical step? I didn't know there was a manual to marriage.

THOMAS

It's called common sense.

DARRELL

Remember what you said about starting over in the morning?

THOMAS

Well, it will just start your doubting cycle all over again.

DARRELL

My cycle? It's your cycle. "Let's go to bed. No let's talk. Let's go to bed. No, let's talk."

THOMAS

Why don't you think we could raise this child?

DARRELL

Because we're both men.

THOMAS

And...

DARRELL

And children need a mother figure.

THOMAS

He or she would need a stable, loving home.

DARRELL

It would need a nurturer. Women are nurturers.

THOMAS

I could be that.

(CONTINUED)

DARELL

But you're not a woman.

THOMAS

I'm kinda womanly. I mean between us, you know... and I like the arts and not sports. And I...grew up taking ballet classes.

DARRELL

But you don't have a tit for the kid to--

THOMAS

Irrelevant! And ewe! Not that women's mammary glands are gross but--

DARRELL

You're not a woman! Get over it.

THOMAS

I know I'm not a woman, but statistics show--

DARRELL

That two male parents is the worst environment--

THOMAS

--that it can be done. Two men can--

DARRELL

--to raise a child in. Worst.

THOMAS

I don't think we would be the worst. And...a lack of a woman isn't what the problem would be. My greatest fear is the lack of a second father.

DARRELL

I'm going to bed.

*Darrell gets up.*

THOMAS

An absent parent. One who leaves the house for hours at a time without picking up his phone. To what? Go sit by the lake? Or work out at the gym? Or...browse an adult sex shop?

DARRELL

Are you ever going to forgive me for that one visit?

THOMAS

I don't care about it. But if we're going to have this child, then you need to be in it too. You can't just disappear.

(CONTINUED)



DARRELL

So not only do I have to agree to let you have this kid, but I have to agree to be the perfect father?

*Long beat. Thomas walks to Darrell and places a hand on his chest.*

THOMAS

I'm not asking for perfection. Just effort.

*Darrell embraces Thomas. He uses his hand to place Thomas's head firmly in his chest as he stares at the folder on the table. They rest.*

DARRELL

I'm sorry. I'm just really tired.

THOMAS

Yeah. Let's...let's go to bed.

*Darrell's phone vibrates in his pocket. He removes it and looks at his message while he still embraces Thomas. He let's out an uncomfortable sigh.*

DARRELL

I...uh...I gotta go.

THOMAS

(Breaking away.)

Wait, why?

DARRELL

It's...it's Dana. She messaged me, and she's locked out of her car again. She needs our thingy to get it unlocked.

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

I'll go do it for her.

DARRELL

No, I can.

THOMAS

No, really. I think I could use Dana tonight. I'll go get the *thingy* and bring the *thingy* right to her.

DARRELL

I could too. I haven't seen her in--

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Darrell?

DARRELL

Yeah?

THOMAS

Let me see your phone.

DARRELL

Why?

THOMAS

Because Dana's in Chicago.

DARRELL

No. She must have just gotten back.

THOMAS

No. She's there 'til Tuesday.

DARRELL

She's my sister, I would know, not--

THOMAS

You're distant from everyone lately. I'm closer to her than you are. Give me. Your phone.

DARRELL

Can't you just trust me?

THOMAS

You lied to me. And a bad lie. I talk to Dana. Regularly. We work together.

DARRELL

I told you. I'm tired.

THOMAS

Too tired to lie correctly?

*Thomas snatches Darrell's phone. He reads the message.*

THOMAS

Fuck dammit!

(Reading the text.)

"I need you, now. Really badly. It's an emergency--"

DARRELL

Thomas--

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

--From Larry. Larry?

DARRELL

I only didn't tell you because I know you're jealous of him.

THOMAS

Jealous of that pathetic little closet case?

DARRELL

Nice, Thomas.

THOMAS

There's a difference between jealousy and suspicion. I am suspicious of Larry. Because Larry is a mess. He's still not totally out, and he's a sexual deviant--

DARRELL

Please stop your puritanical judgment.

THOMAS

I heard he's hooked up with guys he met on Craigslist, Darrell. He's one of those gays. Fucking their brains out with self hate.

DARRELL

Dana hooked up with a guy she met on Craigslist.

THOMAS

Well, he bought her dinner first. "I need you. Now. Really badly?" No one sends that message to just a friend. At one in the morning. What is going on?

DARRELL

Nothing.

THOMAS

Todd told me he saw your cars parked together once by his place. When you were supposed to be at the gym.

DARRELL

Well, tell that little queen, Todd, that Larry and I were both at the gym, and we went to his place to protein up.

THOMAS

You didn't tell me about it.

DARRELL

Because you're jealous.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

No, suspicious. Just tell me. What were you proteining up on? Huh? I should have known. First, you get a new gym buddy. Then, I learn he's gay. Then, I learn he's closeted gay--the most horny of all gays. But, I decided to let it be.

DARRELL

You did not let it be.

*Thomas exits quickly and reenters.*

DARRELL

I'm the only gay friend he has and he's an insecure wreck...

THOMAS

Explain this.

*He reenters and throws a condom on the table.  
Beat.*

DARRELL

I don't get it.

THOMAS

A condom, Darrell. A condom that I found in your pocket while doing YOUR laundry. We haven't used a condom in years.

DARRELL

That can't be right. I wouldn't have a condom in my pocket.

THOMAS

Oh, so I guess someone planted it in there.

DARRELL

Or you're just using this as a trick. Playing me in a game as you in--

THOMAS

I would never--

DARRELL

--interrogate me. And you would never? You're a total control freak. With your schedules and your alarms.

THOMAS

My alarms?

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

That stupid fucking app that alerts me when you haven't deactivated it.

THOMAS

That app is a life saver.

DARRELL

Has it saved your life once? It's this dumb little box that you programe a voicemail into to get sent to me if you don't deactivate it on time. In case you were on a long trip and you ran off the road, or in case you went to a scetchy part of town for work and got caught up in something.

THOMAS

Exactly. It's a brilliant lifestyle strategy.

DARRELL

No--it's annoying and controlling. Usually you just forget to turn the damn thing off. And so I get your stupid pre-programed voicemail saying, "Hi, honey, I'm at the Whole Foods at night and a man gave me a very hateful look. Just so you know. Call if you get this to make sure my head is still attached."

THOMAS

I have never been afraid at Whole Foods.

DARRELL

Not the point. The point is that you have these little methods of control that drive me crazy.

THOMAS

Safety--not control.

DARRELL

How did you get me to sign into buying this house with you?

*Thomas is silent. He taps his foot.*

DARRELL

How?

THOMAS

Good logic.

DARRELL

You lied about a robbery. You broke down a damn window in our old place, hid some of our shit in our storage garage, and then spent the next week talking about how dangerous our neighborhood was.

(CONTINUED)

*Beat.*

THOMAS

I didn't think you'd need something from that storage garage so soon.

DARRELL

Well, I had already signed on this place. So it didn't matter by then.

THOMAS

That was then. This is...just tell me. Tell me if something is going on between you two because we cannot raise a child in a glass house of lies and infidelity.

*Long beat.*

DARRELL

Why didn't you ask me earlier about me being at Larry's? About the condom?

THOMAS

Because I was trying to trust.

DARRELL

And when did this new, trusting Thomas come about?

THOMAS

Since--

DARRELL

Since you've wanted to have this baby.

THOMAS

Maybe I've just matured.

DARRELL

Or maybe you don't want anything to ruin your perfect world. You don't want any disruptions. You're going to ignore everything so you can get your "Ehctorrrrrrr."

*Beat.*

THOMAS

Maybe, I have ignored. Maybe, I did have some subliminal reason to intentionally never look at your phone anymore. Or to never clean your car. Or to not smell you as closely as I once did--

DARRELL

Maybe you just ignored me completely.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

WELL, I'M DONE! And I want to know.

DARRELL

Because you can't raise a child in the house of an adulterer?

THOMAS

You of all people should know that. With the father you had.

*Long beat.*

DARRELL

Fine. Larry and I are messing around--.

*Thomas quickly grabs the folder on the table and places it in the oven upstage. He turns on a dial on the oven.*

DARRELL

What are you doing?

THOMAS

Burning this crap!

DARRELL

You're going to burn the house down!

*Darrell tries to get the oven open, but Thomas keeps blocking him.*

THOMAS

I can't think of anything more pleasant than this house burning to the ground!

DARRELL

Thomas--

THOMAS

Let it burn, Darrell. Let my dream burn. You already killed it. Now, it's my turn to be the loving relative that must dispose of the corpse.

DARRELL

Come on...

THOMAS

You've been cheating on me, idiot! With a closet case!

DARRELL

I can explain!

(CONTINUED)

*Beat. Thomas begins to walk downstage to the table.*

THOMAS

Do not take those papers out, Darrell. I do not want to see them. Sit down and explain. If you can do so, I'll turn the oven off. I canNOT wait to hear your rationale.

*Darrell walks to him. They both sit at the table.*

DARRELL

Well, sometimes, it got lonely.

THOMAS

I was home way more than you ever were. I was here. Waiting for you. I was lonely.

DARRELL

You ignored me.

THOMAS

You were never here to ignore. Because you were with...Larry.

DARRELL

It's only been going on for a month.

THOMAS

A month! How many times have we done it in the last month?

DARRELL

Two and a half.

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

Only takes one time to get HIV.

DARRELL

I was safer than that. We never--

THOMAS

Herpes, Darrell, herpes.

DARRELL

I've never seen a breakout on him.

THOMAS

People with herpes shed. They shed and don't show. And you touch their dick and then you touch yours and then you get the herp. And then you bring it home to me

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



THOMAS (cont'd)  
and...and...Merry Christmas! Happy Birthday! I got you  
open sores on your asshole!

DARRELL  
You're not letting me explain--

THOMAS  
Does he satisfy you like I can't?

DARRELL  
That's irrelevant. Let me just say we never--

THOMAS  
Sexually? What does he do that I can't do?

DARRELL  
Why would you ask that?

THOMAS  
Because I wanna know! Because I hope it's the sex.  
Because if what you have is something REAL with him--

DARRELL  
(Having enough.)  
He treats me like his bitch.

THOMAS  
--That I can't. That I can't--

*Long, long beat.*

THOMAS  
I'm sorry, did you just say he treats you like his  
bitch?

DARRELL  
Yep.

*Long, long, long beat. Thomas tries to process  
this while he takes an awkward sip of his coffee.  
He places it on the table--not on the coaster.  
And he smokes weed with me too. Which you won't.*

THOMAS  
It congests me! And can we get back to the bitch thing?

DARRELL  
I'd rather not.

THOMAS  
You never asked me to treat you like--

DARRELL

Because you're such a bitch!

THOMAS

Not true! I am not a mean--

DARRELL

No, not as in bitchy like your boss. As in bitchy like bottom. I can't ask you to throw me around a bit. You're so small.

THOMAS

I'm muscular.

DARRELL

I can't ask you to call me your slut. It would just be weird.

THOMAS

Because you're my husband not my slut.

DARRELL

I can't ask you to call me faggot.

*Beat.*

THOMAS

He calls you...

DARRELL

While he lightly slaps me.

THOMAS

And you get off on it?

*Long silence.*

THOMAS

Does he spank you too?

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

God, that is so patronizing.

DARRELL

Sometimes, you just want a man.

*Beat.*

THOMAS

And I'm not--

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

Remember how you told me you couldn't tell I was gay when I met you?

*Beat.*

DARRELL

Did that turn you on?

*Beat. Thomas walks to a cupboard. Gets a trash bag. He begins to pull a set of dishes out and puts them in the trash bag.*

DARRELL

What are you doing?

THOMAS

Remember what you said to me when I got these plates?

DARRELL

No.

THOMAS

They're so pretty. Hand painted engraved plates. Flowers and trees and sky and sunlight on them. And you said they were gay.

*Thomas begins beating the bag on a rug. We hear the plates breaking.*

DARRELL

(Weak.)

Stop.

THOMAS

I thought I could trust you enough to be myself.

*More breaking of plates. Darrell's phone vibrates upon the table. He reads the message.*

DARRELL

Shit.

THOMAS

(Still breaking the plates but tiredly as if it is his job.)

What now? Did he find someone online to have a threesome with?

DARRELL

No. He gave more detail as to what happened tonight.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Then go.

DARRELL

He was held at gunpoint by this one hooker who--

THOMAS

LEAVE! Please, please...leave. We failed at being faithful. Leave.

*Long pause as the two stare at each other. Thomas gives the plates one final beating on the floor as he looks Darrell dead in the eyes. He then turns away. Darrell waits for a moment. He walks to the oven and turns a dial. The two do not look at each other during this action. Darrell laughs lightly and quickly.*

DARRELL

You turned the stove top on. Not the oven.

*Thomas will still not look at him. Darrell exits. We hear a door shutting in the distance.*

THOMAS

*(Stationary, yet calling out to Darrell.)*

I made that mistake on purpose!

*Silence. Thomas faces the bag filled with plate debris. He then opens the oven and removes the folder without looking at it and quickly shoves it into the trash bag of shards. He looks at a pink oven mitt on the stove top and throws it in as well. He then places the bag in a trash can and stares at it. Finally, he sits on the trashcan lid for a long beat. He looks at the condom on the table, rushes to it, and throws it in the trash as well. He then walks back to the table and places his mug of coffee on a coaster. Lights out.*

### Scene Three

*Motel room.*

*There is a bed center stage, a doorway bordering the exit of stage right, a chair with a jacket on it, and a dresser and nightstand. Lee sits on the bed texting with a big purse in his lap. We hear a faucet running and Lee tucks the phone quickly into his pocket. Thomas enters looking at Lee awkwardly.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

How was the bathroom?

THOMAS

Kind of...grimy.

LEE

Ooh, dirty is hot...so, what did you pick me up for?  
We're not at this motel just to be besties are we?

THOMAS

Well, you are...open...to a lot of things, aren't you?

LEE

I'm a prostitute. It's my job.

THOMAS

I think the correct term is sex worker.

LEE

Uh-huh.

THOMAS

Well, there are certain...things I wanna do that...a  
normal guy might not--

LEE

I've done it all.

THOMAS

But I don't wanna have...real sex. Like no...  
penetration.

*Beat.*

LEE

Are you into water sports?

THOMAS

Like polo?

LEE

Piss play. It's a common request, really--

THOMAS

No, no. I--

*Thomas becomes more masculine, but his words are  
forced and awkward.*

THOMAS

I want to dominate you.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, make me your bitch?

THOMAS

Yeah.

LEE

Choke me a bit?

THOMAS

Maybe.

LEE

Doms don't say maybe. They're always decisive.

THOMAS

I'll...do what I want.

LEE

Okay, sir.

THOMAS

I want to call you...whore.

LEE

Um...I like that.

THOMAS

Strip you down.

LEE

Sounds dreamy, captain. You wanna slap me around?

THOMAS

Yeah.

LEE

And call me faggot?

*Beat. Thomas becomes his real self and is serious--almost questioning himself with guilt.*

THOMAS

Yeah, that's exactly what I want.

*Beat.*

LEE

Well, get going, sir. I need some discipline. I've been a very bad boy tonight.

(Referencing purse.)

I stole this purse.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS  
Um.

*Thomas moves his hands to Lee's pants buttons.*

THOMAS  
You know what? Wait. What's your name?

LEE  
For you--it's bitch.

THOMAS  
No, really, what's your name?

LEE  
What do you want my name to be, master?

THOMAS  
Master is too far--I'm a human rights advocate.

LEE  
Okay, Daddy--

*Thomas shakes his head, "no." Lee rolls his eyes.*

THOMAS  
I just wanna know your real name.

LEE  
Rick.

THOMAS  
Oh, okay. I'm...I'm Matthew.

LEE  
Okay, Matt. Now we're getting somewhere.  
(Somewhat sarcastically to self.)  
I'm so turned on.

THOMAS  
I...I just want to make clear that this is not my  
normal type of thing.

LEE  
Oh, sure. I bet you've never done anything like this  
before, angel.

THOMAS  
No, really. I--I help get kids off the street. I'm a  
social worker and volunteer at this shelter. I  
don't--do it with the guys on the street.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

A humanitarian. Cute. But humanitarians often not the best in bed.

THOMAS

It's just--I don't whore around, really.

LEE

Oh, I'm sure you're well above that.

THOMAS

Not to say you're below me because that's so not true and I know it. I fully acknowledge that no one is below me based on their occupation or sexual--

LEE

I thought being someone's bitch meant that you were below them.

THOMAS

But that's in pretend sex world. I'm talking...real world.

LEE

But in the real world, everyone is someone's bitch.

THOMAS

Not true. The president?

LEE

He's everyone's bitch.

THOMAS

Well...this is sex bitchiness, which is not real.

LEE

What's realer than sex?

THOMAS

Love?

LEE

(Laughing.)

You're such a faggot. It's almost cute.

THOMAS

I don't like that word.

LEE

You said you wanted to call me "that word."...

(CONTINUED)



THOMAS

Well, it's complicated.

LEE

Complicated?

THOMAS

Yeah, my husband--maybe ex-husband--apparently likes to be called...that word.

LEE

Uh-huh...

THOMAS

And I just found out tonight that he cheated on me with this closeted cop.

LEE

Okay...

THOMAS

And the cop, Larry--

LEE

Larry?

THOMAS

Yeah, Larry would call him that and stuff while they had sex.

LEE

What's his last name?

THOMAS

I don't know...Swanman, Swany...

LEE

Swanson.

THOMAS

Yeah, I think that's it, but that's besides the point. I found out that he's been fucking my husband who I've been with for seven years!

LEE

Sounds painful.

THOMAS

It's heartbreaking!

LEE

I was talking about the seven years.

(CONTINUED)

*Beat.*

THOMAS

Anyways, I picked you up because of that. Heartbreak and--

LEE

When you learn to stop justifying your actions, your life becomes a lot easier.

*Beat. Thomas slowly reaches out to grab Lee's hair. He grasps a handful of it. Lee smiles.*

THOMAS

Bitch.

LEE

Sir.

THOMAS

(Moving his hand away.)  
I'm sorry, this is weird.

LEE

Shut up. Stop thinking.

THOMAS

But I can't. I went to grad school.

*Lee roles his eyes and places Thomas's hand on his head. Thomas grabs the hair again.*

THOMAS

Slut?

LEE

Yeah, I'm your slut.

THOMAS

I mean, you know this is pretend, right? I don't really think that of you.

LEE

Yes, you do.

THOMAS

I do not think you're my slut.

LEE

But you think I'm a slut.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

I don't like those labels...

LEE

Well, I am one liberated creature of lust. Now, make me yours.

THOMAS

Do you think we could...just talk?

LEE

Jesus Christ, no. You're more annoying than gonorrhea! No wonder your "husband" wanted sex from elsewhere.

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

You know what? This was a bad idea...I'm...I'm gonna go.

*Thomas begins to walk to the door.*

LEE

Wait, what? You're walking out on--

THOMAS

I mean, I can give you a ride back.

*Lee grabs Thomas's arm.*

LEE

Oh, no, no, no mister.

THOMAS

Stop! I revoke my consent!

LEE

You know why your man didn't want you anymore? Because you're a pussy.

THOMAS

That word is degrading to women--

LEE

Case in point. Or point in case. I always forget which is which.

THOMAS

It's case in point.

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Anyways, you're a--

THOMAS

Don't say it.

LEE

You're a little princess. You're this small little man that can't even follow through with a lay. Can't finish what he started.

THOMAS

Okay, I'm *not* giving you a ride back any--

LEE

I bet you can't even cum when you top.

THOMAS

I can too!

LEE

But how long does it take? And when you do top--maybe once a month--do you think of it being the other way around?

*Thomas is silent.*

Face it, you're not attractive to a man. A man wants a man. Maybe a lesbian would like you.

THOMAS

I'm not going to let a person like you get to me.

LEE

What? A whore like me? Is that--

THOMAS

I'm not going to use that term with--

LEE

--what you want to say? Guess what, baby--I've seen a whole lot of men as a whore, and you do not even fall in the category of men. I bet you used to dress up in your life-sized Barbie's dress when you were younger. I bet you wanted to be the pink power ranger. Bet none of the boys liked you at school because you couldn't throw a ball and 'cause you talked all funny and your hips--

THOMAS

Like it's not the same story for you!

LEE

Fine, you can be just like me.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh, no. I am NOT just like you.

LEE

Then prove it, bitch!

*Thomas grabs Lee's hair. Thomas has been overcome with aggression. Something is pumping in him.*

THOMAS

Don't call me that, you little faggot.

*He drags Lee to the bed by his hair.*

LEE

That's more like it.

THOMAS

I am above you. I'm nowhere near you.

*Thomas slaps Lee. A pause as Thomas takes it in. He then kisses Lee passionately.*

LEE

Woah, tiger...I mean sir.

THOMAS

What is happening to me?

LEE

You're tasting power, baby.

THOMAS

No. No--this can't be right.

LEE

What's so wrong?

THOMAS

I have a boner!

LEE

That's cute.

THOMAS

No--I can't enjoy this. This isn't what I want.

LEE

What if it is?

THOMAS

What if I don't want to be married to Darrell?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

What if you don't want a baby?

THOMAS

What if I don't want that house?

LEE

What if you wannna be a "sir-master-sir" to a hooker?

THOMAS

What if I want to be pissed on?

LEE

What if--just what if--you want to be nothing but a big...old...faggot.

*Thomas slaps Lee.*

THOMAS

Why do you let men do this to you?

LEE

It's fun. To pretend someone has all control over you...sir.

THOMAS

Pretend?

LEE

You think I'm not the one who's in control?

THOMAS

You're submitting, bitch.

LEE

No, sweetie.

*There's a knock at the door.*

LEE

'Bout damn time!

*Lee gets up to open the door.*

LEE

I'm the player. And you're the prey.

THOMAS

(Whispering.)

Don't open it!

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Don't worry, sir. I know exactly who this is.

*Lee pushes his way through Thomas and opens the door. Mike (22) walks into the room--a man of many muscles and many tattoos. He walks and talks with hardness and noticeable stupidity.*

LEE

Hey, baby.

*Lee kisses Mike.*

THOMAS

Who is this? I thought this was a two person thing. I didn't sign up for a threesome.

*Mike pushes Lee away.*

MIKE

What the hell were you thinking?

THOMAS

Who is this?

LEE

(To Mike.)

Don't reprimand me.

THOMAS

Who is this?!

MIKE

(To Lee.)

I'm your pimp--I do what I want.

THOMAS

Okay--

LEE

You're not my pimp.

THOMAS

--so he's your pimp?

LEE

No, he's not my pimp. He's my boyfriend who mooches off of me and body guards me the rare cases I can't handle a john.

(To Mike.)

Not. My pimp. Dumbass.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Getting a cut of what you make. Protecting you. Sounds like a pimp to me.

THOMAS

Yeah, me too.

LEE

Shut up, Thomas.

THOMAS

How did you know my real name?

*Lee removes a cellphone from his pocket. Thomas gasps.*

THOMAS

I can't believe you took my phone. That is so disrespectful.

LEE

(Referencing Mike.)

I needed to text this idiot. And you can't believe it? You left it in your jacket pocket while you went to the bathroom. What did they teach you in "grad school?"

THOMAS

Um...to trust people of lower class standing because they're humans too. Which I was trying to do--

LEE

Jesus Christ! You need to be educated by the real world. So, here's lesson one, genius:

*Lee puts the phone back in his pocket.*

LEE

Trust no one.

(To Mike.)

Did you bring the bag?

THOMAS

Give me my phone back.

*Thomas begins to walk to Lee.*

MIKE

Yeah.

*Without even looking at Thomas, Lee pushes him back onto the bed as Mike hands him the bag.*



MIKE

What are we going to do?

THOMAS

Well, if--

LEE

I've got a plan, baby.

THOMAS

--you're not giving me my phone, then I am leaving.

LEE

You're staying right here or we're knocking every one of your teeth out and selling them on the black market.

THOMAS

(Recoiling.)

Violence never wins.

LEE

(To Mike.)

Don't worry. We're going to tie him up, take his car and money, sell his car to Freddy, take off with the money, and go to Mexico.

MIKE

Mexico?!

LEE

Yes, Mexico. It's the land of the free. Criminals do whatever they want there. Half of them are in the government.

MIKE

I don't wanna go to Mexico.

LEE

Well, I'm sorry. You got any better ideas?

*Long beat as he contemplates.*

MIKE

No.

LEE

That doesn't surprise me.

THOMAS

I have an idea!

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, God...

THOMAS

The idea is justice and responsibility and...treating thy neighbor well and not...chaining him up so you can steal his car to go sell it on the black market then take off to Mexico.

LEE

You're not my neighbor.

THOMAS

I was using biblical terms.

LEE

You think I've read the Bible?

THOMAS

Well, maybe. I try not to assume things about a person based on their occu--

LEE

Jesus Christ, you're more messed in the head than I am.

THOMAS

Really, why do you have to fuck over another human being like this?

LEE

Because that's the human condition, baby--someone's always gotta be fucking someone.

MIKE

Everybody is talking about what you did. They're saying I need to learn how to control my hoe.

LEE

Then "everybody" can choke on their own vomit.

MIKE

Why would you do it? To a cop? Hold him at his own gunpoint? Just take the sentence.

LEE

We had a history. You know how I am with grudges.

THOMAS

Oh...oh...oh. No. You are not telling me you were the one who assaulted Larry.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

I...seduced him not assaulted.

THOMAS

Oh, my God. I can't believe this. The runoff of the crime against him is taking a huge piss all over me!

LEE

Ironical. Poetical.

THOMAS

I really hate him!

LEE

(To Mike.)

The cop I seduced was fucking Tommy's boyfriend.

THOMAS

Excuse me: husband--not boyfriend.

LEE

Fuck the difference.

*Lee empties out the bag Mike gave him. A rope, some cocaine, alcohol, weed, and handcuffs fall out onto the floor.*

THOMAS

You are not going to--

LEE

Where's the gag?

*Beat.*

MIKE

I forgot it.

THOMAS

Thank God.

*Lee walks to his purse and removes the gun he stole from Larry.*

LEE

You scream, and I'll clock you!

THOMAS

Oh. A gun. Of course! I'm so stupid.

LEE

No. You were just trusting the poor little street urchin. You get an A-plus with a shiny gold star for political correctness.

(CONTINUED)

(To Mike.)

I've been listening to this little queer speak and speak all night...and you forgot the gag?

MIKE

Sorry.

LEE

Whatever. Handcuff him to the bed.

*Mike goes to do that. While he does it, Thomas speaks.*

THOMAS

You know, you don't have to do this. There's help out there for you, Rick.

MIKE

Who the hell is Rick?

LEE

I am.

MIKE

Oh...okay.

THOMAS

Really. The state you're in is just a product of a failed system and many realize that.

LEE

A failed system?

THOMAS

Yes. The power structure of society failed you, and this is what you had to turn to to survive. I understand prostitutes, Rick. I'm mean sex workers. I'm a social worker.

LEE

Oh, so you could save me?

THOMAS

Yes. I have connections. If you stop now, I can get you help.

LEE

Fuck your help. You think I wanna be locked in some half-way home where they test my piss every day?

THOMAS

They don't do it every day, Rick.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

What if I like my life like this?

THOMAS

Well, that stems from mental issues that our country's health care system just didn't take care of for you. I mean, it costs a fortune just for a check up. How on earth could you afford therapy?

LEE

Alright--we need to gag him somehow.

MIKE

The rope?

THOMAS

You have to do--

LEE

No. It won't fit tight enough.

THOMAS

--no such thing. I'll be really quiet. Promise.

LEE

We need you silent when we're gone. Need you silent and immobile enough for us to dispose of your car.

THOMAS

I won't say a word until dawn.

LEE

You can't shut your mouth for one--

*Lee notices something on the dresser in the motel room. He crouches down and looks at its legs.*

LEE

They duct taped the dresser leg!

THOMAS

That's classy.

LEE

They probably have duct tape to fix things with in the office. I'll...I'll go get it from them. Sit tight, smarty.

*Lee exits. Mike and Thomas are alone.*

THOMAS

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Mike.

THOMAS

You know, Mike, you don't have to do this with Rick.

MIKE

His name is Lee.

THOMAS

Of course he lied to me. Or is his identity just very fluid?

MIKE

You really should shut up.

THOMAS

So let me get this straight...Lee is your boyfriend.

MIKE

Yeah...

THOMAS

But he's a sex-worker?

MIKE

Sex-worker?

THOMAS

Prostitute...

MIKE

He says he's not a prostitute. He just does prostitution. I don't really get it.

THOMAS

So how does that work exactly? You as his boyfriend when he's fucking others.

MIKE

Business and pleasure are different.

THOMAS

Mike...he uses men for a profession, right?

MIKE

I don't know if I'd call it a profession.

THOMAS

But he uses them. And...what makes you think he's not just using you just like the rest of them?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Because I'm not giving him money. Duh.

THOMAS

But you give him other benefits.

MIKE

It's not like he gets my healthcare or anything. I don't even have healthcare.

THOMAS

Who can in this country? Anyways...what I'm saying is you don't seem like partners.

MIKE

We're totally partners. I'm basically his pimp.

THOMAS

Well, if you two really are partners...shouldn't you have more say in this nonsense. I mean, Mike--you look pretty logical. I'm sure you know this Mexico thing is all just silly.

MIKE

He won't listen to me.

THOMAS

Then you should get out of this abusive relationship.

MIKE

He doesn't hit me.

THOMAS

Mike--abuse comes in many forms. Isn't there something more you want to do with yourself? When you were little, didn't you dream of being an astronaut, or a pilot...or maybe even...I don't know--a *real* pimp with a...hoe that respects him?

MIKE

I wanna be a rapper.

*Beat.*

THOMAS

That's lovely, Mike. Really. Your personality is so big and performer-like.

MIKE

My rap name is Ill Money.

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

That...that's such a good rap name. It sounds very...hard.

MIKE

You know why I like it? Because it would mean that I have so much money, it's sick. And sick is a...syno...sina...what's the word for a word being like another word.

THOMAS

(Third-grade-teacher-like.)

A synonym?

MIKE

Yeah. Sick is a synonym for ill.

THOMAS

Wow. Mike...that is literary.

*Lee comes back onstage holding duct tape.*

LEE

Partyyyyy!

THOMAS

Oh, fuck.

LEE

You know Mike, I was thinking about it. We have this motel just to ourselves for free--

THOMAS

It wasn't free!

LEE

It was free for me! Anyways--it's our last night in town. Let's have one last hoorah! Just the two of us. Well, three of us.

THOMAS

You're on the run from the law, and you want to have a party here?

LEE

Logic is for lame people, Thomas.

THOMAS

Do you know the origin of lame? You shouldn't use that word.

(CONTINUED)



LEE

Give me your wallet. Magic Mike here is gonna go get some party favors. And in the meantime...

*Lee pulls tape loose from the roll.*

LEE

...We're gonna give your mouth a make over.

*Lights out.*

Scene Four

*Larry and Darrell in Larry's bedroom. Larry sits on his bed and Darrell stands away from it as he gets dressed. Larry is in boxers, maybe a white tee-shirt.*

LARRY

You wanna watch the game? I recorded it.

DARRELL

I...I should be getting home.

LARRY

I heard it was a good one. Did you see the scores?

DARRELL

What's the point in watching the game if you already know the scores?

LARRY

Company could be nice, man. I had a rough night.

DARRELL

Yes, Larry. Being held by gun point is very rough...but, I can't stay.

LARRY

He lured me into it. He pretended to have withdrawal so I'd let him out.

DARRELL

Well, I'm sorry that happened to you; I really am, but I need to get back home.

LARRY

Thomas is out of town. Stay over.

DARRELL

What if I don't want to?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

What?

DARRELL

Thomas isn't really out of town. Thomas and I...I don't know what's going on between Thomas and I.

LARRY

Are you guys, like, separating? Why didn't you tell me earlier?

DARRELL

I didn't feel like talking about it.

LARRY

You could if People like us talk about that kinda stuff, right?

DARRELL

People like us?

LARRY

People...people who are fucking.

DARRELL

Why did you text me like that? How could you not know Thomas would have been around at that time of night?

LARRY

I...I was in a strange place after--

DARRELL

Thomas knows.

LARRY

Thomas knows? About--

DARRELL

Us.

LARRY

How?

DARRELL

Your text. And this condom he implanted in my pants to lure me into confessing. I couldn't take his games anymore. It's like living on a chest board.

LARRY

I can't believe a guy would do something like that to another guy.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

It's called a relationship, Larry.

LARRY

Right.

*Beat.*

LARRY

So, are you guys, like...breaking up?

DARRELL

I don't know. Thomas is the Supreme Court in our household.

LARRY

It's your decision too.

DARRELL

Are you trying to give me relationship advice?

LARRY

Yeah. I have a brain.

DARRELL

We all have brains. Yours is twenty-four, and mine is thirty-two. And, look, I'm sorry, but it's hard to take love advice from someone in the closet.

LARRY

I'm not completely in the closet.

DARRELL

Maybe your foot is sticking out.

LARRY

Then maybe I'll come all out.

DARRELL

(Concerned.)

I was scared it would get to this. Larry, it doesn't matter if you come out--I still won't stay. You know that, right? I don't want you getting your hopes up now that Thomas knows.

LARRY

I...you come here and you tell me all about you and Thomas. You have this...perfect life, and he just wants more. And more.

DARRELL

Perfect life? I was screwing you behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

But you have dinners together every night.

DARRELL

At Thomas's demand.

LARRY

And you hold each other to sleep.

DARRELL

We sleep on opposite sides of the bed. Sometimes I even fall off.

LARRY

But at least you have something real.

DARRELL

Larry, you're stuck on a fantasy, not reality.

LARRY

But...you cheated. There's no coming back from that.

DARRELL

Yeah, there's probably no coming back from that for any of us--you and me included.

LARRY

What are you saying?

*Beat.*

DARRELL

I'm gonna go.

*Darrell begins to walk off.*

LARRY

STOP, BITCH.

DARRELL

Excuse me?

LARRY

I told you to stop. Come back now.

DARRELL

You've gotta be kidding me. You think you can talk to me that way?

LARRY

I did just a second ago. Right there on this bed. You're mine.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

No, Larry. You were mine. I was in control. I set the limits. I made the rules.

LARRY

What? Are you scared of staying? Don't trust me to keep myself from getting attached to you? I won't.

DARRELL

I can't trust you. And you definitely can't trust me.

LARRY

Why?

DARRELL

(Trying to be calm.)

This...whatever this is between the two of us...was not rooted in reality. It was rooted in escape.

LARRY

You can trust me. I even got tested for everything a week ago.

DARRELL

Yay, you did a big boy thing. It doesn't mean shit.

*Larry hands Darrell his wallet.*

LARRY

Look, I've got the business card of the clinic in my wallet.

*Darrell opens the wallet and looks around in it.  
He freezes.*

DARRELL

How long have you wanted more from me?

LARRY

I don't want *that* much more, man.

DARRELL

Then how long have you wanted...a bit more from me?

LARRY

I don't know, dude. I guess maybe just tonight made me realize some things.

DARRELL

Just tonight?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Pretty much.

DARRELL

So you haven't been...waiting...for something to happen? For me to be found out?

LARRY

Waiting? I don't wait for people. I'm not like that.

DARRELL

You wanted me to really be your bitch? Is that it?

LARRY

No. You're not my bitch.

DARRELL

I was what then? Your...lover?

LARRY

If that's the word you wanna use.

DARRELL

We never said the word love to each other.

LARRY

We didn't say it, but we made it.

DARRELL

You were supposed to learn the difference between those two things at college.

LARRY

I went to cop school.

DARRELL

No excuse!

*Darrell removes a condom from the wallet.*  
This is the exact match.

LARRY

Match?

DARRELL

Don't play dumb.

LARRY

I'm trying to be honest and intelligent right now, man, so fuck you, dude!

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

That is the exact match to the condom found in my laundry by Thomas.

LARRY

No...that's--

DARRELL

I knew it couldn't have been me because I never bought condoms. Because you always had them on hand. Tell me: you put the condom in *my* pocket to blow *my* cover.

LARRY

I would never do that to another guy.

DARRELL

But you'd do it to a lover.

*Beat.*

LARRY

Fine, you caught me. But I did it for you, not me. To free you from that control freak of a husband.

DARRELL

Did someone take a huge dump in your head? Really, did someone straight up unhinge your cranium, sit on it, then--

LARRY

Maybe that dump in my head is something called...fuck, maybe it's called feelings, I don't know.

DARRELL

That feeling is jealousy.

LARRY

You think I'm jealous of that little bitch, Thomas?

*Darrell grabs Larry by the throat.*

DARRELL

What did you just say?

LARRY

He treated you badly.

DARRELL

He's better than you'll ever be.

LARRY

He didn't get you.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

Who could?

LARRY

Me. Me. I do.

DARRELL

Let me make this clear: we didn't love each other. We hated ourselves.

*Beat.*

LARRY

If you didn't care about me, then why did you come when I messaged you? Why did you come here, tell me you're glad I'm okay, and go straight to action? Twice. That was probably the best we've ever had.

*Silence. A loud and bizarre alarm rings from Darrell's phone.*

DARRELL

Jesus Christ. It's Thomas's alarm thing.

LARRY

What?

DARRELL

His stupid. Useless. Controlling. Voicemail. Alarm thing. I just yelled at him about this tonight and now it's going off?

LARRY

Just ignore it.

DARRELL

That's not an option.

*Darrell looks at his phone. He presses a button.*

THOMAS

(Recorded Voice.)

Darrell: As an attempt to retaliate to your horrible actions AKA Larry, I may or may not be doing something of very high risk. If this message sends, you should come to Ten O'Clock Inn on Hill Road immediately because that hypothetical risk may or may not have come to fruition. Do not alert the authorities until you have checked the hotel, because the mentioned activity may be illicit, and would look bad on my record. If you do this in a timely manner, I may or may not forgive you for cheating. Love, Thomas.

(CONTINUED)



LARRY

Who the hell uses the word, "fruition?"

DARRELL

I have a feeling I may need back up on this one. I need to go get my husband.

*Lights out.*

Scene Five

*Back to the motel.*

*Lee sits at the dresser looking into the mirror as he plays around applying makeup. In the background, the Scissor Sister's "Let's have Kiki" plays.*

LEE

*(Walking to Thomas.)*

Tell me I look beautiful, Thomas.

*Thomas, who's bound to the bed with duct tape to his mouth, cannot reply.*

LEE

Oh, I forgot.

*Lee rips the duct tape off of Thomas's face.*

LEE

Go on...

THOMAS

You're beautiful, Lee.

LEE

Well, I'm getting there, thanks. I do appreciate a fan. And I appreciate your sponsorship to my makeup collection.

*Lee raises a credit card in the air and then chugs from a vodka bottle. He finishes and stretches triumphantly.*

LEE

Wowza, do I feel alive.

THOMAS

There are other ways to feel alive than crime, Lee.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Lighten up, kid--you sound like a DARE book. Just lighten up and DANCE!

*Lee begins grinding against a wall.*

LEE

You know why I love to dance, Thomas?

THOMAS

Why do you like dance, Lee?

LEE

Because it's absolute freedom. It's loss of all those damn inhibitions--

MIKE

You have inhibitions?

LEE

Lots of them. All those expectations I can't meet. But they roll off my shoulders when I start to move my ass.

*Beat.*

LEE

Tell me I'll never get away with this.

THOMAS

You'll...never get away with this?

*Lee smiles dreamily.*

LEE

It's like I'm the villain in a movie. On the big screen. I bet the viewers love me. I'm the sexiest bad guy of all time. You know, I always did want to be a movie star. Back in college.

THOMAS

You went to college?

LEE

Yes, I went to the University of Michigan. Go Blue.

*Lee walks to Thomas and gets on the bed. He puts the gun to Thomas's head and straddles him.*

LEE

Slap me again, Thomas. I need something to snap me out of this dream I'm living in. This life o' crime.

*Thomas shakes his head, "no" definitively.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Why are you so scared?

THOMAS

Because you have a gun?

LEE

Everybody's got a gun. Some just use them and some don't.

*Lee kisses Thomas on the cheek then walks to the side of the stage.*

LEE

I wonder if I'll like it in Mexico. I mean, I love the heat, and Taco Bell is my favorite, but...I think I may be too big for that little country. Maybe we should have chosen Russia.

MIKE

We can't drive to Russia!

LEE

I totally didn't think of that, Mike. Gold star for your...

*Lee squints as he looks offstage.*

LEE

Some motherfucker is peering at us through the window.

*Lee runs offstage/exits hotel door. Thomas perks up with hope.*

LEE

(offstage)  
Get back here!

*Beat.*

LEE

That's right...walk on over. Hands up...

*Lee and Darrell enter the hotel room--Lee behind Darrell with his gun pointed at him.*

LEE

Looks like we have another captive. This prison is getting crowded.

*Darrell and Thomas exchange glances. Darrell looks around the room.*

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

What the hell did you get yourself into?

LEE

I'm the one who should be asking questions. Who. Are. You?

THOMAS

He's my husband.

LEE

Okay, mystery one solved. He's your boyfriend. Mystery two: how the hell did you find us?

*Lee points his gun at Mike and Thomas.*

LEE

Did one of you two screw me over?

DARRELL

No...I...I was driving by and saw his car.

LEE

What were you doing in this part of town? Having another affair?

*Larry barges in.*

LARRY

Don't shoot!

*Larry realizes it's Lee.*

LARRY

Oh, shit--it's you.

DARRELL

I told you to wait in your car.

LARRY

But I saw someone had you at gunpoint.

LEE

Oh, so a man of the law must come to the rescue. Give me your gun or you're going to get it.

LARRY

I don't have a gun. My gun is in *your hand*.

LEE

We'll see about that.

*Lee frisks Larry.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

You were dumb enough to bust in here unarmed?

LARRY

Yes...because I...care about Darrell.

THOMAS

Fuuuuuuck yoooooou, Larry!

*Lee presses the gun up to Larry's head.*

LEE

If you think you're going to walk in here, save the day, and claim your man and ride off into happiness--you are very mistaken. What am I going to do with all of you? I guess we have plenty of rope and tape, but...

*Lee examines them while pacing and pointing his gun.*

LEE

Let's see...we have enough men for a full cast...we have some very heated relationship drama...and we a nice little set.

*Lee smiles.*

Oh, I'm gonna have fun with you three. Mike--it's talk show time.

MIKE

No, please--now is not the time for talk show time. You're just drunk and high.

LEE

What better time? It's our last night before Mexico. Gotta go out with a BANG!

*Lee begins to doing stretches.*

THOMAS

What...what is talk show time.

LEE

No. No. It will be a surprise. First. We must warm up.

LEE

I have alcohol, cocaine, a joint, cigarettes...any takers?

*The room is silent.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

YOU ARE NOT MAKING MY PARTY VERY ENJOYABLE!

THOMAS

I'll hit the joint.

LEE

Ooooh, who would expect you to be the party animal?

DARRELL

You don't have to smoke the weed--

THOMAS

I'm going to smoke this weed, Darrell. I am perfectly capable of smoking weed.

*Beat.*

THOMAS

I can probably smoke more than Larry. Yeah.

*Lee puts the joint in Thomas's mouth and lights it.*

LEE

Now suck.

*Thomas rolls his eyes and inhales. He lets out a tremendous cough.*

LARRY

Let me have some.

DARRELL

This is not the time for a competition.

LEE

Shush! We're going to play an entertaining game to get all this couple's bullshit *out in the open*. And I'm gonna be the star. It's talk show time. Are you ready? Are. You. READY?

*Long silence.*

LEE

Do I have to shoot someone to get a response?

THOMAS

We're all ready...all so ready!

LEE

Okay. Good.

(CONTINUED)

*Lee looks out into the audience.*

LEE

Hello, ladies and gentlemen. Whores and dicks! Welcome to the best show in all time, "Full Madhouse." The show in which we play house...but with crazy people. Insert wild applause.

*A confused pause from everyone in the room.*

THOMAS

What are you doing?

MIKE

It's talk show time. It never ends well.

LEE

SHUT UP. And...play along! This is my show! I'm the shining star with the dual degree in acting and directing from NYU.

*Lee does a slow motion spin around the room, pointing out his gun. His circle makes him face the audience.*

LEE

And you're all Captive Barbies.

*Beat.*

LEE

So, on today's episode of Full Madhouse, we are going to do some serious damage control. Darrell has been cheating on Thomas--who's been his "husband" for the past seven years (unlucky number, I know)--with Larry. Larry is a closeted popo.

*Pause.*

LEE

Did you hear that, guys? The audience just did a big gasp. The ratings are gonna be through the roof. This shit is better than fiction. So, why did you do it, Darrell? Why did you have a steamy affair with Larry?

DARRELL

I don't know...loneliness.

LEE

Not true! New rule to this game show-slash-afternoon jabber. This--

*He indicates to his gun.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Is the gun of truth and power. It can sense lies. If you are lying, it will shoot you.

THOMAS

He did it because I'm not man enough.

DARRELL

That's not what I said--

THOMAS

I didn't know I had to lie about who I was to get love from you--

DARRELL

Thomas...

THOMAS

--And did Larry piss on you?

*Silence.*

DARRELL

What?

THOMAS

Lee said it was common.

DARRELL

No, he never pissed on me.

THOMAS

Well, it just seemed like a dominant thing to do. Like a dog marks his territory.

LARRY

I mean, we talked about it once, but it wasn't our--

THOMAS

I knew it!

LEE

Don't worry, Thomas. We're going to get back at him.

Walk to Darrell, Thomas.

*Thomas walks to Darrell.*

LEE

Slap him. Like you slapped me.

*Thomas is still.*

(CONTINUED)



THOMAS

I can't do it.

LEE

It's what he's always wanted.

DARRELL

What I really want is for you to listen--

LEE

Slap him!

*Thomas slaps Darrell.*

THOMAS

Bitch!

LEE

Nice touch, boy.

*Thomas slaps him again.*

THOMAS

Cheater!

*Thomas slaps him again.*

THOMAS

You stupid shit.

LARRY

I have a confession.

THOMAS

This is not your time to speak, home wrecker.

LARRY

I planted the condom in Darrell's wallet. Be mad at me.  
Slap me. I wanted you to find out, so I could have  
Darrell to myself.

*Beat.*

LEE

(To audience)

Okay, so I don't know what's happening.

THOMAS

Lee, give me your gun. I'm gonna kill Larry.

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh, dammit, I could never actually shoot anyone; I'm anti-gun.

*Beat.*

LEE

Now, Thomas, tell Darrell to crawl on the floor.

*Thomas is reluctant.*

LEE

Tell him, or the gun of truth and power shoots you.

THOMAS

...Crawl on the floor. Crawl...crawl to the dresser.

LEE

No, lead him with your hand to his face.

THOMAS

What?

LEE

Put your hand in front of his face and make him follow. Make him get low to the ground. Army crawl. Keep your face real close to that hand, Darrell.

*Thomas and Darrell follow these instructions*

LEE

Good...kick him, Tommy.

*Thomas kicks him in his side.*

LEE

You like that, don't you, Darrell?

THOMAS

I don't want to do this anymore!

LEE

That's why Darrell cheated on you in the first place.

DARRELL

No. It. Isn't.

THOMAS

(Kicking Darrell once more.)  
That's not what you said!

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh, sorry, I got carried away.

LARRY

Now, we were kinky, but I never kicked him. And how do these people know about our love life?

DARRELL

Sex life, Larry.

THOMAS

Yeah. Sex life, Larry.

LEE

Shut up! I'm the host here with a PhD in Couples Therapy from Harvard.

*Quiet.*

LEE

Now, Darrell, why did you cheat on Thomas if it wasn't because--

THOMAS

Because I'm not man enough? You made me feel like I was in elementary gym class, and no one was picking me for kickball again. It always ended up between me and the kid with chronic asthma--not to make fun of disabilities. But, Darrell--

LEE

Thomas--

THOMAS

--You picked the kid with asthma. Worse, actually. You picked the man with--

LEE

Thomas!

*Lee walks over to Thomas and puts the gun very close to his head. Thomas looks at the gun and sighs in a high pitch.*

THOMAS

I'm way too high for this!

LARRY

You took one hit.

THOMAS

Sorry, I don't have stoner tolerance like you.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Jesus! I can't take you people. I'm going to go drink in the bathroom 'till I can't hear you.

*Mike exits.*

LEE

Have fun, Mike. Enjoy the commercial break. Now, Thomas. I'm only going to tell you this one more time: let Darrell talk!

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

(Whispering.)

Talk, Darrell.

DARRELL

About what?

LEE

(Pressing the gun against Thomas's skull.)

This may be the last moment you have with your boyfriend--

DARRELL

Husband.

LEE

Talk, Darrell. Tell your "husband" how you feel about him.

*Silence.*

DARRELL

You don't think I wanted to have this baby with you?

THOMAS

Well...not really. You always--

DARRELL

Let me talk!

LEE

Yeah. Say one word, Tom and your head's done for.

DARRELL

Okay, Thomas. Rule: I'm going to have a conversation with you, and when I say "end," only then can you reply to my statement.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh, this is ridicu--

*Lee points the gun close to Thomas's head.*

THOMAS

Not talking--sorry. Forgot. Not talking.

DARRELL

Thomas, over the past..six months--when we have slept together--who were you having sex with?...End.

*Thomas is quiet. He looks at Lee for approval.*

LEE

He said end.

THOMAS

Obviously, you, Darrell. I was always faithful.

DARRELL

Did it feel like me anymore? End.

THOMAS

What do you even mean?

DARRELL

Did I touch you like I used to? Did our rhythms go together like they did before the house and the baby?

THOMAS

What--

DARRELL

I didn't say, "end."

*Beat while Thomas remains quiet.*

DARRELL

End.

THOMAS

Oh, so I can talk now?

DARRELL

Yes.

THOMAS

There was no "end" after that yes...

LEE

Oh, God, don't make me pistol whip you.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Fine. You didn't touch me like you used to.

DARRELL

And that was before I started to cheat. The changes came before. Why do you think that is? End.

THOMAS

I don't know. END.

DARRELL

You wouldn't listen about the house or the baby. You wouldn't take the time I needed. You just fed words into my mouth. So when you were sleeping with me, who were you fucking? End.

THOMAS

You! End.

DARRELL

No. You were fucking the man that you wanted me to be and the man I couldn't be. Not the real me. And...it got lonely. And the second I mentioned a need for any change--you shut me down. And maybe that's not excuse. But if you think...if you think that I didn't want you in my future...with time...with more time, you're wrong. Thomas, I can't be you. I'm sorry.

*Gestures around the room.*

DARRELL

But I'm still here. I came. I answered your stupid alarm. When it was actually needed.

*Silence.*

THOMAS

You never said end.

DARRELL

Because I don't want to hear your rebuttal.

THOMAS

But--

LEE

He didn't say end.

THOMAS

Just--

*Lee points the gun closer to Thomas's head, basically touching his scalp.*

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Fucking shoot me already if you're going to do it, but I have something to say to my husband: Darrell, I'm sorry. You're right. I just wanted to do things the right way!

*Long beat.*

But...maybe there is no right way. I mean, tonight, I slapped a sex worker...and it gave me a boner. Darrell--where do we go from here?

DARRELL

I don't know. Where are we supposed to go, Thomas?

THOMAS

That's the thing. I don't know if there's a supposed to anymore. All I know is that I love you.

DARRELL

I love you too, Thomas.

*Silence.*

LARRY

Can we cut the couple's talk? I mean, where do I fit in to any of this?

LEE

Oh, my god, sweetie, you don't fit. You're a non sequitur. But we'll deal with you in your own way.

*Lee grabs Larry and brings him downstage.*

LEE

It's your turn to shine. Happy?

LARRY

Just peachy.

LEE

Do you know what your problem is, Larry? You're not likeable.

LARRY

You're telling me that I'm unlikeable? Look at you.

LEE

I'm super likeable. It's the era of the anti-hero. The audience loves me!

LARRY

Will you cut it with the audience stuff?

(CONTINUED)

LEE  
Audience, how do you feel about Larry?

*Beat.*

LEE  
Yeah, they definitely don't like you.

LARRY  
And why's that?

LEE  
Because you're not real enough.

*Beat.*

LEE  
Why did you plant the condom in Darrell's wallet?

LARRY  
I already told you. I wanted him to myself.

LEE  
Why?

LARRY  
Because.

LEE  
Because isn't a full sentence.

LARRY  
I don't know why.

LEE  
(Gesturing to Thomas and Darrell.)  
When you look at them, what do you see? Faggots or  
love?

*Larry is silent.*

LEE  
Exactly. And that's what you're chasing after. Do you  
know what that means?

LARRY  
I don't think I want to know.

LEE  
It means you're just another one of us. Happy coming  
out day, homo.

*Lee takes a bow.*

(CONTINUED)



LEE

Ladies and Gentleman, whores and dicks, I delivered the truth to them, and it set them free. I am way better than Maury. Now that I've had my fun. It's time to tie up and gag these bitches and get the hell out of this country. Freedom is right around the--

*We hear the sound of cop sirens then.*

POLICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Warning: you are surrounded. We are aware you are armed and dangerous. Come out with your hands up.

*Long silence.*

LEE

What the fuck?

*Long beat.*

THOMAS

Darrell, I told you not to call the cops! I'll never be able to show my face as a social worker again.

DARRELL

I didn't call the cops. I'm a public prosecutor. I can't get caught up in this. The only one who...

*Thomas and Darrell glare at Larry.*

LARRY

What? It wasn't me. How would I explain this to anyone?

THOMAS

We're all equally screwed.

LEE

Who was it?

*Long silence.*

LEE

I'm gonna shoot someone if I don't hear this ASAP!

*We hear a flush from the bathroom.*

LEE

It was my stupid boyfriend, wasn't it?

*Mike enters.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

How was the bathroom, break, traitor? Did you have a nice chat with the police?

MIKE

I am not letting you take me down.

LEE

Oh, look who's the big man.

MIKE

I'm done with your psycho stuff. I'm gonna turn you in and get off. You cannot hold Ill Money down.

LEE

Does Ill Money have a gun?

MIKE

No.

LEE

Then I would advise Ill Money to be very quiet while I contemplate his murder. Thank you.

MIKE

Lee...maybe you should have listened to me once. Huh? Maybe we need talk show therapy. I can't stay in this abusive relation--

LEE

Oh, God. Abusive relationship? Where did you pick that up from?

*Silence. Both Lee and Darrell turn their heads toward Thomas, who sinks down into his chair. Mike gets a call on Thomas's phone.*

MIKE

(To Lee.)

It's the cops. It's for you.

*Lee takes the phone.*

LEE

I really hate you.

(Answering.)

Hello. Yes...yes this is him.

(Beat.)

I know. I've misbehaved very badly tonight.

(Beat.)

Yes. Yes, I will be out shortly, but...I need some time to collect myself. You can't just barge in at night and expect me to be prepared.

(CONTINUED)

(Beat.)

Look, officer. Give me...five minutes. I'm not going anywhere--the walls in here are concrete. And remember, I'm armed and dangerous. If you barge in here and scare me, one of the men in here could end up getting hurt...

(Beat.)

Okay. Thank you office. Bye.

*Lee hangs up.*

LEE

Jeeze. That was easy. That's the second pussy cop of the night.

*Lee sits down at the desk and begins freshening up in the mirror. He freezes, then hits the mirror off of the desk.*

LEE

Fuck. This is it, isn't it? This is how I go down? There's really no escape.

THOMAS

I told you Lee there are outs for someone like you. Help.

LEE

Like what? A closet cage where they test my piss everyday.

THOMAS

It wouldn't be every day, Lee.

MIKE

I didn't want to do this to you, Lee.

LEE

Will you just shut up? I need a moment to stew in my agony. I think my character has earned it.

*The room is silent.*

Reality really sucks, you know. Or maybe I'm just not very good at it. Thomas, my social worker, why is it so difficult for me to just exist in reality?

THOMAS

I don't know. Why is it?

LEE

Maybe because it hurts. Tada. I said it. It really hurts.

*Silence as Lee collapses inward.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Larry--you meant something to me. And I meant nothing to you. You hurt me. And it still hurts.

LARRY

We were kids in our own little world.

LEE

I liked our own little world. I liked to play house with you. It felt right. You know what I did the day you watched me get mutilated? I tore up everything that reminded me of you...and I threw it in my fucking closet. Except the barbies. They were too pretty.

*Lee lifts up his gun, examining it like a barbie.*

LEE

How could you do what you did to them? They were so perfect. I couldn't help but want to be one of them. Were we really that different?

*Silence.*

POLICE ANNOUNCEMENT

This is your last warning. You have very little time.

LEE

It's here. The clock has hit twelve, and I've lost my golden slipper. It's finally here.

*Beat. Lee holds up his gun and examines it again.*

LEE

I bet there are so many cameras out there. Ready to capture the story of a hold-up. Most importantly, they want to see me--the shining star.

MIKE

Get real, Lee.

LEE

No--I could walk out there--my gun raised at a police officer--and all around the world, they'll see me. The cameras will flash, and I'll be the world's most savory villain. And the police officer's gun will go off. And he'll shoot me. And I'll be free.

MIKE

You can't be saying--

LEE

I can be saying whatever I want to say. Do you expect me to live in captivity? That's so not my style.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Please, Lee--don't.

LEE

Why? You just turned me in.

MIKE

I had to, but I still need you...alive.

LEE

I'm going to tell you something I've been keeping a big secret from you, Mikey Boy. The last thing you need is me.

LARRY

Lee--don't.

LEE

You could all be scotch-free. Make something up. Blame it all on me. Why shouldn't I go out there guns blazing?

LARRY

Because Lee...because...I'm...I'm...I'm sorry. We weren't that different. We're not that different. I was just stupid. Okay. It meant something to me too.

*Lee walks up to Larry--getting very close to his face.*

LEE

Do you think I'm a freak?

LARRY

No.

LEE

A faggot?

LARRY

No.

LEE

Then what am I to you?

*Beat.*

LARRY

A person?

*Beat. Lee looks over Larry.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Thank you, Larry. For the kind words. I appreciate the breakthrough of the present--but it doesn't fix the damage of the past. Just look at my bruises.

*Silence as the two stare at each other. Lee lets out a splendid chuckle.*

LEE

You guys really thought I was going to get myself killed? You need to get with reality. I'm going down alive and you're all going down with me. This family parties together.

MIKE

Then why did you say you were going to--

LEE

Dramatic effect. I was just putting on a show. Plus, it always feels good when someone asks you to stay.

*Lee gives wide grin to Larry that says both, "Thank you," and "I still fucking hate you."*

MIKE

You're fucked up.

LEE

Gee, am I? Good news is, I'm still going to be famous. We will be all that national news can talk about for the next week! The prostitute that jumped a cop, and then abducted a social worker--only to be found with the cop he jumped and the social worker's husband in a seedy motel. Oh, and guess what--there's an affair involved. I wonder what the public will think of us.

THOMAS

They'll think we're insane. Incredibly insane.

(beat.)

Not to say that there should be any stigma against insanity, or anything.

LEE

They'll think we're insane. And, we'll think they're boring, won't we?

POLICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Your time is up. We will be coming in in less than a minute.

*Lee puts down his gun and gestures to the door.*

(CONTINUED)

LEE

So boys, are we coming out, or are they dragging us out?

*Long silence.*

LEE

I knew there wouldn't be an answer.

*Lee walks to the door as the others stare at in in fear of what could be on the other side.*

*Lee begins to reach for the door handle but pauses. He lets out an anxious sigh as he stands in front of the door.*

LEE

(More to himself than anyone.)

Ladies and gentleman--whores and dicks--thank you for tuning in to this episode of Full Madhouse. The show's going off air, but remember...

(Faltering.)

The playground never dies.

*Lee clutches onto the doorknob, ready to take action, and all lights quickly leave the theater.*