

Captive Barbies

By

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Winner of the 2013 Hopwood Award for Drama
and
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Cast of Characters

Lee: Male-24

Larry: Male-24

Mitchell: Male-30

Darrell: Male-32

Mike: Male-23

Playwright's Note: The scenes and characters in this play exist on a spectrum of realistic to absurd. The production will be strongest if it capitalizes upon this. Do not impose one guiding style upon all of the scenes, dialogue, and movement, but embrace the spectrum of style that exists within the script. This is a piece in which the real and the absurd play together in harmony.

ACT I

Scene 1

Empty stage. Maybe a bush, bench, or other park-like decor are present. The sounds of a park at night.

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, and I can only arrest one of you at a time.

LEE

That's not fair.

LARRY

My job isn't about fairness. If I catch an act of prostitution on public property, someone has to get arrested. It's the law.

LEE

Who cares about the law?

LARRY

I do.

LEE

Why?

LARRY

Because I'm a cop.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Just because you're a cop doesn't mean you have to be a bitch to the law.

LARRY

Keep using *that* language, and you'll get charged with more than prostitution, dude.

LEE

Oh, big scary police man threatening me. Who says that was prostitution?

LARRY

Well, that's a known spot for gay prostitutes, that man looks over twice your age, and I bet you have a wad of cash in your pocket. Now, let's go, man.

Larry tugs but Lee stays planted.

LEE

Gay prostitution. Listen to you--degrading a minority. 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. Kinky sex?

LEE

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

LARRY

No one will ever buy your lies.

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.

LEE

But which one would sell?

There's a beat of silence.

LEE

Just hear me out.

More silence.

LEE

I'm going to educate you.

LARRY

Educate me?

LEE

And by the time I'm done, you will no longer want to arrest me.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

We need to get you to the car.

LEE

What's your name?

LARRY

That's not for you to know.

LEE

This is going to be in the New York Times if you don't tell me your name.

LARRY

It's Larry. There, are you happy now, man?

LEE

Okay, Larry, so L...Larry?

Lee studies Larry.

LEE

Larry Swanson?

LARRY

Yes...

LEE

It's Lee. Lee Crownwell.

Beat.

LARRY

Not ringing a bell, dude.

LEE

The boy who lived down the road from you...when we were itty bitties. Went to Ranger Elementary... I left in fifth grade?

Larry is silent for a good beat.

LARRY

I don't remember you.

LEE

Yes you do. I know you do. You have to.

LARRY

I don't remember what you're talking about.

LEE

Your mother was Elise and my mother was Patricha.

LARRY

How do you know my mother's name?

LEE

Because we hung out, idiot. A lot.

LARRY

Stop telling--differing realities. This shit is creepy.

LEE

This isn't a differing reality. This is an...objective truth.

LARRY

Weren't you just saying those don't exist or something?

LEE

Well, it exists in this case.

Larry is silent as he studies Lee.

LARRY

Maybe I remember you a little bit. Yeah...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?

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 sounds like a cover up. I'm talking about you getting into a dress, and then you have to bring up football. Classic diversion.

LARRY

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

(CONTINUED)

LEE

By a couple of times you mean like every weekend?

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?

LARRY

I think you're a freak.

LEE

Shot through the heart, loverboy. Why on earth would you say such a thing?

LARRY

I mean...your clothes--

LEE

That wasn't a real question. It was rhetorical.

LARRY

--your hair, the way you act...your profession.

LEE

I told you, prostitution is not my profession.

LARRY

Then what the hell is your profession?

LEE

Look on my left hip bone.

Larry apprehensively looks at the hip bone.

LARRY

It's a tattoo that says Leeronda. You're a professional Leeronda?

LEE

No, silly, that's my drag name. What else would it be?

LARRY

So *that's* your profession?

LEE

On the weekends. Starting on Thursdays. Not on Sundays of course, because that day is for worship.

LARRY

You really are a freak.

LEE

Oh, come on, you're freaky too. Let's get freaky right here, right now. Make up for lost time. All you have to do is take off the handcuffs.

LARRY

Not into guys, but thanks.

Lee laughs.

LEE

You're not out yet?

LARRY

I'm not gay.

LEE

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

LARRY

Boys play with barbies all the time, and then we grow out of it. Don't pull that shit with me, man.

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 let me out of the cuffs!

LARRY

Let's just get you into my car.

LEE

Do you remember Billy?

Larry freezes.

LARRY

I don't remember *Billy*.

Long silence as the two stare at each other.

LEE

Really?

LARRY

Really.

LEE

Are you sure?

LARRY

Just walk to my car.

LEE

I will. Just let me out of these handcuffs.

LARRY

Can't do that.

LEE

We were friends once.

LARRY

We were children.

LEE

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

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

There's not much to remember.

LEE

Oh, I could say more. And you know it.

Beat. Larry lets out a sigh. He begins to uncuff Lee.

LARRY

Do you know what I did with those barbies?

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.

Cuffs are off. Lee stretches.

LEE

It feels so good to be free. Feel the air blowing on my uncuffed wrists. You could have given those barbies to me, you know. Those things are expensive. And you always got the classy ones from Mattel.

LARRY

Who's Mattel?

LEE

Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

LARRY

Okay, let's get a move on.

LEE

But 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

I don't even know when exactly you knew me. Or how much you even knew me. Honestly, dude, I think you're 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.

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

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

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 sticks, right?

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

What? 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

To me. What he did to me!

LARRY

I barely remember you. How am I supposed to remember what he did to you?

LEE

And you remember Billy. I know it.

LARRY

No, I don't fucking remember Billy.

LEE

YOU HAVE TO!

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.

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 puts the gun to Larry's head. Larry whimpers a little.

LEE

Ooh, I like to hear you squeal. Believe it or not, I'm not just a bottom bitch boy after all. 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.

LARRY

I...I worship you.

LEE

Oh, Larry, this is getting very sexy. This is what I was talking about when I said Sundays were for worship.

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.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

And?

LARRY

And I watched it and said nothing.

LEE

He kicked me in the neck with one of those tacky roller-skate shoes. I had to get stitches. I even had internal bleeding.

LARRY

I'm sorry.

LEE

You better be. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)

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.

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.

LARRY

And I just got up and left.

LEE

But you kept doing it. Waiting for the person who would empty you out. Waiting to empty out--

LARRY

That little part of me that was like you.

Lee playfully kicks Larry in the face while laughing.

LEE

Dick head. Now, last thing. Do you remember Billy?

LARRY

Fuck no.

We hear the sound of a car pulling up in the distance.

LEE

I don't have the patience for this.

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.

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 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

Mitchell and Darrell's kitchen.

Mitchell (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 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 stocky--masculine. But 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. Mitchell looks up from his papers at the mug and moves a coaster under it. He returns to his papers.

MITCHELL

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?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

No...

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

We're not naming him Ehcter.

MITCHELL

Orrrr. Just try.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

--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.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Southern?

MITCHELL

(Putting the mug back on the coaster.)

Yes. Southern.

DARRELL

Do you know how asinine you sound?

MITCHELL

I'm being culturally sensitive.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

There's a line between sensitive and retarded.

MITCHELL

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. Mitchell attempts to put it back on the coaster. Darrell stops him.

DARRELL

It's empty!

Mitchell takes the cup to the sink.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

I wasn't being serious about sending--

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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. Mitchell walks over and gives Darrell a quick kiss.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

I think I do.

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

MITCHELL

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

Mitchell begins to gather the papers on the table into a folder.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

The what?

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Mitchell...

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

It.

MITCHELL

What?

DARRELL

It.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

Sexism!

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

I guess I would. With diagrams.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

Ego-centrism?

DARRELL

I'm tired...

MITCHELL

Why don't you want to have this baby? That's what husbands do.

DARRELL

Husbands?

MITCHELL

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

We're not married.

MITCHELL

That's the government's fault. We totally would be if there weren't fascists in office, right?

Beat. Mitchell looks for agreement but does not receive it.

DARRELL

Remember what you said about starting over in the morning?

MITCHELL

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."

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Because we're both men.

MITCHELL

And...

DARRELL

And children need a mother figure.

MITCHELL

He or she would need a stable, loving home.

DARRELL

It would need a nurturer. Women are nurturers.

MITCHELL

I could be that.

DARELL

But you're not a woman.

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

You're not a woman! Get over it.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

That two male parents is the worst environment--

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

--to raise a child in. Worst.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

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.

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. Mitchell walks to Darrell and places a hand on his chest.

MITCHELL

I'm not asking for perfection. Just effort.

Darrell embraces Mitchell. He uses his hand to place Mitchell'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.

MITCHELL

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 Mitchell. He let's out an uncomfortable sigh.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

(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.

MITCHELL

I'll go do it for her.

DARRELL

No, I can.

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

Darrell?

DARRELL

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Let me see your phone.

DARRELL

Why?

MITCHELL

Because Dana's in Chicago.

DARRELL

No. She must have just gotten back.

MITCHELL

No. She's there 'til Tuesday.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

I told you. I'm tired.

MITCHELL

Too tired to lie correctly?

Mitchell snatches Darrell's phone. He reads the message.

MITCHELL

Fuck dammit!

(Reading the text.)

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

DARRELL

Mitchell--

MITCHELL

--From Larry. Larry?

DARRELL

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Jealous of that pathetic little closet case?

DARRELL

Nice, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

There's a difference between jealousy and suspicion. I am suspicious of Larry. Because Larry is a mess. Larry is a sexual deviant--

DARRELL

Please stop your puritanical judgment.

MITCHELL

I heard he's hooked up with guys he met on Craigslist, Darrell.

DARRELL

Dana hooked up with a guy she met on Craigslist.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

You didn't tell me about it.

DARRELL

Because you're jealous.

MITCHELL

No, suspicious. Just tell me. What were you proteining up on? Huh?

Mitchell exits quickly and reenters.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

Then explain this.

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

DARRELL

I don't get it.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

I would never--

DARRELL

--terrogate me. And you would never? Mitchell, this is right up your alley. How did you get me to sign into buying this house with you?

Mitchell is silent. He taps his foot.

DARRELL

How?

MITCHELL

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.

Beat.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

Because I was trying to trust.

DARRELL

And when did this new, trusting Mitchell come about?

MITCHELL

Since--

DARRELL

Since you've wanted to have this baby.

MITCHELL

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 "Ehctorrrrrrrr."

Beat.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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

Long beat.

DARRELL

Fine. Larry and I are messing aroun--.

Mitchell 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?

MITCHELL

Burning this crap!

DARRELL

You're going to burn the house down!

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

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Mitchell--

MITCHELL

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...

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

I can explain!

Beat. Mitchell begins to walk downstage to the table.

MITCHELL

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

DARRELL

Well, sometimes, it got lonely.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

You ignored me.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

It's only been going on for a month.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Two and a half.

Long beat.

MITCHELL

Only takes one time to get HIV.

DARRELL

I was safer than that. We never--

MITCHELL

Herpes, Darrell, herpes.

DARRELL

I've never seen a breakout on him.

MITCHELL

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
and...and...Merry Christmas! Happy Birthday! I got you
open sores on your asshole!

DARRELL

You're not letting me explain--

MITCHELL

Does he satisfy you like I can't?

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Why would you ask that?

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

Long, long beat.

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

Yep.

*Long, long, long beat. Mitchell 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.*

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

I'd rather not.

MITCHELL

You never asked me to treat you like--

DARRELL

Because you're such a bitch!

MITCHELL

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.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

I'm muscular.

DARRELL

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

MITCHELL

Because you're my husband not my slut.

DARRELL

Not your husband.

MITCHELL

Again--government's fault!

DARRELL

I can't ask you to call me faggot.

Beat.

MITCHELL

He calls you...

DARRELL

While he lightly slaps me.

MITCHELL

And you get off on it?

Long silence.

MITCHELL

Does he spank you too?

Long beat.

MITCHELL

God, that is so patronizing.

DARRELL

Sometimes, you just want a man.

Beat.

MITCHELL

And I'm not--

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. Mitchell 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?

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL

No.

MITCHELL

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

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

DARRELL

(Weak.)

Stop.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

(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.

MITCHELL

Then go.

DARRELL

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

I don't give one fuck about whatever happened to him.
And I'd like you to leave.

Long pause as the two stare at each other. Mitchell 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.

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

MITCHELL

(Stationary, yet calling out to Darrell.)

I made that mistake on purpose!

Silence. Mitchell 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. Mitchell enters looking at Lee awkwardly.

LEE

How was the bathroom?

MITCHELL

Kind of...grimy.

(CONTINUED)

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?

MITCHELL

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

LEE

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

MITCHELL

I think the correct term is sex worker.

LEE

Uh-huh.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

I've done it all.

MITCHELL

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

Beat.

LEE

Are you into water sports?

MITCHELL

Like polo?

LEE

Piss play. It's not that strange of a request, really--

MITCHELL

No, no. I--

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

MITCHELL

I want to dominate you.

LEE

Oh, make me your bitch?

MITCHELL

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Choke me a bit?

MITCHELL

Maybe.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

I'll...do what I want.

LEE

Okay, sir.

MITCHELL

I want to call you...whore.

LEE

Um...I like that.

MITCHELL

Strip you down.

LEE

Sounds dreamy, captain. You wanna slap me around?

MITCHELL

Yeah.

LEE

And call me faggot?

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

Um.

Mitchell moves his hands to Lee's pants buttons.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

For you--it's bitch.

MITCHELL

No, really, what's your name?

LEE

What do you want my name to be, master?

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Okay, Daddy--

Mitchell shakes his head, "no." Lee rolls his eyes.

MITCHELL

I just wanna know your real name.

LEE

Rick.

MITCHELL

Oh, okay. I'm...I'm Mattew.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

LEE

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

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

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

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

MITCHELL

Not true. The president?

LEE

He's everyone's bitch.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

What's realer than sex?

MITCHELL

Love?

LEE

(Laughing.)

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

MITCHELL

I don't like that word.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

Well, it's complicated.

LEE

Complicated?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Yeah, my husband--technically partner---apparently likes to be called...that word.

LEE

Uh-huh...

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Okay...

MITCHELL

And the cop, Larry--

LEE

Larry?

MITCHELL

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

LEE

What's his last name?

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Swanson.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Sounds painful.

MITCHELL

It's heartbreaking!

LEE

I was talking about the seven years.

Beat.

MITCHELL

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

MITCHELL

Bitch.

LEE

Sir.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Shut up. Stop thinking.

MITCHELL

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

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

MITCHELL

Slut?

LEE

Yeah, I'm your slut.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Yes, you do.

MITCHELL

I do not think you're my slut.

LEE

But you think I'm a slut.

MITCHELL

I don't like those labels...

LEE

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Do you think we could...just talk?

LEE

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

Long beat.

MITCHELL

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

Mitchell begins to walk to the door.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

I mean, I can give you a ride back.

Lee grabs Mitchell's arm.

LEE

Oh, no, no, no mister.

MITCHELL

Stop! I revoke my consent!

LEE

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

MITCHELL

That word is degrading to women--

LEE

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

MITCHELL

It's case in point.

Beat.

LEE

Anyways, you're a--

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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?

Mitchell is silent.

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

MITCHELL

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

LEE

What? A whore like me? Is that--

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

Like it's not the same story for you!

LEE

Fine, you can be just like me.

MITCHELL

Oh, no. I am NOT just like you.

LEE

Then prove it, bitch!

(CONTINUED)

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

MITCHELL

Don't call me that, you little faggot.

He drags Lee to the bed by his hair.

LEE

That's more like it.

MITCHELL

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

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

LEE

Woah, tiger...I mean sir.

MITCHELL

What is happening to me?

LEE

You're tasting power, baby.

MITCHELL

Why do you let men do this to you?

LEE

Do what?

Mitchell slaps Lee.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

Pretend?

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

(Whispering.)

Don't open it!

LEE

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

Lee pushes his way through Mitchell and opens the door. Mike (23) 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.

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

Who is this?

LEE

(To Mike.)

Don't reprimand me.

MITCHELL

Who is this?!

MIKE

(To Lee.)

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

MITCHELL

Okay--

(CONTINUED)

LEE

You're not my pimp.

MITCHELL

--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.

MIKE

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

MITCHELL

Yeah, me too.

LEE

Shut up, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

How did you know my real name?

Lee removes a cellphone from his pocket. Mitchell gasps.

MITCHELL

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?"

MITCHELL

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?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Give me my phone back.

Mitchell begins to walk to Lee.

MIKE

Yeah.

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

MIKE

What are we going to do?

MITCHELL

Well, if--

LEE

I've got a plan, baby.

MITCHELL

--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.

MITCHELL

(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.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

No.

LEE

That doesn't surprise me.

MITCHELL

I have an idea!

LEE

Oh, God...

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

I was using biblical terms.

LEE

You think I've read the Bible?

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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

LEE

I...seduced him not assaulted.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Ironic. Poetic.

MITCHELL

I really hate him!

LEE

(To Mike.)

The cop I seduced--he's Mitchy's boyfriend's--

MITCHELL

Ex-partner!

LEE

--mistress.

Long beat. Mike winces.

LEE

(To Mitchell.)

Too many connections for him to follow.

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

MITCHELL

You are not going to--

LEE

Where's the gag?

Beat.

MIKE

I forgot it.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Thank God.

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

LEE

You scream, and I'll clock you!

MITCHELL

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.

(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, Mitchell speaks.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

A failed system?

MITCHELL

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.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, so you could save me?

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

They don't do it every day, Rick.

LEE

What if I like my life like this?

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

You have to do--

LEE

No. It won't fit tight enough.

MITCHELL

--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.

MITCHELL

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!

MITCHELL

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 Mitchell are alone.

MITCHELL

What's your name?

MIKE

Mike.

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

His name is Lee.

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

You really should shut up.

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

Yeah...

MITCHELL

But he's a sex-worker?

MIKE

Sex-worker?

MITCHELL

Prostitute...

MIKE

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

Business and pleasure are different.

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

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

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

Because I'm not giving him money. Duh.

MITCHELL

But you give him other benefits.

MIKE

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

Then you should get out of this abusive relationship.

MIKE

He doesn't hit me.

MITCHELL

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL (cont'd)

pilot...or maybe even...I don't know--a *real* pimp with
a...hoe that respects him?

MIKE

I wanna be a rapper.

Beat.

MITCHELL

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

MIKE

My rap name is Ill Money.

Beat.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

(Third-grade-teacher-like.)

A synonym?

MIKE

Yeah. Sick is a synonym for ill.

MITCHELL

Wow. Mike...that is literary.

Lee comes back onstage holding duct tape.

LEE

Partyyyy!

MITCHELL

Oh, fuck.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

It wasn't free!

(CONTINUED)

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.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Logic is for lame people, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

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

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

Oh, come on. 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

I don't know, man. So you can see the plays?

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

I don't have the energy to be interested.

LARRY

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

DARRELL

You're fine. You let a criminal get out of hand, and you faced a backlash.

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

Mitchell is out of town. This never happens. Take the opportunity.

DARRELL

What if I don't want it?

LARRY

What?

DARRELL

Mitchell isn't really out of town. Mitchell and I...I don't know what's going on between Mitchell 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 you wanted to. People like us talk about that kinda stuff, right?

DARRELL

People like us?

LARRY

People who are sleeping together.

DARRELL

Why did you text me like that? If it wasn't really an emergency? They had already found you and you were fine.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I just thought--

DARRELL

You don't think Larry. You feel. How could you not know Mitchell would have been around at that time of night?

LARRY

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

DARRELL

Mitchell knows.

LARRY

Mitchell 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.

DARRELL

It's called a relationship, Larry.

LARRY

Right.

Beat.

LARRY

I've been wanting to try that.

DARRELL

A relationship?

LARRY

Yeah.

DARRELL

You're not ready.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Thanks, man. That's real sweet of you.

DARRELL

Don't get mad. I'm helping you.

LARRY

You're the cheater, dude. Who are you to tell me I'm not ready?

DARRELL

Don't go there.

LARRY

Then don't put yourself above me.

DARRELL

Fine. We're on the same level. I'm a cheater, and you're underdeveloped.

LARRY

No. I'm plenty developed. You of all people know that. Tell me that I'm ready. Say if you're ready, then I'm ready.

DARRELL

I'm ready. I've been ready. I was in a relationship--

Larry kisses Darrell. Darrell pushes him away.

LARRY

I want you.

DARRELL

Larry...you're in the closet still.

LARRY

Not completely.

DARRELL

Maybe your foot is sticking out.

LARRY

Then I'll come all out.

DARRELL

Not for me, you won't.

LARRY

Come on. Just...just try me.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

Look, you don't get it. You're younger.

LARRY

I'm 24 and you're thirty-two.

DARRELL

A lot happens between those years.

LARRY

But I'll actually appreciate what we'll have. I don't need a baby. I don't need games, man.

DARRELL

Don't compare yourself to him.

LARRY

But he doesn't appreciate you. I...you come here and you tell me all about you guys. You have this...perfect life, and he just wants more. And more.

DARRELL

Perfect life? I was screwing you behind his back.

LARRY

But you have dinners together every night.

DARRELL

At Mitchell'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

I'm almost half way to fifty. Maybe I want a little more.

DARRELL

Then you should seek it from an available source.

LARRY

But...Mitchell can't possibly take you back now, right? He finally knows.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

We haven't decided on anything.

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.

DARRELL

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

LARRY

Maybe that's why I never liked fooling around with you that much.

DARRELL

It was the time of your life.

LARRY

No, I liked the showers.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

The showers?

LARRY

Yes. Where we were... soft and...close.

DARRELL

We were high. We smoked every time.

LARRY

It felt good.

DARRELL

I felt guilty. There's a reason why the showers were so short.

Long beat.

LARRY

Can't we change that? I mean, look, we're two cool dudes that like each other. Obviously things weren't working with you with the other guy, but now you have me. It's simple.

DARRELL

It's never simple.

LARRY

Just trust me on this one.

DARRELL

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

LARRY

Why?

DARRELL

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'm responsible. I even got tested for everything a week ago.

DARRELL

Yeah. Sure.

LARRY

All of it--HIV, the herp, hep--

DARRELL

I don't need a list. Yay, you did a big boy thing. It doesn't mean shit.

(CONTINUED)

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 know, dude. I guess maybe just tonight made me realize some things.

DARRELL

Just tonight?

LARRY

Pretty much. It's a little life changing when you're held at gun point by a crazed hooker.

DARRELL

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

LARRY

I haven't been waiting...I don't wait for anyone. But maybe some part of me wanted...more, man. Isn't that just natural?

DARRELL

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

LARRY

No. You'd be my lover, dammit.

DARRELL

We never said the word love to each other.

LARRY

But we made it.

DARRELL

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

LARRY

I went to cop school.

(CONTINUED)

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!

DARRELL

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

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. Because
god knows how many people your whorish ass is fucking.

LARRY

My ass isn't fucking anyone, dude. I don't do that.

DARRELL

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 emotions.

DARRELL

That emotion is jealousy.

LARRY

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

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.

DARRELL

Who could?

LARRY

Me. Me. I do. We held each other.

Darrell takes Larry's hand and brings it to his own neck so they are both lightly strangling each other.

DARRELL

We hated.

LARRY

Will you at least sleep over tonight? You've never stayed over.

DARRELL

There's a reason for that.

LARRY

Isn't the reason gone?

DARRELL

No.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

LARRY

What the hell?

DARRELL

It's Mitchell's alarm thing?

LARRY

What?

DARRELL

Mitchell has this app. If he's doing something dangerous like driving on bad roads, a voice memo he pre-programmed will be sent to me at a certain time if he doesn't unprogram it. So, I'll know if he like slid off the road or something, and I need to come looking for him.

LARRY

That guy's fucking weird.

DARRELL

We all are.

LARRY

And there's an app for that?

DARRELL

Of course.

Darrell looks at his phone. He presses a button.

MITCHELL

(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, Mitchell.

LARRY

He's definitely weirder than the rest of us.

DARRELL

I have a feeling I may need back up on this one.

Lights out.

Scene Five

Back to the motel.

Lee sits at the dresser looking into the mirror as he applies the face. His makeup has come quite far but is not totally finished. In the background, the Scissor Sister's "Let's have Kiki" plays.

LEE

(Walking to Mitchell.)

Tell me I look beautiful, Mitchell.

Mitchell, 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 Mitchell's face.

LEE

Go on...

MITCHELL

You're beautiful, Lee.

LEE

Well, I'm getting there, thanks. I do appreciate a fan.

Lee hammers chugs from a vodka bottle. He finishes than stretches triumphantly.

LEE

Wowza, do I feel alive.

MITCHELL

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

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, Mitchell?

MITCHELL

Why do you like dance, Lee?

(CONTINUED)

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.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

You went to college?

LEE

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

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

LEE

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

LEE

Mitchell shakes his head, "no" definitively.
Why are you so scared?

MITCHELL

Because you have a gun?

LEE

(Grabbing his own crotch.)
Everybody's got a gun. Some just use them and some don't.

(CONTINUED)

Lee kisses Mitchell 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 logic.

Lee squints as he looks offstage.

LEE

Some motherfucker is at the window.

Lee runs offstage/exits hotel door. Mitchell 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

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

Darrell and Mitchell exchange glances. Darrell looks around the room.

DARRELL

What the hell did you get yourself into?

LEE

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

MITCHELL

He's my partner.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

I'm his husband.

MITCHELL

Darrell! You said it?

LEE

Okay, mystery one solved. Mystery two: how the hell did you find us?

Lee points his gun at Mike and Mitchell.

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 enters.

LARRY

Don't shoot!

Larry realizes it's Lee.

LARRY

Oh, shit--it's you. What did you do to your face?

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.

LEE

You were dumb enough to bust in here unarmed?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I guess that's just love.

MITCHELL

Fuck you, Larry!

DARRELL

Larry, now is not the time.

Lee walks to the door.

LEE

What am I going to do with all of you? We're going to have to buy more rope.

Lee looks out the door.

LEE

Oh my dear drag mother, we have more party crashers--the cops! Several cars of them!

Lee slams the door shut.

MITCHELL

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

Darrell glares at Larry.

DARRELL

I didn't call the cops. I work for the federal government. I can't get caught up in this.

LARRY

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

MITCHELL

We're all equally screwed.

LEE

Who was it?

Long silence.

LEE

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

MIKE

It was me!

LEE

Excuse me?

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 as I figure out what I'm going to do with his corpse.

MIKE

Lee...I can't stay in this abusive relation--

LEE

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

Silence. Mitchell shifts uncomfortably.

LEE

Looks like I'm surrounded by enemies.

Lee points his gun at Mike.

LEE

Who should I shoot first? The traitor?

Lee then points his gun at Mitchell, then Darrell.

LEE

The blind lovers?

Points at Larry.

LEE

Put him out of his misery?

MITCHELL

No one has to die!

(CONTINUED)

LEE

A party isn't actually epic if someone doesn't die!

MITCHELL

I think I could challenge that statement?

Lee walks to Mitchell.

LEE

Oh, really?

MITCHELL

What are you doing?

LEE

Buying time.

Lee unties Mitchell's hands and leads him to the door with a gun to his head.

MITCHELL

I'm so sorry Larry got us into this, Darrell.

LARRY

I'm in the room.

MITCHELL

I don't care.

Lee opens the door and exits the stage with Mitchell in hand.

LEE

(Offstage)

Okay, boys. I see you, and you see me. If you come into my abode, the boy gets it. K--Thanks!

Lee re-enters, closing the door behind him.

LEE

Yep, there are lots of them out there. Like flies circling shit.

MIKE

Why would you do that? You keep digging yourself deeper and deeper.

LEE

I don't know...because it's something I would do in a movie.

MIKE

This is reality.

LEE

Our realities differ.

LARRY

Oh, come on--let's not start that again, man.

MITCHELL

You've ruined my life in several ways tonight, Larry, so just shut up.

Lee pushes Mitchell down onto the bed.

LEE

Stop the bickering, boys. It looks like our time is limited so we're gonna have to make this going away party intense. Sound good?

The room is silent.

LEE

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

The room is silent.

LEE

YOU ARE NOT MAKING MY PARTY VERY ENJOYABLE!

MITCHELL

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--

MITCHELL

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

Beat.

MITCHELL

I can probably smoke more than Larry. Yeah.

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

LEE

Now suck.

Mitchell 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

I'm not giving Larry any. He's a liar.

COP ANNOUNCER

It is highly advised that you step out of the building with your hands up. You are surrounded. The longer you wait, the greater your sentence.

The room is silent.

MIKE

I need a drink.

Mike walks to the alcohol and takes a shot.

MITCHELL

At least you're going down with me, Larry.

LEE

Shush! I'm not dealing with any of this couple's melodrama on my last night before the big house. We're going to play an entertaining game to get it *all out*. Are you ready? Are. You. READY?

Long silence.

LEE

Do I have to shoot someone to get a response?

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Okay. Good.

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.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What the hell are you doing?

LEE

SHUT UP! 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 my 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 Mitchell--who's been his "partner" 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.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

He did it because I'm not man enough.

DARRELL

That's not what I said--

MITCHELL

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

DARRELL
Mitchell...

MITCHELL
--And did Larry piss on you?

Silence.

DARRELL
What?

MITCHELL
Lee said it was common.

DARRELL
No, he never pissed on me.

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

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

MITCHELL
I knew it!

LEE
Don't worry, Mitchell. We're going to get back at him.
Walk to Darrell, Mitchell.

Mitchell walks to Darrell.

LEE
Slap him. Like you slapped me.

Mitchell is still.

MITCHELL
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!

Mitchell slaps Darrell.

MITCHELL
Bitch!

LEE
Nice touch, boy.

Mitchell slaps him again.

MITCHELL
Cheater!

Mitchell slaps him again.

MITCHELL
You stupid shit.

LARRY
I have a confession.

MITCHELL
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
I don't know what exactly is happening, but the plot is
thickening. I knew this would be a good episode.

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

Beat.

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

Beat.

LEE
Now, Mitchell, tell Darrell to crawl on the floor.

Mitchell is reluctant.

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

MITCHELL

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

LEE

No, lead him with your hand to his face.

MITCHELL

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.

Mitchell and Darrell follow these instructions

LEE

Good...kick him, Mitchy.

Mitchell kicks him in his side.

LEE

You like that, don't you, Darrell?

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

(Kicking Darrell once more.)

That's not what you said!

Beat.

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

Yeah. Sex life, Larry.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

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

Quiet.

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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

Mitchell--

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Mitchell!

Lee walks over to Mitchell and puts the gun very close to his head. Mitchell looks at the gun and sighs.

MITCHELL

I'm way too high for this!

LARRY

You took one hit.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

Shut up! And let Darrell talk!

Long beat.

MITCHELL

(Whispering.)
Talk, Darrell.

DARRELL

About what?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(Pressing the gun against Mitchell's skull.)

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

MITCHELL

Partner.

DARRELL

Husband.

Mitchell lets out a gasp of happiness.

MITCHELL

Darrell, you said it again!

LEE

Jesus Christ, let him finish. And you may be about to die, Mitchell, so I would suggest you shut up.

MITCHELL

Totally going to do that now.

LEE

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

Silence.

LEE

I'm about to blow his brains out! Let it out now or forever hold your peace.

DARRELL

YOU DON'T THINK I WANTED A BABY WITH YOU?

MITCHELL

Well...not really. You always--

DARRELL

Let me talk! Now is the time for me to talk! Finally!

LEE

Yeah. Say one word, Mitchy-poo and your head's done for.

DARRELL

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

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Oh, this is ridicu--

Lee points the gun close to Mitchell's head.

MITCHELL

Not talking--sorry. Forgot. Not talking.

DARRELL

Okay...I don't know what this guy is about to do. But if this is it, you're at least gonna understand why I did what I did before this is all over. You *think* it's because you weren't man enough? Why do you think that? Because you wouldn't listen to what I wanted to say in the first place--you just skipped to the sex. What I wanted to say was...Mitchell, over the past..six months--when we have slept together--who were you having sex with?...End.

Mitchell is quiet. He looks at Lee for approval.

LEE

He said end.

MITCHELL

Obviously, you, Darrell. I was always faithful.

DARRELL

Did it feel like me anymore? End.

MITCHELL

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?

MITCHELL

What--

DARRELL

I didn't say, "end."

Beat while Mitchell remains quiet.

DARRELL

End.

MITCHELL

Oh, so I can talk now?

DARRELL

Yes.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

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

MITCHELL

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.

MITCHELL

I don't know. END.

DARRELL

Because you were making me into another man. 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. On everything. Like I was your puppet. Like you wanted me to feel ashamed of how I really felt. I didn't even know how to be around you anymore. So when you were sleeping with me, who were you fucking? End.

MITCHELL

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. Because I wasn't even in the picture anymore. And being...invisible...gets lonely. And I know there's no excuse--there's never an excuse for what I did. But if you think...if you think that I didn't want you in my future--that I didn't want a family--with time...with more time, you're wrong. Because, in this really fucked up world, you're the best *man* I've ever known. But I can't be you.

Gestures around the room.

DARRELL

But I'm still here. For you.

Silence.

MITCHELL

You never said end.

DARRELL

Because I don't want to hear your rebuttal. I can't argue with you anymore.

MITCHELL

But--

LEE

He didn't say end.

MITCHELL

Just--

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

MITCHELL

Fucking shoot me already if you're going to do it, but I have something to say to my husband: Darrell, I love you.

Long beat.

MITCHELL

But I'm not in love with you.

Longer silence.

DARRELL

What?

LEE

Uh-Oh....

MITCHELL

You're right. Every single thing you said was right. I tried to make you into what I wanted you to be, and you didn't like it. Would I have treated you like that if we were in love?

DARRELL

Mitchell, it wasn't always like this.

MITCHELL

How did we meet, Darrell?

DARRELL

At a club.

MITCHELL

Tell the whole story.

DARRELL

We...we met at a club, I found you in a bathroom stall, and you were crying.

MITCHELL

Why was I crying?

DARRELL

Because you were really drunk. And in your drunk state, you had given a blowjob. It was your first act of...whoring around.

MITCHELL

And I felt so dirty.

DARRELL

And so I took you home.

MITCHELL

And I never whored around again. Because I was with you. And it felt safe, and normal--which is all I ever wanted to feel. But something was missing. And so I kept wanting to make it more and more safe and more normal. And I kept trying harder and harder to make us what I thought we should be. And the whole time, I don't know if we ever even liked each other. We just...grew to love each other. Because I was helpless and you were there.

DARRELL

I--I don't get what you're saying.

MITCHELL

What I'm saying is that tonight, when I was with Lee, and I slapped him...I got a boner.

LEE

Really?

MITCHELL

Yeah, and it was weird.

DARRELL

I get boners all the time, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

You don't get it. You say I tried to make you into what I wanted. I just wanted to be normal--by the rules and by the book. But maybe I'm not normal. I kinda liked slapping you and Lee. And this whole night has been

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL (cont'd)

strangely fun. Maybe I want to slap prostitutes, maybe I want to be slapped. Maybe I want to have lots of endless empty casual sex. Or maybe I want to have lots of meaningful casual sex. Maybe I wanna to do what you did with Larry. Maybe I want to be pissed on for all I know. Maybe I actually don't want to be married. Maybe I don't want a baby. Maybe, just maybe, I want to be a big faggot.

Long silence.

LARRY

Well...Darrell, it looks like he's not in love with you.

Larry walks to Darrell and grabs his hands.

LARRY

I wasn't lying when I said I'm ready.

Lee separates the two.

LEE

(To Larry)

You're not staying in your role.

LARRY

I don't have a role. This is reality, not some TV show.

LEE

You don't get a happy ending, Larry.

LARRY

Why not?

LEE

You don't deserve one. Your character hasn't worked for it.

LARRY

Says who?

LEE

You don't belong to Darrell. You belong to... Mitchell, of course you want a baby. Of course you want to get married. I can see it in you.

MITCHELL

What do you know Lee? What do I know? Maybe I want to be like you. Free and crazy.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Get real. You do not want to be like me.

MITCHELL

You seem to have way more fun than I do.

LEE

Darrell, tell Mitchell he's gone insane! He's not thinking straight.

DARRELL

Lee, I don't know what to say at this point.

LARRY

Let Mitchell make his own decisions.

LEE

He's obviously not able to.

LEE

Mitchell, I'm telling you--you want this baby. You want a house and a marriage. It's what will make you happy.

MITCHELL

But how do you know?

LEE

Because I have the gun of truth and power! And if you don't change your mind, I'll shoot you in the leg! I really mean it this time.

DARRELL

Please, Lee, don't. I love him.

LEE

On the count of three. One...two...

MITCHELL

I'M GONNA LOOSE A LEG!!!

LARRY

I remember Billy!

Silence. Lee turns to Larry.

LEE

Okay, Larry. Then tell me about Billy.

LARRY

He was our kid.

MITCHELL AND MIKE

What?

LARRY

He...he was our fake kid. Every weekend, Lee and I would get together and play house. And we had this doll named Billy that we would trade between homes. I would take care of him one week, and he would take care of him on the other. And on the weekends, we would take care of him together. We did it until like third grade.

LEE

Why did you pretend not to remember?

LARRY

Because it was fucking weird.

LEE

It wasn't weird. It was sweet. We pretended to be married. And...and you kissed me.

LARRY

So what?

LEE

And we would pretend to be the characters from movies. Sometimes you would be the dad and me the mom. Then sometimes we would trade. Sometimes we'd both be princesses or sometimes we'd be kings.

LARRY

That's what kids do--pretend.

LEE

But you liked it. Say it--you liked being a pretty princess!

LARRY

I don't know what I liked.

LEE

You liked it before you started making me always be the wife, or the Pink Power Ranger.

LARRY

This is silly, man. We were kids. Things don't even mean anything till you're at least teens.

LEE

That's bullshit. Own up to it. It meant something to you. Just like it meant something to me when you'd only talk to me on the weekends. You wouldn't even look at me in school.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

This is too long ago to even be real, man. I'm not even that person anymore.

LEE

Own up to it, you faggot! The playground never dies!

LARRY

I...I own up to it. Fully. Are you happy now?

LEE

And we would sometimes hold hands when your parents weren't around. And we would make food together in my easy bake oven.

LARRY

Yes, Lee, I own up to all of that. Will you calm down now?

LEE

No! You watched me get beat up for being a freak, and said nothing. You know what I did the day you did that? I popped off Billy's head and shoved him in my closet.

LARRY

You killed Billy?

LEE

No, you killed Billy!

MITCHELL

Lee, you do realize you're arguing about a doll, not a real person, right? I don't think this validates such drama.

LEE

Who are you to say? Return to your existential life crisis.

(To Larry)

I knew we were playing house, but I didn't think it was all a lie! But then that happened, and I didn't know what to make of anything anywhere!

LARRY

It wasn't all a lie.

LEE

Then what was and what wasn't?

LARRY

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

How can you not know?

LARRY

Because we were kids. We were living in our own little world.

LEE

And I liked our reality. Just as it was.

LARRY

Can't you just let it go?

LEE

Maybe I don't want to let it go.

MIKE

Lee...we can play house. Take off to Mexico. Have a kid.

LEE

No we can't. We're grown ups in the real world now...and the type of grown ups we have become should not raise children.

MITCHELL

As a social worker, I have to agree.

DARRELL

Not the time, Mitchell...

LEE

Just because I can't have it, doesn't mean I have to let it go.

Lee walks closer to Larry.

LEE

I want to hear you say it.

LARRY

Say what?

LEE

Don't make me spell it out, please.

LARRY

Lee...

Larry is beginning to tear up.

LARRY

I'm sorry for what I did, man. I really am. I think about it every day.

Silence.

LEE

I don't believe you. Name every Barbie you had.

LARRY

What?

LEE

Prove that it mattered.

LARRY

I can't.

LEE

Try.

LARRY

I literally can't remember one name.

LEE

Trisha. Amanda. Kylie. Roxanne. Miranda. Erica. Jenna. Lorie. And Tanya! You killed them all!

Lee storms to the dresser to grab Mitchell's phone.

LEE

Larry, call your father.

LARRY

What? Why?

LEE

Because we're going to have a little coming out party. You're gonna own up.

Lee gives the phone to Larry.

LEE

Call your father.

LARRY

Fuck you!

LEE

Call or die!

Larry dials the number. It rings.

LARRY

Hello, Dad.

Beat.

LARRY

Yeah, yeah. The news is right about who they've seen through the blinds. I'm in here with a crazy psycho hooker.

LEE

This is on the news already? Wow. Instant fame does exist.

MITCHELL

Oh, no...this is on the news!

LARRY

I'll be okay...I think.

LEE

(Quietly.)

Tell him you're gay.

Larry shakes his head. Lee points his gun close.

LEE

Tell him.

Larry shakes his head harder. Lee hits Larry upon the head with the gun.

LEE

DAMMIT, LARRY! Let that Barbie out!

Darrell grabs the gun in Lee's hand. They fight for control over it.

DARRELL

STOP! Lee, don't make him do this!

LEE

Why? You like him discreet?

DARRELL

No. He's...I don't want his life ruined.

LEE

Oh...so do you actually care about him? Does the plot thicken further?

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

Lee...he's just not ready.

LARRY

No. Darrell. I'm ready. I told you--I'm ready.

Larry returns to the phone. Darrell releases the gun's control to Lee.

LARRY

Dad...dad, are you still there? ... I...I have to...
(Quickly.)

Dad, I'm a homosexual!

Long beat as Larry listens. He is extremely confused. He hangs up the phone.

LARRY

He doesn't care. He said he kinda knew since I was sixteen. He found porn on the computer, but he didn't want to assume--

LEE

Tada! Lee works miracles. The truth is delivered and I set both of us a little more free!

Lee stands up proudly and takes a bow.

LEE

(To audience.)

Ladies and Gentleman, whores and dicks, I gave you--

POLICE ANNOUNCEMENT

You have ten minutes. We will begin compromising for hostages. The sooner you surrender, the lesser your sentence.

Lee laughs.

LEE

I forgot they were out there. Well, it looks like the lights are dimming. And I'm all alone. And the clock is hitting twelve. And my dress is turning to rags. And I've lost my slipper because I got way too toasted with the prince. And now all there is is misery.

MITCHELL

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

LEE

(Pointing his gun at Mitchell.)

Entrapment? Some closet cage halfway house where they test my piss every day?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Not every day, Lee. Just once a week or so.

LEE

No. NO.

Lee begins punching the dresser repetitively while letting out a long scream.

LEE

This is it...

He rips all of the drawers out of the dresser and throws them throughout the room as the other characters dodge them.

LEE

This is it! THIS IS IT!

Lee calms himself and smiles as he looks into the mirror on the dresser.

LEE

Freedom.

He smiles.

LEE

I bet there are so many cameras out there. Ready to flash. Ready for the money shot. Ready to see the star of the show.

Lee does a twirl.

LEE

I'm going to walk outside, point my gun at a cop, and all around the world, they will see me. All of me. Free. And then they'll shoot, and I'll be free forever. And the performance will be over. And it will no longer be so damn complicated to just exist.

The entire room stares at Lee in shock.

MIKE

Don't.

LEE

Why?

MIKE

Because I need you.

LEE

You'd be better off without me. That's why you tried getting rid of me just then.

MIKE

I tried helping you just then. Tried ending this shit.

LEE

What? My downward spiral?

MIKE

Just don't do it. For me.

LEE

Why should I care about you?

MIKE

I...I didn't fuck one other guy while I was with you.

LEE

I fucked plenty.

MIKE

That was business.

LEE

People can enjoy their jobs.

MIKE

You don't have to--

LEE

(To Mike, pointing the gun at him.)
No one tells me what I have to do!

LARRY

Don't do it, Lee.

LEE

Why?

LARRY

Because.

LEE

Because why?

LARRY

Just because!

LEE

Not good enough. Because isn't a full sentence!

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Because I loved you. I really did.

Beat. Lee begins to laugh hysterically. Almost or maybe to the point of tears as the others stare.

LEE

Ya'll are trippin'. I wasn't really gonna go and get myself killed. You know me--I just wanted to put on a little show to please the viewers at home. Please--I'll make it in the big city of the slammer just fine. I'm a tough cookie.

MIKE

Are you happy now? Now that you terrified all of us.

LEE

I'm definitely not happy. But I'm a little less angry.

Lee looks out into the audience.

LEE

Okay, ladies and gents. That's all for this week's "Full Madhouse." I'm gonna shoot off my gun. Into the air. Don't worry--there's no floor above us, so no one will get hurt. It will simply be the dramatic flair that will round off the episode and get the cops busting in. And then me and my guests will be done with this horrible purgatory and go back into the real world...or hell. I don't really know how purgatory works because I'm not a Catholic. Join us next week, when I'll be having some big house fun with prison bitties. Well, it was a great time! Bye-bye.

Lee shoots his gun into the air. Lights out and pitch black. Sounds of a door breaking down, cops stomping in and handcuffs clinking.

LEE

Hey, boys! Great to see you!

GRUFF VOICE

You have the right to remain silent. Everything you say--

LEE

Or do.

GRUFF VOICE

--can and will be used against you in the court of law.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, I've heard that line before.