

THINKING MAKES IT SO

By Damon Krometis

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(A stage. A few chairs are randomly about. There is little special about it, nothing to suggest what could be coming.)

(SEAN, very much your everyday frat boy, early 20's, enters with a closed metal tub in his hands. He crosses the stage, eyeing the audience warily. He puts the tub down and comes center. He looks out.)

SEAN:

So I had this dream the other night. Shit, I'm really gonna-

(Silence.)

This dream. I've had it many times. I'm standing in the middle of the desert. With these large rocks all around me. It's so fucking strange. It's straight out of Dragon Ball Z. Like when Goku is out in the desert . . .

Oh. Wait. Dragon Ball Z, it's this show, right? It's like, this cartoon. And this guy Goku, he is like the most powerful fighter in the universe and like every few weeks some new super villain comes trying to blow up the Earth or whatever. But Goku he always rises to the challenge and kicks ass. It's sweet.

Anyway, like often times they fight out in the desert. So there's noone around, and I'm him, I am Goku. Like the muscles- goodge goodge goodge.

(Indicates big ass muscles.)

Felt so cool.

All the sudden Frieza appears. He was like the bad guy supreme in the show. He was so tough, and like- well . . . You know, I never really thought he was a guy. He was this other sort, like. He was so girly. When you looked at his eyes and at his lips. He had on lipstick and mascara. And his voice had this old woman smoker sound, I mean he was so gay.

Sorry. I guess. Whatever.

I'm fighting Frieza, and he's just too fast. I'm doing everything I can. I'm all charged up, like Rocky in the final round, like I'm gonna pop from all this power. I'm giving it my all. But I don't stand a chance. He's beating me with one hand.

So I go for broke. I charge up one last time, and I do Goku's finishing move, his Kamayamaya wave. Like he shoots this angry blast out of his hands, he's got this whole stance and everything. My friends and I used to do it to each other. So I shoot this beam, I mean I unleash every last ounce of energy. And Frieza just stands there, puts up his hand and stops it dead. This big ball of energy.

(CONT.)

SEAN (CONT.):

And I . . . well I get so fucking pissed at him. I go, "I'm the good guy here. Who the fuck do you think you are harassing me like this!" And I unleash all this power I never knew I had. I feel so fucking manly right then. Like I'm this big fucking gun and I'm unstoppable.

And the faggot flies back, I knock him straight back hundreds of feet. His feet are dragging in the dust, and my blast scrapes this line across the desert. But like, then it stops, he's caught it again, he's caught this fucking thing and all of the sudden, I see him. Like it's through this strange light, right? He's transformed.

And his muscles are huge, his body is like, massive, just . . . Whoa . . . I'd never seen a dude so big. But his face . . . it . . . it's his face. It's Eric, and like . . . he's wearing lipstick and mascara . . . And Frieza or Eric- this fucking huge ass monster in front of me, he pushes my energy away, right, like swats it aside like a bug, and then fires back, and his blast is like the size of a building, and I can't stop it. I got no energy left. Like I am finished. Just finished.

And as his shot hits me, I feel this pain through my spine. I look down. My clothes are melting off me. The blast . . . it . . . goes right for my dick. And the marks, like the teeth marks come back down there and they're glowing all red and fiery. And . . . I . . . it was fucked up man. Cuz . . . Fuck, cuz then I woke up and I was covered in jizz.

That's what bothered me the most- the jizz. Both when I dream about him and before. When it happened. You know? It. Like . . .

Man . . . I'm way ahead of myself. Ok. How about this. I'm Sean. Um. What's up? I'm sorry. I can get ahead of myself and this whole like theatre thing is new, so . . .

I thought I'd do this Lord of the Rings style. "It began with six friends. We'd grown up in the same small town. Gone to the same school. Shite like that."

(He opens up the tub. He pulls out a stuffed raccoon.)

This is Joe. Say hi to Joe.

(He puts it down. He takes an old transformers action figure out of the tub.)

SEAN:

Edwin.

(He pulls out a naked Barbie. He throws it aside. He puts it down. He picks out a baseball hat.)

Corbin.

(CONT.)

(He puts it down. He takes out a Superman t-shirt.)

SEAN (CONT.):

Brett.

(He puts it down. He takes a tie.)

Eric.

(He puts it down. From the bottom of the bundle he pulls out a leather jacket.)

And me. Sean.

(He regards it for a second.)

This is the story of my friends. It began with the creation of the Joy Boys. I mean, we were like friends before that. Like way long before that. But this night . . . We were thirteen, and it was my old buddy Brett's bar mitzvah.

(He puts on the jacket. He becomes YOUNG SEAN, age 13, a little tipsy. He stands atop the metal tub surrounded by all the objects he's just revealed.)

YOUNG SEAN:

Hey, come here! Gather round! Everyone gather round! I got something to say!

All right first of all, Brett, this is one kick ass bar mitzvah, man. This is like the most badass party we've ever had. So here's to Brett and his being a man, and to his parents who let us all have wine. To being thirteen and drunk!

Wait hold on. That's not my point. I have something else I wanna say. Listen. So I've been thinking about this name our teacher gave us. Joy Boyz. I've been thinking about this whole Joy Boy thing. Yeah it's kinda lame, kinda gay, but you know . . . it's us. We got a label. You know? So what do we want that to mean?

(SEAN reverts back to normal.)

SEAN:

And so that night, we laid down the rules. It started with the most important: Bro's Over Ho's.

(He switches back to YOUNG SEAN.)

YOUNG SEAN:

So, like this, right: when a Joy Boy's got a girl- Hey it'll happen sometime. I'm hot! But seriously, what if like Corbin starts up with one of those chicks who finds him so funny. And she's got his little inch dick wrapped round her finger, and she starts taking him curtain shopping or something? Shouldn't we men come first?

(SEAN reverts back.)

SEAN:

And we ended with the Godfather Clause:

YOUNG SEAN:

What if something were to happen to Joe, like his fat got clogged in his brain, what kinda condolence or whatever would we extend to his equally fat wife? I think she should have full privileges. I want you to know right now, that I would take care of any of your kids. And if something were to happen to you, Joe, I'd tell your jelly roll of a wife that she was taken care of.

SEAN:

Six rules in total. There was a seventh, but that came later. Anyway, Rule One, Bro's over Ho's. Rule Two, keep no secrets from each other, and tell none to others. Rule Three, every Wednesday night we would meet up. Rule Four, we'd always have each other's backs. Rule Five, all important moments in life would be just us together. And Rule Six, the Godfather Clause. I stuck out my hand, the others followed, and the pact was made. This is what I said, right, I said:

YOUNG SEAN:

Ok . . . ok . . . Joy Boyz for life? To the grave, all right?

(Pause. SEAN pulls off the jacket.)

SEAN:

Eight years later, we were still strong. And close, man. I swear to God, once in high school, I sensed my friend Joe getting pounded on, and I literally flew across the school to his rescue. We were fucking legends at Turner High School, and then we all ended up at State together. Oh, yeah, you need to meet the Joy Boys: Edwin.

(He picks up the transformer then puts on glasses, becoming EDWIN. He's agitated, moral, whining.)

EDWIN:

Hey guys, we need to start taking the First Rule more seriously. No more Ho's over Bros. Ever since you guys started dating you've become so gay! It was bad enough when Brett started spending every night with Hillary - hell, I hardly have a roommate anymore - but Corbin, how many times are you going to miss a Joy Boy event because you're with Nancy?

EDWIN (CONT.):

When I get a girlfriend, God willing, I'd have the good sense to not let her whip me. Be a man. Do you want to be like Brett and Hillary?

(SEAN puts down the transformer and takes off the glasses.)

SEAN:

Corbin.

(He puts on the hat, becoming CORBIN. He is chilled out but communicates sharply.)

CORBIN:

Well, first of all, I will never be as gross as Brett and Hillary. And second, Bro's over Ho's only applies if we call it in advance. See, if we deem an event a Rule Five event, then every Joy Boy has to be there. Then someone can call Rule One to keep all vaginas away. Nobody's done that for a while.

I'm just saying, it's ok to want the dick, Ed, I accept that. Just say you hate vaginas. But it's bullshit to cry foul if you're not following the rules yourself.

(SEAN takes off the hat. He grabs the t-shirt, becoming BRETT. He's exuberant, loud, sure he knows what he's talking about even when he doesn't.)

BRETT:

Speaking of bullshit, Bryan Singer is toooooooally gonna fuck up Superman Returns. He had suuuuch a good chance but he's gonna blow it!

When I finally get to direct the Superman movies - and fuck you, Hillary and I aren't gross - when I finally get to direct the Superman movies, I'm going to actually say something with them. Like the Death of Superman? Loaded with metaphor! It's awesome! Superman and Doomsday are two classic archetypes. Just look at their names! SUPER MAN. DOOMS DAY.

What a name. DOOOOOOMSday. Who names their kid Doomsday? He was probably picked on a lot in school. Like Joe. All the girls ran from him like a flaming pile of dogshit. So he wanted revenge.

"MUST . . . SMASH . . . METROPOLIS . . . MIDDLE SCHOOL!"

(SEAN puts down the t-shirt.)

SEAN:

That was Brett. Here's Joe.

(He picks up the raccoon, becoming JOE, large lumbering, and incredibly shy.)

JOE:

I'm not like Doomsday. I'm . . . uh . . .

Shut up guys. Girls don't run away. They . . . eh

(Pause. He's very awkward. SEAN puts down the raccoon.)

SEAN:

So you might have noticed I'm kinda good at this whole mimicking thing. I don't really like theatre very much. But like, I'm a pretty badass role player. Dungeons and Dragons, World of Darkness. I could have been a national champion. And yeah, I know, being a 22 year old role player, I'm a disgrace to mankind. But . . . well . . . fuck you too. It gets you thinking in new ways. That's a powerful thing.

Last and not least, Eric. Graduation day. Eric, that cocky bitch, got to speak for us all:

(He puts it on, becoming ERIC, giving a speech. He is cocky, bright and enigmatic. He hushes an invisible crowd of applauding people.)

ERIC:

Class of 2006, it's great to be up here in front of all of you. I want to thank the planning committee and President Shoffeit for so graciously considering me a good candidate for speaking to you all. It is truly mystifying to be up here. It's a sign that I, Eric, am better than all of you.

Now, I won't pretend like I can say anything original. Nobody ever does at these things. I was asked to speak today because this university sees me as a leader. As a leader I'm meant to inspire you to go forward from this place and continue to seek out the very best life has to offer. But that's not my job. That is nobody's job but your own.

When I was twelve years old, my parents got divorced. I didn't know what to do, how to handle it. I was a middle class white kid from a quiet town; nothing like this had ever happened to me. As my father packed up his belongings in his van, I stood beside him bewildered. My old man looked at me, seeing the dread on my face, and he bent down and said, "Eric, this will be a difficult experience for you. I know. But understand, son, that in the end, it will be what you make it."

I didn't realize then what he was implying. After that day my father didn't see me for two years, and I became the man of the house. My mother could not afford to stay in our home and we had to keep downsizing every year or so. I didn't know at age twelve that I'd have to scrape and save to send myself to college. I did manage, though, to take one lesson away from it. "This will be what you make it." From that day forward I knew that my life would depend on my choices.

(CONT.)

ERIC (CONT.):

That is the one piece of advice I want to give all of you today. Never stop making your own choices. That makes all the difference. I'm twenty-two years old, and because of my choices, I'll be working in the office of a U.S. Senator next month. That's not just because I'm better than you. That is a possibility for each and every one of you.

And remember: even in the worst case scenario, you have a choice about how to handle tragedy. You will face hard times. I'm sure many of you have. Far worse than I. Many of your lives are testaments to the gritty nature of existence. But life is not truly gritty until you decide to let it be so. Friends. Graduates. My fellow Americans, be proud of your choices. They've got you this far. Now choose to succeed.

(SEAN loosens the tie. He is still ERIC, though he is now tipsy at a graduation party.)

Can you believe that? I swear I thought President Shoffeit's head would explode. What a bunch of tools. No more beer, thanks. Taking it easy tonight, I have a meeting with the Senator tomorrow.

(SEAN rips off the tie and moves to flip the tub over.)

SEAN:

The graduation party.

(SEAN puts on the Superman T-Shirt. He becomes BRETT drinking and shooting the shit at a graduation party.)

BRETT:

Eric, you were awesome. Here you go. Fresh cold beer. Dude, you made Sean so jealous up there. Because you were the man, that's why! You were fucking Superman. At one point, I saw a cape. I swear a woman next me got wet just listening to you say that you were better than all of us. Which was sweet. It's the first rule for mastering the art of seduction: be a dickhead. You were suuuuch a dick and they loooved it. And that lie you told about scraping and saving for college? Baaaam! Oh, help me with a keg stand.

(BRETT does a keg stand, using the metal tub as the "keg." He comes down and laughs.)

This is great. God bless Rule Five. This is what life should be. We Men! Together! And it just brings me back. Like our roadtrip in high school? Best spring break ever! I can't wait till August when we go to Cancun. And you know, when we're down there, I'm gonna make it my mission to get Joe laid.

(He laughs.)

Look at him over there. Poor guy. He's gonna lose his virginity to a vacuum cleaner. But seriously, there's noone I'd rather be celebrating with right now.

(CONT.)

BRETT (CONT.):

Oh, my crotch is vibrating. Corbin, you wanna sit on my lap?

(He looks at his phone.)

It's Hillary. Nah, I'll call her later.

So I've finally got the death of Superman figured out. No really. See, what was Superman? The perfect American kid. He stands for everything that America is supposed to be to the world: moral, just, virile, diverse. I mean, if Americans accept an alien from outer space, they have to accept Mexicans, right?

(Cell phone vibrates again.)

And then there's Doomsday. The personification- The- Hold on.

(He answers it.)

Hey baby. I'm just with the guys. I was just telling them what I figured out about Superm . . . I miss you too, baby. No baby. You know the rules. Sorry. I'll come tuck you in when you're ready for bed, ok? I . . . No baby, I'm not avoiding- You know I love you, it's just we've planned this night for . . . Listen. Listen. Baby, ok, I'll ask Sean if you can come. I know it's my apartment, baby, but this how we work. Baby. Hello? Shit.

Hey Sean, come here. Dude, I know this is lame, but I think Hillary's on her way here . . . I know, but duuude just let me deal with her, ok? I promise, she'll be back home in ten minutes.

SEAN:

That night, Brett broke Rule Five: All big events are supposed to be only Joy Boys. Hillary stayed all night. She annoyed me, cuz like she could never calm down and be normal ever since this shit that happened between her and our old science teacher Mr. Connors. And there she was crying all night. So I drank more. A lot more. Like a fucking 8 year old Drew Barrymore. I remember climbing on the keg and saying something like this:

(SEAN puts on the jacket and climbs on top of the tub.)

Listen up, guys. I got something to say! To all of you. You're my family. We are family right? I said it before and I'll say it again. May the Joy Boys live forever.

(He takes off the jacket.)

And the rest gets blurry. Something like this.

(Music comes in. SEAN starts to dance, acting out each Joy Boy at the party. BRETT dances terribly, CORBIN watches disapprovingly, SEAN picks on JOE who is passed n the floor. SEAN goes to the keg and does a keg stand.)

SEAN:

I had one second to go till I beat my own keg stand record.

(SEAN falls off the keg.)

That's the last thing I remember before blacking out.

It happened that night.

Two weeks later, I'm still . . . The guys start to wonder. But Edwin . . . Dude, like that kid had a one track mind at all times.

(He becomes EDWIN, who sets up a table using the tub and chairs.)

EDWIN:

What does it look like, Brett. You genius. You and your dumb questions. Get your head out of Hillary's ass and pay attention. I'm setting up. They're coming, and we're gonna play like we do every week.

No. We're playing. They're gonna come. We never miss a Wednesday. Rule Three. I don't care what this shit is with Eric and Sean, it's not gonna stop a Wednesday night.

Oh, you know it's gonna prove to be bullshit. I don't even know what's going on and I know it's a bunch of bullshit. Nothing ever changes with us. We both went to pre-school with Sean. Has he really changed since then? My mother used to tell me how he'd get all pissy and fussy whenever he came over. She didn't like that we were friends.

Yeah, I know. Annoyed with a three year old! He musta been a brat. Don't laugh, you jackass. You have any idea what she said about you and your know-it-all-ness?

And Eric? I mean, come on, he's always talked behind people's backs. He does it about you sometimes. Your own best friend. This is just what we do. We bitch and we argue. Petty drama. Fucking male egos, man.

Ok, what can we play with two people? Not that you're much of a challenge. Hey. What? You suck at gaming! Don't suck, then I won't mock. That's the way it goes. All right, let's play Magic.

(He starts to dish out some playing cards.)

(CONT.)

EDWIN (CONT.):

I hate this whole fucking thing, man. Joe seems to be the only one in the know. Which is totally violating Rule Two. And all it's gonna be is "Sean's a bitch and he did blah blah blah to show he's got a big dick." or "Oh Eric's just jealous about my big dick and he wants to suck it." It's probably like our road trip in high school. When Sean found out Eric actually was the first to lose his virginity? Sean slept with every woman he could when he got back. Like we can't talk to each other cuz of women? Whole thing's so gay. They better not do that shit when we go to Cancun.

Gotcha! Feast of the Unicorn on Razor Beast! Told you that you suck.

Some things never change. We will never change.

(SEAN puts down the transformer, and turns outward.)

SEAN:

And then Joe broke the news.

Joe. That guy. When he was fifteen, he took a girl to Homecoming and when she tried to dance with him, he creamed his pants. I mean . . . Shit. Anyway, I'm pretty sure he hadn't talked to a girl since. Unless he was drinking, but even though he was the biggest guy, he was the biggest lightweight. Passed out all the time.

(SEAN reaches for the raccoon. He becomes JOE. He is once again insanely awkward.)

JOE:

Hey. S-sorry I'm late.

Uh . . .

SEAN:

I hear he sat there with this dipshit blank expression for like a good hour. Like this:

(He resumes being JOE and looks out with a painfully nervous and confused expression. He remains that way for a long time.)

JOE:

I . . . there's something I gotta ask you guys.

Uh . . . Have, uh . . . Have you ever wanted to . . . Did you ever . . .

Like I know you guys do shit to me when I pass out. Like . . . you put guacamole in my ear. I hate you guys for that . . .

But . . .

SEAN:

This might be like artistic license or some shit, but I bet Ed was about to pop a blood vessel cuz he hates when people waste his time. And Brett was like "Goooooo on. GoooOOOOooOOOOOO OOOooOON."

JOE:

Shut up! I- This is serious. I'm not pouting. This is Rule Two, ok. . . . This is that important. This is in the vault, right?

But you can't say it was me who said this, cuz . . .

I think . . . I think Eric used more than guacamole. I think.

Well . . . After the graduation party, I was trying to sober up . . . And Eric had come over and helped Sean . . . then we played Warcraft for a few hours and ate some Doritos.

Shut up! I'm not fat! We were sobering up. This is important guys, come on!

Ok, ok, I'm saying it. I went to bed, then later I got up to pee, and . . .

Noises. . . . The noise from Sean's room. Sean and someone else. Moaning.

I looked in and- there was Eric. And Sean looked passed out, but. . . .

I gotta know guys Was this like guacamole? Like . . . You haven't done that to me, right?

(SEAN drops the raccoon, returning to normal.)

SEAN:

And then the phone started ringing. Constantly for like two days. I pulled it out of the wall and kamayamayaed that shit out my fucking window.

But Eric. He held a fucking press conference.

(SEAN puts on the tie as ERIC. He stands before all of his friends.)

ERIC:

All right. This is what happened. I know you all have been wondering. You're my friends, so you deserve to know. Rule Two. And it's not really a big deal, plus I don't want this getting in the way of the Cancun trip, and everything else.

But I want to say this first: I appreciate that you guys are here. It shows that you guys have more reason than I thought. You guys are great.

(CONT.)

ERIC (CONT.):

But I can't help but feel like I am going to be treated like some sort of bad guy. So before you make your judgements, just remember to adhere to Rule Seven. Ok?

So here it is:

We were all at Edwin and Brett's for the graduation party. The group of us, just like we always said we would, just like the rules called for. You know about that. And we all had a lot to drink. Suddenly Sean disappeared. And as Corbin went home and Brett calmed down Hillary after she started crying, I went to Joe and Sean's place. And he was there; he was falling all over himself. And I have to say, in all objectivity, he was being a serious dick. He was just talking nonsense. He kept saying things like, "Come here and I'll fuck you."

I was really drunk too. I remember only pieces of the night. I helped Sean into bed despite the fact I wanted to hit him. I mean, I was just trying to help him. Joe was right there. He remembers that I was trying to help him. Right Joe?

Then, ok, you know how when I first hooked up with Lisa we were both really drunk and I blanked out with the two of us sitting on the couch? The next thing I knew I was watching her get us started? Well . . . That night, I blanked out . . . And the next thing I remember I was . . . Going down on him. Boy was my face red.

When it was over I went to the bathroom. I came back out and Sean was in the living room playing video games. I mean, how big of a deal could it be? We played Playstation for a like an hour and then he went to bed and I stumbled home.

I talked to Sean the next day and he said it was ok. I mean we agreed it was something that just happened, and neither of us really liked it. I mean . . . ew.

And I thought that was that. I thought it should just remain between us. Sean agreed at the time. I tried to talk to him about it, but he doesn't ever respond to me.

Yes I could tell it was consensual. We never really talked, but we were kissing beforehand, and then he was moaning during, and he . . . you know, he finished.

So I guess that's it, huh? . . . Who wants to go grab some lunch?

(SEAN takes off the tie.)

SEAN:

I got three calls from Brett that night, telling me what Eric had said. I never answered. I got a call from Ed, though, inviting me to a party. I knew Eric was off with his Senator. So, you know, I figured whatever, I'll try to forget this shit. But, uh . . . some shit happened, and I arrived late. And already Corbin has Joe out in the front yard.

(He puts on the hat and becomes CORBIN. He places the raccoon next to him.)

CORBIN:

Come on, bud. You have to puke. Don't hold it back. Trust me. You're being poisoned. I was almost an EMT, remember? I know this. Just let it go. Just let it come.

Ok. Take your time.

You had it rough tonight, man. It's ok, Joe. And I agree. That girl, she is a total skank. But maybe she just doesn't like big guys. Don't take it personally. Women aren't worth it. I'm glad things are done between me and Nancy. I mean I loved her, but seriously. I cannot figure out . . .

(He drinks. Looks around.)

Man, that talk with Eric . . . Not so bad, huh? He followed Rule Two. He was honest, we have to give him that. That's more than we can say for Sean. What happened wasn't even so bad, right? I'm not sure why Sean's been so quiet about it.

Well, I guess there could be one reason.

I'm not saying this is what happened, but . . . What if they've been secretly dating?

I mean the facts don't rule it out. Eric and Sean were spending a lot of time together right before graduation. They worked together at that Italian restaurant. Always hanging out after work. And Eric got really mad with Sean when he started dating that girl. What was her name? With the gorilla teeth? He seemed really mad that Sean wasn't spending any time with him anymore.

And if Sean didn't want it- here's something you can't ignore- if he said no, even if he was drunk, Sean is so much stronger than Eric. When we were on the baseball team in high school, I saw how Sean hit the ball. That guy was a killer. And if Eric were going down on Sean, don't you think Sean would . . . you know?

So if you're gonna use Rule Seven to call out each other's bullshit, I'd use it right here. They were dating. That's probably why Sean won't talk about it, and why Eric wants us all to forget about it now. This whole time they've been lying to us. That's bullshit.

You know I once knew this guy who was gay. His name doesn't matter, you don't know him. He was a friend of my cousin's, I think? But the thing was he had this girlfriend. And she was totally crazy. This girl was like Hillary. I'm talking ugly as dirt, needy as a baby.

And this guy told me he knew he was gay for years, or at least suspected, and he kept on dating this girl. Can you believe that? I mean, that's just a little stupid.

(CONT.)

CORBIN (CONT.):

If you're gay, go ahead and be gay. He doesn't have to be such a pansy about it. It's just sad, cuz this female yeti was . . .

(He makes a noise like Chewbacca from Star Wars.)

And now that we know Sean and Eric are butt buddies, I know this sounds crazy, but it makes me wonder about all the Joy Boys. What if Ed always has a stick up his ass cuz he wants a dick up his ass? And then you - you're 22 and you've never been laid. Maybe it's time for a new spin on Rule One. Do Bro's over Ho's.

Seriously, it's unfair man. If that's what you are, then just be that. If that's what makes you happy. I want you to be happy.

What? I'm not petting you. I'm just- No wait. I'm not- Don't turn this around. I'm trying to make a valid point and you use it to claim I'm gay? I'm not gay. I just dated Nancy. And what happened between us, you'd never understand it. Dick.

Besides, the mere thought of another man- God, imagine fucking you? The thought of that, it makes me want to vom-

Oh, there you go. There you go, now you're lying in your own puke. That's hot. Maybe the slut will want you now.

Man, what am I . . . Look, let's forget this whole talk ever happened. Shit, you smell. Go hose yourself off.

SEAN:

I'm not sure I got every word of that right. But that's how I remember it. I turned right around left the party the second Corbin went inside. I had the nightmare twice that night.

Man, listen to me. When did I get so fucking dramatic. It's not like we never had good times. Especially with Corbin. Actually I found it pretty funny when Corbin backstabbed the other guys. Cuz he knew how to do it. And when you got mad at him, he'd come back with some question that left you confused why you were mad in the first place.

This one time- Ok, so Ed was always shitty when it came to women, right? I mean, he wasn't Joe. Joe blows his load at the sight of a blow-up doll. But I think Ed has maybe had sex twice. Not two people. Two times.

So this one time freshman year, Corbin convinces Ed to come out with him cuz he's gonna get him laid. And Corbin makes a solid wingman. He helped me get laid a dozen times. So Ed's all in. And the guy actually has confidence. This chick is all like "Oooh, Edwin, your name is so fantastic and like a knight of the roundtable." I think Ed even kissed her hand and maybe got on one knee at one point.

(CONT.)

SEAN (CONT.):

Then, right as Ed starts making out with this girl- You can see the kid glowing. Like he's kissing Rogue from the X-Men. He always had a thing- Nevermind, anyways, right then, Corbin strolls up and gets between them, and, this is great . . .

He says, "This is great to see. I'm so happy for you two. Cuz you see, whatsyourtits-" He said that, "Whatsyourtits" "Whatsyourtits, Ed always tells this story. And god bless him for it. He always brags about when he was three years old, he got naked with this girl and they sat on the toilet and peed together. And till just now, Ed would brag that that was the farthest he'd gone with a woman. So congratulations! Your Ed's new pee girl!"

And Ed just loses it. "What the hell, Corbin?! You promised to never to tell that! That violates Rule Two! I'll rip your nuts off and shove them down your throat!" Those two were always about to kill each other. They loved pissing each other off. I wondered sometimes if they'd end up making out like Ben Affleck and Sandra Bullock in *Forces of Nature*? When they're like "I hate you." and "You're untalented bitch." Mwaaah.

So yeah. Corbin could get you good. You never really knew if you could trust him. Anyways . . . that was another one of those tangents . . . And the phone kept ringing for several more days. I got voicemails from Brett telling me he had just dropped Hillary at her weaving class and maybe we could get together and talk. Didn't call back. Till I got this message.

EDWIN:

Sean, man, where you been. It's Edwin. We missed you at the party last week. Look, Brett's broken Rule One again to hang out with Hillary, Corbin got caught some fight with his ex, but it's Wednesday night, so I need a partner for Magic. You wanna play? Promise I won't ask about what happened.

SEAN:

I never knew Ed to break his word. And with Joe not around the apartment, it was too quiet. I mean sick quiet. Psycho quiet. And I thought, Magic might clear my mind.

Now I knew Ed wouldn't ask the specifics about what happened. But I figured you know he'd still wanna give me a lecture. I had a whole image in my head of what he'd do. Something like this.

EDWIN:

Ok. I'm sorry. I know. I know I know. I know I said I wouldn't say anything, but I gotta- It's Rule Two- It's important that I follow the rules, I mean that's what we are right? We're Joy Boys before anything else I can't keep a secret from you- We should be honest right, so I wanna be honest I just, I- I tried, I honestly I spent all day telling myself don't ask Sean don't ask Sean Sean's a friend you made a promise you promised him you did that you wouldn't- you won't!" and my ulcer keeps acting up every time I think about that night and how happy we were and I'm like "Ok ulcer, chill out for a minute I need to think" but it wouldn't.

EDWIN (CONT.):

I just thought about Cancun and the great beaches and cold drinks and hot girls and I know I don't get much play but I'd like to get laid there but I can't go alone we gotta go as a group it's Rule Five, you know? And so I wanna go to Cancun, Sean, and so I gotta know I gotta- Can't you two just talk? It's not such a big deal right, just what we make it and I don't see why you can't- You gotta get over this before Cancun. That's what Joy Boys do, we get over shit. Can't you be the bigger friend I know you're angry and maybe you think you know his intentions but Eric wouldn't do that and even if he did why can't you just remember the rules? Remember the RULES that's what makes us better than other guys. Remember Rule Seven. Just remember and we can go back to normal- like high school- like Florida in high school- Cancun will be like- Why won't you just remember, you fucking stupid jerk?!

SEAN:

Or you know, something like that. And I'm not sure I exaggerate there. Really. Ed gets crazy when he doesn't take his tranquilizers.

But instead, he did something I never expected. He, uh, he kept his mouth shut until the last game of the night. And then, well . . .

EDWIN:

Sean, you remember one time . . . Must have been like four years ago . . . I drove you, Joe, and Eric to the mall? And you started making a whole bunch of rape jokes, and the others in the car caught on and did the same? You started coming up with slogans for roofie commercials?

And yeah, before you say anything, it was kinda funny, but you kept at it, cuz you could tell it was bothering me. I mean yeah, that's what we do, we pick on each other, like- like when we made all the Jew jokes to Brett on our big road trip. But . . . Then for some reason you said- I never got this, you said, "It must be really terrible when that happens, you know? Must like suck to get raped."

So I said, "Yes it does suck. I've seen the effect it can have on people, and they really do change." But you just kept making the rape jokes. I know it wasn't just you, but- Rape this. Roofie that. I'll get her drunk and fuck her on your bed . . . And you know how I hate jokes about other people fucking on my bed . . .

And when I stopped the car, and told you about the rape victim I'd dated, you all went dead silent. We were all suffocating in that car for an eternity. We were dying. So I know we needed a release there, Sean. Lighten the mood. But you didn't have to do it like that. You didn't have to make another rape joke to lighten the mood.

I just . . . I want you to remember that we never held it against you. Cuz Rule Seven. For life. And we're Joy Boys before anything else, right?

Your move.

(SEAN slowly takes off the glasses.)

SEAN:

You'd never hear the guys say I didn't try. After Ed's "speech," I kept trying. I went to another party and pretended everything was cool.

Meanwhile, Joe was hardly ever home. That night, I finally figured out what he'd been doing.

(He picks up the raccoon. He becomes JOE at a party. He takes a drink. Cringes. He sees a woman – the naked Barbie tossed aside early. He approaches her.)

JOE:

(Softly.)

Hey.

(Louder.)

Hey. I'm Joe. H-how's it goin.

So, uh, I used to play football. Defensive line.

Oh no. I never got hurt. Never got put in.

Yeah.

(Silence. She starts to walk away.)

Seeya.

(JOE retreats a little ways. He takes another drink. Cringes. Smiles. He sees another girl. He goes to her smiling.)

Hi. I'm Joe.

You like football?

A cheerleader? Uh, cool. I used to play. I was a linebacker.

I was- I was supposed to play in college but I got injured. Championship. Yeah. Didn't cry though.

Oh yeah, you went to Turner High too? I don't remember you from school, what'd you do?

JOE (CONT.):

Oh yeah. Cheer- you said. Uh. Sorry.

You remember me playing?

Yeah I did. I . . .

Hey wait. Didn't you date Sean? Oh.

(Silence. JOE walks away this time. He takes another drink. Cringes. He shakes himself like he's his own personal boxing coach. He starts trying to dance. He's awkward. Very stiff. He stops. Goes to another girl.)

Hi, I'm Joe.

So, that's a- that's a short skirt. I said that's a short skirt you're wearing.

Is that a tampon string I see?

I-I was just kidding.

(Silence. She leaves.)

God. Fuck.

(He looks around. Pouts. Goes back to take another drink. Cringes. Takes one step. Stops. He takes another drink. Cringes. He smiles an ugly smile. He begins to dance again. He goes to a group of ladies and begins to dance.)

Ladies! Hey!

(He starts gyrating uncontrollably. He is flailing like a madman. The girls quickly move away.)

What are you laughing at? Huh? What, can't handle a lot of man?

(He clenches his fist. He steps back and takes another drink. Cringes. He strides defiantly yet clumsily to another girl.)

Hey! Remember me?!

Joe. I lived with Sean. You know. When you used to fuck him.

I remember. "Oh! Oh! You nasty child. Oh, you pound it."

(CONT.)

JOE (CONT.):

You wanna fuck me now? You want me to pound it? Cuz Sean's gay. Did you know that? Gay. How about fucking a real man?

What- What, what I'm not good enough? Prefer thin gay guys like Sean? What'd I do, huh? What? What did I do? I didn't do nothing.

I thought- I thought you were supposed to be an asshole? I thought you were supposed to be blunt. It's part of the Joy Boy fucking art of seduction. Have you heard of it? Sean uses it. Cuz he's a dickhead. He was always a dick to me. But I never fucked him.

(Laughs.)

He- he probably wanted to fuck me though!

Fucking slut! Where you goin? Fuck you! I'm more a man than any of those fag guys you've ever-

(He moves after the girl. CORBIN confronts him.)

Hey! Back off, Corbin. Back off. Don't you tell me what to do anymore. I'm sick of it! I'm- I'm fine. I'm fine. I don't . . . I'm just having a good time.

(He drops to the floor in a drunken sprawl. SEAN reverts back to normal. He stands for a second and shakes his head.)

SEAN:

I had only one place left to turn. I knew what was coming, but I had to try.

(SEAN puts on the t-shirt and becomes BRETT walking in the mall.)

BRETT:

So in comes Doomsday. The personification of all evil. And in one punch he finishes it off.

(He does the kamayamaya wave whilst humming the Superman theme music.)

And what happens? Superman dies. Cuz now the world is perfect. And in a perfect world, there'd be no need for Superman. So Superman died to achieve perfection.

I don't understand Bryan Singer. He doesn't make Superman's return count for anything! The bum doesn't even follow the laws of physics - Superman has more trouble stopping a plane than lifting a continent into orbit! Dumb. ASS.

(Pause.)

(CONT.)

BRETT (CONT.):

You wanna know something, Rule Two? I cried a little at the end. When Superman's talking to his bastard son? Lame right? But dude. It's cuz I love it. Didn't think I would, but I love being able to say it. "I'm gonna be a daddy. Yo, bitch I got my woman pregnant. I got a bottle sized cock and a strong ass."

Really, dude. It's crazy. Sexual evolution? Toooooootally there. Like you know how girls are always looking at guys' butts? It's so lame. That's because if a guy has a nice butt, he has a strong butt, and that means he can hammer into her a lot harder and get himself farther up inside. And when the sperm comes out it's got a better chance of making it to the egg. See this ass? Evolution. Word.

(Cell phone ring. BRETT answers it.)

Hey baby. I'm at the mall with Sean. Yes, we're picking up grapes. Yes, baby. Ok. Green. Seedless. And the shampoo, right. Sorry, baby. I'll see you in a little bit, ok baby? Love you.

You know, Hillary and I are real sorry about what Joe did to you. He shoulda moved, not you. You always have a place with us if you need it. We got an extra room in the new house, so it's totally cool. Or you could stay with Ed now that I'm gone. Oh, sorry. I forgot that you aren't really speaking to him. . .

(Pause.)

Ok then. So come on man. What do you want for lunch, Chick-Fil-A or Quizno's? No man, you should choose. Just trust me. It's a good thing for you to choose. But you know, you're also allowed to take your time too. You don't need to make it now. But I am hungry. And know that there are no bad decisions, ok?

Hillary's dad thinks the wedding is a bad decision. He's also not happy she's keeping the baby. But when you think about it, we're meant to be fathers at this age. A century ago, we'd be considered total fags if we weren't married with kids by our early 20's. So it's all what you make it, right? So what are we eating? Quizno's? Good choice. Quizno's rocks.

Congrats, dude. You just took the first step. In getting better. You're taking control. I learned it in a class to help Hillary after Mr. Connors assaulted her. No no. You can't "I don't wanna talk about it." It's Rule Two. You're not good. I can tell. Ever since Joe lost it at that party you've been liiiiike. . .

(He does a bizarre gesture.)

So I gotta fix you. Rule Four, I got your back. I've been through this before. When I first started dating Hillary, she'd sleep with every light on in the house and the covers over her head. She didn't know how to pick lunch for herself. I had to hold her hand and be like "It's ok, baby. Just make a choice. It won't hurt you."

BRETT (CONT.):

It's all cuz Hillary didn't tell anyone for a year. Cuuuuuz she thought nobody'd believe her. And I know Eric robbed you of the chance to tell us. He really fucked you over on that one. But that was not a bad decision on your part not to tell us yet.

Nowadays, Hillary, she can do it on her own. Sleep normally, you know? And decisions? God damn. She is planning the whoooooo wedding all by herself. She won't even give me a say. See? The steps totally-

(Cell phone rings.)

Hey baby. We're eating Quizno's right now, can I call- Yeah I'm getting the dry cleaning too. You ok, baby? Baby. It's ok. Breath. Breath. In. Out. That's it. You getting enough light in there? Open the blinds baby. Good. I'll be home in a little while.

She's having one of her days. Yeah.

(Pause.)

Fuck it. Look, I really need you to talk about this with me, man. You can't heal till you do. Hillary took a long time. And taking a long time is fine. But dude. It is. So LAME. Trust me. Don't do it. I know exactly what you are going through. Hillary and I have been right where you are after the Mr. Connors thing. But don't fret. The trial against Mr. Connors taught me all the dos and don'ts. This time around I promise we can nail the fuck. We just gotta be prepared.

The main thing that beat Hillary was the lack of physical evidence. Cuz she never went to the police. So Connors used that as the basis to claim Hillary was some lying psycho. He said that she was molested by her dad as a child. It totally made the jury mistrust her. Then Connors claimed Hillary was a raging slut. The guy actually accused Hillary of being a cocktease to him and some other professors and sooo the jury thought, hell if Connors did do it, Hillary must have been asking for it.

And all this made Hillary get pretty upset at the trial. The whole ordeal made sex with Hillary tough for like six months, cuz Hillary started to believe Hillary was a slut, but see, once I got Hillary thinking the jurors were a bunch of bitches, Hillary started being able to Hillary and then Hillary would Hillary. Hillary, Hillary, Hillary, Hillary.

(SEAN reverts to normal.)

SEAN:

Did he even see me standing there, or just his fucked up girlfriend? I mean just stop. Stop and look at me, Brett. Except, I like lost my words, and . . . I said something about Hillary that doesn't need to be repeated.

BRETT:

Hey. Don't ever say that about her. I know you never liked her, and yeah she's got problems. And I know you drank so much that night so you could tolerate her crazy. Buuuut . . . Don't ever say that about my wife.

Eric may have been my best bud, but I've known you since preschool, Sean. You're my best man. That's right. If you want it, it's yours. Cuz we are from before time was time. I remember when we were reeeeeeally young. And I'd preach to you about what it'd be like to be in the 14th grade, wiiiiith thousand page papers. And you'd tell me it didn't go that high.

Since then I know you've thought I don't know shit, but I do about this. More than you do. Really. You gotta do whatever you need to help yourself. You don't want a shrink. You don't want to press charges. I accept that. But you gotta do something.

(Cell phones rings.)

She never stops. Hey, baby. What? Why are you sorry, baby? No, I'm not mad, what makes you think- Baby- No, don't call your parents. I'm not going anywhere. Of course I wanna get married. I'm on my way home now, ok? Ok. Love you.

(Pause.)

Look at me. *I'm* gonna be a fucking daddy. I'm getting married. Ain't that easy getting a perfect world, huh? Just think about it.

SEAN:

That was a week ago. It was that last time I talked to anybody. But from what I hear, things have really gone to shit.

(He picks up the hat and becomes CORBIN. He regards the raccoon as JOE.)

CORBIN:

Look, Joe, don't you think you're over-reacting. It's been like a month. Nothing happened that night. You were drunk. I took care of you. I made conversation. Why are you assuming I did something to you? It's bullshit to cry foul like this.

(SEAN whips off the hat and takes the raccoon. He is a very new JOE.)

JOE:

Cuz. Fag. It's Rule Seven. Remember? Not that the rules matter anymore anyway. Just get out of my face. I got a girl coming over. That's right, a girl. Don't believe me? I just used the art of seduction. Sure works wonders.

(JOE laughs. SEAN drops the raccoon and becomes EDWIN.)

EDWIN:

This is bullshit. First Corbin, now Joe. Nobody's showing up anymore and it's all bullshit! Why can't anyone remember what agreed, man. Rule Seven. Am I the only one still following the fucking rules??

Fuck it. Let's play, Eric. The magician stands and bears a scar on his chest-

(SEAN puts down the transformer. He puts on the tie and becomes ERIC. He is very agitated.)

ERIC:

I don't want to play any more retarded role playing games. I don't know why I hang out with you anymore, you jerkoff. You're still friends with Corbin and Joe.

Corbin constantly tells lies about me. Joe is an idiot loser. And then Brett- he doesn't even invite me to his wedding. And what the hell is his obsession with the Death of Superman? Talk about over analyzing a text. Here's an analysis for you: DC wanted to sell more comics. It's simple. Not everything has a hidden meaning.

And don't preach to me about the Joy Boy code. I helped invent the God damned rules. Don't quote "Joy Boys For Life" when we replaced that with Rule Seven. I was there - Our road trip. Senior year of high school.

(SEAN pulls off the tie and sets one chair center. He begins a one man super show. The guys are on their road trip. They are 17/18. SEAN hits a different pose for each character, which he repeats every time that character speaks.)

CORBIN:

Brett, would you stop talking about Superman for ten minutes? Eric, finish your story already.

ERIC:

Yeah, so we were at her place, and her parents weren't home, and so we drank some of their vodka, and we got pretty drunk. I blanked out, and when I came to I was . . . doing her. She was putting me in her.

JOE:

Awesome. Way- way to go.

BRETT:

Yeah, dude! The art of seduction strikes again!

CORBIN:

So wait. Wait wait wait . . . You not only don't use a condom, but what's more you can barely remember doing it? When I lose my virginity, I wanna remember it clearly.

SEAN:

I still say I'm the first to lose my virginity because I can actually recount the incident.

ERIC:

Well, the rest of the times, I've remembered quite clearly thank you.

SEAN:

You're fucking a girl with a boyfriend. A Republican boyfriend. You're fucking a Republican fucker. That's sick, dude.

ERIC:

And you're screwing jail bait. What's your point?

EDWIN:

I'm a little surprised it was you though, Eric. Being the first.

SEAN:

I should've been the first. Fucking beat me by two days.

BRETT:

I was third.

ERIC:

Yeah, to a goat.

JOE:

Ha ha.

BRETT:

You're one to talk, Joe. Even a goat would be a challenge for you.

SEAN:

Yeah, you're gonna lose your virginity to a vacuum hose.

EDWIN:

All right, we've ragged on Joe enough. Corbin! This exit, man! Learn to drive!

CORBIN:

All right! Take your tranquilizers already.

EDWIN:

They're not tranquilizers!

SEAN:

I still can't believe you have been keeping so many secrets, Eric. I have to impose sanctions on you. You're my personal bitch for a week.

ERIC:

That makes sense. I fuck a hotter girl than you, and I'm YOUR bitch for a week. I think it should be the other way around.

EDWIN:

What gives you the right to give out sanctions? Where do sanctions appear in the rules?

SEAN:

Well this raises a question I've been pondering. I was thinking we should add one more rule to the Joy Boy code.

ERIC:

A Rule Seven?

BRETT:

You know seven is a much more complete number than six. Seven days in the week, seven plagues of Egypt, seven signs of the Apocalypse. It's a prime number thing.

JOE:

I think it's dumb.

SEAN:

Shut up, Joe. If you were to add a rule it'd be the fat stupid slob gets first dibs on all girls.

BRETT:

Duuuude, and the worst insult of the day goes to: Sean!

SEAN:

Oh, I'm Brett. I'm a know-it-all goat humping Jew.

EDWIN:

Enough with the Jew jokes!

ERIC:

All right all right. Let's to act seventeen for once. Come on, Sean. What's your rule?

SEAN:

Ok. I wanna like take a vote. Cuz I can't decide what's better. I know we got all these rules. But here's my thing. Can a Joy Boy be kicked out? Could someone do something so wrong that they lose membership?

EDWIN:

What could any of us possibly do that would get us kicked out of the Joy Boys?

SEAN:

I don't know. Like you fucked Eric's mother or something.

ERIC:

Yeah. Real mature, Sean.

BRETT:

Besides, Sean, your mom is the hot one. And she's in menopause, so you don't need birth control.

SEAN:

No, Joe's mom's the hot one. And since you're adopted, Joe, even you could fuck her and it'd be cool.

JOE:

Ew. Maybe your mom should . . . Shut up.

ERIC:

So you're asking, could I do something so awful, you'd never be my friend again?

EDWIN:

Wait, but we don't need a Rule Seven. Joy Boys for life. To the grave. That's what we agreed to. We pounded on it.

CORBIN:

You say it like signed the Rules in blood. We made that pact when we were what, 13 years old? And drunk? We can amend. And I think Sean's got a point. Why would we stay friends with Eric if he's a murderer?

EDWIN:

Eric's not gonna murder anyone.

CORBIN:

How do you know?

EDWIN:

I'm not gonna sit here and think of every contingency, ok? I have faith that nothing will lead you all to kill someone. I know that's a big step, but there.

CORBIN:

See, I don't know if I could forgive you guys for murder. I'm not sure I'd want to, and if I did, I'm not sure I should. What if the ultimate rule of a Joy Boy was to call each other out on our bullshit?

SEAN:

See, that's what I was wondering. Would it be truer to our friendship to have the guts to say, dude, that's not cool?

BRETT:

Totally, dude. The rules say we're supposed to do right by each other. If you hurt another Joy Boy, you are so GONE.

ERIC:

No, no. In this country you're innocent until proven guilty. And we'd have to treat each other that way. I think a Joy Boy should at least get the benefit of the doubt, right?

SEAN:

Joe? Any thoughts on the subject?

JOE:

Uh . . . Rule Seven could be . . . Um . . . Can I decide later?

SEAN:

Let's decide now. We do need a contingency plan. Come on, guys. Rule seven: Is it forgiveness or conviction?

EDWIN:

If there is a Rule Seven it has to be Joy Boys for life.

BRETT:

No, Rule Seven is: if you hurt another Joy Boy - boom - instant exile.

ERIC:

I say Rule Seven is a Joy Boy gets a fair trial and the benefit of the doubt.

CORBIN:

But Rule Seven should be: you do something wrong, I'm crying bullshit.

EDWIN:

No, Joy Boys for life!

BRETT:

Exile, bitches!

ERIC:

Fair trial!

CORBIN:

Bullshit!

JOE:

This is retarded guys!

SEAN:

Fuck it. There are too many choices. It's just hypothetical and shit.

(He turns back out to the audience.)

Yeah. I know. Lame, right? We spent the next four years saying “Rule Seven,” but what the fuck does it mean?

But I wish we’d listened to Corbin. I wish we’d said that a true Joy Boy calls out others on their bullshit. Cuz then I coulda put Eric in his place. You remember this?

ERIC:

That night, I blanked out . . . And the next thing I remember I was . . . Going down on him. . . . Yes I could tell it was consensual. We never really talked, but we were kissing beforehand, and then he was moaning during, and he . . . you know, he finished..

SEAN:

Those were Eric’s words. He seems to play it off so well, huh? But do you remember this:

ERIC:

No more beer, thanks. Taking it easy tonight, I have a meeting with the Senator tomorrow.

SEAN:

Or this:

JOE:

And Eric had come over and helped Sean . . . then we played Warcraft for a few hours and ate some Doritos.

SEAN:

Now riddle me this Eric, you douche bag: You came to in the middle of the act, right? Then how could you remember that you and I were kissing beforehand? And if you were taking it easy that night, how could you be drunk enough pass out after spending hours sobering up with Joe?

See? But the guys never questioned his story. They never asked me my side. Why? Because of the fact that I jizzed. How do you refute your body?

That's the problem. I didn't like, and yet I liked it, you know? Like at first, before I was really awake, I couldn't help but like it. Somebody was sucking my dick. Why wouldn't it feel good? It's like before you wake up you don't know what's going on, you're just stuck with whatever you're dreaming. Well, I must have been dreaming it was my girlfriend.

(CONT.)

SEAN (CONT.):

I used to think, you know, blow job equals girlfriend. Or fuck buddy. Whoever. But . . . then I started to notice the stubble on the lips, and these big hands on me. And they were soft, he had these big manly feminine soft hands . . . and I realized, "Whoa, wait, I broke up with my girl last week. What's going on here?"

And I see him, and I felt so sick, I mean I felt like I wanted to vomit, but the vomit just got like caught in my lungs instead. And I couldn't breath or vomit or move. All I could do was- I mean, he got me off, man. Right then. I was sick and I was cumming at the same time. That's not supposed to happen. I mean I didn't want him doing that. I couldn't even look at him the rest of the night.

And then he called me the next day. He said he wanted to keep it between us but maybe it could happen again sometime. I'm not making this up. He said that. What, I wanted that? I hate that I jizzed cuz now he thinks I want that. He really thought he'd done nothing wrong.

And I couldn't tell him otherwise, cuz like, when I saw the teeth marks that morning, suddenly the vomit was in my lungs again and I couldn't- I didn't know how to- I mean, why was I hard in the first place? I was fucking drunk! And between you and me, I get whiskey dick. You know, what I'm saying? Like, I can't really get it up after a few beers. And I'd had fifteen. I mean my old girlfriends couldn't get me hard sometimes, I . . . I can't believe I'm . . .

So this goes through my head every day. And I have that dream more and more often. And like now I look at you all and wonder, "Do you think I'm like queer or something? You think that don't you?" I can see it in your eyes. And I think about how I used to fuck so many girls. I did. All the- but now I can't at all cuz he's left me with perpetual whiskey dick, like dead dick, dead man-

Ah, fuck. And then it comes back. I still feel like I'm vomiting into my organs and I start worrying I'll cream my pants dreaming of guys again tonight. All this when I used- I . . . Shit!

(He tenses for a moment and then he does the kamayamaya move. It is furious, primal. There is a pause.)

Sorry. I need to do that sometimes, or it'll break me. I . . .

And so this is my life. And here I am, taking Brett's advice, trying to work shit out. And there's no answer- Eric, he always used to quote that dickhead of a father of his, "This will be what you make it." But no matter what I try, who I role play, I can't make this anything else than this. And that means something, cuz why would I willing choose to make my life this- Me standing here telling a bunch of strangers that my friend raped me.

(CONT.)

SEAN (CONT.):

God, that's the first time I've said that out loud. He raped me. . . . I just- I wanna . . .

(He kamayamaya's again, very gently.)

. . . that out of me, but I can't. I'm not Hillary, I'm not gay, I'm not less of a friend, and not less of a man. I'm just- I'm not as strong as I thought, and . . .

And that's all I can make of this.

(Pause.)

Eh, any more talking and I'd be bitching so . . .

(He looks out for a moment. Not sure what to do, and nothing left to say, he simply walks offstage.)

END OF PLAY