

CYBERQUEER

by

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Playwrights Ink
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Eight actors are required--Most roles are doubled

In Real Life:

NELSON, 30s, a linguistics and anthropology professor
RALPH, a beautiful man
PEZ, a scruffy man
MARK, late 20s, a handsome man
REBECCA, 30s, an attractive woman
DOUG, 30s, a well-built man
WALLY, late 20s, a graduate student in 19th-century American lit
AARON, early 20s, an undergraduate

In Cyberqueer:

WICCA, 30s, a lesbian Super User (played by REBECCA)
THOR, late 20s, Nelson's handsome alter ego (played by MARK)
TRANZETTA, 30s, a pre-op transexual (played by REBECCA)
FRODO, 20s, a naive kid (played by AARON)
DIANA, 30s, an aggressive British bisexual (played by REBECCA)
GREYHOUND, 20s, a hip kid (played by WALLY)
DARKHORSE, 30s, a beautiful and sexy man (played by RALPH)
IRONSTUD, 20s-30s, a masked leatherman (played by DOUG)
BUSTER, 20s-30s, from the street (played by PEZ)
UNDERAGE THOR, 17 (played by AARON)
FEMALE DARKHORSE, 30s (played by REBECCA)
ROCKER, 20s-30s, a musician (played by PEZ)
VARIOUS VOICES

The action takes place in a bar, in NELSON'S office at the State University of New York at Albany (SUNY Albany) and in Cyberqueer, a lesbian, gay and bi chat room on the Internet.

SETTING: NELSON'S small office, isolated on one side or at the rear of the stage, is represented by a desk, a chair and a laptop computer. On the other side of the stage is a small cocktail table and two chairs. The rest of the stage is Cyberqueer: dark or blank space, but mutable.

NELSON, an attractive, balding college professor in his thirties, sits at a cocktail table in a bar, waiting. Classical music. He tries to look calm, but he's obviously been waiting quite a while. MARK, a handsome man, comes in, looks around, and smiles at NELSON. NELSON smiles back. REBECCA, an attractive woman, appears and takes MARK'S arm. They leave together. NELSON looks discouraged. RALPH, a beautiful man in his thirties, comes in and nods at NELSON. NELSON nods back. RALPH nods again. NELSON nods again. PEZ, a scruffy man, comes in and kisses RALPH. They leave together. DOUG, a well-built man in his thirties, comes in looking as if he's looking for someone. NELSON sees him and stands. DOUG sees NELSON, pauses as if he's going to speak, and then leaves abruptly. NELSON slowly sits back down. The lights slowly dim. Lights back up on NELSON in his office working intently at his computer. WALLY, a cute graduate student a few years younger than NELSON, walks in with a small paper bag.

WALLY

Minimuffin?

NELSON

Aagh! You scared the pee outta me.

(Taking a muffin.)

Thanks. I'm a little freaky right now--I'm being naughty.

WALLY

What? Obscene e-mail to the chair of your department?

NELSON

No, to yours. Mmmm--chocolate chip. I got the address of a chat room on the internet.

WALLY

I was gonna ask how your weekend was, but I guess this is the answer.

NELSON

A gay and lesbian chat room.

WALLY

Oh, come on. I know Albany's small, but it's not that hard to get a date.

NELSON

Speak for yourself. I hate bars, personals--I tend to get stood up.

WALLY

There are better ways to meet people--

NELSON

And this is one of 'em.

WALLY

Just seems a little cold, that's all.

NELSON

(Resting his hand atop the terminal.)
Warmer than my empty bed.

WALLY

You're too nice to be alone.

NELSON

Nice guys are always alone. You're alone, too.

WALLY

But I can get real dates if I want, with real guys, and have real sex. Maybe fall in real love.

NELSON

I'm not gonna have sex. Just talk to people. You're foul.

WALLY

No, just realistic. There's a prof in the English Department who's completely addicted.

NELSON

James Botkin. I know. He gave me the chat room address.
(Types.)
Here goes.

WALLY

If you're lucky, it won't let you in.

NELSON

Too late--I'm in. Easier than e-mail. Even you could do it.

WALLY

(As they both peer into the computer screen.)
Descent into the maelstrom.

NELSON

Welcome to the twenty-first century, Wally.

WALLY

I prefer the nineteenth, thank you.

Lights come up dimly on the main playing area: Cyberqueer. It is a blank space, with a MAN huddled in the center, his back to the audience. A VOICE sounds over a loudspeaker system. It is WICCA, a Super User, one of the people who run Cyberqueer.

WICCA'S VOICE

Please enter your name.

NELSON types.

MAN

Thor.

WALLY

Thor?! For heaven's sake, Nelson!

NELSON

I can't say Nelson--it's so unsexy. It's anti-erotic!

WICCA'S VOICE

Please enter your password.

WALLY covers his eyes. Throughout, as NELSON types, THOR speaks.

THOR (MAN)

(Whispering.)
Nelson.

A musical flourish is heard.

WICCA'S VOICE

Blessed be. Welcome to Cyberqueer, a lesbian, gay and bi safe space. Homophobia and hate speech will not be tolerated. If you agree to abide by the natural rules of a pre-patriarchal, queer-friendly society, type yes.

WALLY

Natural rules? What does that mean?

THOR

Yes.

WICCA'S VOICE

This portion is not required. Please describe yourself. Age?

THOR

Twenty-eight.

WALLY

Oh, you big liar!

NELSON

It's only seven years.

WICCA'S VOICE

Hair?

THOR

(Running his hand through his hair.)
Golden brown, thick and luxurious.

WICCA'S VOICE

Eyes?

THOR

(Running his hand across his eyes.)
Sky blue.

WICCA

Body description?

THOR

Buff and tan.

THOR turns to face the audience. He is buff and handsome, and wears jeans but no shirt.

WALLY

In the middle of winter?

NELSON

You can't take this so seriously! I'm just playing.

WALLY

Playing in traffic on the information superhighway.

THOR

(Dons a fringed, deerskin jacket.)

--And I'm a linguist specializing in Native American languages.

WALLY

Finally the truth about something!

NELSON

Some people find linguistics very sexy.

A wind effect and WICCA breezes into
Cyberqueer. Her outfit is vaguely Celtic.

WICCA

Blessed be, Thor. I'm Wicca.

NELSON

Oh, no! There's somebody there! What'll I say?

WICCA

I'm a Super User. If you have any questions at any time, just type "shout Wicca" and I'll hear you wherever I am.

WALLY

Type something or she'll think you're an idiot!

WICCA

This is just the lobby of Cyberqueer. We've got lots of specialty rooms. I don't usually welcome newbies personally, but I saw by your description you're a linguist.

THOR

Jello.

NELSON

Dammit, typo!

WICCA

And so articulate!

THOR

I mean, hello.

WICCA

Do you teach?

THOR

Yes.

WICCA

Where? I'm a grad student at the University of Kansas. That's where Cyberqueer is based.

NELSON

Should I say? What if--?

WALLY

Oh, go ahead and tell her. You're not even real, so neither is she.

THOR

SUNY Albany.

WICCA

Oh, do you know Miss Tranzetta?

WALLY AND NELSON

Miss Tranzetta?!

NELSON

Do you suppose that's James?

WALLY

Gotta be.

WICCA

She's this close--

(Indicates penis length.)

--To being a real woman.

WALLY
But he's so conservative on campus.

THOR
Yes, I think so.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(Over the loudspeaker. British accent.)
Who wants to fuck me? I'm desperate!

THOR
(Jumps.)
What was that?

WICCA
That was a shout. Diana's a bisexual tramp. I'll have to go speak to her. We try to discourage shouting obscenities. Also, no homophobia! Anyone who engages in hate speech gets nuked.

NELSON
Wow, she types fast!

DIANA'S VOICE
(Over the loudspeaker.)
Please!

WICCA
Gotta go.
(Gesturing.)
May Eurus the adventurous Eastern wind be at thy back. May the fox lead you to its den.

THOR
Wait, how--

WICCA
Read the help menus!

Wind effect and WICCA disappears. THOR stands there dumbfounded.

NELSON
People come and go so quickly here.

WALLY

And here. I actually have a discussion section to lead.
(Starts to go.)

In Cyberqueer IRONSTUD, a leatherman with a ridiculously bulging crotch, struts into the room and sizes THOR up.

NELSON

No, don't leave me alone!

WALLY

I'm sure you'll make plenty of friends very quickly, Thor.

IRONSTUD takes off his shirt, revealing more hair and muscles. He poses.

NELSON

Thanks for the minimuffins. Chocolate's my favorite.

WALLY

Ciao, bello!
(Leaves.)

IRONSTUD walks up to the immobile THOR and strokes THOR'S crotch. THOR does not react.

NELSON

(Turning back to the screen.)
Aagh!

BUSTER, arrives on a skateboard. He looks tough and scary, but sexy in a streetwise way.

BUSTER

What the fuck is this?

IRONSTUD

He's playing statue.

BUSTER

I'll wake him up.

BUSTER twists THOR'S nipple.

Ow!

NELSON

These model types think they don't have to do anything.

IRONSTUD

I'll do you.

BUSTER

(Pulling a rope around BUSTER.)

No, I'll do you.

IRONSTUD

I'm not impressed.

BUSTER

You don't have to be impressed--you're gonna be impaled.

IRONSTUD

Wanna come to my place? I've got more rope.

BUSTER

I've got a torture chamber.

IRONSTUD

Kewl!

BUSTER

A torture chamber?!

NELSON

BUSTER and IRONSTUD disappear.
GREYHOUND, a cute boy in his 20s, bounds
into the lobby of Cyberqueer.
GREYHOUND barks at THOR.

Aren't ya gonna pet me?

GREYHOUND

Looks safe enough.

NELSON

Or at least say hi?

GREYHOUND

Jo.

THOR

What?

GREYHOUND

Shit!

NELSON

I mean, hi. I had my fingers on the wrong keys.

THOR

I thought you were just being a linguist. You certainly do live up to your description.

GREYHOUND

This is all very weird for me.

THOR

You need a tour guide. I'm fast. Follow me. Just type join Greyhound and I'll show you the other rooms.

GREYHOUND

Thanks.

THOR

I like you. See?
(Reveals and wags his tail.)

GREYHOUND

Oh, my.

THOR

(Licks THOR'S cheek.)
C'mon!

GREYHOUND

GREYHOUND bounds away, barking. THOR looks stunned.

NELSON

Okay, here we go. Join Greyhound.

Immediate blackout on both areas. In the darkness a montage of overlapping voices whispers and groans.

Kiss me.	NERD
Suck it.	IRONSTUD
Let me lick it.	TRANZETTA
Gonna eat out your ass.	GREYHOUND
Kiss me, please!	NERD
Take it--all of it!	IRONSTUD
(Gagging sounds.) Galagallaag!	TRANZETTA
Tongue-fuck that ass!	IRONSTUD
Your hairy butt tastes so good!	GREYHOUND
Swallow it, bitch.	IRONSTUD
Oh, please, just one kiss!	NERD
Oh, man, your cock is too big, too thick-- (Gagging sounds.)	TRANZETTA

Someone has an orgasm.

IRONSTUD

Suck that ass! Suck that dick!

The sound montage ends abruptly as the lights come up dimly on NELSON at his desk and brightly on Cyberqueer as THOR stumbles into the space. There is soft organ music and a stained-glass window effect. For a moment, THOR just stands there gasping. Then DARKHORSE strides purposefully into the room. DARKHORSE is well-built, handsome and wears a wonderfully tailored tuxedo.

THOR

Oh, hi. Were you in that orgy room?

DARKHORSE

I followed you.

THOR

I had to get out. Too much for me.

DARKHORSE

A buncha people typing orgasms.

THOR

A little silly.

DARKHORSE

The ultimate in finger-fucking.

THOR

Why'd you follow me?

DARKHORSE

In the midst of all that carnality you seemed...introspective.

THOR

Not prudish?

DARKHORSE

Reticent. It was cute.

THOR

I'm Thor.

DARKHORSE

Darkhorse.

THOR

Good name.

DARKHORSE

Thanks. Are you really a linguist?

THOR

I'm writing a Choctaw dictionary.

DARKHORSE

Very cool.

THOR

What do you do?
 (DARKHORSE just stands there, immobile.)
 I mean, for a living. Not sexually.
 (DARKHORSE is still immobile.)
 I'm sorry. I understand if that's too personal. I'm fairly private myself.
 (Still no reaction.)
 Nice chapel. Queer nondenominational, I assume?
 (No reaction.)
 Look, this is awkward for me, so if I've said something offensive, I'm sorry.
 (No reaction.)
 I think I'm gonna go.
 (No reaction.)
 Well, sorry. I thought you wanted to talk. And you seemed--

DARKHORSE

(Bursts out into a rapid monologue.)
 I'm a computer programmer in San Jose. Silicon Valley. But I'm originally from San Diego. I make computer chips. Uh-oh, looks like we've got some lag. I took a linguistics class in college, just the basics, but I liked it. Liked figuring out the logic of languages, semantics, phonology, etc. This damn lag! Haven't been in Cyberqueer long. You're the first decent guy I've met.
 (Sings--perhaps with chorus.)
 Do you know the way to San Jose?
 I've been away so long, I might go wrong and lose my way

THOR

Wow. What was that?

DARKHORSE

Time-delay. Lag. I'm having trouble with my server. If you keep typing, it all comes out in a rush.

AUSTRALIAN BOY

(Over the loudspeaker.)
Anybody on from Australia?

THOR

(Jumps.)
Those shouts freak me out.

DARKHORSE

You'll get used to it. I've only been on a couple of times and already it doesn't bother me.

THOR

I started two days ago and I've already logged three hours.

DARKHORSE

That's nothing. Some people have been on for hundreds.

AUSTRALIAN MAN

(Over the loudspeaker.)
I'm in Sydney!

THOR

Aren't you scared of getting addicted?

DARKHORSE

Not till now.

THOR

Thanks. I think. I mean, was that a compliment?

DARKHORSE

Yes.

THOR

I'm in Albany, New York. Never been to California.

DARKHORSE

Sometimes I have business in New York. Conferences.

THOR

Really?

DARKHORSE

Are you this shy IRL?

THOR

IRL?

DARKHORSE

In Real Life.

THOR

Oh. I'm worse.

DARKHORSE

Do you have a boyfriend?

THOR

No. If I did would I be here?

DARKHORSE

I'm single, too.

THOR

Now I'm getting embarrassed.

DARKHORSE

Self-image problem?

THOR

No. Yes.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY BOY

(Over the loudspeaker.)
Buffaloboy, like, where are you?

DARKHORSE

I bet you're cute IRL. Are you really buff and tan?

THOR

Sure.

DARKHORSE

A lot of people lie. I don't mind.

THOR

Are you lying? In Real Life you're a scabrous two-headed toad?

DARKHORSE

That's right. With no dick. Just a bump. Say something in Choctaw.

THOR

Achokmah.

DARKHORSE

Meaning?

THOR

Okay, fine.

DARKHORSE

What do you do for fun in that chilly state?

THOR

Read a lot.

DARKHORSE

What do you read?

THOR

Noam Chomsky, Jacques Derrida.

DARKHORSE

No fiction, huh? Just theory?

THOR

You know theorists. I'm impressed.

DARKHORSE

I try to keep up. Do you like Umberto Eco?

THOR

Yes, even the fiction.

DARKHORSE

I prefer fiction. Did you read Foucault's Pendulum?

THOR

Yes, wasn't it hilariously pretentious?

FRODO edges quietly into the room. He is very young and wears glasses.

FRODO

(Shyly, but shouting.)
HI!

DARKHORSE

Hi there.

THOR

Hi.

FRODO

ARE YOU GUYS GAY OR LESBIAN?

THOR

Gay.

DARKHORSE

I'm a lesbian.

FRODO

I MEAN, I'M SORRY--

DARKHORSE

(Hollering as well.)
PLEASE STOP SHOUTING!

FRODO

WHAT?

THOR

Stop typing in ALL CAPITAL LETTERS!

FRODO

OH! Oh.

DARKHORSE

Much better. In answer to your question, everyone here is gay or lesbian.

FRODO

Oh, good. I get so scared.

THOR

Well, this is the chapel.

FRODO

I mean scared. Typo, sorry.

DARKHORSE

Don't be scared.

FRODO

But I think I'm gay.

THOR

That's great.

FRODO

No, it's not. Everyone will hate me.

DARKHORSE

How old are you?

FRODO

Eighteen.

THOR

Where are you?

FRODO

In my room.

DARKHORSE

What city?

FRODO

Souix Falls.

THOR

There's bound to be a gay bar there.

DARKHORSE

Full of nice, midwestern boys who took drama in high school.

They'll rape me!

FRODO

No, they won't!

THOR

Oh, no--my mother!

FRODO

FRODO disappears.

I remember that.

DARKHORSE

Me, too. A long time ago.

THOR

(Quickly.)
How long?

DARKHORSE

Not that long, actually. Ten years or so. How old are you?

THOR

Thirty-five.

DARKHORSE

Wow, an older man.

THOR

(Sings from Don Pasquale.)
Non abbiate paura
E Don Pasquale
Padrone e amico mio
Il re dei galantuomini
Rispondete al saluto

DARKHORSE

(Singing.)
Grazie...serva.

THOR

Molto bene! How does someone your age know Don Pasquale?
(THOR stands frozen for a moment.)

DARKHORSE

Lag?

THOR

I played the oboe in a college production.

DARKHORSE

That explains those lips.

THOR

Yeah, listen, I gotta go teach a class.

DARKHORSE

Are you a full professor?

(THOR stands frozen for a moment.)

You're awful young for tenure.

(THOR is still frozen.)

Bad lag.

THOR

I'm still a grad student.

DARKHORSE

But you teach?

THOR

Just a section. I really have to go.

DARKHORSE

Will you be back on later?

THOR

Maybe. Bye!

Lights out instantly on Cyberqueer as light
brighten on NELSON in his office jumping
away from the computer as if it had bitten him.

NELSON

Aaagh! You are evil! Naughty Cyberqueer, wrong, bad!

WALLY

(Running in, out of breath.)

Quit screaming--the chair of your tenure committee just walked by.

NELSON

You were right. It's pernicious!

WALLY
What happened?
(Tossing NELSON a bakery bag.)
Raspberry walnut rugula.

NELSON
Thanks. I almost got caught lying about my age.

WALLY
So?

NELSON
I liked it.

WALLY
Lying?

NELSON
And I was good at it. Nimble, even.

WALLY
So you lied to a stranger. Big deal.

NELSON
He seemed like a nice guy. I didn't want him to think I was a fraud.

WALLY
You are a fraud. Maybe he is, too.

NELSON
He knew Chomsky and opera. And reads fiction!

WALLY
So does everyone at this university.

NELSON
Yes, but he's--

WALLY
--In cyberspace. If you type it, they will come.

NELSON
And he seemed to like me.

Where is he?

WALLY

In San Jose. He manufactures chips.

NELSON

At least he's far enough away to be safe.

WALLY

He comes to New York on business.

NELSON

You've got a crush on a 400-pound, pimply computer nerd who doesn't even exist!

WALLY

No, I don't. He's just the first interesting person I've found.

NELSON

You're not going back.

WALLY

I don't know.

NELSON

That means you are.

WALLY

No, it doesn't.

NELSON

Instant blackout. In the darkness, THOR shouts.

THOR

Darkhorse, where are you?

Lights up full on THOR in Cyberqueer and dimly on NELSON at his desk. THOR is on the beach, as evidenced by sounds of waves, seagulls and a large shell on the floor. He's wearing a bathing suit and puts on sunglasses. DIANA dances in, wearing a sexy dress.

DIANA

(British accent.)

Well, hello!

THOR

Hi.

DIANA

Oh, dear. I'm overdressed.

DIANA'S dress flies off and disappears. She's wearing a provocative bathing suit.

THOR

Neat trick.

DIANA

(Advancing on him.)
That's what they all say. I'm Diana.

THOR

I'm Thor. Pull up a towel.

DIANA

I heard you're a linguist.

THOR

What a gossipy place.

DIANA

I'm bisexual.

THOR

That's nice. Is it fun?

DIANA

It just got funner.
(She jumps on top of THOR.)

THOR

(As they wrestle.)
What are you doing?! I'm gay!

DIANA

I don't care! You're nice! You talked to me!

THOR

I only like girls aesthetically!

Nobody ever talks to me!

DIANA

I wonder why! Help!

THOR

DARKHORSE strides in to the tune of Ride of the Valkyies and wearing a dramatic cape.

DARKHORSE

Hey guys, what's up?

THOR

(Struggling to stand up.)
Not me!

DIANA

Oh, please, just bonk me, please!

DARKHORSE

He can't. He's gay. Aren't you?

THOR

Yes!

DIANA

(Embracing DARKHORSE.)
Then you do me!

DARKHORSE

I'm gay, too! I'm looking for him.

FRODO edges quietly onto the beach. He is wearing nothing but his glasses.

FRODO

Hi.

DIANA

Well, hello! Aren't we a perky fellow?

FRODO looks down and realizes he's naked.

FRODO

Oh, no! Some man ripped my clothes off in the orgy room. I thought they'd come back when I went somewhere else.

DIANA

(Advancing on FRODO.)
I'm Diana. I'm bisexual.

FRODO screams and disappears. DIANA disappears after him.

DARKHORSE

Were you about to lose your cybercherry?

THOR

She'd probably give me cybercrabs.

DARKHORSE

Like my new cape?

THOR

Did you come to save me?

DARKHORSE

Indeed, I did. Almost everybody on here is a kid. I appreciate older guys.

THOR

Hey, I'm younger than you.

DARKHORSE

That's right. And you sure look good in a bathing suit.

THOR

Uh...thanks.

Embarrassed, THOR turns away. A bathrobe flies out of the wings (or from above) into his arms. He puts it on.

DARKHORSE

Now, why are you doing that?

THOR

Charity. I don't want to overwhelm you.

DARKHORSE

Too late.

THOR

I'm reading a Robertson Davies novel.

DARKHORSE

Fiction.

(Tugging provocatively at THOR'S bathrobe belt.)
Am I an evil influence?

THOR

(In a nervous tug-o-war with the belt.)
He writes about academics, so it's not that far from real life.

DARKHORSE

(Using the belt to pull him closer.)
The hell with reality. What do you want right now?

THOR

Um...moonlight?

DARKHORSE snaps his fingers and the
lighting changes to blue moonlight.

THOR

I'm impressed.

THOR holds out his hand and DARKHORSE
takes it. They walk the beach together. THOR
picks up the shell.

THOR

This is so romantic. Too bad it's not real.

DARKHORSE

What do you mean it's not real?

THOR

Not actual. Physical.

DARKHORSE

(Puts his arms around THOR.)
This is physical.

THOR

But I mean so you can feel it.

I can feel it. In my heart. And elsewhere. Can't you?

DARKHORSE

Um...yeah, I guess so.

THOR

Good thing I have a desk.

DARKHORSE

Good thing I have a laptop. I tend to leak.

THOR

Let's go to my place.

DARKHORSE

Okay.

THOR

Lighting changes to shadows of tree branches.
Sound effects change to jungle noises.

Wow!

THOR

It's a treehouse.

DARKHORSE

How Swiss Family Robinson.

THOR

(As he hangs up a hammock.)
Would you like a drink?

DARKHORSE

A passion-fruit kiwi blue mango surprise. But I bet you don't have Trinidadian rum.

THOR

(Pulling two very weird drinks from nowhere.)
Just in today. Come recline.

DARKHORSE

They sit in the hammock and sip their drinks.

DARKHORSE

I'm coming to New York in three weeks.

THOR

Where are you staying?

DARKHORSE

The Franklin on Eighty-seventh. They remodeled it a few years ago--

THOR

That's where I usually stay. You can catch the four, five or six right around the corner at 86th.

DARKHORSE

Hey.

THOR

What?

DARKHORSE

Quit talking about trains and hotels.

THOR

What should I talk about?

DARKHORSE kisses THOR on the mouth,
very gently.

DARKHORSE

Too bad that wasn't real.

THOR

No, I felt it. Feel it. Believe me. I'm getting a Real Life stain.

DARKHORSE

You are leaky. But stop talking about it.

DARKHORSE takes THOR in his arms and
they start making out in the hammock.

THOR

I'm having a primal urge.

DARKHORSE

Indulge it.

Can I...? THOR

What? DARKHORSE

I want to... THOR

What? Don't be coy. DARKHORSE

I know it's presumptuous, but-- THOR

What?! DARKHORSE

Can I send you e-mail? THOR

No. DARKHORSE

I'm sorry. I told you it was presumptuous. THOR

That's okay. I wish you could. They monitor the e-mail here at work. DARKHORSE

Fascists. THOR

Yeah. DARKHORSE

They make out some more, but THOR stops moving or responding in any way.

Babe, what is it? Did I hurt you? Sorry if I'm rushing things. I'm sorry about the e-mail. I'm not making it up. Say something! DARKHORSE

Lights out instantly on Cyberqueer and up full

on NELSON in his office. AARON, a student,
has just come in.

AARON

I'm sorry, Professor, you're in the middle of something.

NELSON

(Leaping up, steering AARON away from the terminal.)
No, not at all, Aaron. How can I help you?

AARON

It's about my paper.

NELSON

(Struggling to re-enter Real Life.)
Which was that? Remind me.
(Notices a big stain in his crotch.)

AARON

My interview with the Seminole consultant.

NELSON

(Grabbing the paper.)
Let me see it!
(Covers his crotch with the paper.)
What grade did I give you?

AARON

Well, it's right on there.

NELSON

(Straining to read paper in his crotch.)
Indeed it is. A B, isn't it?
(Trying to get back behind his desk.)

AARON

You gave me a D.

NELSON

Well, it should have been a B.
(Sitting at his desk, he scribbles a new grade.)
Here. What was I thinking?

AARON

Thanks, professor! I was hoping maybe a C--

NELSON

Well, I'll lower it to a C if you'd like.

AARON

No, no, a B is fine. Thank you, thank you!

NELSON

I'm very busy, now.

AARON

Of course, sorry to bother you during office hours. Good-bye, professor.

NELSON

Good-bye.

As soon as AARON is gone, NELSON leaps up and locks the door. He examines his crotch stain in despair, then shoves a handful of Kleenex into his pants and sits back down at the computer. Lights out on the office and up on an almost empty room in Cyberqueer. DARKHORSE, who has augmented his costume with big, dramatic boots, is chatting with FRODO, who now has clothes on.

DARKHORSE

So you've never had sex in Real Life?

FRODO turns his head sideways and makes a sad face.

FRODO

You don't know what Souix Falls is like.

DARKHORSE

Yes, I do. I grew up in Omaha.

FRODO

So you know. Life is hell. I'm going to kill myself.
(Turns his head sideways and makes a sad face.)

DARKHORSE

Do you have net sex?

FRODO

People rip my clothes off, but when they find out I'm only 18, they stop.

DARKHORSE

Keep trying in Cyberqueer and maybe that'll give you more confidence for Real Life.

FRODO

Do you want to have sex with me?
(Turns his head sideways and smiles.)

DARKHORSE

I sorta have a cyberboyfriend. Please stop making those stupid happy and sad faces with your colon and parenthesis!

FRODO

I can do other things with my colon--wanna see? Sorry. A sorta boyfriend?

DARKHORSE

I think he likes me, but he acts a little weird. Reticent.

FRODO

Is that when you keep going back to jail?

DARKHORSE

That's recidivism.

FRODO

I'm just ready to jump the next guy I see.

BIGDUDE

(Over the loudspeaker.)
At what age did you lose your virginity?

DARKHORSE

(Shouting.)
Eighteen.

FRODO

(Shouting.)
Don't know yet.

BUSTER arrives on his skateboard.

BUSTER

Who wants sex?

FRODO

I do, I do!

BUSTER

You wanna get fucked?

FRODO

Yes.

DARKHORSE

Frodo, I don't think you should.

BUSTER

You gotta suck my dick first.

FRODO

Okay.

As FRODO drops to his knees, the theme from Friends plays and THOR strolls into the room.

DARKHORSE

Thor!

THOR

You like my new theme music?

BUSTER pulls his large, hard dick from his pants and FRODO starts sucking it.

THOR

(Sees FRODO sucking BUSTER.)
Oh, dear.

Yeah, boy, you're a good sucker.

BUSTER

Oh, dear is right.

DARKHORSE

You wanna go somewhere else?

THOR

A good little faggot.

BUSTER

It's that kid from Souix Falls. I kinda wanna keep an eye on him.

DARKHORSE

Hey, man, not so hard! That's enough, you goddam cocksucker! It's gonna come loose!

BUSTER

Hey, asshole, he's just a kid!

DARKHORSE

Goddam motherfucking cocksucker!!

BUSTER

BUSTER pushes FRODO away, and
BUSTER'S cock comes off in FRODO'S
mouth, the severed end dripping blood.

(Pulling the cock from his mouth.)
Aagh! Help!

FRODO

(Shouting.)
Wicca, we need you!

DARKHORSE

You bit off my cock! You little pansy!

BUSTER

I didn't mean to! It just came off!

FRODO

(Over the loudspeaker.)
Wicca, we need you!

DARKHORSE'S VOICE

Choke on it, pussyboy!

BUSTER

BUSTER chokes FRODO with the severed cock. DARKHORSE and THOR grab BUSTER.

Stop that! What would your mama say?

DARKHORSE

Help! Help me!

FRODO

Hold him!

THOR

DARKHORSE holds the struggling BUSTER while THOR takes the cock. Wind effect and WICCA appears wearing willow branches on her head.

Blessed be. What's going on here?

WICCA

(Gasping.)
I'm dying!

FRODO

He choked him!

THOR

He bit off my dick.

BUSTER

He engaged in homophobic discourse!

DARKHORSE

Did you?

WICCA

You bet I did, cuntlick!

BUSTER

Prepare to be nuked, asshole.

WICCA

(Chanting.)

Eolus, Boreas, Eurus and Notus! Four winds of heaven--!

BUSTER

What? Are you gonna fart me outta here?

WICCA

--Converge and purify this place!

WICCA gestures, there is a blinding red flash, a brief blackout and a horrible sound.

BUSTER screams and when the lights come up, he is gone. Only his charred clothes remain. They all stare at the clothes. WICCA takes a step toward FRODO, DARKHORSE and THOR. They all step back.

WICCA

Are any of you homophobic?

DARKHORSE, THOR AND FRODO

No!

THOR

I do believe in homos, I do, I do, I do!

DARKHORSE

So that was nuking?

WICCA

(Drawing a magic circle around BUSTER'S clothes.)

That's correct. Stay outside this charm circle till I've purged his memory with elderberries.

THOR

What happened to him?

WICCA

(Dropping berries on the clothes.)

I just blew him off the system and he'll never be able to log back on--at least not with that name or password.

FRODO

I'm dying!

WICCA

You can't die in cyberspace unless you want to.

DARKHORSE

Or if Wicca wants you to.

FRODO

It hurts.

DARKHORSE

Then I'll heal you.

(Turns away upstage and fiddles with his pants.)

WICCA

Since when are you a healer?

THOR

Since he said so.

THOR pulls FRODO to his feet.

WICCA

You can't just go around healing people!

DARKHORSE turns around and produces a glass of urine.

DARKHORSE

Drink this.

FRODO

It's pee!

DARKHORSE

Filth therapy from the Middle Ages. Great for throat injuries.

WICCA

I'll take care of him.

(Chanting.)

Southern wind of healing and rebirth--

I can't drink pee!

FRODO

It's only cyberpee.

THOR

(Chanting.)

WICCA

--Run on rabbit feet through sage and fennel to help this child--!

Die if you want.

DARKHORSE

As DARKHORSE starts to pour out the urine, FRODO grabs it and drinks it down. FRODO falls back into THOR'S arms, then jumps up, healed.

It worked! Huggles for everyone!

(Hugs DARKHORSE.)

FRODO

You're bending the natural rules, Darkhorse. I'm the healer of Cyberqueer.

WICCA

So sue me, I'm unnatural.

(To THOR.)

Quick, let's go to my place.

DARKHORSE

(Holding up the severed penis.)

Hey, can I keep this?

FRODO

Immediate blackout. In the darkness, a shout is heard.

(Over the loudspeaker.)

WICCA'S VOICE

Just nuked a homophobe! Violators beware!

Music. Lights up on THOR and

DARKHORSE making out in the hammock in the treehouse. Tree shadows and jungle sounds.

DARKHORSE

Nothing like nuking a homophobe to make you horny.

THOR

I bet you've never been scared of anything.

DARKHORSE

(Holding THOR.)
Nope--well, just one thing.

There is a loud thump.

THOR

Is that it?

DARKHORSE

Recurrent nightmare.

Another loud thump.

THOR

It's coming closer! What is it?

DARKHORSE

I'm sure it's just a general anxiety symbol--fear of being consumed by something--

Two more loud thumps.

THOR

Stop it! The ground is shaking!

DARKHORSE

It's a tyrannosaurus.

More thumps, louder and closer.

THOR

Okay, okay--

(DARKHORSE waves his hand and the thumps cease.)

DARKHORSE

I'll be in New York two weeks from Thursday.

THOR

Have you ever had a boyfriend in Real Life?

DARKHORSE

Lots.

THOR

Then why are you in Cyberqueer?

DARKHORSE

To find you.

THOR

You always know the right thing to type.

DARKHORSE

And how many boyfriends have you had IRL?

THOR

Just one. And I'd rather not talk about him.

DARKHORSE

You don't have to talk about anything you don't want to.

THOR

Still too painful, you know.

DARKHORSE

Sure. How long ago did that end? Can I ask that?

THOR

He's been gone two years.

DARKHORSE

Did he die? I'm sorry--I shouldn't--

THOR

No, it's all right. He didn't die. Just left. Before that he cheated on me--a lot. I never talk about him IRL, but here it seems--

DARKHORSE

Safer?

Less at stake.

THOR

Right.

DARKHORSE

He was an undergrad. Six years younger. An error in judgment.

THOR

How long did the error last?

DARKHORSE

Two years. Then he met someone else. Seven years younger than he was.

THOR

Thirteen?

DARKHORSE

He was a jerk, not a pedophile!

THOR

Maybe my math is wrong. You're 28 now, broke up two years ago, together two years, he was six years younger--

DARKHORSE

You can see why I don't like to talk about him.

THOR

Wait--you said he was an undergrad--

DARKHORSE

Please!

THOR

Sorry. But you're getting over him now? Been apart as long as you were together--

DARKHORSE

That's what Wally says.

THOR

Who's that?

DARKHORSE

An American Lit grad student who hates Cyberqueer.

DARKHORSE

Let's not talk about him either. Jiss me.

THOR

What?

DARKHORSE

Freudian typo. Kiss me.

(Leans toward THOR, who stops him.)

THOR

I've got some more Choctaw for you: chichonkash champoli siyah.

DARKHORSE

Meaning?

THOR

I am your sweetheart. It's a joke among Choctaws cause it literally means the heart that is sweet.

DARKHORSE

Chichonkash champoli siyah.

DARKHORSE pulls THOR close and snaps his fingers and "Bolero" plays. THOR snaps his fingers and the music switches to Madonna. DARKHORSE snaps his fingers and a baroque piano concerto plays. THOR snaps and we hear the latest pop favorite. DARKHORSE is disgusted.

THOR

I don't think I'm ready for netsex yet.

DARKHORSE

(Turning away, annoyed.)
That's okay.

FRODO appears, wearing nothing but a diaper.

FRODO

Daddy?

FRODO disappears.

THOR

You're amazing--got me to unburden my whole stupid history--but there's so much about you I don't know.

DARKHORSE

Like what?

THOR

How do you get along with your parents? Do you have any siblings? Were you ever sexually abused?

(DARKHORSE just sits there, immobile.)

Oh, you were! I'm sorry. Question withdrawn. I can ask more innocuous questions like what's your favorite Star Trek episode. The original Star Trek. I like City on the Edge of Forever cause it's the only time I ever cared what happened to Joan Collins.

(Stares at the immobile DARKHORSE.)

Oh. Lag. Okay, if you're gonna get a diatribe from me it might as well be a good one.

DARKHORSE

(Rapidly, overlapping.)

I get along great with my folks. And I think that's a great question.

THOR

(Rapidly, overlapping.)

I like you but you scare me to death. It's all the same thing.

DARKHORSE

(Overlapping.)

You're so smart. And humorous. And courageous. And I think we've got some lag.

THOR

(Overlapping.)

I like you cause you scare me to death and you scare me to death cause I like you.

DARKHORSE

(Overlapping.)

Look, if you really want to get to know me, come meet me in New York.

THOR

(Overlapping.)

You're funny and brave and...and you like me, you really like me! Sorry, briefly possessed by Sally Field.

DARKHORSE

(Overlapping.)

It's only three hours away for you--I checked. You can take the train down the Hudson.

THOR

(Overlapping.)

It's just that nobody ever really liked me before. Aquiles said he did, but I didn't believe him.

DARKHORSE

(Overlapping.)

Man, this lag is so bad I bet I'm gonna get booted off.

THOR

(Overlapping.)

That self-esteem thing, you know. Learning to love yourself as much as Whitney Houston.

DARKHORSE

(Overlapping.)

We can just have a drink and if we make each other throw up, then I'll pay for your ticket. Even if you're a scabrous two-headed toad with no dick. Or even if you're lying a little bit about your age. Or if you have no hair. Cause even if you're a hot, 28 year-old stud only in Cyberqueer, where did that come from? Inside you, right? Your imagination. And imagination doesn't get old or lose its hair unless you want it to. And that's what I think I could fall in love with.

THOR

I think--

DARKHORSE

What?

THOR

I think Mr. Toad wants a Wild Ride down the Hudson.

DARKHORSE

Tell me your name. Your real name. Hurry--I think I'm getting booted off.

THOR

It's Nelson. What's yours?

DARKHORSE

It's--

There is a thunderclap and the stage plunges into darkness. When the lights come up, THOR sits on the floor in a bare Cyberqueer room gazing dreamily into space. Lights slowly come up on NELSON at the computer in a similar pose and wearing the same dazed smile. There is a knock at the door.

NELSON

(Jumping.)
Who is it?

WALLY

(Off.)
Internet police! Open up!

NELSON

Just a sec.

NELSON gets up to open the door, checking the condition of his pants on the way. There is no spot. He lets WALLY in.

WALLY

(Handing NELSON a bakery bag.)
Are you on?

NELSON

No, I'm in.

WALLY

In Cyberqueer?

NELSON

In love.

WALLY

With that Darkhorse character?

NELSON

He's dreamy. What's this?

Suddenly THOR, blank-faced, rips off his deerskin jacket and throws it into the wings.

WALLY

Coconut dog turds. You're positively glowing.

(Examines NELSON'S face.)

Your eyes have been replaced by cathode ray tubes!

NELSON

(He eats a coconut cookie.)

Mmm. Divine. He saved this kid from choking to death by making him drink urine.

WALLY

Doctor Cyberfuckingkildare!

NELSON

I feel so comfortable with him, told him all about Aquiles.

WALLY

The Greek hero or the heel.

NELSON

My ex. The heel.

WALLY

I didn't know you had an ex.

NELSON

Yeah, well, I don't talk about him.

WALLY

Except to Black Beauty or whatever his name is.

NELSON

Darkhorse!

WALLY

Am I your best friend?

NELSON

I guess so. You bring pastries.

WALLY

For a year and a half! But after just two weeks you're spilling your guts to--your Friend Flicka! You don't know anything about him. You don't know his age--

Thirty-five!
 Nelson
 Where he grew up--
 Wally
 San Diego!
 Nelson
 His HIV status.
 Wally
 He doesn't know mine either. But I do know I'm in love with him.
 Nelson
 You're in love with text! Words! Binary code!
 Wally
 You sound jealous of binary code!
 Wally
 I read some articles about cybersex--these relationships rarely survive into the real world.
 THOR takes off his pants and throws them into the wings, still blank-faced.
 Nelson
 They're not supposed to! They're fantasies! In Cyberqueer everybody's beautiful, you can have whatever you want, there's no impotence, no aging, no HIV--it's a perfect world!
 Wally
 Which is why it can't be real.
 Nelson
 He wants to buy me a train ticket to Manhattan to meet him.
 Wally
 Good. Then you'll see the reality behind the fantasy and your cyber peepee will finally go soft.
 Nelson
 Actually, I think I'm falling for his mind.

WALLY does his excellent imitation of an Alien popping out of John Hurt's chest.

NELSON

Are you through?

WALLY

You are! You've got to stop. The cybersyphilis has reached your brain!

NELSON

I know I should quit while I'm ahead--he almost caught me lying about my age again. I can't let him meet me and find out I lied about my looks, too.

WALLY

Why not?

NELSON

Cause I know how I'd feel if someone lied to me that way. How can I get out of it? I don't wanna be rude.

WALLY

See, even you don't think it's real.

NELSON

Yes, it is! I love him!

WALLY

But do you think it's going to work out? Really? Be honest with me here in real life for just a moment.

NELSON

No.

WALLY

Scare him away. Tell him--I know--tell him you're underage!

NELSON

I can't do that.

WALLY

You're already lying by seven years--what's another ten? Ciao, bello!

NELSON

(Glancing at the screen as WALLY disappears.)
Oh, my gosh! What's happening to my clothes?

THOR realizes he's been ripping off his own

clothes.

THOR

Whoever's doing that, stop it!
(Staggers backward, as if pushed.)
Help! Help!

THOR is pushed against a wall by an invisible force. Conveniently placed shackles clamp onto his outstretched arms and legs.

THOR

Who's there? Let me go!

A loud, evil laugh echoes through Cyberqueer.
IRONSTUD suddenly reveals himself.

IRONSTUD

Greetings, slave. You must be new. I'm Ironstud.

THOR

How'd you do that?

IRONSTUD

Definitely new.
(Sniffs THOR.)
Fresh, even.
(He pulls the waistband of THOR'S underwear.)
Nobody wears underwear in cyberspace.
(He pulls off the underwear, leaving THOR naked.)

THOR

Hey! I don't do net sex.

IRONSTUD

You don't have to do a thing. I'm gonna do you, vassal.

THOR

Now hold on a sex--I mean, sec!

IRONSTUD

(Reaching into his pants.)
You're at the mercy of my thick, throbbing dick!
IRONSTUD pulls an impossibly large cock out of his pants.

THOR AND NELSON

My god.

IRONSTUD

Now you're intrigued--bootlicker.

THOR

You realize you're perpetuating an extreme stereotype.

IRONSTUD

Yeah? Perpetuate this.

THOR

I could just log off.

IRONSTUD

Not till you get my log off. Don't worry--in cyberspace nobody can hear you cream.

"Ride of the Valkyries" plays and
DARKHORSE strides into the room and sees
the intriguing tableau.

THOR AND NELSON

Aaaagh!

Immediate blackout on Cyberqueer. NELSON
dials the phone. Lights up on Cyberqueer, with
IRONSTUD and WICCA conferring.

WICCA

I've had some trouble with him, too. And his friend Darkhorse offended the
cyberspirits.

IRONSTUD

He called me a stereotype.

WICCA

That's not exactly homophobic.

IRONSTUD

Getting there.

WICCA

I'll keep an eye on him.

Lights out on Cyberqueer.

NELSON

(On the phone.)

You're right--I've got to get out. He's pushing for us to meet. Plus he just saw me naked. I'm so embarrassed.

Lights up in Cyberqueer, revealing DARKHORSE chatting with ROCKER, a guy with big bad hair, tight ugly clothes and expensive sunglasses.

DARKHORSE

I think he's been lying to me. A lot.

NELSON

No, I can't disappear then never log back on without any explanation. It's impolite.

ROCKER

Forget him, man.

NELSON

I have to get him to reject me.

DARKHORSE

He's very good at it. Convincing and imaginative. Quick on his feet.

NELSON

No, I can't do that.

DARKHORSE

He said he never has net sex, then I found him in this major bondage scene--buck naked.

ROCKER

Can I see you naked?

NELSON

(On phone.)

Oh. Well, maybe. It's a little extreme.

ROCKER

Guess the color of my pubies.

NELSON

Thanks, bye.

(Hangs up.)

DARKHORSE

Then he logged off without so much as a good-bye.

ROCKER

Can I wear your boots?

NELSON

Okay, here goes.

DARKHORSE

He's definitely worth pursuing. It's time push came to shove.

ROCKER

You can shove me!

YOUNG THOR strolls in to the Friends theme.
He's dressed exactly like the original THOR,
but is clearly a teenager.

YOUNG THOR

Chichonkash champoli siyah.

DARKHORSE

Thor?

YOUNG THOR

I have something to tell you.

DARKHORSE

I think you just did.

YOUNG THOR

You were right. I have been lying about my age.

ROCKER

This is the guy?!

ROCKER makes clucking chicken noises, then
disappears.

DARKHORSE

Why are you doing this?

YOUNG THOR

I thought I'd better tell the truth before you sent me a train ticket.

DARKHORSE

Too late. It's in the mail. How old are you really?

YOUNG THOR

Seventeen--and very well read.

DARKHORSE

A seventeen year-old Choctaw expert?

YOUNG THOR

Actually I'm part Choctaw. I didn't want to tell you cause of prejudice.

DARKHORSE

So you don't teach at SUNY Albany?

YOUNG THOR

I'll be a freshman there next fall. Right now I bus tables in the Patroon Room on campus.

DARKHORSE

You're trying to scare me off.

YOUNG THOR

No, just trying to be honest about who I am.

DARKHORSE

You're honestly an asshole.

YOUNG THOR

Now you don't like me!

DARKHORSE

Look, if you are underage, then no way am I meeting you in New York.

YOUNG THOR

I was afraid this would happen!

DARKHORSE

You hoped it would happen!

YOUNG THOR

What?

DARKHORSE

You have a boyfriend In Real Life, don't you?

YOUNG THOR

No!

DARKHORSE

That Wally guy, the grad student.

YOUNG THOR

He can date anyone he wants.

DARKHORSE

He's dating you, and you feel guilty cybertricking with me.

YOUNG THOR

I haven't done anything--with either of you! He's too young and cute for me.

DARKHORSE

Too what?

YOUNG THOR

Too cute for me.

DARKHORSE

You said too young for you.

YOUNG THOR

I like older guys. Lots older. Bob Dole.

DARKHORSE suddenly disappears.

NELSON

(Sitting back in his chair.)
Shit. It worked.

Lights dim on NELSON'S office. "Ride of the Valkyries" plays and FEMALE DARKHORSE strides into Cyberqueer dressed exactly like the original DARKHORSE--but now (s)he's a woman.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Chichonkash champoli siyah.

YOUNG THOR

Darkhorse?!

FEMALE DARKHORSE

You led me on and I was leading you on.

YOUNG THOR

Why would you do that?

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Why would you?

YOUNG THOR

I was lonely.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Me, too. And gay guys are nicer than straight guys, so I thought I'd get me one.

YOUNG THOR

We're a coupla schizos!

FEMALE DARKHORSE

(In a good Sally Fields impersonation.)

The people--the people--!

YOUNG THOR

But you're worse than I am. At least I didn't lie about my sex.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

You're illegal! You coulda got me arrested!

YOUNG THOR

Are you really a woman?

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Yes.

YOUNG THOR

What's your name IRL?

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Lily Bart.

YOUNG THOR

Be right back!

YOUNG THOR disappears. Almost immediately, the original THOR returns with Friends music.

THOR

I have something to tell you.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Much better. But which is real?

THOR

This. Me. I am.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

You were lying before.

THOR

Yes.

FEMALE DARKHORSE

But not now?

THOR

No. You called my bluff. Are you lying now?

FEMALE DARKHORSE

No.

THOR

You're really really a woman? It's not a bluff?

FEMALE DARKHORSE

Does it matter? I'm still your sweetheart.
(Caresses him.)

IRONSTUD appears, laughing.

THOR

(Pushing FEMALE DARKHORSE away.)
It does matter! You're not my sweetheart. I don't know who you are anymore!

FEMALE DARKHORSE

(Furiously, to IRONSTUD.)

He's all yours.

FEMALE DARKHORSE disappears.

IRONSTUD

We got unfinished business, slave boy.

THOR

Oh, please!

IRONSTUD

That's what I like--enthusiasm.

(Stroking his bulging crotch.)

Enthuse this.

THOR

I'm really not in the mood.

IRONSTUD

Then why are you here?

FRODO enters wearing his diaper. He takes one look at IRONSTUD and THOR and starts crying.

THOR

Frodo, why are you crying?

IRONSTUD

Ignore the child. You cry for me!

THOR

Was someone mean to you? What's wrong?

FRODO

I need changing!

IRONSTUD

You stink!

THOR

Oh, I thought it was something real.

FRODO

(Stops crying.)

Are you okay? You seem sad.
 (Turns his head sideways and makes a sad face.)

THOR

I just lost the man of my dreams.

TRANZETTA, a pre-op transsexual, waves regally as she enters to the strains of God Save the Queen.

THOR

He turned into the woman of my dreams.

TRANZETTA

I'm the woman of your dreams.

IRONSTUD

No transvestites allowed!

TRANZETTA

(Schrieking.)
 I'm not a transvestite--I'm transgendered!
 (Quieter.)
 Sorry--it's the hormones.

IRONSTUD

Fuck off, Tranzetta, this thrall's mine.

TRANZETTA

Oh, suck my dick till it falls off--please!

FRODO

(Crying again.)
 I'm soiled!

THOR

You're Tranzetta? I'm Thor.

TRANZETTA

My reputation precedes me. What a charming thundergod!

FRODO

Somebody change me! I brought a clean didy.
 (Produces a diaper.)

THOR

Actually, I'm not Thor. I'm Nelson. From Linguistics and Anthropology.

TRANZETTA

Nelson!

(Kisses him.)

I wondered if you were ever gonna get online. Welcome to Cyberqueer, darling!

GREYHOUND bounds into the room,
barking.

GREYHOUND

Thor!

THOR

Hey, Greyhound.

IRONSTUD

It's a fucking family reunion.

FRODO

I brought ointment for my rash!

(Produces diaper ointment.)

THOR

I don't think I'll be on much longer, Tranzetta. I just got my cyberheart broke.

TRANZETTA

There's only one cure for that--grow a new one.

THOR

I don't think I can.

GREYHOUND

(As IRONSTUD fondles GREYHOUND'S tail.)

It's cyberspace--anything can happen. For instance.

GREYHOUND barks and the lights dim to a
sexy glow. GREYHOUND, TRANZETTA
and FRODO advance on THOR, caressing him
and murmuring.

TRANZETTA

(Murmuring.)
Let me lick it.

GREYHOUND

(Murmuring, overlapping.)
Gonna eat out your ass.

FRODO

(Murmuring, overlapping.)
Kiss me, please.

THOR

Hey, I'm in mourning!

TRANZETTA

Depressed people are easy to seduce.
(Rips off her skirt, revealing a big, hard cock.)
Get me now, while I'm still pre-op!
(Caresses THOR'S crotch.)

THOR

James, we're colleagues!

TRANZETTA

I'm not James--I'm Tranzetta. And you're not Nelson--you're Thor!

GREYHOUND

And I'm not waiting--I'm horny!

They rip off THOR'S clothes.

FRODO

I brought powder!
(Produces baby powder.)

THOR

Hey, you guys! Stop!

TRANZETTA

(Singing as she strips him.)
In the name of love.

THOR

No, no--I wanted Darkhorse to be my first--

TRANZETTA

The last shall be first and the first shall be last...

THOR

Hey! That's...not so bad...nice, even--

TRANZETTA

(Still caressing THOR'S crotch.)
I told you you'd be easy. Now you're hard.

ROCKER skids into the room and sees them
all making out.

ROCKER

An orgy, man! Kewl!

ROCKER dives into the sexual fray. Everyone
kisses everyone else, but THOR is the center of
attention.

TRANZETTA

Oh, baby, you're hot!

THOR

So are you--for a 62 year-old overweight Milton scholar with a crooked toupee.

TRANZETTA

You need to be shut up! We'll make you forget that horse guy.

GREYHOUND howls. Everyone joins him,
and the lights change again, getting dimmer
and sexier.

IRONSTUD

Time for obedience school.

Sex music. A stylized orgy ensues.

ROCKER

Bet you're a good sucker.

THOR

Rock hard hard rock cock.

FRODO

Spank me, daddy.

I see paradise!
TRANZETTA

Bad dog!
IRONSTUD

I'm gonna fuck your face.
ROCKER

I've been a naughty boy.
FRODO

Bless me, father, for I have sinned...so well.
TRANZETTA

I'm sorry, master--don't beat me.
GREYHOUND

Take me.
THOR

Ooo, chile!
TRANZETTA

Take it all!
IRONSTUD

Ohhh, that's good!
THOR

Yeah, suck it good, faggot.
ROCKER

(Over the loudspeaker.)
CARTER
What's your favorite Sondheim song?

Everything's Coming Up Roses!
TRANZETTA

Sunday, from Sunday in the Park with George.
THOR

Send in the Clowns!

GREYHOUND

Broadway Baby!

FRODO

(Singing.)
I feel pretty! Oh, so pretty!

IRONSTUD

Together, without pausing in their various sexual activities, they all sing their favorite Sondheim songs GREYHOUND, TRANZETTA and IRONSTUD collaborate in changing FRODO'S diaper. IRONSTUD sings I Feel Pretty, TRANZETTA sings Everything's Coming Up Roses, THOR sings Sunday, GREYHOUND sings Send in the Clowns, and FRODO sings Broadway Baby. ROCKER is mystified by the cacaphony. The baby powder flies.

ROCKER

Hey!
(They continue singing.)
Hey!! Who the fuck is Sondheim?!
(They all stop singing and stare at him.)
Quit singing and suck.

IRONSTUD

Or better yet--fuck!
(Reaching into his pants.)
You're at the mercy of my thick, throbbing--
(He pulls out a stuffed duck.)
--Duck!

EVERYONE ELSE

Typo!

They laugh. IRONSTUD is so humiliated he disappears immediately, taking his duck with him.

Boy, did that break the mood!

GREYHOUND

Feathers are a bit too kinky even for me.

TRANZETTA

(Singing.)
Here a cock, there a duck. E-i-e-i-o.

THOR

I'm outta here.

(To ROCKER.)
I can't believe you don't know Sondheim.
(To THOR.)
See you on campus, Nelson.

TRANZETTA

TRANZETTA disappears. GREYHOUND whimpers and disappears as well. Almost immediately, "Vakyrie" music plays and DARKHORSE appears, once again a man.

Nelson.

DARKHORSE

You really are a man!

THOR

Who's Nelson? We ain't finished.

ROCKER

Yes, we are.

THOR

My place?

DARKHORSE

Please!

THOR

Immediate blackout, then lights up to reveal THOR and DARKHORSE in the jungle treehouse.

I am so sorry.

THOR

No, it was rude of me to change sex.

DARKHORSE

It was rude of me to change age.

THOR

But you really are 28?

DARKHORSE

Actually...I'm 35.

THOR

Seven years is the average lie in Cyberqueer.

DARKHORSE

So you're really 42?

THOR

No, I'm 28.

DARKHORSE

Really?! How weird!

THOR

Too young for you?

DARKHORSE

You're wise beyond your years. Changing sex was pretty impressive. I believed you.

THOR

I wasn't sure about your age thing. I finally decided you did it cause you were freaked.

DARKHORSE

I tend to get freaked sometimes.

THOR

I know. That's why I came back.

DARKHORSE

They stare at each other. DARKHORSE starts to strip. After a moment, THOR follows suit.

DARKHORSE

Do you know Vodkas?

THOR

Stoli, Absolut, Smirnoff--

DARKHORSE

Vodkas is the bar in the Royalton Hotel in Manhattan.

THOR

Oh, yeah. I know the Royalton.

DARKHORSE

On Thursday at 4 p.m. I'll be there with two passion-fruit kiwi blue mango surprises.

THOR

Chichonkash champoli siyah!

DARKHORSE

Sweetheart.

They are naked. They kiss. DARKHORSE kisses THOR'S face, neck, chest, belly, and is heading for his crotch when THOR stops him.

DARKHORSE

What's wrong?

THOR

(Stepping away.)
I don't look like this.

DARKHORSE

I don't look like this.

THOR

But I really don't look like this.

DARKHORSE

So?

THOR

How will you recognize me at Vodkas?

DARKHORSE

You'll recognize me. I'll be the guy with the Bikini Atoll cocktails. Come back.

THOR

I want to. Real bad. I'm panting as I type. But.

DARKHORSE

Let me decyberflower you.

THOR

Okay. But I want it to be real.

DARKHORSE

How do you mean?

THOR

I want you to make netlove to the real me. I want to be honest with you. About who I am.

DARKHORSE

We'll see each other soon enough IRL.

THOR

(Picking up his clothes.)

I'm not going all the way to New York just to disappoint you.

DARKHORSE

I promise I won't be disappointed.

THOR

If you reject me now, it'll soften the blow.

(Disappears.)

DARKHORSE

Thor! Nelson!

NELSON comes shyly into Cyberqueer wearing his usual Real Life clothes. DARKHORSE just stares.

NELSON

I thought I better put some clothes on. As you can see, I'm not buff and tan--

ROCKER skids into the room.

ROCKER

We weren't finished--!
 (Sees NELSON.)
 Who are you?

NELSON

I'm Thor.

DARKHORSE

He's not Thor. He's Nelson.

NELSON

And Thor!

ROCKER

Thor? Back to the gym, dude!

DARKHORSE

Get out of here.

NELSON

We're having a serious discussion.

DARKHORSE

About lying.

ROCKER

No way. You don't leave my dick half sucked!

NELSON

(To DARKHORSE.)
 We shoulda locked the door.

ROCKER

(Advancing on NELSON.)
 Service me, you albino fruit.

DARKHORSE

(Stepping between them.)
 This is a private room!

ROCKER

So give us some privacy!

DARKHORSE grabs ROCKER by the hair just

as ROCKER pushes him away. Without the hair, ROCKER looks just like BUSTER.

DARKHORSE

Nelson, he's that homophobe Wicca nuked off the system, but he's back with a different logon!

ROCKER

(Pulling a knife.)
Back with a vengeance, scum-sucker!

NELSON

That's why he didn't know Sondheim!

DARKHORSE

(Holding up the wig.)
And no gay person would do this to their hair!

ROCKER

You assholes are the ones who got me nuked!

ROCKER stabs DARKHORSE in the stomach.
DARKHORSE crumples to the floor.

NELSON

(Shouting.)
Wicca, we need you!

NELSON pulls ROCKER off DARKHORSE and pulls the knife out of DARKHORSE'S stomach. Wind effect and WICCA arrives with her FAMILIAR to see NELSON holding the knife.

WICCA

Blessed be. Gaybashers!

NELSON

I didn't--!

ROCKER

Yes, he did!

WICCA

I've had enough trouble out of you!

NELSON

It's not me!

WICCA

You're ruining Cyberqueer!

NELSON

He's the homophobe--the one you nuked--!

ROCKER

I'm ba-ack!

WICCA

It's a conspiracy!

NELSON

No, I was trying to stop him!

WICCA

Hecate, Queen of Witches, possess my body!

ROCKER

I'll possess your body!

NELSON

Darkhorse, tell her!

WICCA

(Possessed.)
Vomit this contagion!

NELSON

Listen to me!

WICCA

(Chanting.)
Blow ye winds of retribution!

ROCKER

You gonna blow me again, bitch?

WICCA

Tempest, whirlwind, squall!

NELSON

(Desperately.)
Klaatu barrata nicto! Klaatu barrata nicto!

WICCA gestures, there is a blinding red flash and a horrible sound. Blackout. Lights up. NELSON and ROCKER have disappeared--only their charred clothes remain.

DARKHORSE

It was Rocker that stabbed me, not Nelson--I mean, Thor.

WICCA

Oh. Sorry. I can't bring him back. You can't un-nuke somebody.

DARKHORSE

I'm dying.

WICCA

Physician, heal thyself. You only die in cyberspace if you desire it.

DARKHORSE

I...desire it.

A loud thump.

WICCA

What was that?

The thumps get louder and closer as DARKHORSE begins lipsyncing "Un bel di" from Madame Butterfly.

WICCA

You can die, but you're not taking me with you!

DARKHORSE pulls himself to his feet, gesturing grandly despite his pain and staggering upstage while lipsyncing. The thumps get closer.

WICCA

I call the elements of fire, water, earth and air--!

A tyrannosaurus roars, quite nearby.

WICCA

Darkhorse, stop it! You can't play Goddess--that's my job! Blessed be, blessed be--!

Lighting effect of tyrannosaurs jaws.
DARKHORSE gestures as if to nuke himself.
Red flash, horrible sound, blackout. Lights up
on WICCA standing by DARKHORSE'S
charred clothes. Silence.

WICCA

(Sighs.)
Drama queen.

Blackout. In the darkness, WICCA shouts.

WICCA

(Over the loudspeaker.)
Blessed be. Holy rites of final sleeping in the chapel in one minute. Darkhorse will no longer be with us.

Lights up on NELSON slumped at his
computer, looking like a wreck, his remaining
hair drenched in sweat. WALLY comes in.

WALLY

(Brandishing an envelope.)
Look what I found in your mailbox.

NELSON

What?

WALLY

What happened? You look like Shelly Winters at the end of The Poseidon Adventure.

NELSON

I got nuked off the system.

WALLY

Can't you get back on?

NELSON

Under a different name. I did. But who cares? Darkhorse is dead.

WALLY

Um...cyberdead or real dead?

NELSON

You can bounce right back from anything in cyberspace, but this time he didn't.

WALLY

Why not?

NELSON

Cause I told him who I really am. What I look like.

WALLY

He said that?

NELSON

No, but when I logged back on they were having his funeral.

WALLY

Then should I just recycle this?

NELSON

The train ticket?

WALLY

Yeah. I don't suppose he gave you his phone number?

NELSON

No. Not even his real name. Dammit, Wally--I think I was really falling in love with him!

WALLY

Do you know where he's staying in Manhattan?

NELSON

Oh, we made an appointment and everything. But that was before I came out as an old fart.

WALLY

Go.

NELSON

Waste of time and money.

WALLY

He paid for the ticket. Where are you sposed to meet?

NELSON

I'm not telling. You'd send some Jabba the Hutt to meet me.

WALLY

Isn't that who's coming anyway?

NELSON

Four foot seven with B.O. and a hairy tongue.

WALLY

(In an annoying voice.)
And a really annoying voice!

NELSON

Clove cigarettes in a rhinestone holder!

WALLY

Lives in his mother's attic and raises finches!

NELSON

(Laughing.)
Stop! All these stupid fucking words. Fiction. Lies.

WALLY

Look, if he lied, too--if he really smokes finches or whatever--then you never met him at all.

NELSON

Oh, so it's just binary code welling up in my eyes?

WALLY

You never meet anybody there cause everybody's lying, fictional. You only meet--yourself.

NELSON

I didn't log on to make the acquaintance of a lonely, balding linguistics professor who hasn't had a date in two years.

WALLY

Yes, you did! That's why it's so seductive. You explored yourself--your ability to communicate, to imagine, to lie.

NELSON

No, I met someone. Someone else, goddammit! He's more than just emotional whack-off! I know him better than anybody in the so-called real world!

WALLY

Prove it. Go find him.

NELSON

I'm so wired I'm gonna be sick.

WALLY

He's probably just as nervous as you are.

NELSON

He's probably not coming.

WALLY

Go anyway. Or pop an aneurism wondering what would have happened.
(Pushes the ticket in NELSON'S hand.)

NELSON

You asshole.

WALLY

Wait one hour. If he doesn't show, treat yourself to dinner, a play and a sex club. Something real.

NELSON

Sex clubs have really dim lighting, don't they?

WALLY

And no one ever says a word.

Lights out on NELSON'S office and up on a bar table at Vodkas in the Royalton. Classical music. NELSON arrives, looking nervous, and sits at the table. He surveys the room. He tries not to look at his watch, but he can't help it. He waits. As at the opening of the play, MARK, a handsome man, comes in, looks around, and smiles at NELSON. NELSON smiles back. REBECCA, an attractive woman,

appears and takes MARK'S arm. They leave together. NELSON looks discouraged. RALPH, a beautiful man in his thirties, comes in and nods at NELSON. NELSON nods back. RALPH nods again. NELSON nods again. PEZ, a scruffy man, comes in and kisses RALPH. They leave together. DOUG, a well-built man in his thirties, comes in looking as if he's looking for someone. NELSON sees him and stands. DOUG sees NELSON, pauses as if he's going to speak, and then leaves abruptly. NELSON slowly sits back down. After a moment, WALLY appears carrying two passion-fruit kiwi blue mango surprises. Seeing WALLY, NELSON stands so quickly he knocks over his chair. They both freeze. After a moment, NELSON clumsily rights the chair and sits in it. WALLY puts the drinks on the table and sits down as well. They do not look at each other. WALLY carefully places his hand on the table. NELSON looks at it, then into WALLY'S eyes.

WALLY

Chichonkash champoli siyah.

NELSON

Good pronunciation.

NELSON takes WALLY'S hand. Slowly, they lean across the table and kiss.

THE END