

# **GET A ROOM**

A play ©2019 Daniel Rover Singer  
[roverzone@gmail.com](mailto:roverzone@gmail.com)

*To save money, two couples—one straight, one gay—share a hotel room at a fantasy convention weekend. Everyone’s boundaries get tested—and stretched—in this bedroom-farce-style exploration of open relationships and polyamory. Includes sexual situations and brief nudity.*

## **NOTICE!**

Your use of this script acknowledges that you agree, under penalty of prosecution, that it shall remain confidential and proprietary, and shall not be shared, duplicated or distributed in any manner. This play shall not be performed, filmed, interpreted, translated, published or used in any manner without the written permission of the author, and in most cases, payment of a royalty. Representation: Jonathan Mills @Paradigm Agency (212) 897-6400 [jmills@paradigmagency.com](mailto:jmills@paradigmagency.com).

## **5 CHARACTERS: (1 woman, 4 men)**

Joelle, 40, Paul’s fiancée, straight

Paul, 40, Joelle’s fiancé, straight

Randy, 40, Mutley’s partner, a trans-man

Mutley, 20s, Randy’s partner, pansexual

Stash, 20s, a hotel bellhop & waiter, gay

*[Actors may be of any race or ethnicity.]*

**SET:** *A two-star hotel room. Nice but with loud and outdated décor. Doors lead to hallway and bathroom. An open closet has a clothes rod and room for luggage below. Sliding-glass door leads to an exterior balcony. Two queen-size beds are separated by a nightstand with lamp. Awful framed art is mounted on the wall above the beds. Scenes in the Sales Room and Restaurant are represented with minimal furniture that slides on downstage of the set (a drop can be lowered to obscure the hotel room).*

## **PROLOGUE**

*(A voice in the darkness. If you’re ambitious, make a promo video.)*

“Welcome to Baltimore’s\* glamorous Hilton Harbor Hotel. This weekend, join us for RomantiCon, our annual convention featuring celebrity speakers, demo’s, and gifts for purchase on the sales floor in Ballroom B. Everything from sexy lingerie and scented candles to travel agents for swingers and saucy slogans on spice cookies! RRRRREV up the romance in your life! You’ll find romantic inspirations aplenty at Ro...mantiCon!” [\*Change the city name as desired]

**ACT ONE, Scene One: Friday Evening**

*(The room is dark. The doorlock buzzes and clicks. The door opens and someone switches on a light, illuminating the set. Enter PAUL and JOELLE, a good-looking straight couple, both around 40, each with a rolling suitcase.)*

PAUL:

I guess I just don't understand the whole "RomantiCon" idea.

JOELLE:

I wish you could have gone with me to the one in Omaha last year. It was just so full of interesting people!

PAUL:

Like Randy?

JOELLE:

Like Randy! I'd never met a trans-person before! Plus the seminars were so mind-expanding!

PAUL:

You can expand your mind at home on the Internet. It's much cheaper.

JOELLE:

I thought you'd be excited to come along. And if we sell all the scented candles I made, the weekend will pay for itself.

PAUL:

I mean, it's nice to have a getaway weekend—and I'm happy to help you sell your candles—but I've never gone to anything this freaky before.

JOELLE:

All you have to do is stand at a table and smile and take people's money. It won't be hard.

PAUL:

I know.

JOELLE:

We don't have to go to seminars. When the sales room is closed, we can just chill.

PAUL:

In this awful hotel room.

JOELLE:  
It's not so bad!

PAUL:  
Are you kidding?

JOELLE:  
It's fine. It's very clean.

PAUL:  
It looks like 1983. The colors hurt my eyes. I'm very sensitive to strong colors.

JOELLE:  
This is why we can't go anywhere.

PAUL:  
Haven't they heard of grey? Grey is so soothing and...

JOELLE:  
And boring. If the whole world were grey, it would be a very dull place.

PAUL:  
Suits me.

JOELLE: (*putting a few things into the closet*)  
It could have been much worse. [Baltimore] hotel rooms have gotten really expensive!

PAUL:  
I don't see how that's even possible.

JOELLE:  
We're lucky Randy and Mutley wanted to share. We couldn't have afforded to come otherwise.

PAUL:  
Joelle, aren't you a little bit worried about sharing the room?

JOELLE:  
You *like* Randy! And Mutley seems perfectly nice.

PAUL:  
I've only chatted with them online. You haven't even met Mutley.

JOELLE:

But we’ve been chatting for a year. I feel like I know them both really well. I Facetime’d with Randy all through his transition. Just think: he’s a man now. And Mutley’s been so supportive. He seems like a really wonderful boyfriend.

PAUL:

But doesn’t their lifestyle seem a little…?

JOELLE:

What?

PAUL:

Extreme? I mean… The pictures they post from those wild music festivals… Mutley doesn’t seem to own any shirts. Do you think “Mutley” is even his real name?

JOELLE:

I think he’s from California. No one uses their real name there. Look, are you gonna be all weird about Randy being a man?

PAUL:

No! I’m fine. Really.

JOELLE:

You’ve been practicing your pronouns? HE, HIM, HIS.

PAUL:

Yes, HE, HIM, HIS, HE, HIM, HIS. I got it.

JOELLE:

I’m so excited.

PAUL:

Why?

JOELLE:

A romantic weekend with my man! Doesn’t that make you kind of horny?

PAUL:

We’re sharing a room! You want to have sex in front of another couple?

JOELLE:

Well, there’s nothing wrong with that. We’re all adults.

PAUL:

Really? You want people to watch us have sex?

JOELLE:

They won't be watching! Why would they watch? (*Hmm.*) Might be kind of exciting if they watched.

PAUL:

Exciting!? I don't want an audience! How am I supposed to concentrate if...

JOELLE:

Oh, you're no fun. (*She sits on a bed.*) Come here, Mr. Fiancé. (*He joins her on the bed.*) Just imagine. We're all alone. We turn out the light. (*She strokes his chest.*)

PAUL:

Uh huh...

JOELLE:

We slide under the covers, kissing and fondling.

PAUL:

Uh huh...

JOELLE:

Maybe our roommates come home. Quietly. We don't even hear them. They slip into bed while we're making love. The sound of us moaning arouses them.

PAUL:

Um...

JOELLE:

They start to make love too. Maybe we all climax at the same time!

PAUL: (*rising*)

Stop, stop, stop! I am not comfortable with any of that! I'm sorry.

JOELLE:

Okay. It was just a suggestion.

PAUL:

I need privacy. I'm sorry if that's boring.

JOELLE:

Well, we have privacy *right now*.

PAUL:

So what? (*JOELLE pats the bed.*) Oh!

(*He sits. They kiss and unbutton each other's shirts. PAUL winces.*)

JOELLE:  
What?

PAUL:  
You taste like... like airplane pretzels and bloody-mary mix.

JOELLE:  
You want me to brush my teeth?

PAUL:  
No! No, it's... it's a big turn-on. *(They kiss again.)*

*(The doorlock buzzes and clicks and the door opens. Enter MUTLEY, 20's, and RANDY, 40, both very sexy men, with their luggage. PAUL and JOELLE stand, embarrassed.)*

MUTLEY: *(laughing)*  
Don't stop! See, Randy? I told you they'd be at it.

RANDY:  
Hey guys!

JOELLE:  
Look who's here!

PAUL:  
Hey, look at that! You DO own a shirt! *(MUTLEY instantly pulls off his shirt.)* Aw, well, never mind.

MUTLEY:  
I hate clothes. Besides, it's hot in here.

JOELLE:  
It's um, yes, it's getting hotter.

MUTLEY:  
I'm sorry we interrupted. You should have kept going. Looked like a good show.

JOELLE:  
See?

PAUL:  
What you do mean "see"?

MUTLEY:

Hi, I'm Mutley! *(He wraps a bear hug around PAUL and rocks him almost violently, side to side, growling.)*

PAUL:

Hey, hey, easy! *(MUTLEY releases him.)*

MUTLEY:

Can't help it. I'm a hugger!

PAUL:

You're more of a ROLFER.

MUTLEY:

Haha! I don't know what that means.

PAUL:

You adjusted my spine in about three places.

MUTLEY:

Ah, cool. Hey, the first one's free! Right?

PAUL:

Thanks a lot.

MUTLEY:

And Joelle! So nice to finally meet in person! *(JOELLE squeals as MUTLEY wraps her in a bear hug. This time, his full-body hug is more sensual. He grinds his hips and nuzzles JOELLE'S neck.)*

PAUL:

Hey!

RANDY:

Mutley, crank it down a notch. You're not at the Eagle.

MUTLEY:

I'm sorry. I love meeting new people. I get carried away.

JOELLE:

I've never had a gay man chew on my neck before.

MUTLEY:

I don't identify as gay.

PAUL:  
You don't?

MUTLEY:  
No, I'm pansexual.

PAUL:  
So... you have sex with goats?

JOELLE:  
Paul! That's not funny.

MUTLEY:  
Yeah, I flirted with bestiality for a while, but it wasn't my thing. I'm attracted to all genders.

PAUL:  
Of people?

MUTLEY:  
Yeah.

PAUL:  
Isn't that just bisexual?

MUTLEY:  
That's so Twentieth Century, dude, catch up!

PAUL:  
I'm trying to!

JOELLE:  
How about some normal small-talk first?

RANDY:  
Good idea. Mutley isn't shy about anything. Sorry about that.

MUTLEY:  
I'm so not shy! Don't apologize for me.

RANDY:  
Mutley! SIT! (*MUTLEY sits on a bed.*) QUIET. (*MUTLEY bows his head.*) He gets overly enthusiastic. I had to send him to a handler for some training.

JOELLE:  
A dog trainer?



RANDY:

Not exactly. Hi, Joelle, how are you? *(They hug affectionately and kiss both cheeks.)*

JOELLE:

So nice to see you, Randy.

RANDY:

You too. You look great!

JOELLE:

Everything okay at home? Did your dog-sitter finally show up?

RANDY:

She was late, but everything went fine. Bongo and Malarky are in good hands. We made it to the airport with time to spare. –Oh, and Paul...! *(RANDY and PAUL hug. It's one of those awkward hugs that resembles an A-frame ladder.)*

PAUL:

Hi.

JOELLE:

You look wonderful, Randy! You look... more... yourself.

RANDY:

Thanks, I appreciate that.

PAUL: *(awkwardly)*

Yes! Very... manly.

RANDY:

Okay...

JOELLE:

How was your flight?

RANDY:

Uneventful. Except for Mutley nailing the flight attendant.

PAUL:

You did not.

MUTLEY:

Did too. Ohhh, he was this hot little copper-colored muscle-bear-cub, roawar!

JOELLE:

How do you DO that?

MUTLEY:

What?

JOELLE:

NAIL things. Flight attendants just bring me ginger ale. There’s no NAILING.  
(*RANDY puts the luggage away and puts a toiletry-kit in the bathroom.*)

MUTLEY:

It just happens.

PAUL: (*To RANDY*)

And that’s okay with you?

RANDY:

Oh, Mutley and I aren’t monogamous.

PAUL:

Let me guess: Panogamous?

MUTLEY:

Haha! I *like* that! But we say “polyamorous.”

PAUL:

I should start writing this stuff down.

JOELLE:

Randy, you don’t care when Mutley is running around nailing everyone?

RANDY:

Why should I mind? I want him to have fun.

MUTLEY:

Are *you* two monogamous?

PAUL:

Why do you ask?

MUTLEY:

Just curious.

PAUL:

Look, we don’t have to answer personal questions...

JOELLE:

It's okay, Paul. –We're very happy being monogamous.

MUTLEY:

Don't you ever fantasize about experimenting or group scenes, or—?

RANDY:

Mutley, that's enough. Do you want a spanking?

MUTLEY:

Yes sir, please sir.

RANDY:

Not a good spanking. A bad spanking.

MUTLEY:

They're all good, sir.

RANDY:

*(Sigh!)* Let's change the subject.

MUTLEY:

Okay, I want to blaze some flower. *(He opens his smoke kit.)*

JOELLE:

You want to *what?*

MUTLEY:

Burn some ganj. Hit a bowl. You know?

PAUL & JOELLE:

No.

MUTLEY:

Smoke some mari-ju-ana.

PAUL:

Not in here. This is a non-smoking room.

MUTLEY:

I'll go out on the balcony.

PAUL:

Someone will smell the smoke. Or they'll see you.

MUTLEY:

Paul, chill, my dude! Everybody partakes in herbal activities. ‘S’all good.

JOELLE:

You went through security with that?

MUTLEY:

Of course not. I know better than to travel with weed.

JOELLE:

Then where did you...?

MUTLEY:

In the elevator. I was checking out this bellboy and he was checking me out, and I asked him if he knew where I could score some bud.

JOELLE: *(astonished)*

How do you... DO that?? Did you nail him?

MUTLEY:

Of course. Do you want some?

JOELLE:

Yes!—Oh. No, no. I’m allergic. *(MUTLEY waves the joint at PAUL.)*

PAUL:

I prefer a bong.

MUTLEY:

Cool, I’ll get mine out!

PAUL:

I was kidding. They test my piss at work. *(MUTLEY waves the joint at RANDY.)*

RANDY:

Sure, what the hell.

MUTLEY:

Be right back. *(MUTLEY and RANDY exit to balcony.)*

PAUL:

This was a terrible, terrible mistake.

JOELLE:

Oh it’s fine. Don’t overreact.

PAUL:

We’re sharing our hotel room with an Energizer fuck-bunny who nails unsuspecting flight attendants and bellhops!

JOELLE:

They’re not unsuspecting.

PAUL:

How am I supposed to sleep with him in here?

JOELLE:

Are you afraid he’s going to jump me?

PAUL:

And me! Both of us!

JOELLE:

Take an Ambien.

PAUL:

That’s worse! He’ll rape me in my sleep! And I’ll just lie there, drooling!

JOELLE:

Shhh! You’re being very rude. He’s not a rapist.

PAUL:

How do you know?

JOELLE:

Paul, calm down. They’re a normal gay couple. Mutley is just very...

PAUL:

Annoying.

JOELLE:

I was going to say “horny,” but please be nice. But he’s not going to jump us in our sleep.

PAUL:

I mean, what kind of a nickname is “Mutley”? Does he eat out of a bowl on the floor? Does he have a—a—a collar and leash?

JOELLE:

Maybe!

PAUL:

And he’s so young. Randy’s old enough to be his mother. I mean, father!

JOELLE:

I think the term is “daddy.”

PAUL:

I give up.

JOELLE:

Honey. Randy and Mutley are in love and Mutley’s a bit oversexed. So what? They’re easy to get along with, and we’re saving like three hundred dollars. And they’re fun. We’re here to have fun, right?

PAUL:

Oh, I suppose.

JOELLE:

Listen, the sales floor doesn’t open till 10 a.m. tomorrow. The booth is all set up. All we have to do tonight is relax. Let’s go down to the restaurant.

PAUL:

I’m not hungry.

JOELLE:

They have a full bar!

PAUL:

They do? I could use a nice big cocktail.

*(Sliding glass door opens; MUTLEY leans in, in a cloud of smoke.)*

MUTLEY:

Did someone say “nice big cocktail?”

*(MUTLEY and RANDY enter from the balcony.)*

PAUL:

Careful! Don’t let that smoke come in here!

MUTLEY:

Bro... you’re totes harshing the buzz.

PAUL: *(fanning the smoke with a pillow)*

They’ll fine us a hundred dollars!

MUTLEY:

Chill out, they won't even notice it.

JOELLE:

We're going down to the restaurant. We'll see you guys later.

RANDY:

Can we join you? It would be fun to catch up.

PAUL:

That's okay. I'm sure you guys have a full agenda of leather bars and dance clubs and animal orgies to go to.

MUTLEY:

Naw, those are later. Let's eat!

RANDY:

You're sure it's okay?

JOELLE:

Of course it's okay. Let's go.

PAUL:

Honey—

JOELLE (*pointing to the door*):

Full bar! Nice big cocktail!

*(RANDY opens the door open for everyone. PAUL and JOELLE file out, followed by MUTLEY. As he exits MUTLEY pauses in the doorway, facing the hall, and bends over. RANDY checks out MUTLEY's cute butt, then swats it hard, propelling MUTLEY into the hall. Then RANDY switches off the light and closes the door.)*

### **ACT ONE, Scene Two: Later**

*(The door has only been closed for two seconds, but the lock buzzes and clicks and the door flies open again. RANDY enters, turns on the lights, and is followed by JOELLE, PAUL and MUTLEY, all of whom show signs of post-meal malaise. PAUL collapses on a bed.)*

PAUL:

Ugh. Worst... prime rib... ever.

JOELLE:  
You ate all of it anyway.

RANDY:  
The salmon was good.

MUTLEY: (*checking his phone*)  
The busboy was a freakin’ hottie.

JOELLE:  
You didn’t.

MUTLEY:  
Oops, I guess I did.

JOELLE:  
When??

MUTLEY:  
When I went to the men’s room. He was in there, taking a leak. Big uncut dick, too.  
(*Shows off his phone*) Look, I took a picture of it!

PAUL:  
Randy!

RANDY:  
What?

PAUL:  
DO something.

RANDY:  
Like what?

PAUL:  
Your boyfriend is fucking everything that moves.

MUTLEY:  
Hellooooo, I’m right here...

PAUL:  
It’s only a matter of time before he starts humping everything that’s NOT moving.  
Doesn’t that bother you?



RANDY:

No. As long as he’s safe. He has ten times more energy than me, so it stops him from humping my leg all day. *(He takes a white rubber tube thing from his luggage and heads for the bathroom.)*

PAUL:

What the heck is that?

RANDY:

Douche!

PAUL:

Excuse me?!

RANDY:

It’s a douche hose. I hook it up to the shower. *(He waves a pair of pliers.)* We always travel with it.

MUTLEY:

He likes to make sure my butt is clean before he—

PAUL:

Augh! Do you mind? We just ate dinner!

RANDY:

Mutley, don’t make me get out the ball-gag.

JOELLE:

Is it a good idea to be messing around with the hotel plumbing?

RANDY:

Relax. I’ve done this hundreds of times. You’re welcome to use it if you want to.

PAUL:

What would I use it for?

RANDY:

In case you... or she... want to... ah, never mind.

MUTLEY:

Can I help?

RANDY:

Sure, come on. *(They go into the bathroom, closing the door.)*

PAUL:

I can't do this!

JOELLE:

Now what's the matter?

PAUL:

I just don't want the whole weekend to be about our gay roommates turning our room into a Roman bacchanal.

JOELLE:

Okay, look. They're probably going out to the bars soon. We'll have some privacy. Then we can put on our eye-masks and earplugs and sedate ourselves till morning. We won't even see them all day tomorrow. Then we do the same thing Saturday, and then we'll pack up and go home Sunday night.

PAUL:

Okay.

JOELLE:

Besides, I don't understand why you're being so uptight about sex! Are you not getting enough?

PAUL:

No, honey, it's just that... *(Groaning and thumping is emanating from the bathroom.)* Oh, goddamn it, they're doing it in the bathroom.

JOELLE:

Well, there's nothing wrong with that. Just ignore it.

PAUL:

How the hell am I supposed to ignore it??

JOELLE:

Uh—here, I'll read you tomorrow's RomantiCon schedule... *(She reads from a sheet of paper, gradually getting louder as the sex-noise gets louder. She tries to time her reading to the rhythm of the sex, the result being that her attempt to cover up their noise gradually makes her reading sound very much like sex.)* ... Here we go: “10 a.m. Sales Room opens. 11 a.m. Fantasy Costume Judging, must be pre-registered in one of three categories: Most Unusual, Most Original Group, and Sexiest Fantasy. Food Trucks Serving Lunch feature Barbeque Pulled Pork... Tossed Salads... and Juicy, Foot-Long Sausages on Soft Buns.”

PAUL:

You're making it worse.

*(PAUL wraps a pillow around his head to block out the noise.)*

JOELLE:

“After lunch, visit our many fine vendors... till the sales room closes... at... four... o’clock... sharrrrrp!”

*(RANDY and MUTLEY yell a mutual orgasm in the bathroom. When silence prevails, PAUL uncovers himself, very unhappy.)*

PAUL:

Did they cum?

JOELLE: *(panting)*

I think I did too.

PAUL:

This is never going to work.

JOELLE:

Paul... don’t you think there’s something exciting about this? I mean, don’t you think it’s kind of... hot?

PAUL:

I’m just not used to people I know being sexual right in my face. I’m sorry. It’s just—*weird*.

JOELLE:

Okay. Let’s ask them to cool it a bit. I’m sure they’ll understand.

PAUL:

I hope so.

*(RANDY emerges from the bathroom.)*

RANDY:

See, that didn’t take any time at all.

PAUL:

Apparently.

RANDY:

I hope we weren’t too loud. Mutley can be very loud sometimes.

JOELLE:

Yeah, well, we kind of want to talk to you guys about that.

PAUL:

Yeah, we were thinking, like, if one of the couples wants to have sex, they put a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door, and the other couple has to find something else to do for an hour. And it can't be more than an hour. And—only one hour each per twenty-four hour period.

*(RANDY is speechless. Then he realizes PAUL must be joking, and he starts to laugh.)*

RANDY:

Paul, you're hilarious.

PAUL:

I was being serious.

RANDY:

You seriously want us to limit our lovemaking to one hour a day?

PAUL:

Okay, an hour and a half.

RANDY:

Paul, are we making you uncomfortable?

PAUL:

Yes. Very.

RANDY:

I see. Maybe we should call the desk and see if there's another room available.

JOELLE:

There aren't any rooms. The hotel's sold out.

RANDY:

Okay. Look, we don't want to upset you guys. But I don't think you want to lock us out of the room, and we don't want to lock you out either. I think we can promise to keep it under control.

PAUL:

Thank you for understanding.

RANDY:

Are you going out tonight?

JOELLE:

No, we're staying in.

RANDY:

Well then, we'll get out of your hair. You guys have a nice quiet evening. When we get home, we'll just quietly slip into bed. Okay? No hard feelings?

PAUL:

Thanks, Randy.

*(MUTLEY emerges from the bathroom, wet, wearing nothing but a towel.)*

MUTLEY:

Mmm! I am squeaky clean! Wanna check?

*(He whips off the towel. PAUL freaks and turns away.)*

What's the matter?

JOELLE: *(pleading)*

Paul, *please!*

PAUL: *(turns to face MUTLEY)*

I'm fine. I mean—uh—nice... dick. *AUGH!*

*(Mortified, PAUL throws up his hands in resignation and collapses on a bed.)*

RANDY:

Get your gear on, Mutley. We're going out and letting these nice folks get to bed.

MUTLEY: *(dressing in leather)*

Aw, you should come with us! The Eagle here has a Saint Andrews cross! Randy promised to restrain me on it with cling-wrap and blindfold me and let strangers do whatever they want to my body! Doesn't that sound awesome?

PAUL:

Yeah, super awesome.

JOELLE:

Thank you Mutley, but we're tired.

MUTLEY: *(helpfully)*

No problem! *(Sings)* I have party druuuugs! *(He rattles a prescription pill bottle.)*  
Pull you right back up again!

PAUL:

Very tempting. But no.

MUTLEY:

I tried.

RANDY: (*grabs a bag*)

Okay, I've got my floggers. Cling wrap. Blindfold. Cock rings.

MUTLEY:

Lube? Dildos?

RANDY:

No. You know you can't do actual penetration at a public club.

MUTLEY:

Too bad. Ready for inspection, sir!

RANDY:

You look good enough to eat, boy. Goodnight, Joelle, Paul. You have a nice quiet evening, and we'll see you in the morning. Let's go, sexy pup.

MUTLEY:

Woof! (*RANDY and MUTLEY exit to hallway.*)

PAUL:

Ahhh... Let's go to bed!

JOELLE:

Really? It's only 8:30.

PAUL:

Oh. Let's watch a movie.

JOELLE:

Honey, this is that *privacy* we've insisted on all evening. Remember? When we get to make love without an audience?

PAUL:

Are you sure they haven't left some camera device somewhere, recording us, or broadcasting to the internet?

JOELLE:

Please don't be all paranoid. They would never do that. It's just you and me. And these! (*Shows one of Randy's bags*)

PAUL:

These? What are these?

*(JOELLE pulls out and waves around a large rubber dildo.)*

JOELLE:

Ta-dah! There’s a wide selection. Ooh, perhaps “wide” isn’t the best word. *(She displays several more, one at a time, in a surprising variety of colors and shapes.)* These are very creative, don’t you think? I mean, this one looks like a fire hydrant, for gosh sake.

PAUL:

Put those away. They make me nervous.

JOELLE:

Nervous? Why?

PAUL:

Because you seem like you’re planning something.

*(She finds a strap that goes around the waist, with a location for attaching dildos.)*

JOELLE:

Aha! Here it is!

PAUL:

What’s that?

JOELLE:

For strap-ons! This must be what Randy uses to fuck Mutley.

PAUL:

Randy has to wear that thing? Why doesn’t he just use his dick?

JOELLE:

Paul, don’t you know anything? Randy just transitioned from female to male. He’s taking hormones. He had “top” surgery on his chest. He hasn’t had “bottom” surgery. He doesn’t have a penis yet.

PAUL:

How do you know all this?

JOELLE:

Facebook! Randy has lots of followers; he posts every day. You can’t rush transitions. They take time.

PAUL:

You know you’re touching those things, and you don’t know where they’ve been.

JOELLE:

I have a pretty good idea where they’ve been. *(She sniffs one.)* They’re all squeaky clean. Probably ran them through the dishwasher. Here!

*(She tosses one to PAUL. He squeals and dodges; it lands beside him on the bed.)*

PAUL:

Get it away from me!

JOELLE:

Stop being so silly. It’s just a piece of rubber.

PAUL:

But you’re up to something, I can tell! You want to insert one of those monsters up my butt!

JOELLE:

Please calm down. I’m just saying, maybe we should relax. Snuggle up... I’ll massage your back. And then, when you’re ready, I’ll just massage you a little... down there. Oh look, here’s a little one! Isn’t it cute? What’s this button do? Oh! It vibrates! How adorable!

PAUL:

Why are you doing this to me?

JOELLE:

Because men like sex in their butts!

PAUL:

*Gay men!*

JOELLE:

Gay men’s and straight men’s butts are built the same way! Gay men don’t have extra hardware in their ass to make them enjoy it more! I think you might enjoy it too!

PAUL:

Why?

JOELLE:

Because I read that it helps relieve stress—that anal massage leading to orgasm is not only pleasurable but relaxing. Soothing. Even cathartic.



PAUL:

You spend a lot of time reading about butt-sex.

JOELLE:

It's because I love you, Paul. And you seem uptight. If we're going to get married and have a sex life that lasts through the years, it's going to have to include things besides fucking missionary style. I'll get bored. ...What?

PAUL:

I'm afraid.

JOELLE:

Of what?

PAUL:

It'll hurt.

JOELLE:

I promise I won't hurt you. You have to trust me. Do you trust me?

PAUL:

Of course.

JOELLE:

Because it's all about trust. You think Randy would tie Mutley up on a cross and walk away and let drunks torture him? Of course not. Mutley trusts Randy to watch over him. They love each other. The bond of trust brings them closer together.

PAUL:

You've been reading about this an awful lot!

JOELLE:

I've been wanting to talk about it for ages, but, well, this weekend seems to be drawing it out of me. Don't worry, I'm not a secret sexual psychopath. I love you! I want this relationship to work!

PAUL:

So, this is a test?

JOELLE:

Paul. Every time I suggest we choose a date to get married, you change the subject. I'm not getting any younger. You're... kind. You're reliable. The dating pool is full of creeps and losers.

PAUL:

Men are not all creeps and losers.

JOELLE:

No, but all the *good* single men get snapped up! You’re a catch. And your goofy quirks are so cute. So please... let’s move this forward. Let’s not be boring. Let’s have adventures. Let’s have fun! I’m not asking you to jump out of a plane. You can trust me.

*(PAUL’s mind is swimming. He rises and kisses JOELLE tenderly.)*

PAUL:

I trust you. I’ll be right back.

*(PAUL goes into the bathroom and closes the door.)*

JOELLE: *(quietly thrilled)*

Yes!!

*(She quickly changes into a sexy nighty, then pauses, thinking, and begins to lay out an assortment of small dildos on a bed. Then she decides to try the strap-on around her waist. She affixes a very large, intimidating dildo to it, and imagines what it would be like to have a huge dick. She assumes a masculine attitude and struts around, stroking her bouncing dong, pretending it’s a fire hose and a machine gun. PAUL peeks out the bathroom door. His jaw drops.)*

JOELLE: *(continued)*

Don’t worry! I would never!

PAUL:

Looks like you’re happy to see me.

JOELLE:

Did you figure out how to use the douche hose?

PAUL:

I have a couple of questions, but honestly, you don’t want to hear them. I can manage. See you in a couple of minutes... Stud. *(Closes bathroom door.)*

*(JOELLE adjusts the lighting by turning on the lamp on the nightstand and turning off the overhead.)*

JOELLE:

Oh, “Do Not Disturb!” “Do Not Disturb!”

*(She looks around for the Do Not Disturb sign. She finds it and opens the door to the hall to hang it on the door-handle. She's surprised to see a handsome BELLHOP standing there, fist raised, about to knock. They both freeze, startled. JOELLE closes the door, but her massive dildo blocks it, forcing her to reopen it.)*

STASH:

Sorry to bother you. I can see you're busy.

JOELLE:

This isn't a good time.

STASH:

Don't be embarrassed, ma'am. Mutley asked me to find him some more weed. Is he here?

JOELLE:

No.

STASH:

May I come in? Just for a minute. I have to be discreet.

JOELLE:

Sure. *(She admits STASH and closes the door.)* I feel so ridiculous.

STASH:

Relax, ma'am. I work in a hotel. You wouldn't believe what I see here. You're not the first woman I've seen with a strap-on. And that was just a half-hour ago. Is Mutley coming back soon?

JOELLE:

No, I think he'll be tied up for a while.

STASH:

Can I leave this with you? I need to get sixty bucks for it. *(He holds a little bag of weed.)* Can I trust you?

JOELLE:

Of course. I can pay you the sixty bucks. You can trust me. *(She fetches \$60 from her purse and buys the bag.)*

STASH:

Do you need papers? A lighter?

JOELLE:

No. I mean, yes, do you have any? Just in case.

STASH:

Here you go. On the house.

JOELLE:

Thank you! Would you... like some?

STASH:

Thanks but I'm already high.

JOELLE:

Really? At work?

STASH:

Ma'am I couldn't do this job if I wasn't high. People be whack.

JOELLE:

But isn't this a non-smoking building?

STASH:

Vape pen. (*Shows his vape.*)

JOELLE:

Ooh, I've heard of those.

STASH:

Try it.

JOELLE:

Okay. What do I do?

STASH:

Just suck. Suck suck suck. (*JOELLE tries it and coughs gently.*) There you go. Have a nice evening.

JOELLE:

You too. What's your name?

STASH:

Stash.

JOELLE:

Stash? Is that your real name?

STASH:

No, ma'am. I'm from California.

JOELLE:  
Could I ask you something?

STASH:  
Make it snappy.

JOELLE:  
Are you gay?

STASH:  
Yes ma’am.

JOELLE:  
Earlier today you and Mutley, um...

STASH:  
Did the deed.

JOELLE:  
Yes. I was wondering, are you single?

STASH:  
No, I’ve got a boyfriend.

JOELLE:  
And he knows you’re nailing, or getting nailed, by other men?

STASH:  
Not a problem. He’s banging guys from Scruff every chance he gets.

JOELLE:  
“Scruff”?

STASH:  
It’s a dating app.

JOELLE:  
And you’re both cool with each other? Not jealous?

STASH:  
No reason to be. It’s all good.

JOELLE:  
And, sorry this is so personal... Are you a “top” or a “bottom” ...?

STASH:

Versatile, ma’am. It’s the best way to play. So you writing your PhD thesis or just taking a walk on the wild side?

JOELLE:

*(Giggles.)* Wild side.

STASH:

Well, ain’t your boyfriend a lucky dude! Good night, ma’am. Let me know if you need anything. Anything at all. *(As he leaves)* Oh, and start with something smaller. *(Exits to hallway.)*

*(JOELLE takes off the strap-on as PAUL opens the bathroom door. He’s just wearing a towel.)*

PAUL:

You talking to someone?

JOELLE:

Just the bellhop. He was dropping off some weed for Mutley.

PAUL:

Wow, full service hotel! *(Sniffs.)* Smells funny in here.

JOELLE:

I tried his vape pen.

PAUL:

Vape pen? You smoked marijuana?

JOELLE:

Just a little.

PAUL:

I thought you were allergic?

JOELLE:

That was just an excuse. I used to smoke weed in college.

PAUL:

Jeez, Joelle, I didn’t realize I’d be meeting a whole new you tonight.

JOELLE:

This is what engagements are for. Squeeze the fruit before you buy it!

PAUL:

What?

JOELLE: (*seductively*)

I'm gonna squeeze your fruit, baby. Let's take a walk on the wild side! (*She pulls the towel off of PAUL. Naked, he squeals and jumps in bed, under the covers.*) You okay?

PAUL:

Yeah. A little nervous.

JOELLE:

Don't worry, baby. Daddy's gonna take care of you.

PAUL:

“Daddy”?!

JOELLE:

I didn't mean that. Is “Mommy” better?

PAUL:

No!

JOELLE:

What do you want to call me? Miss Gernesh? Teacher? Ma'am? Vixen-in-Chief?

PAUL:

No! I just want to call you “Joelle.” Please stop being all dominatrixy and just get in bed.

JOELLE: (*getting into bed*)

Okay, I was just trying to spice things up. (*They snuggle.*) Is that better?

PAUL:

Yes. (*JOELLE turns on a vibrator; we hear it buzzing.*) Okay stop.

JOELLE:

Just relax, Paul.

PAUL:

No, stop. I have to tell you something.

JOELLE:

What? (*Turns off the vibrator. They sit up, leaning against the headboard.*)

PAUL:

I’m nervous because... when I was a kid, we used to swim at a local pond. One day I was there with this neighbor boy, a few years older than me. We were naked, and he got a hard-on and started playing with it, and told me I should too. Suddenly he licked his finger and stuck it in my butt. Just all of a sudden. It hurt like hell. I grabbed my clothes and ran home. I was crying, not just because it hurt, but because, well, what a mean thing to do to a kid!

JOELLE:

Oh honey, that’s awful.

PAUL:

Sorry but that’s why I don’t want anything going near my ass.

JOELLE:

Listen, if “Web Therapy” has taught me anything, it’s that in order to heal a psychological wound, you have to go there. Revisit it, in a safe space. *(She’s gently massaging his butt under the covers.)*

PAUL:

Ahh, that feels nice.

JOELLE:

See that wasn’t so bad.

PAUL:

Oh! OH!! Are you—?

JOELLE:

Yes I am. Do you trust me?

PAUL:

I trust you, Joelle. I love you.

*(JOELLE turns off the nightstand lamp, totally darkening the room. Then we hear the vibrator turn back on. Then we hear PAUL start to moan.)*

### **ACT ONE, Scene Three: Later**

*(Door reopens two seconds later. RANDY, MUTLEY and STASH enter and close the door but they don’t turn on the light. The set remains dark. They make a lot of noise, shushing each other and stumbling in the dark. A tiny amount of blue light helps us guess what’s going on. The three MEN are making out and removing most of their clothing. They arrange themselves on the bed, with MUTLEY and STASH finding a 69 position to noisily perform fellatio on each*



*other. RANDY, feeling a bit left out, decides to get his strap-on toys. He goes to fetch his bag but can't find it. He hunts around in the dark and finds his bag next to JOELLE's bed. The noise wakes her up.)*

Randy? JOELLE:

Shh. Go back to sleep. RANDY:

What's going on? JOELLE:

We're just gonna have some very quiet sex before we go to bed. RANDY:

MUTLEY & STASH: *(moaning)*

Shhh! *(To JOELLE)* Did you borrow my toys? RANDY:

Oh! Sorry, here, and here. Oh, I used this one. JOELLE:

You can keep that one, we'll wash it tomorrow. RANDY:

Thank you. Randy, I have some questions about butt-sex. JOELLE:

Later. RANDY:

Yes, later. Have fun. JOELLE:

Thank you. Good night. RANDY:

*(RANDY tiptoes to the other bed and straps on a dildo to fuck STASH with. Burning with curiosity, JOELLE slips out of bed and tiptoes over to the other bed to watch. Noticing her, MUTLEY maneuvers himself to perform cunnilingus on JOELLE. All four of them are now interconnected and making far too much noise.)*

PAUL: *(waking up)*

What the hell is going on?

*(He turns on the lamp. The foursome freezes. They are wearing just enough garments to keep the scene R rated.)*

MUTLEY:

Hi Paul! Join us!

PAUL:

Joelle, really? Is this the wild side you wanted to walk on?

JOELLE:

I got caught up in the moment.

PAUL:

You sure did. Well, it was nice knowing you. *(He pulls the covers over his head. JOELLE goes to him. STASH gets dressed.)*

JOELLE:

Paul, I know this is a lot to process in the middle of the night. But think about it! Lots of happily married gay guys have open relationships! We could too.

PAUL:

You're right.

JOELLE:

I am?

PAUL:

Yes, it's a lot to process in the middle of the night.

JOELLE:

Okay, then we'll talk about it in the morning.

PAUL:

Yes. Good night. *(JOELLE starts to get into bed with him.)* Please don't. I'm too upset to sleep with you.

JOELLE:

But... where am I supposed to sleep?

PAUL:

I don't care.

STASH:

It's been fun, guys and girls. Good night. (*Exits to hallway.*)

RANDY:

You can sleep in our bed.

JOELLE:

Thanks, but it's not big enough for three.

MUTLEY:

I can sleep with Paul.

PAUL:

NO.

RANDY:

I can sleep with Paul.

PAUL: (*considers a moment, then*)

Okay. (*Beat*) Leave your bag of toys in the closet.

RANDY:

Of course.

JOELLE:

Mutley, no shenanigans, okay? Just sleep.

MUTLEY:

Yes ma'am. (*MUTLEY and JOELLE get into bed together.*)

PAUL:

Don't hold back on my account. You wanna get high and experiment and Cheech a Chong or whatever it is, be my guest.

MUTLEY:

Did you hear what Paul said—?

JOELLE:

I heard what Paul said. Playtime's over. Touch me and I'll kick you in the balls over and over till you die.

MUTLEY:

Okay, jeez.

(*RANDY gets into bed next to PAUL.*)

RANDY:

Don't worry, Paul—no shenanigans.

PAUL:

Thanks. *(Beat.)* Turn out the light?

RANDY:

Sure. *(He turns out the lamp—DARKNESS.)*

PAUL: *(deep sigh; then another)*

RANDY:

Hey Paul, you okay?

PAUL:

No.

*(PAUL starts to cry softly. RANDY instinctively puts an arm around PAUL and snuggles him.)*

### **ACT TWO, Scene One: The Next Morning**

*(Early morning daylight illuminates the drapes. All are asleep. PAUL and RANDY have turned around so that PAUL is now spooning RANDY. PAUL stirs and immediately panics. He carefully moves away, trying not to wake up RANDY.)*

RANDY:

Mmm? What's wrong?

PAUL: *(miserable)*

Everything.

*(PAUL gets up, goes to the closet, and puts on the white terrycloth robe provided by the hotel.)*

RANDY:

You wanna talk?

*(PAUL considers, then throws a second robe to RANDY, who gets up and puts it on. PAUL leads the way out the sliding glass door. The following conversation takes place outside on the balcony.)*

RANDY: *(continued)*

Look, I didn't mean to spoon you. It just felt... natural...

PAUL: (*overlapping*)

I'm not upset about that. In fact, that was kinda nice. Never snuggled with a man before. I guess I was kinda remembering when you were a—oh man, this is all super confusing.

RANDY:

I know. Are you upset about Joelle?

PAUL:

Of course! She's my fiancée! She had sex with another man. Right in front of me.

RANDY:

Anything else?

PAUL:

I had butt-sex last night.

RANDY:

Active or passive?

PAUL:

(*Sigh*) I was... the bottom...

RANDY:

And how was it?

PAUL:

It was... wonderful. (*He sobs a little.*)

RANDY:

That's good.

PAUL:

That feeling of trusting someone to not hurt me. It was like I could feel my heart opening wider and wider...

RANDY:

That's a beautiful thing to share.

PAUL:

But what if people found out? That I like to bottom?

RANDY:

Who you gonna tell? Listen, what you do in your bedroom is private. No one's gonna find out. Besides, what do you care what people think? People can mind their own fucking business.

PAUL:

*(Someone calls to him.)* What? Oh, good morning! What? No thanks, I don't care what room you're in! *(To RANDY)* Why is he dressed like a mascot?

RANDY:

He's a "Furry."

PAUL:

What's a Furry?

RANDY:

It's not important. Now what about Joelle? She do something wrong?

PAUL:

I don't know. I can't believe we're having this conversation on a balcony.

RANDY:

Did you have an agreement to be exclusive?

PAUL:

We never talked about it.

RANDY:

So you were monogamous by default?

PAUL:

But that's normal.

RANDY:

Nothing's normal anymore, Paul. It's a brave new world out there. Seeing your partner having sex with someone else, that's not betrayal. That's just sport. You worried she's gonna fall in love with Mutley and run off?

PAUL:

No.

RANDY:

She just seized the moment, 'cuz it was exciting, and it felt good, right?

PAUL:

I guess so.

RANDY:

Then you better ask her how she feels. I'm pretty sure that woman loves you. Don't go throwing that away because of some old-fashioned bullshit our uptight society uses to control you.

PAUL:

Oh wow. You're right. *(beat)* Do you wish you had a penis?

RANDY:

Yes. Yes, I do.

PAUL:

You gonna have bottom surgery?

RANDY:

To tell you the truth, I'm a little scared of it. Surgery's painful and risky and expensive; and as much as I want a dick, I'm not ready to commit to it. So in the meantime, I'm making the most of what I've got.

PAUL:

You're a good man, Randy.

*(RANDY starts to sob. PAUL instinctively hugs him.)*

RANDY:

Thank you...

PAUL:

What's wrong?

RANDY:

It's nice to hear that from someone I barely know. It means a lot.

PAUL:

Oh. You're welcome. You're such a sweet guy, Randy.

RANDY:

So are you! I'm so glad we're gonna be friends. I was kinda worried you might... have issues.

PAUL:

I was worried you were gonna be a weirdo.

MUTLEY:

Would you cry-babies keep it down out there?

PAUL & RANDY:

Shut the fuck up. (*They re-enter the room.*)

JOELLE: (*stretching*)

Urph... what time is it?

MUTLEY:

Nine-thirty.

JOELLE:

Oh jeez, we gotta get up! Sales floor opens in half an hour! (*She gets up and starts to dress.*)

PAUL:

Joelle, I feel really bad about what I said last night. Can we talk about it?

JOELLE:

We can talk about it tonight. Right now we have to get dressed, grab some coffee, and start selling scented candles. As soon as you're ready, will you run down to the booth and get everything set up? I'll bring you your coffee.

PAUL:

Yes ma'am. (*Starts to dress.*)

RANDY: (*rising*)

Mutley, get your ass out of bed! We have about ten dozen erotic cookies to sell.

MUTLEY: (*hung over*)

You don't need me. A hundred cookies that say EAT ME gonna sell themselves.

RANDY:

Oh no, young man. That booth needs two people so we can take breaks. Besides, your charisma sells lots of cookies.

MUTLEY:

But I don't feel good.

RANDY:

You're just hung over. You'll be fine.

MUTLEY:

I don't wanna!



RANDY:

Hey! I need you here just like I need you at the bakery back home. I didn't drag you to RomantiCon to be lazy. Now UP!

MUTLEY: *(rising)*

Yes ma'am.

*(RANDY grabs MUTLEY by the arm.)*

RANDY:

HEY. Yes, "SIR!"

MUTLEY:

Sorry. Yes *sir*.

RANDY:

Don't say stupid shit like that. Pisses me off.

PAUL:

Nothing like sharing a hotel room to get to really know people, eh?

JOELLE:

Oh, shut up, Paul. Come on. We'll see you downstairs, guys.

*(JOELLE and PAUL exit to hallway. RANDY and MUTLEY are dressing.)*

RANDY:

I'm getting really tired of your antics. I wish you didn't act so selfish all the time. You really need to consider other people's needs before your own.

MUTLEY:

Are you done lecturing me? Because if you are, I'm'a go smoke a joint and try to resurrect my crappy morning.

RANDY:

Are you even listening? Do you realize that your actions might have broken up a happy couple last night?

MUTLEY:

It wasn't my fault she walked her happy little beaver up to my face, like she wanted some.

RANDY:

You can't just be a thoughtless, irresponsible little piggy! There are consequences to your actions. If you want to have good relationships, you have to have strong ethics. Respect the people you hook up with. Especially your partner.

MUTLEY:

Are you done?

RANDY: *(angrily resigned)*

*(After a beat.)* Yes, Mutley, I am DONE. *(Exits to hallway.)*

*(MUTLEY lights a joint and takes a deep hit. BLACKOUT.)*

### **ACT TWO, Scene Two: Sales Floor**

*(Two rectangular banquet tables side-by-side: one selling scented candles, the other, frosted cookies. Banners, pop-up tents etc. optional. PAUL, wearing an apron, is at the candle table. JOELLE enters with 2 coffees in cardboard cups.)*

JOELLE:

Here you go.

PAUL: *(takes coffee)*

Thank you. Just in time. Here they come.

JOELLE:

Everything looks nice. Oh, look! Our table's right next to Randy's. *(Puts on her apron.)*

*(Throughout this scene, the characters interact with invisible customers.)*

PAUL:

About last night...

JOELLE:

Not now, Paul. *(To a customer)* Good morning! Our candles come in a variety of exotic/erotic scents, like peach, cinnamon, cherry... What? The cookies? Oh, that's not our table. The cookie guys should be here in a moment.

*(RANDY enters hurriedly and gets behind his table, donning his apron.)*

JOELLE: *(continued)*

Hi Randy, you missed a customer, but I don't think they were gonna buy anything.

RANDY:

Thanks. Wow, it's busy already. *(To a customer)* Good morning! Would you like a sample? *(Holds up a little plate of cookie pieces.)* Yes, I suppose they *are* a bit dry, they're *cookies*. They're frosted with a variety of sayings. This one says... "Let's Get

Nasty.” This one? “Bend over.” What? Well, I guess “romantic” is in the eye of the beholder. Have a nice day.

PAUL: (*to RANDY*)

Hey, what’s your bakery like?

RANDY:

Oh it’s great. We do cakes mostly, birthdays, anniversaries, office parties, always with some erotic theme. That’s what we’re famous for. Cakes with titties, cakes with cocks and balls, cakes with vaginas... it’s amazing how popular those are.

PAUL:

Yeah, you wouldn’t think cutting into a big scrotum cake would be a big draw.

RANDY:

I know, right? But there you go.

PAUL:

So why cookies?

RANDY:

I can ship cookies, so I can sell them online.

PAUL:

How’s that working out?

RANDY:

Meh, not great. Cookies are easy to make. Anyone can bake a cookie and put a nasty message on it. So I try to convince people mine are special.

PAUL:

So, where’s Mutley?

RANDY:

(*Sigh!*) I don’t know. I’m trying to be a mentor, you know? Teach him how to bake, how to decorate, and cashier, and do online marketing... But he just doesn’t give a fuck. (*To a customer*) Hi, how are you? Have a sample.

PAUL:

That’s a shame. Can I ask you something personal?

RANDY:

Sure.

PAUL:

So you used to be a straight woman, right?

Yeah. RANDY:

And now you're a gay man, right? PAUL:

Where are you going with this? RANDY:

Well—I was wondering if you would have hooked up with Mutley when you were still female. PAUL:

Maybe. I didn't know him then. Why? RANDY:

Kinda none of my business, but seems like you deserve someone better. PAUL:

What do you mean, “better”? RANDY:

Hey, I'm glad you boys are bonding, but how about selling some candles? JOELLE:

Oh sorry, honey. *(He switches places with JOELLE. To a customer)* Hi, can I help you? PAUL:

So what's the deal with Mutley? JOELLE: *(to PAUL)*

“Suck it.” And this one? “Stick it in.” Isn't that sweet? You're welcome. *(To JOELLE)* Mutley's off getting high somewhere, and probably banging that bellhop again. RANDY: *(to a customer)*

And you're fine with that, right? JOELLE:

To be honest, no. I wouldn't mind if he was making an effort, but I can't seem to get him to care about anything important. RANDY:

Except for you. He loves you, right? JOELLE:

RANDY:

We have a lot of fun in the sack.

JOELLE:

That’s not the same thing and you know it. Randy, doesn’t it seem weird to have a crazy horndog for a boyfriend? Are you sure you love him?

RANDY:

I’m not sure anymore.

JOELLE:

And you think he loves you?

RANDY:

Maybe what he loves is the meal ticket.

JOELLE:

Well then, no wonder he doesn’t care. He doesn’t have to. He might just be pretending.

RANDY:

I felt like I was a good influence. Helping him to grow up.

JOELLE:

Is it working?

RANDY:

No.

JOELLE:

Maybe it’s time to give him the ol’ heave-ho. For his own good.

RANDY:

I think maybe you’re right. Ah, Joelle, I love hanging with you. I feel like we have such great chemistry. I feel like I can talk to you about anything.

JOELLE:

Aww, that’s so sweet, thank you. And I agree. Wouldn’t it be nice if we lived closer, and could actually hang out more?

RANDY:

I was thinking the same thing! I’d come over, we could make dinner, maybe open a nice bottle of wine... Talk about our men...

JOELLE:

Oh my God, that sounds like heaven!

PAUL:

Honey, do we have a candle that actually smells like pussy?

JOELLE:

Ew, that’s ridiculous! What a horrible idea! All the candles smell like fruit. And spices.

PAUL:

Well what’s so sexy about that? There’s nothing romantic about cinnamon! Maybe that’s why nobody’s buying this stuff. *(Furious, JOELLE unties PAUL’s apron and yanks it off him.)* What, what did I say?

JOELLE:

Get out of here! Go on! Go! *(PAUL exits.)*

RANDY:

Hey Joelle, when the sales room closes at four, what do you say we go get a bite to eat? Just the two of us. Is that cool?

JOELLE:

Perfectly fine with me. Perfectly. *(To a customer)* Hi, feel free to sniff the candles. *(Holds up a candle in each hand.)* Yes, they do smell like food. Well, I think that’s very sexy, don’t you? *(To RANDY)* What’s wrong with these people? *(To another customer)* Hi, would you like a sniff?

RANDY: *(simultaneously)*

Good morning, please, have a sample...

*(They continue interacting with customers. BLACKOUT.)*

### **ACT TWO, Scene Three: Hotel Room, Later**

*(MUTLEY and STASH are making out. The doorlock buzzes; PAUL enters.)*

MUTLEY:

Aw, great timing, Paul!

PAUL:

I thought you liked an audience.

STASH:

I gotta get back to work anyway. Need to buy some weed, sir?

PAUL:

No thanks, goodbye. (*STASH exits to hallway.*) You know I’ll bet that bellhop makes a shit-ton of cash selling weed to hotel guests.

MUTLEY:

So what?

PAUL:

So why don’t *you* find a gig and make some money?

MUTLEY:

Hey, why is everybody giving me grief today? Besides, my life is none of your business.

PAUL:

Well, I happen to like Randy. We were talking this morning in the sales room. He could have used your help at the cookie table, you know. He’s such a great guy. You know, I think you should consider—

MUTLEY:

Well I don’t give two fucks what you think. Why aren’t you down there selling those dog-shit-scented candles?

PAUL:

Because I made Joelle mad.

MUTLEY:

I suppose you want me to apologize for eating your girlfriend’s pussy?

PAUL:

I know that wasn’t your fault. She was frustrated with me and making a point that I need to loosen up. Well, *fine*. Message received. I’ll loosen up.

MUTLEY:

Cool. You know you’re kinda sexy when you’re not all uptight and shit.

PAUL:

Me? Sexy?

MUTLEY:

You wanna smoke some weed?

PAUL:

Ah, drugs are your answer to everything, aren’t they?

MUTLEY:

Weed makes you happier. It makes the world more interesting. It helps people chill out. It's good juju.

PAUL:

It's escape.

MUTLEY:

Whatever.

PAUL:

I told you, they test my pee at work.

MUTLEY:

What do you do?

PAUL:

I'm an accountant. I work with numbers. I'm not allowed to make mistakes.

MUTLEY:

I should have guessed.

PAUL:

Why, because I'm boring? Well I have a surprise for you! Last night I had butt-sex. And a vibrator up my ass too! How's that for boring?

MUTLEY:

Woohoo! Mr. Wisconsin Boring Accountant had Butt-Sex! You gonna put that on your Facebook page? Your Twitter feed?

PAUL:

Of course not.

MUTLEY: *(going to the balcony)*

Maybe I'll just announce it to the hotel. Hey everybody, guess what? Paul had butt-sex last night for the first time, and he liked it!

PAUL:

Shut up! God, you are an evil little shit! *(PAUL grabs MUTLEY, throws him on the bed and pins him down.)* Why do you insist on being such an annoying jerk? Why?

MUTLEY:

Because it's fun! Because... what else am I gonna do all day? I've got the best sugar-daddy in the world, so I get high and cruise guys on Scruff, every day. When I'm bored, I liven things up with a little recreational fuckery.



PAUL:

I guess there’s no point in suggesting you get a job.

MUTLEY:

Ha! I’m a high-school dropout. The only jobs for me pay minimum wage. But I won’t starve to death ‘cuz I’m good-looking and have a big dick! This is what I can sell—THIS. *(He pulls PAUL’s head down and plants a big, long smooch on his lips, while using his other hand to grab PAUL’s crotch.)*

PAUL: *(finally)*

You nasty little motherfucker! Let go of me! Let go! *(He jumps off the bed.)*

MUTLEY:

Your cock is hard. I could feel it!

PAUL:

What is wrong with you?

MUTLEY:

I’m just messing with you, Paul! Come on, admit it! You were turned on for a few seconds, weren’t you!

PAUL: *(after consideration)*

That’s not the point. Oh, wait. Maybe that *is* the point?

MUTLEY:

Aha!

PAUL:

Okay. People are just... sexual. Men, women, gay, straight, whatever, it doesn’t matter. All the old labels and boundaries don’t apply any more. Okay! I get it!

MUTLEY:

Yay! You wanna suck my dick?

PAUL:

Gosh, I really, really don’t! I honestly don’t want to see you again, ever, in my life. But I guess I learned something important. Thanks for that. I think we’re even. Oh dammit—Joelle! What time is it?

MUTLEY:

Four o’clock.

PAUL:

Shit. Gotta go apologize to Joelle. *(Exits.)*

MUTLEY: *(takes out his phone)*

Okay Scruff, who's next...?

**ACT TWO, Scene Four: Restaurant, Later**

*(A café table with 2 chairs. JOELLE and RANDY are having drinks.)*

RANDY:

Paul's a good man. I think you two can work things out.

JOELLE:

I don't think so. He's really square, and I feel like I'm ready to explode. Maybe I'll move somewhere more exciting. Ooh! Maybe I'll move to California and change my name. Ooh, I've always liked "Siren," doesn't that sound sexy?

RANDY:

You're just being silly. Be practical for a minute. You're how old?

JOELLE:

Forty-one.

RANDY:

And you want to run off and be a hippy? Seriously? I mean, if you want to re-invent yourself, go right ahead. But by now you should know what you want, and you should demand it. Paul's got great potential. Look how much he's grown this weekend. You played with his butt for goodness sake!

JOELLE:

Jeez, not so loud!

RANDY:

Where else you gonna find a man who loves you that much?

JOELLE: *(taking RANDY's hand)*

I wish I could find someone more like *you*, Randy. You're deep, and sensitive, and adventurous... *(RANDY, holding her hands, melts down and starts to sob.)* Oh-oh, what did I say? What's the matter?

RANDY:

Oh Joelle, I gotta tell you. I can't keep it bottled up.

JOELLE:

What, what is it?

RANDY:

Ever since I transitioned, my feelings have been changing. I didn't expect this to happen. I'd always been attracted to men. But now, more and more, well... not so much.

JOELLE:

You mean, you like women now?

RANDY:

Not just women. *You*, Joelle. I'm falling for *you*.

JOELLE:

But how? How is that even a thing?

RANDY:

People evolve. I don't know how it happens. I'm sorry.

JOELLE: *(lost in thought)*

Don't be sorry... no reason to apologize. Just... be yourself. You gotta be yourself, right? *(Rises)* I need to get some air. I'll see you back at the room. *(She exits hastily.)*

RANDY:

Joelle! Damn.

*(Enter STASH, now a waiter in a long, black apron.)*

Stash! You work in the restaurant too?

STASH:

I'm whatever they need. Did you want to order something? I can get you a menu.

RANDY:

I'm not—*(he chokes back a sob)*

STASH:

Aw, come on, the food's not that bad!

RANDY:

This is not a good time. *(Wipes his eyes and nose with a napkin.)*

STASH:

I know. That's why I was quick with the lame joke. Listen, I heard what you said to Joelle. Sorry, the acoustics in here are dope. I hear everything. Can I sit down?

RANDY:

I don't want you to get in trouble.

STASH:

We're cool, I'm the assistant manager. Listen, you shouldn't feel weird about liking Joelle. Your doctors must have told you that hormones can totally fuck with your orientation, right?

RANDY:

But I didn't think this would happen to *me*. It only happens, like, less than ten percent of the time.

STASH:

So you're special. What's the worst that'll come of it?

RANDY:

I—I'll have to break up with Mutley.

STASH:

And you really love him, huh? (*RANDY pauses to consider.*) Ah-HA! You answered my question. He's just a toy, right? He's a shallow kid. You'll be better off.

RANDY:

But I can't just kick him to the curb. Maybe I could offer him a job, or something.

STASH:

He seems tough enough. He'll be fine. Now what about Joelle?

RANDY:

Why do you care?

STASH:

Look, this hotel's a freakin' soap opera every day, especially during RomantiCon. You guys are so cute, sharing a hotel room with straights, corrupting them with strap-ons...!

RANDY:

That was not my idea! Joelle decided to step out of bounds.

STASH:

Exactly! Why should a woke woman want an old-school relationship when her BFF is a trans-leather-daddy-turning-hetero?! You're inspiring. You can't help it. You're a role model!

RANDY:

I did not sign up for this. Look, you're not my Sex Yoda. Besides, what are you, thirty?

STASH:

Twenty-three. I know, I'm young, but I have seen a *lot* of crazy shit in this hotel. You'd be amazed. It's like getting an advanced degree in human behavior. So listen: you can't just step aside and hope for the best. You gotta put your skin in the game.

RANDY:

Well, thanks, but I'm not gonna push Joelle. I'll respect her decision.

STASH:

You guys gotta think outside the Boring Box. No matter how much she loves Paul, she is not gonna settle for a life of repetitive sex, watching Netflix, and smelling each other's farts! The tiger's out of the cage.

RANDY:

Some people like that kind of stability.

STASH:

Not Joelle. Stability is borrrrrring.

RANDY:

So you're anti-marriage? You and your boyfriend?

STASH:

My boyfriend and I invent our relationship as we go. We don't wanna be locked into a bunch of legally binding restrictions, with a high probability of divorce. Why bother?

RANDY:

What about the good stuff?

STASH:

Like what?

RANDY:

Like... Being considered family when your partner's in the hospital. Like, easy inheritance. Like, having a companion when life's at its worst. So someone's always there for you, no matter how shitty things get.

STASH:

No offense, but that's why *old people* get married.

RANDY:

Ugh. *(Rises.)* Check please.

STASH:

Drinks are on the house. *(RANDY exits.)* Good luck man.

*(Café set slides off with STASH.)*

**ACT TWO, Scene Five: Hotel Room, Later**

*(MUTLEY is on the bed still looking at his phone; the doorlock clicks and RANDY enters.)*

MUTLEY:

Hey Daddy!

RANDY:

We gotta talk, Mutley.

MUTLEY:

No we don't. Let's get naked and get really wild, okay?

RANDY:

No. I gotta tell you, Mutley. I'm not gay any more. I'm attracted to women. I'm straight.

MUTLEY:

You are one of the queerest people I have ever met. How can you be straight?

RANDY:

Sexuality's a continuum, boy, you know that.

MUTLEY:

You're serious. So, you're breaking up with me? You want to be with a woman?

RANDY:

If you want, you can come back to the bakery with me. I'll give you a job, but you'll have to work just as hard as everyone else...

MUTLEY:

Yeah, no thanks, Daddy. I think I'll take my chances in the big city. *(He throws his gear into his knapsack.)* I was thinking I should be an escort. They make serious cash. And all you gotta do is look pretty.

RANDY:

You're capable of more, though.

MUTLEY:

No, I'm not, and you know it. Are you sure about this, Randy? Where you gonna find another lover who loves you just the way you are? Here I am, one-hundred-per-cent accepting of your body, your surgeries, your hormonal emo trips... You think a woman can cope with all that, better than me? Isn't this YOU being selfish?

RANDY:

I need someone mature. I thought I could help you grow to be a better man. But you're just a... a stubborn, inconsiderate boy.

MUTLEY:

Wow. I really loved you.

*(MUTLEY opens the door to the hall. JOELLE enters, followed by PAUL.)*

MUTLEY *(continued)*:

Bye. *(He exits, closing the door.)*

PAUL:

Bye Mutley. Joelle, I *promise* I will be adventurous! We'll travel everywhere—anywhere you want to go. I'll be open-minded. I'll help make candles, any flavor you want. I'll... dress in bright colors! You can name the date for our wedding. I'm ready now! Anytime!

JOELLE:

Stop it! How do I know you mean that? You're afraid of losing me, so you'll promise anything.

PAUL:

You're right. The truth is, I'm just a vanilla straight guy. You want thirty-one flavors. I can't compete.

JOELLE:

The truth is, you and Randy are very wonderful, very different men. I can't make this decision now. You're going to have to wait while I take time to think this through. Okay?

PAUL:

Okay.

RANDY:

I don't want to be your rival, Paul. I want us to be friends.

PAUL:

Me too.

JOELLE:

I think we're all feeling a little fragile. We have one more day of this stupid fucking convention ahead of us tomorrow. So I suggest we all just relax and try to be kind to each other. Okay?

RANDY & PAUL:

Okay.

*(JOELLE takes them both by the hand, and leads them to a bed. She lies down, leaning against the headboard. PAUL lies down on one side of her; RANDY lies down on the other. The three of them snuggle. PAUL and RANDY take hands across JOELLE... and they fall asleep.)*

*(BLACKOUT. INTERMISSION—optional, it's not a long play.)*

### **ACT THREE, Scene One: Restaurant, Sunday Morning**

*(JOELLE, RANDY and PAUL are seated at the café table having coffee, glancing at menus.)*

PAUL:

What makes “brunch” different from “breakfast”?

RANDY & JOELLE:

Booze.

JOELLE:

Isn't it nice the sales floor doesn't open till noon today? Very civilized.

PAUL:

Thank God. I'll probably need a nap after starting my morning with mimosas.

JOELLE:

You don't have to drink, Paul; it's not required.

PAUL:

I realize that, but *man*, this weekend is messing with my head. I don't know if my fiancée loves me more than ever, or if she's about to break up with me. I kissed a gay dude. And I've had a vibrator called Aquaman shoved up my ass.

*(Suddenly STASH, their waiter, appears.)*



STASH:

Gooooood morning! How’s everybody doing?

JOELLE:

I have to make the biggest decision of my life today.

PAUL: (*simultaneously*)

Jesus, Stash, there’s no getting away from you!

RANDY: (*simultaneously*)

My whole world’s turned upside-down since Friday.

STASH:

Okaaaaaay. Looks like everybody gets Ecstasy in their orange juice today. Just kidding. I’m not allowed to do that anymore. Let me know if you have any questions. And feel free to talk loudly; you folks are waaay more interesting than my other tables. (*Exits.*)

JOELLE:

Okay, can we discuss this without hurting anybody’s feelings?

RANDY:

I can’t help feeling one of us is going to end up hurting.

JOELLE:

Not necessarily. I have an idea. You guys know what a “triad” is, right?

RANDY:

Of course.

PAUL:

What’s a triad?

JOELLE:

That’s when three people who love each other form a relationship.

PAUL: (*laughs*)

Are you serious? Are you suggesting that the three of us get married?

RANDY:

Well technically, two of us can get married, but not three.

PAUL:

Okay, let’s just set legal marriage aside, here. You’re suggesting that three *straight* people form a relationship?

JOELLE:

Let’s just discuss it as a possibility.

PAUL:

Well, it sounds great for *you*. You’d have two adoring husbands. But what about me and Randy? We’re not gay.

RANDY:

But you know, Paul, I really like you. I think you’re really sweet.

PAUL:

Well thanks. I have to admit, I’ve got a big man-crush on you too. But you don’t want to suck my dick, even if I wanted you to. And I don’t want to suck your dick, even if you had one!

RANDY:

Excuse me?

*(Suddenly STASH is there again.)*

STASH:

You guys are totally rockin’ it. You don’t even have to leave me a tip. This is easily the highlight of my day.

JOELLE:

Stash, do you know what a triad is?

STASH:

Uh, they’re like toast points with smoked salmon, crème fraiche and scallions stacked like a little pyramid. It’s yummy.

JOELLE:

No. A triad. A threesome relationship.

STASH:

Oh, I thought you were asking about the menu. Yeah, I’ve been in threesomes.

RANDY:

Not just for a night. Like something long-term.

STASH:

Yeah sure, plenty.

PAUL:

How old are you?

STASH:

I started young.

PAUL:

What was the longest triad you’ve been in?

STASH:

Longest? Altogether? (*Does some math.*) Uh, 22 inches.

RANDY:

No, timewise. Days, weeks, months?

STASH:

Uh, about 3 months.

JOELLE:

How did it go?

STASH:

Oh, it was a nightmare. It started off great, but triads are like three couples all trying to get along. You have to be super mature. We weren’t. Are you ready to order?

ALL:

No.

STASH:

Okay. Make sure you say something inappropriate nice and loud so I’ll know when to come back. (*Exits.*)

PAUL:

What did he mean, “like three couples”?

RANDY:

Like, you and Joelle, Joelle and me, and you and me. Three couples. Each has their own dynamic.

PAUL:

Well, that’s way over my head. I mean, Joelle, I really like Randy. I can see us being really good friends. But I hardly know him. I can’t commit to being in a relationship with him. Besides, how do you even tell your family and friends about this? What would I call Randy? My co-husband?

RANDY:

Look, I’ve been in triads. They’re challenging. There can’t be any jealousy. No secrets. No lies. Everyone has to be a great communicator. It takes three very generous people.

PAUL:

So...?

RANDY:

I've never heard of anyone in our particular situation trying a triad. But in our case, I think it might work.

PAUL:

How?

RANDY:

Paul, our relationship doesn't have to be sexual. There are lots of couplings in the world that aren't sexual. You know how we slept together Friday night? Snuggled up?

PAUL:

That was nice.

RANDY:

That was us allowing our friendship to include physical intimacy. There's nothing gay about that. It's natural. It's a special friendship.

PAUL:

Sounds great. Except for the part where we have to take turns sleeping with Joelle.

RANDY:

I'm down with that.

*(STASH appears and looks expectantly at PAUL.)*

STASH:

How about you, are you ready?

PAUL: *(after a moment of confusion)*

No. I am definitely not ready for this.

STASH:

I meant, ready to order your food.

PAUL:

No you didn't.

STASH:

Yeah, you saw right through me. We're taking bets in the kitchen to see how this ends up.

PAUL: *(rising)*

Well I hope you didn't put your money on me, 'cuz I'm OUT.

JOELLE:

Paul, don't be upset! It's just a discussion.

PAUL:

Well, I'm sorry, but the stakes are too high for me to even consider this. I mean, look at Randy. He's sexy and fun and exotic... How can I compete with that? *And he doesn't even have a DICK!* *(RANDY, furious, rises and glares at PAUL.)* Oh, shit. That was a terrible thing to say. I am so sorry. I am... so out of my depth here. Excuse me. *(Exits at a run.)*

JOELLE:

He didn't mean that.

RANDY: *(sits)*

I know. What a mess. I didn't mean to fuck up your life.

JOELLE:

You didn't fuck up my life. It's just that Paul... *(to STASH)* Can I help you with something?

STASH:

Hi, I'm Stash, your waiter. This... is a *restaurant*. Would you like to order breakfast?

JOELLE:

I'm not hungry.

RANDY:

Neither am I.

STASH:

Cool. You want to know what I think?

JOELLE & RANDY:

Yes.

STASH: *(sits)*

I think Paul just needs some time. This is some crazy shit for a traditional dude to process. If I were you, I'd give him some space, and keep giving him love. He might come around. *(beat)* OR, he might bail. One or the other. *(Rises)* By the way, that was a smart thing you did chucking out that Mutley dude.

RANDY:

What? How do you know about that?

STASH:

He crashed at our place last night. Dude’s a sex machine for sure. But he was gone when we got up this morning. He emptied our wallets. Took about four hundred bucks in cash. Crazy fucker. Took my favorite belt, too. Silver buckle.

JOELLE:

Oh, that’s awful!

RANDY:

That bastard. I always knew he had some screws loose, but I never thought he’d sink this low.

STASH:

I’ve seen his type over and over. He’s a user. You dodged a bullet for sure. Can I get you guys some mimosas? Looks like you could use ‘em.

JOELLE:

And a couple of triads.

RANDY:

What?

JOELLE:

I can’t help it, that smoked salmon sounds delicious.

STASH:

Coming right up! (*Exeunt with set.*)

**ACT THREE, Scene Two: Hotel Room, Later**

(*PAUL is on his cell phone.*)

PAUL:

Hi, I want to change my flight reservation. My ticket code is UV8X17. Well I was supposed to fly tonight but I’d like to see what the next available flight is? Yes. Um, yes, 1:15 would be perfect. What? *How* much? You have got to be fucking kidding me! I mean, I know, that’s not your fault, but this is an emergency! No, I’m not—it’s not—(*sigh!*)—well, if you must know, my fiancée is breaking up with me to be with a trans-man who decided he’s not gay anymore. Isn’t that an emergency? No, it’s not a *medical* emergency, exactly. Can you *please* waive the change fee? I feel like I’m on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Hey, isn’t *that* a medical emerg—no? So, are you a doctor, or...? No, I know. You have rules.

*(The doorlock clicks and the door opens: MUTLEY looks in sheepishly. His face is black-and-blue from having been assaulted. Paul terminates his phone call.)*

PAUL: *(continued)*

Mutley, why do you still have a room key? Jesus, what happened to you?

MUTLEY:

Hey Paul. I know, I shouldn't have come here, but I don't have anywhere else to go.

PAUL:

What happened?

MUTLEY:

I hooked up with a big dude. When we were done, I told him I needed to charge him \$300. He went bat-shit crazy. Said he didn't know I was an escort. I guess there's a few things I need to learn about this business.

PAUL:

You need to get to a hospital. I'll call an ambulance.

MUTLEY:

No, I don't need a hospital. I just need to lie down. No broken bones or anything. He just punched me a lot. I have some serious painkillers I can take. *(Lies down, finds some pills in his knapsack, swallows a handful.)*

PAUL:

I bet you do.

MUTLEY:

You still mad at me?

PAUL:

Hell yes.

MUTLEY:

You think Joelle and Randy would mind if I crashed here?

PAUL:

You'll have to ask them.

MUTLEY:

Where are they?

PAUL:

Probably getting a marriage license.

MUTLEY:

On a Sunday morning? Hey, what the fuck are you—? Are you shitting me? Randy’s hooked up with Joelle?

PAUL:

Not yet. (*Shrugs*) Maybe.

MUTLEY:

I should have seen this coming. He talked about her all the time. Chatted with her on Facebook almost every day... Wait, you guys were engaged! What happened, what happened, what happened? What did you do? Did you piss her off?

PAUL:

I guess.

MUTLEY:

Because you got mad when I ate her out? (*PAUL shakes his head.*) Tell me, tell me, tell me!

PAUL:

Would you just calm down? (*Sigh.*) I guess I insulted her candles.

MUTLEY:

You what?

PAUL:

They all smell like food. I guess I don’t think that’s very sexy. I mean, food is food. Food isn’t sex.

MUTLEY:

Dude, buy a clue! You’re at fucking RomantiCon. Those booths down in the Sales Room—they’re not selling sex. They’re just selling crap. What do you think romance is? Candy. Flowers. Lingerie. Candles. Perfume. Bubble bath. Wineries. Picnics! I mean, how can you be straight and fifty years old—

PAUL:

Forty.

MUTLEY:

Really? Okay, forty, and not have figured this out? A candle that smells like roses puts her in the mood for sex! Duh!

PAUL:

Yeah, but peaches? Cherries? Does smelling cherries give you a boner?



MUTLEY:

Okay, Romance Class is now in session. Lesson One: Food Can Be Sensual. *Sensual!* Look it up! We see it, touch it, taste it, smell it, enjoy it. Feed it to each other. Lick the juice running down her chin. I can show you a video on YouTube.

PAUL:

Sensual. Got it.

MUTLEY:

Lesson Two: Most men don't give two shits about romance, but they'd better learn to, if they want to make a woman happy. All that crap for sale downstairs is there for a reason.

PAUL:

Seems like a big waste of time and money.

MUTLEY:

How are you still single? You are truly pathetic. You don't deserve a girlfriend.

PAUL:

Have *you* ever had a girlfriend?

MUTLEY:

A few—I like sex with women. I love tits and pussy. But I prefer men. We're very direct, you know? Not a lot of chit-chat.

PAUL:

Maybe I should have been gay.

MUTLEY:

It's not too late!

PAUL:

Ha! I'm not turning gay.

MUTLEY:

Sexuality's a continuum. Whoa, shit, I sound like Randy.

PAUL:

I don't like dick! I'm not suddenly gonna start liking dick!

MUTLEY:

You like your own dick don't you?

PAUL:

Ah—well—yes...

MUTLEY:

See, there’s at least *one* dick you like. And you like getting your prostate massaged, right?

PAUL:

I wish I hadn’t told you that.

MUTLEY:

So when you’re horned up and the lights are out and some sexy lover slides inside you and it feels oh-so-good, how do you even tell if it’s a finger or a cock or a vibrator? Or a fucking octopus tentacle?

PAUL:

You are such a pervert. I don’t know why I even talk to you.

MUTLEY:

Because *my* life’s exciting! I know all the kinks! How can you win the girl if you don’t have the edge?

PAUL:

Because maybe, if I agree, the three of us can be in a triad!!

MUTLEY: (*momentarily stunned, then*)

*Triad?* (*Laughs.*) That is the weirdest shit I’ve ever heard. You and Randy, two straight guys... what are you gonna do, tag-team Joelle when you get tired? Maybe a Monday-Wednesday-Friday arrangement? Or maybe you get her on weekends?

PAUL:

Shut the fuck up. You are such a rude son-of-a-bitch.

MUTLEY:

Dude, think about it! These are practical ques...tions... Whoa, my oxycodones just kicked in. Whewwwwww.... (*He passes out.*)

PAUL:

How many did you take? Mutley, you should probably... Mutley? (*MUTLEY’s unconscious. PAUL shakes him to no avail.*) Mutley! Great. (*Sighs.*) Monday-Wednesday-Friday. Hmm, I could make that work. No, maybe Tuesday, Thursday and the weekend! Yes! No, maybe... (*Exits to hallway.*)

**ACT THREE, Scene Three: Sales Floor, Later**

*(JOELLE and RANDY, wearing aprons, are interacting with invisible customers at their candle and cookie sales tables. JOELLE is upset and losing patience quickly.)*

JOELLE: *(to a customer)*

Peach is my favorite. No. No, you don't eat them. They're candles. They create a mood. Or, if you prefer, you can shove them up your ass.

RANDY:

Hey, Joelle, take it easy.

JOELLE:

If one more man doesn't get why scented candles are romantic I'm gonna leap over this table and cut his balls off. I had no idea people were so dense. I thought this would be so easy!

RANDY:

Retail's all about psychology. It's not really about product. You have to get inside people's heads.

JOELLE:

And I've spent all this money and time making these candles. This was a stupid idea. I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I won't be back next year.

RANDY:

Hey, I've got an idea. How about if we switch tables for a while?

JOELLE:

What?

RANDY:

It'll be a nice change of pace. You sell cookies and I'll sell candles. Maybe that'll help us get through the day without going crazy.

JOELLE:

Sure. Why not. *(They change places. As they meet in the middle, they hug.)* Thanks, I needed that.

RANDY:

Me too. *(To a customer)* Hi! Yes, the candles come in a wide variety of... of moods. This one? This one's called... Game Day. It smells like, "Hey, you gonna watch the game? Or maybe you'd like to make a forward pass at *me*?" Yeah, it's twelve dollars. Sure, would you like a bag?

JOELLE: (*watching RANDY is giving her an idea*)

Hello, have a sample. Yes, I know, the slogans are a bit crude. This is the last of our current season of cookies. We have a whole new line next month. The cookies will say things like “Your beauty is ageless,” and uh... “Love me tender.” What, you have a store? Oh, how perfect!

RANDY: (*prompting her*)

Take a card!

JOELLE:

Take a card, send me an email. Thank you! (*To RANDY*) This is fun!

RANDY:

It sure is. (*To a customer*) Hello. This one is called Sunday Morning... for when, you know, you just want to stay in bed. This one’s called Forever Young. Smell it, it makes you feel twenty again. I know, it’s amazing, right? No, I don’t have a dozen here. But I can ship them to you. Take a card.

JOELLE: (*to a customer*)

Of course we make customized cookies. You’re getting married? Oh, how wonderful! Oh wow, that *will* be a big wedding. Hmm? Oh, really, a reality show? Sure! Take a card.

(*PAUL enters.*)

PAUL:

Wow, look at you guys playing switcheroo.

JOELLE:

Paul, not a good time. We’re busy.

PAUL:

Let me help.

JOELLE:

You don’t know how.

PAUL:

Yes I do! I’ll show you! (*He dons an apron and gets behind the candle table. RANDY backs up out of his way and observes.*) (*To a customer*) Hello, uh, these candles are hand-crafted to stimulate the senses in the most *sensual* way imaginable. We had a lab test the various scents to maximize romantic reactions.

JOELLE: (*skeptically*)

Paul...

PAUL:

Yeah, it's very scientific! This one's called... *Arousal*. Smell it! Makes you feel kinda tingly all over, yeah? Sure, twelve bucks. (*To JOELLE*): See, I can do this! I just had to figure out how. Strangely enough, Mutley was a big help.

RANDY:

Mutley? What do you mean?

PAUL:

He came back. He's all beat up, poor guy. Some trick pounded the hell out of him. But he's okay. He's sleeping in our room.

RANDY & JOELLE:

WHAT??

RANDY:

And you left him there?

PAUL:

He's all doped up.

RANDY:

We gotta get him out. I'll go. I'll get Stash. (*He whips off his apron and exits at a run.*)

JOELLE: (*calling to RANDY*)

Be careful!

PAUL:

Be careful? What for?

JOELLE:

Oh, Paul, Mutley's a thief. He slept at Stash's last night and stole all their money.

PAUL:

What the fuck's wrong with that kid? Jesus, how did Randy stay with him for so long?

JOELLE:

I don't know. I guess bad people can keep it together when they're in a good situation.

PAUL:

Are you still mad at me?

JOELLE:

No. *I* learned a few things about selling candles today too. I’m sorry I yelled at you. But I’m not sorry we came to RomantiCon—I had no idea I’d be discovering so much about... us.

PAUL:

Is there still a chance we can... keep growing... together?

JOELLE: (*hugging PAUL*)

Oh Paul, I really do love you. This weekend’s been crazy. Can you please not pressure me right now?

PAUL:

Okay. I’m glad you decided to break out of your shell. I think I appreciate you more than ever. You’re an amazing woman, Joelle. (*They kiss. They’re interrupted by a customer.*) Oh, hello. Yes, there’s a lot of romance in the air today. I think it’s the candles. (*They kiss again.*)

**ACT THREE, Scene 4: Hotel Room, Later**

*(MUTLEY’s on the bed, on his back, snoring. Doorlock clicks; RANDY and STASH enter quietly. RANDY finds the knapsack and looks in it, hoping to find the stolen money. Nothing. They go to MUTLEY on the bed. STASH gently rocks MUTLEY towards him so RANDY can access his back pockets. RANDY extracts MUTLEY’s wallet. He hands it to STASH. STASH removes a wad of cash, counts \$400, puts the rest back, and hands the wallet back to RANDY. RANDY removes the room card, pockets it, and puts the wallet back in MUTLEY’s pocket. They rock MUTLEY onto his back again. STASH points to MUTLEY’s belt. RANDY nods. STASH starts removing the belt. It’s not easy to do. STASH struggles, which awakens MUTLEY.)*

MUTLEY: (*extremely groggy*)

What’s going on?

RANDY:

Shh, go back to sleep.

MUTLEY:

Hey, guys! Is it Frisky Time?

STASH:

No, it’s Enjoy your Narcotics Time. Nighty-night.

*(MUTLEY passes out. STASH takes his belt.)*

STASH: *(quietly to RANDY)*

Thanks a lot, man. I can't believe he came back here.

RANDY:

He probably thought his bruises gave him a free pass.

STASH:

What a dirtbag. So, what now? Call the cops?

RANDY:

You gonna press charges?

STASH:

Sure, why shouldn't I?

RANDY:

I don't know. He was such a good kid. I'd hate to see him in jail.

STASH:

Teach him a lesson.

RANDY:

You think? Jail sucks. Maybe I could just take him under my wing.

STASH:

Dude you're crazy. He's nothing but trouble. Don't let your bleeding heart fuck up your life. How about we just chuck him in the dumpster? He'll wake up, lesson learned, no harm done. Unless the trash truck comes. But seriously, there's a trash chute on every floor, easy-peasy.

RANDY:

No, no, no. Nobody deserves that. Not even Mutley. *(He sits, puts his head in his hands, and groans.)*

STASH:

Aw dude, shitty weekend?

RANDY:

Yes.

STASH:

Joelle's gonna stick with Paul, you think?

RANDY:

Probably. I reckon I'm a little *too much* adventure for her.

STASH:

What you gonna do about *him*? (*Points to MUTLEY.*)

RANDY:

I don't know. (*He walks over and looks at MUTLEY.*) Poor kid. I really loved him. I wish there was something I could do to help him get on the right track. (*He affectionately brushes the hair off MUTLEY's forehead, then notices something odd on MUTLEY's face. He touches MUTLEY's black eye—and some color rubs off on his finger.*) What the fuck is this? These aren't real bruises. It's just paint!

STASH:

What?!

RANDY:

That devious son-of-a-bitch. Goddamn it! Pretending he got beat up!

STASH:

Now can we chuck him in the dumpster?

RANDY:

Yeah, okay. I mean—NO! No, no, no. Let's wake him up.

*(They both find cups of water on the nightstands and simultaneously splash MUTLEY's face. He wakes up with a start.)*

MUTLEY:

...The fuck!? What happened?

STASH:

Let's start with: you robbed me!

RANDY:

And you pretended to get beat up? What is wrong with you?

*(MUTLEY thinks for a quick moment, then tries to jump up. RANDY and STASH restrain him. He relaxes; they release him. STASH guards the door.)*

You got something to say?

MUTLEY:

I think I should just leave.

STASH:

You do, and I'll call the cops.



MUTLEY:

I'll give you your shit back.

STASH:

I already got my shit back.

MUTLEY:

Then let me go!

RANDY:

Is that really who you are? For months I thought you were the sweetest guy—with tons of potential. Was that all an act? You just playing a part, pretending to be my boyfriend?

MUTLEY:

No! Jesus, Randy! You're an awesome dude! I was really in love! What was I supposed to do when you suddenly decided you were through with me?

RANDY:

You're supposed to act like an adult, not suddenly dissolve into a life of crime.

MUTLEY:

Well I'm not exactly experienced at this. My parents were pretty shitty role models. Please don't turn me in. Please! I'll do whatever you say. I'll work in the bakery. I'll be serious. I swear.

RANDY:

I'm not taking you back, Mutley. You need to grow up. And I gotta move on.

MUTLEY:

Great. Then it'll be *your fault* when I end up dead in the gutter!

STASH:

Dude, you are the dickiest dick I have ever met! YOU are responsible for your own life. Not Randy! Randy's been ridiculously generous to you! So say Thank You and go get your shit together!

MUTLEY:

Like it's just that easy.

RANDY:

It's *not* easy! Every day the world flings shit at us, every one of us. And you have to find the most graceful way to deflect it. Don't just assume you're a loser, Mutley. You can do so much better—I know you can.

STASH:

So what’s it gonna be? You gonna be an adult? Or am I gonna call the police?

MUTLEY:

No, dude! I can do this, I just—don’t know how.

STASH:

Well... we do have an opening for a janitor here at the hotel.

MUTLEY:

HA! I am NOT going to be a fucking janitor!

STASH:

Take the job and I won’t press charges. Be a model employee. Be a man. The moment you fuck up, I’m’a tell the police.

RANDY:

Perfect opportunity, Mutley. Show some spine and say yes.

*(Defeated, MUTLEY gets up and puts his knapsack on his shoulder. The doorlock clicks. The door opens and JOELLE and PAUL enter.)*

JOELLE:

What’s going on?

RANDY:

Mutley, how ‘bout you explain?

MUTLEY:

*(Sigh!)* I faked getting beat up. And I stole some shit from Stash.

PAUL:

Why did you take a bunch of painkillers if you were faking?

MUTLEY:

*‘Cuz I’m a big drug addict, okay? It’s FUN.*

JOELLE:

But why did you fake getting beat up in the first place?

MUTLEY:

Because... *urrrgh*... I’m... a manipulative... jerk? How’m I doin’?

*(ALL give him a thumbs-up.)*

*(Sigh.)* I’m really sorry if I was a dick to you guys. And Randy, thank you for everything. You were a really great daddy. I hope everything works out for you.

RANDY:

Thanks.

MUTLEY:

So does this janitor job have benefits?

STASH:

Randy, you got a riding crop I can borrow?

RANDY: *(hands a riding crop to STASH)*

Sure. Keep it.

*(STASH opens the door for MUTLEY. As he exits, STASH flicks the riding crop against MUTLEY’s butt.)*

MUTLEY:

Ow!

STASH:

“Thank you, Sir, may I have another?”

MUTLEY: *(unenthusiastically)*

Thank you, Sir, may I have another? Ow!

*(STASH and MUTLEY exit to hallway, closing the door.)*

PAUL: *(approaching RANDY)*

Randy, I gotta ask you something.

RANDY:

Yeah?

*(PAUL leans in and kisses RANDY tenderly on the lips.)*

That wasn’t a question.

PAUL:

Yes it was. “What does it feel like to kiss a trans-man?”

RANDY:

Not a trans-man. Just a man. How did it feel?

PAUL:

Um, nice?

JOELLE:

Paul! Why did you do that?

PAUL:

I guess it was an experiment.

RANDY:

So now I'm an experiment?

PAUL:

No! God, this is so hard! Please cut me some slack. Am I gay? No. Am I attracted to Randy? Maybe. Is it because I know you used to be a woman? Maybe. Does it have anything to do with the fact that I know you have a—a— *(He gestures towards RANDY's crotch.)*

RANDY:

Whoa. This is not about my plumbing, okay? It shouldn't matter what parts I may or may not have. Attraction is emotional. It's in here *(points to his head)* and here *(points to his heart)*. So don't panic, okay? Take a deep breath. I have a question for you.

*(PAUL takes a breath. RANDY grabs him and kisses him, a long kiss on the mouth. At first PAUL waves his hands around in surprise and confusion—then gradually embraces RANDY. Finally the kiss concludes.)*

How was that?

PAUL:

Really nice.

*(They gaze at each other for a moment, smiling; then they both turn and look at JOELLE.)*

PAUL & RANDY:

Hi.

JOELLE:

WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING? *(Completely confused, she grabs her suitcase from the closet and packs her stuff.)* I should have left well enough alone. No, I had to open a huge can of worms! I had to go and throw away a perfectly good fiancé! *(Takes off her engagement ring and hands it to PAUL.)* Here, Paul, you can have this back.

PAUL:

I thought this was what you wanted: a husband with an open mind, right?

JOELLE:

I guess I didn't know what I wanted. *(Starts to cry.)* This is all my fault.

RANDY:

Joelle, honey... You and Paul are in uncharted territory. I've been there. I was pretty scared when I realized I was a man inside. Took a lot of time and a lot of courage to understand myself. And now, here I am in uncharted territory AGAIN. I mean, this is crazy for all of us!

PAUL:

And we don't have to decide anything right now. It'll be easier to figure this out once we're no longer under the Baltimore Harbor Hilton's evil curse.

JOELLE:

Okay. Randy, I wish you didn't live so far away.

RANDY:

I'm gonna come see you. I'll fly in for a long weekend.

PAUL:

Ah, that sounds great!

JOELLE:

I really love both you guys.

*(All three embrace. Their lips meet in the center for a kiss. The doorlock clicks; the door opens. STASH is there.)*

STASH:

Yes! I win the pool. Okay lovebirds, time to vacate. We gotta clean this room. I think we're gonna bring in a black light to make sure we get everything. Maybe we'll just hose the place down. Or torch it.

JOELLE:

Oh Stash, thanks for everything. Can I give you a hug?

STASH:

Cash is preferred, but yeah, okay. *(She hugs STASH.)*

JOELLE:

Oh, and here's a twenty. *(She hands him a \$20 bill.)*

STASH:

Naw, keep it.

*(JOELLE slides the bill down the front of STASH’s trousers.)*

Well, okay, if you insist.

JOELLE:

Do you like girls at all?

STASH:

Not in the sack.

JOELLE:

I thought you said you were versatile.

STASH:

Aw, look at you, Little Miss Expert on All Things Sexual. You still got a few things to learn. But hey, if I decide to switch, you’ll be the first girl I call. I’m guessing it’s gonna be quite the party at your house. *(Opens the door to go.)* Good luck y’all. We gonna see you at next year’s convention?

ALL: *(variously)*

Yes—No—Maybe—*(etc.)*

RANDY:

We’ll figure something out.

STASH:

Cool. Maybe next year there’ll be a little brass plaque here on the door. “People Get Enlightened In Here” or some shit like that. Bye!

ALL:

Bye Stash. *(STASH exits to hallway, closing the door.)*

PAUL:

I guess we should get downstairs and pack up the tables.

RANDY:

I’m just gonna toss those old cookies. Time for a new product line.

JOELLE:

I could help you with that, you know.

PAUL:

I think we should work together on it. Like a team.

RANDY:

Like a team. Yeah, I like that.

PAUL:

Then let's hit the restaurant, I'm starved.

JOELLE:

I bet the waiter will get us a good table. If we promise to talk loudly.

*(Laughing, they exit to the hall. The door closes. Two seconds later, the doorlock buzzes and clicks. STASH opens the door and holds it for MUTLEY, who enters pushing a vacuum cleaner and carrying a tote filled with cleaning products. MUTLEY pauses, looking around darkly. STASH whacks MUTLEY's butt with the riding crop.)*

MUTLEY:

Okay! Okay! *(Another whack.)* Not so hard!

*(BLACKOUT. END OF PLAY)*