

# Quest for the Pot of Gold

A play by:  
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### Characters:

DANNY	Age late 20's – early 30's, Leonard's friend, butch, meth addict, muscular, vulnerable
LEONARD	Age late 20's - early 30's, Danny's friend, African American, effeminate, eccentric, campy, very skinny
EDWARD	Age mid 30's, Emeralds manager, suffers from PTSD, workaholic, well-respected by customers
TOM	Age early 40's, Mark's partner, Madeline's father, judgmental, homely in appearance, Log Cabin Republican
MARK	Age early 40's, Tom's partner, Madeline's father, vulnerable, homely in appearance, meth addict
WALTER	Age 70's, Edward's bar friend, lonely, misunderstood, kind, mysterious
GO-GO DANCER	Age early 20's, Emeralds go-go dancer, Walter's favorite, swimmer's build, slightly muscular
EDWARD'S EX-BOYFRIEND	Age late 20's, voice only heard from background
DOROTHY	Leonard's dog, adult male Black Lab

### Synopsis:

Quest for the Pot of Gold follows six Minneapolis gay men, all with their own life struggles, through the month of September 2008. Such struggles include depression, drug abuse, racism, abuse, and politics. Unbeknownst to them is that they will eventually become victims of a mass shooting and explosion in their favorite gay night club Emeralds. Some survive; some don't. The survivors are forced to re-evaluate their lives.

SCENE ONE

*TOM enters from the left side of the stage. He stands on the sidewalk in front of the entrance door labeled "Emeralds". There is a street by the sidewalk. He speaks to the left side. He is wearing a shirt that says "Valvoline" on it. MARK is offstage on the left side.*

TOM

Fuck you!

MARK

Fuck you!

TOM

Die and go to hell with that little cunt of yours!

MARK

At least he's a lot more of a person than you!

TOM

Don't worry about me! He's all yours now!

MARK

Thank God!

TOM

Fuck you!

*TOM starts crying. He paces to the street as he keeps his head facing down. He kneels down and continues crying. Moments later, several gunshots are heard from the background. TOM quickly looks to the left and covers his face with his forearms. TOM screams. Lights go out. After a few seconds, a spotlight shines only to TOM.*

TOM (cont'd)

*(facing the audience)*

It happened so fast. I still feel like I'm in that moment. I am so stupid! I said some things to Mark that I wish I can take back. I don't know if he'll ever be able to hear how sorry I am. He is hanging on life support as I speak. I keep asking doctors how he's doing, but I hear the same thing, 'he's in critical condition, he's in critical condition, he's in critical condition.' I guess his heart isn't beating like it should. That's exactly what none of us have enough of these days...a heart. I am so stupid! We are all so fucking stupid! We're all just a bunch of hypocrites who don't give a shit about anything except getting our cocks sucked and telling all our friends about it! Is this why we have this mess at Emeralds?

When I was little, my grandma told me that after every storm, there's a rainbow, and at the end of every rainbow, there's a pot of gold. Our gay flag is a big rainbow. But where the fuck is the gold?! I don't

see it anywhere.

Just a little over a month ago, we were all living our regular lives. About one month ago, everything started falling apart...

*Entire stage lights up. The background is now of MARK sitting on a chair in a hospital waiting room. There are five empty chairs by him.*

TOM (cont'd)

...And it all started right there.

*TOM points to MARK. TOM exits.*

MARK

*(crying and praying)*

Please God, please do everything in your power to make Madeline okay. She's such a good girl...as you know. Please, Tom and Madeline are the two things I love most dearly in this world.

*TOM enters, wearing different clothing than before. MARK stands up and approaches TOM.*

TOM

*(out of breath, interrupts MARK)*

Sorry. I got here as quick as I could.

MARK

It's okay.

*TOM and MARK hug briefly.*

TOM

How's she doing?

MARK

Last I heard, not good. They keep asking about the biological father.

TOM

Why?

MARK

Because they'll let you visit her but not me.

TOM

Why not you?

MARK

Because I'm not the blood relative.

TOM

Shit.

*(brief pause)*

Anyway, what happened?

MARK

I was in the bathroom for only a minute, and when I got out, she started shaking. It all happened so fast. Even when I was calling 911, she wouldn't stop. I tried to get her to wake up, but she wouldn't.

TOM

Does anyone know what's wrong?

MARK

Oh God, if only I held my bladder just a little longer!

TOM

Mark, there was nothing you could have done.

MARK

Only one minute...

TOM

There was nothing you could have done.

MARK

Oh god!

TOM

Do they know what's wrong?

MARK

I don't know. The only thing the doctors tell me is that they're doing everything they can.

TOM

It's not your fault. They'll treat her, and we'll be on our way back home.

MARK

I hope you're right.

TOM

All you need to do is keep praying like you were before.

MARK

Will you pray with me?

TOM

Sure

SCENE TWO

*LEONARD stands in his living room. The living room is full of rainbows, glitter, feathers, boas, a poster of "The Wizard of Oz", a poster of Diana Ross, and a large rainbow flag. DANNY enters. LEONARD is wearing tight jeans and a pink shirt. DANNY is wearing slightly baggy clothes.*

LEONARD

Where do you think you're going? The straight bar?

DANNY

*(non-question tone)*

What!

LEONARD

How many times do I have to tell you? That is not what you wear when you go to Emeralds.

DANNY

For your information, this is what got me laid a week ago...at Emeralds.

LEONARD

After you put what in his drink?

DANNY

Ha ha, very funny. You're just jealous you haven't gotten any in forever.

LEONARD

Hey, this black faggot can hold his own, thank you very much! I may be a bitch, but at least I know my way in my closet, straight boy.

DANNY

Let's compare. How many guys look at you at Emeralds, and how many guys look at me?

LEONARD

Girl, that's not my point.

DANNY

Then what is?

LEONARD

It's a shame someone as cute as you ain't showing off that bubble butt.

DANNY

What's it to you, bottom boy?

LEONARD

Okay, okay. Then show your cock a little more.

DANNY

*(laughs)*

How? With your tight ass pants?

LEONARD

Yes

DANNY

You're dreaming.

LEONARD

What a shame. With a cock like yours, I'd need a shit load of poppers to get you through my ass.

*DOROTHY enters.*

LEONARD (cont'd)

Dorothy, are you going to be a good boy while I'm gone?

*(rubs DOROTHY'S head)*

Dorothy, sit.

*(DOROTHY sits and faces the audience)*

Dorothy. Do Madonna.

*(DOROTHY rolls over, then resumes sitting)*

Good boy. Dorothy. Mommie Dearest.

*(DOROTHY growls)*

Good boy.

*(rubs DOROTHY'S head)*

Dorothy. Act gay.

*(DOROTHY does the limp wrist)*

Good boy.

*LEONARD gives DOROTHY a treat. LEONARD, DANNY and DOROTHY pause. DOROTHY exits.*

DANNY

I don't think I'll understand you, Leonard.

LEONARD

Who does?

DANNY

I get that. But Dorothy?

LEONARD

It was either that or Liza. I'm sure you can figure which one's less crazy. Besides, every fag needs to make their dogs gay, or trans like I did to Dorothy.

DANNY

And why are the gay ones in the bedroom instead of out here?

LEONARD

Girl, how many times do I have to tell you?! The gerbil is not gay, he's queer.

DANNY

Gay, queer, blah blah blah.

LEONARD

And the parrot is probably jerking off to my porn.

DANNY

Okay, okay. I'm ready to go.

LEONARD

Hold on. Let me get some music for the car.

DANNY

I already have some in there.

LEONARD

Ozzy? Metallica? Kid Rock? Forget that shit. You need to touch up on your gay.

DANNY

Cher, Madonna, Barbara?

LEONARD

Um, they're the reason we fags look so fabulous. Hello, Cher! If you want to listen to your straight noise, do it on your own time.

DANNY

How else have I worked so hard in the gym?

LEONARD

Girl, like I said, you have a lot to learn.

DANNY

Let's see; Cher looks like she's from another planet, Madonna can't sing, and Barbara...

LEONARD

Hold the phone, missus. Don't you ever talk like that about the divas.

DANNY

Come on. Cher's face looks like a plastic bag after all the work she's had.

LEONARD

But don't you forget how many gay men are happier because of her.

DANNY

And don't you forget how much muscle I've gained because of...

LEONARD

Forget the muscles.

DANNY

Do you think I'd look like this with Cher?

LEONARD

This nigger ...

*(points at self)*

...looks fabulous with her. No reason why you can't.

DANNY

I'll pass on your look.

LEONARD

Suit yourself. Just remember, who has the lesbian daughter...trans son...and who reaches out to us?  
Cher versus your Ozzy.

DANNY

Hey, Ozzy likes the gays.

LEONARD

*(brief pause)*

Okay, you're right on that one. But still.

DANNY

My point exactly.

LEONARD

You're still a straight boy for listening to his music.

DANNY

Whatever.

LEONARD

Girl, you obviously have a lot to learn about gay music.

DANNY

Girls trying to be like Liberace and thinking they're in some opera?

LEONARD

Like Judy?

DANNY

Judy?

LEONARD

*(spoken)*

Somewhere Over the Rainbow. Duh.

DANNY

Whatever

LEONARD

Pshh, girl. If it wasn't for Judy, there'd be no Cher or Bette or Lady Gaga or...

DANNY

Okay okay, fine.

LEONARD

I don't think you get my point, girl. Otherwise, you would not still be dressing like a breeder.

DANNY

Whatever

LEONARD

Judy is the epitome of gay, her and Cher! Anyone who doesn't understand that is a motherfucking breeder.

DANNY

No way.

LEONARD

It's true. If it wasn't for Judy, we wouldn't have a kick-ass rainbow flag.

DANNY

*(sarcastically and jokingly)*

Otherwise, the flag would be black and white?

LEONARD

Probably. Anyway, let's go. We're listening to Mariah Carey in the car.

DANNY

Damn it, we are not listening to that squealer!

LEONARD

Girl, don't argue with me. Now let's go.

DANNY

We're not listening to her.

LEONARD

Yes, we are. Now come on.

DANNY

*(sighs in frustration)*

Dammit!

SCENE THREE

*In Emeralds, only green lights can be seen gliding throughout the stage while techno music is playing. After about ten seconds, the remaining lights go on. EDWARD stands behind the bar. WALTER sits on a chair on the right side of the stage, near the bar stool, while GO-GO DANCER dances provocatively for him. WALTER frequently slides dollar bills along his waist, and occasionally grabs his butt. LEONARD enters from the left.*

EDWARD

Hey Leonard!

LEONARD

Edward!

*(kisses and hugs EDWARD)*

How are you?

EDWARD

Busy as always.

*(laughs)*

What can I get for you?

LEONARD

A screwdriver please.

EDWARD

You got it.

*EDWARD begins making the drink.*

LEONARD

Any hot college freshmen coming in yet?

EDWARD

No, not that many yet. One of them was flirting with me the other day.

LEONARD

And?

EDWARD

Not my thing.

LEONARD

You got me, me neither.

EDWARD

They act like they own Emeralds!

LEONARD

You think that's bad? Try working administrations at the U of M and having the fall semester start up again!

EDWARD

That's why I dread 18-plus nights this time of the year!

LEONARD

One reason to get shit faced tonight!

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

Don't you always?

LEONARD

*(brief pause)*

Yeah, kind of.

EDWARD

Kind of?

LEONARD

Just wait till four and a half more months.

EDWARD

Four and a half months?

LEONARD

The day the bush whacker is no longer our president.

EDWARD

*(chuckles)*

I don't imagine you'll be the only one.

LEONARD

If I get the dick a lot of those freshman get, I'd be getting dick as we speak.

EDWARD

Me too

LEONARD

You're starting to turn out like me, having a dick that stays in the storage room.

*EDWARD laughs, hands LEONARD the drink, and sips on a cup of coffee.*

LEONARD (cont'd)

How long's it been since you've gotten some dick?

EDWARD

No, no, no, no...

LEONARD

Oh, come on. I said we're on the same boat here.

EDWARD

Why don't you and Danny ever go out?

LEONARD

Danny's my girl so no way. Besides, he dissed me a few minutes ago and then met up with a bunch of creepy looking guys he hangs out with every now and again. Speaking of creepy guys, what the hell is it with old geezers like him...

*(points at WALTER)*

always going after the young ones? They just never give up. They think they've got the shit. Every time I come here, that guy is always with that same dancer. You get my drift?

EDWARD

*(not enthused)*

Sure

LEONARD

So this one old geezer came to me the other day and started talking to me and shit, and I was like, 'Damn, you need to get off that old-geezer crack. You're a crazy motherfucker!'

EDWARD

*(not enthused)*

Sure

LEONARD

I get that you and that other geezer...

*(points to WALTER)*

...talk a lot here, which is cool...

*DANNY enters from the left. LEONARD looks at DANNY.*

LEONARD (cont'd)

Ohh, here's my girl.

DANNY

If you don't mind, I'm gonna go to their place...

*(points to the left)*

And hang out with them.

LEONARD

Girl, they look like death, but it's your life.

DANNY

I better not keep the guys waiting.

LEONARD

All right baby. Be careful.

*(places his hand along the side of DANNY'S waist)*

Call me tomorrow.

*LEONARD and DANNY kiss and hug.*

DANNY

Good night.

LEONARD

Good night, girl.

*DANNY lets go of LEONARD. DANNY exits.*

EDWARD

Are you sure you want to let him go alone with them?

LEONARD

He's a big boy.

EDWARD

I see those people here all the time. Every time they come here, they walk into that same bathroom...

*(points to the left)*

over there. Then they walk out and start acting crazy. They've been hauled out by security who knows how many times.

LEONARD

*(chuckles)*

Hell, if I was security, their looks alone would get them out of here.

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

And yet, they still get way more action than I do.

LEONARD

Fuck, that's not fair. Why is it they can, but me and you are always stuck with our hands on our dicks? It's just not fair.

EDWARD

If not Danny, then how about online or those speed dating things?

LEONARD

No way. Online creeps me out. I tried speed dating once. All the guys were creeped out by me.

EDWARD

You never know. The right one might come along.

LEONARD

Right one, where?

EDWARD

You won't have to share so many stories about lack of dick.

LEONARD

*(jokingly)*

Did you just say I'm getting dick?

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

You wish I said that.

LEONARD

Me too.

EDWARD

Like I said, the right one might come along.

LEONARD

Nah. Most of the gay men in Minneapolis need a smack on the fucking head.

*(EDWARD laughs)*

Anyway, I'll catch you later.

SCENE FOUR

*TOM and MARK sit in the hospital waiting room. MARK appears to be staring into space.*

TOM

Is there something on your mind?

MARK

Why do you ask?

TOM

It looks like you're staring into space.

MARK

It's just everything that's happening..

TOM

But the doctor said yesterday that the operation should make her okay.

MARK

I know.

TOM

Mark, look at me.

*(MARK doesn't)*

Look at me.

*(MARK still doesn't)*

I know we're going through hell, but I can't do this alone.

MARK

I'm sorry. It's just...

TOM

*(brief silence)*

You still feel guilty, don't you?

MARK

No, it's not just that.

TOM

I've told you; there's nothing you could have done.

MARK

I know.

TOM

Lately, it's felt like you really haven't been here.

MARK

I'm here everyday, just like you.

TOM

I mean you haven't been...here. I always feel like you're on another planet or something.

MARK

How so?

TOM

One way to fix this is to sit a little closer to me.

*(laughs)*

That might take away the tension.

MARK

I'm sorry Tom. I just need to handle some of this on my own.

TOM

I know I constantly say this, but I need to tell you again. Me and Madeline are the two luckiest people because of you. I don't think she could possibly have a better father.

MARK

Like hell I'm father of the year.

TOM

Who is?.

MARK

*(TOM and MARK chuckle)*

Okay, you got me.

TOM

So come on. Sit a little closer.

*(pause)*

Come on.

*After a brief pause, MARK scoots his chair a little closer to TOM but maintains lack of eye contact.*

TOM (cont'd)

See. That wasn't so bad.

MARK

Sure.

TOM

What are you thinking?

MARK

A lot of things.

TOM

Like what?

MARK

A lot of things.

TOM

Like what?

MARK

I don't want to talk about it.

TOM

Come on Mark.

MARK

Not right now.

TOM

Mark, I'm your partner, and I love you. So please talk to me.

MARK

*(a little louder)*

I said I don't want to talk about it!

TOM

*(brief pause)*

Okay, fine!

*(brief silence; tenderly)*

Can you at least look at me?

SCENE FIVE

*In Emeralds, EDWARD stands behind the bar counter while WALTER stands in front of it and EDWARD. Green lights glide throughout the stage. WALTER holds a drink in his hand. The phone rings. EDWARD picks it up after two rings.*

EDWARD

*(holding the phone)*

Hello, Emeralds.

*(brief silence)*

I told you many times; please stop calling here!

*(brief silence)*

Please stop calling here!

*EDWARD hangs up the phone.*

WALTER

What was that about?

EDWARD

It's the same guy who's been calling here a lot the past two weeks.

WALTER

What does he say?

EDWARD

The usual; you fags are going to die, we're going to blow up Emeralds, that type of crap.

WALTER

Have you called the police?

EDWARD

Yeah, they can't trace the calls anywhere. Well, they can, but they're probably using track phones.

WALTER

So that means the police can only trace the location, right?

EDWARD

Right, and for all I know, they're calling along the sidewalk.

WALTER

Just think; in my generation, we didn't even have caller ID.

EDWARD

*(chuckles, jokingly)*

Lucky us.

WALTER

*(chuckles)*

Yes, lucky you.

EDWARD

It's too bad screaming back at them does as much as screaming to the bastard I call Dad.

WALTER

Doesn't do much?

EDWARD

Nope, they keep thinking they're the lords of the world.

WALTER

No shit.

EDWARD

The only difference between them is that one caused me to do this...

*(shows WALTER his wrist, palm up)*

The other didn't.

WALTER

Wow.

*Brief silence. EDWARD quickly turns his head to the right and then back at WALTER.*

EDWARD

Did you see how that twink looked at us funny?

WALTER

A twink?

EDWARD

Yeah

WALTER

No, that's me they're looking at. That's what you have to look forward to in about thirty years.

EDWARD

*(giggles)*

Uh oh

WALTER

Young folks today just do not listen like they used to. All they care about are their cocks, their nuts, and, you can't forget, their mirror.

EDWARD

*(laughs and sips on a cup of coffee)*

I'll drink to that one.

WALTER

The other day, there was this one guy who stood next to me right here at this spot. I started talking to him about my friends who just got married in Massachusetts, and he was like...

*(nasally)*

'You know where I can score some cock?'

*(resumes to habitual voice)*

Snapped his fingers in my face and rushed off.

EDWARD

How pathetic!

WALTER

If I would have talked about them to a gay man thirty years ago, he'd be like 'congratulations, we're truly progressing.'

EDWARD

Walter, how did the times ever change?

WALTER

Probably when gay men got stupid.

EDWARD

That wasn't as long ago as a lot of people may think.

WALTER

And on top that, later that night, I overheard that same guy talking to his friends about me trying to come on to him. I was like, 'when did talking about a couple friends getting married become a plea for cock?'

EDWARD

Was he at least cute?

WALTER

Not really.

EDWARD

*(giggles)*

Even if he was, what happened to the days of being flattered?

WALTER

Speaking of cute men, when are you going to get a cute one?

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

When I get time.

WALTER

You're here every time I am, and you're always working your ass off.

*EDWARD looks behind him, then back at WALTER.*

EDWARD

Thank you.

WALTER

There's more to life than just Emeralds, you know.

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

I wish that was true.

WALTER

It's true. You just need to take some time off. You'll have a man crawling over you just like...

*(snaps his fingers)*

that.

EDWARD

I wish it was that easy.

WALTER

Come on, how long has it been?

EDWARD

No, no, no, no, no.

WALTER

My point exactly. Besides, nobody works seven days a week like you do because they like work that much.

EDWARD

It's pretty hard for a manager to get a day off.

WALTER

Edward, you're not fooling me. I've never known of a manager who never gets a single day off.

EDWARD

You haven't tried your drink yet.

WALTER

I'm not stupid.

EDWARD

That drink has a new recipe so...

WALTER

I don't know anybody who works as much as you, and...

EDWARD

*(starts to show discomfort)*

Like I said, I have to keep up with the place.

WALTER

If you had a day or two off, you wouldn't always need coffee behind the bar.

EDWARD

Who else is there to do it?

WALTER

How many other people do you know who drink as much coffee as you?

EDWARD

It keeps me up this late.

WALTER

Every time I'm here, you always have that same damn coffee cup sitting on that same spot.

EDWARD

And the coffee pot...

WALTER

*(points to the coffee pot near EDWARD)*

Always sitting right there.

EDWARD

Now what about your drink?

WALTER

How many other people are so strong for everybody but not for themselves?

EDWARD

Well, thank you. But that...

WALTER

I knew a friend who got hurt so many times by boyfriends, even physically, that he ended up...

*EDWARD looks at the stack of liquor bottles.*

EDWARD

*(obviously uncomfortable)*

I just saw that I'm out of UV Blue. I'll be back.

*EDWARD exits. Lights go out.*

EDWARD'S EX-BOYFRIEND

*(voice heard from backstage)*

You useless piece of shit!

*(brief silence)*

You should be lucky to have me as a boyfriend! No one else would take your sorry ass!

*(brief silence)*

You dare tell anyone about this, I swear!

*EDWARD screams.*

SCENE SIX

*TOM and MARK sit in the hospital waiting room on the left side of the stage. Right side of the stage is dark.*

MARK

I'm going to go get a pop. Do you want anything?

TOM

No thanks.

MARK

Okay

*MARK walks away for a brief time.*

TOM

*(when MARK is close to the other side of the stage)*

Wait.

*MARK stops and turns around.*

TOM (cont'd)

Madeline's results could come back at anytime.

MARK

What's the use? The nurse won't tell me much unless you're with me, and whether you're with me or not, she barely even looks at me.

TOM

She's your daughter too.

MARK

And she's been here for a week. That's how long it's been since I've seen her. It's been how long for you?

TOM

Mark, just please stay with me.

MARK

Why? So I can be shit faced by that nurse some more?

TOM

Don't worry about the nurse. Just please stay.

MARK

I'm only going to be a few minutes.

TOM

I need you now.

MARK

No, you don't. You get Madeline whenever you damn well feel like it, and the closest things I have to her are the pictures in my wallet and this waiting room!

TOM

Please don't do this.

MARK

Do what?

TOM

Please, this is the last thing...

MARK

If you wouldn't have voted for Bush and Governor Palenty twice, I wouldn't be in this mess!

TOM

Mark, please...

*MARK aggressively exits. Lights on the left side go out. Lights on the right side go on. LEONARD and DANNY sit along the round table in Emeralds. Their lips move like they're talking. WALTER sits along a nearby table while GO-GO DANCER gives him a lap dance. WALTER frequently slips dollar bills along GO-GO DANCER'S waist line. EDWARD scrubs the bar. Techno music is playing, and green lights glide along the stage.*

WALTER

Have I ever told you how amazing you are?

*(brief silence)*

The things I would do to take you home with me. I would love lay in bed with you, slide my hands along your skin, and cuddle with you all night.

*(slides a dollar bill along GO-GO DANCER'S waist)*

I bet you've gotten a ton of hot guys do that to you. If only I was young again...

*(caresses his hands along GO-GO DANCER'S chest and stomach)*

And had even a fraction of your hotness. You need to tell your dance company to get rid of all these other loser dancers and hire ones like yourself.

*WALTER'S lips now move to appear like he's talking.*

LEONARD

Oh God. Girl, who does that guy think he is wearing that shit here? He's about as bad you are.

DANNY

Who knows.

LEONARD

I mean; it makes him look so fat.

DANNY

Mm hmm

LEONARD

But then again, I'm getting fat too.

DANNY

What the fuck are you talking about? You're like a toothpick.

LEONARD

You're kind, but I need to get my nigger ass into the gym asap so I can look more like that dancer who's always all over...

*(points to WALTER)*

Old Geezer.

DANNY

You're starting to sound like my sister.

LEONARD

*(loudly)*

Girl!

*(resumes to previous volume)*

I am a sister so you better watch your back.

DANNY

Yeah, no shit.

LEONARD

*(snaps his finger above his head)*

Damn right, girl. Preach it.

DANNY

I mean my teenage sister.

LEONARD

Like I said, I'm a sister...

*(surprised)*

What the fuck!

DANNY

What?

LEONARD

Will you look at that outfit on that other old geezer! He looks like he came out of disco.

*(yelling)*

Just because Grace Jones does it doesn't mean you should!

*WALTER and GO-GO DANCER briefly look at LEONARD and DANNY.*

DANNY

*(embarrassed)*

Leonard! Let me know next time you do that so I can run away!

LEONARD

Girl, he's probably been told that a million times.

DANNY

But still.

LEONARD

He's probably used to it by now.

DANNY

You're lucky he's not coming up to you to kick your ass.

LEONARD

Okay, okay, fine. I'll warn you next time.

DANNY

Thank you.

*(brief silence)*

But he does look like he has AIDS or something.

*MARK enters and approaches EDWARD. LEONARD and DANNY begin to move their lips to appear like they're talking.*

EDWARD

What would you like?

MARK

Sex on the beach please.

EDWARD

Coming right up.

*EDWARD begins making the drink. LEONARD looks at MARK. LEONARD doesn't appear to recognize him at first. Then he acts surprised.*

LEONARD

What the fuck!

DANNY

*(frustrated)*

What now?

*LEONARD approaches MARK. DANNY follows.*

LEONARD

You finally freed yourself from Tom!

MARK

*(turns his head to LEONARD; surprised)*

Oh my god!

*LEONARD and MARK hug.*

LEONARD

I knew Tom couldn't keep you locked up forever!

MARK

No, I told him I don't care what he thinks about me coming here.

LEONARD

*(surprised)*

What?

MARK

I finally did it.

LEONARD

You finally got rid of that jackass!

MARK

He's not a...

LEONARD

Sorry. Jackass motherfucker.

MARK

Leonard!

LEONARD

Hey, it's not my fault that I can't stand gay guys who hate their own kind!

MARK

*(laughs)*

He doesn't...

LEONARD

I'm sorry Danny. This is Mark. Mark, this is my girl Danny.

DANNY

*(shaking hands with MARK)*

Nice to meet you.

MARK

You too.

LEONARD

Now tell me, Mark. Do you agree that Danny here is too cute to be wearing these straight clothes?

MARK

*(laughs)*

Sorry, I'm not getting involved in this one.

LEONARD

Come on, old friend, I haven't seen you in two years, and you can't help me out?!

DANNY

*(laughs)*

See what he puts me through!

MARK

No shit.

LEONARD

So Mark, how long have you been free from the monster?

MARK

*(brief silence)*

I'm not exactly.

LEONARD

What do you mean? He's off the face of this fucking earth...

MARK

We're still together.

LEONARD

What?! Then how the hell did you get in here?

MARK

I finally told him I don't give a fuck.

DANNY

Is he some kind of loser or something?

MARK

He's just...

LEONARD

He's a gay hating, nigger hating rotten bastard, no one you ever want to meet.

DANNY

How could he hate us if he's...well...

LEONARD

Girl, it's a long story that gets too weird.

MARK

Danny, Leonard is being a drama queen about him.

LEONARD

About that redneck?

MARK

And he's not redneck.

LEONARD

Mr. Marriage Should Only Be For a Man And a Woman? That cunt might as well be.

MARK

He does not believe that.

LEONARD

He might as well be. He'd have your ass if he knew you were here at Emeralds.

*(faces DANNY)*

Do you know how many times I had to hear *bad Emeralds this, bad Emeralds that* from Tom's big mouth?! Girl, what he needs is a nice long, hard dick to shut him up.

DANNY

Does this mean hush hush if I see him?

MARK

*(loudly)*

Madeline is in the hospital!

LEONARD

*(brief pause, shocked)*

Is she okay?

MARK

She hasn't been awake in a week.

LEONARD

*(hugging MARK)*

I am so sorry.

MARK

Thank you.

*(begins crying)*

I don't know what I'm going to do!

LEONARD

*(lets go of MARK)*

You are going to stay here, have a good time, and get fuck faced!

MARK

*(laughs)*

You're right. Like I said, I don't give a fuck!

*(brief pause)*

About Tom, I mean. Besides, it's his god damn fault I'm in this mess.

DANNY

Why's that?

MARK

Long story

DANNY

Ugh!

LEONARD

Girl, see what I mean?

MARK

He's pretending not to know that it's his fault. He started yapping his mouth away for umpteenth time today so I stormed out of the waiting room and headed straight here.

LEONARD

Danny, would you care to escort him to the dance floor? I'm going to get a drink, and I'll join you in a minute.

*DANNY reaches his hand to MARK. MARK and DANNY hold hands and exit. EDWARD approaches LEONARD.*

EDWARD

Can I get you anything?

LEONARD

Sure. What's your strongest liquor you have?

EDWARD

Long island extra strong?

LEONARD

Sounds good.

EDWARD

Rough night?

LEONARD

No, not at all. That guy I just ran into, he really needs some assistance.

EDWARD

*(sips on a cup of coffee)*

Assistance?

LEONARD

In having the first fun night in years.

EDWARD

Ahh. Long island coming up.

*(while making the drink)*

That guy you said that needs some assistance? Is that him with Danny?

LEONARD

*(looks to his right)*

What the fuck?

EDWARD

They look like they're getting pretty close.

LEONARD

No shit.

EDWARD

I wish I could find me a man that easily.

LEONARD

Lord have mercy on that one.

EDWARD

Is that guy's name by any chance Mark?

LEONARD

Yes

EDWARD

I used to see him here all the time.

LEONARD

Until a piece of shit got involved.

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

I see what you mean for lost time.

LEONARD

*(looks to his left in surprise)*

Eww! What the hell are those two lesbians doing on the platform?

EDWARD

Probably having a good time.

LEONARD

If they want to have a good time so bad, make them go to that other bar downtown.

EDWARD

They can do that too.

LEONARD

I'll be right back. I need to throw those lesbians off that podium.

*LEONARD exits.*

SCENE EIGHT

*On the left side of the stage, in DANNY'S bedroom, DANNY sits on the bed, and MARK sits on the nearby chair. The bed has one lamp on top of a small drawer on each side (the right one has a bottle of lube by the lamp), and the white walls have nothing on them. The right side of the stage is unlit.*

MARK

I think that's the most trashed I've seen Leonard.

DANNY

Probably because you haven't seen him in so long.

MARK

*(laughs)*

Yeah, that would be exactly why. He'll probably be on your couch until the afternoon.

DANNY

More like until 3 like he always does whenever he crashes here. I've gotten used to it though.

MARK

You almost have to with him.

DANNY

I can't stand how he acts like such a nigger all the time, especially when we're at Emeralds. I mean, I'm not racist, but he does.

MARK

*(laughs)*

But you still had fun tonight.

DANNY

No shit. This is the most fun I've had in a long time.

MARK

Leonard is right about one thing he kept saying to me tonight.

DANNY

What's that?

MARK

About you.

DANNY

*(brief pause)*

The straight guy thing?

MARK

No. That you're a guy magnet.

DANNY

I can't believe he says that all the time, yet criticizes my outfits.

MARK

I know. But I bet you get a lot of guys.

DANNY

Does Tom know you're here?

MARK

No.

DANNY

Are you going to call him and tell him where you are?

MARK

Hell no! I'll just keep him wondering.

DANNY

Good.

MARK

Shit. Before tonight, I almost forgot what it feels like to be this drunk.

*MARK sits next to DANNY on the bed.*

MARK (cont'd)

Is this okay?

DANNY

Yeah.

MARK

I don't want you to be uncomfortable or anything.

DANNY

Leonard said you clearly have more making up to do, didn't you.

MARK

How's that?

DANNY

Having a good night out.

MARK

No shit. I need to get my ass back there like I did in the old days.

DANNY

I'm not talking about just that.

MARK

Then what else is there?

DANNY

*(opens the top drawer)*

Have you ever done poppers?

MARK

I used to before I met Tom.

DANNY

*(reveals a meth kit from the drawer)*

This is so much better.

MARK

What's that?

DANNY

This stuff will help you forget everything about Tom and your daughter for a while.

MARK

*(brief pause)*

I don't think that's a good idea.

DANNY

You said you wanted to make up for lost time.

MARK

*(stands up)*

Yeah but not like this.

DANNY

Come on, just try a little. I promise you won't regret it.

MARK

You're crazy.

DANNY

*(sits back down on the bed)*

I said the same thing first time I tried it and...

MARK

Does Leonard know you do this?

DANNY

I don't know, and I don't care.

MARK

You can use it if you want but not...

DANNY

You said you wanted to make up for lost time.

*(inhales meth)*

See. I'm free already. Join me. No drama for a while.

*(brief pause)*

Just try a little.

MARK

*(brief pause; takes a deep breath)*

What does this stuff do?

DANNY

Like I said, it frees you. The one drawback is that it's harder to cum, but damn, it makes fucking feel really good. Just start with a tiny bit.

*Brief pause. MARK slowly sits back down on the bed and inhales meth.*

MARK

*(slightly scared)*

Whoa shit!

DANNY

That's just the beginning.

*DANNY caresses MARK's chest. MARK reaches over to DANNY for an intense open-mouth kiss. DANNY and MARK quickly remove their clothes. DANNY and MARK lie naked on the bed as they continue to make out intensely. They toss each other on their backs a couple times. DANNY grabs some meth (in powdered form) from the lamp table and hands it to MARK.*

DANNY

Here, put this on your ass.

MARK

What does it do?

DANNY

Just do it.

*MARK takes the meth and rubs it along the crack of his butt.*

DANNY (cont'd)

Feeling anything yet?

MARK

Yeah, my whole body being massaged by spirits.

DANNY

I mean on your ass.

MARK

No

*DANNY grabs the bottle of lube from the lamp table and puts some lube on his penis. He then throws the bottle on the floor and then shoves his penis inside of MARK'S butt. DANNY and MARK then proceed with anal sex.*

DANNY

Want to feel something even bigger?!

MARK

Yeah!

*DANNY begins pounding MARK'S butt harder.*

MARK (cont'd)

Damn it Danny. You can keep fucking me as hard as you want!

DANNY

Gladly!

MARK

You think you can do two or three loads in me?!

DANNY

I can try!

MARK

Do it. I fucking need all of them really bad!

DANNY

Like I said, I'll try!

MARK

Fuck me harder!

*DANNY pounds on MARK harder.*

MARK (cont'd)

*(louder)*

Harder!

*DANNY pounds on MARK increasing hard.*

MARK (cont'd)

Fuck yeah! Fuck yeah!

*(louder)*

Fuck yeah!

SCENE NINE

*Stage is dark.*

EDWARD

Please no!

*Lights turn on the right side of the stage. EDWARD lies down in bed. There is a large drawer with a large narrow mirror to the near right of the bed.*

EDWARD (cont'd)

*(crying)*

No!

*(brief silence)*

No!

*EDWARD frequently turns left and right. Two slaps across the face is heard from backstage.*

EDWARD (cont'd)

*(wakes up, quickly sitting up on his bed)*

Ahhhh!

*EDWARD breathes heavily for a few seconds before stepping out of bed, then walks to his drawer, pours a glass of wine, and drinks a large sip. He freezes while he looks down.*

EDWARD

*(throwing the glass across the room)*

Fuck you! Fuck you!

*EDWARD leans his back on the drawer as he slowly sits down on the floor and cries. After about ten seconds of crying, he stands up, looks at himself in the mirror, then quickly turns away in distress. He walks to the nearby door. Lights on the right side go out, and lights on the left side go on. The left side is now a hallway with two black and white pictures of a young WALTER and a mirror. WALTER enters from the left. WALTER stares at one of the pictures briefly before facing the audience.*

WALTER

Did you know I once loved a man? His name was Charlie. These were the glory days when everybody was bopping to rock and roll, and everybody still loved that jukebox. In fact, Elvis was playing on the jukebox the moment that I met Charlie. The place was called The Dugout Bar. It was a gay bar along 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave. S. in Downtown Minneapolis. It's been gone since the 60's, I think. Ahh, his piercing brown

eyes and pronounced jawline of his. Who could forget those red lips of his? Ahh, I wanted to kiss them so bad. That night, I got to. It was bliss. I thought this was the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with. Of course those were the days that when you loved another man, you kept it secret. Otherwise, you'd have two choices: either marry a woman and have kids or be alone.

*Lights on the right side of the stage go on. That side has a big, round mirror that hangs above a desk. There's a chair in front of the desk. TOM sits on the chair as he turns his toward the mirror. Then in distress, he quickly turns away. Lights go out on the right side.*

WALTER (cont'd)

The last thing I wanted was to be alone. Yet, I could never bring myself to be with a woman, even though that one woman, Susie, had her eye on me for a while back in the day. Ahh, Charlie, Charlie. I wish I could have brought him to those gay bars in town with him. I still to this day ask myself what I should have said instead of, 'I understand,' when he said he could no longer be with me.

*Lights on the right side of the stage go on. MARK sits on the chair as he turns his toward the mirror. Then in distress, he quickly turns away. Lights go out on the right side.*

WALTER (cont'd)

A week after me and Charlie kissed for the first time, The Dugout Bar was raided by the police. The day after the raiding, a couple friends from there were on the newspaper in the "arrest section". That could have easily been me and Charlie, had I not talked him into going to the drive-in instead of the bar. When I got done reading the newspaper, I called Charlie. I got no answer. I kept trying to get a hold of him for the longest time from there on. I saw him only once more. This was a year later. He was holding hands with a woman. I said hi to him, but I was a ghost to him. I still have his picture in my wallet.

*Lights on the right side of the stage go on. LEONARD sits on the chair as he turns his toward the mirror. Then in distress, he quickly turns away. Lights go out on the right side.*

WALTER (cont'd)

It took me many years after Charlie to bring myself to another gay bar. By this time, Cuba, Kennedy, and The British Invasion passed, and we were in the brink of a war. I watched the fighting on TV almost everyday. It was hard to watch at times, sometimes impossible. There was blood everywhere, dead bodies everywhere, and bullets flying every which way. Then on May 16, 1968, my mom and dad called me to say that I lost my big brother in Vietnam. It was that day that I realized that life is too short to avoid looking at myself in the mirror all the time. I won't lie; I still have those moments every now and again. But that's one of the bitches about being gay.

*Lights on the right side of the stage go on. DANNY sits on the chair as he turns his toward the mirror. Then in distress, he quickly turns away. Lights go out on the right side.*

WALTER (cont'd)

After 1968, I saw the sex revolution, disco, AIDS, new wave, and that '90s dance crap. Through it all, I was able to tell myself that I was gay. But through all that, I still found it heartbreaking to step into a club and even to touch another man. My first time at Emeralds, it was 2001. This was my first time in a gay club since the 60's. I was looking at everyone and thinking, *ugh, that could have been me when I was young.* There were so many young and free people in Emeralds, so many of them with groups of people like themselves and so many couples in love. Was it Charlie or society that kept me from doing all that when I was their age? I don't know.

*WALTER freezes briefly, walks to the hallway mirror, and faces it. Then in distress, he quickly turns away.*

SCENE TEN

*In the hospital waiting room, the far right side of the stage, TOM has a cell phone over his ear.*

TOM

Hey, it's Tom. Get your ass over here now! I've been trying to get a hold of you for the last two hours! Where are you and what are you doing that you can't pick up the phone?! It's about Madeline, and it's not good. Call me. Bye. And we need to talk about why I haven't seen you in a week.

*TOM places his cell phone in his pants pocket. Lights go out briefly and back on. The entire stage is now Emeralds. "What Goes Around (Comes Around)" by Justin Timberlake is playing in the background. LEONARD, DANNY, and MARK stand by the bar while EDWARD stands near them, behind the bar. DANNY and MARK are fidgety and constantly moving around (under the influence of meth). The bridge of the song approaches.*

LEONARD

*(talking to the song)*

So, Justin. Are you gay?

*(on the song, Justin says "yep")*

Will you fuck the shit out of me?

*(on the song, Justin says "yep")*

Free tonight?

*(on the song, Justin says "yep")*

Yeah! I'm getting my Justin on tonight!

DANNY

Hehe, you wish.

LEONARD

Girl, what did Justin just tell me?!

DANNY

Just wait until he looks at you.

LEONARD

Haha, very funny, girl.

DANNY

Did Edward put something in your drink, drunk boy?

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

Hey, don't drag me in to this.

LEONARD

No, he did just fine.

DANNY

Whatever you say.

LEONARD

Better Justin than your weirdo friends.

DANNY

Like I said, you wish.

MARK

Weirdo friends?

DANNY

Yeah, those twinks you met the other day.

MARK

The ones that were all over the place?

DANNY

So to speak.

MARK

Ahh, yes.

DANNY

Leonard always call them weirdos.

LEONARD

Girl, that's because they are.

EDWARD

I see them here all the time. I agree with Leonard.

LEONARD

I still don't see what you see in them.

DANNY

Who says anything about me fucking them?

LEONARD

Girl, I've seen the way you grab them.

DANNY

So

LEONARD

I don't care if you fuck them.

DANNY

Okay, so there are pretty good bottoms in the group.

LEONARD

If you say so.

DANNY

Don't knock it until you try it.

LEONARD

Girl, I don't have to try them to know that Justin is better.

DANNY

Keep wishing.

LEONARD

Nah, considering everything else you do with them.

DANNY

Suit yourself.

LEONARD

Will do. Better Justin than those anorexic-looking people.

DANNY

Yes, I get it. You prefer your Justin.

LEONARD

Damn right, girl.

DANNY

I have to pee. I'll be right back.

*DANNY exits. A continuous cell phone ring is heard.*

EDWARD

Is that your phone I hear?

MARK

Yes

EDWARD

Aren't you going to get that?

MARK

Nah, it's probably Tom babbling more and more about how he sees Madeline all the time.

EDWARD

You should talk to him.

MARK

No

EDWARD

Don't you think he needs your support?

MARK

*(brief silence)*

How do you know what's happening?

EDWARD

Leonard told me.

*(brief pause)*

I hope that was okay.

MARK

No worries, that's fine. It's just I've been dealing with his shit for nine fucking years. All I hear from him are *gays are stupid, gays are whores*.

LEONARD

See why he's a fucking right-wing bastard?

EDWARD

Right wing?

LEONARD

I'm afraid so.

MARK

Me and Tom haven't had a night out together in years. He always want to stay home and take care of Madeline.

EDWARD

Isn't that what a father is supposed to be doing?

MARK

I know babysitters, but he's always like *no no no no no*.

*The cell phone ring stops.*

EDWARD

I'm not one to judge, but right-wing or not, I wish my dad did for me what he's doing.

MARK

Are you saying I'm a bad father?

EDWARD

No, I'm not saying anything.

MARK

Then what are you saying?

*The cell phone rings briefly before MARK turns off his cell phone.*

EDWARD

I'm just thinking about that time I was in the hospital when I was a teenager.

MARK

And?

EDWARD

I can tell by looking at your wrists that you did the same thing as I did.

LEONARD

I have to pee too.

*LEONARD exits.*

MARK

*(looks at his wrists)*

What does this have to do with anything?

EDWARD

Were your parents with you in the hospital after you did that?

MARK

Yes.

EDWARD

Then you're lucky. I wish I could say the same thing. But nope, instead, my dad was packing up his suitcases while my mom cried for hours and hours in the waiting room.

MARK

Your dad was allowed to see you.

EDWARD

And I wish he did.

MARK

But he could have.

EDWARD

My mom really needed him too.

MARK

Okay, and...

EDWARD

Just like your man needs you.

*(brief pause)*

What's his name so I don't have to call him Right-Wing Bastard?

MARK

*(laughs)*

Tom

EDWARD

You and Tom clearly have different way of coping...and even running a house hold, and that's okay. We all do. But whatever mess you leave behind, your daughter will remember it forever. You don't even have to tell her about it. She'll find out on her own eventually.

*DANNY enters and approaches EDWARD and MARK.*

DANNY

Wanna go outside and get some air?

MARK

Sure

EDWARD

Mark, think about what I said.

MARK

Okay

DANNY

Those...

*(hand gestures quotation marks on the word "twinks")*

...twinks we were talking about a little bit ago? A couple of them are outside. They just invited me to their place. Wanna come with later on?

MARK

What about Leonard?

DANNY

He'll get home okay. He always does.

MARK

Are you sure?

DANNY

Yeah, he does it all the time.

MARK

I hate to leave him behind.

DANNY

Besides, they're way less nigger-like than Leonard.

MARK

*(chuckles)*

And what about when I have to see Tom?

DANNY

He'll never notice what you've been doing.

MARK

*(brief pause)*

Sure, what the hell.

*DANNY and MARK exit. EDWARD has an angry look on his face. EDWARD takes a deep breath while he nods his head left and right. The telephone rings.*

EDWARD

This better not be another death threat!

*Lights go out momentarily. Then the far right hand side lights up. TOM sits on the chair while crying. Lights go off and on. TOM continues crying. Lights go off and on. TOM has stopped crying. MARK enters. MARK stops walking once he's a few feet away from TOM. MARK has a hard time remaining still (under the influence of meth).*

TOM

*(obviously holding back anger)*

Mark, where have you been?

MARK

Let me explain.

TOM

Where have you been?

MARK

Please, just...

TOM

*(through his teeth)*

Outside

*TOM and MARK exit.*

SCENE ELEVEN

*TOM and MARK stand outside of the hospital. Behind them is a sign that says "Minneapolis General Hospital".*

TOM

Let me ask you again; where the fuck have you been?

MARK

I needed some time.

TOM

Some time to disappear and come back looking like hell?

MARK

Ignore that.

TOM

No. You look like you just got out of Emeralds.

MARK

What's that supposed to mean?

TOM

You heard me You look like you've been hanging out with those cunts over there.

MARK

Like I said, I needed some time.

TOM

So you have been to Emeralds?!

MARK

I never said that.

TOM

You fucking bastard!

MARK

I never said I went to Emeralds. I just needed some time.

TOM

While Madeline is sick?

MARK

Well...

TOM

Oh, by the way, I've been trying to tell you this, but you won't pick up your phone! Madeline's heart stopped for two minutes. Thank God they got it beating again!

MARK

What?

TOM

Yes. And all this while you were out doing whatever!

MARK

Is she okay?

TOM

What's it to you?

MARK

She's my daughter too!

TOM

Is she? I thought dads were supposed to stay by their kids' side when they're in the hospital.

MARK

Hey, she...

TOM

And not to mention, the other dad.

MARK

I'm here now, aren't I?

TOM

Only when it's convenient for you?

MARK

Tom, I'm sorry. I had to get away.

TOM

While Madeline was almost dead?! And while I was in the waiting room?! Alone?!

MARK

I'm sorry. It was the only way I can stay sane.

TOM

Madeline is sick. How are we supposed to stay sane?!

MARK

How do you think I feel? The nurse won't tell me anything unless you're around, and when you aren't, she looks at me funny!

TOM

If you give a shit about the nurse, go back in the fucking closet!

MARK

Example, the waiting room?

TOM

Call it what you want.

MARK

I will.

TOM

You couldn't have picked a different time to fuck me over like this?

MARK

How else do you want me to say I'm sorry?

TOM

By not having walked off in the first place!

MARK

If I would have stayed, I probably would have killed myself.

TOM

I did think about killing myself, which I hadn't had you been by me!

MARK

Don't you dare blame this on me!

TOM

Damn right I'm going to blame it on you. This is your fault!

MARK

You can't blame other people for thinking about killing yourself.

TOM

Sure you can.

MARK

No, you can't.

TOM

I'm doing it right now.

MARK

But you can't.

TOM

Like I said, I'm doing it right now.

MARK

But you can't.

TOM

What part of "I'm doing it right now" don't you fucking understand?!

MARK

But you...

TOM

Don't fucking tell me I can't when you just heard me do it!

MARK

Of course, the only person you think about is yourself.

TOM

Don't you have that backwards?

MARK

The last nine years, all I've heard from your mouth was "do it my way, do it my way!"

TOM

Why are we talking about this?

MARK

Because I'm tired of it. Obviously, your way is not working. So I'm doing this my way.

TOM

And your way is abandoning me and Madeline?

MARK

I'm not abandoning you! I told you; I had...

TOM

You told me a bunch of bullshit!

MARK

Who's the one who has it backwards now?

TOM

Don't you dare!

MARK

Like I said, I'm doing things my way from now on.

TOM

Without the thought of me?

MARK

Will you knock it off?!

TOM

Why? You obviously got your support wherever you've been, but did I?

MARK

How many times...

TOM

And now you're giving me this "nine years" bullshit?!

MARK

Damn right!

TOM

How much more are you going to dump on my plate?

MARK

I'm not dumping anything!

TOM

Hmm, let's see. This is supposed to be our problem. Instead, it's obviously becoming more and more my problem and only mine!

MARK

I never said it was only yours.

TOM

You didn't have to.

MARK

You make it sound like I'm the devil.

TOM

Newsflash, anyone who fucks with his own daughter is the devil!

MARK

If that's the way you're going to be, I'm going back to where I was!

TOM

And leave me here by myself... again?

MARK

If I have to look at you for another moment, I'm going to puke.

TOM

Fine! Do your thing while I show Madeline that I give a shit!

*MARK exits. TOM leans his back on the building. He begins crying while he slowly sits down. Once he completely sits down, he rests his forehead on his palms and cries louder.*

SCENE TWELVE

*LEONARD, DANNY, and MARK are sitting in  
LEONARD'S apartment. LEONARD is obviously  
intoxicated.*

MARK

I still can't believe Edward went all preachy with me the other day!

LEONARD

He means well.

MARK

But he's a bartender.

LEONARD

Yeah, so.

MARK

Bartenders are supposed to make you drinks, not play therapist.

LEONARD

My guess is it all comes from that shitty boyfriend he had a while. I can't remember husband beater's name, but I could tell he was a piece of shit just by his eyes.

MARK

Is it that same guy he used to kiss over the bar all the time?

LEONARD

Probably

DANNY

How bad was it?

LEONARD

Sometimes, about as bad as when you were bashed last March.

MARK

What?!

DANNY

It's nothing.

MARK

Are you okay?

DANNY

I'm fine.

LEONARD

Damn right you are, girl! And Mark's the lucky motherfucker who snatched you.

MARK

Hehehe

LEONARD

Don't worry; I'd never tell your piece of shit man.

*LEONARD approaches DANNY to attempt a make-out.  
MARK blocks LEONARD from DANNY.*

DANNY

Leonard, you're trashed.

LEONARD

So

DANNY

Why don't you go back to your spot and sit down.

LEONARD

Please, just one?

DANNY

Drunk boy, go back to your spot and sit down.

LEONARD

Pretty please?

DANNY

*(brief pause)*

Well, okay.

LEONARD

*(backs away from DANNY)*

Girl, since when did you become such a bitch?

DANNY

I learn from the best.

LEONARD

Damn, you bitch.

DANNY

Like I said, I...

LEONARD

Let me show you something.

*LEONARD stands up and walks to the photos and holds a picture of his mother.*

LEONARD

Girl, this woman...

*(points to the picture)*

...Bless her heart, is how I learned from the best.

MARK

Who's that?

LEONARD

My mom

DANNY

She made you a bitch?

LEONARD

No, she taught me that anyone that's gay can be gay. But it takes a special talent to be gayyyyyyy. Sometimes, you have to be a little bitchy to be gayyyyyyy.

MARK

And what does this have to do with anything?

LEONARD

If it wasn't for her, I'd probably be dressing like Danny. Cute, yes, but that's not the point.

MARK

Like I said, what does this...

LEONARD

*(puts the photo back to where it was)*

Girl, if you want to take bitch lessons, go to her. You're still a rookie.

DANNY

Leonard, come here...

*(puckers his lips)*

...And give me a little.

LEONARD

*(approaches DANNY)*

I don't mind if I do.

*DANNY open-mouth kisses MARK when LEONARD gets close to DANNY.*

LEONARD (cont'd)

Pshhh, damn it!

MARK

You wish you were me.

LEONARD

Damn it. I do.

MARK

I knew it.

LEONARD

Why do you have to let me down?

DANNY

I don't know.

LEONARD

Girl, when your nephews are singing "It's Raining Men" to their kindergarten class, and you know it's because of you, then let's talk. Until then...

(snaps his fingers in the air)

... you're still a rookie.

DANNY

Let me guess; yours did that.

LEONARD

Damn right! And my sister was pissed about it. Bless her heart.

MARK

Who would you rather be? Me or those people you call anorexics?

LEONARD

*(walking away from DANNY and MARK)*

Those anorexics are ugly as hell, but yet, you have a piece of shit as a man and a daughter in the hospital. Hmmm, I don't know.

MARK

Great. Now you're sounding like Edward.

LEONARD

I don't mean to. I have my opinion. I'm just not so Edward about it.

DANNY

No, you're Leonard about it.

LEONARD

Damn right, bitch.

MARK

There's one Edward already. I don't need another one. As much as I like him.

LEONARD

Okay, back to Danny.

DANNY

Drunk boy.

LEONARD

Girl, at least I'm looking fabulous when I'm drunk...

*(brief pause; snaps his fingers above his head)*

...Unlike your straight ass.

MARK

Hey hey hey, leave the poor guy alone.

LEONARD

If only I can get me a man like...

*(points to DANNY)*

...him, I'd...

DANNY

I know. You said that already, drunk boy.

MARK

Go sit down and rest it off.

LEONARD

*(slowly walks toward DANNY in a much more feminine manner)*

Wouldn't you rather have this...

*(points to himself)*

...fabulous body all over your hot muscles?

DANNY

Doesn't Dorothy need some attention?

LEONARD

She's sleeping in the bedroom.

DANNY

So cuddle up with her, drunk boy.

LEONARD

No, I want to cuddle up with you.

MARK

No, he's cuddling with me.

LEONARD

I know what you two do when you're alone, and it's not just sex.

*LEONARD is now in front of DANNY. DANNY and MARK stand up and take a step back away from LEONARD.*

DANNY

We better get going.

LEONARD

But the fun is just starting.

DANNY

I'll call you tomorrow.

*Lights go out for five seconds. Then, spotlight goes on only DANNY and MARK. The rest of the stage is dark.*

DANNY

Just so you know, Leonard is on Edward's side. He won't admit it though.

MARK

He can think all he fucking wants.

DANNY

Actually, what he said was 'Tom deserves it, but Edward is right.'"

MARK

Like I said, I don't give a shit.

DANNY

How long's it been since you've seen Tom and your girl?

MARK

*(takes a deep breath)*

I've been losing track of time lately.

DANNY

Me too sometimes.

MARK

Last time I was at the hospital, I saw Tom through the window. I couldn't stand the look on his face so I left. I don't think he saw me.

DANNY

From what you said about him, he deserves all the misery.

MARK

Last time I was at your place, we fell asleep. That was a Saturday. Next thing I knew, it was Monday.

DANNY

But we had a fucking blast, didn't we!

MARK

Fuck yeah!

DANNY

Didn't I say I'm a god? My place tonight.

MARK

Sure

SCENE THIRTEEN

*On the left side of the stage, EDWARD stands behind the bar while. EDWARD looks tired. WALTER approaches the front of it. Green lights glide along the stage. Techno music plays in the background. The right side of the stage is dark.*

EDWARD

Hi Walter.

WALTER

Hi Edward. How are you doing?

EDWARD

I'm all right.

WALTER

You look like you've had a long day.

EDWARD

Nah, I'm fine.

WALTER

Are you sure?

EDWARD

What can I get for you?

WALTER

Whiskey

EDWARD

Coming up.

WALTER

Don't worry. I've had a long day too.

EDWARD

What's going on?

*EDWARD grabs a bottle of whiskey and pours it into a glass.*

WALTER

My neighbors making too much damn racket last night.

EDWARD

*(hands the glass to WALTER while hand is shaky)*

That's too bad.

WALTER

Are you sure you're okay.

EDWARD

*(chuckles)*

Yes, I'm fine.

WALTER

*(drinks the whole glass of whiskey in one sip)*

You look like you could use one of them too.

EDWARD

*(chuckles)*

No thanks.

WALTER

Can I get another one please?

EDWARD

Sure

*EDWARD'S arm is shaky while pouring the whiskey into the glass.*

WALTER

How many other people my age can down a glass like that like me?

EDWARD

Not many. It's mostly the people younger than me I see do it.

WALTER

Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks?

EDWARD

Old dog new tricks?

WALTER

I didn't start doing that until I started coming here.

EDWARD

Really?

WALTER

Well, I could do it when I was in my 20's.

*(brief pause)*

Okay, reteach an old dog.

EDWARD

I figured that's what you meant.

*EDWARD hands WALTER the glass of whiskey. When right by the bar, EDWARD accidentally drops the glass on the floor.*

EDWARD (cont'd)

Damn it!

WALTER

Are you okay?

EDWARD

I am so sorry.

WALTER

I don't care about the whiskey. Are you okay?

EDWARD

Yeah, I'm fine.

WALTER

Can I help?

EDWARD

No, I got it.

WALTER

You don't look like you're feeling well.

EDWARD

I'm fine, just a long day.

WALTER

Are you sure you shouldn't be home resting?

EDWARD

I'm sure.

WALTER

I can give you a ride home. It's not like I have to work in the morning.

EDWARD

I'm fine. Thank you though.

WALTER

Last time I saw you like this, you had done two open-to-close shifts in a row.

EDWARD

Well, I...

WALTER

Edward, you've helped me out a great deal since I started coming here. Maybe you should start helping yourself.

EDWARD

Walter...

WALTER

There's nothing wrong with spending some time at home, even if you're a manager.

EDWARD

Walter...

WALTER

I know I've said it over and over, but I'll say it again. I'm not stupid.

EDWARD

*(showing a little frustration)*

Walter, I'm fine.

WALTER

Okay.

EDWARD

*(brief silence while taking a couple breaths)*

I'm sorry.

WALTER

It's okay.

EDWARD

No, I shouldn't have said that.

WALTER

Can I get you a chair?

EDWARD

No thanks.

*A techno remix of The Everly Brothers "All I have To Do Is Dream" starts playing.*

WALTER

Speaking of old dog, here's one from when I was these youngsters' ages.

EDWARD

Yeah, this is a good one.

WALTER

I put a dime or two in the jukebox for this song.

EDWARD

When you say 'this song', I assume you mean the original.

WALTER

*(chuckles)*

Of course.

EDWARD

*(chuckles)*

Considering, they didn't have remixes at the time.

WALTER

Tell your deejay to play more rock & roll. He can remix the hell out of it all he wants.

EDWARD

I'll let him know that.

WALTER

Would you care to dance?

EDWARD

I have to stay here.

WALTER

It might wake you up a little bit.

EDWARD

You can go ahead.

WALTER

The dance floor is empty.

EDWARD

Sorry, I can't leave the bar.

WALTER

Come on. It's slow right now.

*(brief pause)*

You can always run back here when someone wants a drink.

EDWARD

*(brief pause; chuckles)*

Sure, what the hell.

*Lights on the left side go out. Lights on the right side go on. TOM sits behind Madeline's<sup>1</sup> gurney. Madeline is covered in a blanket, and several machines are attached to her, including over her face. The sound of her heartbeat can be heard from the heart machine.*

TOM

*(crying)*

Madeline, sweetheart. Daddy T is here. I heard from your best friend Chrissy today. She made a pretty doll to give to you when you wake up. She can't wait to give it to you. Her mom and dad miss you too. So do the next door neighbors. So do the people across the street. You're probably asking which direction across the street.

*(brief giggle, then resumes crying)*

That's a great question. The answer...all the directions. When you get back home, you'll get to see all the pretty flowers they've given me. There are roses, dandelions, lilies, and well, you'd probably rather look at them, wouldn't you? It's almost like our own garden but inside instead of outside. You're probably thinking that sounds funny to have a garden inside the house. You know what? It kind of is funny. Daddy M...

*(briefly expresses anger in his face)*

...Daddy M doesn't know what to do with all of them either.

*(now obviously holding back anger)*

Daddy M misses you very much. I know you miss him very much too. He wishes he could be next to you. He has so many kisses and hugs to give to you. He's been saving them up for a pretty long time.

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<sup>1</sup> For better casting purposes, Madeline would be best represented with the use of a dummy.

SCENE FOURTEEN

*Light go on. Dance music is playing softly. In LEONARD'S living room, DANNY sits on the couch while LEONARD dances. DANNY'S speech is slurred, and he is constantly moving around.*

LEONARD

I'm sorry about the other day.

DANNY

*(chuckles)*

It's all good.

LEONARD

I shouldn't have been coming on to my girl like that.

DANNY

You were pretty wasted.

LEONARD

No shit.

DANNY

Mark knows it too.

LEONARD

I don't doubt that.

DANNY

I wonder how his daughter is doing now.

LEONARD

I heard she's starting to do better.

DANNY

Really? When did you talk to him?

LEONARD

Yesterday. She's still hasn't woken up.

DANNY

Yeah, he told me that part.

LEONARD

Now she just needs to wake the hell up.

DANNY

No shit.

LEONARD

I still don't find it fair that Redneck Bastard gets to see her everyday, but Mark still hasn't seen her in about a month.

DANNY

No shit.

LEONARD

Not fair.

*(louder)*

Not fair!

*(brief pause)*

In all fairness, he's certainly better than those weird people you fuck at Emeralds.

DANNY

Who says anything about me getting with them?

LEONARD

*(suspicious)*

Danny.

DANNY

You calling me a whore? A whore will get with anybody and anything that comes up to them.

LEONARD

Girl, then aren't you fucking any better than them?

DANNY

I am not a whore!

LEONARD

I still don't understand what you see in them, but it's your life.

DANNY

I never said I...

LEONARD

Danny.

DANNY

What?

LEONARD

There's only one reason a guy as hot as you would even consider them.

DANNY

Just come out and tell me instead of beating around the bushes.

LEONARD

Girl, those people are skin and bones, their teeth are half gone...

DANNY

What's that got to do with anything?

LEONARD

Soon enough, you'll be looking like that too.

DANNY

Why would I look like that?

LEONARD

Girl, I'm not stupid.

DANNY

Damn it, will you stop acting like such a nigger and shut the fuck up?!

LEONARD

*(brief pause)*

Excuse me?

DANNY

That's right, no wonder people are so goddamn embarrassed to be around your nigger ass!

LEONARD

The things you're doing with those people?

DANNY

And maybe if you stop, you won't have to whine anymore about not having a man!

LEONARD

Girl, if you want to...

DANNY

Damn it, I am not your girl! I pee standing up, I fuck ass! I'm quite good at it, by the way. So you need to...

LEONARD

If you want to fuck up your life, just don't bring me into this!

DANNY

If you try it, maybe you won't be so much of a nigger.

LEONARD

Damn it, get the fuck out of here!

DANNY

You also need some glasses.

LEONARD

Get out!

DANNY

That way you can tell the difference between boy and girl.

LEONARD

Get out!

DANNY

Just so you know, the gay world won't turn to faggots like you.

LEONARD

*(stomps his foot)*

Get the fuck out of my place!

*DANNY exits. LEONARD cries as the lights fade.*

SCENE FIFTEEN

*On the right side of the stage, TOM sits behind Madeline's gurney. Madeline is covered in a blanket. The sound of her heartbeat can be heard from the heart machine. The left side of the stage is dark.*

TOM

Sweetheart, Daddy T needs to do something tonight. I have to go get somethings from home. I won't be gone for that long. I'll be back here tonight. In case I'm late, here's a bedtime song for you:

*While TOM sings, the left side of the stage lights up. DANNY and MARK pomade their hair quickly. Lights on the left side go out.*

TOM (cont'd)

“Twinkle twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are  
How above the world so high

*While TOM sings, the left side of the stage lights up. WALTER buttons up his buttoned-up shirt. Lights on the left side go out.*

TOM (cont'd)

Like a diamond in the sky  
Twinkle twinkle little star  
How I wonder what you are”

*While TOM sings, the left side of the stage lights up. LEONARD applies a necklace and then removes a small container of shine serum and applies some on his head. Then, he applies lip gloss on his lips. Techno music starts playing and does not stop during upcoming scene change.*

LEONARD

*(to the audience)*

Fabulous!

*LEONARD puts the container back in his pocket and exits.*

SCENE SIXTEEN

*The same song continues to play. In Emeralds, WALTER stands in front of the bar, and EDWARD stands behind it. EDWARD is obviously exhausted. There are green lights gliding throughout the stage.*

WALTER

I think this is the first time I've seen a stool behind the bar.

EDWARD

Yeah, I've been having to use it a lot lately.

WALTER

You still look like you should be home right now.

EDWARD

*(chuckles)*

No, I'm okay.

WALTER

Okay, okay.

EDWARD

Anyway, I ran into my ex here last night.

WALTER

The bad ex?

EDWARD

Yeah, I'm afraid so.

WALTER

How much were you able to avoid him?

EDWARD

Not as much as I wanted to, considering it was a slow night. You know slow nights; that means you have to see just about everybody.

WALTER

True.

EDWARD

Luckily he didn't come up to me.

WALTER

That's good.

EDWARD

All these years later, and the feelings are still the same.

WALTER

I hear you.

*LEONARD enters the bar.*

EDWARD

Hold that thought.

WALTER

No problem.

*EDWARD approaches LEONARD.*

EDWARD

Hey, there. What's happening?

LEONARD

I need to get fucking wasted tonight, and I'm not talking about celebration!

EDWARD

Rough night?

LEONARD

Drama, drama, and more drama these last few days.

EDWARD

How about something super strong and fruity?

LEONARD

More strong than fruity.

EDWARD

You got it.

*EDWARD makes the drink. Meanwhile, GO-GO DANCER enters and approaches WALTER.*

WALTER

Hey sexy boy!

*(brief silence)*

Let's say we find a place to get comfortable.

*GO-GO DANCER rubs WALTER'S chest.*

WALTER (cont'd)

Don't you think it's too early to make me feel hot and tempted? Wait, who am I to complain? You lead me the way.

*WALTER and GO-GO DANCER exit.*

LEONARD

Edward, what is it with gays and drama?

EDWARD

I've been here for 14 years, and I still don't know the answer. All I know is I still haven't gotten used to it.

LEONARD

I'll drink to that one.

*EDWARD hands LEONARD the drink.*

EDWARD

I think I saw Danny around here earlier tonight.

LEONARD

Hmm, that's nice.

EDWARD

He was with that group of people I see him with all the time.

LEONARD

That's nice.

EDWARD

Did you two get into a fight?

LEONARD

Way too long of a story. Bottom line, Danny's going to do what Danny's going to do.

EDWARD

He better keep his composure here. We had to kick him out a couple times recently, along with that group. Same with that guy he's been dating, Mark.

LEONARD

They're not dating. No way.

EDWARD

Oh, they looked like they are.

LEONARD

I know.

*LEONARD exits. EDWARD almost falls, but his hands land on the bar. He then downs a cup of coffee. TOM enters and approaches EDWARD. TOM is wearing a shirt that says "Valvoline" on it.*

TOM

Can I get a beer?

EDWARD

What kind?

TOM

Bud Light

EDWARD

You got it.

*EDWARD grabs a beer from the fridge and hands it to TOM.*

TOM

That black guy that was here, do you know any of his friends?

EDWARD

I know a few.

TOM

Has he been hanging out with a guy named Mark at all?

EDWARD

Yeah, him, Leonard, and Danny. That's if you're talking Mark, the guy who disappeared for years and all the sudden started coming here a lot.

TOM

A lot?

EDWARD

Yeah, the last couple weeks. Even though he has a daughter in the hospital.

TOM

*(takes a deep breath; in despair)*

Yep, I'm afraid that's my partner.

EDWARD

You must be Tom.

TOM

*(slightly awkward)*

Yes

EDWARD

Ouch.

TOM

Why ouch?

EDWARD

You're the one they call "Right-wing Bastard".

TOM

Who's they?

EDWARD

Mark and his group of friends.

TOM

*(starts crying)*

They're exaggerating on the right-wing thing.

EDWARD

Your thing is your thing.

TOM

Let me guess. Leonard is in this group..

EDWARD

Yep

TOM

Really? Even Mark is calling me that?

EDWARD

Yes

TOM

And you said "ouch". Why ouch?

EDWARD

*(brief pause)*

We-e-e-e-ll...

*(brief pause; sounding holding back the truth)*

...how often he's coming here. If that was my daughter, well...

*Lights go out. The same song continues until the lights go back on. The bar area is replaced with a bathroom stall on the left, a hallway in the middle, and part of a bar on*

*the right. Lights shine only on the bathroom stall. Then a different techno song starts playing. DANNY and MARK sit on the floor in an open-doored toilet stall. They snort a couple lines of meth.*

DANNY

Have you ever fucked in a bathroom stall?

MARK

No.

DANNY

Damn, it feels so good!

MARK

But where's the group?

DANNY

Still waiting for us by the dance floor, but that was a few minutes ago.

MARK

To hell with them. Let them wait.

DANNY

Good.

MARK

Exactly.

*(brief silence)*

Ugh, I want you to fuck me hard.

*LEONARD enters.*

DANNY

Why, look at what we have here!

*LEONARD turns his head to DANNY and MARK for a couple seconds, then turns away.*

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey! What's with the cold shoulder?

LEONARD

I was right. You brought Mark into this mess!

DANNY

Have you ever felt the inside of his ass? Ugh, you should try it if you ever get a chance. Oh wait, he doesn't dig niggers.

LEONARD

Go ahead; fuck up your life! I don't give a shit anymore!

DANNY

You're just jealous because Mark's gotten my cock, and you haven't.

LEONARD

At least I'm not getting kicked out of here!

DANNY

*(shows LEONARD the meth)*

This stuff turns around even the biggest niggers.

*MARK laughs. Brief silence.*

LEONARD

I'd rather be the biggest nigger than have your cock up my ass!

DANNY

Suit yourself.

LEONARD

I'll let you two get back to your PNP session!

DANNY

Bye bye.

LEONARD

I hope y'all have a good life together!

DANNY

Bye bye.

LEONARD

*(sarcastically)*

I'm sure it's going to be a great one!

*LEONARD exits. Lights go out in the bathroom area. Lights go on in the hallway section. TOM enters, then LEONARD enters a couple seconds later. They walk toward each other.*

LEONARD

*(sarcastically)*

Why, wouldn't you know.

TOM

Long time no see.

LEONARD

I heard about Madeline.

TOM

*(rudely)*

What's it to you?

LEONARD

Just thought I'd...

TOM

...Thought you'd what?

LEONARD

*(takes a loud breath)*

Looks like times haven't changed for you.

TOM

And you're obviously the same annoying creature.

LEONARD

*(chuckles)*

Creature?

TOM

You heard me.

LEONARD

I'd watch your little boyfriend if I were you.

TOM

And I should be scared you're going to snatch him from me?

LEONARD

Hell no. Let's just say I know something you don't know. And I'd suggest you watch your back.

TOM

You're just like all the other sluts in here.

LEONARD

Then that makes you the nigger.

TOM

Fuck you!

LEONARD

Hey, hey, hey, I'm not the one who should be worried here so fuck you!

*LEONARD and TOM exit. Lights go out in the hallway*

*area and on in the bar area. Only part of the bar can be seen. When they go back on, a different techno song starts. WALTER helps EDWARD walk.*

WALTER

Will you be okay to drive tonight after close?

EDWARD

Oh yeah.

WALTER

Well, I'm sticking around so you get home okay.

EDWARD

It's just been a long day, that's all.

WALTER

*(chuckles)*

Long day?

EDWARD

I just need to sit for a while.

WALTER

You know what I'm going to say next.

EDWARD

Are you going to ask me about the phone call I got ten minutes ago?

WALTER

Another death threat?

EDWARD

Yes

WALTER

When are they going to catch them?

EDWARD

Soon, I hope.

WALTER

What did they say this time?

EDWARD

The usual; I'm going to die, I'm a faggot, I'm going to hell, blah blah blah.

*Lights go out in the bar area. The stage is now the bathroom on the left side and the bar on the right side. Lights go on only in the bathroom area. DANNY and*

*MARK are making out. After a few seconds, TOM enters.*

TOM

*(like he's clearing his throat)*

Mm hmm.

*(resumes back to his normal vocal tone)*

Is this where you've been all this time?

*Lights go out. Brief silence.*

TOM and MARK

*(not in sync but close)*

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

*Lights go back on on the left side. DANNY stands next to the bathroom stall while he holds meth in his hand in wide open view. EDWARD enters. Lights go back on on the right side where TOM and MARK stand.*

MARK

I had to get it somewhere since you won't give it to me!

TOM

I hope you have a nice life together!

MARK

We intend to! I've been freer the last couple weeks with him than I ever have with you the last nine years!

TOM

*(sarcastically)*

I'm so proud of you!

MARK

Good !

TOM

I see now how much you love Madeline!

MARK

Hey! Don't you dare put her into this!

TOM

You did it to yourself, not me!

EDWARD

I am getting really sick of your attitude!

DANNY

I know. I get that a lot.

EDWARD

*(sarcastically)*

Wow! What a fucking surprise there!

DANNY

If you're that tired of it, why haven't you kicked me out?!

EDWARD

I'm about this close...

*(shows about one inch with his fingers)*

...to doing that!

DANNY

Then fucking do it! I'm not scared of you!

EDWARD

*(brief pause)*

I've had many opportunities to bar you forever!

DANNY

<p>MARK Don't you dare!</p> <p>TOM I've tried your approach! Look at where that got me!</p> <p>MARK Look at where it got me! <i>(raises his arms vertically)</i> Here in my happy place!</p> <p>TOM Well, you never have to worry about Madeline again! You can now have that fucking happy place anytime you want!</p> <p>MARK <i>(sarcastically)</i> Can I do it all day?</p> <p>TOM Sure! Why not!</p> <p>MARK Yeah! I'm free forever!</p> <p>TOM Madeline will know about this!</p> <p>MARK <i>(sarcastically)</i> Uh oh!</p> <p>TOM Damn right, uh oh! If you come anywhere near my daughter, I swear...</p> <p>MARK Our daughter!</p> <p>TOM MY DAUGHTER!</p>	<p>What the fuck are you waiting for?!</p> <p>EDWARD You'd love that, wouldn't you! You fucking piece of shit!</p> <p>DANNY Like I said, what are you waiting for?!</p> <p>EDWARD Is that what you want?</p> <p>DANNY Fuck you, asshole!</p> <p>EDWARD Fuck me! I'm not the one up in everyone's face almost every night!</p> <p>DANNY You're almost as much a nigger as Leonard is!</p> <p>EDWARD Just be lucky you still have your looks! Don't bother coming to me when you can't get anyone to bend over anymore!</p> <p>DANNY You fucking nigger!</p> <p>EDWARD That's it! Get the hell out of here and don't let me see your sorry ass in here anymore!</p> <p>DANNY Am I supposed to be scared?!</p> <p>EDWARD You should be if I have to get security!</p> <p>DANNY Go ahead! Get them!</p> <p>EDWARD Okay</p>
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*TOM exits. Lights go out on the left side. TOM can only be heard from the background. More green lights come*

*on, and they glide faster than normal. The bar scene is now ¾ of the right side.*

TOM (cont'd)

*(to the top of his lungs)*

MY DAUGHTER!

MARK

Fuck you!

TOM

Fuck you!

MARK

Fuck you!

TOM

Die and go to hell with that little cunt of yours!

MARK

At least he's a lot more of a person than you!

TOM

Don't worry about me! He's all yours now!

MARK

Thank God!

TOM

Fuck you!

*LEONARD and EDWARD enter the bar scene from the darkened left side. Several shots from an automatic gun are heard. Lights go back on through the whole stage. DANNY lies down unconscious in the bathroom stall. His head leans on the wall. The wall has a thin trail of blood slightly above DANNY'S head. LEONARD, MARK, EDWARD jump in surprising shock to what has just happened. The feeling turns to fear. Lights go out on the bathroom side. Screaming can be heard from the background throughout the attack. Gunshots continue as LEONARD, EDWARD, and MARK start screaming in terror. MARK falls on the ground as blood gushes out of his chest. LEONARD falls down quickly. LEONARD looks slightly upwards and shows more fear. EDWARD falls on the floor as a little blood gushes out of his stomach. A bang on the door is heard. Then a loud bomb explosion is heard. Lights go back on on the bathroom side. DANNY remains unconscious. Blood starts running down his nose. Then he starts shaking. There is a brief*

*silence before a few more gunshots are heard. There is another brief silence. LEONARD gets up on his knees.*

LEONARD

*(crying)*

AHHHHHH! NO! WHY ME?! WHY ME?!

SCENE FOURTEEN

*Stage is dark, except for three red sirens that are spinning and sounding in the back of the stage. A large crowd of people can be heard screaming and crying from the background. This persists for fifteen seconds until the lights go on. Then the sirens and the background noise stop. LEONARD and TOM sit in the hospital waiting room while obviously in distress. Lights go out, then on. TOM walks back and forth along the chairs while LEONARD remains seated. Lights go out, then on. TOM sits back down, and LEONARD rests his face on his palms. Lights go out, then on. LEONARD, and TOM stare at each other awkwardly. After a few seconds of this, TOM starts crying.*

LEONARD

What the fuck are you crying about, bitch?!

TOM

Excuse me?

LEONARD

You heard me. You're just like those motherfuckers who did this to us!

TOM

Where do you get off?! I just lost my partner of nine years; just like those other fifteen people who died...

LEONARD

Thanks to motherfucking dicks like you think who they're better than us?

TOM

Don't you fucking dare lay this on...

LEONARD

Don't I dare? You think the same, you breathe the same, you even talk the same as those people who did this!

TOM

Can you possibly think of a worse time to do this?!

LEONARD

I hope you still think about that for the rest of your life!

TOM

You don't think I wouldn't?! The last thing we said to each other was 'Fuck you', 'Fuck you', 'Fuck you'!

LEONARD

Which wouldn't have happened if your bimbo mind would stop being so goddamn stupid!

TOM

You think you're so perfect?! What about your friends?

LEONARD

Yes, I know I made some mistakes, but I don't go around fucking hating my own kind!

TOM

I don't hate...

LEONARD

You don't?

TOM

I don't hate my...

LEONARD

Then what about...

TOM

Will you shut up and let me speak?

LEONARD

Why should I? As long as I've known you, all I've heard from your mouth was bullshit!

TOM

Just because I'm not a prissy like you doesn't make me a hater!

LEONARD

Damn right I'm a prissy, and I'm damn proud of it too!

TOM

And just because I don't fuck around with guys left and right, snort drugs of every kind, or act like a girl doesn't make me a hater!

LEONARD

Hmm, let's see. I don't snort drugs, and I don't fuck around left and right.

*(slightly louder; snaps his fingers above his head)*

But damn right I act like a girl!

TOM

And I see why you can't get a guy to fuck your ass!

LEONARD

Yeah, it's been a while, but at least I didn't kill the one I love!

TOM

If you say that one more time....

LEONARD

You're going to hit me? Go ahead!

TOM

Who was it that pushed Mark into those drugs?

LEONARD

It obviously wasn't me.

TOM

Not me either. It was probably that friend of yours he was fucking around with!

LEONARD

Which wouldn't have happened if it wasn't for your...

TOM

So don't you dare let me hear anymore about that!

*(brief pause)*

You want to know who else is in this hospital?! Mine and Mark's daughter! She's been here for a month, and hardly have I ever gotten to leave this hospital! Now I've got this mess going on! So don't you fucking dare let me hear another peep from your mouth!

*(brief pause)*

And wanna know why I avoid Emeralds? It's because a lot of them are pieces of shits like you!

*(brief pause)*

And we were just in a disaster! I can't believe you're starting up a fight!

LEONARD

Fucking Nazi.

TOM

What the fuck?

LEONARD

Nazi, gay Republican, same thing.

TOM

Did you see that nurse?

*(points to the left corner)*

That's the same nurse that's given me and Mark dirty looks so many times in this very waiting room. Did you see how she just looked at us?

LEONARD

Fuck the nurse.

TOM

This time, it's probably because you're making a scene!

LEONARD

Let all these people know what a Nazi you are!

TOM

Will you stop calling me that?!

LEONARD

Why?! You're just like that god damn president you love to support!

TOM

I'm not doing this anymore. I'm out of here.

LEONARD

Yeah, go cry to your mommy.

*TOM exits aggressively.*

SCENE FIFTEEN

*DANNY cries while lying down in a hospital bed. After 10 seconds, LEONARD enters. Then, LEONARD stands still, far away from the bed. There is a brief pause.*

DANNY

I am so sorry! I am so sorry! I am so sorry! I didn't mean what I said!

LEONARD

*(walking toward the bed; calmly)*

It doesn't matter!

DANNY

I am so sorry! I am so sorry!

LEONARD

Danny. Danny. Shhhh.

DANNY

I am so sorry! I am so sorry!

LEONARD

It doesn't matter.

DANNY

I was so stupid! I am so sorry!

LEONARD

I know.

DANNY

Why was I so stupid!?

LEONARD

It's okay.

DANNY

Why was I so stupid!?

LEONARD

I did some pretty damn stupid things too.

DANNY

*(chuckles; still crying)*

I guess so.

LEONARD

But you're pretty damn lucky to be alive.

DANNY

Please forgive me!

LEONARD

It doesn't matter.

*Slight silence. DANNY continues crying.*

DANNY

The doctor told me that me being here has nothing to do with the attack. He said I took too fucking much of that shit I've been taking. A little more, and I would have been dead.

LEONARD

We'll worry about that when we get out of here.

DANNY

Why was I so stupid!?

*(slight pause; still crying)*

Does that still count me as a victim?

LEONARD

Of course you are. You just have to stop fucking up.

DANNY

I know.

LEONARD

What I can't believe is that you actually fucked those people. There was no way in hell I would have even slid my tongue down their nasty ass mouths...

*(DANNY chuckles)*

Let alone let them put their dicks in my ass. Or the other way around for you.

DANNY

That brings up one more thing.

LEONARD

What's that?

DANNY

When I woke up, the doctor did some blood tests while I was asleep.

*(slight pause; starts crying a little stronger)*

He told me I'm HIV positive.

LEONARD

Oh dear.

DANNY

What the hell was I thinking?

LEONARD

Danny, I know lots of people who have had it for many years, and they're still doing quite well. You're going to be all right.

DANNY

How do you know that?

LEONARD

Trust me; I do.

DANNY

I'm a fucking mess!

LEONARD

You're in the hospital wearing that god-awful robe. Duh, of course you're a mess.

*DANNY chuckles. TOM enters.*

DANNY

Oh shit!

TOM

Don't worry. I'm not mad.

DANNY

You're not?

TOM

No.

LEONARD

I'm sorry about what I said.

TOM

No need to apologize.

LEONARD

No, it's not all right. I shouldn't have done that.

TOM

I feel like the whole thing with Mark was my fault.

LEONARD

No, it wasn't.

TOM

Yes, you were.

LEONARD

No. Mark should never have done what he did to you and that little girl.

TOM

I know, but it feel like...

LEONARD

...It's one thing to do it to you, but it's another to do it to your own daughter.

TOM

Yeah, but...

LEONARD

...You're a hell of a lot more of a father than Mark was these last couple weeks.

TOM

I'm sorry,

*(points to DANNY)*

I don't know your name.

LEONARD

This is Danny...

*(slight pause)*

my friend.

DANNY

His girl.

*LEONARD quickly turns his face to DANNY for a moment. Then, LEONARD looks back at TOM.*

LEONARD

Yeah, my girl.

TOM

I hope I didn't walk in on anything.

LEONARD

It's okay.

TOM

The bar manager was asking how you guys were doing.

LEONARD

Edward?

TOM

Yeah. Should we see if he wants any visitors?

DANNY

Sure

*LEONARD assists DANNY off of the bed. LEONARD, DANNY, AND TOM exit. Lights go out. Lights go on. EDWARD lies down on the hospital bed. LEONARD, DANNY, and TOM enter. LEONARD is still helping DANNY walk. TOM is crying.*

LEONARD

Is this a bad time?

EDWARD

No, I haven't had anyone here in a little while.

LEONARD

How are you holding up?

EDWARD

It still hurts where I was shot, but I'm fine.

LEONARD

Good. Emeralds needs your ass back in there.

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

I'm the manager.

LEONARD

Damn right, and a fine one too!

EDWARD

Thank you. That's kind.

LEONARD

It's the God-given truth.

EDWARD

Do you think anyone at Emeralds would be mad if I cut my hours?

LEONARD

I think they'll all say it's a brilliant idea.

EDWARD

*(laughs)*

No one will miss me too much?

LEONARD

They might, but they'll get over it.

EDWARD

Why is he crying?

TOM

I lost my partner.

EDWARD

Oh no! I'm so sorry!

TOM

Thank you.

*(brief pause)*

I'm worried about how I'm going to break this to Madeline.

EDWARD

Walter didn't make it either.

DANNY

Who's Walter?

EDWARD

The old guy I talked to all the time. He was around that one go-go dancer all the time.

LEONARD

The old geezer?

EDWARD

There's a lot you guys don't know.

LEONARD

And what would that be?

EDWARD

If you wouldn't have been trash talking him behind his back all the time, you'd know.

LEONARD

Edward, I already got into it with him...

*(points to TOM)*

And you...

EDWARD

And me?

LEONARD

*(holding back aggression)*

And you have the...

EDWARD

Have the what? The nerve?

LEONARD

Please don't....

EDWARD

You would have learned a lot from him.

LEONARD

*(laughs; sarcastically)*

Like what?

EDWARD

When is the last time you read up on your gay history? And your divas you talk about constantly don't count.

*(brief pause)*

He lived through Stonewall, having gay bars raided all the time, the sexual revolution, disco, the beginning of AIDS, just to name a few.

*(brief pause)*

I got to hear about the old days from Walter all the time. Did you know that? Wait, not you didn't.

DANNY

What's Stonewall?

EDWARD

Look it up online.

*DANNY, LEONARD, AND TOM look at one another with a "realization look" on their face. Lights go out briefly. LEONARD, DANNY, TOM, and EDWARD (sitting on the hospital bed) form a circle with LEONARD and TOM standing on the same side of the bed and DANNY standing on the opposite side. DANNY grabs EDWARD'S hand. EDWARD grabs LEONARD'S hand. TOM reaches over the bed to grab DANNY'S hand. LEONARD grabs TOM'S hand.*