

UNDERPANTS

THE MORNING AFTER

Written by

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CHARACTERS

TANK: ATHLETE. PHYSICALLY FIT. UNIVERSITY AGE. FRIENDLY, ENGAGING. MORE PHYSICAL THAN CEREBRAL.

SYDNEY: NOT AN ATHLETE. AVERAGE BUILD. UNIVERSITY AGE. FRIENDLY. A SUBORDINATE IN ANY FRIENDSHIP. MORE CEREBRAL THAN PHYSICAL. SLIGHTLY NERVOUS TYPE.

SETTING

DORM OF UNIVERSITY-AGED-MALE. MESSY.

TWO YOUNG MEN ARE ASLEEP IN THE BED. BARE TORSOS VISIBLE.

Time

Late morning. Contemporary.

Underpants

Sydney and Tank sleeping. Sydney wakes up. Screams.

TANK

Shut up.

SYDNEY

I'm naked

TANK

What?

SYDNEY

(Shaken) I'm naked.

TANK

(Looks under sheet) I can see why that'd upset you.

SYDNEY

What? No!

TANK

What's the big deal. I'm naked too.

SYDNEY

That's the big deal.

TANK

So, if I was dressed you'd be ok being naked?

SYDNEY

I don't want to be naked.

TANK

Then why are you naked?

SYDNEY

I don't know.

TANK

Why are you yelling?

SYDNEY

I don't know.

TANK

Could you lower your voice?

SYDNEY

(*shrieking*) I don't know.

Tank slaps Sydney. Sydney is stunned.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You slapped me. You slapped me and I'm naked.

TANK

Don't worry I've slapped other naked men.

SYDNEY

We're naked. Together. In your bed. And you slapped me?

TANK

Did you enjoy it?

SYDNEY

I was drunk last night.

TANK

Duh...me too.

SYDNEY

What exactly happened last night?

TANK

Watching the game at the pub, got drunk, you complained about your last girlfriend because I might have slept with her.

SYDNEY

You were a jerk.

TANK

You weren't dating her anymore.

SYDNEY

I didn't know that.

TANK

She told you when you walked in on us.

SYDNEY

You never date a woman very long.

Tank lifts the sheet to indicate what's under it.

TANK

Long enough to introduce them to the king cobra.

SYDNEY

You're disgusting.

Tank indicating Sydney under the sheet.

TANK

Maybe, but I'm not tiny.

SYDNEY

Put the sheet down.

TANK

Makes you uncomfortable?

SYDNEY

TANK (CONT'D)

We don't need to keep looking at- You're ashamed of your body.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm not ashamed.

TANK

C'mon Syd, you have a nice body.

SYDNEY

You think I have a nice body...I don't care.

TANK

Not everyone can look like a living god.

SYDNEY

You are such a narcissist.

TANK

I'd be pissed off if I knew what that meant right?

SYDNEY

Where are my underpants?

TANK

You lost your underwear?

SYDNEY

I don't lose my underpants.

TANK

They're on the floor somewhere.

SYDNEY

Where are yours?

Tank looks over his side of the bed.

TANK

Shut up and let me sleep.

Sydney spies something under the bed.

SYDNEY

Oh my god.

TANK

What now?

SYDNEY

Oh my god, oh my god. When was the last time you had a girl here.

TANK

Why, you want to see the photos? (*Picks up his phone*)

SYDNEY

Ewww! No, I don't want to see photos...you took photos?

TANK

I always take photos. (*admiring his photos on the phone*) I look amazing in photos.

SYDNEY

Congratulations, you're a pig. but when? Yesterday?

TANK

No, I didn't have a girl here yesterday.

Sydney gasps in fear.

TANK (CONT'D)

What are you so excited about?

SYDNEY

A condom.

TANK

A condom?

SYDNEY

There is a condom beside the bed.

TANK

I keep condoms beside the bed. Grow up, man.

SYDNEY

(trying very hard to stay calm)

Not your condoms. A condom. A used condom.

TANK

A used condom?

SYDNEY

It has been used.

TANK

Used?

SYDNEY

Recently.

TANK

Recently?

SYDNEY

Used.

TANK

Used?

SYDNEY

Damp.

TANK

Wet?

SYDNEY

Moist.

TANK

Used.

SYDNEY

Recently.

They slowly move away from each other to as far as the bed will allow.

SYDNEY (CONT ' D)

TANK

Soooooooo.

Oooooooooh.

Pause

SYDNEY (CONT ' D)

So....how do you feel?

TANK

(annoyed) What do you mean how do I feel?

SYDNEY

Do you feel... normal?

TANK

What?

SYDNEY

Do you feel...*satisfied*?

TANK

What?

SYDNEY

Do you have to go number two?

TANK

Shut up!

SYDNEY

We should be sure.

TANK

What!?

SYDNEY

Think for a minute.

TANK

No, you think for a minute. Do you feel 'satisfied' this morning? Do you feel like you had your little guy spitting up in my asshole? Is that what you're asking? Or, do you feel like you had a thick slice of salami enter your 'exit only' door? Are you feeling a little sausagey today?

SYDNEY

We can talk about it rationally.

TANK

Look who became rational all of a sudden. A few minutes ago you were going nuttso 'cause your weeny's not protected by underwear. Oh, and by the way, not underpants, *underwear*, no one who's finished puberty calls them underpants. Ok? Jesus. Man.

SYDNEY

Calm down.

TANK

I am calm. I am really, really calm. I am totally calm, I have nothing to not be calm about, I'm super calm.

Sydney slaps Tank. Tank responds by hitting Sydney

TANK (CONT'D)

SYDNEY

What'd you do that for?
Are you nuts?

Oww. Don't hit me.

TANK (CONT'D)

Why'd you hit me for? You got a thing about being naked and hit, remember?

SYDNEY

You were getting hysterical.

TANK

I don't get hysterical. You get hysterical.

SYDNEY

You are such a bully sometimes.

TANK

I'm not a bully, and you love me for it.
(*Embarrassed pause*) Sorry.

SYDNEY

We've been friends a long time, right, and we don't know what happened, right?

TANK

Right.

SYDNEY

Right.

TANK

Right.

SYDNEY

Right. Let's think, be logical.

TANK

Right. How?

SYDNEY

Don't freak out, but...do you feel ok?

TANK

Uh...I'm hung over. I woke up to a freak in my bed.

SYDNEY

No. Do you feel...*(indicates under the sheet)*

feel...like *normal*...is everything feeling *normal*?

TANK

Oh Jesus.

SYDNEY

Does everything feel ok?

TANK

Ok...I get it...I get it...

Tanks hands go under the sheet to feel himself.

TANK (CONT 'D)

Uh...well...I...I...yeah...I feel fine. I mean. I feel good. Like I. I'm fine. Normal. Like as usual.

SYDNEY

Good. That's good.

TANK

What about you?

SYDNEY

I'm fine.

TANK

Check god damn it.

SYDNEY

But Tank, you are....*big*, right. I mean if it was, you know, you being satisfied, then, like, I'm pretty sure I would know. Right?

TANK

Yeah. Maybe. I am big

SYDNEY

You are enormous man.

TANK

(laugh) I am right?

SYDNEY

I'm glad we got that figured out.

TANK

What?

SYDNEY

What happened. Where the condom came from?

TANK

(Anxiously, growing louder) Are you saying you?

That I? What? What?

SYDNEY

Well, you're big, and, one of us had to have *done it*.
And your, like big, so. It only makes sense that I *did*
it. And you, well, *got did*.

TANK

I didn't *get did*.

SYDNEY

Well you're too big for me to get did.

TANK

Maybe you *got did*, and just don't want to admit it.

SYDNEY

You're calling me a liar?

TANK

Check or you'll never walk again.

SYDNEY

It'd be impossible for me to...the king cobra? I
would be..."ow" right?

TANK

Check, or we agree you *got did* and I was the one
who *did the doing*.

Sydney does a self-exam.

SYDNEY

(begins to looks worried) Uhm....Oh...

TANK

I knew it. You got did.

SYDNEY

There's pain, but not where you think.

TANK

Where are you touching?

SYDNEY

My cheek...there's a sore on my cheek.

TANK

Hah. You got *did!* I win.

SYDNEY

You won? You want people to know you won? Hey everyone I played gay honeymoon and I won.

TANK

You're just pissed 'cause you got *did*, and I am satisfied.

SYDNEY

I don't think this is a *got did* pain.

TANK

You lost, accept it.

SYDNEY

This isn't a game you and no one won or lost. And I'm not admitting defeat till we know what that sore is.

TANK

How?

SYDNEY

Look at it.

TANK

I'm not going to look at your ass.

SYDNEY

We took baths together as kids...You've seen my ass a thousand times. Looking at my ass is not a big deal.

TANK

Ok. But, if it's, like, more than a pimple or something I win right. Admit that and I'll look.

SYDNEY

Fine. If you can find evidence. Then you win.

TANK

Damn right I win. Wait here.

SYDNEY

Where am I going to go?

Tank goes under the sheet.

TANK

Oh my god.

SYDNEY

What?

Tank coming up from under the sheet - stunned

TANK

Oh my god.

SYDNEY

What?

Sydney slaps Tank in the next exchange and Tank accepts it.

TANK

Oh my go-

What?

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Underpants

TANK (CONT'D)
 (Stunned) A bite mark.
 SYDNEY
 What?
 TANK
 A bite mark. There's a bite mark on your ass.
 SYDNEY
 A bite mark?
 TANK
 Uh huh.
 SYDNEY
 Teeth marks?
 TANK
 Uh huh.
 SYDNEY
 Clearly visible teeth marks?
 TANK
 Visible.
 SYDNEY
 Geez. Oh. Wow. So... Oh my god. TANK (CONT'D)
 SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 So...
 TANK
 What?
 SYDNEY
 I guess I win.
 TANK
 What?
 SYDNEY
 I couldn't bite my own bum right?
 TANK
 What?
 SYDNEY
 You bit my bum during the *before*; before you *got did*.
 TANK
 What?
 SYDNEY
 Do you like biting bums? Usually, when you have sex?
 TANK
 What?
 SYDNEY
 It wasn't so bad right? You don't feel bad, right? I mean, you don't feel like you have to do a number two, right?

TANK

(On the verge of an anxiety attack) Stop calling it number two.

SYDNEY

(calming) You feel ok right? This is quite a compliment to our friendship, you letting me do you like that.

TANK

You raped me.

SYDNEY

What?

TANK

You raped me. You got me drunk, you forced yourself on me.

SYDNEY

That's stupid.

TANK

You forced yourself on me, made me, do...stuff.

SYDNEY

I made you leave bite marks on my bum?

TANK

You could have, used your ass to...(at a loss)

SYDNEY

I could have gagged you with my bum, then put on a condom and -

TANK

You don't need to explain it.

SYDNEY

We were drunk. We don't remember it. Right? You don't remember it, right.

TANK

We were drunk.

SYDNEY

Totally drunk. It means nothing.

TANK

We've been drunk loads of times right.

SYDNEY

Loads of times.

TANK

Passed out drunk.

SYDNEY

And once, twice, doesn't matter.

TANK

Twice? What are you talking about twice? It didn't happen twice!

SYDNEY

There are two condoms.

TANK

What?

SYDNEY

Two. On my side of the bed. Not one. Two.

Tank looks under the bed to see the condoms.

TANK

You said one!!

SYDNEY

I thought we should deal with things one step at a time.

TANK

Two!? Are you saying I *got did*? Twice!? You were satisfied? Twice?

SYDNEY

I slept well. I feel really refreshed.

TANK

Two?! You must be feeling really flippin' satisfied.

SYDNEY

Even drunk using condoms; really responsible.

TANK

Oh my god. What did we do?

SYDNEY

We know *what* we did. The question is: Why did we do it?

TANK

My god.

SYDNEY

If it were once, it could have been a mistake. But twice? We did it twice. Not once. Twice!

TANK

Stop saying "twice".

SYDNEY

Let's look past the obvious.

TANK

Past the teeth marks?

SYDNEY

Exactly. So, why did we do it?

TANK

You're actually enjoying this!

SYDNEY

The "why"; in the end, nothing else matters.

TANK

I'm going to beat you to death.

SYDNEY

You're getting way too upset about this, and I got to say, I'm worried about our friendship.

TANK

That's easy for you to say, you were the one who was satisfied. Twice!

SYDNEY

This is something we shared; it's a bonding moment in our friendship.

TANK

A bonding moment?

SYDNEY

We see gay stuff all the time, TV, even go to the pride parade.

TANK

It isn't about gay or not gay, it... c'mon... I'm not gay. You're not gay.

SYDNEY

Right, we're not gay, so this is about friendship. Our friendship.

TANK

Friendship?

SYDNEY

You're my best friend.

TANK

We are pretty tight.

SYDNEY

Very tight.

TANK

So if something happened...We're acting like brothers right?

SYDNEY

Cool? We're cool?

TANK

I love you bro.

SYDNEY

I love you too. Friends forever.

(Fist bump)

SYDNEY (CONT 'D)

So....you want to go drinking tonight?

TANK

Ah

The End