

GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY

By Thomas Daniel Valls

Thomas Valls
305-582-9359
Thomas.D.Valls@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

Kenny, 25

Greg, 23

Roger, 27

Time is now.

Setting is told on the next page.

// means there is an overlap and that screaming over one another is totally fine.

'TIN MAN' by Future Islands *MUST* be played before the lights rise.

At Rise:

A studio apartment. Sleek and Expensive. There's beer cans on the floor. A lot of them. Many are opened and drained.

KENNY sits in bed, reading a manuscript in a towel.

GREG is eagerly waiting KENNY to finish reading. He's in a towel too. Sitting. Hoping.

KENNY

I'm being really sincere here when I say, that what I *think* you've written about is nothing but a bunch of homos walking around fucking each other like it's Cranberry Tuesdays at T.G.I. Friday's.

GREG

I thought we agreed to say 'I feel'?

KENNY

I *feel* like it's a bunch of homos walking around –

GREG

It's supposed to be about love.

KENNY

-Well I'm sorry, Greg, but for wanting different shit for themselves, they all sound exactly the same.

GREG

Which ones?

KENNY

All of them.

GREG

You're barely reading it though. You're halfway through it all, I just came out of the shower.

KENNY

I'm just saying, in reality, 'Yes', shit's just neutral, you know, it's a big fucking electron cloud, we're all just waiting for that God of the Israelite's sphincter, okay (?), awaiting the real splash zone shit. Waiting for it all in different ways, but waiting together...regardless.

GREG

...awaiting for *what* to come out of the // God of the-

KENNY

// The inevitable realization that all anything will ever be is just bunch of men fucking each other as if it's the newest commandment in the land of the milk and the honey, not to mention the whole 'GAY WRITER' aspect you fit into it, the one '*trying to find true love*', who the fuck (?), nobody even cares about the fact that he *is* a gay writer. Greg, you know, in whatever you're writing, if a gay writer is writing about another queer who actually thinks that *he's* NOT just *another* gay writer lost within his metaphysical circle jerk that he thinks is beyond the epitome of any homo-normative-assumption-of-a-real-job, it's then when it becomes inherently *OBVIOUS* that no one – not *EVER*- should *ever* commended on being able to write about the very same people he wishes he could either be or be fucking.

GREG opens a can of beer.

GREG

So then you're *not* commending me on this?

KENNY

If you really wanna make it work I'd consider changing the guys job.

GREG

The point is that it's portrayed through the eyes of a poet, though.

KENNY

Well then he's representing a part of himself that never gonna represent him back. Nobody's gonna give a shit if he's queer or straight or has a two inch gherkin, he's got *nothing* by solely being interested in the one thing he swears by.

GREG

Being Gay?

KENNY

Being a poet.

GREG

They're inherently romantic.

KENNY

They come up with pseudonyms inspired by the out-of-season fruits on display at Gristedes.

GREG

I want to keep it with what I know.

KENNY

Then fucking stuff it up with something good, not just parables to AIDS and a fucking Genocide, something that doesn't // tack onto the teeth.

GREG

// That's why I said it though; I want to keep it with what I know-!

KENNY

-You're not enough though.

GREG stops dead in his tracks. He then starts to dress.

What?

GREG

I just wanted you to like it.

KENNY

You told me to say if it was good or not.

GREG

Then you just say it's Good!

KENNY

You're a fucking Episcopalian Goldfish sometimes, // do you know that, do you know that?

GREG

// What the hell's an Episcopalian Goldfish?!

KENNY

You've got like, thin skin, and don't know what to do with yourself, all Episcopalian like, you know? I can't hit you hard or *nothing*.

GREG

I asked you in advance to be sensitive; it's a new draft.

KENNY

Then stop acting as if it's a third fucking testicle Greg; telling me to like, grope it and shit and look for bumps, *abnormalities*, when all the while, it's still a *third* fucking *TESICTICLE!*

GREG

I need you to start appreciating me, // Kenny...

KENNY

// I DO.

GREG

Aside from clutching the bedpost and saying so.

KENNY

Excuse me?

GREG

Nothing.

KENNY

Okay.

GREG

It's the only time I feel you actually give a shit.

KENNY

Okay.

GREG

It's like your insides are sprawling out of you looking to get sunshine or candy or ponies.

KENNY

Right?

GREG

And then after that it's all like, 'oh, let's play cum constellations and fantasize about all the blackberries we'll put in our frozen yogurt...'

KENNY

You love getting frozen yogurt.

GREG

I just wish you'd give me a chance and wanna stay in bed longer.

KENNY

We're in bed a lot.

GREG

So long as it's what *you* want. After that, it's like I'm *disposable*.

KENNY

You've never asked me before.

GREG

Alright, fine. I'm asking you now, then. I want to. We *should* switch it up. You *should* get to have you're like, way on top of me. It'd be nice, don't you think? Like, just for once.

KENNY

I don't really want to.

GREG

I'm only asking you to fuck me, Kenny.

KENNY

Jesus.

GREG

Is that too much for me to say or something?

KENNY

It's just forward.

GREG

Have you heard the shit you say to me when your ass is propped up as a fucking belvedere?

KENNY

// Big word for you.

GREG

// You intimidated then? Afraid I wouldn't be impressed? Afraid I'd wanna keep going when you'd be huffing and puffing and begging to stop?

KENNY

Where'd you figure that degrading me was gonna get me going?

GREG

Do you actually listen to the shit you say to me sometimes?

KENNY

I was up for it.

GREG

You should've kept going then.

KENNY

Maybe I should've.

GREG

Maybe next time then?

KENNY

I can't.

GREG

Because you haven't fucked *him* yet?

KENNY

I never said that.

GREG

Twenty minutes ago when I fucked your brains out (?), *no*, but before (?), in the past (?), 'No' too, I guess; but you were definitely alluding to it.

KENNY

Tell me when I alluded to it.

GREG

Saying there's been many times is specific enough.

KENNY

He got to me first.

GREG

Technically speaking, he hasn't even gotten to you at all.

KENNY

'Technically speaking'?

GREG

And more specifically, he hasn't let your dick anywhere *near* his ass, he's probably afraid you'd throw a braiding party like you're on the beach of some Jamaican Tourist // Colony. I'm just telling you, point blank that I seriously don't mind, if that was a factor of concern for you at all, like, braid away for all I care, full permission to *tree braid* that shit till whatever farm animal you want just comes on home...

KENNY

//Oh... Oh, God... okay, you know Greg... enough, okay... that's disgusting, that is disgusting, *Listen To Your Self*, ...SHUT UP.

GREG

You don't feel that it's only, slightly selfish, holding back because I'm looking for more?

KENNY

No one's forcing you to do anything.

GREG

I am *pinning*.

KENNY

So then why not just let that be your thing?

GREG

Up until now it has been.

KENNY

Then keep it that way, I thought we had an understanding.

GREG

So did I, I fucked the *shit* out of you.

KENNY

Wanting more suggests you aren't satisfied.

GREG

Then saying there's nothing else you want out of me *suggests* that you are.

KENNY

I don't see the big deal though.

GREG

I want you to want more of me!

KENNY

Why though!?

GREG

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

KENNY is taken aback. KENNY steps away from the heat of it all.

KENNY

...That's fine.

GREG finishes his beer. He pops open another can. He takes several long gulps.

GREG

Come on.

KENNY

This can't be anything more.

GREG

Are you gonna back off just because I said it?

KENNY

No. You?

GREG

No, you?

KENNY

No.

GREG

Me too.

You good? KENNY

Yeah. You? GREG

Yeah. KENNY

Yeah, actually. I just. I'd like to know, what I'd have to do to have you. GREG

You can't. KENNY

But if I could. GREG

I can't. KENNY

Then what do you need from me? GREG

I don't need anything from anybody. KENNY

Bullshit. GREG

You don't know. KENNY

I do, though. And still, I... and still, you... *you*. Why you still with him? GREG

That's not fair. KENNY

The guy's never known what it's like to date *anybody* before you beached his ass on your palms and ate him out on the Wonder Wheel. He turned and admitted to like, want to *smother* you with his asshole, and it was then that you texted me to the ground below, realizing, that he would never fuck you the way you always wanted me to handle you... GREG

-When did I ever tell you that-? KENNY

GREG

-'Like a lawnmower'.

KENNY

...I never said that.

GREG

At parties with our friends when Roger would get off of you and take his like, eleventh pissing break, you'd tumble over to me and that's when you'd whisper it.

KENNY

Bullshit.

GREG

'Like John Deere'. And then I'd pull away. Till finally he became something of himself and started flying and writing about coffee beans. Fucking coffee beans. *WRITING* about *goddamned* coffee beans.

KENNY

I'm not telling you to stop.

GREG

No. Just to plateau. Even though you keep your ass available like a Wendy's drive-through, for him, Frosties and all... even though all he'll ever be is nothing but an overcompensating deflation... you don't think you're ever gonna want anything more out of *this*?

KENNY

No.

GREG chugs the rest of his beer, tosses the can, then puts on his shoes.

Hey. I'm a. I don't mean. Greg. Greg, come on.

GREG takes his manuscript, heads to the door...

GREG

Move.

KENNY steps out of the way. GREG moves past and he throws his manuscript into the trash bin.

KENNY

Hey. HEY. HEY!

GREG

What?

What the hell was *that* for!?

KENNY

It's shit.

GREG

No. No, it's not, you fucking asshole, it's not.

KENNY

KENNY goes to GREG, taking out the manuscript out of the trash.

Don't... it's messy... okay...

GREG

Who's this for?

KENNY

I wanted you to read it, read something of mine. Get an idea, of me.

GREG

Who's it for then?

KENNY

You.

GREG

Fuck you. Try again. 'Who's it for?'

KENNY

Publishers?

GREG

Fuck yourself again, 'who's it for?'

KENNY

But actually, though, I wanna give it to publishers.

GREG

I'm talking in the grand scheme of things. Not me. Not him. Not publishers, though, yeah, maybe publishers, but only because they're doing something, *publishing*, that's what they do, for you. This has gotta be for you, Greg.

KENNY

You thought it was shit, though.

GREG

Question is, are *you* happy with it?

KENNY

I was. GREG

Until when? KENNY

Till you thought it was shit. GREG

Right. Right. Okay. I guess I get that. Just. Wait for a second. Okay? Please? PLEASE!?

Yeah. GREG

KENNY goes offstage for a moment, then returns back with a gorgeous-looking cake. Chocolate. There are no candles though. He goes straight up to GREG, holding the cake the entire time as he speaks.

Kenny. You shouldn't have. // You didn't have to...

// Let me get my head around this. You know, there was a time that like, a lot of people thought my food was shit. KENNY

...No... GREG

Yeah. Yeah, they did. And for a while I let that govern everything. Guessing, second-guessing; guessing till I burned shit all over the place. Till I realized that I started burning shit when I started doubting what I was all about. Then today, I burned both of my hands baking this. Cause I couldn't stand the very idea of not having you anywhere near me. If you were to leave me now any other option for me would be so fucking simple and that's like, the very definition of being terrified. I can't even come up with a like, metaphor, or something to describe it. Just like, the very definition of the word, in its purest form. If you were to go, I wouldn't be good about giving it to you with the original intent of believing that baking for you also meant how much you mean to me. Because you do, you mean a shit ton to me. This is the best way I know how to go about doing this. And like, it's obvious that it's the same thing with you and with what you're writing so, like. I'm not stopping, and neither should you. Not even because of me. That's how you're gonna get what you want. KENNY

Thank you. That's sweet. GREG

It's true. KENNY

GREG

When was the last time you baked a cake?

KENNY

A couple hours before I burned down half of Crown Heights.

GREG

The better half?

KENNY

The half that hadn't burned yet.

GREG

I want you to figure it out.

KENNY

Wanna taste it?

GREG

Dinner was already a lot for me to handle.

KENNY

Quantitative or Qualitative?

GREG

Both. Both.

KENNY

You liked it though?

GREG kisses KENNY. They start to get into it.

They keep making out as KENNY holds the cake.

SUDDENLY, The Front Door OPENS, only to be held back from swinging open by the CHAIN LOCK on the door.

ROGER (O.S.)

...Kenny...? KENNY. Open the door!

KENNY

...Coming! Go into the fucking bathroom.

GREG

Just tell him now, Kenny, tell him the truth // I WON'T LEAVE YOU.

KENNY

// You gotta fucking hide, he sees you he's gonna end this, // I'm gonna end this---!

ROGER (O.S.)

// KENNY! THE CHAIN! KENNY.

GREG

// *Let GO of me... Kenny--- Let... GO...*

More knocking. KENNY wrestles GREG to the bathroom.

KENNY

// *You Ruin This and I Swear to God I Will Ruin US.*

GREG

// *Kenny just tell him, I'll be there with you and we'll be together--- STOP!*

KENNY

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? Do You- DO YOU // UNDERSTAND ME!?

ROGER (O.S.)

//...Boom-Muffin...

KENNY

// *Say 'Yes'.*

GREG

// *Only if you keep me after!*

KENNY

...Then don't breathe.

KENNY slams the bathroom door shut. Knocking...

Coming! COMING.

*KENNY rushes to open the door and quickly turns away to get dressed.
ROGER enters, high on life, he is carrying a giant giftwrapped box
with a bouquet of flowers on top. He's silent. Waiting to surprise.*

Sorry, sorry, I was // in the bathroom, now I'm getting dressed to go. We're late. I just got home and figured we're late, Roger. As soon as I'm dressed we're out the door, okay?

KENNY notices ROGER. He freezes.

ROGER

GUESS WHO'S IN LOVE WITH THE MOST BRILLIANT PERSON, EVER.

KENNY

...What's happening?

ROGER rests the box on the table and kisses KENNY. It is like, the most sincere thing in the whole fucking world.

ROGER

I have had the greatest day in my entire life and YOU, my baby, *THIS* is for you.

ROGER presents the gift... KENNY doesn't move.

KENNY

What's going on?

ROGER

OH!

ROGER hurries out the door and returns with two more boxes, a bit smaller. He closes the door, and stacks them on top of the other box. He gives KENNY the flowers.

ROGER

For you...

ROGER kisses KENNY. KENNY is still. ROGER stacks the boxes and presents them accordingly...

So... One... two... and three. In order. For you. Box number three has *two* surprises in it.

KENNY

Shouldn't we do that when we get back-?

ROGER

For what (?), // you gotta hurry!

KENNY

// Greg's birthday // party.

ROGER

// NO! Gotta do it now, you gotta do it now, okay, // you gotta do it Kenny, okay Kenny!

KENNY

// Okay, okay, // OKAY!

ROGER

// Sorry, I'm so sorry I'm just so in love with you, so proud of you, of what's to come!
OPEN THEM, ALREADY, NOW NOW NOW.

KENNY creeps to the boxes. Tosses the flowers on the couch.

He opens the first box and takes out a dozen different shaped cookie cutters on a keychain.

KENNY

Wow... // wow... wow... so many...

ROGER

// Right, so that's actually uhm cookie cutters to make cookies and all the shapes are actually a bunch of uhm New York City icons and Zodiac Signs- they didn't have all of them for either so I just figured, 'GO CRAZY!'

KENNY

Roger... I...

ROGER

-GOOD! Good. Good. Okay. Number two, okay baby, get ready for it // it's like a prequel then a sequel and this is the bit in between, get ready, open it, yea yea!

KENNY

// Oh, I'm getting ready for it... getting ready, yeah, I can feel it in my fingers and shit...

KENNY opens box number two. It's a couple box cases of DVDs.

ROGER

Uhm, so what you're actually seeing in your hands is the ENTIRE-SERIES-COLLECTION COLLECTION of Top Chef, Barefoot Contessa, and motherfucking *EMIRIL*. EMIRIL, KENNY.

KENNY

I'm overwhelmed.

ROGER

YES! YES! YES YES, // You Love It?

KENNY

// This is too much Roger.

ROGER

Like you got to worry about it?

KENNY

This is all... *very* incredible.

ROGER

Good. Now uh, this last one, might be a bit of a surprise. It's got everything inside. My heart and stuff, my mind too, and what you mean to me. So.

KENNY

That's a lot.

ROGER

Anything for my Boom-Muffin.

KENNY takes a step back. ROGER then thrashes through the present, ripping the paper off--- he takes out a gorgeous copper pot.

KENNY

Genuine.

Oh my God...

ROGER

You love // it?

KENNY

//It's gorgeous... Roger... how were you // able to...

ROGER

//'Never ask'. You gonna open it?

KENNY opens the pot to look inside. He takes out a large coffee book. It's freshly printed. The cover features ROGER'S face on top of a background of coffee beans. It's a lot to handle.

ROGER

You are holding in your hands, baby, my second installment of the Mugshot Coffee Book series and my *first* international release available in Hardcover and *Kindle*.

KENNY

'*Mugshots of Ethiopia*'. It's a picture book?

ROGER

It's much more than that.

KENNY

I am so proud of you.

ROGER

Open to the first page.

KENNY does... automatically taken aback.

Read it. Go on. Read it.

KENNY

'Dedicated to Kenny; The grinder to my Roaster.'

ROGER

They're starting my book tour next week. Soon after, your name is gonna be lit up on a quarter million kindle screens across the entire world. They already want me drafting out my next book for next Spring.

KENNY

Am I gonna be in all of the *Mugshot* series entries or just in Ethiopia?

ROGER

All of them. All of them ever, Kenny.

KENNY

I can't wait to read it.

ROGER

With how critical you've been in the past over my work, I couldn't think of a better possible desire in the whole wide World than knowing that you, Kenny Baby Boom-Muffin, you *read* the very work I could only ever dedicate to you.

ROGER kisses KENNY, who is frozen in so much.

ROGER

This has meant so much for our future, Kenny.

KENNY

We gotta go.

ROGER

Yeah right.

KENNY

No, really, we need to leave, // alright? We've gotta go.

ROGER

//Now just a second... no, just a couple of minutes with me, I wanna read you the preface, Chapter One and all.

KENNY

I need to get out of here, // we had plans and we're running late with them, I gotta GO.

ROGER

//Woah, woah, what's going on with you, you listening, what's wrong with you!?

KENNY

You can't do this to me, Roger, // I need to GO, *please*.

ROGER

// Tell me what I did, Boom-Muffin.

KENNY

FUCK ME.

ROGER

I was *LITERALLY* going to suggest we do that, Kenny, I want to make LOVE to you but first I // really gotta tell you---

// KENNY turns around and makes out with ROGER. ROGER lifts him up as they get deeper into it. ROGER never loses his grip. Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan.

KENNY

---Shut Up.

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan.

Listen to me

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan.

I'm gonna get dressed...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

I'm gonna put on a tight top...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

That button down without pockets...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

And my new pants from Express-

ROGER

-I love those new pants from Express-

KENNY

Yeah, You like my new pants from Express.

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

And I'm gonna wear them

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

And then we're gonna leave...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

You can spank me in them when we leave...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

On the street, by an ATM when we leave, so sexy...

ROGER

So Sexy, BUT

KENNY

Yeah so Sexy, shut up

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

Then we'll sneak back home...

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

Put on some *Netflix*...

And do things... *Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)*

...Things... *Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)*

...Lots of things... *Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)*

...How's that sound? *Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)*

Kiss, kiss. Moan. Moan. (ROGER ad lib.)

ROGER
Your ass is like a chimney; I just wanna like... swoop in...
Kiss, kiss, Moan. Moan..... KENNY stops...

KENNY
...Like a Chimney Sweep?

KENNY gets off of ROGER.

ROGER, in a fit of anger, hurls one of the empty beer cans at the wall. KENNY ignores it.

...Would you mind going downstairs and picking up a bottle for the party, //we're late.

ROGER
I'd like a couple minutes with you // alone though, Kenny, Come on.

KENNY
// Right, but you're usually better at picking out the // right kind of wine, anyways, so-

ROGER
// Now, listen, I spent the past hour // walking around the block, alright? I bought all that shit when I was wondering what to do with the rest of the advance they'd given me, all within the past twenty minutes alone, because I'm an idiot, Kenny, I'm a fucking idiot.

KENNY
//I'm sorry, Roger, we just really gotta go... I just don't wanna listen to any of this shit, *but actually*, I don't.

ROGER
I am, Kenny.

KENNY
You're not a fucking idiot Roger, I just don't think we // should be having this-

ROGER
// I'm convinced of something. Something about you. All about you. // And I just.

KENNY

// What about me? Roger.

ROGER

I'm terrified of what you're going to say about it all.

KENNY

... I don't *like* this, I'm leaving and you're coming, // fucking pissing me off

ROGER

// FINE, then I'll hit the ground running on the idea but I just need you to sit still and be quiet and listen to what I'm about to tell you.

KENNY

Why the *fuck* // should I?

ROGER

// BECAUSE IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU...

KENNY

Yeah. Yeah, alright. Yeah. Just fucking get it over with. // I'm sorry.

ROGER

// I BOUGHT THE RED BRICK, KENNY!

KENNY

...What?

ROGER

You are looking at the new owner and manager of the Red Brick Coffee House.

KENNY

Oh fuck.

ROGER

I KNOW.

KENNY

Roger.

ROGER

I rushed home as soon as it happened, I bought the Red Brick, Kenny, I fucking bought it.

KENNY

You just *bought* it?

ROGER

Well, with sales of *'Mugsbot'* being higher than ever the Publishers hit me up with an advance on the new book. I added that to the savings I've had for us and, BAM.

KENNY

Right.

ROGER

Now that *Mugsbots* is going to become a series of coffee table books, the Red Brick Coffee House can become the trademark epicenter for it all; all filled up with *your* cooking and the best damned Cuban Espresso this island's ever seen- to hell with Americanos, what are those really, // just water and filler?

KENNY

// Water and Espresso

ROGER

'Water and Espresso' You see, it's all coming together Kenny, Holy SHIT is it COMING TOGETHER. Kenny. Baby. Boom-Muffin. I want you to be Red Brick's Executive Chef.

KENNY

So. The cookie cutters. Emeril. ... // all of it...

ROGER

I KNOW! I know! So? So? Come on, Kenny, whadduya say!?

KENNY

Roger.

ROGER

Oh.

KENNY

No.

ROGER

Oh, shit.

KENNY

Yeah.

ROGER

Really?

KENNY

Yeah...

No. ROGER

Yeah, no. KENNY

Come on. ROGER

No. KENNY

Right. Okay. Yeah. ROGER

ROGER sees the cake for the first time. He goes to make himself a drink, looking back at the cake.

What's that for? ROGER

Well it's a cake. It's Greg's Birthday. It's his Birthday Cake. KENNY

He was over? ROGER

I'm taking it to the party. KENNY

Was he though? ROGER

Some beer and stuff. KENNY

I'm allergic to chocolate. ROGER

No you're not. KENNY

I am. ROGER

It's just a cake. KENNY

ROGER
You've never baked for my birthday before.

KENNY
It hasn't come around yet.

ROGER
In general.

KENNY
I haven't come around yet.

ROGER
Just surprised to see that you made one is all. Apart from, you know, him. But, *YOU*, making one. It's nice to see, very nice, actually.

KENNY
Seemed appropriate. It's his Birthday.

ROGER
I thought you were committed to this.

KENNY
... To Us (?), // of course, Roger.

ROGER
// The dreams we had for one another, Kenny.

KENNY
That's a bit vague, // to be like perfectly honest.

ROGER
// Let alone the fact that you baked a cake for him, I've been always kind of astonished that you've been able to talk about everything you could cook and bake without ever actually showing me.

KENNY
I'll bake you a fucking scone in the morning.

ROGER
I shouldn't have to ask.

KENNY
We were like, drowning in Colt 45 and window-shopping on our dreams, how serious did you expect me to be taking myself?

ROGER
All those nights.

KENNY

Oh, gimme a break.

ROGER

I got the Red Brick, though, Kenny.

KENNY

I'm getting closer to a real job on my own.

ROGER

You keep saying that, // Kenny...

KENNY

// But this time it's true, okay? I've gone too long coming home at night only reeking of Palmolive, you know? Just last week they had me chopping iceberg lettuce and today they had me taking inventory of all the nonperishables. Shit is *moving*.

ROGER

I'm making you able to skip the line though, it would be your own kitchen, your own place *again*.

KENNY

A kitchen that you bought.

ROGER

I spared you.

KENNY

You spare me every night. Truthfully I wouldn't have minded the idea of opening up a coffee shop with you, if it had been something that like, I dunno, made me feel *appreciated!*

ROGER

I took faith in you saying 'yes', I took faith in you being good even though I've never tasted what you can make and even though the last time you were in a fucking kitchen, *you nearly BURNED IT DOWN.*

KENNY

I *did* burn it down.

ROGER

How is that not appreciative!?

KENNY

You should've double-checked with me before going Rebecca-Black-Friday on my ass and expect that I'm gonna be totally on board with you spending every single dime *we* had on a property in *Bushwick*.

ROGER

When paying off the damages of the restaurant and still paying off your rent became too much for you, *I* was the one who took you in, who has continued to take you in, who has given you a fucking *MONTHLY ALLOWANCE* of taking you in. 'EVERY DIME *WE* HAD?'

KENNY

It wasn't you place to take me in. We'd dated for like, five minutes. You'd been dating your entire life for a grand total of *five* minutes.

ROGER

You still moved in.

KENNY

I was happy to, I *liked* you.

ROGER

That's nice to know.

KENNY

I mean, you're the first that I've...

ROGER

Waited for?

KENNY

Yeah. Until that whole step of seeing if we worked on *that other* fundamental level just fell apart and automatically became secondary, 'we can just know each other on other levels'.

ROGER

Emotionally.

KENNY

People just like to fuck for a while.

ROGER

To see if it fits?

KENNY

To see if it works.

ROGER

We've done other shit though, things you've wanted me to do to you.

KENNY

I want us take each other the way we're meant to be handling one another.

ROGER

How, *You into me?*

KENNY

We're not exactly gonna be fitting a Jell-O mold into a concrete *chasm*, so yeah, me into *you*.
Me fucking *YOU*.

ROGER

I'm not ready.

KENNY

If you're in the same mindset and willing to fuck me I don't see how it wouldn't be okay for me to have you.

ROGER

No.

KENNY

Then if all you can be is never ready I don't know how I'm supposed to feel satisfied.

ROGER

We've got all the time to figure it out, and I'd appreciate it myself if you didn't-

KENNY

It feels wrong even suggesting that it's a matter of waiting, because if that's the case, neither of us would ever know the time we would be waiting for, it would simply be this, like, ongoing... 'maybe, next time!' sort of ideal and then it just wouldn't happen and we'd be stuck in this mode of like... endless and ongoing blowjob after rim job and handcuffs and every fucking shade in between the fifty that people don't even know about because for them it's just easier, and they know what they've got to do, and they fit.

ROGER

So will we.

KENNY

It is wrong to be trying for so long.

ROGER

Hey. We're gonna figure it out, okay? Okay? You and me.

KENNY

Right.

ROGER

I love you, Kenny.

KENNY kisses ROGER. They hug.

KENNY

I know.

ROGER

I'm sorry I put you through this... I'm sorry I assumed... I'm sorry I pressured... I'm sorry I didn't think to realize. I'll keep the Red Brick. If you want it, you'll know how to tell me.

KENNY

Okay.

ROGER

I need you to feel that you deserve everything.

KENNY

I just need more time, okay?

ROGER

Cause you do.

KENNY

I know, Roger.

ROGER

I'm trying.

KENNY

I know.

ROGER

No. I mean 'me'.

KENNY

I know that too.

ROGER

That's why I push, you know? Always pushing. I feel I need to. Be forceful, even.

KENNY

I kinda like it.

ROGER

Yeah?

KENNY

Prefer it.

ROGER

Because I tried to give you everything else?

KENNY

No. I just sometimes wish that you'd never give me the time of day.

ROGER

You want that?

KENNY

I'm not wrong for wanting it. I'm not.

ROGER

I never said that.

They KISS. They hug. ROGER catches a whiff of something, and pulls away, a bit resentful. He goes to the bar and gets a drink.

Do you ever feel tempted though?

KENNY

What?

ROGER

You know.

KENNY

No?

ROGER

Having him over. Baking him a cake. That smell of cologne on your neck?

KENNY

Roger.

ROGER

Simple question.

KENNY

We hung out.

ROGER

So you do then?

KENNY

No.

ROGER

Only asking.

Of course not. KENNY

Well, I have. ROGER

You? KENNY

Yeah. Does that make you upset? ROGER

I'd understand to some capacity. KENNY

I'd hate you for thinking anything of the sort. ROGER

You would? KENNY

Yeah. I'd never speak to you again. ROGER

Wait. Wait. Try that again. KENNY

I'd make you bleed. ROGER

More than that. KENNY

Kenny. ROGER

Try it. KENNY

I'd make you bleed by ripping through you like a cheese grater... ROGER

Okay. KENNY

Is that what you want? ROGER

KENNY

I think so?

ROGER

What would convince you?

KENNY

You convincing me.

ROGER

Well. Uhm. I once had this idea. Come out of nowhere. Fighting, really.

KENNY

Yeah?

ROGER

Yeah. I'd uh. Jeez. I'd keep you locked up in the bathroom. Guess I visualized it that you were just there, not really that you were *locked up, locked up*.

KENNY

Right. // It's cool, just relax.

ROGER

//Right. Right... yeah, right. But uh, there you were. I turn on the light, open up the curtain and there you would be. A couple inches of water and oil keeping you slick. I'd get you up and squat over your mouth and grab your hair---

KENNY

'Grab'?

ROGER

Pull? I'd get you up by *dragging* you by your hair, spill you over the side of the ceramic, and pummel your piggy ass so relentlessly your asshole spills into the Colorado River. It wouldn't know what another dick felt like even if it squealed. Only up until the point that in all the guilt and all the exhaustion, your knees would buckle, and you would fall, and you would beg me to never let you go. I'd fill you with the very thing you wanted since you could remember. But you don't know what that something is. And you figure I'd be the one to give it to you. Till I stop. Leave you writhing. Just the way you like it.

There's a charge. Everything is stiff. Eased.

KENNY

Nice.

ROGER

Fuck.

What? KENNY

Pulsing. ROGER

Metaphorical? KENNY

Feel. ROGER

ROGER grabs KENNY's hand and brings it to ROGER's groin.

God. KENNY

I want you to tell me to obliterate you. ROGER

'Obliterate me'. KENNY

*ROGER pours another for KENNY and hands him the bourbon.
KENNY hasn't let go of ROGER'S groin.*

Cheers.

It's good? ROGER

Real good. KENNY

I'm starting to salivate too. ROGER

Will it last? KENNY

Depends. ROGER

On what? KENNY

ROGER

On how we take it to the next level.

ROGER finishes his drink and corners KENNY against the dresser.

What do you say?

KENNY

Roger.

ROGER

You up for // it?

KENNY

//Up for what, you gotta // tell me what you're up for--!

ROGER

Tell Me Kenny Are You Fucking Up For It!?

KENNY

Up For What Roger, // Fucking TELL ME- BACK OFF!

ROGER

//LET ME FUCKING HAVE MY WAY WITH YOU

KENNY

FINE.

Suddenly, SNAP! ROGER grabs KENNY by the throat. Tight. KENNY gasps. Chokes. Gargles.

ROGER

Like that...? TELL ME... like that...?

KENNY

...yeah...

ROGER

...want it tighter... come on, Kenny...

KENNY

...yeah... tighter... //just... fuck-fucking... do it... just do it... don't stop if I say it... DO IT... fuck!

ROGER

// ...Oh Man. Oh Fuck. OH, FUCK! YES! YES! THANK YOU. I FUCKING LOVE THIS. LOVE YOU. I DO. I FUCKING LOVE YOU.

ROGER makes out ferociously with KENNY'S mouth and then elbows KENNY in the face, sending him to the ground.

ROGER (Cont'd.)

WOO! *SHIT!*

KENNY crawls but ROGER knocks him flat on the ground, taking off his belt- tying KENNY'S wrists together.

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED- // THIS IS WHAT YOU LIKE!?

KENNY

//YES---! YES, YES! // STOP! STOP! *DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP!*

ROGER

// JESUS PRINCE OF PEACE CHRIST— // WOO!

KENNY

// It's too tight

// ROGER yanks KENNY's pants to his ankles.

ROGER

// Shut UP you Betty Crocker BITCH!

// He shoves his fingers in KENNY's mouth and uses his saliva to marinate his ass, the inside of it too.

KENNY

//OW! AGH FUCK, STOP, FUCKING *MERCY! MERCY! FUCKING SAFE WORDS!*

ROGER

// That was nothing... that's nothing... just fucking take it... just SHUT UP, KENNY.

For a single moment, KENNY is quiet. Breathes. And then ROGER fucks him like he's trying to jam a copy machine.

ROGER

//...yeah... fuck... yeah... that's it... Jesus Christ...

KENNY starts to heave and breathe heavily... he's starting to take it.

KENNY

Roger... Roger...

ROGER

Shut up

KENNY

Fuck Don't Stop.

KNEW IT. ROGER

ME TOO, ME TOO. KENNY

SCREAM ROGER

KENNY
// I AM. STOP. DON'T STOP. STOP. DON'T STOP. DON'T STOP.

ROGER
//FUCKING SCREAM FOR ME, I LOVE YOU SO FUCKING MUCH YOU BITCH!

THEN, GREG charges out of the bathroom and beats the living shit out of ROGER with a toilet lid. Twice on his back. ROGER falls.

ROGER
...Kenny...?

GREG smashes ROGER's face in. ROGER falls flat. BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE. the toilet lid then moves to the music player, plugs in his phones, and blasts A-Ha's 'Take on Me'. He starts off dancing off-kilter. Raises his hands. Moves his pelvis. He goes to the cake, digs into it with his fingers. He eats his entire chunk and dances. Then drinks beer. Maybe an entire can. Then two. KENNY wiggles free and goes to ROGER's still body. He tries to wake him up while GREG dances:

KENNY
...Roger... ROGER... Roger... baby Wake Up... wake up wake up wake up wake up wake up... baby, please... please... (ad lib...)

KENNY presses his ear onto ROGER's mouth- he's breathing.

Oh God... Roger... Can You Hear Me...? ROGER! ROGER! CAN YOU HEAR ME! HEAR ME IF YOU CAN HEAR ME! ROGER----

KENNY rushes and shuts the music off mid-song.

GREG
WHAT!?

KENNY howls and CHARGES at GREG, GREG screams and scrams for the door but KENNY grabs hold of him first and slams him onto the ground, GREG is slapping himself free while KENNY keeps slamming GREG'S head onto the floor--

KENNY

//DON'T YOU FUCKING KNOW WHAT YOU DID!? YOU FUCKING STOP!
STOP! STOP! STOP!

GREG

//KENNY, KENNY, STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP SAYING WHAT I SAID, PLEASE,
PLEASE, // PLEASE LISTEN TO ME, COME ON, KENNY! KENNY!

KENNY

//...How could you do this to me, how could you, you're sick... shut up...*be was only fucking me...* HE WAS JUST FUCKING ME...

GREG

NO, no, no, HE WASN'T- I HEARD THE SCREAMING.

KENNY

He was taking drastic actions and finally pounding the shit outta me!

GREG

You Were Begging Him To Stop!

KENNY

I WAS OPENING UP TO THE IDEA!

GREG

WELL THAT SHIT'S *REAL ALTERNATIVE*, KENNY.

KENNY

Are you fucking kidding me right now?

GREG

You and I both know what was up *and* down with Roger.

KENNY

I felt a LITERAL baby's arm reaching inside of me looking for a fruit cup to play with.

GREG

He had dick problems, Kenny, MAJOR DICK PROBLEMS.

KENNY

You didn't see him thrusting into me when you beat the shit out of him with a toilet lid?

GREG

No I'm sorry I was busy beating the shit out of him with a toilet lid!

KENNY

You're a fucking murderer Greg, you get that, //YOU'RE A MURDERER.

GREG

//Yeah, okay, I got it, I GOT IT.

KENNY

...Now you listen to me. He needs *help*, // you got that?

GREG

//You said he was dead, //Kenny, you said he was dead

KENNY

//NEAR-DEAD, he's //NEAR-DEAD.

GREG

//THEN I'M A NEAR-FUCKING MURDERER.

KENNY

I'm gonna get help. I'm gonna fix him. Fix this. He's dying, Greg, //you got that, *DYING!*

GREG

// Then why are you still on top of me?!

KENNY considers this... then gets off, scrambling for his phone.

I never heard you scream like that before with me, is all I'm saying, okay?

KENNY

Where's my fucking phone, you've seen my phone, where's my phone Greg, // now you got my phone, GIMME MY FUCKING PHONE!

GREG becomes suspicious and goes for the toilet lid...

GREG

// I DON'T HAVE IT KENNY.

KENNY freezes. He realizes the weight in his pocket and takes his phone out of it.

KENNY

You're done for.

KENNY starts to dial but GREG rushes for ROGER and raises the toilet lid over his face.

KENNY

//WHAT ARE YOU DOING--!

GREG

//--You make a single phone call or make any fucking attempt to leave this place I swear to God I will shotgun his nose cartilage through his brain.

KENNY

I doubt it.

KENNY starts to head out... GREG screams and slams the TOILET LID on ROGER's KNEE- there's a nice loud CRACK as ROGER's still body comes to life, he SCREAMS like NEVER BEFORE, whimpers in pain, in gagging of blood, in nerves losing connection to the brain, then passes out.

KENNY

//WHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT THE FUCK GREG?! WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO!? YOU FUCKING SICK! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

GREG

//I TOLD YOU NOT TO FUCKING LEAVE YOU FUCKING FUCK- YOU DO IT AGAIN IT'LL BE HIS EYELIDS!

Throw me the phone.

KENNY

Fuck off.

GREG

DO IT.

KENNY

NO.

GREG

RETALIATION RESULTS IN BRUISES.

KENNY

HE HAS A BIGGER DICK THAN YOU.

GREG

LIAR.

KENNY

SUBWAY VEGGIE DELIGHT.

GREG

SO CLOSE.

LID. KENNY

PHONE. GREG

NO. KENNY

KENNY! GREG

FUCK OFF. KENNY

I WILL! GREG

// GREG raises the toilet lid again... SCREAMING-!

// STOP! ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! KENNY

KENNY tosses the phone over.

GOOD. And your keys. GREG

You're like shit, you got that? KENNY

KENNY does. It hits GREG in the chest and flops to the floor.

You're holding me prisoner?

Prisoner of *love!* GREG

OH, Fucking // *Christ* KENNY

// THAT A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR YOU!?! GREG

Put the lid down. KENNY

GREG

NO.

KENNY

I did my half now do you yours, he's gonna die soon if we don't get help, he'll choke on his blood, // all that *shit* so you put the fucking lid down if you want---

GREG

// We'll turn him on his side and make him some coffee or something, I'm not putting it down, it's my collateral, okay, ceramic collateral, it stays with me, help comes and I'm gone and taken, IT STAYS WITH ME, // OKAY!?

KENNY

// OKAY. Okay. Just take it easy then. //Take it easy...

GREG

// I'm not going to jail for this... // I'm not going, okay, I know I'm not, you know it too...

KENNY

// Nobody's gonna go anywhere, anymore... how's that sound? Not you, not me...

GREG

'Not Roger' too, right?

KENNY

Yeah, him too, him especially.

GREG

I think I turned his knee into quinoa mash.

KENNY

Probably.

GREG

It sounds like an understanding to me. Does it sound like one to you?

KENNY

Absolutely.

GREG

Good.

KENNY

Good.

Good. GREG

Okay. KENNY

Right. GREG

Right. KENNY

Yeah. GREG

You're still holding it. KENNY

GREG lowers his weapon. They stare at one another in silence.

A fountain of blood geysers out of ROGER'S mouth.

FUCK! FUCK!

KENNY gets some towels... GREG is left alone for a moment with the almost-dead body. He sees the book.

KENNY returns with a bunch of towels... he starts to soak up and clean up the blood on the floor by Roger, and what's on his face. He turns ROGER on his side.

GREG
How come you didn't know he was going to be coming home?

KENNY
He surprised me. He bought us a coffeeshop that he wanted me to be the executive chef for.

GREG
Asshole. Have you thought about what we should do?

KENNY
Figure a way to keep him alive, what about you?

KENNY is tending to GREG's wounds.

GREG

Well I was thinking that maybe together we could buy a Zipcar and saran wrap his body and throw him into the Long Island sound because it's less predicable than Jamaica Bay or the Rockaways...

KENNY has realized what has to be done. He's gotten to his feet and is searching through his drawers.

ROGER (Cont'd)

Kenny...? Kenny...? What are you thinking... Kenny? KENNY! YOU LISTENING TO ME!?

KENNY's found it. He takes a small first aid kit from his dresser.

KENNY

I'm listening.

KENNY kneels down and inspects ROGER's wounds a little more closely.

GREG

What are you doing...?

KENNY

He's going to die if I don't stop the bleeding.

GREG

Can you stop it?

KENNY

I have band aids and a shit ton of beer.

KENNY opens a can of beer and chugs it entirely.

GREG

I'll just uh, you know, keep watch.

KENNY

Don't touch anything.

GREG sees the book. He snatches it.

GREG

He wrote you a book?

KENNY

Dedicated it to me.

He opens it. Reads the dedication page.

GREG

Jesus... Christ... 'Grinder to my roaster'? What a chode.

He flips the page.

'Chapter One. Beans.' The coffee beans they're holding are like, thicker than their fingers. What an asshole. 'The breeze swayed as I stood under the Coffea canopies with Abeba, my new friend, who soon left me alone to frolic in the brush.' What the fuck is this, Kenny? He gives you a book he dedicated to you and then beats the shit out of you?

KENNY

Something like that.

GREG goes back to leaning against the sofa.

GREG

I was protecting you. What I heard. I don't care what you say. He was hurting you, whether or not you figured you... you know, *said* you were asking for it. I'd do it again if it meant he'd be down to meat cleave your ass. Nothing wrong with that kind of nobility. For you.

KENNY continues to tend to ROGER. Then... he realizes...

KENNY

If you thought he was hurting me... how come you waited so long to come out?

GREG

I thought you wanted to try? You said that, didn't you? You wanted to try?

KENNY

This was never meant to be anything more. You were on the other side. The side that wasn't even a side. The side that wasn't supposed to be aware of other sides or become aware of them and bash them in sacks of chum buckets with a fucking *toilet lid*.

GREG

You made me love you.

KENNY

I never made you do anything.

GREG

No, you did, you totally did, and you should've never played me, I realized that, I accepted it even though I'm fighting it *still* but I'm gonna call it acceptance anyways. You put me in a place, you put me in a place I was looking forward too because I figured and I knew and you told me who and what and what idea I was replacing and fitting in for you and after a while and after the fucking and the fro-yo and the wanna-be playing of cum constellations and hours of spotify shuffle while laying on top of your stomach... I found room to move around in and Will You STOP FUCKING STOP SAVING HIM FOR ONE GODDAMNED MINUTE!?

KENNY stops cleaning up ROGER.

I should've found some guy that would've been picking me up for my party five minutes ago, no, fuck that, like, taken me out for dinner, fancy shit that I could afford and pay in half because he'd know how much I like that pseudo-craving of authority and declaration, maybe *Panera*, and then after a couple hours at my party he'd ask me if we wanted to head home before we got too drunk and play, I dunno, *Parcheesi*. I'm thinking it took me a while to mash him up was because I had figured at that very moment you had deserved everything I thought he was doing to you. But then I realized, that if I couldn't have that *Parcheesi-Panera* guy, I dunno. I just, I can't keep losing my place whenever I'm with you.

This kind of honesty has made KENNY uneasy.

KENNY

I want you.

GREG

I'm telling you though that it's okay to take me.

KENNY

I *need* to want him.

GREG

You don't owe him shit.

KENNY

I don't mean it in the sense that it's something I need to aspire to accomplish, I mean it in the same sense that I need air and I need butter and a fucking skillet. He bought me a coffeeshop.

GREG

So what?

KENNY

I don't want to be a bad person. I don't want to be that person.

GREG

Then call it over.

KENNY

That would make me that person.

GREG

God. You're actually unable to do anything for others simply because you want everything for yourself.

KENNY

It's not your job to simplify this for me.

GREG

I took your advice though, Kenny. I did this for me. Now you can do the same.

KENNY

He's not dead.

GREG

What makes you think he'd wanna keep you, though?

KENNY

It's easier than being alone. Keeping people.

GREG

I need more than just keeping you.

KENNY

I need *you* though.

GREG

God.

KENNY

I do.

GREG

Really?

KENNY

Yeah.

GREG

Then back out of this with me.

KENNY

What about him?

GREG

What about you?

KENNY

What about you?

ROGER starts to cough... KENNY doesn't break away GREG for a moment or two...

ROGER

...Kenny... Kenny...// Kenny... it hurts so badly, Kenny, what did you do... what did you do? God it hurts so badly... head feels like its on fire... get me coffee, make me some coffee is there coffee, Kenny... please... please don't go... okay... fuck, okay-----

*// KENNY turns away from GREG to help out ROGER...
GREG becomes increasingly more upset.*

KENNY

//Hey... shhh... shhh... you're okay... you're okay... I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry... relax, relax, the more you breathe... yes, coffee... coffee... coffee... coffee for days, like fountains, fountains in the air... I'm here... shh... shh... I'm here... I'm here---7

GREG

-----Well... Isn't That FUCKING GREAT.

The following is all overlapped, fast, etc etc etc...

ROGER

//What is he doing here?

KENNY

//I can explain...

ROGER

...Kenny... w-w-WHAT is he d-d-DOING here!?

KENNY

//I...

GREG

//I TOILET LIDDED YOU, YOU FASCIST.

ROGER

...Fucking kill him, Kenny, // you fucking m-m-murder him and cut his heh-heh-HEAD off, s-s-STUFF IT IN THE FRIDGE.

GREG

//Oh, right, again with the violence, again with violence, do you listen to yourself, Are You Listening to yourself? Are You!? Are YOU!?

KENNY

// Baby, Roger... Just relax... just relax- the both of you just stop it, Greg- *Jesus* , STOP IT...**SHUT UP THE BOTH OF YOU--!**

ROGER

Or what Kenny, you gonna have him bash me in the head // with a toilet lid?

KENNY

// Excuse me?

GREG

//That's funny, that's really fucking funny man, //okay, it was a crime of passion, it was out of passion

ROGER

//Oh p-p-puh-lease a fucking 'crime of passion', you were hiding in the fucking b-b-bathroom // *justifying* your action- Isn't that right, Kenny? IS-IS-IS-IS-ISN'T THAT RIGHT!?

KENNY

// It wasn't my fucking idea to get him out here and break your face in, I dunno who you think I am Roger, okay, I just don't, alright!?

GREG

HEARD YOU GOT THE BIGGER DICK, MAN.

ROGER

You complimenting me now, // what the fuck?

GREG

//I'm just trying to clear the air, *just clearing the air...*

KENNY

//That's really all... just... very unnecessary...

ROGER

Which part, Kenny?

KENNY

I...

GREG

I think what Kenny's trying to say is that, this is, in fact, a very uncomfortable situation for all of us.

ROGER

Really fucking uncomfortable, you wanna feel my spine?

GREG

No thanks, I // actually *don't*.

ROGER

// Cause You FUCKING GOT RID OF IT-!

GREG
 Then gimme a standing fucking ovation.

ROGER
 //YOU SICK TOILET-BEATING SHITTER.

KENNY
 //...Can the both of you, please, // just calm down

ROGER
 //Fuck you, Kenny.

GREG
 Yeah, Fuck You, Kenny.

KENNY
 //Woah

ROGER
 // Don't talk to him like that.

GREG
 Why because you *bought* him a coffee shop?

KENNY
 //And dedicated his book to me.

ROGER
 //Cause you broke my face in!

GREG
 I compare you to a flaccid beast, a flaccid *Nessie!*

ROGER
 And I compare you to breaking his face in!

GREG
 That doesn't even fucking make sense, Roger, // you don't get to compare the same thing to one another, that's like saying two triangles are *congruent*, WHO GIVES A FUCK!

ROGER
 //It makes sense, it makes sense, IT DOES, IT DOES... oh *GOD* just let me *bleed... just do it... just shut up... LET ME BE.*

GREG
 You like, *raped* him.

...You don't know what you're //talking about. ROGER

I don't? GREG

Greg. KENNY

He can try to convince himself what it wasn't, what you were *really* about, but I heard it. GREG

I don't think he's the one convincing himself. ROGER

Bullshit. GREG

He was into it. ROGER

No. No. GREG

He was. ROGER

That's wrong. GREG

Yes. ROGER

You were destroying him. GREG

Greg- KENNY

WHAT. GREG

...He wasn't. KENNY

...Then he was destroying me. But I got you back. How could you let him? I'd never. Even if you wanted me to. GREG

Haven't you had him already though? ROGER

Not like that. Not like *that*, Kenny. GREG

Leave him alone. ROGER

He deserves better. GREG

You think so? ROGER

Know it. GREG

How strongly do you? ROGER

As much as possible. GREG

Because you came out of the bathroom for him? ROGER

Fuck off. GREG

Did he ask you to go, or did you go in, // willingly? ROGER

//Kenny, I'm only asking you, // one last time... GREG

// He shove you into the pissar? ROGER

It doesn't matter. GREG

Oh okay. Where were you? Behind the door? Behind the curtain? ROGER

Worse than that. GREG

ROGER

What's worse than that?

GREG

On the floor of the tub with the lights off and the curtain drawn and the empty canisters of apricot scrub. It was worth it for a bit.

ROGER

Till a bit became too long a time me having him the way he wanted to be had all along.

GREG

Till that bit became a sore knee and a hell of an identity crisis cured only by the realization that I had a fucking toilet lid on me.

ROGER

So you came out, 'IN THE NAME OF LOVE'?

GREG

WITH THE FUCKING TABLET XENA CHISELED HERSELF.

ROGER

FOR A GUY WHO ONLY PROMISES AND BAKES YOU CAKE!?

GREG

WELL HIS CAKES TASTE LIKE SHIT ANYWAYS, NOT THAT YOU'D EVER KNOW!!!!

KENNY

It tastes like shit?

GREG

Ah, fuck. Kenny.

ROGER

...you in trouble...

KENNY

It tastes fine.

GREG

Kenny.

KENNY

It tastes fucking great.

KENNY goes to the cake. Take a big fucking piece. He starts to eat.

You see? Fucking delicious. It tastes really fucking good, what are you even talking about?

He starts to break down and realize with the lack of response.

It tastes fine, Greg. It tastes fine. It tastes good. Right? Right? Come on. It tastes good, right? Right. Right. Right?

GREG

Sorry, Kenny.

KENNY

Everything else too?

GREG

Everything.

ROGER

That he's actually *cooked* for you.

KENNY

Sorry, Roger.

GREG

Yeah. Yeah.

It uh. Always. Kinda tastes. I mean this constructively. Like. Really bad.

KENNY

Oh, okay.

GREG

Kinda like, when you compare a person's personality to granola. That kind of bad. Personality 'granola' 'bad', not actual 'granola' 'bad'. I kinda like granola, the actual-

KENNY

Your cake?

GREG

Yeah. No. No, that. That tasted, bad.

KENNY

And the frosting?

GREG

Like... paste condensing in a geriatric ass that's been like, sweating in some greenhouse somewhere, Southern Idaho, or something.

ROGER

...Just stop.

GREG

Come on, you ever try any bit of it?

ROGER

You're alone on this one.

GREG

I'm sorry, Kenny. It's just. I mean. I feel it's just... inadequate.

KENNY

Inadequate.

ROGER

You fucking suck, man. Kenny. Kenny. Don't. Don't listen to him...

GREG

Just because you bought him a kitchen, it doesn't make him any better.

ROGER

I'm supporting him.

GREG

He's doing it on his own, figuring out what's right, you support him in that and he'll be trying to figure it out for the rest of his life.

ROGER

And what if he's meant to be shit?

GREG

THEN LET HIM. He can't belong to you. He cannot be convinced that *this* is it. No offense. Actually, *all offense* there is. No fucking wonder he's afraid to like, ditch your sorry, shattered ass. You've convinced him that he's nothing if he's taking time for himself, as if taking time for himself is taking time away from you. Kenny, you fucking leave with me, okay? You fucking do that and I swear, I won't give a shit with what you do for yourself or give a shit about how you go about doing it, okay? You won't have a kitchen, yeah, fucking sorry I missed that boat, but you'd have me, and I swear to God Kenny, my bones are fucking melting and shaking all at once when I say that whether or not you get what you want, or realize what you need- you'll have me there and have me begging you to realize,

every day, every like, second you breathe that's out of synch with the rest of you, I'll make you realize that it's okay to not know, cause, cause, 'who does'? Because, regardless of what goes *down*, I'll be that guy, for you, and I will *wait* with you, and not *for* you and there's a difference to that, there is, and I believe in it so fucking strongly because I don't want you to ever fucking feel that you're alone in this, Kenny, YOU'RE NOT.

ROGER

I only wanted to push.

GREG

Come on.

ROGER

I say I did, and I swear I fucking did! I DO. That's the way I go. And that's not wrong, Greg, that's not *fucking* wrong.

GREG

It is for him.

ROGER

And maybe he doesn't have a clue.

GREG

...Maybe.

ROGER

You uhm. You really love him, don't you?

GREG

In my way. You?

ROGER

In mine.

GREG

I didn't mean to... insult. What you're about.

ROGER

I get upset.

GREG

Me too.

ROGER

Happens.

GREG

But I can't share you.

Me neither. ROGER

I can't. GREG

Me too. ROGER

You ready then? GREG

Yeah. Yeah. ROGER

Okay. So what'll it be, Kenny? GREG

What? KENNY

Who will it be? ROGER

I love the both of you. KENNY

Come on. ROGER

I do though. I know I do. KENNY

I'm not... staying on the fence, Kenny. ROGER

I don't want you too. KENNY

Me neither. GREG

I don't want that either. I just. KENNY

You know this, Kenny. ROGER

Come on. GREG

You do. ROGER

Just take your time. GREG

You know what to do. ROGER

It's all you, Kenny. GREG

KENNY
I want what I feel I need and I need a lot and there's a lot that I need that I can't ask entirely out of just one of you specifically because then I'd have nothing left for the other one. I need a lot. Just having that clear, like, *knowing*. It's easier to add on. Easier to like, assume the more you got, I guess, the 'better'. No. That's not true. It's just heavier. You buckle and figure maybe for a single second that you should like, let go and stuff, but then again all you know is how to keep picking shit up. Like figuring the only way to not fall is to keep falling. until it just becomes a current, falling to fall, it's like a charge that fucking like, works every single bit of what you thought you lost. It becomes all you know. I'm convinced not a one of you can handle what I can't handle myself; me. The very like, idea of it. I can't be asked to let go of that. I'm unable to. I'm sorry.

Please. GREG

Greg. I. KENNY

You can't. ROGER

I can't. KENNY

Okay. ROGER

'can't?' GREG

No. KENNY

Kenny. GREG

I can't. KENNY

He can't. ROGER

I just. KENNY

Okay. ROGER

Greg. I... KENNY

No. I'm Gone. Goodbye. GREG

Wait. KENNY

You just can't leave. ROGER

You can keep him. GREG

I love you. I do. KENNY

GREG turns on KENNY, clutching his shoulders.

GREG
You don't know what those words mean. You don't know what it means to fall. I should say that I hope you learn what it means to love someone so unconditionally you'd walk on water for them. But I wouldn't want to wish that on anybody.

*GREG goes. ---- he finds his manuscript. Takes it.
Throws it into the trash. He's at the door:*

This is fine. Okay. Alright. I'm gonna be just fine.

With that. He storms out.

Roger...? Roger. Roger.	KENNY
What could you possibly want?	ROGER
I don't wanna be...	KENNY
Alone?	ROGER
Come on.	KENNY
The blood's gonna stain the carpets.	ROGER
Hey.	KENNY
Carpet cleaner. We're out dry.	ROGER
We can get it in the morning?	KENNY
Now.	ROGER
No, Roger.	KENNY
Please do it. Please.	ROGER
In the morning.	KENNY
No.	ROGER
Come on.	KENNY
No.	ROGER

Please? KENNY

Can't. ROGER

Roger. KENNY

I... Don't. ROGER

Yeah? KENNY

No. ROGER

Okay. Okay. I'll need money. KENNY

In my wallet. ROGER

KENNY goes through it.

Take twenty.

Okay. KENNY

Take twenty extra. ROGER

That's enough. KENNY

Take another. ROGER

It's enough. KENNY

And another, take all of it. ROGER

I took all you had. KENNY

Then my ATM card. Take it, come on, you know the code.

ROGER

Roger.

KENNY

Take it.

ROGER

Please.

KENNY

You'll be fine.

ROGER

Please.

KENNY

Not lying, I trust you.

ROGER

Want me to bring anything back?

KENNY

No.

ROGER

Sure?

KENNY

Positive.

ROGER

I could.

KENNY

Leave, please.

ROGER

Okay. Okay. Goodbye.

KENNY

Bye.

ROGER

Right.

KENNY

Alright.	ROGER
Alright.	KENNY
Hey. Kenny. Listen, I lo-	ROGER
Don't.	KENNY
I do though.	ROGER
Don't.	KENNY
I do.	ROGER
I should go.	KENNY
Can't we?	ROGER
No.	KENNY
I'm sorry.	ROGER
I really should.	KENNY
Alright. Go.	ROGER
Okay.	KENNY
I'll be waiting.	ROGER
Okay.	KENNY

Okay? I'll be here.

ROGER

Okay.

KENNY

Okay?

ROGER

Yeah. Cool.

KENNY

KENNY takes the ATM card.

He goes to the trash can. Takes out the manuscript.

He throws the cake away.

He goes to the door. He leaves the ATM card on the counter.

He leaves.

And then ROGER is left.

He waits.

And he waits.

And the lights fade to black.

End of Play.