

## **Yellow Flesh / Alabaster Rose**

Part One of:

An American Family Trilogy

**written**

**by**

**Erik Patterson**

This excerpt is copyrighted and for reading purposes only. For a full draft of the play, or to inquire about production rights, please contact the author.

Contact information:

[erik@erikpatterson.org](mailto:erik@erikpatterson.org)

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

---

**ELLIOT**, a man in his early thirties. Sometimes known as Tom.

**LITTLE B**, his sister, fifteen

**BECKY**, a woman in her early thirties. Sometimes known as Hunter.

**ROSE**, her daughter, fifteen

**MOM**, a mother in her fifties. Named Rose Silverstein.

**JUSTIN**, a hustler in his late twenties to thirties

**BROOKE/KRISTEN**, a phone-sex operator in her twenties to thirties

**MIKE**, a hustler in his forties? fifties?

**JESS STEARN**, a doctor in his fifties

**FATHER**, a voice, a memory (played by the same actor who plays Mike)

**PROLOGUE.**

*Two set pieces: A bed. A pole (i.e. like at a strip club).*

*In darkness, we hear the first chords of “It’s Oh So Quiet,” recorded by Bjork [track #4 on “Post”] playing over the sound system. LIGHTS come UP to reveal:*

*Elliot, Becky, and Little B, each in their own plane of existence, separate from one another.*

*Elliot is masturbating.*

*Becky is pole dancing.*

*Little B is singing. She holds a hairbrush like it’s a microphone. She sings along with the recorded Bjork. Really performing the song: all wide-eyed, whispers and screams.*

*Both Elliot and Becky’s movements should be in tune with the song—gentler when the song is gentler, more aggressive when the song gets more aggressive.*

LITTLE B: (*singing*) “(Shhh, shhh),  
 It’s oh so quiet, (shh, shh),  
 It’s oh so still, (shh, shh),  
 You’re all alone (shh, shh)  
 and so peaceful until...  
 You fall in love! (zing boom)  
 The sky up above (zing boom) is caving in...  
 WOW! FUN!  
 You’ve never been so nuts about a guy, you wanna laugh, you wanna cry  
 You cross your heart and hope to die,  
 ‘Til it’s over...  
 and then...(shh, shh)  
 it’s nice and quiet (shh, shh)  
 but soon again (shh, shh)  
 starts another big riot!  
 You blow a fuse (zing boom)  
 The devil cuts loose (zing boom)  
 So what’s the use...(WOW! BAM!)...of falling in love?  
 It’s oh so quiet,  
 It’s oh so still,  
 You’re all alone  
 And so peaceful until  
 You ring the bell! (bim bomb)  
 You shout and you yell! (ha-oh-oh)  
 You broke the spell...  
 Oh this is swell, you almost have a fit, this guy is gorge’ and I got hit, there’s no mistake:  
 THIS IS IT!  
 ‘til it’s over,

and then, it's nice and quiet, (shh, shh)  
but soon again (shh, shh)  
starts another big riot!  
You blow a fuse (zing boom)  
The devil cuts loose (zing boom)  
So what's the use (WOW! YEAH!) of falling in love?  
The sky caves in, the devil cuts loose, you blow, blow, blow, blow, blow a fuse (AHHH!)  
When you're falling in love...  
Shhhhhhhhhhh."

*Becky has stopped dancing and left the stage somewhere in the middle of Bjork's song.  
Just as Little B finishes singing, Elliot orgasms loudly.*

*BLACKOUT.*

**ACT ONE:****Scene One.**

*Justin is giving Elliot head.*

*Jess Stearn stands away from the action, speaking to the audience. (Referring to Elliot and Justin almost as if they were slides in a presentation.) Over-the-top.*

JESS STEARN: “The outward and visible signs of homosexuality, as these are worn by a small and to many a somewhat offensive segment of those so conditioned, have caused the public to view the homosexual as an effeminate individual whose every gesture and mannerism clamors for attention.”

JUSTIN: Your cum tastes like candy.

ELLIOT: Thanks.

*LIGHTS OUT on Elliot and Justin.*

JESS STEARN: “It is by this stereotype of the homosexual—the effusive, preening, smirking exhibitionist—that the man in the street mistakenly judges all homosexuals.”

*LIGHTS UP on Elliot and Justin.*

JUSTIN: Did anyone ever tell you that?

ELLIOT: No.

JUSTIN: I’m gonna fuck you now.

ELLIOT: Okay.

JUSTIN: You want a popper?

*LIGHTS OUT on Elliot and Justin.*

JESS STEARN: “These are the logical consequences of society’s harsh dealing with those whose behavior fails to conform to the standards that society has unsuccessfully attempted to enforce.”

*In darkness, Elliot moans.*

JESS STEARN: “It has become abundantly clear that society’s notion of the homosexual’s position is in need of a great deal of revision.”

*Quick flash of LIGHTS UP on Elliot—bent over at a right angle—Justin fucking him. LIGHTS OUT.*

JESS STEARN: “But it’s always easy to single out those whose conduct is troublesome.”

*LIGHTS UP on Elliot and Justin kissing. Elliot pushes Justin away from him.*

ELLIOT: Stop.

JUSTIN: What?

ELLIOT: I can’t buy you any more.

JUSTIN: Why not?

ELLIOT: Because I’m beginning to *buy you*.

*LIGHTS OUT on Elliot and Justin.*

JESS STEARN: “It’s easy for us to pass laws against what they do. What’s difficult is to try to understand them and their peculiar habits.”

*LIGHTS UP on Elliot and Justin, in bed.*

*There is a KNOCK at the door. (Which Justin does not hear.)*

ELLIOT: Who is it?

FATHER’S VOICE: It’s your father.

ELLIOT: What do you want?

FATHER’S VOICE: Your mother kicked me out of bed, and someone needs a spanking.

*BLACKOUT on Elliot.*

JESS STEARN: “It is necessary to point out that there are all kinds of homosexuals.”

*LIGHTS UP on Elliot and Justin. Justin and Elliot are making out throughout the rest of this section—undressing, nipple-play, etc—.*

ELLIOT: I want—

JUSTIN: You want me again?

ELLIOT: Yeah, just—

JUSTIN: What is it?

JESS STEARN: “Therefore, if society is to solve what is called the problem of homosexuality,”

ELLIOT: This is difficult for me to say...

JESS STEARN: “then it is first necessary to become accurately informed as to the causes and conditions thereof.”

ELLIOT: I’m afraid that you’ll—[*a moan*] *ooooh*—judge me.

JESS STEARN: “I will give you an objective presentation of the behavior of a little-understood and much-abused group.”

ELLIOT: Do you have any—?

JESS STEARN: “It is not necessary—“

ELLIOT: No, let me—

JESS STEARN: “It is not necessary for you—”

ELLIOT: Fantasies—

JESS STEARN: “—for you to agree”

ELLIOT: Do you have any?

JESS STEARN: “with what I have to say.”

JUSTIN: Like what?

ELLIOT: I want you to—

JESS STEARN: “To expect an early solution tomorrow morning”

ELLIOT: Will you pretend?

JESS STEARN: “tomorrow morning at nine o’clock”

ELLIOT: I want you to—

JESS STEARN: “Is a form of optimism best left to those who prefer to deceive themselves.”

ELLIOT: Will you pretend to be my father?

*Lights out on Elliot and Justin, their eyes locked.*

JESS STEARN: “Now let’s get to the heart of the matter.”

*LIGHTS OUT on Jess Stearn. Lights shift back to Elliot and Justin.*

**Scene Two.**

*We’re in Elliot’s bedroom. Elliot and Justin have just fucked. Elliot is sitting on the edge of his bed, putting his clothes on. Justin lies on the bed, not rushed.*

ELLIOT: That was really, really good.

JUSTIN: Good.

ELLIOT: Yeah, thanks.

*An awkward moment. Is this it? Are we done? Why isn’t Justin getting dressed?*

ELLIOT: What’s your name?

JUSTIN: Justin.

ELLIOT: Do you want anything to drink? Anything to eat?

JUSTIN: I’m fine.

ELLIOT: I could make cookies.

JUSTIN: Chocolate chip?

ELLIOT: Sure.

JUSTIN: I like chocolate chip.

*Elliot exits. Justin lays there, looks up at the ceiling. A couple of beats, then Elliot comes back on with a glass of water and some paper-towels. He hands Justin the water.*

JUSTIN: Thanks.

ELLIOT: You’ve got some—*(motioning to Justin’s stomach)*

JUSTIN: Oh.

*Elliot wipes the cum off Justin’s stomach and out of his belly button.*

JUSTIN: Thanks.

*Beat.*



ELLIOT: Is your name really Justin?

JUSTIN: No.

ELLIOT: What is it?

JUSTIN: Is your name really Tom?

ELLIOT: It's Elliot.

JUSTIN: Elliot.

ELLIOT: What's your real name?

JUSTIN: I don't use it.

ELLIOT: But what is it?

*No response. They stare at each other for a moment. Elliot looks for a reply. Justin obviously isn't gonna give him one.*

ELLIOT: You won't tell me?

JUSTIN: No.

ELLIOT: (*annoyed*) I told you mine.

JUSTIN: The world is filled with freaks.

ELLIOT: Fine.

JUSTIN: It's a rule I follow not to use my real name.

ELLIOT: I get it.

JUSTIN: Sorry if that bothers you.

ELLIOT: You get a lot of freaks?

JUSTIN: Yeah.

ELLIOT: What does that mean, exactly?

JUSTIN: Freak?

ELLIOT: How do you define it?

JUSTIN: I don't know.

ELLIOT: Like, do you mean, emotional basket case? Or, like, circus carny?

JUSTIN: Emotional basket case.

ELLIOT: Do you think I'm a freak? Is that why you—

JUSTIN: Won't tell you my name?

ELLIOT: Yeah.

JUSTIN: I don't tell any of my clients my name.

ELLIOT: So that's just a—

JUSTIN: (*over-lapping*) That's just a rule I follow.

ELLIOT: —a rule you follow. Like you said.

JUSTIN: Right.

ELLIOT: Right. Okay, right, anyway, so, are you saying you do or you don't think I'm a freak? You're saying you don't?

JUSTIN: I didn't say that.

ELLIOT: Then you do?

JUSTIN: The jury's still out.

ELLIOT: But which way is the jury leaning?

JUSTIN: Your need to know what I think of you puts you more on the freak side.

ELLIOT: Really? You think curiosity is freakish?

JUSTIN: A certain kind of curiosity.

ELLIOT: I *am* a freak.

JUSTIN: I thought so.

ELLIOT: So you can close the case.

JUSTIN: Emotional or circus?

ELLIOT: I should check on the cookies.

JUSTIN: Okay.

*Elliot exits. Justin picks up a book off the bed stand (some lurid-sounding title)(maybe something new every night). He leafs through it for a moment. Elliot re-enters.*

ELLIOT: Another minute or two.

JUSTIN: Nice book.

ELLIOT: Oh.

JUSTIN: Light reading? Or inspiration?

ELLIOT: It's just a book.

JUSTIN: You mean, mind my own business?

ELLIOT: Do you wanna play a game?

JUSTIN: What kind of game?

ELLIOT: A book game.

JUSTIN: Sure.

ELLIOT: Okay. I'm thinking something in my head. It's a rule. Do you agree to abide by the rule that I have in my head?

JUSTIN: What is it?

ELLIOT: I can't tell you. You have to agree.

JUSTIN: Sure.

ELLIOT: Good. Okay, now. Tell me when to stop.

*Elliot begins flipping through pages in the book.*

JUSTIN: Stop.

*Elliot stops. He holds the book open to the pages he's stopped on.*

ELLIOT: Tell me when to stop.

*Elliot alternates between the left page and right page.*

JUSTIN: Stop.

*Elliot stops. He moves his finger up and down that page.*

ELLIOT: One more time.

JUSTIN: Stop.

*Elliot stops.*

ELLIOT: Okay. So. The rule I had in my head was that whatever sentence you landed on would be our sexual fortune for the rest of the evening.

JUSTIN: Okay.

ELLIOT: Sometimes it works better than others.

JUSTIN: Read it.

ELLIOT: We might have to interpret.

JUSTIN: Just read it.

*ELLIOT: (Reads whatever sentence his finger has landed on. He should read the entire sentence. If it's a long one, he might first say "It's a long one." The sentence he reads should not be planned. His finger will, presumably, land on a new sentence every night. Feel free to improvise a response. If the sentence Elliot reads doesn't make any sense, the following dialogue could be said: "JUSTIN: That doesn't make sense. ELLIOT: Sometimes it works better than others. JUSTIN: You warned me. ELLIOT: This is one of those times that didn't work as well I guess." If the sentence Elliot reads is very sexual, the following dialogue could be said: "JUSTIN: Well. ELLIOT: So that's our fortune. JUSTIN: I guess. ELLIOT: For tonight. JUSTIN: If you say so. ELLIOT: Yeah." Have a moment. Say what you want. In any case, the dialogue about the sentence should end with an awkward pause. After a moment:)*

JUSTIN: Okay, so. Let's get to it.

ELLIOT: Do you smell that?

JUSTIN: What?

ELLIOT: The cookies are burning.

JUSTIN: Forget the cookies. Take your clothes off.

ELLIOT: I have more dough.

JUSTIN: I thought I'd give you the rest of the night for free.

ELLIOT: Cookie dough.

JUSTIN: I know what you meant.

ELLIOT: You're off the clock?

JUSTIN: Yeah.

ELLIOT: You shouldn't do that.

JUSTIN: Why not?

ELLIOT: Because you'll get me.

JUSTIN: I already got you.

ELLIOT: Hooked.

JUSTIN: You'd rather pay?

ELLIOT: I just think it's clever.

JUSTIN: Clever.

ELLIOT: Yeah.

JUSTIN: So.

ELLIOT: Do you—

JUSTIN: Huh?

ELLIOT: Always?

JUSTIN: What?

ELLIOT: Do that?

JUSTIN: If I like them.

ELLIOT: I see.

JUSTIN: Do you?

ELLIOT: I understand.

JUSTIN: And?

ELLIOT: I want it.

JUSTIN: Free?

ELLIOT: Yeah. Just—

JUSTIN: What?

ELLIOT: Make me forget I paid for it the first time.

*As Elliot goes in for a kiss, LIGHTS OUT.*

**Scene Three.**

*Elliot is kneeling over a toilet, throwing up.*

*Little B enters.*

LITTLE B: Why are you throwing up?

ELLIOT: None of your business.

LITTLE B: “I identify with polar bears.”

ELLIOT: Will you shut up?

LITTLE B: “They’re very cuddly and cute and quite calm—“

ELLIOT: I’m not in the mood.

LITTLE B: “but if they meet you they can be very strong. They come to Iceland very rarely, once every ten years, floating on icebergs.”

*She looks at Elliot, expectantly.*

ELLIOT: Why can’t you be normal for once?

LITTLE B: Why are you throwing up?

ELLIOT: I asked you first.

*LITTLE B doesn’t respond.*

ELLIOT: Hand me my toothbrush.

*She does. He starts brushing. She takes her brush out and starts brushing too. Mimicking him out of the corner of her eyes. They both spit into the sink.*

LITTLE B: Who was he?

ELLIOT: Who was who?

LITTLE B: That man.

ELLIOT: I thought you were asleep.

LITTLE B: No.

ELLIOT: Sorry.

LITTLE B: Can I have a cookie?

ELLIOT: Sure.

LITTLE B: The ones you made are burnt.

ELLIOT: When mom comes by tomorrow, don't tell her there was a man here.

LITTLE B: Will you make some cookies that aren't burnt?

ELLIOT: And don't tell her I threw up.

LITTLE B: Will you?

ELLIOT: What are you telling mom?

LITTLE B: There was no man, you didn't throw up.

ELLIOT: Okay, I'll make you cookies.

LITTLE B: Chocolate chip?

ELLIOT: You know you're gonna have to brush your teeth again?

*Little B nods.*

ELLIOT: Chocolate chip.

**Scene Four.**

*Elliot on the phone. Separately, a woman on a phone.*

ELLIOT: What are you wearing?

BROOKE: Nothing. I'm naked.

ELLIOT: Really? That's jumping the gun a little, don't you think?

BROOKE: What?

ELLIOT: Why don't you put something on so we can talk about how it's coming off?

BROOKE: Okay, I'm wearing clothes.

ELLIOT: What?

BROOKE: I've got clothes on.

ELLIOT: What?

BROOKE: I said "I've got clothes on."

ELLIOT: You think you can just say, "Okay, I've got clothes on," and I'll believe you?

BROOKE: Yes.

ELLIOT: You said you were naked just seconds ago, to already be dressed defies logic.

BROOKE: I'm not selling you logic. I'm selling you the idea of my naked body.

ELLIOT: I understand that. I understand that. And I also understand that we're separated by a phone cord, so you can say whatever you want. I mean, we probably don't even live in the same state.

BROOKE: I live in California.

ELLIOT: Really?

BROOKE: Where'd you see my ad?

ELLIOT: L.A. Weekly.

BROOKE: I live in Silverlake.

ELLIOT: I didn't think that necessarily meant—

BROOKE: Where do you live?

ELLIOT: Hollywood.

BROOKE: We're neighbors. I'm Brooke.

ELLIOT: Well, okay, Brooke, um, what I'm trying to say is that if I'm going to get off, then we have to be complicit in this.



BROOKE: All right?

ELLIOT: So you really have to do your part too.

BROOKE: Are you trying to tell me how to do my job?

ELLIOT: I'm just saying that you can't get away with saying one thing one second and then another thing the next second because then I'm really gonna think you're lying to me.

BROOKE: (*getting emotional*) Maybe you should just call back.

ELLIOT: No—

BROOKE: Talk to another girl.

ELLIOT: We can talk, that's fine.

BROOKE: They told me I'd have to deal with creeps, but I didn't—

ELLIOT: What?

BROOKE: I thought today—

ELLIOT: What did you think?

BROOKE: I didn't really think it would be that hard to do.

ELLIOT: What are you talking about?

BROOKE: This is my first day...

ELLIOT: Your first...?

BROOKE: I mean, how hard can it be?

ELLIOT: I didn't realize it was your first day.

BROOKE: Just be sexy right?

ELLIOT: I'm sorry.

BROOKE: That's all I have to do.

ELLIOT: I didn't mean to be a creep.

BROOKE: Be sexy.

ELLIOT: Right.

BROOKE: That's not supposed to be hard.

ELLIOT: You have a sexy voice.

BROOKE: Really?

ELLIOT: I've been meaning to say something. It's very sexy.

BROOKE: You're not just saying?

ELLIOT: No.

BROOKE: Because you don't have to lie to me. I can take it. I guess I need to know what I'm doing wrong so I don't keep fucking up.

ELLIOT: I feel really bad that I gave you a lecture.

BROOKE: No, really, it's fine.

ELLIOT: But that's not really like me.

BROOKE: It's okay.

ELLIOT: It's just that I get into moods sometimes and I'm kind of in one right now.

BROOKE: Why?

ELLIOT: I'm just having a bad day.

BROOKE: What happened?

ELLIOT: Nothing.

BROOKE: Are you okay?

ELLIOT: I'm okay, I don't really know.

BROOKE: Your voice is sexy too.

ELLIOT: Thanks.

BROOKE: You're welcome.

ELLIOT: You're really sweet.

BROOKE: Thanks.

ELLIOT: So I was in this mood and that's why I called you, I thought it would get me out of this funk that I'm in, at least for a minute or two, cause I feel good when I'm jerking off, and that's something that I can't deny...

BROOKE: You don't sound like a creep anymore.

ELLIOT: Really?

BROOKE: I can definitely imagine kissing you...fucking you...

ELLIOT: See, you can do this!

BROOKE: It helps to warm into things.

ELLIOT: I don't think that everyone could do it.

BROOKE: It's just talking. Everyone can do that.

ELLIOT: Not everyone.

BROOKE: Maybe not mutes.

ELLIOT: Listen, we've gotten off subject. I have an idea—why don't we start at the beginning again?

BROOKE: Okay.

ELLIOT: Okay, and I want to start where you tried to start things, where I messed up and judged you.

BROOKE: When was that?

ELLIOT: When you first said you were naked.

BROOKE: Oh, right.

ELLIOT: Yes, right, so you're already naked. Now. I want you to get dressed and I want you to describe every step of the way.

BROOKE: Backwards?

ELLIOT: Yeah, we'll get dressed first and *then* we'll take things off again. It'll be that much more exciting.

BROOKE: Okay. So I'm naked.

ELLIOT: Good.

BROOKE: Now I'm putting on my top.

ELLIOT: Your top first? That's backwards.

BROOKE: Doggy-style.

ELLIOT: Doggy, doggy, doggy, yeah, that's sexy, that's good. And no bra?

BROOKE: No bra.

ELLIOT: That's a good image, I like it.

BROOKE: The naked lower half of my body...

ELLIOT: Yeah...

BROOKE: The naked lower half of my body is cold and I'm getting all goose-pimply.

ELLIOT: That's good. Um. I'm sorry, could you, um, I have call waiting, I'll just be a second.

BROOKE: Okay.

ELLIOT: (*he clicks over*) Hello?...Hi, I'm, um, busy right now, could you...could I call you back?...what is it? She's fine...That was just a dream, I promise you she's fine, go back to sleep...Look, I've got someone on hold and it's an expensive call...I know it's late...yes, it's long distance...Look, I'll call you back tomorrow...Okay, you too, bye. (*he clicks over*) Hey, are you still there?

BROOKE: Yes.

ELLIOT: Where were we? I got distracted, I forget where we were.

BROOKE: I'm wearing my blouse and nothing else.

ELLIOT: Right, that's right, you're wearing your blouse and nothing else. That's hot. Describe your blouse to me.

BROOKE: Well, to start off, it's made of rayon.

ELLIOT: Really? Rayon?

BROOKE: Yes.

ELLIOT: I'm having a difficult time imagining that.

BROOKE: It's a kind of artificial silk.

ELLIOT: Does it feel like silk?

BROOKE: Kind of.

ELLIOT: Well, it sounds weird to me. Could you—

BROOKE: Rayon?

ELLIOT: Yes, rayon. Rough and un-sexy. Could we—

BROOKE: What?

ELLIOT: Could we say it's cotton and white and your nipples are poking through the material?

BROOKE: It's cotton and white and my nipples are poking through the material.

ELLIOT: Okay, good, I like when you say that.

BROOKE: It's cotton and white and my nipples are poking through the material.

ELLIOT: Tell me more about your nipples.

BROOKE: My areola are the size of the rim of a beer can.

ELLIOT: Yeah? That's hot. Say that again. "Areola."

BROOKE: Areola.

ELLIOT: That's hot. Your nipples are hot. You have hot nipples. Could you—*fuck*—I'm sorry, hold on one second, just a second, I'm sorry. (*he clicks over*) Hello?... Why are you calling me again?... Do we have to do this right now? I really don't want to have this conversation... Well, they're not the same person, all right? Little B isn't going to run away... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be... yes, I'm sorry, I said I was sorry, I'm sorry... I was going to, I would have... I'm still on long distance... yeah, yes, I am... I know, it's a long call and it's costing me a lot of money right now to be talking to you... I don't know how much... Two-ninety-five a minute or something ridiculous like that... yeah, yeah, I know, I need a new long distance carrier, I'm going to get right on that, I will, GOODNIGHT... Good-bye. (*he clicks over*) Hello, hey, are you still there?

BROOKE: Of course I am.

ELLIOT: It wouldn't be in your best interest to hang up, would it?

BROOKE: No.

ELLIOT: Right, okay, anyway, I'm tired of this clothes talk, let's just say we're both naked. Now what?

BROOKE: I'm sitting on my bed and I'm fondling my breasts.

ELLIOT: I'm sorry, wait, hold that thought, that's good, I can imagine where it's going and it's good, I don't mean to interrupt, but...

BROOKE: You'll just be a second?

ELLIOT: Yes, yes, I'll just be a second. (*he clicks over*) What do you want?...I did just check on her, she's fine, she's in bed...No, no, you can't talk to her...Because she's sleeping. I'll have her call you in the morning...I know. I know you don't see her enough, but that's not my fault, is it?...No, I'm not blaming you. Listen, why don't you come over tomorrow morning and have breakfast with her? How's that?...Okay, good...Okay, go to sleep. Bye. (*he clicks over*) She's going to drive me crazy.

BROOKE: Your girlfriend?

ELLIOT: My mother. She's—I'm sorry, I really don't want to talk about her, you were fondling your breasts, can we take it from there?

*The phone clicks. On Elliot's exasperated sigh, we BLACKOUT.*

### Scene Five.

*Little B is in her room, singing "Hyperballad" [Track #2 from Bjork's album "Post"].*

*Separately, Elliot is in his room, sitting on the edge of his bed, his pants around his ankles. Brooke is giving him a blowjob. He cums. She stumbles out of the room. We can hear her spit, cough, gag, spit. She re-enters.*

*[Note: They have to yell over the Bjork music to be heard.]*

BROOKE: You've got a lot of, you know...

ELLIOT: Cum?

BROOKE: Yeah.

ELLIOT: I know.

BROOKE: When was the last time you...

ELLIOT: Came?

BROOKE: Yeah.

LITTLE B: (singing)  
 "We live on a mountain  
 Right at the top,  
 There's a beautiful view  
 From the top of the mountain.  
 Every morning,  
 I walk towards the edge  
 And throw little things off.  
 like car parts, bottles  
 And cutlery,  
 Or whatever I find  
 Lying around.  
 It's become a habit,  
 A way to start the day.

ELLIOT: This morning.

BROOKE: No.

ELLIOT: You don't believe me?

BROOKE: I've just never seen a guy...

ELLIOT: Cum so much?

BROOKE: Yeah.

ELLIOT: Oh.

BROOKE: What did you have for lunch?

ELLIOT: Why?

BROOKE: Your, you know—

ELLIOT: Cum.

BROOKE: Was kind of bitter.

ELLIOT: Really?

BROOKE: Yeah.

ELLIOT: Sorry.

BROOKE: It's okay.

ELLIOT: McDonald's.

BROOKE: Really?

ELLIOT: Yeah.

BROOKE: That's strange.

ELLIOT: Why?

BROOKE: You'd think fast food would make it taste better.

ELLIOT: You would?

BROOKE: The grease and all.

I go through all this  
 Before you wake up  
 so I can feel happier  
 to be safe up here with you.  
 I go through all this  
 Before you wake up  
 so I can feel happier  
 To be safe up here with you.  
 It's real early morning,  
 No one is awake.  
 I'm back at my cliff  
 Still throwing things off.  
 I listen to  
 The sounds they make  
 On their way down.  
 I follow with my eyes  
 'til they crash.  
 I imagine what  
 my body would sound like  
 Slamming against those rocks.  
 And when it lands  
 Will my eyes be closed  
 Or open?  
 I go through all this  
 Before you wake up  
 So I can feel happier  
 To be safe up here with you.  
 I go through all this  
 Before you wake up  
 So I can feel happier  
 To be safe  
 Up here with you."  
 [*etc. etc.*]

ELLIOT: I thought prostitutes weren't supposed to complain.

BROOKE: I'm not complaining, I'm just saying.

ELLIOT: You said my cum tasted bad.

BROOKE: Not bad, just bitter.

ELLIOT: So it was just an observation?

BROOKE: Yes.

ELLIOT: Can we agree that I'm paying for the privilege of sex without observations?

BROOKE: If that's what you want?

ELLIOT: I don't mean to be rude.

BROOKE: I have no comment. (*beat*) See—I can refrain from observation.

ELLIOT: Good.

BROOKE: This isn't an observation, this is a question: Who's the girl?

ELLIOT: I'm sorry, is she—

BROOKE: Bothering me?

ELLIOT: Yeah.

BROOKE: No. Just, who is she?

ELLIOT: She's my sister.

BROOKE: I figured she wasn't your girlfriend.

ELLIOT: No.

BROOKE: But you never know.

ELLIOT: What's that supposed to mean?

BROOKE: I mean, I figure some girlfriends are probably more lenient about things like this. I didn't mean to imply anything about your sister.

ELLIOT: I didn't infer anything unseemly.

BROOKE: Your sister likes to sing.



ELLIOT: Yeah.

BROOKE: She sings a lot.

ELLIOT: Yeah.

BROOKE: Does she take requests?

ELLIOT: Is that a joke?

BROOKE: Maybe.

ELLIOT: No.

BROOKE: Is she practicing for something?

ELLIOT: Like a recital?

BROOKE: Sure.

ELLIOT: No.

BROOKE: She just likes to sing?

ELLIOT: Yes.

BROOKE: Do you not like me or something?

ELLIOT: Why do you say that?

BROOKE: Because you became distant all of a sudden.

ELLIOT: I like you.

BROOKE: What are you thinking?

ELLIOT: Nothing.

BROOKE: I can see in your eyes that you're thinking something.

*He doesn't say anything. They look at each other for a count of 60. This will hopefully time out to coincide with the end of 'Hyperballad.'*

ELLIOT: I'm not thinking anything.

*BLACKOUT.*

**THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

Email [erik@erikpatterson.org](mailto:erik@erikpatterson.org) to request a full draft.