

The Last Stalker

by

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The Last Stalker

Setting: JASON's studio apartment near Scott Circle in Washington, DC. The mid-1980s. Late Wednesday night/early Thursday morning.

JASON and PETER are men in their mid-late twenties.

At rise: Darkness.

Loud knocking.

Silence.

Louder knocking.

JASON turns on a bedside lamp next to the fold-out sofa on which he sleeps.

PETER (from off)

Jason? Jason. Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaason! Jason!

More knocking.

JASON crosses to the door.

JASON.

For fuck's sake, Peter. Go away!

Louder knocking.

JASON opens the door and drags PETER roughly into the apartment.

JASON

Get in here before you wake the whole building!

PETER (very drunk, but pleased with himself)

HA. I knew that would work. (steadies himself) Hi there ... gorgeous.

JASON

Peter, don't. Just don't.

PETER

But you are. That's an objective fact. We could take a poll in any bar in the city and the masses would agree you are gorgeous.

And you are drunk.

JASON

With love.

PETER

With ... vodka, I assume.

JASON

That too. They're not mutually exhaustive.

PETER

What?

JASON

No. Wait. That's not it. Mutually incubated. Nope. Anyway, they can both be true.

PETER

Why are you here? Did you really need to wake me up the middle of the night to prove that I did the right thing by breaking up with you?

JASON

What day is it?

PETER

Wednesday. Or Thursday by now ...

JASON

Hump day!

PETER

And?

JASON

And we should be humping!

PETER (attempting to paw JASON)

Get off me!

JASON (pushing PETER away firmly)

PETER comes for JASON again and JASON hits him.

JASON

Do not touch me. Do not touch me like that ever again.

PETER

You don't have to be so mean.

JASON

You don't seem to hear me any other way. Jesus, this won't be appealing if you weren't drunk and I was still in love with you.

PETER

I'm still in love with you. You can't just expect me to flip a switch and not feel what I'm feeling.

JASON

You also can't expect me to feel what you're feeling.

PETER

I came out for you. (begins to cry)

JASON does not move to comfort him.

PETER.

Well. Okay then.

JASON

Was there anything else?

PETER.

No. I guess I'll be going.

PETER stumbles toward the door.

JASON

Oh my god.

PETER.

What?

JASON

How did you get here?

PETER

On the wings of love.

JASON

Peter.

PETER

I walked over from JR's when they closed ...

JASON
You've been drinking since I saw you at 6:30?

PETER
Yah.

JASON
You can't drive like this.

PETER
Well, I'm not walking back to Alexandria.

JASON
God damn it.

PETER
What?

JASON
I can't let you leave.

PETER
That's what I've been saying!

JASON
I mean I can't let you drive like this. You might kill someone.

PETER
I thought about killing myself, but I came here instead.

JASON.
That blood would not have been on my hands.

PETER
Y'know. If you really don't care I will just be going.

JASON.
Give me your keys, Peter.

PETER
That's okay.

JASON stands between PETER and the door.

JASON
Give me your goddamned keys. Now.

PETER (holding up his car keys)
You want these?

JASON
Yes.

PETER
Kiss me.

JASON
No.

PETER
Kiss me and I'll give you the keys.

JASON
Don't do this, Peter.

PETER
No kiss, no keys.

(A beat)

JASON
If I kiss you will you really give me the keys? No bullshit?

PETER
If you really kiss me. Not some peck on the cheek/kiss on the forehead shit.

(A beat)

JASON steps toward PETER.

PETER steps toward JASON.

JASON grabs PETER and kisses him full on the mouth.
This goes on bit longer than JASON had intended. Finally,
JASON steps away and holds out his hand and PETER
drops the keys into his palm.

PETER
You can't tell me you didn't enjoy that as much as I did.

PETER kicks off his shoes and removes his socks.

PETER

And you can't tell me we're going to climb into that bed together and just sleep soundly ...

JASON

I'm going to take a blanket and sleep in the bathtub.

PETER takes off his shirt.

PETER

Suit yourself.

PETER opens his belt and removes his pants.

PETER

You don't seem in a hurry to hit the bathtub.

PETER starts to remove his boxers.

JASON

Wait

PETER

For?

JASON walks around and turns on every light in the room.

PETER

Ack ... that's bright ... could we compromise on half that?

JASON

I want you to be able to see.

JASON steps close to PETER and removes his shirt.

PETER

Well that's more like it. Oh. That's an odd bruise on your chest.

JASON

It isn't a bruise, Peter. And so far, there are four. (pointing to his upper chest) The one here. (pointing) One down here on my side. And (turning) two on my back. I'm told I can expect more.

PETER

Oh my god.

Yep. JASON

That's ... PETER

Oh honey ... JASON nods

PETER

PETER moves to hug him.

No. No touching. JASON

PETER freezes

JASON

That also means no humping, no fucking, no sucking ...

Okay. PETER

Okay? It's as far from okay as I can imagine being. JASON

I mean I understand. PETER

Do you? JASON

PETER nods.

PETER

And I still want to stay.

JASON shakes his head.

PETER

I know we can't ... I get what this change ... And I want to stay. More than just tonight.

I don't want you to. JASON

Why? PETER

Because I do love you. JASON

Then please let me stay. Especially now that I know. PETER

It will be impossible to share a bed with you ... and not ... and not at least want to. JASON

We're going to have to figure that out. PETER

I don't know. JASON

Don't sleep in the bathtub. PETER

I don't know. JASON

Let's see how it goes ... tonight ... PETER

One slip and it's over... JASON

Fair enough. And we'll see what tomorrow brings. PETER

We know what tomorrow is going to bring. JASON

Please let me go through it with you. PETER.

I don't know. JASON

PETER

Let's start with tonight and play the rest by ear.

JASON

One false move and I head to the bathtub

PETER (putting his t-shirt back on)

Fair enough.

JASON puts his t-shirt back on and they step toward the bed. PETER climbs into the bed. JASON goes around the room turning off all the lights. When he gets to the bedside lamp he stops.

PETER

What?

JASON

I can't. It's too much.

PETER

Yes. But it would be worse than too much alone.

JASON

No. It's not just ... It's that ...

PETER

What?

JASON

Well, if I'm ... then I may have already ... you ...

PETER shrugs.

JASON

No. You can't minimize.

PETER

What we know for sure is awful enough. Please, let's not waste time and energy on how it could be worse. Please.

JASON

I couldn't face ...

PETER

And you may never have to face ...

JASON

You don't know ...

PETER

I was negative in June. I'll get tested again this week. But for tonight come to bed.

JASON

I don't know how I'd ...

PETER

Please ... we don't have to face anything else tonight.

JASON climbs into the bed, but stays far from PETER

JASON

This is weird.

PETER

Yeah.

JASON shuts off the bedside lamp.

JASON

And awful

PETER

And just the beginning

They both stare ahead as lights fade to black.

End of play.