

Boys Life

In the blackout, the bandleaders voice.

BANDLEADER

All right, everybody, before you get too comfortable in your chairs, let's see if we can work off a little of the delicious roast beef with some of today's young sounds. (A small, accordion-led combo strikes up with: "Beat it." Lights up on Phil and Jack seated at a round banquet table littered with napkins, glasses and half eaten dinners. Jack has a row of soda-filled glasses lined up in front of him. He methodically pours sugar into them one by one, watching as they foam up explosively. Phil stares straight ahead.)

PHIL

(After a while) Christ, I hate weddings. They're so depressing, you know? They remind me of funerals.

JACK

Weddings remind you of funerals?

PHIL

They remind me of death.

JACK

Everything reminds you of death, Phil

PHIL

No it doesn't.

JACK

What are you thinking about right now?

PHIL

Well, I'm thinking about death. But only because you brought it up.

JACK

I didn't bring it up, you brought it up.

PHIL

No I didn't

JACK

You said you hate weddings because they remind you of death.

PHIL

People are drinking those, you know.

JACK

Not anymore.

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PHIL

That is so childish, Jack.

JACK

Is it?

PHIL

You don't think so?

JACK

Well ... (He pauses and bursts out laughing)

PHIL

Why don't you grow up?

JACK

You need more dope. You'll feel better.

PHIL

I don't *want* to feel better. I wish I was dead.

JACK

You gotten laid lately, Phil?

PHIL

What do you care?

JACK

I like to know my friends are happy.

PHIL

I think that's incredibly tactless.

JACK

Well, I'm sorry you see it that way. (Pause.) So you *haven't* gotten laid?

PHIL

You're so curious, yes, yes I have *gotten laid*, is that okay?

JACK

Yes, that's fine. (Pause.)

PHIL

You don't have any idea what it's like, Jack. You're completely out of it. You've got your wife and your kid. You've got stability. You don't have to make yourself crawl through the gutter to get regular sex. When I think of some of the things I've done...it just makes me feel sick.

(Pause.)

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JACK

Like for instance?

PHIL

Oh, please.

JACK

No, I mean what things?

PHIL

I'm not here to provide you with titillation.

JACK

Yes you are, Phil. You just don't know it. (Pause. Out front) There she goes, the old Earth Mother...Hi, Honey! No, we're doing fine, we're dandy...Look at her, she's plastered across the walls. One drink and she's ready for pearl diving without a loincloth. She won't keep booze in the house, you know. Jason might invite some nursery buddies in for an afternoon mixer. Not to mention she wants the VCR disconnected, she thinks he needs *more creative* playtime so she bought these toys from Scandinavia, and you know what they are, they're unpainted blocks of wood, you're supposed to have fun *arranging* them. You look at these things and you know why the Swedes keep offing themselves. So I tell her-

PHIL

If you must know, I fucked a girl while she was unconscious.

JACK

Beg pardon?

PHIL

You want to know so I'm telling you!

JACK

You...fucked a girl while she was...unconscious?

PHIL

Yes.

JACK

How?

PHIL

I deserve to die.

JACK

Ill decide that, Phil. Just what have you done?

PHIL

I didn't *do* anything. She blinked off.

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JACK

When? Where?

PHIL

We went out, we came back to her place---

JACK

Who is this?

PHIL

You don't know her.

JACK

What does she look like?

PHIL

You don't *know* her.

JACK

Did she have nice tits? Just tell me about the tits.

PHIL

It doesn't *matter*.

JACK

Just tell me!

PHIL

They were okay.

JACK

Only okay?

PHIL

No, they were fine.

JACK

Good. Go on.

PHIL

So we came back to her place, one of those sub-divided closets, right, and the radiators are howling. It was like a pizza oven in there. She pours a couple of Scotches, we talk a little. Pretty soon I can tell I won't be coming home tonight.

Jack

You boulder.

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PHIL

So I get her blouse off---

Jack

Wait, wait, how'd that happen?

PHIL

Just, you know, in the course of conversation. It's time to make my move, I take her in my arms ...

JACK

Uh-huh...

PHIL

She keels right over. Wham. Right down on the futon.

JACK

Geez.

PHIL

I'm telling you it was *hot* in there.

JACK

I guess so.

PHIL

Anyway, I tried to bring her around, but she'd had a lot to drink, you should have seen the liquor tab, luckily I was able to charge it --- so, I thought, isn't this great, this is just the way I wanted to spend my evening. I was pretty pissed off.

JACK

So you fucked her anyway, huh?

PHIL

No! What do you think I am? ... I decided to put her to bed. I'd sleep on the floor and keep an eye on her. So I did that, but she was sweating so much, it looked *unhealthy*, so I, ah ...

JACK

You undressed her, right?

PHIL

I took her shoes off, that's all! I took off her shoes, and she had on these tights, so I thought I better take those off too...

JACK

And then you fucked her.

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PHIL

I had her undressed and I thought, what the hell, I don't want to sleep on the floor, so I got into bed with her, and. ... I don't know. I don't know. I walked home afterwards, sixteen blocks at three in the morning. I was hoping somebody would kill me. I felt like ... you know what's really terrifying? Everyone's worried about the world getting blown up or something, right, but ... what if it doesn't? What if it just goes on like this, forever? What are we gonna do then? (Pause.)

JACK

You sly old dog.

PHIL

What?

JACK

What an operator, huh? You old dog.

PHIL

I feel *awful*.

JACK

Ah, come on, Phil, drop the Hamlet routine. Did you speak to her yet?

PHIL

Yeah. She called me. She said she was sorry she fell asleep and maybe we could go out again.

JACK

And nothing about...

PHIL

No.

JACK

So? Everything's fine. You had a little fun, you covered your ass, and no one's the wiser. What's the problem? (Pause.)