

PIG

**Draft Two
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[Pig was previously called CP]

10 characters played by 3 actors:

- Pig, Joe, 'Joe'
- Knife, Stevie, 'Stevie'
- Harry, Larry, Barry, Mr X

ACT ONE

1.

Pig: Naked?

Knife: Doesn't matter.

Pig: Chaps maybe.

Knife: If you like.

Pig: Tied up?

Knife: Don't have to be. Up to you. Works both ways, which do you prefer?

Pig: Not tied up.

Knife: Not tied up. You taking it, accepting it, grateful.

Pig: Woof.

Knife: Want it?

Pig: If you want it.

Knife: You're my boy.

Pig: Woof woof.

Knife: Serious.

Pig: Serious.

Knife: Serious?

Pig: Of course. *You* are, aren't you?

Knife: Want to see you taking it.

Pig: Wide open to it.

Knife: Getting it.

Pig: You last.

Knife: They're lubrication.

Pig: Come in me after they've all come in me. Swim about, slide around in me. Blind fold?

Knife: Up to you.

Pig: No.

Knife: Then no.

Pig: Want to see who's giving it.

Knife: I won't stop anyone. You're fair game. Whoever wants to.

Pig: Up to you.

Knife: I say anyone. However gruesome.

Pig: Fat.

Knife: Hairy.

Pig: Old.

Knife: Diseased.

Pig: If his cock is dripping with puss, shove it in me. I want it all.

Knife: Then me. Coz I love ya.

Pig: Woof.

Knife: You're my boy.

Pig: Woof woof.

Knife: No safe words. You're in or you're out, you decide.

Pig: I said.

Knife: For real.

Pig: For real.

Knife: For really real though.

Pig: When?

Knife: Saturday.

Pig: For real?

Knife: St Albans.

Pig: Who'll be there?

Knife: Does it matter?

Pig: How many?

Knife: 10, 20. Don't know. Could be any number.

Pig: Where?

Knife: Friends place.

Pig: House?

Knife: Cellar.

Pig: Serious though?

Knife: Saturday, told ya.

Pig: I got a job Saturday.

Knife: Cancel it.

Pig: It's 600.

Knife: Cancel it.

Pig: Hang on. You serious? Straight up?

Knife: That's what I been saying.

Pig: You want me to really –?

Knife: Show me how much you love me.

Pig: I love you.

Knife: But you show me.

Pig: I show you. On Saturday. In St Albans. I can't.

Knife: You can't? What the hell does that mean?

Pig: It's Larry. You know what he's like. If I cancel –

Knife: You don't want to.

Pig: I can't.

Knife: You won't.

Pig: You really serious?

Knife: Stop saying that.

Pig: But –

Knife: No buts. We said. No 'no', only 'yes'. You pulling out now.

Pig: No, but there are –

Knife: There are no limits. Don't say it, if that's what you were gonna say. Were you? Don't say 'but there are limits'. There are limits to your love?

Pig: But you're asking me to –

Knife: Yes. Give me everything. All the time. Give me you. I demand it or you're out.

Pig: I'm out?

Knife: Out.

Pig: Fuck off.

Knife: You fuck off.

Pig: You'd send me away again?

Knife: Out on the street. What's the matter with you?

Pig: I got a job.

Knife: You told me.

Pig: No, now. I gotta go to work. Fist this bloke in Archway.

Knife: Boy.

Pig: Woof.

Knife: Boy.

Pig: Woof. I gotta go.

Knife: You don't.

Pig: Woof.

Knife: You don't have to. Talk about this.

Pig: I gotta go.

Knife: Then don't come back.

2.

Harry: (*In shades, champagne glass in hand*) Because we didn't do battle through the 60s, 70s, and 80s – against ignorance, hatred and violence – in order now to ape everything that's unworkable in breederland. One in three unions end in divorce. Lawyers and accountants clean up. What part of that do we want? Not to mention the fact that I've got better things to do with my Saturday afternoon. Peering at a difficult Azerbaijani film at the Renoir, for which I wouldn't have bought a ticket had I been given more notice, for instance. I am in fact very bad casting for this role. I am the worst man to be best man.

I'm not talking about lesbians – forget about lesbians, it might work for them, I don't know. But two men? Hunter-conquerors putting all their eggs in one basket? Delusion! Still worse – two creatives! They're nutz. Ambitious artists cohabiting? They've gone lulu-lala? People like us aren't meant for marriage, and you know that's true.

But we fought for equality, and now we've got it – ponsing about on the Heath in devastatingly expensive hired clothes, celebrating the Civil Partnership of these two cheesy grinners.

And with the dappled sunlight bucolically prettying their upturned, smug little faces, even I am not so brutishly hard-hearted to deny them the right to give it a go.

Stevie and Joe, bright boys, tell me that they're not mad. That they've a solid chance, because they've known each other eight years, on and off. That the things they've faced together and apart – abject poverty, failed literary ambitions, whoring, despair, suicidal gestures and membership of several twelve step programmes – have led them, stronger and surer, to cry 'You are the one for me'. 'I offer myself without limits'. Till death, disillusion or annulment, for badder or worser, forever and ever.

Well, I despise you. And I especially loathe you, Stevie, with your thick hair and your thin work and the fact that you laughed without restraint when you heard the title of my new novel, and for taking my Joe away. He was – he is – the love of my life. And, if I know love – and I'm not at all sure that I do – he always will be. No, don't pity me and don't comfort me and don't you fucking dare try and stop me now. 'A girl's got to have her moment' as Julia Roberts

averred. Joe, I think you're making the biggest mistake of your young life. There, I've said it.

And now I'll take a dainty step back, back into the shadows, so the light can shine bright on Stevie and Joe and bring them joy and love and blah and blah. And I'll slink off, and you don't have to think about me ever again. But should it all go to shit, I'll be the first one to say 'I told you so'. 'I told you fucking so'.

3.

Pig: Work surface. Dirty plate, grill tray, probably full of crumbs. Curtain half open. Grey light from a grey sky.

Aaaagh. Shit. What was –? That was brutal. What the fuck did you –? Jesus.

You put my head on your lap. Are you stroking it, you soft...? You think I can't see you, but I can see through this. You gazing at me.

A hyacinth on the windowsill. You bought yourself a hyacinth! No, I bet your mother gave it you when you went to Coulsdon. It's dying now.

Woo! You sit me up. What are you...? Wait! Are you cutting? No! Larry! Don't cut yet!

Larry: Hello. There you are. Time's up.

Pig: I like it in here.

Larry: Feels like being back in the womb?

Pig: Makes me feel powerful. The adrenalin. You in control. Like to give it away.

Larry: You hardly give it away.

Pig: I mean control.

Larry: I know, I was joking.

Pig: You're a riot.

Larry: Cost me a bloody fortune. And the Clingfilm. Two whole rolls I used. Look, no blood.

Pig: Thanks.

Larry: Maybe bruising there.

Pig: Maybe?!

Larry: Think of me when you turn blue and green and yellow.

Pig: Did you come?

Larry: Oh yes. All in one piece?

Pig: It was different.

Larry: How so?

Pig: I couldn't –

Larry: Was it difficult? Did you suffer? Did you think you were going to die? What a way to go. Beautiful.

Pig: I was distracted a lot, I couldn't get a rhythm.

Larry: You're sad today.

Pig: Sad? You're sad.

Larry: Little sad dolly. Do you want your money?

Pig: Is it an hour already?

Larry offers 100, but holds onto it

Larry: Tell me what's going on.

Pig: What do you mean? Nothing.

Larry: I'm intrigued.

Pig: Then we're into a second hour.

Larry releases the money

Larry: I'll give you another hundred.

Pig: You don't have it.

Larry gets another hundred

Larry: Talk about it.

Pig: Talk?

Larry: Tell me why you're sad.

Pig: Just talk?

Pig holds out his hand for money, Larry won't give it

Pig: He wants to take me to a party. It's called a conversion party.

Larry: To make you poz?

Pig: You know about them?

Larry: Oh, you've got to do it; it would be such fun.

Pig: I'm telling the wrong person.

Larry: Go on.

Pig: He wants me infected like him. Like his mates. He says it'd show him how much I love him if I. I can't stop it in him, so I should want it in me.

Larry: That's sweet.

Pig: Would simplify our sex life.

Larry: It would.

Pig: And he says I'd be more sellable. People like you could do more stuff to me. I'd care less.

Larry: But you don't want to.

Pig: It's a hot idea.

Larry: It is.

Pig: But for real?

Larry: You let me beat you up, damage you.

Pig: I get paid for that. That's my job.

Larry: You told me you let him put a knife in your arse.

Pig: My arse healed.

Larry: It's just a bug. You wouldn't die. Probably. And poz guys are cool. You wanna be in the gang? Go out with a gangbang.

Pig: But it'd be all like doctor's bills and blood tests the whole time. Worrying about getting other strains and shit.

Larry: You worry about getting poz. Swap one worry for another. I'd pay.

Pig: You'd pay?

Larry: A thousand. And I'd take care of whatever expenses –

Pig: You couldn't afford it.

Larry: I'd afford it if I could watch.

Pig: What?

Larry: You getting infected.

Pig: You want to see it?

Larry: Is that a tear?

Pig: No.

Larry: Oh yes. Oh baby, cry for me. Gorgeous. So pretty. So that's why you're sad.

Pig: No. He kicked me out – *that's why*.

Larry: I love your misery. Your tears are so beautiful. Can I keep them?

Pig: You're paying for them.

Larry: You'll make me come again. So what happened this time?

Pig: I said no. To being pozzed.

Larry: But it would be so yummy, a super turn on, seeing you voluntarily take that sick spunk up you. And maybe afterwards I could have you here with me, and I'd deny you your meds, and you'd get thin and weak and I'd only give you them if you let me play with you and push your pain limits. See how far I could take you without killing you. And when you were suffering so much with the pain from the disease and the pain I'd give you, you'd beg me to kill you. And I would.

Pig: How would you get rid of my body?

Larry: Chop you up, do it in stages. Acid bath for the big bits.

Pig: I'm impressed – you thought it all out.

Larry: I'd need a partner probably. More fun with two. I talked to a few people who want to be ended, but they're not pretty like you. You're special. Let me. Please kiddo, let me end you.

Pig: How much would you give me?

Larry: You say.

Pig: I don't know if I want... I'll think about it.

Larry: Serious? You serious?

Pig: Maybe.

Larry: I had no idea...

Pig: I don't know. I'll think about it.

Larry: You're making me come. You really gonna think about it?

Pig: Sure.

Larry: You've got people who'd look for you.

Pig: Not really.

Larry: Yes you have. Your man.

Pig: No, not anymore.

Larry: Oh I'm gonna come again. Oooohhhhhh. Oohhhhhhhhhhhh.

Larry comes, and at length recovers

Larry: Thank you. Here. [Money]

Pig: Thanks.

Larry: So... Was that real?

Pig: It was real when I said it.

Pig goes – stops

Pig: I wouldn't mind dying. I wouldn't... I think about it. When he threw me out again I thought I'd... Maybe it would be ok. What's to be scared of? Death's just a dream, right? Yeah. Yeah, you probably could kill me. It would be ok. Give him the money or something. That it? We're done?

4.

Harry: *(In a capacious cocktail frock, and the same shades as before)* I am remorse. I am, as I type, beating myself to within an inch of my life. I will take any kind of punishment from you. As long as it doesn't involve that sinister little knife. But there's probably no need to bother, as the cosmos is doling out retribution. Faber have rejected *Boris*. I'm selling the pearls.

They say there's nothing new in it and they're right. It's just the same old shit, all about how much I love you and always will. Me going on and on. I used to think at least I was going up the mountain – now I know I'm only going round the bloody thing, learning nothing, remembering nothing.

Plus, the new commission's yet to materialise. In fact, my agent's assistant's assistant tells me it's looking 'well dodgy'.

I have only my memories. Your sweet kindness during our final few hours. Giving me a blowjob while we waited for your Prince to take you away.

Joe: Where do you want it?

Joe has entered, taking us into a flashback

Harry: Here. Quickly. While the boys are getting everything set up.

Harry raises his skirt – Joe disappears underneath

Joe: I've never seen so many good-looking men in one room.

Harry: Are they? Oh good, I couldn't really tell.

Joe: Talk about pushing the boat out, Harry. Whaa ooo earrrr ee ow ooo?

Harry: Well, everything's more expensive when it's at the lamrrrghghhh. Thaaaa eery iii. MMMnnn. Even so, I whoooooohaha why you have to do this, Joey. It's so final. Especially in whhooaahh. I mean he's a junkie.

Joe re-emerges

Joe: He's clean.

Harry: He's a whore.

Joe: He's in recovery. And talented. I wanna help him.

Harry: You?

Joe: Teach him. At least I'm published –

Harry: That's sweet, but he won't listen to you, dear.

Joe: He already has.

Harry: Then he'll suck you dry. Your gifts, your money. Believe me. You're so much better than he is –

Joe: Only because I've been doing it longer.

Harry: It's a fatally unbalanced relationship.

Joe: You're biased.

Harry: One of you will have to give way –

Joe: You don't understand.

Harry: That's how it works. And I've a feeling it won't be him.

Joe: I love him.

Harry: Once he's got you under the kitchen table he'll...

Joe: I do, Harry.

Harry: Love? Love's just a chemical whatsit. Gets triggered in the brains of averagely ugly cattle to get them through the trauma of childrearing. We don't love.

Joe: He's my last chance.

Harry: You're 22.

Stevie enters with laptop

Stevie: Hello wifelette.

Stevie and Joe kiss

Harry: You're early.

Stevie: And I can't stay long –

Joe: You can't?

Stevie: I've got a thing.

Harry: But –

Joe: There's loads of naked boys out there, one from every country between Poland and the Caucasus.

Stevie: Why?

Harry: I wanted to do something ruinously expensive for my Joe.

Stevie: (*Good-humoured*) Your Joe?

Joe: Stay for dinner. He's spent his advance on it.

Stevie: What advance?

Joe: On a commission for a new novel.

Stevie: From Faber?

Harry: It's the hint of a promise of an advance.

Stevie: They accepted *Boris* yet?

Harry: Actually, I'm still waiting –

Stevie: (*Laughing*) *The Love of Boris*. Talk about camp.

Harry: How's your new one coming along?

Joe: It's amazing.

Harry: I bet.

Stevie: Joe's a big help.

Harry: Nothing for years and then two plays in a few months.

Stevie: He inspires me.

Joe: What's so important that you can't stay for a bit?

Stevie: The cast invited me to join them after the show.

Harry: The show at the old rag and boneman?

Joe: The old dog and lampshade.

Harry: The old dick and cuntlips.

Stevie: The Old Duck and Cutlet, yes. It's Damien's birthday.

Joe: Oh Damien!

Harry: It's going well?

Joe: (*Doing an impression of Damien, the actor, a camp Glaswegian*) 'Aye, we're right chuffed wi'it. It's a pure dead brilliant hit, is it nay, Stevie?'

Stevie: It's him – it's uncanny.

Joe: 'It's hoachin, we were stowed oot Tuesday. We had 23 in. They had to put ma mates in the wee lighting box'.

Stevie: Stop it.

Joe: 'Come by, we're gonna tan some eighties for me birthday'.

Stevie: Get off.

Joe: 'Pan your fiancé. We'll find some scran and get blutered'. (*Himself*) Stay for a drink.

Stevie: The idea was to keep everything low-key. You're turning it into a bloody festival.

Joe: 'Stevie, you dug. We've bin pure skunnert w'out yer. We've not seen yer bonny coupon for an age'.

Stevie: Come here you –

Harry: Before you run, let me understand. The child can only give me some muck about how much he loves you. Given your track record –

Stevie: It's because of our track record –

Harry: You bump into him after years of not seeing each other –

Stevie: The next stage in our recovery.

Harry: A few dates and then marriage?

Stevie: The next logical step.

Harry: An elastoplast that'll fall off the first time you hit the baths.

Stevie: We're gonna help each other stay clean. Create a clean world –

Harry: But you're dirty through and through, you both are.

Joe: Harry –

Harry: It might make everything look good for a few minutes, but underneath, you're still who you were.

Stevie: We're gonna try –

Harry: Cut yourself off like this, you'll turn into a vacuum, a black hole. You'll suck the life out of each other.

Stevie: I'll go.

Joe: Wait, I have a present for you.

Stevie: No. Tomorrow's the day for eating and presents and –

Joe: Wait.

Stevie and Harry are left alone

Stevie: Perhaps you're just too old a dog for these new marriage tricks.

Harry: Well, I never thought being denied adoptable children was an issue. In fact, personally, I got rather good at absorbing the repression. I've nurtured it, redirected it, bestowed on myself the right to fuck about limitlessly.

Stevie: I'm familiar with the approach.

Harry: I've always rather thought that was the point. Inseminating mostly hungry young men without constraint or concern, that's me.

Stevie: Well, it's safe.

Harry: Apart from in all the ways in which it's dangerous.

Stevie: And it's served you well, has it, this scattergun philosophy?

Harry: It has rather.

Stevie: Except he's leaving you for me.

Harry: Listen, you fraud, you smarm. You make a half decent show of this. But you don't want him, not in a way that's good for him. And I'm not gonna stand by and –

Stevie whips Harry's dark glasses off

Harry winces and turns away, pained by the light

Stevie: I'll have you. In the end, I'll have you, Harry. Subdue you. Negate you. Erase you.

Harry: You...thesaurus.

Stevie: Alright?

He tosses the specs back to Harry. They fall on the ground. Harry dives for them.

Joe returns

Joe: Alright?

Stevie: Alright.

Harry: Alright.

Joe gives Stevie his present. It's a knife. Shiny, sparkly.

Stevie: I don't need a gift. (*Taking it*) Are those...?

Joe: Just two very little ones.

Stevie: We can't afford –

Joe: It's my money.

Stevie: Take it back.

Joe: I thought it would remind you –

Stevie: Right.

They smile at each other

I should use it on you.

Joe: (*Hint of Damien accent for this section*) What do you mean?

Stevie: Maybe cut you.

Joe: Yeah?

Stevie: Put a knife inside you. A Stanley Knife. A bread Knife.

Joe: You mean fuck me with?

Stevie: First I'd have to stretch you, desensitise you. I'd harden your hole up first.

Joe: Wouldn't you kill me?

Stevie: I wouldn't, no.

Joe: That's fucking terrifying.

Stevie: Really?

Joe: Yeah. That's mad. You're mad. I love it. You wouldn't really do that? Would you? Would you, Stevie?

Harry: Whoever knew of such a pair?

Joe: *(Back to normal)* I'll do anything for you. I'll be whatever you want me to be.

Stevie nods, amused

Stevie: *(To Harry)* Got your speech ready?

Harry: I've got some ideas.

Stevie goes

Now, where were we? Oh yes. You were under my skirt. Then shall we bring in the naked boys anyway?

5.

Larry has DVDs

Larry: The Japanese one was quite good.

Knife: It's hot, yeah.

Larry: The horse was good.

Knife: Comes a lot, doesn't he?

Larry: It was a surprise, yeah. Looked like it was a surprise for the girl, too. I don't know what I think about this one.

Knife: Which one's that?

Larry: The Russian one.

Knife: Oh yeah. Loads of swirly pattern carpets.

Larry: The bit with the boy and the plastic bag –

Knife: The one where you can hear the football match in the background?

Larry: I couldn't tell if it was genuine.

Knife: Yeah, I'm pretty certain it's Zenit St. Petersburg vs. Dynamo Kiev.

Larry: No, I mean I didn't know if the boy died for real.

Knife: You think it's fake?

Larry: I don't know.

Knife: It's good anyway.

Larry: Yeah, it was yummy. (*Hands over DVDs*) Cheers. Saw your young man the other day.

Knife: How was he?

Larry: Seemed a bit miz. Bit droopy. Suicidal actually.

Knife: You pay him ok?

Larry: Course – what do you think? He told me what happened.

Knife: He told you why?

Larry nods

He's a pest. He'll fantasise about it. Try getting him to a party. Like all those bug chasers. There's loads who'll talk. Claim to be collectors. Cyber wankers. Not found a real one yet. Well, only obese, sad losers, or boys who're dying already. Nothing you'd actually wanna play with. I thought he'd do it. If anyone would, he would.

Larry: He's very compliant, yes.

Knife: I thought he'd do it for me.

Larry: He'll come round.

Knife: Nah. We been here before. History repeating. Not gonna take him in again. He's had his chances.

Larry: Don't understand it. The things we've shoved up his arse, and he wants to put a condom on a little pink penis.

Knife: Where's he living?

Larry: Don't know, didn't ask.

Knife: Get the feeling he was on the street?

Larry: I'd say so. You worried about him?

Knife: Fuck off.

Larry: He gave me an idea.

Knife: Oh yeah?

Larry: Watered a little thought that's been growing in my head.

Knife: What's that then?

Larry: I wanna do it.

Knife: What?

Larry: Kill.

Knife: A person?

Larry: Yeah. Actually do it.

Knife: Interesting.

Larry: I've been toying for a while. But like you say, the only ones up for it have got nothing I wanna take away. I want a pretty one who's got it all to lose. Then it means something. Then it's beautiful.

Knife: You serious?

Larry: Yeah. It's the next step.

Knife: And you want me to help you.

Larry: You've got experience, right?

Knife: Right.

Larry: We could do it together. Be cool.

Knife: Cost ya.

Larry: That's alright.

Knife: There's a group of skins I talk to in Germany. They go to Chechnya. Russians hire them to intimidate the Chechnyan fighters. Have them beat up their kids. I could probably get us invited along.

Larry: You think I'd pass for a skin?

Knife: It's just a haircut and a bit of aggro.

Larry: Forget it. I don't wanna go to Chechnya.

Knife: Well what about some place like Cambodia? Or Brazil? It'd be pricier.

Larry: No, I want to do it closer to home.

Knife: How close?

Larry: Close.

Knife: You mean in the UK?

Larry: Yeah.

Knife: How ya gonna do that?

Larry: Someone who no one's gonna miss.

Knife: Yeah but this country – the surveillance is like –

Larry: Someone we know.

Larry waits for Knife to get it

Would you mind very much?

Knife: *(After a moment)* No. I wouldn't mind. Why should I?

Larry: Well, you know...

Knife: Not an issue.

Larry: That's what I thought.

Knife: He's gone.

Larry: I wanna do it soon.

Knife: Yeah?

Larry: You're hesitant.

Knife: No. Fuck it. Little fucker. Needs some serious punishment.

Larry: Coolio.

Knife: (*After a moment*) I'd wanna poz him first.

Larry: Yeah, ok.

Knife: I'd phone my mates in St Albans. Find out if they're gonna have another party any time soon. Next time he makes an appointment with you, I'll come round. We take him.

Larry: Yeah, ok.

Knife: We'd keep him at yours.

Larry: Yes, keep him at mine. That would be delish. That's what I imagined.

Knife: We'll do him.

Larry: Together.

Knife: Show the little cunt who's boss. Can't just go and leave me and not think there's gonna be repercussions.

Larry: But not fantasy, right?

Knife: Fuck no.

Larry: For real.

Knife: How you wanna do him?

Larry: As slowly as possible. Make it last. First we got to immobilise him so he can't run away.

Knife: How you gonna do that?

Larry: I don't know. Cut things off, so he can't walk.

Knife: Yeah? You cut his feet off – he might die before we wanted him to.

Larry: I know someone who can maybe get us some stuff from a hospital, for the wounds and stuff.

Knife: You can't tell anyone –

Larry: I wouldn't say what it was for.

Knife: You wanna take out his teeth and his tongue so he can't cry out for help.

Larry: Yeah. Super. Then start slicing him.

Knife: Cut him up.

Larry: Rip him open.

Knife: Yeah, man.

Larry: Pull off his head and piss in his neck.

Knife: Fucking brilliant.

Larry: You're a killer aren't you? You're a killer for real.

Knife: Yeah, mate, I am. And you? Or you want me to do all the hard work so you can just watch?

Larry: No.

Knife: You reckon you could?

Larry: Yeah. I reckon –

Knife: You're a killer too, are you?

Larry: Yeah.

Knife: We're gonna do it then? Serious? For real? Take a life for real?

Larry: Yeah! If you're there too I could.

Knife: Alright. I'm gonna have to test you. I need to know.

Larry: You know.

Knife: Clingfilm is Clingfilm. Killing is something else. We have to practice.

Larry: Practise? On what?

6.

Stevie writes on his laptop

Couple of phones lie about

One rings, and rings

Stevie: Fuck.

Frustrated, he switches it off

Falteringly, he starts typing again

As he gets underway, Joe enters

Joe: I'm going to Sainsbury's. Want anything in particular?

Stevie types

Who was that? Who phoned.

Coz yesterday I thought pea soup would be a good idea, but –

Stevie: Don't fuss.

Joe: I'm not fussing. It's just that if you don't say, then I don't know what you want, and if I don't get you what you want –

Stevie: Shush.

Joe: Jesus, I'm stuck up there in a corner of the bedroom – you've turned this whole floor into your private study –

Stevie: Go and get lunch – you know how much you love it.

Joe: Actually I'd rather be working, but it has to be prepared –

Stevie: No, it has to be eaten. Buy some stuff and we'll eat it.

Joe: And why it always has to be me –

Stevie: Alright.

Joe: It would be nice to think that sometimes you'd

Stevie: I will.

Joe: Contribute –

Stevie: I'll do stuff.

Joe: Yes? Good, because it only takes a few minutes every day to –

Stevie: I'm stuck on. I need to concentrate.

Joe: Which bit?

Stevie: Same bit. Listen to this.

Joe: No.

Stevie: What?

Joe: Well, I'd like to get back to mine as soon. Alright, fine.

Stevie: Forget it, that's how you feel.

Joe: I've told you how to fix that.

Stevie: I tried, didn't work.

Joe: Try harder.

Stevie: For fuck's sake.

Stalemate

Joe: We should go to more meetings.

Stevie: Living with you is one long meeting.

Joe: We haven't been for ages.

Stevie: I don't have time. They're a bridge to normal living. I've crossed the bridge.

Joe: If we stay away too long –

Stevie: I'm old. Old to be new at this. I've got a shitload of stuff to make up for.

Joe: You've gotta have lunch.

Stevie: We're trying to give ourselves focus, right, so we can work – produce something –

Joe: And have fun. Otherwise you're just swapping one addiction with another. You gotta take a break now and then.

Stevie: Go to Sainsbury's if you're going.

Stevie types

Joe: (*As Damien*) 'I dunnae ken how yer come up wi'it'

Stevie: Leave me alone.

Joe: (*Folding himself into Stevie's lap*) 'What's it be like in yer head?'

Stevie: Fucking insolence.

Joe: He so fancies you.

Stevie: He'd never give me a fucking lecture on contributing.

Joe: Christ, did you hear him the other day?

Stevie flips Joe so he's over his knee

'When I first read it, aslaat, it's doss this – I got to know this Sassanack'.

Stevie starts spanking Joe

Stop! I've got to heal from last night first. Agggh. 'Och, it's right skoosh sayin' yer words, because yer a poet, Stevie'. Stop! I've been working standing up all morning!

Stevie: Evidently hasn't stopped your progress.

Joe: Stop!

Stevie: I can't think for the sound of your fingers whizzing over the keys.

Joe: Can I help it if it's going well for me?

Stevie: Competitive fucker.

Stevie throws Joe to the floor and straddles him, looks like he's about to hit him for real

Joe: I loved it when you put your hand in my mouth.

Stevie returns to the laptop

When you caress me and hit me at the same time is when it's best. Whisper in my ear and whack my arse with that thing. Fuck, it's vicious. You went further than before, right? Harder, longer.

Stevie: Till you stopped me.

Joe: I couldn't take anymore.

Stevie: You can take so much more.

Joe: I'll try.

Stevie: Don't try. Don't fight me. Trust me. Let me rearrange you.

Starts to type again

Joe: Soon as I'd gone, I knew it was a mistake. Everything I did was about you. I was nothing except 'not with you'. Every day I tried to fuck my way back to you. I fucked and I fucked and I fucked and I fucked. But the more men I fucked, the more alone I was – the further away I got.

Stevie: Go and get lunch.

Joe: Alright, but if you don't tell me what you want, I can't be responsible.
(*Going*) Oh by the way, where's the knife?

Stevie: (*Trying to type*) What knife?

Joe: The knife. It's not in the drawer –

Stevie: I took it to a pawnbrokers.

Joe: Right.

Stevie types

You...?

Stevie: I needed some extra cash.

Joe: You?

Stevie: Your commission's not enough, Joe.

Joe: You took it to a pawnbrokers?

Stevie: Fuck's sake, we don't have any money. We're not careful, we'll be back doing what we were doing before.

Joe: You pawned it? Stevie –

Stevie: Shut the fuck up about it. It's gone. Ok?

A phone rings

Joe goes for it

Leave it.

The phone continues to ring

Go. Please, Joe.

Joe: It's Harry.

Stevie: I said –

Joe picks up the phone

Joe: *(Into phone)* Harry?

Stevie flies at Joe and knocks the phone out of his hand

Stevie: Not a word.

Keeping his eye on Stevie, Joe crosses the room and dares to pick the phone up

Joe: Hello?

Harry: What happened? I could hear lots of banging and crashing.

Joe: Sorry. You ok?

Harry: I've not phoned, little one, because life's been a hectic brawl.

Joe, focussed on Stevie, lets the phone drop from his ear

Stevie looks ready to strike again

I've sold Shepherds Bush. I've moved to – I can barely bring myself to say the words – a maisonette in Brighton.

A tense standoff between Joe and Stevie while Harry rabbits on

Brighton fits my mood ideally – desperate, falling down and unamusing. Actually it's not even Brighton, it's Hove.

Stevie advances on Joe

Faber wouldn't agree terms for the commission, so it's all over with them, and I've had to make a start with the debts.

Stevie caresses Joe's cheek with his fist

Joe returns the phone to his ear

But I want to hear about you. How are things?

Joe: Things are...

Stevie raises his eyebrows at Joe

Great.

Harry: Great? Marvellous. How's the writing?

Joe: Going well.

Harry: And he's behaving himself?

Joe: He's...

Stevie doesn't have to threaten with his fist anymore

He's lovely of course.

7.

Mr X: I'm sorry. This isn't working.

Pig: It's what you wanted.

Mr X: I thought it was.

Pig: What's wrong?

Mr X: I'm bored.

Pig: Do you want me to go?

Mr X: Well...

Pig: I'm sorry. I'm not right for you?

Mr X: No, you're very attractive.

Pig: I was making too much noise? Or not enough?

Mr X: No, you were fine. It's just...I wasn't into it. I was...thinking about other things.

Pig: Do you want to take something? I've got –

Mr X: No, I don't do that. I was a nurse before I retired. I've seen what those kind of things can do.

Pig: So, what's wrong?

Mr X: Hitting you like that, I thought...you ought to be paying me! – I'm doing all the work.

Pig: Right. I'm doing nothing. Only taking massive amounts of pain and dealing with it.

Mr X: Would you like to...?

Pig: What?

Mr X: Hit me.

Pig: No.

Mr X: But I'm paying you.

Pig: You're paying me to beat me up. Belt me on the balls, cut me with a whip. We negotiated. You were explicit. I was excited.

Mr X: Yeah, well now I want it different.

Pig: I don't want to hit you.

Mr X: It's alright; I'm asking you to.

Pig: I know, but I don't do that.

Mr X: Well fist me. I've got a baseball bat. You can fuck me with that. I've still got contacts at the hospital. They get me this stuff. It's anaesthetic. I can inject some in my arse. You can do anything to me.

Pig: No, I can't.

Mr X: Why not?

Pig: For a start I've taken two MDMA and it makes me very passive, and for a second I'm not into it.

Mr X: Does it matter if you're into it or not?

Pig: You don't understand. I get punished. I get hit. That's what I do.

Mr X: I don't get it.

Pig: What do you mean you don't get it? It's what I'm for.

Mr X: What you're for?

Pig: You're into it too, right? You get it.

Mr X: I like it because it's all I can get. You're young and cute and fit. Why do you like it?

Pig: I need it

Mr X: How come?

Pig: Well, it's better than the alternative.

Mr X: What's the alternative?

Pig: I don't know – dying.

Mr X: Those are the only options you've got?

Pig: Yeah.

Mr X: What's the matter with you? You've got Aids or cancer or something?

Pig: Look, the MDMA's kicking in. Can't you just carry on? Please, sir. Trash me. You can.

Mr X: You're sick.

Pig: I'm sick? I'm not some ordinary common whore you can talk to like –

Mr X: Yes you are. That's exactly what you are. What kind of deluded are you? Here's the money. Take the belt and use it on me.

Pig: Fuck, you piss me off. You're the deluded one. Fucking bottoms pretending to be top all the fucking time. Jesus.

Mr X: We can get something on, can't we? You've come all the way to Bexhill.

Pig: I'm out of here. (*Starts to exit*)

Mr X: You know, we'd make a very good double act.

Pig: We'd make a what?

Mr X: If you ever need someone to partner you. If one of your clients ever wants a threesome.

Pig: What the hell –?

Mr X: You can use my anaesthetic!

Pig: Mate, that ain't ever going to happen.

Mr X: Why not?

Pig: Because you're old and ugly and no one would pay you nothing.

Mr X: (*Proffering the belt*) Please, please.

Pig: You seriously think anyone would –?

Mr X: Yes, yes, say it again.

Pig: You're mad.

Mr X: You're so hot.

Pig: You're pathetic.

Mr X: Oh, thank you.

Pig exits

IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE REST OF THIS PLAY PLEASE CONTACT
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