

PIG

Draft 4a

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Post Production Buddies In Bad Times, Toronto

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3 actors play all the characters:

Cuntboy / Pig / Joe / 'Pig'

Gorgeous Fucker / Knife / Stevie / 'Knife'

Harry / Larry / Barry / Garry

Because the persecuting majority is vile, says the liberal, *therefore* the persecuted minority must be stainlessly pure. Can't you see what nonsense it is? ... A minority has its own kind of aggression. ... It hates the majority... And the more they all hate and the more they're all persecuted, the nastier they become! Do you think it makes people nasty to be loved? You know it doesn't! Then why should it make people nice to be loathed? While you're being persecuted, you hate what's happening to you, you hate the people who are making it happen; you're in a world of hate.

(A Single Man – Christopher Isherwood)

Erasure star Andy Bell contracted HIV...to prove his love to his boyfriend. The singer has revealed how in 1990 his partner Paul contracted the disease, and, eight years later, he did too. But it wasn't until 2004 that he admitted it, and sparked controversy by saying "I wanted to be HIV positive. I thought HIV was a touchstone of being gay". Bell insists he wanted the life-threatening disease because it was his way of saying "I love you" to partner Paul. Despite his reasons for contracting the virus, the...singer has confessed he doesn't know for sure who infected him with HIV because he and Paul have an open relationship.

*(<http://www.malexta.com/celebrity/Andy+Bell-9454.html>
posted 15th April 2006)*

My life is mine to take, mine!

(House of Meetings – Martin Amis)

ACT ONE

1.

Larry: I believe in light

I believe in the permanence of light, in transcendent redemptive light that bathes us in understanding and forgiveness

I believe in the light in the dark, nightlight, neon light, light from a candle you light your cigarette with

I believe in DVDs and porn and the dole

I believe in second-hand trackie bottoms and Oxfam changing rooms

I believe in brutality

I believe in boys

I believe in the beauty of all boys and the brutality of all men

I believe in the philosophies of my mother and in her generosity

I believe in the finesse of a knife and the resourcefulness and imagination of all mankind

I believe in David Cameron and Ed Miliband

I believe in Tesco's and the Brixton Recreation Centre

I believe in Visa debit cards and plastic bags and free bus travel for the over 60s

I believe in Cambodia and torture museums and Ryan Air and cheap hotels in Brazil and deals and bargains and compromises and 50 percent off at Asda on selected items

I believe in orifices

I believe in scars

I believe in pain

I believe in dark diseases and dirty corners in the sex clubs of London Bridge and Caledonian Road

I believe in hard truths and the devil

I believe in ritual and sacrifice and hanging amenable queer skinheads from an impressive height

I believe in beauty and waste and breath control and blood and terror

I believe in destruction and vulnerability

I believe in death

I believe in death

I believe in death.

2.

Cuntboy: Cuntboy. 19, bottom for top. ISO XXL hung. Meet for drink slash shag.

Gorgeous Fucker: Gorgeous Fucker. 24, handsome. Top ISO bottom.

Cuntboy: Hi, Gorgeous Fucker. Smiley face.

Gorgeous Fucker: Hi Cuntboy. Stats?

Cuntboy: 19, 5'8, 126, 26, 36, gym x 3, blond/blue. You?

Gorgeous Fucker: 25, 9 inches, big pecs. 19 for real?

Cuntboy: 18. What's your name for real, Gorgeous-fucker?

Gorgeous Fucker: Taylor. You?

Cuntboy: Luc. Smiley face.

Gorgeous Fucker: Prefer Cuntboy.

Cuntboy: LOL. I got bubble butt. Needs abuse. You safe?

Gorgeous Fucker: Sometimes. You?

Cuntboy: Sometimes. Wanna come inside me?

Gorgeous Fucker: Yeah. Face with tongue sticking out.

Cuntboy: 27 Prince Edward Mansions, SE11.

Gorgeous Fucker: Coming now.

Cuntboy: That's a fake address.

Gorgeous Fucker: Time waster?

Cuntboy: I can't accom. Parents.

Gorgeous Fucker: You 18?

Cuntboy: 16. You 24?

Gorgeous Fucker: 29.

Cuntboy: I'll bring you something.

Gorgeous Fucker: What?

Cuntboy: Heart icon.

Gorgeous Fucker: Something real.

Cuntboy: Flower icon.

Gorgeous Fucker: Sad face. You pay me?

Cuntboy: You rent?

Gorgeous Fucker: I like being appreciated.

Cuntboy: I would appreciate you to fuck me.

Gorgeous Fucker: Beg me.

Cuntboy: I beg you to fuck me.

Gorgeous Fucker: Mean it.

Cuntboy: I mean it, can't you tell?

Gorgeous Fucker: You into C.P.?

Cuntboy: Can be.

Gorgeous Fucker: For real? Got experience?

Cuntboy: Face with squiggle for mouth.

Gorgeous Fucker: I got paddle, prison strap and tawse.

Cuntboy: What's tawse?

Gorgeous Fucker: I show you. (*Pause*). Luc?

Cuntboy: Hit me. Smiley face.

Gorgeous Fucker: Parents let you out?

Cuntboy: Safe.

Gorgeous Fucker: Give me mobile, I'll text address. Name on the door is Steven Hawthorne.

Cuntboy: Not Taylor?

Gorgeous Fucker: Real name Stevie.

Cuntboy: Hi Stevie, I'm Joe.

3.

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, ain't ya?

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 ain't gonna stop no one. 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: Ain't 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: Friend's place.

Pig: House?

Knife: Cellar.

Pig: Serious though?

Knife: Saturday, told ya.

Pig: I got a job Saturday.

Knife: Cancel it.

Pig: 600 quid.

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: What the hell does that mean?

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

Knife: You don't wanna.

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. Gimme 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. I gotta go.

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

Pig: I gotta go.

Knife: Then don't come back.

4.

Stevie and Joe, in a café, each with a can of coke.

Joe: Normally, after half an hour, I can stop judging everyone and let the meeting do its thing.

Stevie: It's a good one.

Joe: They're all good, right? Isn't that what we say?

Stevie: Depends who comes – it's generally pretty sane.

Joe: How long you been around?

Stevie: A year and a half.

Joe: Nine months.

Stevie: Congratulations.

Joe: You too. Not got that much continuous time, but I'm putting a few days together, sometimes weeks.

Stevie: (*About the coke*) This is as crazy as it gets for me these days.

Joe: Actually, I'm thinking I should stop that as well.

Stevie: There's Caffeine Anonymous meetings.

Joe: It's a drug like any other.

Stevie: They won't wanna hear you talking about it in NA. The crack addicts feel threatened. They'll call you a wimp.

Joe: They'll have to deal with it. I don't have time for any more fellowships. If I could have one or two cokes a day, I wouldn't mind. But it's fifteen minimum. And then I'm into Starbucks, asking for extra shots. It's a gateway drug for me. By five in the afternoon, I've got a head so full of static, I can't remember why I shouldn't smoke a cigarette. So I pick up a pack, and three smokes later, I feel so rough, I think, 'Jesus, if I'm gonna feel this shit, I might as well be drinking'. Then after two pints, there's nothing holding me back from fixing a date with someone I know'll share a few spliffs and maybe a line or two. The next thing you know, I'm mainlining with tramps under railway bridges and selling my arse for twenty-five quid. Maybe a can of coke isn't worth it, you know?

Stevie: One day at a time, little brother.

Joe: Yeah.

Stevie: I swim. It helps.

Joe: I swim.

Stevie: You do?

Joe: At the Y. Helps me forget.

Stevie: Helps me remember.

Joe: What?

Stevie: I'm writing.

Joe: I write.

Stevie: I know. I read your novel.

Joe: You did?

Stevie: Yeah.

Joe: You didn't like it.

Stevie: I didn't recognise it.

Joe: It wasn't meant to be strictly true, Stevie. Reality's enough of a challenge. It was a riff on experience. An escape.

Stevie: You swim to forget. You write to escape.

Joe: Same reasons I drink and drug. Writing and swimming are preferable, no?

Stevie: 'We don't regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it'.

Joe: I wrote it because I had to. So I didn't have to experience it anymore.

Stevie: It felt like that. An exorcism.

Joe: You used to say I was a coward. But I have to live, whether it's pleasurable or not.

Stevie: A burning. An auto de fe. Hell of a thing, publishing at, what were you, 20?

Joe: I'm sorry you didn't like it.

Stevie: You hear them all saying, sober they find themselves naked, with the full forces of mighty reality ranged against them. 'I merely march across the meaningless terrain of life', they say, 'because time's relentless drum forces me to move forward or die'. But that's not how I see it. Yeah, the withdrawal was average hell, but the worst of it's only days. Once it was done, I saw possibilities. Life presents concrete problems – I find concrete solutions. The unobtainable will just have to stay unobtainable. (*Pause*). I just mean I guess I remember things differently.

Joe: I've got an advance for a second one.

Stevie: How much?

Joe: Enough.

Stevie: What's it gonna be about?

Joe: Not sure yet. So what are you writing?

Stevie: A play. A theatre play.

Joe: How's it going?

Stevie: Fucking nightmare mostly. You could help me.

Joe: Really?

Stevie: Tricks, technique. You've got a track record.

Joe: It's just like recovery. A day at a time. You do a day's work in a day, then, the next day, you do another day's work, and you try not to judge it, and one day it's done.

Stevie: When I get stuck, doing 30 laps unknots a few problems. I remember more of what I'd forgotten, and I think, 'It might be ok'.

Joe: Don't rush it.

Stevie: I have to. I don't have much time.

Joe: You mean you're...you're sick, or what?

Stevie: I mean I'm old. Old to be new at this. I'm pushing forty and I've barely begun.

Joe: What's it about?

Stevie: I guess you could say it's gonna be my version of things.

Joe: Well, good luck with it. (*Stands*).

Stevie: Joe, I feel good. I'm breathing more freely now I've found you again.

Joe: It was great to see you, Stevie.

Stevie: Sit down.

Joe: Look, I'm glad you're writing. I'm glad you're doing something.

Stevie: You haven't changed. You still feel what you felt for me.

Joe: You look for concrete solutions – I look for healthy solutions. It's healthier if we stay away from each other right now. I'll go to different meetings and we'll say this never –

Stevie: It's all over your book. Every page. How perfect we are together, how we love each other too much to be apart.

Joe: Healthier for both of us.

Stevie: You're mine. You always will be. You can try and exorcise it, but something so deep can't be written out of existence.

Joe: I'm more than that, Stevie. More than just yours.

Stevie: I doubt it.

Joe: I'm beginning to find out –

Stevie: Find out with me, Joe.

Joe: Impossible.

Stevie: You need it.

Joe: I need to go.

Stevie: We're clean now.

Joe: Sober for a year, then you're allowed a plant. If you can keep it alive, get a dog. If neither dies after another year, they'll let you get into a relationship.

Stevie: Joe.

Joe: I'm not gonna be your punch bag again.

Stevie: You're just out of practise.

Joe: I'm more than your pain pig.

Stevie: But not much more. You'll see.

Stevie holds Joe's arm, preventing him from leaving.

You're my solution. You always will be.

Joe: You're my problem.

Stevie lets Joe's arm go.

Joe doesn't move.

Stevie: Give up, Joe. The fight's over.

They're both still.

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