

CLICK

by

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CLICK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JASON 28 Gay male

MICHAEL 23 Gay male

CLICK

SETTING *Online.*

TIME *Saturday evening.*

AT RISE *JASON is seated in a swivel chair at a small table. There is a computer with mouse pad and mouse on the table. Also a bottle of water. The rest of the stage is in darkness. In the darkness at stage right MICHAEL is also seated in a swivel chair at a small table. There is a computer, mouse pad and mouse on the table and from time to time he moves the mouse and clicks as he watches the screen. MICHAEL also has a bottle of water. After the lights come up on JASON, JASON will be studying the screen of his computer.*

JASON

(Quoting from the screen) “Wassup?” (Clicks his mouse on the mouse pad.) Block.

(He studies the screen, then annoyed.) “Hey, dude!” (Clicks his mouse.) Block.
Go away, dork.

“BJ?” *(Clicks his mouse.)* Subtle. *(Clicks his mouse.)* Block.

“Looking?” *(Clicks his mouse.)* Not for you, guy.

(Pause, reading) “Phone?” *(Clicks his mouse).* Phone sex. Isn't this bad enough? Block.

Moves his mouse around the pad, clicks. Apparently reading, then types and reads what he has typed.

No. Up early tomorrow. Sorry. *(Sits back, hands away from keyboard.)* Great fuck, guy...but way too clingy. And those awful drapes. They shouted “dorm room” even in the dark.

JASON moves his mouse around the pad, then clicks.

Oh, my god! I have never seen *that* tattooed! *(Moves mouse and clicks.)*

Hmm. Very nice. Like the pic. Great abs. *(Clicks again.)* Sweet! The perfect bubble butt. *(Clicks his mouse)* You are quite cute, guy. And your stats are... *(moves the mouse, scrolling, reads.)* Uhmmm. Yummy. Now lets check the profile... *(Moves the mouse, scrolling, reads.)* Ah. *(Pause. Disappointed)* Well,

I'm sure you will, guy...one day. But don't put a pic with your cock online if you're "only interested in LTR". *That pic is for MSTs...meaningless short-term sex. (Rubs his crotch, then tilts the chair back, raises his hands above his head, shouts) And I need meaningless short-term sex! Now!*

Tilts the chair forward, goes back to looking at the screen intently. Moves the mouse around the pad.

Come on. One of you guys... *(Clicks the mouse.) Done that. (Moves and clicks mouse) Done that. (Moves, clicks mouse) Done that...hated it. (Moves and clicks mouse) That cock does not go with your body, guy. Can you say "Photoshop"? (Moves, clicks mouse) In your dreams, boy. (Moves, clicks mouse.) Whoa! (Studies screen. Moves and clicks mouse) Ouch! That would hurt just way too much. Sorry. (A regretful whimper) Uhnn. (Moves, clicks mouse.)*

Sits back, watching the screen. Then leans forward and types, reads what he types.

Not much. You? *(Reads, types.) Yeah, it was fun. Busy tonight, though. An early day tomorrow. (Pauses, reads, types.) Sure, I'll look for you online (Leans back.) Entirely too needy. (Moves, mouse, clicks.) Block. Bye, bye. You be lookin' for love in all the wrong places, guy.*

Leans back, watches screen. Leans forward, clicks. Moves mouse, clicks again.

Whoa! *(Moves mouse, clicks again.) And whoa! I love three-ways! And you boys are hot as shit! (Types, clicks mouse, leans back, watching screen.) OK...now they're checking me out. Let's go...let's go...*

Leans back, watching screen. Waits. After a moment, head moves back in a surprised movement.

Too old?! You shit! Only three years older than your scuzzy boyfriend, you dumb twink! *(Moves mouse, clicks.)*

Leans back, watching screen. Leans forward, still watching screen.

Somewhere...somewhere... *(Moves mouse and clicks several times.) What can be so difficult about fast, hot, meaningless sex tonight?*

Light comes slowly up on MICHAEL, who is watching the screen of his computer.

MICHAEL

(Leans forward, types.) Hey.

JASON

Notices something on screen. Moves and clicks mouse.
Hmm. Nice. *(Moves and clicks mouse again.)* Very nice. *(Types.)* Hey, guy.
(Moves and clicks mouse.) And the profile says...

MICHAEL

(Types) It's Saturday night...shouldn't you be out dancing?

JASON

OK...that's a cute profile...as are those stats...*(noticing screen)*...dancing? Don't I even get a "wassup"? Hmm...*(pauses, then types.)* Got this *roaring* hard on. Tough to dance.

MICHAEL

(Smiles, then types.) I see. You should get that taken care of. Smiley face.

JASON

(Smiles.) Yes! *(Types.)* Smiley face. You interested in helping me out with that?

MICHAEL

(Smiles. Types.) Maybe. But we dance later?

JASON

(Types.) Not sure you'd be able to dance. Or walk. Wink.

MICHAEL

Only if your stats are even *close* to being truthful, sir. *(Types.)* I'm a trooper. I'd be up for trying.

JASON

Trooper? *(Pause. Types)* Where?

MICHAEL

(Types) Maybe Rain. Rain's fun. Great club.

JASON

(Frowns. Types.) Where are you located? *(Leans back.)* Not where do you want to dance, guy. We won't be doing that.

MICHAEL

Oh. *(Frowns, then types.)* Northwest. I can email directions. But we can go out after?

JASON

Not. *(Types.)* Sure. Send to... *(continues typing.)*

From this point on they do not actually type, but speak their typewritten lines at a normal pace with hands at keyboard. For lines spoken to themselves, they move their hands away from the keyboard.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Great profile, guy. Funny.

JASON

What? *(Hands to keyboard)* Thanks. *(Hands away from keyboard.)* Just which profile *am* I using now? *(Moves mouse, clicks, examines screen.)*

MICHAEL

(Reading) “I’m probably not your type...”

JASON

(Reading) “...And if I am your type, you’re probably not my type...”

MICHAEL

(Reading) “And even if we are both each others’ types, then we’re probably looking for something completely different...”

JASON

(Reading) “And even if we got that far, it’s probably just too inconvenient...”

MICHAEL

(Reading) “...So, let’s just...”

Both, simultaneously and rhythmically

JASON

“...*jump* to the *jam*, boogy woogy jam slam.”

MICHAEL

“...*jump* to the *jam*, boogy woogy jam slam.”

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) The last’s a line from Cantaloop...

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard, interrupting) I know. Us3 is very cool.

JASON

So let’s put the CD on and fuck, guy! *(Hands to keyboard)* And I like your profile, too. *(Hands away from keyboard.)* Especially the versatile/bottom part.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) It's a good point... 'jump to the jam'. Just get the sex part out of the way and go on from there.

JASON

Go on *home* from there, bud. *(Sighs.)* Oh, *please* don't be a talker. *(Hands to keyboard.)* Yeah, sure. You sending the directions to your place?

MICHAEL

You *are* horny tonight, guy! Slow down. It'll be better. *(Hands to keyboard.)* In a bit. I like the dog. In your pic. The Lab. Name?

JASON

What? You're supposed to be liking my pecs and six-pack in that pic, boy. *(Hands to keyboard.)* Abby.

MICHAEL

Sweet. *(Hands to keyboard.)* Mine's a chocolate Lab, too. Cody. But he's fixed. So no "jump to the jam" with Abby. Frowny face.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) So's Abby. Nothing worse than a houseful of puppies pissing on everything. *(Hands away from keyboard, sits back, looks at watch.)* Come on, guy.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) When do you run with her?

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) After work. Around 6. And Saturday mornings.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) I know. I saw you this morning. At Auditorium Shores. Cody and Abby said hello. We didn't.

JASON

What? *(Leans forward, moves mouse, clicks several times, stares at screen.)* Well, *fuck* me. Cute blue shorts guy. *(Hands to keyboard.)* You're hotter than your pics. You need some new ones. I like the new tats.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Thanks. Got them about a month ago. *(Sits back for a moment, then moves hands back to keyboard.)* You're good with Abby. You two are tight.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) She's a good dog. The best. *(Sits back.)* And now I'm talking dogs online. *Sheesh!* *(Hands to keyboard.)* She's a pound rescue dog. I was lucky.

MICHAEL

(Smiles. Hands to keyboard.) Cody's registered, but not crazy. So I was lucky, too. How long have you had her?

JASON

Almost as long as hooking up with *you* seems to be taking. *(Hands to keyboard.)* A year. We hit it off the day I brought her home. Never a problem. *(Sits back.)* Unlike some guys I know. *(Hands to keyboard.)* You need a ball launcher.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) What?

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) You were throwing that tennis ball for Cody. With a ball launcher you don't have to touch it. Nothing worse than dog-sloppy wet balls. *(Sits back.)* Wet balls! Did I *say* that?!

MICHAEL

(Smiles. Hands to keyboard.) Yeah. Been meaning to. *(Sits back. Then hands to keyboard.)* Big question. Boyfriend?

JASON

(Pause, then moves hands to keyboard.) No. Never done the boyfriend thing.

MICHAEL

Ah. *(Hands to keyboard.)* OK. Understand. No BF here, either. Long history. *(Hands away from keyboard, then hands to keyboard.)* Michael, here.

JASON

(Moves hands to keyboard.) Jason, here.

MICHAEL

(Moves hands to keyboard.) Nice to meet you, Jason.

JASON

And it's going to be nice to *(spelling)* M E A T you, guy. *(Hands to keyboard.)* So...

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) So...

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) So...

For the following lines, each will turn in their swivel chairs to face the other and speak directly, almost a conversation.

This is the part I hate.

MICHAEL

(Almost simultaneously) This is the part I hate.

JASON

What else do I say? "I want to fuck you." Hasn't he figured that out? "So..." How about just saying, "yeah, come on over"? Isn't that simple enough? We're both looking for the same thing, aren't we? So, what else do I need to say?

MICHAEL

(Barely overlapping last line.) What else do I say? "Who *are* you?" Behind those fantastic eyes and killer abs? Is there a *person* there? A person it would be good to know? Hell, what does "knowing", mean, anyway? "I want to get to know you". How *lame* is that? Do you know how hard it is to have sex after you come out with that one? It's the big detour. Ends up, if anywhere at all, at the "friends" dead end. I don't want a friend. I don't want the detour. I want you and the sex. *(Pause)* No, you *through* the sex.

Both turn back to their computers.

(Hands to keyboard.) So... *(Hands back. Pause. Hands to keyboard.)* What's the weirdest place you've ever had sex? And who were you with?

JASON

Huh? *(Smiles.)* Alright, guy! *(Hands to keyboard.)* The baptistery of a church. With my sixteen year old cousin. He gave me a blowjob. I was thirteen.

MICHAEL

(Short laugh. Hands to keyboard.) Wow. That must have shocked the congregation!

JASON

It would have, since he was the preacher's son. *(Hands to keyboard.)* It was at night. No one there. We were supposed to be cleaning the place.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Smiley face. Cool.

JASON

Now this is going somewhere. (*Hands to keyboard.*) You? Where, what and with who?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) A bullpen. A blowjob. Guy I met one summer when I was working.

JASON

Bullpen? (*Hands to keyboard.*) Baseball player?

MICHAEL

No, but he had one hell of a big bat. (*Hands to keyboard.*) No. Rodeo clown. Real bullpen. Smelled like shit. Bullshit. Smiley face.

JASON

Damn, a fucking cowboy! (*Hands to keyboard.*) That's hot!

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Sure. It was west Texas.

They swivel to face each other.

Then he fucked me. And the asshole wouldn't even look at me for the rest of the summer. I hated that. I'd watched him bust his ass to get the cowboys who were down out of trouble in the arena. I thought he was one hell of a guy. Tough. Guts. I let him get me drunk that night. Then he wouldn't even look at me for the rest of the summer. Never said a word about what happened. That hurt.

They turn back to their computers.

JASON

West Texas! Probably not a lot of dance clubs out there. (*Hands to keyboard.*) You ever do it in a barn?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Yep. But it's not like in the pornos. Hot. And all that straw *really* scratches. (Pause. Smiles.) OK. What's the most *beautiful* place you ever had sex? What and with whom?

JASON

Huh? (*Hands to keyboard then hands back.*)

MICHAEL

(*Waiting for a while. Then hands to keyboard.*) Still there?

JASON

No. I've left to go beat off. (*Hands to keyboard.*) Yeah, I'm here.

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) So, the most beautiful place...

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Thinking. (*Pause*) You first.

MICHAEL

OK. But *why*? (*Hands to keyboard.*) Hillside in the Big Sur. The ex-boyfriend. Everything you can do with another guy. We were there for a while.

JASON

Oh. (*Pause, then hands to keyboard.*) Why was it beautiful?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) A clear day with fifty miles of Pacific coastline in either direction below us. Late summer. Perfect weather.

JASON

Wow. (*Pause.*) Wow. (*Hands to keyboard.*) Must have been great.

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Yes. It was. You?

JASON

(*Pause*) This is a stupid game. Come on, guy! Let's play something else! (*Hands to keyboard.*) Hard to pick just one. I'll email you.

MICHAEL

Ouch. Sex and beauty a problem? (*Hands to keyboard.*) Question. (*Pause.*) Are you out?

JASON

(*Surprise, then*) I'm no flamer, if that's what you mean. (*Hands to keyboard.*) Sure. To some people.

MICHAEL

Ah. Some people. (*Hands to keyboard.*) I see.

They swivel to face each other.

JASON.

I see. I see. Letter "I", letter "c". I hate it when they send that. Means I've just been dismissed. Reduced to an abbreviation. Means "Hey, I've figured you out and rejected you". (*Pause*) Just because I don't broadcast my private life to

everyone I meet and have ever met doesn't mean...(pause)...doesn't mean... Doesn't mean I'm not "out". I am "out". I'm gay, aren't I? I suck cock. I fuck. I get fucked, sometimes. Why should that be who I *am*? I'm not a professional queer. Just because I keep private *private* doesn't mean...(pause) doesn't mean. (Pause) Hell...what the fuck *doesn't* it mean?

MICHAEL

Family's supposed to be the hard ones to come out to. Sometimes it's harder to come out to yourself. You've got to claim it. It's you. Not something you do. It's not..."gay's over there" and "I'm over here." Not "night time" and "daytime" stuff. "This me" and "that me". It's just "me". That's the tough one. You've got to claim it.

JASON

(*Barely overlaps previous line.*) I've had so many guys I can't remember them. One a day. Sometimes several a day. Kept a list for a while. Then it was too much trouble. It makes me feel (pause) good...not just the getting off part...it's the... He comes over or I go over and we get right to the action. No small talk. The rules are simple. Not complicated like...meeting someone. And we both get something out of it we need, without all the stress. "Jump to the jam"...then *go*. And the sex can be great, because neither of us has to worry about offending the other one. Or even remembering the other one. Probably won't happen again, anyway. So, we can have...*fun*. What else do we need?

MICHAEL

(*Barely overlaps previous line.*) The hardest thing of all is to really *touch* someone. There's so many boundaries and sex is the biggest one. "Why are you touching me? What do you want? I thought you wanted to get to know me. So, is it all about sex, then?" I hate that. So...get it over with. Have the sex. Then, when the real touching comes...you've already done all the messy touching...the boundaries are down. Touching can mean something. I love that part.

They both face their computers.

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Are you out?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Yes.

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) To everyone?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Yes.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) That must have been tough in west Texas.

MICHAEL

More than you want to know. *(Hands to keyboard.)* Why I'm in Austin. My parents strongly suggested "anywhere but Odessa". Smiley face.

JASON

I'll bet. *(Hands to keyboard.)* You came to the right place.

They turn to face each other again.

MICHAEL

I came out in high school and got beat up. I came out in church and got kicked out. I came out to my family and they kicked me out, too. But I had come out to *me*, first, and I was happy. All the rest was *(pauses, smiles)* bullshit. I learned to ignore bullshit early.

JASON

This is the right place for me. Lots of cute guys and great sex anytime I want it. And I never have to let the sex interfere with my life. My family, my friends, my career. Hot sex, then the morning comes and I roll over and I'm back...*(pause)*...back...*(pause)*...in the *(starts to say 'real')*...world.

They turn back to their computers.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Yeah. I love Austin. Beautiful. And more friends than I can count. And cute guys. Smiley face. *(Hands back from keyboard.)* But I need more than a friend, just now, cute guy.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) So, you're out to all your gay friends?

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Everyone. Remember? But it's more like I'm *me* to everyone. A life without compartments. *(Hands away from keyboard.)* And my guess is, you need compartments. So...

JASON

(Pause, then hands to keyboard, then sincerely, with some emotion.) That's nice.

MICHAEL

Nice? Don't be snide, guy. There's nothing superior about the closet. *(Hands to keyboard.)* Frowny face.

JASON

Huh? (*Hands to keyboard.*) Question mark?

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Teasing? Nice?

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) No. *Meant* it. (*Pause*) Nice.

MICHAEL

Ah. (*Hands to keyboard.*) So...

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) So...

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) Question.

JASON

(*Hands to keyboard.*) OK.

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) When you hook up with a guy, do you ever sleep over?

JASON

You mean, so I can wake up and see the night's mistake in actual daylight?
(*Hands to keyboard.*) No.

MICHAEL

(*Hands to keyboard.*) I see.

They turn to face each other.

JASON

"I see". There he goes again. It's not like I need the guy to cook me breakfast and we read the New York Times together then head down to the park and run with the dogs and...(pause)...and...(pause)...go shop for new blinds at Homo Depot. He's just a quick fuck. I don't need a...(pause)...a...(pause)... Well, I don't need that.

MICHAEL

Why are we attracted to beauty? When we see some guy who's beautiful and turns us on...*what* turns us on? Hormones? Is that all of it? Is that enough? Isn't there also something we think's going to be...(pause) *good* there? Is the *what's good* what we want? What we really want? Or is the "really" part fucked up? Maybe it's not like there's the hormones kick in "not really" part and the

good kicks in “really” part. Maybe it’s the both of them. Maybe that’s the “really”. Maybe “beautiful” means “good”. Is that what we fall for?

They turn back to their computers.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) Abby would get upset if I wasn’t here to walk her first thing in the morning.

MICHAEL

She could probably manage to hold it. *(Hands to keyboard.)* I understand that. *(Pause)* You’re very good with Abby. I noticed that..*(Hands away from keyboard.)* ...first.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) My best friend and my kid, at the same time. From the beginning. Really odd. Never had a dog before. Never knew they could be so smart, I guess.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) I know what you mean. Cody’s a great dog. But I sometimes wish I had tried a pound rescue, like you. *(Hands away from keyboard.)*

There is a pause and then both will move their hands to the keyboard at the same time and the following lines will be almost simultaneous.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) At the pound, I think Abby chose me more than I chose her.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) Sometimes dogs choose their people, I think.

JASON

(Hands still at keyboard.) Smiley face.

MICHAEL

(Hands still at keyboard.) Smiley face.

They turn to face each other.

JASON

OK. One day I’ll have a boyfriend and I’ll be out to my family and everyone and we’ll go out dancing and to brunch on Sunday and volunteer for all kinds of stuff and do...(pause)...all the stuff guys do. Gay guys. *(Pause)* But it’s hard just to...just to... *(Pause)* People get hurt. Not beat up hurt, though I know they do.

They get..."me" hurt. The real hurt. 'Cause the rules are too...(pause). What the fuck are the rules, anyway? Simple rules are easier. Slam, bam, in and out. (Pause). Some things take time.

MICHAEL

(Barely overlapping the last line.) Sometimes you just know, don't you, Abby? You see the one coming down the aisle, looking into the cages and you see something there maybe even he doesn't see in himself. And you *choose*. Because you *know*. Even if he doesn't. The beautiful thing. That's *there*. That may be instant...or may take a little time. That may take some patience and some care. So, you choose...but (pause)...but what if *he* doesn't? (Pause) What happens then?

They turn back to their computers.

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard.) So...

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) So...

MICHAEL

(Hands to keyboard, then moves mouse and clicks.) I sent the directions. Wanna come play then go dance?

JASON

(Hands to keyboard, then back. Pause. Then hands back to keyboard.) I don't think so. Early day tomorrow. (pause) Some work (pause) stuff I have to do before Monday.

MICHAEL

(Hurt) Fuck! *(Hands to keyboard, then back. Pause. Then hands back to keyboard. Resigned)* OK. That's cool. I know how that goes. (Pause) It was good to chat with you, Jason.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard, then pause.) And you, Michael. (Pause) I'm sure I'll see you online (pause) and at the park. I'll say hi.

MICHAEL

But probably not. *(Hands to keyboard. Resigned.)* That'd be great. Really great. (Pause) Well, good luck with the work stuff.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) Thanks. (Pause) See ya.

Both sit back and lights do down slowly on MICHAEL, who will sit for a while, watching the screen, then stand and exit, taking his water bottle.

After a long moment, JASON leans forward, hand on mouse and begins to watch screen.

Done that. *(clicks mouse)*. Done him. *(clicks mouse)* Done both of you and you never knew. *(clicks mouse)* OK, where *are* all the hot, nasty bottoms tonight!

JASON continues to click his mouse as the lights begin to dim slowly. He stops and leans back away from the computer. There is a long pause.

(Over his shoulder.) Abby... how would you like a regular doggy play date buddy? (Pause. Then hands to keyboard.) Hey.

JASON sits in silence for a long moment, staring at the screen. MICHAEL re-enters, carrying a bottle of water, which he opens and drinks from. As the light slowly begins to come back up on both, MICHAEL notices something on the screen. He sits quickly and types.

MICHAEL

Hey.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) One question. It's really important.

MICHAEL

(Slightly worried expression, hands to keyboard.) OK.

JASON

(Hands to keyboard.) Do you have grapefruit? I always have grapefruit at breakfast. If you don't I can stop somewhere for grapefruit.

MICHAEL

(Smiles, hands to keyboard.) I have grapefruit.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY