

TOMMY. No, just
You seem kind of amazing.

BRIAN. Really? Come on, I'm blushing.

Brian comes over with the drinks.

Tommy starts to make out with him.

~~I feel bad~~

I haven't asked you anything about yourself.

TOMMY. I'm fascinating

I swear, ask me later—

They kiss.

BRIAN. Okay, okay

Wow.

That is... Wow.

Okay wow

TOMMY. Are you nervous?

// Are you?

That's so cute.

You are so cute.

BRIAN. No! I'm not, nervous!

It's just, I think—thank you—

This place is kind of throwing me off—

I don't usually—

TOMMY. Wait,

Are you married?

BRIAN. What?

No.

TOMMY. 'Cause way too

Many of the dudes online are.

BRIAN. No, I know—

TOMMY. And it's funny 'cause, it's like,

The single ones just want sex,

But it's always the married ones who want intimacy.

BRIAN. I don't want intimacy

I don't know what's wrong with me.

START

BRIAN:

You know what?

Let's go in the garage.

TOMMY. Okay. Is it less sad in there?

BRIAN. It's more sad, but also maybe more...

Soundproof?

I mean, my brother and sister-in-law are—

And my mom and dad are literally right...

Tommy points straight up.

Right.

TOMMY. Then I guess we should be *very quiet*.

BRIAN. Yeah.

I don't even know if it's possible...

TOMMY. You mean, because, like...

What if they come down?

BRIAN. That's my point.

TOMMY. *(As a very bad kid.)* We could get in trouble again.

BRIAN. Right...

TOMMY. Remember last time?

BRIAN. Last time?

TOMMY. Dad was so mad he spanked me

Until I was sore for days.

I still have a mark, see?

BRIAN. Um...

TOMMY. And remember the time Mom caught us

And sent us to bed without supper?

BRIAN. Ah...

TOMMY. I mean we weren't doing anything wrong.

Just playing, right?

Our favorite game.

"Penis to penis."

BRIAN. What is that?

TOMMY. Don't you remember?

Come here. I'll show you.

*Tommy arranges himself.
Brian comes closer.*

But be very quiet
So Mom and Dad don't come downstairs and punish us again...
Because it's wrong, I know we're not supposed to, but I can't help it...

BRIAN. (*Starts, then pauses.*) Wait, I'm sorry—are we—
Are we pretending to be siblings right now?

TOMMY. Shhh.

BRIAN. Okay, I'm not—

TOMMY. Shhh.
Mom and Dad might hear you and spank you silly.

BRIAN. I don't want to—um—just—

TOMMY. That's so naughty!

BRIAN. Let's not role-play.

TOMMY. Oh. Okay.

If you can't, like, go with it.

BRIAN. I can go with it,
I can go with a role-play—
I just don't want to do—incest.

TOMMY. Incest?!

BRIAN. "Mom and Dad"?

TOMMY. *My mom and dad.*

My mom and dad.

It was "sleepover."

It wasn't our mom and dad.

BRIAN. Okay, 'cause I said "siblings,"
And you didn't correct me.

TOMMY. I was in the moment.

BRIAN. I'm sorry I'm sorry—
Shit. I feel like an idiot—

TOMMY. It's fine, hey, it's fine.

Let's start over.

You want to just tell me what you want?

Will you just,
Could you maybe just give me a minute?

Brian tries to recover.

It's totally not you.

TOMMY. I didn't think it was.

BRIAN. Just—did I mention my parents—

TOMMY. You said a lot, I don't know.

BRIAN. My parents are getting divorced.

TOMMY. Okay.

BRIAN. Okay?!?

TOMMY. Lots of parents get divorced—
It sucks when you're like, *eight*,
But you seem pretty middle-aged.

BRIAN. Thanks.

TOMMY. So, like, whatever,
Let them do what they want.

BRIAN. Let them do what they want?

TOMMY. They're adults.

They can do whatever the fuck they want.

BRIAN. Are you kidding me? Are you kidding?

Adults cannot do what they want.

That's like—

The defining feature of adulthood is that you never get to do what
you want.

Children do what they want.

Adults struggle to meet the needs of other people,

Make a living,

Satisfy a thousand obligations

And still fall short and wind up disappointing everyone.

TOMMY. Are you sure you're not married?

BRIAN. No, I'm not married.

This is my family.

As disappointing as they are, as disrespectful as they are

About like pretty much everything I do...

END