

**CLAY**

Characters

CLAY:

Getting older.

YOUNG MAN:

Not getting older.

Place

Clay

Time

Now

Scene One, Part One

(There is a long silence, a dark apartment interior like a mouth, the moment just before falling asleep. Outside, CLAY unlocks the front door slowly, in no rush. As he and the YOUNG MAN enter, they speak loudly. CLAY's apartment is nice but not huge, with a bar in the kitchen and a big surround-sound speaker system in the living room. There are three bedrooms, but only one has a bed in it. Another has a single desk, and the third is empty, with only bags of clothes and boxes of clutter. It's very quiet.)

YOUNG MAN

Wow this is really nice.

CLAY

Yeah. Do you want something to drink?

YOUNG MAN

Oh I'm not 21.

(CLAY shrugs.)

And I don't drink anyway.

(YOUNG MAN sits on the couch. CLAY fixes himself a macho cocktail.)

CLAY

Do you want to watch something?

YOUNG MAN

What would you want to watch?

CLAY

I have Netflix, Amazon, Hulu, HBO, anything.

YOUNG MAN

Uh I'm okay with whatever you want to do.

CLAY

You seem tense.

(CLAY comes up behind the YOUNG MAN and rubs his shoulders, kisses his neck, and rubs down his chest, feeling his ribs and stomach.)

YOUNG MAN

Oh I'm just stressed. I have homework and stuff.

CLAY

Do you need to do some work here? We could watch something and you could work a little. My internet is very fast, I remember the internet in my dorm was so slow.

YOUNG MAN

Oh no I can get it done later tonight.

CLAY

Are you sure?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah.

(CLAY comes around to the couch and sits next to him. He starts rubbing the YOUNG MAN's thighs again. CLAY leans in and they make out. The YOUNG MAN begins palming at CLAY's dick. CLAY easily removes his shorts and boxers to reveal his large, erect penis. The YOUNG MAN begins jerking him off. CLAY moans very loudly. While he is taking off the YOUNG MAN's jeans, CLAY falls and bangs his browbone on the corner of his fancy glass coffee table. Blood begins streaming out of a gash in his forehead.)

Oh, oh my god! Are you okay?

CLAY

Mm fuck! Yeah I'm fine. Fuck. Shit.

(CLAY touches his forehead and looks at his hand.)

Ah shit.

(Still nude from the waist down, he goes to the sink and begins running water over the cut.)

YOUNG MAN

Do you have a first aid kit or something?

CLAY

Uh-

(CLAY begins opening cabinets.)

Check in the third room.

(YOUNG MAN checks the bedrooms before searching through piles of clothes in the empty bedroom. He emerges with a first aid kit.)

YOUNG MAN

Here can you bend down or something? Lie down on the couch maybe?

(CLAY tuts and lies on the couch.)

CLAY

Do you know what you're doing?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah I was a lifeguard in high school.

CLAY

Mmm.

(CLAY begins rubbing the YOUNG MAN's stomach and legs.)

YOUNG MAN

I'm gonna press on your forehead. Can you open your eye?

(CLAY opens his eye the slightest bit.)

CLAY

God you're so fucking sexy. Ow stop pressing so hard.

YOUNG MAN

Sorry I'm stopping the bleeding.

CLAY

I'll be fine it wasn't even bleeding that much.

YOUNG MAN

It's a head wound, it's going to bleed.

CLAY

Can you fucking stop for a second?

(CLAY sits up.)

God.

YOUNG MAN

Does your head hurt?

CLAY

What do you fucking think?

YOUNG MAN

Do you feel like you have a concussion?

CLAY

I don't know, what does a concussion feel like?

YOUNG MAN

Are you dizzy or are you experiencing vision loss or do you feel nauseated?

CLAY

Nah.

YOUNG MAN

Okay if you start, then you should go to the doctor.

CLAY

Do you still wanna fuck?

YOUNG MAN

You should really rest.

(CLAY starts rubbing the YOUNG MAN's dick again. He forces him to sit down and pulls off his jeans and underwear, then begins rapidly sucking his dick. The YOUNG MAN moans. CLAY starts jerking him off.)

CLAY

Yeah? I want you to cum for me. I want you to cum.

YOUNG MAN

You really need to rest.

CLAY

I want you to cum for me baby.

(YOUNG MAN looks at his phone while CLAY sucks his dick.)

YOUNG MAN

Oh my friend is actually having a weird time. I totally forgot I said I'd be there for them tonight.

CLAY

Mm?

YOUNG MAN

I have to go I'm sorry.

CLAY

It's okay. Do you need a ride?

YOUNG MAN

I'm fine. Thanks though.

(YOUNG MAN puts on his clothes in complete silence.)

CLAY

You're really sexy. Do you want to come over another time?

YOUNG MAN

I'll text you.

(YOUNG MAN leaves. CLAY stands up quickly but loses his balance and falls face-first back into the couch. The lights go out.)

## Memory of Nights

(A television, late night programming, the rustling of bed-sheets. CLAY moans. Only the ceiling is illuminated by the glow of the screen. The curtains are closed. There is white butcher paper forming a makeshift backdrop on one wall as it sweeps to the floor. The room is unfurnished except for a queen bed with white sheets, a guest room. A large mirror is propped against one wall. There is a tripod at the foot of the bed. CLAY moans again.)

Scene One, Part Two

(CLAY wakes up, being fucked by the second YOUNG MAN he texted earlier. CLAY moans, his pleasure turning into confusion.)

CLAY

Mmm... daddy...

YOUNG MAN

Yeah you're daddy's little fucking slut aren't you?

(YOUNG MAN slaps CLAY's ass and fucks him faster, deeper. CLAY's moan gets louder.)

Yeah scream for me you little bitch!

(YOUNG MAN pulls CLAY in by the shoulders, pressing him into his own body and wrapping an arm around CLAY's throat, putting him into a kind of choke hold. CLAY swings his arms behind his back to hit the YOUNG MAN, but the YOUNG MAN grabs them and presses CLAY's arms into his lower back. CLAY screams and bucks the YOUNG MAN off him, knocking into the table and the wall.)

Agh! What the fuck!

(A scream forms deep in CLAY's gut and spills out of his mouth. Crying, he stands and shoves the YOUNG MAN toward the door.)

CLAY

Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out!

YOUNG MAN

What the fuck? Are you okay? What the fuck did I do? Is something wrong?

CLAY

Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out!

(CLAY pushes the YOUNG MAN with unsurprising strength against the far wall, before turning back and currying into the empty bedroom and slamming the door. His violent sobs can be heard clearly through the door as the naked YOUNG MAN gathers his clothes and leaves. CLAY continues wailing.)



## Confessions of Self

(CLAY does a tai chi exercise and breathes slowly and deeply, reciting the words like a series of mantras.)

CLAY

I feel unwell.

I woke up this morning, and I weighed 187 pounds. I gained 2 pounds between yesterday and today.

6'1" Jock 185lbs Negative, on PrEP.

I haven't eaten all day.

No interior really exists if you only engage with the surface.

It's bad, but it's easy.

Why work on the self when you can work on the self-image?

At least improvement is measurable and consistent, predictable, regimented.

I am a piece of shit. I am nothing.

And so is everyone else.

Nobody *really* doesn't hate themselves. It's all just bullshit you post online to convince yourself you're happy.

I'm playing the game, but I know.

Everyone else is blind, I know the way things are.

It's natural to do this, to fuck.

It's evolutionary.

And it feels good, so.

Scene Two, Therapy, Part One

(Another YOUNG MAN lies on the couch, naked. He is completely shaven and made up to appear young and flustered with hair dyed platinum blond. CLAY has just finished fucking him.)

YOUNG MAN

Have you been writing in your journal like I said you should?

CLAY

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

Do you want to read some of it?

CLAY

It's not very interesting.

YOUNG MAN

Read some of it to me!

(YOUNG MAN throws a pillow at CLAY and lifts his ass into the air.)

Please?

CLAY

Okay.

(CLAY grabs a notebook and flips through the pages. He plays with the YOUNG MAN's ass.)

I wrote it down right after I woke up, like you said to.

"I had a weird dream about a group of ducks, but they are women. They have the bodies of ducks, with duck feet and wings and they are squishy like ducks, but they have skin on their torsos and the faces of women and vaginas. They live in a pen or a cage on a cloud and they are slaves of a group of giants, and the giants paint them rainbow colors and fuck them with their giant dicks. The duck women's insides are mangled and most of them die. I remember one of the women vomiting up cum, but it was brown and yellow, like piss and shit. I was mostly watching, but at one point in the dream I was a duck woman, and in another part of the dream I was a giant looking down, and I crushed the duck woman in my giant hand until I was just jerking off using her viscera as lube."

So. There you go.

YOUNG MAN

Wow. That's good! It's good you wrote that down!

CLAY (laughing)

It doesn't mean anything, it's just a fucking dream.

YOUNG MAN

A *fucking* dream.

CLAY

Yeah.

(YOUNG MAN smiles and walks over to the bar, fixing himself another drink.)

YOUNG MAN

I think you're making real progress.

CLAY

To what?

YOUNG MAN

Me figuring out what's so fucked up with you.

CLAY

I'm fine, you're the one who wants to know all my weird dreams.

YOUNG MAN

Because I want you to be happy.

CLAY

I am happy.

(YOUNG MAN smiles coyly, facing away from CLAY.)

Are you happy?

YOUNG MAN

Oh god no.

CLAY

Why not?

YOUNG MAN

I don't have a job, I don't have a house, I don't have friends, I don't have a family anymore, I barely have my own body.

(YOUNG MAN raises his glass in a cheers to something.)

CLAY

Yeah that sucks.

YOUNG MAN

Yup.

(He drinks his cocktail in one gulp. He gets up and pats CLAY on the leg.)

Do you wanna go again or are you tired?

CLAY

I wanna go again.

(YOUNG MAN viciously begins sucking CLAY's dick. CLAY moans.)

YOUNG MAN

Yeah you like that daddy?

CLAY

Ah fuck yeah. Ah fuck.

YOUNG MAN

You make me so fucking horny. I want you to fuck me so bad. I want to feel your hot cum inside me daddy.

CLAY

Beg for my cock boy.

YOUNG MAN

Please, please daddy, please fuck me. Please fuck me daddy.  
(CLAY fucks the YOUNG MAN.)

### Dream of the Chase

(CLAY is climbing quickly up an infinite staircase, pursuing the YOUNG MAN, who is perpetually beyond his grasp. As he climbs further, the stairs get steeper, until he is struggling to get his legs up high enough. The YOUNG MAN continues effortlessly, gliding up the stairs. CLAY falls and lies exhausted across the steps. A more beautiful boy quickly overtakes CLAY and catches the YOUNG MAN. The two youths fuck. CLAY begins to cry, and as he wails, the young men wait in unison as they continue to fuck and gaze up the stairs.)

Scene Three, Therapy, Part Two

(A YOUNG MAN dressed in a dollar-store Freud Halloween costume sits on a stuffed leather chair with a clipboard nodding incessantly. CLAY lies on a matching feinting sofa in the middle of the room. The YOUNG MAN interjects “mhm” and “oh” every now and then.)

CLAY

I didn't have a bad childhood. I grew up Catholic because I spent most of my time at my mom's house, which was huge. My stepdad was a neat freak, but it wasn't a problem. I was a bad kid, I snuck out, I had parties when they were out of town, I skipped school to get drunk, I fucked one of my teachers, I would drive around at night because I knew they had to pay for my gas, I wasn't respectful. So their strictness made sense. They had to punish me for being bad, or I wasn't going to learn.

YOUNG MAN

And how does that make you feel?

CLAY

I don't even know if I did learn anything. All the consequences just made me angrier, and I rebelled more. Really it was just my stepdad. My mom just wanted to get fucked and buy expensive shit, which is why she cheated on my dad because he lost his job. Anyway, that doesn't matter.

YOUNG MAN

Interesting.

CLAY

I don't have any hard feelings about any of it. It's just what happened. I feel kind of stupid doing this because like I'm fine. It's not like it's affecting me now, I live alone, I'm doing well, I have a lot of friends, I see a lot of different people, I enjoy myself all the time, and I don't talk to them. People don't talk to their families all the time. Plus, my dad's not going anywhere...

YOUNG MAN

Yes, I thought you might say that.

CLAY

(Silence.)

I am troubled by the fact that I can't cry. It makes me feel so stupid. I was watching a movie the other day, and I felt the lump in my throat and the pressure behind my eyes, and I got so excited that I might cry that I couldn't pay attention to the movie, and I didn't cry. Who did this to me?

YOUNG MAN

Mhm.

CLAY

Sometimes. I don't know if this is stupid. Sometimes I feel like a man-woman. Like I have all these preoccupations with beauty and health and generosity, but I'm still as fucked up as all the

old men I know, and I get angry when people beat me, and I fantasize about committing just acts of violence and being a hero. But I also want to get fucked and told that I'm pretty.

YOUNG MAN

Right.

CLAY

Anyway.

Scene Four, Party

(CLAY is at a loud party, talking to a YOUNG MAN with a quiff in a crop top. They are standing next to a storage bin of jungle juice.)

YOUNG MAN

No that's literally like a thing people say. That's like a Freudian thing. He said you wanna fuck your dad, or kill your dad and fuck your... dad, or whatever.

CLAY

Really?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah that's like the whole thing about the Oedipus complex was like this secret desire men have to like have sex with their mom and overtake their dad as the dominant social male or whatever, and like sight is inherently phallic or something about like eyes and dicks.

CLAY

Oh. Weird.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah I mean it's basically all bullshit, but he was one of the first guys to think about psychology as something you could even do, that we're like essentially monkeys that are taught rules as children and then spend our whole live just trying to stop following those rules until we fucking die.

(He laughs.)

CLAY

Do you ever wish your dad would just fuck you and get it over with?

YOUNG MAN

Let's dance!

(They dance.)



Meditation on Nature

(CLAY runs through the woods, trying to escape.)

YOUNG MAN (Strictly, like a neat freak)

Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
The bedspread is ruffled.  
Was it ten o'clock?  
Might have been nine.  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
You're a sissy and a faggot.  
You're a faggot.  
You're a faggot.  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
What's behind you?  
Has that guy been following you?  
Look in your rearview  
mirror.  
Is that him?  
Looks like him.  
How did he get here?  
How did he find your address?  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
You can't tell your mom.  
You think she cares?  
She's the one that did this!  
She's the one who left you there!  
He was making money!  
It's so obvious!  
She's seen it happen before!  
The pictures! The empty rooms!  
Spaces dedicated to you.

YOUNG MAN (Cont'd)

You're disgusting.  
You're a faggot.  
It's hot, isn't it?  
Are you sweating?  
I bet you are.  
You're gonna leave a mark.  
Bury your shit.

He'll smell you, faggot.  
Cover your tracks.  
Cover your tracks.  
Are you lost?  
It doesn't matter, keep moving.  
You're a faggot.  
I hate you.  
Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run.

Scene Five, Homecoming

(CLAY enters his home and, in the dark, takes off his shoes, drops his keys on the kitchen counter, and throws his coat on a chair. He takes a deep breath and sits on the couch. He looks at his phone. He stands and turns on the light. In the chair with his coat sits the YOUNG MAN, who now looks exactly like CLAY's father. He looks sad.)

YOUNG MAN

Hey Clay, how are you? Sorry I... sort of let myself in. You have a really well-stocked bar.

(He laughs.)

Hey, I don't want to keep you long, and I'll get out of your hair. I just wanted to let you know I'm thinking about you, and if you ever need anything, or anybody to talk to... I know I'm not really supposed to be here. I'd appreciate if you didn't tell your mom or anybody I did this, I could get in some trouble. Though I know you don't have any reason to have some sympathy for me. Sorry. I shouldn't have come here, I guess I...

(He puts his head in his hands.)

I'm sorry.

(CLAY goes to the kitchen and gets a knife.)

CLAY

Dad?

(YOUNG MAN looks up. CLAY repeatedly gouges out YOUNG MAN's eyes and pushes him to the ground. CLAY stabs him in the face and chest. With each rhythmic thump of CLAY's fists against YOUNG MAN's chest, a spurt of blood shoots out of his face and onto CLAY's own face and body.)

AH HAA HAA AHAHA HA AHAAAAAAAAA AHAAAAAAAAAAAA AHAAAA HAAAAA  
AHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

(CLAY lies on the floor of his living room, heaving great breaths of release.)

(End of play.)