



**Bradley Hayward**

Norman Maine Publishing

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## Sneezing With Your Eyes Open

**COMEDY.** This collection of 10-minute plays features five zany relationships. In “Cutlery,” a wife and husband argue over how to place the knives in the dishwasher. In “The Sexual Conspiracy,” Joshua wakes up one morning and discovers he is gay—even though everyone else has known for years, including his mother. In “The Yogurt Connection,” a man and woman find love in the dairy section of a supermarket. “The Dead Body Play,” features a love triangle that has gone very, very wrong. And in “Sneezing with Your Eyes Open,” Zane discovers that he is actually a straight man posing as a gay man just to be trendy.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 50-60 minutes.

The Sexual Conspiracy was first presented by The Original Theatre Company on October 3, 2000 at the Theatre Garage in Minneapolis, MN. It was directed by Patrick Coyle.

**JOSHUA:** Craig Johnson

**MARCUS:** John Riedlinger

Sneezing With Your Eyes Open was first presented by Young Playwrights Inc. on July 22, 2001 at the Pulse Ensemble Theater in New York City: Sheri M. Goldhirsh, artistic director; Brett W. Reynolds, executive director; and Valentina Fratti, director.

**MAUREEN:** Suzen Murakoshi

**ROB:** Sean Runnette

**ZANE:** Seth Michael May

## CUTLERY

(1 m, 1 w)

MARLENE: 40s, may have been attractive in her younger days,  
but certainly isn't anymore.

RANDY: 40s, unattractive.

## The Sexual Conspiracy

(2m)

JOSHUA: 40, naïve.

MARCUS: 28, seasoned lover.

## The Yogurt Connection

(1w, 1m)

MAN

WOMAN

## The Dead Body Play

(3 m, 1 w)

DAVID

JAN

EARL

"DEAD" BODY

Sneezing with Your Eyes Open  
(1w, 2m.)

**MAUREEN**  
**ZANE**  
**ROB**

## Setting

Cutlery: Dining room and kitchen.

The Sexual Conspiracy: Joshua's bedroom.

The Yogurt Connection: The dairy case at a supermarket.

The Dead Body Play: A park.

Sneezing with Your Eyes Open: A park bench.

## Props/Special Effects

### Cutlery

|                |                                     |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| Dishwasher     | Bowl of mashed potatoes             |
| 2 dirty plates | Sound of forks, knives cutting food |
| Silverware     | on plates                           |

### The Sexual Conspiracy

|        |                                 |
|--------|---------------------------------|
| Bed    | Socks                           |
| Hanger | Leopard-print thong, for Joshua |

### The Yogurt Connection

|                            |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| Container of banana yogurt | Tampon              |
| Cell phone                 | Birth-control pills |
| Pack of gum                | 2 Tickets           |
| Purse                      | Key chain           |
| Cigarettes                 | Lighter             |

### The Dead Body Play

|       |     |
|-------|-----|
| Knife | Gun |
|-------|-----|

### Sneezing with Your Eyes Open

|              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| Handkerchief | Park bench |
|--------------|------------|

# Cutlery

.Why did you marry me?%

· Marlene

## Cutlery

*(AT RISE: Stage is black. We hear the sound of forks and knives cutting food on plates. Two people are seated at a table eating.)*

MARLENE: Would you like some more potatoes?

RANDY: No thank you, dear. I've had plenty.

MARLENE: Oh, come on. Have some more.

RANDY: I've almost cleared my plate.

MARLENE: Just one more scoop.

RANDY: You like me to clear my plate, and I have.

MARLENE: All right, all right. You don't have to say it.

RANDY: Say what?

MARLENE: You don't like the potatoes.

RANDY: I do like them. They're terrific.

MARLENE: They're awful, and the thought of choking down one more bite makes you vomit. I'll take them away.

RANDY: I like them. You even put in real garlic. I love that.

*(Marlene starts to cry.)*

MARLENE: Don't start. You hate garlic.

RANDY: I love garlic.

MARLENE: You like the powder. Garlic powder is what you like. But I fucked it all up and put in the real stuff.

RANDY: Fine. One more scoop.

MARLENE: You don't want anymore, so you don't get anymore. You've hurt my feelings.

RANDY: Garlic is garlic. I love garlic.

MARLENE: Garlic is not garlic. You like the powder, and I gave you the real stuff. If you have even one more bite, you'll puke. And since I just mopped the floor, you shouldn't puke on it.

RANDY: You're right. I hate these potatoes. These fucking potatoes taste like shit. But I ate them anyway. I ate these potatoes because I love you.

*(Randy kisses Marlene.)*

MARLENE: Don't kiss me. You're breath reeks.  
RANDY: I just scarfed down ten tons of garlic potatoes.  
MARLENE: And now you're breath stinks. Great going.  
RANDY: Give me your plate. You stew over the potatoes, and I'll load the dishwasher.  
MARLENE: Fuck you.  
RANDY: I will. Now give me your plate. *(Lights rise on a dishwasher. It's closed. Randy enters, carrying two dirty plates stacked with cutlery. In his other hand, he has the bowl of potatoes. He opens the dishwasher and puts the cutlery into the cutlery compartment, the knives pointing upward. Marlene enters.)* Can you please get me some plastic wrap?  
MARLENE: What for?  
RANDY: So I can cover the potatoes. We might want leftovers.  
MARLENE: Is that a joke? Are you making fun of my potatoes?  
RANDY: No.  
MARLENE: You're making fun of me, then.  
RANDY: I'm not making fun of anything. I don't think they should go to waste. There are starving people all over the world who would love these potatoes.  
MARLENE: Unless you plan on inviting them over for dinner, dump them in the trash.  
RANDY: Whatever you say. *(He sets the potatoes on top of the dishwasher and then proceeds to put in the plates.)*  
MARLENE: What are you doing?  
RANDY: Loading the dishwasher.  
MARLENE: Not like that, you're not.  
RANDY: Like what?  
MARLENE: With the knives up. They go down.  
RANDY: No, they go up.  
MARLENE: They go down.  
RANDY: Up.  
MARLENE: Down.

RANDY: They go up, so you don't cut yourself.  
MARLENE: No. They go down, so you don't cut yourself.  
RANDY: This way, when you unload the dishwasher, you know where the knives are. Then you don't cut yourself.  
MARLENE: But if it's not full, I might put in another plate and cut myself.  
RANDY: All you have to do is look. It's a dishwasher, not a booby trap.  
MARLENE: Never mind. I get it.  
RANDY: Get what?  
MARLENE: You're hoping I'll cut myself.  
RANDY: I am not.  
MARLENE: You know I only run a full dishwasher, and it's clearly not full. You know I always have a midnight snack. And you know I always have cereal. So tonight, you're hoping I'll have my Fruit Loops and stick myself with one of those knives when I put the bowl in there. Then you'll wake up, and I'll be laying lifeless on the floor in a pool of blood...you know.  
RANDY: No, I don't know.  
MARLENE: And since when do you unload the dishwasher? I do everything around here, so shouldn't I say whether they go up or down?  
RANDY: All I'm saying is that they should go up. I don't want you to hurt yourself.  
MARLENE: Down.  
RANDY: Up.  
MARLENE: Down.  
RANDY: Up.  
MARLENE: I want a divorce.  
RANDY: You do not. You're talking nonsense.  
MARLENE: Jesus Christ! Don't tell me I'm talking nonsense. If I'm going to cut myself, I want to do it on purpose. Not while I'm trying to do the dishes.  
RANDY: If you want me to do the dishes from now on, just say so. But for the love of God, stop playing these games.  
MARLENE: I'm not playing any games.

RANDY: You are. You know you are.

MARLENE: Fine. From now on, I'll do the dishes. Are you happy now?

RANDY: Not if you're upset.

MARLENE: I'm not upset, goddamn it!

RANDY: What do you want me to do? Just say the word, and I'll do it.

MARLENE: I want the fucking knives to go down. If you can't give me that, I want a divorce.

RANDY: Fine. Turn the knives upside down. They're your fingers.

MARLENE: I'm not going to turn them upside down.

RANDY: Finally. You've come to your senses.

MARLENE: I'm going to turn them right side up.

*(Randy takes a deep breath.)*

RANDY: Do what you want.

MARLENE: It's not like you ever unload it anyway.

*(Marlene starts to turn the knives around. As she does, Randy takes out a dirty spoon. She glares at him.)*

RANDY: Don't worry. I'm not touching any knives.

*(She continues to turn the knives as he takes the bowl of potatoes and starts scooping them into the trash.)*

MARLENE: What are you doing?

RANDY: Getting rid of the potatoes.

MARLENE: And put them to waste?

RANDY: You told me to get rid of them.

MARLENE: What if I wanted some more? You're always thinking of yourself. It's always you, you, you!

RANDY: But you said—

MARLENE: I never said anything. Besides, don't you have some friends from Ethiopia coming by?

RANDY: Marlene —

MARLENE: Don't "Marlene" me.

RANDY: You're being ridiculous.

MARLENE: You said people from all over the world would love my potatoes. Invite them over so they can all have a bite. Then afterwards, they can puke on my nice, clean floor. I've never seen foreign vomit. It probably tastes better than the potatoes.

RANDY: For crying out loud, do you want me to save them or not?

MARLENE: I want you eat them. That's what I want.

*(Randy finally loses his temper and starts shoveling potatoes into his mouth.)*

RANDY: There, I'm eating them! Are you happy now? I'm eating your fucking potatoes! They're delicious!

MARLENE: No need to get nasty.

RANDY: I'm not! I love these potatoes!

MARLENE: At least let me warm them up for you.

RANDY: I like them cold. The chill enhances the flavor. *(He finishes every last bite and tries his hardest not to gag.)*

MARLENE: Would you like me to make you some more?

RANDY: Don't bother. There's plenty right here. *(He grabs a dirty plate from the dishwasher and licks the remains off. He acts like he enjoys every lick.)*

MARLENE: Two can play at this game!

*(She yanks the other plate out of the dishwasher and licks it. They both lick like crazy for some time. It becomes a race. Who can clean their plate first? Randy wins.)*

**[End of Freeview]**

# The Sexual Conspiracy

„You analyzed me?  
While we were having sex?“

· Joshua

## The Sexual Conspiracy

*(AT RISE: Joshua and Marcus are cuddled together. They are just waking up.)*

JOSHUA: Oh, my God.

MARCUS: Good morning.

JOSHUA: How did we end up in bed together?

MARCUS: Huh?

JOSHUA: How did I end up in bed with you?

MARCUS: You bought me a drink. I bought you a drink. This went on for some time. Now we're in bed together.

JOSHUA: No, I mean how did we end up gay?

MARCUS: You're gay?

JOSHUA: I'm serious.

MARCUS: I don't know. Why are you asking me?

JOSHUA: I just wondered if you knew why you were gay.

MARCUS: Is this how you always ask questions? Sleep with someone so you can play Jeopardy?

JOSHUA: Never mind. I was just curious.

MARCUS: That's a question you ask a best friend...or a long-time lover. But with a one night stand, you stick to questions like "How long?" and "What was your name again?"

JOSHUA: I obviously made a huge mistake trying to find a brain in that pretty little head of yours.

MARCUS: No, you made a huge mistake sleeping with me.

JOSHUA: Why's that?

MARCUS: You're gonna regret it in a few hours.

JOSHUA: I regret it now.

MARCUS: You're not supposed to tell me that.

JOSHUA: But you already knew.

MARCUS: I know. But you're supposed to make me feel like I am the best lover you've ever had.

JOSHUA: Am I the best lover you've ever had?

MARCUS: No.

JOSHUA: Oh.

MARCUS: But I'm the best lover you've ever had.

JOSHUA: No, you're not.

MARCUS: Oh, please!

JOSHUA: Well...how did you know?

MARCUS: Because you've never slept with anyone before.

JOSHUA: I have too!

MARCUS: Don't lie.

JOSHUA: Well...how did you know that?

MARCUS: People have sex for the first time because they want to feel love. And you obviously wanted to fall in love with me. You made me dinner when we got here. You hung my clothes on a hanger. You even bunched up my socks into those little balls.

JOSHUA: I'm neat, that's all.

MARCUS: My mother didn't even bunch up my socks into little balls. You're needy. You even asked me why I'm gay!

JOSHUA: I was just curious. I'm new to this gay thing.

MARCUS: No, you're not.

JOSHUA: What?

MARCUS: Why do you insist on lying to me?

JOSHUA: I'm not lying.

MARCUS: Not new to this gay thing? You've been gay since you were ten!

JOSHUA: I have not! I've had plenty of girlfriends!

MARCUS: You're... *(Makes quotation marks with his fingers when he says "28" since Joshua is really 40ish.) ... "28,"* and I'm your first lover.

JOSHUA: My first *male* lover.

MARCUS: You've never had sex. Nobody who has had sex could possibly be that stiff...and I mean stiff in a bad way.

JOSHUA: This is so weird.

MARCUS: What?

JOSHUA: How much you can tell about me from sex.

MARCUS: Well, when the sex makes me so bored that I want to go to sleep, I tend to analyze the other person in bed with me.

JOSHUA: You analyzed me? While we were having sex?  
MARCUS: Yeah...and I didn't have much time. Wanna go again?  
I could open up a practice in your bedroom.  
JOSHUA: You're not being very supportive.  
MARCUS: Am I supposed to be?  
JOSHUA: I don't know. Like I said, I'm new to this gay thing.  
Don't men cuddle and talk about the meaning of life or  
something after they have sex?  
MARCUS: Maybe in Liberace-land. But not these days. Not here.  
Not now. Not me.  
JOSHUA: Maybe you should go.  
MARCUS: I was just going to.  
JOSHUA: Good. *(Marcus gets out of bed and starts getting dressed.)*  
What was I thinking? I'm so stupid!  
MARCUS: You're not stupid. Did I make you feel stupid?  
JOSHUA: No...yes. I don't know. I'm so confused.  
MARCUS: What's the big deal? Where are my socks?  
JOSHUA: In the bathroom.  
MARCUS: Thanks. *(Marcus exits. Joshua starts to cry. Marcus  
enters with socks on a hanger.)* You ironed my socks?  
JOSHUA: *(Crying.)* Yes. I couldn't sleep. I'm sorry.  
MARCUS: That's okay. I've never had smooth socks. *(Joshua sobs.)*  
No, I'm serious! *(Joshua sobs.)* I'll wrinkle them later. I promise.  
JOSHUA: It's not that.  
MARCUS: What's wrong? Why are you crying?  
JOSHUA: I dunno...I'm just stupid.  
MARCUS: You're not stupid.  
JOSHUA: Yes I am. My first time with a man, and I screw it all  
up.  
MARCUS: You didn't screw anything up...not in a bad way.  
JOSHUA: Yes I did! You said I was terrible.  
MARCUS: Nobody's good when they first have sex. **[End of  
Freeview]**

# The Yogurt Connection

„Banana yogurt is my security blanket.“

· Man

## The Yogurt Connection

*(AT RISE: The dairy section in a supermarket is empty. There is one container of banana yogurt. Man saunters up to the container of yogurt and picks it up. His cell phone rings. He sets down the yogurt and answers his phone.)*

MAN: *(Into phone.)* Yeah? Hi, Paul. I'm just at the supermarket picking up some banana yogurt. *(Pause.)* Yeah, same old me. Hey, don't worry about the figures. I'll go in tomorrow and straighten them out. *(Pause.)* I know it's a Saturday, but I always come in on weekends. *(Pause.)* What's a weekend, anyway? It's the two days before Monday. Go! Have fun. Bring me a t-shirt. *(Woman enters. She's on a mission. She grabs the container of banana yogurt.)* Hold on. *(To Woman.)* That's my yogurt.

WOMAN: Excuse me?

MAN: I'm buying that yogurt.

WOMAN: No you're not.

MAN: Excuse me, but I just picked it up.

WOMAN: Excuse me, but you set it down.

MAN: *(Into phone.)* Paul, get this. Some lady is trying to steal my yogurt.

WOMAN: I'm not stealing it. It was on the shelf. I picked it up. And now I'm going to buy it.

MAN: *(Into phone.)* She is seriously going to go home with the last container of banana yogurt.

WOMAN: Is that a crime? I was here first.

MAN: *(To Woman.)* You were not. *(Into phone.)* Paul, tell this woman how much I need my banana yogurt.

*(Man hands the phone to Woman.)*

WOMAN: *(To Man.)* I hate people like you.

MAN: People like what?

WOMAN: People who live in a cellular world. You who can't go anywhere without radio waves pouring into your brains. Radio waves kill.

MAN: They're completely safe.

WOMAN: Not you. They kill me. The radio waves go in your brain, and they alter your state of thinking. Suddenly they make you so deluded that you have no regard for others. You turn right on all red lights, don't you? Even the ones that say not to. That pisses me off. Wait your turn!

MAN: Hey, now. Calm down.

WOMAN: What's really sad is that you think you're connected, but you're really not. You're the farthest thing from it. You're completely unable to be with a person face to face. Disconnected. *(Yells into phone.)* You too, Paul! Get a life!

*(Woman shuts off the phone.)*

MAN: Hey, I was talking to him.

*(Woman tosses the phone over the dairy case.)*

WOMAN: And now you're not.

MAN: Lady, I've had a hard day. The only thing that ever gets me through is knowing that I can come home to 16 ounces of tasty banana yogurt.

WOMAN: It's mine and I want it.

MAN: It's mine and I need it.

WOMAN: You're really sad.

MAN: Why don't you just try another flavor? Raspberry.

WOMAN: Raspberry?! I don't want raspberry. I have three tubs of raspberry yogurt at home.

MAN: Then why are you here?

WOMAN: I had a craving.

MAN: Every day after work I have banana yogurt. I don't know why, but it soothes me.

WOMAN: You have it every day. This is the first craving for me, so I think it's only fair that I get the banana.

MAN: Everything will be off balance...

WOMAN: You're in a rut. Snap out of it. Try a new flavor.

MAN: I can't handle change.

WOMAN: If you don't give me the yogurt, I'll kick you right now and perform a sex change.

MAN: I'm serious, I can't handle change. It always backfires. Banana yogurt is my security blanket.

WOMAN: Listen, I don't have time to sit here and fight. I have three kids at home who are most certainly turning the living room into a nuclear holocaust. I came here for yogurt with chunks of banana, and I'm not leaving until I have yogurt with chunks of banana.

MAN: Neither am I. Why don't you cut a banana into some plain yogurt?

WOMAN: Why don't you?

MAN: It's not the same.

WOMAN: Believe me, you don't want to mess with me. I'm a very dangerous woman...I'm having my period.

**[End of Freeview]**

## the Dead Body Play

I don't want him to be a knick-knack.  
I hate porcelain clowns enough already.

· Earl

## The Dead Body Play

*(AT RISE: A dead body lies on the ground with a knife sticking out the chest. Earl, startled and speechless, stands over the body. Jan and David rush in.)*

JAN: Is it over?

EARL: What?

JAN: Is he dead?

EARL: He's right here.

DAVID: Oh, my god. I can't believe he's dead.

JAN: This is no time to mill around, David. We're here to help

Earl dispose of the body. What can we do?

EARL: Help me get rid of him.

DAVID: I know that, but what do you want us to do with him?

EARL: Nothing weird. Let's just get rid of him peacefully.

JAN: What do you mean, nothing weird?

EARL: Don't put him in a dress or something.

DAVID: Why would we do that?

EARL: For fun. You two are always up to something weird.

DAVID: What's that supposed to mean?

EARL: I don't know. You're just twisted.

JAN: Give us an example.

EARL: Of what?

JAN: Something "twisted."

EARL: I can't think of anything off the top of my head.

JAN: Come on. I want to know.

EARL: All right. You showed up at my wedding in a black dress.

JAN: I like black dresses. So what?

EARL: I'm talking to David.

DAVID: It was a phase. Besides, did your marriage last anyway?

EARL: No, but that's not the point.

DAVID: Sure it is. Now people remember me and my dress instead of you and your defunct marriage.

JAN: And what did I do? You can't chastise me for something David wore to your wedding.

DAVID: Don't even start...your dress was plastic.

JAN: Yeah, but it was designer plastic.

DAVID: It was two layers thicker than cellophane.

JAN: So?

DAVID: And just as see-through.

JAN: You just don't know fashion.

EARL: What does any of this matter anyway? What are we going to do with him? *(Indicates body.)*

*(They think for a long moment.)*

JAN: Let's cremate him.

DAVID: Huh?

JAN: Cremate him.

EARL: How are we going to do that?

JAN: Earl, do you still smoke?

EARL: Yeah.

JAN: So you have matches. Burn him.

EARL: I'm not going to burn him.

JAN: David will.

DAVID: Are you nuts?

EARL: Talk about twisted.

JAN: That's not twisted. People get cremated all the time.

DAVID: But not with matches.

EARL: From the Holiday Inn, no less.

JAN: It's simple. You take some gas outta the car. Give him a bath. Light a match. Poof! Cremated.

DAVID: Where do you hear these things?

JAN: I don't see either of you with any ideas.

DAVID: We're waiting for a good idea.

JAN: Mine's a good idea.

EARL: Say we do cremate him. What would we do with his ashes?

JAN: Scatter them, stupid.

EARL: Where?  
JAN: In the lake.  
DAVID: But he hated water.  
JAN: What does it matter? He's dead.  
DAVID: I specifically remember him saying that he wouldn't be caught dead in the water.  
JAN: So what?  
DAVID: We can't throw his ashes in the lake.  
JAN: Then keep his ashes, for all I care.  
EARL: Gross! We can't keep his ashes.  
JAN: Why not?  
EARL: Because it's disgusting. And I wanted to get rid of him...not keep him.  
JAN: You're such a prude.  
DAVID: We could keep his ashes in something decorative.  
JAN: Huh?  
DAVID: We could put his ashes in something around the house.  
JAN: Like what?  
DAVID: Something on the mantle.  
EARL: That's gross! I don't want him to be a knick-knack. I hate porcelain clowns enough already.  
JAN: How about something practical?  
EARL: Practical? That's icky.  
DAVID: Like what?  
JAN: I don't know...a lamp or something.  
DAVID: He could be a lamp.  
JAN: Or an egg timer.  
DAVID: Egg timer...no. He shouldn't be an egg timer.  
JAN: Okay.  
DAVID: I like the lamp idea.  
JAN: Really?  
DAVID: Yeah. He'd be of some use.  
EARL: Some use. He'll be dead either way. This way, he's just dead in a lamp.  
DAVID: But he'd still be around.  
JAN: I think it's a good idea.

EARL: So, okay, he's in a lamp. Then what?

DAVID: What do you mean, then what?

EARL: What do I mean? Okay, say he's in my lamp. I turn him  
on and off and think of him every time I need a little light.

JAN: He'd be the light of your life.

**[End of Freeview]**

# Sneezing With Your Eyes Open

You can have all my cutoffs.  
From now on, it's only sweatpants for me!

• Zane

## Sneezing With Your Eyes Open

*(AT RISE: Maureen enters with a handkerchief in her hand. She sits on the right side of the bench and sneezes. She has a terrible cold and continues to sneeze throughout the play. A few seconds after she sits, Zane and Rob enter. They nonchalantly sit on the left side of the bench.)*

ROB: *(To Maureen.)* Good morning.

MAUREEN: Hi.

ZANE: *(Overly Effeminate.)* Isn't it a great day?! A perfect day for the park. The sun, the breeze, the birds. It's just like the opening scene of Oklahoma! Let's take it all in!

MAUREEN: I prefer not to. *(Maureen sneezes.)*

ZANE: Bless you.

MAUREEN: Whatever. *(Maureen buries her face in the handkerchief. Just as she does so, Zane and Rob start making eyes at one another. They start to kiss. Softly at first, and then passionately. As they kiss louder, Maureen takes her head out of the handkerchief and slowly looks over.)* Excuse me. This is a public park. *(Zane and Rob hear nothing and continue kissing. Maureen sneezes.)* Excuse me!

ZANE: You're excused. It was just a sneeze. *(Zane and Rob turn back and kiss full force. Maureen sneezes. She taps Zane's shoulder repeatedly.)* What?

MAUREEN: *(Sarcastic and dangerously calm.)* It's very nice to meet you, but would you mind not fucking on the bench?

ROB: Go away. Were kind of in the middle of something.

*(Zane and Rob continue kissing.)*

MAUREEN: I'll call the police. There has to be some law against this.

*(Rob is very annoyed at this second interruption.)*

ROB: I bet there isn't. Everything's PC. Even the law.

MAUREEN: But this is my park! At least for now.

ROB: God! Get a grip. We're just kissing.

MAUREEN: *(To Rob.)* You swallowed his tongue. Now you listen to me –

ROB: No, you listen to me. This is a beautiful day, and I can choose to spend it any way I wish. Today I want to be with my boyfriend.

MAUREEN: And you have no problem making everyone here feel uncomfortable? I hate this city. It's been taken over by queers. Ten years ago, I was perfectly happy. Then it started happening to my neighborhood. First the library and then the coffee shops. Now even the laundromats smell like CK-1. *(Maureen sneezes.)*

ZANE: *(Snooty.)* You are not excused.

ROB: If you don't like what we're doing, just move.

MAUREEN: It's the principle of the thing. This is a park. This is a bench.

*(Rob points to Zane, mocking Maureen.)*

ROB: This is a man. *(Points to his crotch.)* This is an erection.

MAUREEN: If you were any closer, I'd get pregnant. Now get out of my park.

ZANE: Maybe she's right, Rob.

ROB: And maybe she's not.

MAUREEN: Do you think I have no idea what you're doing? Nobody fucks in the park without a reason. I sure hope you're not doing it for spare change.

ROB: Then why are we doing it?

MAUREEN: It's trendy. Your friends see you and think, "Oh my, look at them. How sweet. Maybe we should be gay. Let's put down these mocha lattes and buy a dildo." Jesus Christ. *(Maureen sneezes.)*

ROB: You're not making any sense.

ZANE: I don't know, Rob.

ROB: What?

ZANE: Well, we did meet in a Starbucks. What if I just wanted to be chic? How do I know I'm really gay?

ROB: Please! When you open your mouth, a purse falls out.

ZANE: I'm serious. I never really thought about dick before you came along.

ROB: This is insanity.

MAUREEN: It makes perfect sense to me. *(To Zane.)* Did you use to like football, by any chance?

ZANE: I did.

ROB: You liked all the ass slapping...that's what you liked.

*(There is a change happening in Zane and the dialogue becomes very quick and excited.)*

ZANE: No, really. I loved football. It's all coming back to me. That's the game with touchdowns, right?

MAUREEN: Yes. And then you moved to the city...

ZANE: And I found an apartment...

MAUREEN: Met a homosexual...

ZANE: Saw Cher in concert...

MAUREEN: Bought a tank top...

ZANE: Had my ears pierced...

MAUREEN: Went out for coffee...

ZANE: Met Rob...

MAUREEN: And now you're here!

ZANE: I'm not gay! *(Completely heterosexual.)* I'm all man!

*(Zane grabs his crotch, spits, and starts to flex his muscles. He grabs Maureen and kisses her. Maureen sneezes.)*

ROB: *(To Zane.)* What the hell was that?

ZANE: I'm sorry, Rob. I'm just not gay. **[End of Freeview]**