

You know what I hate?

Jeremy:

What?

Robert:

I hate being a subset of the gay population.

Jeremy:

You and me both.

Robert:

I miss the bars.

Jeremy:

I miss the dollar vodka drinks and music with actual words.

Robert:

We would drink and dance it off, leaving the dance floor covered in sweat. And now?

Jeremy:

Now? Nowadays you go to the bars to be seen and not heard.

Robert:

Oh please.

Jeremy:

No really. You go there to hang with your friends and god forbid you saunter up to offer a drink, or ask someone to dance, much less begin a conversation. Sometimes, we are worse than the girls, they do the same thing to the poor straight boys.

Robert:

Normalization at its worst.

Jeremy:

Quick. Look me in the eyes, and don't break eye contact.

Robert:

If you want to kiss, just do it.

Jeremy:

No, no, it's my ex coming, and I want him to be jealous. Touch me.

Robert:

What?

Jeremy:

Touch my hair. Make it seem like I am the only person in the world.

(He does. They stare intently in each other's eyes. They watch the ex-boyfriend pass.)

What I saw in him, I will never know. (Beat.) He wanted an open relationship.

Jeremy:

What'd you say?

Robert:

That I wanted to be his one and only for at least a couple of years.

Jeremy:

What he say?

Robert:

He said he couldn't wait for a couple of years.

Jeremy:

So, that's why you broke up?

Robert:

Yup.

A man passes and they watch intently, they stare down even more intently.

I thought pythons weren't allowed in here.

Jeremy:

Set your sights on stun, baby.

At the same time they respond.

Robert:

Six.

Jeremy:

Ten.

Robert:

What? Well, sometimes sisters disagree.

Jeremy:

How come we never dated?

Robert:

You never called back.

Laurence Wensel

Ten

sample

Oh yeah, I got a new phone.

Jeremy:

Bitch.

Robert:

Mz. Bitch, to you.

Jeremy:

Confession. (Beat.) So last week, I got turned down.

Robert:

By whom?

Jeremy:

Doesn't matter. Well, he said...

Robert:

Out with it, sister.

Jeremy:

He said I wasn't fat enough.

Robert:

You're fucking joking.

Jeremy:

No he said he is a whale rider and until my fat was hanging over my genitals like a large shed, he wasn't interested.

Robert:

You lie.

Jeremy:

I asked if I could have it in writing, or at least put it in my podcast.

Robert:

Oh, my queens. We are too fat for one group, and not fat enough for the other.

Jeremy:

So what do we do?

Robert:

We come here on Sundays for Bear day.

Jeremy: