

*Tuffer bursts back in with a glass pipe. He speaks to the audience.*

TUFFER

The Dulka brothers were a couple of gay-for-pay bad boys I picked up on West Tenth. They were each like six-seven, high school basketball stars, who had mistaken the work of Jim Carroll for a lifestyle manual. I used to rent us a room in this seedy motel on the Westside Highway: front desk in chain link, shared bathrooms down the hall. One night I nearly got my throat slit in the shower. Another time I soaped up a pro hockey player before heading back to my room and doing the brothers Dulka too. We got all kinds of high in that flophouse, I lost weeks at a time. But at some point the brothers disappeared and I forgot about it.

*He produces a lighter and takes a hit from the pipe.*

Then I was invited to the birthday party of a certain famous sitcom star at a fashionable nightclub in the Meatpacking District. I don't recognize the address, so when we get there, my jaw just about hits the sidewalk. It's the Hotel Fuck Me Up, completely rehabbed, all lit up with limousines lining the block. I could not believe this shit, I thought I was being punked. At one point I actually said the words 'Hey Lucy Liu, I used to smoke crack here.'

RODERICK

Oh, nice...

TUFFER

A couple days later it comes out that the bartender had Hepatitis, and people freak. It was on the news. Jay Leno made a joke about it. They said everyone who was at the party should get vaccinated right away. Oh please. I shot cocaine directly into my cock in the exact spot where you're eating your duck leg empanada, I used to fuck junkie strangers with nothing but spit and confidence, and you're worried about Hep A? People in that place got way worse than a tainted Appletini, you know what I mean?

RODERICK

Excuse me, can I just-?

TUFFER

Roddy knows what I'm talking about. His buddy Russ wrestled with Hep C for years before finally ODing in some trick's bathtub.

RODERICK

Listen, I shouldn't have said what I-

TUFFER

Rotted there for three days before anyone found him.

RODERICK

I take it back, okay-?

TUFFER

Then there was Mitchell who got AIDS and figured there just wasn't anything he could do, so he basically committed slow-motion suicide.

RODERICK

It just pisses me off when you shut me out-

TUFFER

Or that kid Jordon. He *wanted* to get sick, chased that bug down.

RODERICK

And my anger gets misdirected at you-

TUFFER

But I'm not them!

RODERICK

You're every one of them!

TUFFER

I'm the exception! I am exceptional!

*Tuffer is too-far tweaked. Roderick gives up.*

RODERICK

Forget it. Goodbye.

TUFFER

Wait. That was the whole intervention?

RODERICK

Hey you wanna go back upstate? We'll arrange it.

TUFFER

Oh right, back to Serenity Ridge or whatever. Sober Meadow. Boring Forest.

RODERICK

You need some help.

TUFFER

Fuck that, you are not packing me off to tweaker camp with a bunch of pathetic faggots and their quote 'higher power' kool-aid drinking bullcrap, hell no. The only bottom I'm about to hit is the one chilling on my sofa, okay? I refuse to waste my Saturday nights sitting in a circle drinking shitty old Catholic coffee in some musty fucking basement talking about God like we have any clue what God may be if God even exists! It's bullshit!