

*Roderick heads into the house. Tuffer and Brandon will act out the scene that Abigail describes. Quickly.*

~~ABIGAIL~~

~~Brandon and Tuffer drink tea. They talk about music and money and their favorite scary movies. Brandon takes his shirt off and performs a monologue that begins~~

~~BRANDON~~

~~I kissed Bobby Kubiak on a Christmastime field trip to Powell Symphony Hall.~~

~~ABIGAIL~~

~~And ends with~~

~~BRANDON~~

~~That's why they call me the Hallelujah Chorus boy.~~

~~ABIGAIL~~

~~Tuffer feeds Brandon cake. Brandon pulls at Tuffer's shirt.~~

~~TUFFER~~

~~Hold on.~~

~~ABIGAIL~~

~~He takes a pipe from his pocket.~~

~~BRANDON~~

~~Let's just try it straight this time.~~

~~TUFFER~~

~~I don't remember the last time I had straight sex.~~

~~BRANDON~~

~~So to speak.~~

~~TUFFER~~

~~I don't know if I can.~~

~~ABIGAIL~~

~~Brandon takes the pipe and goes for Tuffer's belt.~~

~~BRANDON~~

~~I really want you to fuck me.~~

~~TUFFER~~

~~I really want you to kiss me.~~

~~ABIGAIL~~

He does.

*They do. Abigail exits.*

TUFFER

Oh, Brecken...

*Brandon pulls away.*

Brigham?

BRANDON

Uh-uh.

*It's a game.*

TUFFER

Brighton.

BRANDON

Nope.

TUFFER

Bratislav?

BRANDON

Shut up, he's not here, you can say it.

TUFFER

You mean...Brandon?

BRANDON

Bingo.

*Tuffer is rewarded.*

TUFFER

Brandon, Brandon, Brandon...

*Tuffer's pants hit the floor, and Brandon goes down.*

Oh wow. Oh fuck. Okay. Stop. I can't do this.

BRANDON

Oh yeah, believe me, you can.

TUFFER

No that's not what I mean. God your mouth is a fucking miracle.

BRANDON

Thanks.

TUFFER

But I can't.

BRANDON

Of course you can. Why wouldn't you?

TUFFER

You won't understand. Stop. Stop!

*Brandon stands.*

BRANDON

Why? Give me a reason! You can't tease me for three months, bring me all the way to New Mexico, finally show me a boner like that and just go 'I can't do this.'

TUFFER

Jake Ryan.

BRANDON

What?

TUFFER

I'm saving myself for Jake Ryan.

BRANDON

Who the fuck is Jake Ryan?

TUFFER

Jake Ryan is not a who. I mean he is, but... I think Jake Ryan is my higher power.

BRANDON

You're right, I don't understand.

TUFFER

I'm sorry.

BRANDON

No. No, you can't just sorry this away, I have been fucked with here. I'm pretty sure everyone who ever cared for you has been fucked with, at least a little. And you need to gay the fuck up and acknowledge that fact right now.

TUFFER

I'm making you sad.

BRANDON

Yeah!

TUFFER

You're right. Yes, you have been fucked with.

BRANDON

By you.

TUFFER

By me.

BRANDON

I mean, I thought you really liked me. Until about forty-eight hours ago.

TUFFER

I do like you. And I don't mean just sex... Listen, we can still hang out. I mean, we could go to shows and stuff?

BRANDON

I'm not really looking for a mentor.

TUFFER

Come on, you always knew we couldn't be-

BRANDON

~~My brother was aiming for the pool when he jumped off the roof. Just missed by inches. Whenever I hear 'close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades,' I think of him. Believe me, close counts when it comes to concrete pool coping. They said when his head hit the edge it sounded like a balloon popping. I don't think he was drunk but he could have been. I'm not really sad, I'm just regretful we didn't spend more time together. I think I could have learned a lot from him, like what God thinks of the new Coldplay album. Whether hummingbird have heavy souls... Yeah, I knew. I just didn't want to miss out. Because *maybe*, you know? I don't want to wake up one day when it's too late and think 'Damn, he was the one.' You know?~~

——— *Tuffer nods.*

Yeah. I mean, he's got issues.