

A FAIRY TALE
(FULL OF BEAUTIFUL MEANING BUT NO PRACTICAL USE)
(excerpt)

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CHARACTERS

JEREMY	A young, gay man. 20. A college drop-out.
PAUL	A gay man, in his mid 20's. An archaeologist. Jeremy's boyfriend.
ROB (THE ROBBER)	A political advisor to Senator Eleanor Rigby. Early 30's.
PROF. SAM STEPHANOPOLUS	A Greek archaeology professor at Georgetown University. 40's.

TIME AND PLACE

Paul and Jeremy's apartment.
Washington, DC.

Now (unless gay marriage is legalized.
If so, the past.)

ACT II
SCENE 4

THE RETURN BACK HOME

Two weeks later.

Rob and Jeremy enter carrying bags.

ROB

Your mother wanted to come, but she's tied up in the office. She's busy campaigning, you know? *(beat.)* She's very happy that you went to camp. Reverend Lovejoy said you were a wonderful camper!

JEREMY

Spare me the crap, Rob.

ROB

So you remember the deal, right? Once you move back home, she'll give you your trust fund.

JEREMY

That wasn't the deal.

ROB

Your mom just can't wait to have you back home. Speak of the devil...

Rob answers his cell phone.

ROB

Hello? Senator? Yes... He's here with me. Wanna' talk to her?

JEREMY

No.

ROB

She's thrilled you're leaving this life of sin.

JEREMY

I didn't say that.

ROB

She's very proud of you.

JEREMY

Give me phone. *(to the phone.)* Mom? I told you I'm not going back home. No mom, I lied... I lied my way through camp and pretended to be straight—just for you!... So you

could show Reverend Lovejoy and the rest of the people at Parent's Night that I had changed. That I had been "straightened out and saved"... But you know I did this for the money!

ROB

Jeremy...

JEREMY

So don't send Rob to do your politicking, OK?

Jeremy hangs up the phone and gives it to Rob.

ROB

That's no way to talk to a Senator. Or a mother.

JEREMY

Where's my money?

ROB

Jeremy... We're worried about you.

JEREMY

We?

ROB

You don't have a job. You don't go to school. You stay in this *house*—

JEREMY

Don't lecture me.

ROB

Paul's broke. You're two months late in rent—

JEREMY

We have the money. I'm just too lazy to go to the landlord's.

ROB

And Paul's not in love with you.

JEREMY

What?

ROB

Think about it. Here is this person that claims to love you, but he's off to Greece, probably sleeping with his boss, just to hold on to his "*job*." You deserve better than this. Jeremy, you need to come back home.

JEREMY

I don't fuck you to be my "mom."

ROB

What do you expect me to do? Never in my career have I been the "nanny" to a Senator, but when I think about you, and your "marriage," I just know that your mom's right and you're wrong!

JEREMY

You're taking her side?

ROB

Of course not! But you have to trust me. You know I wouldn't say these things unless they were in your best interest.

JEREMY

You need to go.

ROB

Just listen to me. Let's make a deal.

JEREMY

No. I don't want to deal with you anymore.

ROB

Five minutes, that's all I ask.

JEREMY

I SAID NO.

ROB

Jeremy, I love you. And I think you love me too.

JEREMY

What are you doing?

ROB

God, it feels good just to say it.

JEREMY

Get out of my house!

Jeremy opens the door.

ROB

Are you gonna' make me beg? I'm on my knees. Please. Just listen. I want to take you in as my "protégé."

JEREMY

WHAT?

ROB

You can go back home, go back to school, and we can spend time together in the evenings.

JEREMY

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

Jeremy slams the door.

ROB

I'll teach you all I know about politics! Then, one day, you'll start your career and take your mother's seat in Congress.

JEREMY:

I don't want to be a politician!

ROB

I think this is something you should consider.

JEREMY

Rob, this is my life you're talking about!

ROB

I know. But you need to understand, your mother and I only do this because we love you.

JEREMY

We? SHE AGREED TO THIS?

ROB

You can do better. *Be* better. Do you know how much it kills me to watch you live in this misery?

JEREMY:

I *am* happy, Rob. Very happy.

ROB

You know that's not true. I can't stand watching you do nothing with your life, when your parents are so willing to help you. You're lucky Jeremy. Most parents don't offer this to their children.

JEREMY

Most parents don't curse their children for being gay either!

ROB

If you just listen to what they said, and follow their suggestions, your life could be limitless.

You could do whatever you want! But in this marriage—this sham of a marriage—you're gonna' go nowhere. He's going to drag you down into his black hole of a life. *(beat.)* Jeremy... I could make you so much happier than him. What can he possibly give you that I couldn't?

JEREMY

Does my mom even *know* that we're sleeping together?

ROB

The Senator's busy these days. She doesn't worry with these things.

JEREMY

Says you. But what would happen if I called her and told her that her new strategist is fucking gay?!

ROB

What would you get doing that?

JEREMY

She'd fuckin' fire you and you'd leave me alone.

ROB

JEREMY: There's a reason why you let me fuck you.

JEREMY

Go to hell!

Jeremy exits to the kitchen.

ROB

She's willing to give me full control of your life. Through me, you'd be able to do whatever you want! You'd be free Jeremy, free!

Jeremy enters with a butcher knife.

JEREMY

Do you want to know how much he loves me? He was willing to carve his heart out for me.

ROB

PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!

JEREMY

Are you going to do that, Rob? Are you willing to carve your heart out for me?

ROB

Don't act out like this!

JEREMY

SHUT UP ROB! My *husband's* coming back for me today, so I'd like to tidy up the house, if you don't mind.

ROB

Paul doesn't love you.

JEREMY

We had a deal Rob! You promised me she'd give me my money if I went to that Nazi Christian camp.

ROB

But now there's a new deal.

JEREMY

I swear to God, I will cut your tongue out. How's that for a deal? Now say you'll give me my money.

ROB

Not if you hurt me.

JEREMY

What if I hurt myself? What if I slit my throat?

ROB

Then the money would be of no use to you!

JEREMY

I could give it to him.

ROB

For crying out loud, don't sacrifice yourself like that!

JEREMY

Not everyone in the world is as selfish as you. Some people do things for other people. (*taking the knife to his throat.*) Don't make me do this!

ROB

You want your money? Is that all you really want? OK. Fine. We'll send it to you. But then what? Jeremy, you say you don't need anything; but look at yourself. You're drowning.

JEREMY

Get out. (*beat.*) We're through Rob, you hear me?

ROB

This isn't over, Jer. (*beat.*) You know what your mother can do.

JEREMY

She's gonna' fire you after *I* talk to her.

ROB

Your mom's not stupid. She knows there's something going on between us. But she'll take you back, anyway she can.

JEREMY

OUT!

ROB

Can I get a kiss good-bye? I missed you while you were gone.

JEREMY

I don't know why I even trusted you.

ROB

You're looking good Jeremy. I'm glad you're back.

Rob tries to kiss Jeremy. He moves away. Rob exits. Jeremy cries.

A few moments later, Paul enters.

PAUL

Jer?! What's going on?

JEREMY

You have no idea!

PAUL

Are you OK?

JEREMY

No. He lied to me.

PAUL

What are you doing with the knife?

JEREMY

I missed you. I love you. I just want to kiss you everywhere ... Where are your bags?

Sam enters carrying suitcases.

SAM

Hi. I'm Sam...

Xanax...

JEREMY

You must be Jeremy.

SAM

XANAX!

JEREMY

I've heard lots about you.

SAM

Jeremy faints.

SCENE 5

DEALING WITH EACH OTHER

Paul and Jeremy are having a night-cap. Paul is reading real-state ads from a newspaper. Jeremy sits next to Paul, being a passive-aggressive silent diva, about to explode.

PAUL

We should start looking for a new apartment. Maybe somewhere near Dupont Circle? What do you think? *(beat.)* Jeremy, what's wrong?

JEREMY

Nothing.

PAUL

Would you rather look somewhere else?

JEREMY

I don't now.

PAUL

Great. I'm glad you're pitching in to a cons-truc-tive con-ver-sa-tion.

JEREMY

This is me being constructive. I'm an idiot. What do I know? *(beat.)* Want another drink?

Jeremy pours two new drinks. He gives a drink to Paul and then chugs his drink.

JEREMY

Man, I am thirsty!

Jeremy refills his drink. He then lights a cigarette.

PAUL

Since when did you start smoking?

JEREMY

Today.

PAUL

I'm allergic to cigarettes.

JEREMY

Deal with it.

PAUL

You're tense.

JEREMY

What would ever make you think I was *tense*?

PAUL

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JEREMY

What is wrong with me? What is wrong with *me*?! (*beat. calmer.*) Nothing.

Jeremy chugs his drink and refills his glass.

PAUL

I love you.

JEREMY

Shut up. Let's watch some TV or something.

PAUL

No, Jer... Let's talk about this. We should spend some of your trust fund into buying an apartment. It's a good investment. It makes sense.

JEREMY

Oh, does it?

PAUL

Stop playing stupid. I'm trying to be serious here.

JEREMY

And I'm not being serious?! What the fuck do you think I am thinking about Paul? WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY BE THINKING ABOUT? Let's talk about THAT for a second.

PAUL

OK. You lost me.

JEREMY

I lost you?! Baby, you've got it all backwards. You're about to lose ME! Do you really not know what I am thinking about? You have no clue whatsoever of what is going through my mind?

PAUL

You hate me?

JEREMY

YOU'RE FUCKING CHEATING ON ME WITH THE PROFESSOR, SMART-ASS. YOU'RE FUCKING PROF. SAM AND YOU BROUGHT HIM OVER TO OUR APARTMENT!

PAUL

He just came for a visit.

JEREMY

You know what? I don't want to talk about it. I'm just gonna' enjoy my Marlboro light, get drunk, and then cry myself to sleep.

PAUL

That sounds real productive.

JEREMY

Fuck you! Sometimes I just wanna' cut your dick off. Oh, he was just so *shameless*. "Hi, I am Sam. You must be Jeremy. I have heard *lots* about *you*." And then he laughed—so arrogantly. Like Santa Claus, on crack. "Ho-ho-ho!"

PAUL

I told you nothing happened in Greece. Jeremy, you're being totally stupid.

JEREMY

(like a dumb blonde.) Am I? Oh my God! Look at me, I'm waving my hands like a total fairy and being so dumb! Jesus, I must have dropped my brain somewhere, maybe, you know, my boyfriend's lover took it, like, by mistake or something—

PAUL

Stop it.

JEREMY

(still, like a dumb blonde.) —And like, I am never gonna' get over this, because I don't have a brain. All I've got is this stupid thing, what is it? Like a heart? And it's totally getting broken; it's like becoming a million little pieces!

PAUL

ENOUGH! What can I do to prove to you that *nothing happened*?

JEREMY

Stop asking me question I... DON'T... KNOW! Paul... What if we've totally fucked up and we've both crossed the line? What if now, that we've got the money to actually make this relationship *work*, I don't want it to work at all?

PAUL

What?

JEREMY

I'm having doubts we're gonna' work together!

PAUL

Sweetie!

JEREMY

I want this to stop. I can't take it anymore! My mind drives me crazy picturing you and Sam together in Greece! And it's not like it's you two: I imagine you and this weird Santa Claus, in a white toga, next to the ruins of some Greek temple, fucking in this weird, impossible sexual position, while I'm next to you poking my eyes out! Don't smile! It's not funny! It's seriously disturbing. It's so real. The pain.

PAUL

Can't you just believe me?

JEREMY

I don't believe in anything anymore. All I want to do is murder you. It's true. I feel so fuckin' betrayed.

PAUL

What about the fact that you slept with Rob? That you cheated on me with that scum bag for weeks?!

JEREMY

Oh, don't make me feel bad. I already feel like shit!

PAUL

And I don't feel like shit? You just told me you're not sure you love me; you don't know whether you want to be with me; and all you want to do is to kill me! Yeah, I'm feeling the love baby... Feeling the love!

Jeremy chugs his drink and pours himself another one.

PAUL

Can you at least take it easy on the booze? I can't talk to you if you're gonna' get all fucked up.

Jeremy takes another shot.

PAUL

Fine. Do whatever you want.

Paul chugs his drink.

JEREMY

You know what's really messing with my mind? At camp, when I realized I had to take in all that Christian psychobabble to just make it through, I ended up giving it all. My faith, my God... But what hurt me the most wasn't that I didn't want to believe anymore, but the fact that the only thing I could believe in was *you*.

PAUL

Me?

JEREMY

But when I thought about how you were cheating on me, I said to myself: OK. I'll give him a second chance. I'll choose to believe in him because there is nothing else left for me. But then I saw *him*: that person you had been sleeping with, materialize in our own home, and you just let him walk into our house to have dinner—

PAUL

We were hungry!

JEREMY

—And you made me make him my *special* burritos—

PAUL

They're good!

JEREMY

—And I had to listen to you two talk about all the marvelous things that happened to you in Greece—

PAUL

They weren't that great!

JEREMY

—And all I thought was: Jeremy, you are the loser. You gave up everything to this one person who is going to take you, and your trust fund, and everything else you've got, and do whatever he wants to do with it, because now you belong to him in this marriage, this illegal, unrecognizable marriage in SIN, that is going to take you nowhere! —

PAUL

OK. Just stop it right there.

JEREMY

—And I don't want to do this. I don't want my mind to go there. I just want to go back in time when I loved you for all you are. The good and the bad. But I just can't... I can't do it if I don't *believe* anymore.

PAUL

Jesus Christ Jeremy. Didn't I tell you this was going to happen? Every time you go to those

fucking Christian camps you get all confused and anxious—what am I supposed to do? We were OK before I left—

JEREMY

No we weren't. You were cheating on me. I was cheating on you! Why?! Why did you have to sleep with him?!

PAUL

I was pissed off that you were sleeping with Rob! I know I can't make you happy like he could—

JEREMY

Don't say that.

PAUL

I mean, I don't have your mother's favor on my side granting me every little thing I ask for—

JEREMY

That's not why I slept with him!

PAUL

Wasn't it? I mean, you miss home, don't you? How couldn't you? You're not used to living like this. In conflict. Dealing with problems. Your biggest problems are spiritual.

JEREMY

SO?

PAUL

So welcome to the real world, in which your spirit is the least important of your fuckin' problems.

JEREMY

THAT'S NOT THE POINT. THE POINT IS I AM NOT HAPPY!

PAUL

YOU WERE NEVER HAPPY. I have never seen you happy for a day. What do you really think happiness is? A constant state of being? You think anyone out there is happy forever? That's just fairy tales Jeremy!

Jeremy lights another cigarette.

PAUL

Stop smoking! I'm allergic to smoke.

JEREMY

This is my master plan. I'm gonna' kill you slowly, cigarette by cigarette.

Jeremy puffs and spread the smoke around the apartment.

PAUL

You're being psychotic. You're gonna' kill me!

JEREMY

I want to be free! If God's not gonna' save me, and you're gonna' disappoint me, I'd rather be all alone and free!

THIS PLAY HAS BEEN ABANDONED.

**BUT, IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE REST, PLEASE EMAIL ME AT
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THANKS!