

ALCOHOL AND MUSCLE

**By
Bradley Nies**

ALCOHOL AND MUSCLE

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ALCOHOL AND MUSCLE

To Scotty

ALCOHOL AND MUSCLE

Alcohol and Muscle was first performed as part of the 3rd Annual Blinn College 10-Minute Play Festival in Brenham, Texas. The play was directed by Dustin Randolph and stage managed by Aiden McAllister. Jennifer Patrick served as costume designer, Kevin Patrick served as technical director, and the cast was as follows:

Jeffrey:

Tex:

Motel Night Manager:

Jadyen Peavy

Steve Torres, Jr.

Josiah Fernandez

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PROLOGUE

A run-down motel room in the Third Ward neighborhood of Houston, Texas. About 10:30 PM in June of 1979. The lights reveal JEFFREY standing by a desk holding a paper grocery sack from a nondescript convenience store. He is neatly dressed in civilian clothes, and his hair and fingernails are neatly trimmed. The door leading outside is open and TEX, a rough-looking teen hustler, stands framed in the doorway. Tex appears aloof as he scopes out the space. He wears a cowboy hat and boots, and he drawls out his Texas accent as part of the “sexy cowboy” image he is trying to portray. After a beat, Jeffrey speaks.

JEFFREY. *(Tossing a room key on a plastic key-fob onto the desk.)* Come in, Tex. I’ll get us that drink I promised.

TEX. *(Plainly.)* First, show me the money.

JEFFREY. *(Setting the grocery sack on the desk.)* Oh. Sure. *(He reaches into his hip pocket and produces a wad of bills. Holding it up for Tex to see.)* Right here. Ready and waiting. *(Setting the money on the desk and moving to a beat-up box fan plugged into a wall socket.)* Sorry about the heat in here. The air conditioner’s broken. I bitched about it to the night manager when I checked in, and he responded by dropping off this piece-of-shit fan. It doesn’t even work. Typical for a motel like this. Huh? *(He turns the dial on the fan to prove his point. Nothing happens. Moving back to the desk.)* Close the door behind you, please. And lock it so we aren’t disturbed.

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TEX. *(Stepping into the room, but still scoping the place out.)*
Awright. *(Jeffrey watches as Tex closes the door and slides the cheap security chain into the track.)*

JEFFREY. *(Pointing to the bathroom door.)* Bathroom's that way. If you need to go.

TEX. *(Taking a moment to arrogantly check his face in a mirror on the wall. He likes what he sees.)* Nah, I'm good.

JEFFREY. You sure?

TEX. *(Turning and looking at Jeffrey. Condescendingly.)*
Believe me. If I needed to take a leak, I'd be the first to know.

JEFFREY. *(Embarrassed.)* Oh. Right. *(Gesturing to the bed.)*
Have a seat. I'll just be a minute. *(Silence as Tex saunters slowly to the bed, sits, and leans back lazily on the headboard facing Jeffrey. Jeffrey takes a bottle of whiskey and a six-pack of generic cola from the sack and sets them on the desk. Not looking at Tex, he speaks.)* Thank you.

TEX. How's that?

JEFFREY. I said, thank you.

TEX. What for?

JEFFREY. For coming back here with me.

TEX. Yeah. No sweat.

JEFFREY. *(Preparing the drinks.)* I mean, I know how guys like you aren't really into pity-cases like me. So, thank you for coming back here with me tonight.

TEX. Guys like me?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. Whaddaya mean?

JEFFREY. *(Looking at Tex. Concerned he has offended him.)*
Huh?

TEX. You said, guys like me. Whaddaya mean? *(After a beat.)*
Hustlers?

JEFFREY. Oh, God no!

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TEX. It's alright if you did.

JEFFREY. No.

TEX. 'Cause that's what I am.

JEFFREY. I-I don't mean it that way.

TEX. Oh?

JEFFREY. No.

TEX. Then, whaddaya mean?

JEFFREY. (*Embarrassed.*) I mean . . . studs.

TEX. Oh. So-o-o . . . (*Proudly.*) . . . you think I'm a stud, do ya?

JEFFREY. (*Turning back to the drinks.*) Oh, please. You're a stud, and you know it.

TEX. (*Milking this.*) Do I?

JEFFREY. Hell, yes. Guys who look like you can have their pick of anyone to go home with. You didn't have to settle for someone like me. And that's why I thanked you. For coming back here with me.

TEX. (*Standing and moving to Jeffrey.*) Well, tonight must be yer lucky night. 'Cause this lil' hustler picked you to go home with. (*As Tex moves closer, Jeffrey turns suddenly and speaks sharply to him.*)

JEFFREY. (*Firmly.*) Stop it! (*Surprised, Tex stops. Holding up the whiskey bottle and making an excuse.*) You'll make me spill the drinks.

TEX. (*Turning and moving back to the bed.*) Hey, whatever you say.

JEFFREY. Y-You shouldn't do that, you know.

TEX. (*Sitting on the edge of the bed.*) Do what?

JEFFREY. Call yourself a hustler.

TEX. (*Casually.*) Why not?

JEFFREY. You-You just shouldn't.

TEX. It's what I am.

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JEFFREY. I know, but . . .

TEX. You knew that when you picked me up.

JEFFREY. Still, you shouldn't refer to yourself as such.

TEX. Alright, then . . .

JEFFREY. Not any more tonight, at least.

TEX. What should I call myself?

JEFFREY. *(Still tense but gaining a little control.)* For the rest of the night, you're going to call yourself Steven.

TEX. *(More of a statement than a question.)* Steven.

JEFFREY. That's right.

TEX. Fine by me.

JEFFREY. Steven . . .

TEX. I'll be whoever you want me to be.

JEFFREY. Steven is who I want you to be. *(Holding up a filled glass. Changing the subject.)* Drink?

TEX. Depends.

JEFFREY. On what?

TEX. What's in it?

JEFFREY. Jack and Coke.

TEX. Hmmm.

JEFFREY. My signature drink.

TEX. *(Teasing. Referring to the bottle.)* But that ain't Jack Daniels, mi amigo.

JEFFREY. Yeah, well . . .

TEX. *(Referring to the six-pack.)* And that ain't Coca-Cola.

JEFFREY. I know, but . . .

TEX. *(Trying to lighten the mood a little.)* So, I don't see how you can call that a Jack an' Coke.

JEFFREY. *(Teasing back.)* Because that sounds better than calling it 'Off-Brand Whiskey and Generic Soda Pop.' There. Happy now?

TEX. Yeah. I guess so.

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JEFFREY. So, do you want it, or do I drink this shit myself?

TEX. *(Extending his hand.)* Nah. Give it here.

JEFFREY. Because I will, you know.

TEX. I'll drink it. *(Jeffrey moves to Tex and hands him the glass. Tex looks at the glass before speaking again.)* Would Steven drink this?

JEFFREY. He did when I offered it to him.

TEX. Then, I'll drink it. *(Tex begins drinking from the glass as Jeffrey watches him.)*

JEFFREY. Enjoy yourself. 'Cause that's what tonight's all about. Alcohol . . . *(Referring to two ten-pound dumbbells on the floor next to a small athletic duffle bag.)* . . . and muscle. I brought the alcohol, and you brought the muscle. That's all we can offer each other tonight.

TEX. *(With a sly grin. Dirty-mindedly.)* That's all, huh?

JEFFREY. *(After a beat.)* Well, for starters.

TEX. *(Lifting his glass.)* To alcohol and muscle.

JEFFREY. *(Lifting his glass, as well.)* Alcohol and muscle. *(Beat as both men drink. After, Tex speaks.)*

TEX. So, why'd you call yerself a pity-case?

JEFFREY. What?

TEX. Why'd you call yerself a pity-case earlier?

JEFFREY. Because I am.

TEX. You don't look like a pity-case to me.

JEFFREY. The hell I don't.

TEX. Now, why'd you say that?

JEFFREY. Because I'm poor, and I'm ugly. And let's face it, you could have gone home with anyone tonight. Someone who can provide more for you than I can. *(Referring to the room.)* Someone who could take you to a nicer place than this.

TEX. Ain't nothin' wrong with this place.

JEFFREY. Get real.

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TEX. I've been to a lot worse.

JEFFREY. Doubtful.

TEX. Aw, it ain't that bad here.

JEFFREY. It's a dump.

TEX. Nah, it ain't. I've been brought here by guys lotsa times.

JEFFREY. *(After a beat. Tensing.)* Oh?

TEX. Yeah.

JEFFREY. I-I didn't know that.

TEX. Hell, I've lost count of how many times I've scored at this 'no-tell motel.'

JEFFREY. Like I said, I didn't know.

TEX. Sure. *(Launching into a story.)* One time, I had this really sick ticket who brought me here and wanted me to pretend I was his nephew. That he and I was on some family trip together and we had to share the same bed at some shitty motel. And he starts making his move on me and I'm reluctant. At first. Then, I start gettin' into it and pretty soon he and I are . . .

JEFFREY. *(Visibly upset. Interrupting.)* Look, can we not do this? Please?

TEX. *(Taken aback.)* Do what?

JEFFREY. Talk about your past clients.

TEX. That upset you? Me talkin' 'bout my tricks?

JEFFREY. Yes, it upsets me for you to talk about your tricks.

TEX. I mean, it shouldn't surprise you.

JEFFREY. It doesn't surprise me. I understand what you do.

TEX. 'Cause this motel's close to the bus stop where I work.

JEFFREY. Yeah . . .

TEX. Where you picked me up.

JEFFREY. I-I know, but . . .

TEX. But what?

JEFFREY. *(Firmly.)* Steven wouldn't have done something like that.

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TEX. Like what? Hustle?

JEFFREY. No, he wouldn't have hustled. Not to my knowledge, at least. But that's not what I mean.

TEX. Then, whaddaya mean?

JEFFREY. I mean, Steven wouldn't have been with another guy.

TEX. *(Rolling his eyes.)* Oh, God! Steven's not your nephew, is he? 'Cause if he is . . .

JEFFREY. No, no. Nothing like that.

TEX. Then, what is it? *(After a beat.)* Is he straight?

JEFFREY. Yes. Steven was straight.

TEX. I see. *(Relaxing a little.)* Hey, no sweat, boss. We can talk, or not talk, 'bout anything you want.

JEFFREY. And please don't call me that.

TEX. What? Boss?

JEFFREY. Yes.

TEX. You sure got a lot of rules. You know that?

JEFFREY. Yeah, I know, but . . .

TEX. *(Interrupting. Matter-of-factly.)* Steven's straight . . .

JEFFREY. Yes. Steven was straight.

TEX. . . . and he don't call you boss.

JEFFREY. No. He didn't call me boss.

TEX. So, what does he call you?

JEFFREY. He called me by my name.

TEX. Jeffrey?

JEFFREY. Yeah. Jeffrey Dahmer. *(A beat while both men take a drink.)*

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ACT I

The same. Immediately after. Tex sets his glass down on a nearby table and takes a joint from his shirt pocket. He lights it with a lighter he pulls from another pocket as Jeffrey speaks.

JEFFREY. *(Concerned.)* Oh.

TEX. What?

JEFFREY. I-I didn't know you do that.

TEX. Do what? Toke?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. Sure do.

JEFFREY. Why?

TEX. *(Looking at Jeffrey. Again, condescendingly.)* Why do I toke?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. 'Cause weed gits me in the mood. That's why.

JEFFREY. *(Looking around.)* I-I don't think there's an ashtray in this room, though.

TEX. That don't matter.

JEFFREY. But where will you flick your ashes?

TEX. *(Gesturing towards the bathroom.)* They gotta sink in the bathroom here?

JEFFREY. Yeah. Sure.

TEX. Then, I'll flick my ashes in the sink.

JEFFREY. *(Visibly disappointed.)* Oh.

TEX. *(Sensing that Jeffrey is upset.)* You gotta a problem with me doin' this?

JEFFREY. *(Quickly. Lying.)* No. No.

TEX. Most of the guys I go home with like that I do it.

JEFFREY. I'm sure they do.

TEX. They think it's kinda sexy.

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JEFFREY. I-I believe you.

TEX. Kinda like I'm a renegade cowboy who does whatever he wants.

JEFFREY. I thought we weren't going to . . .

TEX. *(Finishing the sentence.)* Talk about my tricks.

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. And I'm guessin' that Steven don't smoke weed, does he?

JEFFREY. No. I offered him some, but he said he tried it once and it made him sick. *(Silently, Tex stares at Jeffrey. After a beat, he slowly licks his fingertips, puts out the joint, and carefully replaces it in his pocket. Tex stares back at Jeffrey. After another beat.)* Look, I'm sorry about being so particular. But for this to work, I need you not to do that.

TEX. *(With a sarcastic tone.)* Happy now?

JEFFREY. *(Sensing the tone.)* Yes. Thank you.

TEX. Like it never happened.

JEFFREY. *(Tensing.)* I said, thank you.

TEX. After all, it's your dime . . . *(Stopping. Realizing what he has said. With a little sarcasm.)* Whoa! Sorry about that, chief. Didn't mean to make this into some kinda business transaction. I hope you understand.

JEFFREY. *(Firmly.)* It's real life.

TEX. Real life.

JEFFREY. It's gotta be like real life . . .

TEX. I got it.

JEFFREY. . . . or else this just doesn't work.

TEX. I said, I got it. *(Sizing up Jeffrey.)* Before we get started, can I ask you something, pardner?

JEFFREY. Jeffrey. Call me Jeffrey.

TEX. Awright. Jeffrey.

JEFFREY. Yes, you can ask me something.

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TEX. Where're ya from?

JEFFREY. San Antonio.

TEX. Don't sound like you're from San Antone to me.

JEFFREY. I'm not from there originally.

TEX. Nah, I didn't think so.

JEFFREY. I'm from Ohio.

TEX. What brings you here to Texas?

JEFFREY. Military.

TEX. What branch?

JEFFREY. Army.

TEX. (*Referring to the song.*) So, you're in the army now, huh?

JEFFREY. I guess.

TEX. So, are you on . . . what do they call it? A leave?

JEFFREY. Sort of. I'm on Permissive Temporary Duty.

TEX. What's that?

JEFFREY. It's a leave you take between duty stations.

TEX. How long ya got?

JEFFREY. Ten days. Starting today. I graduated this morning as an army medic.

TEX. So, you hopped a bus after you graduated and rode it all the way here to Space City?

JEFFREY. (*Confused.*) Space City?

TEX. 'Nother name for Houston. Because of NASA.

JEFFREY. Oh. Yes, that's exactly what I did. I've never been to Houston before, so I thought I'd . . .

TEX. Head east?

JEFFREY. Yeah. Head east.

TEX. (*Getting to the point.*) You come here to find some guys to party with?

JEFFREY. Sort of.

TEX. I mean, why else would you come here?

JEFFREY. I've heard some things about Houston.

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TEX. 'Bout Montrose?

JEFFREY. Yeah. About Montrose.

TEX. I bet you came to check out all the artists and weirdos that hang out there. Huh?

JEFFREY. Yes.

TEX. And the guys? The types who hang out in places like Numbers and Mary's? Ya gotta be careful, though. Lot of police raids go on in places like that.

JEFFREY. Places like that?

TEX. Gay bars.

JEFFREY. Oh. Yes, I heard things about that part of Houston, and I came here to find guys to party with.

TEX. You'd get in trouble with the army if you got caught. Right?

JEFFREY. I could be discharged. Being gay isn't compatible with the military service.

TEX. I can imagine. *(Silence as Tex takes another drink and looks around the room. He spies the weights in the corner before continuing.)* You said that you brought the alcohol, and I brought the muscle. Is that what the weights are for? For the muscle?

JEFFREY. Yeah. I brought them with me on the bus. They're for us later.

TEX. How so?

JEFFREY. You'll see. When I'm ready for you to know.

TEX. *(Going along for now.)* Awright. *(Looking back at Jeffrey.)* Can I ask you 'nother question?

JEFFREY. *(Getting tired of all these questions but remaining calm.)* I suppose.

TEX. Why me?

JEFFREY. What?

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TEX. Why me? I mean, ya got off the bus at the bus station, checked into this motel, went out to get some whiskey and Coke, and found me hangin' 'round outside Ted's Liquor Store. Right? I mean, you didn't cruise this shit-hole city for fresh meat 'fore bringin' me back here. So, what's so special 'bout me?

JEFFREY. *(Giving in at little.)* You . . . remind me of someone.

TEX. Steven?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. Steven means a lot to ya, huh?

JEFFREY. I picked him up a year ago while he was thumbing for a ride.

TEX. And he's like me?

JEFFREY. He was thin and muscular like you. Yes.

TEX. But he ain't a hustler?

JEFFREY. No. Just a guy.

TEX. And he don't toke?

JEFFREY. No. He said it made him sick.

TEX. Awright. *(Tex moves to the bed and sits directly across from Jeffrey. Staring at Jeffrey, he continues.)* Tell me 'bout Steven.

JEFFREY. *(Not expecting this.)* What?

TEX. Tell me about Steven. *(Not expecting this, Jeffrey stares back at Tex. Tex continues.)* Look, If I'm gonna play Steven tonight, I gotta know more 'bout him. Don't I?

JEFFREY. I guess.

TEX. I can do anything ya want, Jeffrey. Be anyone ya want. But I'm sure as hell gonna need some details 'bout him.

JEFFREY. Details?

TEX. Yeah. About Steven.

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JEFFREY. Well, there's not much to tell. Steven was a just a guy I picked up and took to my house. My parents' house. Neither of them was home at the time.

TEX. Where were they?

JEFFREY. Separated. Each one going their own way. They left me alone to tend to the house while their divorce was being finalized.

TEX. (*Understanding.*) Gotcha.

JEFFREY. He was a jock.

TEX. (*Interested.*) A jock?

JEFFREY. Yes. Real good-looking, too.

TEX. I can be a hot jock for ya, I guess.

JEFFREY. Steven was a friendly type. In fact, he was my best friend.

TEX. Awright.

JEFFREY. I picked him up hitching.

TEX. Yeah, you said that.

JEFFREY. Did I?

TEX. Yeah. Where was he headed?

JEFFREY. Home. From an afternoon rock concert. At Chippewa Lake Park.

TEX. Never heard of the place.

JEFFREY. It was an amusement park close to where I lived. It closed late last summer. After Steven had been there.

TEX. Who'd he go see?

JEFFREY. (*Confused*) Huh?

TEX. (*Clarifying.*) What band did Steven go to see?

JEFFREY. Oh. Michael Stanley Band.

TEX. Don't know 'em.

JEFFREY. They're from Cleveland.

TEX. Prob'ly why I don't know 'em. Is Cleveland where you're from in Ohio?

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JEFFREY. No. Bath.

TEX. Never heard of that either.

JEFFREY. It's outside of Akron.

TEX. Okay.

JEFFREY. *(Referring to Tex's glass.)* Why don't you finish your drink? Then, we can begin. *(Pause as Tex moves to his glass, picks it up, and drains its contents.)*

TEX. *(Handing his glass to Jeffrey.)* There.

JEFFREY. *(Setting the glass aside.)* Thank you.

TEX. *(Moving close to Jeffrey.)* So, as Steven, what do I let you do to me?

JEFFREY. *(Startled. Tensing a bit.)* What do you mean?

TEX. Well, I can only imagine that this lil' fantasy of yours is gonna involve you screwin' the hell outta me 'fore it's all said and done. So, as Steven, what do I let you do to me after we end up at your parents' place? *(Seductively.)* Do you make me give you a blowjob? Force me to experiment with ya, even though I'm straight and I protest? Do I find out I ain't as straight as I thought I was and admit I like what you do to me? I believe the ol' expression is 'No Fuck-No Ride.' Is that where this is leading, Jeffrey? Do I let you fuck me for a ride home?

JEFFREY. *(Stepping away from Tex.)* No. Nothing like that. We hang out, drink Jack and Coke, workout a little, and look at porno mags together.

TEX. Porno mags?

JEFFREY. Yeah. My magazines. *(Jeffrey moves to the duffle bag, crouches next to it and unzips the nylon satchel. After reaching into the bag, he produces a short stack of worn pornographic magazines. He stands, moves to the bed, and tosses the magazines within Tex's reach.)*

TEX. *(Wrapping his mind around all this.)* Okay . . . So, we're jus' a couple of dudes who get loaded and jack each other off?

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JEFFREY. *(Half laughing at the suggestion.)* Hardly. All you and I do is drink, lift weights, and look at my porno collection. Looking at porn is kinda a big deal for us.

TEX. *(Bluntly.)* And you and I don't fuck?

JEFFREY. Hell, no, Steven. You're straight. Remember? I brought you here to party since my parents aren't home to hassle us about drinking their booze.

TEX. Well, that's a new one. *(He moves to the weights, squats, and eyes the number stamped on each. Unimpressed.)* Tens.

JEFFREY. Yes. That's not too heavy for you, is it?

TEX. *(Scoffing.)* Nah. I can lift tens all night long.

JEFFREY. Good.

TEX. So, do we start this lil' game by you picking me up on the side of the road where I'm hitchin', or do we begin at your parents' house?

JEFFREY. Starting at my parents' house will be fine.

TEX. You're sure?

JEFFREY. I've already picked you up tonight and brought you back here. So, that can serve as our first meeting.

TEX. Cool.

JEFFREY. You'll need to remove your shirt.

TEX. *(Interested.)* Oh?

JEFFREY. Steven was hot from hitching all afternoon. So, he'd taken his shirt off and wrapped it around his waist.

TEX. Now we're gittin' somewhere. *(Silence as Tex removes his shirt and ties it by the sleeves around his waist. Jeffrey turns the chair at the desk to face Tex. He sits and slowly sips his drink.)*

JEFFREY. *(Referring to the way Tex has tied the shirt around his waist.)* Yeah. Just like that.

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TEX. You sure you don't want me to smoke while we do this? There's a minimart 'cross the street where I can pick up some cancer sticks.

JEFFREY. I'm sure.

TEX. I've been told I'm pretty damn sexy with a cig danglin' 'tween my lips. And I'm a sexual beast after I've had a little weed.

JEFFREY. No. Who you are tonight wouldn't do that.

TEX. (*Shrugging.*) Suit yourself. (*Stepping up to the dumbbells, he picks each one up and begins doing standing arm curls.*) So, what happens after the hooch, the porno mags, and the iron pumpin'?

JEFFREY. (*Distracted by Tex lifting.*) Huh?

TEX. What happens after the hooch, the magazines, and the exercise?

JEFFREY. Oh. You and I wrestle.

TEX. (*Interested.*) Wrestle, huh?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. Am I good at wrestlin'?

JEFFREY. Oh, yeah. You qualified for state your senior year. Or that's what you told me, at least.

TEX. (*Arrogantly.*) That's pretty good.

JEFFREY. You're certainly strong. Stronger than me.

TEX. Then what?

JEFFREY. Well, then I get pissed off while we're wrestling.

TEX. Why's that?

JEFFREY. Because things go in a direction you're not comfortable with, and you decide you want to leave. And that makes me angry.

TEX. Angry?

JEFFREY. Yeah.

TEX. How come?

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JEFFREY. (*Standing but staying near the desk.*) Because I'm just not ready for you to go.

TEX. So, you get pissed off just 'cause I want you to take me home?

JEFFREY. (*Angered by the memory.*) It's more than that. You see, Steven, you promised to stay here until we finished hanging out together. Until we polished off the Jack and Coke, pumped some iron, and looked at my magazines. You promised me you wouldn't leave until we had done all that. (*Looking at the magazines on the bed.*) When I hit puberty and my parents were fighting all the time, the only solace I found was hiding under my bed and looking at my magazines. I was heading to an adult bookstore to buy another one, in fact, when I saw you hitching on the side of the road. I was thrilled when I told you where I was going, and you said you thought porn was cool. And I thought to myself about how I'm a nerd and you're a jock, yet we have something in common. And with that common link you and I could be friends. Maybe even best friends. (*Building in anger.*) But after a couple of hours of hanging out here at my place, you decide you want me to take you home. After promising me you'd stay. And best friends don't do that to each other, Steven. (*Shaking slightly in anger.*) You promised me just like my parents promised me that we would always be a family. That they would always be here for me. But they didn't keep their promise. Just like you, they broke their promise and went away. And, just like you, it was so easy for them to leave me here all by myself. (*Realizing that he is shaking and working hard to gain his composure.*) Your leaving keeps me from being in control. And ever since I was little, all I wanted was control in my life. (*During the last part of Jeffrey's monologue, Tex has slowly stopped doing arm*

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curls, and he stares at Jeffrey while holding each weight at his side.)

TEX. What do you do, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY. What do you mean?

TEX. Do you refuse to take me home?

JEFFREY. Oh. Yeah. That's what I do.

TEX. So, how do I end up getting home?

JEFFREY. You don't.

TEX. I don't?

JEFFREY. No.

TEX. How come?

JEFFREY. Haven't you figured that out?

TEX. No.

JEFFREY. *(Reaching into the desk drawer and taking out a revolver.)* You don't get home, Steven, because I kill you.
(Stunned by Jeffrey's remark, Tex drops both weights onto the floor. They hit the ground with a loud thud. Jeffrey aims the gun at Tex as both men stare at each other for a long moment. Quick blackout.)

END OF ACT ONE

THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –

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