

# Head First

By

Dennis Bush

# HEAD FIRST

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## HEAD FIRST

*Dennis Bush is boundlessly grateful to Lester Thomas Shane for his masterful direction, and Cooper Koch and Austin Larkin for their extraordinary performances, in the original production. Dennis offers special thanks to All Out Arts and the Fresh Fruit Festival – in particular, Louis Lopardi, Frank Calo, and Liz Thaler – for their support of this play and their advocacy for the LGBTQ+ community.*

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*Cover photo of Cooper Koch and Austin Larkin by Nick Coleman.*

## HEAD FIRST

*Head First* had its World Premiere production in New York City at the Fresh Fruit Festival, sponsored by All Out Arts, in July, 2019, with direction by Lester Thomas Shane, featuring the following cast:

Kyle.....Cooper Koch  
Second Actor.....Austin Larkin

An encore showcase production of *Head First* was presented in New York City in January, 2020, with direction by Lester Thomas Shane, featuring the following cast:

Kyle.....Cooper Koch  
Second Actor.....Austin Larkin

CAST: 2 Male (with the Second Actor playing 8 characters)

**KYLE** mid-20s, kind, candid; as a seizure disorder surfaces, Kyle is forced to process the sexual assault and related life events.

**SECOND ACTOR** male, mid-20s to mid-30s, plays eight (8) roles, including Greg (Kyle's best friend), John (Kyle's college roommate), Kevin (Kyle's boyfriend), an EMT, a sailor with some special skills, Tad (Kyle's sophisticated, arts-minded friend), and others.

**TIME:** Now.

**PLACE:** Here.

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*Lights up on KYLE sitting in a wooden chair on an otherwise bare stage.*

**KYLE.** The first time my best friend and I had sex, my legs were completely immobilized and I was drugged up on painkillers.

*(SECOND ACTOR enters carrying a wooden chair, identical to Kyle's chair.)*

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(As the best friend GREG; still standing, holding the chair)* When he fucked me, I had to do all the work. *(He places the chair a few feet away from, and upstage of, Kyle; sitting down; clarifying)* Because I was riding him. And, when you're in that position, you're doing all the work. I don't think that should be new information for anyone.

**KYLE.** *(Reclaiming the narrative)* It was the summer after my first year of college. I'd just had surgery on both my knees, so I was in bed, flat on my back, and my knees were wrapped and braced. I couldn't really move around without a lot of pain, so I didn't move around. *(A beat)* My best friend was staying with me for a week, while my parents were on vacation. They'd had the reservations and tickets and everything before my surgery was scheduled, so they asked Greg to stay with me. They set up a cot for him, next to my bed, but he climbed in with me. *(A beat)* And he kissed me. He straddled my waist and leaned down and kissed me.

**SECOND ACTOR.** He was hard even before I kissed him.

**KYLE.** He pulled down my shorts – the really loose boxers I slept in. I asked, "What are you doing?" I remember thinking that it seemed like he was a mile away, even though he was on top of me. And I blinked – or nodded off – and when I opened my eyes, he was naked.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I was already starting to leak a little. More than a little.

**KYLE.** And he spit into his hand. Some of it dripped onto my stomach, and I said, "Eeuww."

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**SECOND ACTOR.** Spit isn't ideal, as far as lube goes. But you use what you have handy.

**KYLE.** And he rubbed the saliva all over my dick. And spit, again, right onto my dickhead. I remember thinking that he had way better aim with his spit than I would have. *(A quick beat.)* And he put the head of my dick into his ass. And I said, "No."

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(Shaking his head)* No.

**KYLE.** *(Absolutely certain)* I know I said it. I'm sure I said it. *(A quick beat)* And he gasped and said, "Whoa," as he sat all the way down on my dick. In one movement. And it seemed like he was a mile away and like he was part of my body – at the same time.

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(Unequivocally)* The person attached to the dick is the one doing the penetrating – the fucking. He was doing the penetrating. And he was hard as a rock the whole time. No cock ring, no yanking on his balls. Just him and me.

**KYLE.** And he grabbed my nipples and twisted them. And I remember thinking, "That hurts," and I said, "Oww." I opened my mouth and said, "Oww." And he kissed me. He stuck his tongue in my open mouth – so far into my mouth, I thought I was going to gag.

**SECOND ACTOR.** And I rode him like I was in the fucking rodeo.

**KYLE.** And I cried.

**SECOND ACTOR.** And he came. *A lot.* So did I. I shot my load over his head. *(With a laugh)* I splattered the fuck outta the headboard and the wall.

**KYLE.** Then, he got up off my dick and stood next to the bed, staring at me. He grabbed a hold of my hand. Gently, but with a purpose. His hand was sticky. And he guided my index finger to the tip of his dick, smearing the last drop of his cum onto my finger. And he licked it. And giggled. When he giggled his dick bounced. I must have nodded off, again, thanks to the pain medication. When I woke up, he was wiping my dick and balls with a warm wash cloth. He moved up to my stomach and chest. And, then, he tossed the wash cloth on the floor and crawled into bed, nuzzling as close to me as my own skin.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Just him and me... me and him.

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**KYLE.** When I woke up, the next morning, he was gone. Not just gone from the bed. He was gone from the house. I made my way downstairs – which took a while, since I had to go backwards and hold the bannister with one hand and my crutches with the other one. He left me a note. On the kitchen table. "I kept the washcloth. See you later. Love you." Just nine – or ten – words, depending on whether you think "washcloth" is one word or two. (*A beat.*) I don't know what your take-away from that message is, but I was pretty clear: My best friend was now my boyfriend. If somebody treats your dick like a ride at Disneyland and ejaculates all over you and your bed, it's love. Plus, he kept the washcloth that he used to clean me up. That's romantic. Or kinky. Or both.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I started having sex with another guy pretty much right after that. And by pretty much, I mean the next day. I met him in a park about twenty minutes from my house. He fucked me near one of the walking trails. A lot of people have sex near the walking trails. A lot of people *use* the walking trails to find other people to have sex with. That's what somebody told me – it might have been some guy I had sex with, but, anyway, *somebody* told me. So, I figured I'd try it. And ten minutes after parking my mom's car near the entrance to one of the trails, my pants were down and a guy was fucking me kind of awkwardly but very enthusiastically. (*A beat.*) And, then, I got warts in my ass. It happened pretty soon after having sex with the guy in the park. So I went to the doctor and he said they were *anal* warts, which was pretty fucking obvious. He did a kind of procedure, I guess you'd call it, to remove them, and he gave me some medicated cream to use. I wasn't gonna tell anybody about the warts, but I'm not good at secrets. So, I told my mom and that led to a conversation about the sex. She was pretty sure that the warts were a punishment from God for getting fucked up the ass. So we prayed about it together. And I prayed about it by myself. I prayed about it, while sticking the medicated cream up my ass, which gave me a really intense erection.

**KYLE.** (*A beat*) After I finished a few weeks of physical therapy, I was up and around and ready to start my summer job. I hadn't heard from my best friend-slash-boyfriend since we'd had sex, but I figured he was busy

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or something. He was a year behind me, so he'd be going away to college in the fall. When you're getting ready to go to college, you have a lot of stuff to do. But we were going to be working at the same place that summer, so I knew I'd be seeing him, once I got back on my feet and could start working.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I got really good at making myself cum, just by fingering my ass – with or without the medicated cream on my finger. Praying, while I was doing it, didn't seem to have any effect, one way or the other.

**KYLE.** When I showed up for my first day at the summer job, he was there. He didn't say anything to me, but he was there. At the end of the day, I asked him if he could give me a ride home, and he said, "I found God in a special way."

**SECOND ACTOR.** It was a spiritual awakening. There's no way to describe a spiritual awakening that doesn't make it sound stupid.

**KYLE.** Which didn't really answer my question.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Giving somebody whose dick you've ridden a ride home makes him think you want to keep riding his dick.

**KYLE.** It's a yes or no answer.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I found God in a special way.

**KYLE.** He started mumbling about his personal religious discovery, and the whole time, he was staring at my crotch. And his dick got hard in his pants. Like obviously hard. He didn't wear underwear, so there wasn't anything restraining his dick or minimizing the wet spot in his khakis.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I didn't give him a ride home. I was strong in the face of temptation. But, when I told him, "No," and started walking away, I totally jizzed in my pants. There was like a gallon of cum oozing through my pants and running down my right leg.

**KYLE.** So, clearly, I had to reevaluate my understanding of the significance of somebody treating my dick like a ride at Disneyland and ejaculating all over me and my bed. Apparently, not every copious ejaculation means love. *Apparently*, some ejaculations are nothing more than a sticky hello. *(A quick beat)* Or goodbye. *(A beat)* My former best friend-slash-boyfriend treated me like a stranger the rest of the summer. Except once, when he got drunk at a party, and tried to lick my neck. He

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got really close to my ear and asked, "When you think of me does your dick get hard?" I didn't answer. But no answer *was* an answer – as much of an answer as he was going to get from me.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I got a clean bill of anal health from the doctor. Which was good *and* bad. Good, because nobody wants warts up in their ass. But, bad, because... (*With complete, simple candor*) getting the warts was what kept me from being a disgusting, godless fuckslut.

**KYLE.** My mom asked if I'd mind taking the bus back to college, at the end of the summer. She got rear-ended the previous year, when she parked in front of the dorm to unload all my stuff. Everybody gets rear-ended from time to time. Even mothers. She promised to ship all my stuff, so it'd get there the same day I did, and she bought a bus ticket for me. Usually, when she didn't want to drive the two and a half hours into the city, I'd take the train, but this time, she bought me a bus ticket. She called it a "luxury motorcoach." I guess she thought it would make it sound more appealing. I didn't really care, one way or the other. The bus got me from where I was to where I was going, and it took me away from a summer I wanted to forget. That's really all that mattered. (*A quick beat*) And, a few seconds after I slid into a seat in the the second-to-last row, a guy with a duffel bag plopped down next to me.

*(The Second Actor places his chair on the stage left side of Kyle's chair. The Second Actor becomes the Kyle's BUS SEAT MATE. He eases himself into the chair, smiling at Kyle.)*

**KYLE.** He said he was a sailor. He was wearing tight white pants and a dark blue hoodie, but he took off the hoodie pretty quickly after the bus pulled onto the road. He had on a white tank top – a "wife beater."

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*as bus seat mate*) It's not regulation.

**KYLE.** The bus?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Me. From the waist up.

**KYLE.** You're not regulation?

**SECOND ACTOR.** What I'm wearing. It's not part of the uniform. It's not regulation. From the waist up.

**KYLE.** Oh.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I could get in a lot of trouble.

**KYLE.** So, why do it?

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**SECOND ACTOR.** Nobody'll find out.

**KYLE.** Then, you won't get in trouble.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Unless there's an officer on here. Or somebody reports me. *(A beat)* You wouldn't report me, would you?

**KYLE.** I wouldn't know who to report you to or what to report you for.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Not in regulation uniform. From the waist up.

**KYLE.** Isn't there some kind of traveling exception that let's you wear what you want?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Nope.

**KYLE.** I wouldn't like wearing the same thing every day.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I went to Catholic school. We had uniforms. And I played sports. Uniforms for those, too.

**KYLE.** So, why not wear the whole uniform, then? Why only be "in regulation" from the waist down.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm taking some time off.

**KYLE.** Like a vacation?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Sort of.

**KYLE.** Are you AWOL?

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(With a laugh)* Fuck, no. *(A quick beat)* Are you?

**KYLE.** I'm not in the military. I'd be a conscientious objector.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Sounds like somebody who likes to watch other people fuck.

**KYLE.** *(With more than a hint of condescension)* It means I'm a pacifist. If I got drafted – if there was still a draft – I would be of service in a non-military way. *(Clarifying)* A non-killing way.

**SECOND ACTOR.** So you're a pussy.

**KYLE.** I'm in college.

**SECOND ACTOR.** An educated pussy.

**KYLE.** I'm not a pussy of any kind.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I don't mean anything by it.

**KYLE.** People who say that always mean something by it.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm just yankin' your chain.

**KYLE.** Does that expression reference back to a time when men had pocket watches and people would actually yank their chain in some kind of teasing way?

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**SECOND ACTOR.** I don't know anything. I'm on leave.

**KYLE.** So you don't know about the origin of a phrase that you used?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Not a clue.

**KYLE.** Shouldn't you know what something means, if you're going to say it?

**SECOND ACTOR.** You're fucked in the head.

**KYLE.** *(Taking out his phone)* I'm gonna do some research.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Right now?

**KYLE.** I'm gonna Google the origin of "yanking your chain."

**SECOND ACTOR.** Why not just talk to me, instead?

**KYLE.** Because I'm curious, and because you said you don't know the origin of the phrase.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I know other things.

**KYLE.** Like what?

**SECOND ACTOR.** I can tell how long a guy's dick is – *hard* – without seeing it. I'm like 99% accurate.

**KYLE.** *(With a laugh)* How does one develop a skill like that?

**SECOND ACTOR.** It's a talent. I was born with it.

**KYLE.** But you don't know about the origin of "yanking your chain."

**SECOND ACTOR.** Seems like you're doing the yanking, now.

**KYLE.** Really? I felt like you were definitely tugging on mine.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Just tugging? No rubbing? One's not as good without the other. *(Kyle laughs.)* C'mon. Put your phone away. I'm way better company than a phone. *(Kyle puts his phone back in his pocket)* Nobody has actual conversations anymore. It's all apps and filters and shit like that.

**KYLE.** Pretty much.

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(Making an effort at innocent charm)* So, you're in college.

**KYLE.** *(With a nod)* Uh-huh.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You have an apartment in the city?

**KYLE.** Dorm. *(A quick beat)* I think I know where this is going.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Maybe you do. Maybe you don't. *(A beat)* You got a roommate?

**KYLE.** Yep.

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**SECOND ACTOR.** He like to watch other people fuck?

**KYLE.** I wouldn't know.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You probably respect each other's privacy, right? You have some kind of signal? A tie or a sock on the door knob?

**KYLE.** We haven't roomed together before. Neither of us liked our roommates, last year, so we decided to room together, this year. He gets in on Tuesday. He's been in Belgium for a month.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Lucky him. *(A beat, then, a statement)* So, you'll have the room to yourself for a few days.

**KYLE.** Three days.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Three's a few.

**KYLE.** And you need a place to stay in the city, right?

**SECOND ACTOR.** I don't need anything.

**KYLE.** Everybody needs something.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You need to get your dick sucked?

**KYLE.** Nobody *needs* to get their dick sucked.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You've lived a sheltered life.

**KYLE.** You don't know anything about my life.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I know you're gonna switch seats with me. And your gonna turn kinda sideways and face the window. And I'm gonna get on my knees between your legs. And I'm gonna give you my hoodie and you're gonna put it over my head, as I suck your dick until you shoot your load in my mouth. And maybe I'll swallow it and maybe I won't. But neither of us knows which one it'll be, till I have that load in my mouth. I'm on what you're probably on, too, so nobody has to worry, right? So, switch seats with me and I'll show you a little something about *my* life.

**KYLE.** *(A beat, as they switch seats, to audience)* And I did. I switched seats with him. *(Second Actor gives the hoodie to Kyle, then gets down on his knees between Kyle's legs. Second Actor pulls down Kyle's zipper. (A beat, as he puts the hoodie over Second Actor's head)* And he did... everything he said he would. *(Second Actor bobs up and down under the hoodie, as if sucking Kyle's dick. Kyle struggles to communicate while overwhelmed by pleasure)* And he pulled my... balls... out and... tugged

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on 'em... Pretty hard... As he sucked my dick... And I never... wanted him... to... stop.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*Emerging from under the hoodie, wiping his mouth, as he gets back up into his seat*) That was fun.

**KYLE.** (*A bit out of breath; with a smile*) Yeah.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Cool.

**KYLE.** So...

**SECOND ACTOR.** Yeah?

**KYLE.** If you need a place to stay – while you're on leave... you can stay with me. But just for three days.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Only if you'd have let me stay with you, if I didn't suck you off.

**KYLE.** But you did.

**SECOND ACTOR.** What if I didn't?

**KYLE.** I guess... I don't know... Probably.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Probably's good enough for me...

**KYLE.** I figured it would be.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Can we get pizza when we get there? (*Clarifying*) To your dorm?

**KYLE.** Sure.

**SECOND ACTOR.** And, then, we'll fuck... like we *need* to.

**KYLE.** (*A beat, to audience*) He stayed in my dorm room with me for three days. In my bed. He offered to sleep on the floor, but that would've seemed weird, after he'd blown me on the bus. And on the morning of the fourth day, he left. I was still in bed, half asleep. He leaned over and kissed me, really sweetly, and whispered, "I left you something, so you'll remember me..." And, then, he was gone. I drifted back to sleep. When I opened my eyes, I saw a pair of his underwear beside my pillow. I grabbed them and pressed them against my face and inhaled the unmistakable smell of his dick and balls. (*A quick beat, then, indignantly*) Yes, I sniffed his dirty underwear. Everybody's sniffed dirty underwear – your own or somebody else's – at some point. It's barely even kinky. It's not like there were any piss stains or skid marks in them. Just sweat and some dried pre-cum. And his smell. His *scent*. (*Inhaling deeply through his nose*) And, then...(*He collapses on the floor.*)

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**SECOND ACTOR.** (*As Kyle's roommate JOHN, to audience*) He blacked out. When I opened the door to our dorm room, I found him on the floor, naked, with a pair of white briefs pressed against his nose. He was breathing, but totally unconscious. He knew I was moving in that day. I'd just gotten back from Belgium the night before. So, whatever'd he'd gotten into, since the last time we talked, had *nothing* to do with me. At first, I thought it was some kind of autoerotic asphyxiation thing gone wrong, but, it takes more than a pair of underwear over your nose and mouth to do that. And it wasn't even a pair of his own underwear. I looked at his ass for a second. I kinda stared. And I looked at his junk. I'm not into guys – not even a little bit – but I still looked. Guys look. And we compare. And, just as I was starting to wonder if he was gonna be sniffing my underwear, when I wasn't in the room, he opened his eyes and said...

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*Simultaneously with Kyle*) *What the fuck?*

**KYLE.** (*Simultaneously with Second Actor*) *What the fuck?*

**SECOND ACTOR.** You blacked out. Or passed out, or whatever, with those underwear all up against your face.

**KYLE.** It's happened before.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You've blacked out with underwear all up against your face, before?

**KYLE.** The two things aren't connected.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Apparently, they are. If it's happened before.

**KYLE.** (*Clarifying*) I've blacked out before. This is the first time sniffing underwear has been involved.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Jesus Christ, you were *sniffing* the underwear?

**KYLE.** Yes. People sniff underwear. What'd you think I was doing with it up against my face?

**SECOND ACTOR.** I don't know! Blowing your nose? Wiping sweat off your forehead? I don't fucking know!

**KYLE.** (*Simply*) Sometimes, I black out.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Maybe you shouldn't be doing kinky shit when you're planning to black out.

**KYLE.** Says the guy who put a bullet into his piss hole and took a picture of it.

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**SECOND ACTOR.** I told you that was seriously confidential information.

**KYLE.** You told at least ten people at a party, last May.

**SECOND ACTOR.** And none of those people have said jack shit about it.

**KYLE.** I said it to you. I didn't tell anybody else. I said it to *you*. To point out the hypocrisy of you saying I was doing kinky shit.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You were!

**KYLE.** It wasn't kinky. It was sweet. It was a present.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Dirty underwear is a present?

**KYLE.** In the right context.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Then I left a really sweet present for a girl in Brussels. I'd worn a pair of navy blue briefs for about a week and a half. They could practically walk across the room by themselves. I left 'em on the floor next to her bed, when I went to the station. Freeballing on the train has definite vibrational benefits.

**KYLE.** Different context, but, whatever.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Was he nice?

**KYLE.** Who?

**SECOND ACTOR.** The guy whose underwear you've been sniffing.

**KYLE.** Yeah. A great guy.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You kept the sex on your side of the room, though, right?

**KYLE.** Absolutely. I respect boundaries.

**SECOND ACTOR.** So, I don't have to worry about you sniffing my dirty underwear?

**KYLE.** No. *(With a laugh)* Not unless we fuck first. *(A beat, to audience)* We didn't fuck. Not ever. You were probably expecting that we would. A lot of people expected it. A lot of people *assumed* it. But we didn't. I did smell his underwear once, though, after I picked them up off the floor where he'd left them. I was curious. Woodsy, with a hint of vinegar. A really slight hint. Not unpleasant at all. *(A beat)* And I started blacking out more and more. *(A beat)* It wasn't a brain tumor. So, there's no need for you to worry. *I* worried, because I didn't know it wasn't a

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brain tumor. But *you* don't need to worry. (*The Second Actor grabs both chairs, roughly, and drags them both upstage.*)

**KYLE.** What're you doing?

**SECOND ACTOR.** We're going back to the beginning.

**KYLE.** How far back?

**SECOND ACTOR.** To when things changed?

**KYLE.** The Big Bang?

**SECOND ACTOR.** You could say that.

**KYLE.** Don't we need primordial planetary soup and a giant meteor for that?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Different bang, different needs. Just some rain, a Volkswagen and a utility pole.

**KYLE.** (*Fearful*) Let's not go there. I don't remember it, so it won't be real.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We don't have rain, a utility pole or a Volkswagen, either. But we do have a collective suspension of disbelief, so we're good to go. And we're only going back two years. It's not a lifetime.

**KYLE.** I can't.

**SECOND ACTOR.** It happened.

**KYLE.** (*Turning away*) I won't.

**SECOND ACTOR.** It changed the way your brain works.

**KYLE.** It didn't change who I am.

**SECOND ACTOR.** It didn't erase what happened to you before. It didn't erase anything – except your memory of the accident. But other people saw it. Other people were there. Witnesses. (*Kyle dives into the extended arms of the Second Actor, as if the Second Actor is supporting the superhero flight of the Kyle.*)

**KYLE.** People saw me go headfirst through the windshield of the Volkswagen and land in a puddle of wet grass in a field a mile from my house. I don't remember it--

**SECOND ACTOR.** But people saw it happen. It *happened*. (*The Second Actor lays Kyle down onto the stage. Second Actor steps back, then, as the EMT, gets down on one knee, next to Kyle.*)

**KYLE.** (*Rather dazed*) I don't like to be cold and wet at the same time.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*As the EMT*) Did you lose control of your bladder?

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**KYLE.** I'm sitting in a puddle. I was in the car and, now, I'm in a puddle. And my head hurts.

**SECOND ACTOR.** What month is it?

**KYLE.** April.

**SECOND ACTOR.** What day of the week is it?

**KYLE.** Sunday.

**SECOND ACTOR.** How old are you?

**KYLE.** Seventeen.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Can you touch your index fingers to your nose? One at a time, then, both together.

**KYLE.** Can I do it when I'm not wet?

**SECOND ACTOR.** It's raining.

**KYLE.** So, we should be inside.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We're going to move you, soon.

**KYLE.** *(Touching his index finger to his face)* There's blood on my face.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You have a cut on your forehead.

**KYLE.** That doesn't seem like a good thing to have.

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(Wiping some of the blood away)* You're gonna be fine.

**KYLE.** People tell you that whether you're going to be fine or not.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Your mother is on her way.

**KYLE.** *(Touching his face)* There's still blood on my face, and I'm still wet.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We're going to take good care of you.

**KYLE.** Shouldn't you start doing that?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Can you touch your index fingers to your nose.

One at a time, then both together. *(Kyle touches his right index finger to his nose, then, his left index finger, then, both together.)*

**KYLE.** I'd like to be dry, now.

**SECOND ACTOR.** What's your friend's name?

**KYLE.** Which friend?

**SECOND ACTOR.** The girl who was driving the car.

**KYLE.** *(A statement)* We were in the car.

**SECOND ACTOR.** And then you had an accident.

**KYLE.** And now I'm wet in a field.

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**SECOND ACTOR.** Do you remember what happened?

**KYLE.** I remember we were in the car. *(A beat, to audience)*

It was raining. And we hydroplaned and spun around one utility pole and, then, slammed into another one. And I went headfirst through the windshield of the Volkswagen and landed in the field about ten feet from the car. *(A beat)* I don't actually remember any of that. I don't remember anything from a minute or so before the accident until I woke up in my mother's car, after I was released from the hospital, a few hours later. It was the first big hole in my memory. *(Back to the story)* A caravan of my friends had been following us. My friend and I. She was driving. We were the lead car in the caravan. We'd all been at a picnic in a park about twenty minutes from my house. And all of my closest friends watched us hydroplane and hit the pole and they saw me fly through the air and land in the field. They called 9-1-1. And they were there in the field, when the EMTs arrived. I don't remember, but they were there and they told me what happened. They did their best to fill in that part of the hole. *(A beat)* And all I had to show for the whole thing was a cut and a bump on my forehead. That's it. My friend had broken bones and cuts and scrapes and blood all over. But I just had a cut and a bump. I was back in school the next day with a bandage over the cut. *(A beat)* When I woke up in my mother's car on the way home from the hospital, she didn't mention anything the doctor in the ER told her. Not a word. Not a peep. Doctors tell people things. And, when you're seventeen and not especially lucid, they tell your *mother* things – things that they forget to tell you – or think it'd be better not to tell you. Things that could've prepared me for the holes in my memory and how it changed the way my brain works. *(The Second Actor drags the two chairs downstage to where they were before he dragged them upstage. He continues, as Kyle's roommate John.)*

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(As John, as he helps Kyle back up)* You have to tell somebody about this.

**KYLE.** It's not a big deal.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Losing consciousness without any kind of warning is a pretty big fuckin' deal.

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**KYLE.** It doesn't happen a lot. It's probably just stress. Or a lot of really intense sex.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Jesus Christ.

**KYLE.** I had a lot of really intense sex, the past three days.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm serious. You should go to Health Services.

**KYLE.** I'm fine. Really.

**SECOND ACTOR.** The fuck you are.

**KYLE.** If it gets worse, I'll absolutely go. I promise.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You fuckin' better. (*Second Actor moves his chair away from Kyle's chair.*)

**KYLE.** (*To audience*) And for the next month or so, everything was fine. (*Clarifying*) Relatively fine. I had some headaches and some times when my body was like it was on auto-pilot, and I didn't have any awareness of what I was doing. There were a bunch of holes in my memory. Probably a dozen or so blackouts. None of them lasted more than five or ten minutes. Or twenty minutes, once or twice. But I didn't tell my roommate and he didn't find me naked on the floor of our dorm room – mostly because I didn't have any sex drive. And no erections. None. I still sniffed the Navy guy's briefs a lot, but their scent had waned along with my interest in sex. (*A beat*) And, then, one morning I was walking to subway and a sharp pain shot through my head. It was like somebody stabbed a big knife into the center of my brain. And, at the same time, a really bright, white light flashed across my eyes. And my dick got rock hard. I didn't black out, so I figured I was making progress in the right direction. I was vertical and hard. Erect in more ways than one. (*A beat*) And, like a shot, my sex drive was back. But it was more than that. The intensity of the urge – the *need* – was overwhelming. It wasn't just that I was horny all the time – I mean, people say that – *guys* say that – but they don't usually mean it literally. But, after that sharp pain in my head and the bright, white light flashed across my eyes, I was – *literally* – horny all the time. And when you're young and gay and living in New York, there's a willing – even eager – parade of people to have sex with. (*A quick beat*) But I had parameters: I never had sex with anyone I didn't go on a date with, first. And I didn't go on a date with anyone who I wasn't absolutely sure I'd have sex with. A date didn't

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have to be dinner and a movie or anything like that. It could be a snack or whatever, or just coffee. So I had a lot of coffee, and a lot of sex. One Saturday in early November, I had seven dates in the span of twelve hours. And, then, I masturbated four times when I got back to my dorm room. I could be in the middle of ejaculating and my brain was like, "yeah, that's nice, but you've gotta have sex, again, *now!*" It probably sounds exciting, like some kind of porny existence, but the reality is rarely as fun as the idea. Especially when it's happening every day. I wasn't in control – of my brain or my body. I wasn't in control of anything. *(A beat)* And, then, about a week before Thanksgiving break, I met a guy. In a non-sexual kind of way. On the subway. *(Clarifying)* I've picked up guys on the subway before. I've had guys follow me home from the subway, too. Guys will do that. If a guy thinks that quick, uncomplicated sex is possible, he'll do all kinds of complicated shit to make the uncomplicated sex happen. *(A breath)* But this was different. I didn't follow him and he didn't follow me. *(A beat)* We both got on the train at West 4th Street. *(Second Actor, as KEVIN, moves next to Kyle.)* We put our hands on the same pole at the same time. *(Both actors grab the imaginary pole between them, with Kyle's hand over Second Actor's hand.)* Mine on top of his. *(They smile at each other. Second Actor laughs.)* But we didn't pull our hands away, like I'd normally do in a situation like that. We just held on. He had a little bit of an accent. Queens or the Bronx.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm good... You good?

**KYLE.** *(To Second Actor as Kevin)* Yeah. *(A quick beat, to audience)* And we left our hands where they were. For five stops. It was already one stop past where I should've gotten off. As I took my hand off of his, he slipped me a business card with his other hand.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Call me. For real. No texting and shit – an actual fuckin' phone call.

**KYLE.** I took a step out onto the platform and, as the train doors were shutting, he shouted...

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(Shouted)* Seriously, call me! I don't say shit I don't mean!

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**KYLE.** (*A beat, then, to audience*) I stood on the platform and watched the train pull away, wondering, "Do people who say shit they don't mean lie and *tell* you they *don't* say shit they don't mean, or is saying you don't say shit you don't mean reserved for people who genuinely don't say shit they don't mean?" As I walked up the stairs, I tried to think of all the times somebody said shit to me that they didn't mean, after saying that they didn't say shit they didn't mean. (*A breath*) I couldn't think of a single time. (*A quick beat*) So, I called him. And we got together the next night. And we had sex – which I don't remember. I had a seizure near the end of it. He said it was good – the sex, not the seizure. My brain had been on auto-pilot for about a half hour before the seizure. So I didn't remember getting to his apartment. And when I came out of the seizure, I didn't know where I was. (*A simple truth*) It's disconcerting to find yourself in a strange place with your dick somewhere you don't remember putting it.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*A beat, as Kevin, from the subway*) It was good. You were good.

**KYLE.** (*Extremely groggy*) I feel like I got run over by a truck.

**SECOND ACTOR.** In a good way?

**KYLE.** (*Trying to shake off the grogginess*) There's a good way to get run over by a truck?

**SECOND ACTOR.** No. Sorry. I thought you were just, you know, wiped out from the sex.

**KYLE.** (*Still groggy*) I feel like I wasn't even there.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You kind of thrashed around and jerked your head back and to the side a lot, right before you started cumming. And you let out this really loud kind of scream-and-growl combination and, then, you just flopped down on top of me. With your dick still in my ass.

**KYLE.** (*The awareness washes over him*) I'm hungry.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We ordered Pad Thai before we started fuckin'. I asked if you like Pad Thai and you said, "Sure," and you started taking off your pants. Remember?

**KYLE.** (*Trying to shake off the grogginess*) I don't remember any of it.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Jesus. You seemed a little quiet. I thought you were high or something. But, Jesus.

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**KYLE.** (*Disconnected; primal functions are clear; nothing else is*) I'm horny.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We just had sex.

**KYLE.** (*Lost in his mind; like he's a mile away*) I need to get my dick sucked.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*With a laugh; he thinks Kyle is joking*) Nobody needs to get their dick sucked.

**KYLE.** I'm always horny.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm horny till I get my rocks off. Then, I'm good for a day or two.

**KYLE.** I'm not good. (*He begins to cry. His emotion is unfiltered.*)

**SECOND ACTOR.** Sure you are.

**KYLE.** I'm sorry. I'm kind of at a loss. (*Crying*) Like I'm not myself. Like I've lost myself.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*Embraces him*) You're fine. You're probably just one of those guys who gets emotional after sex.

**KYLE.** (*Wiping tears away*) I'm really not. I don't know what the fuck is going on in my head.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You'll feel better after you eat. And, then, you can take a bath. I've got a bathtub, not just a shower. So, you can take a bath. We can even take the Pad Thai into the bathroom and I can feed it to you, while you relax in the tub.

**KYLE.** You don't think eating in the bathroom is gross? Isn't there all kinds of airborne fecal matter floating around in the bathroom, from when you flush the toilet?

**SECOND ACTOR.** I haven't flushed the toilet since before I left for work, this morning, so whatever airborne fecal matter there was has probably settled down by now.

**KYLE.** That's probably true. (*Kyle begins to nod off.*)

**SECOND ACTOR.** And you had your dick in my ass like five minutes ago, so, airborne fecal matter shouldn't really be your big concern.

(*Kyle falls asleep, leaning against Second Actor; to audience*)

And he fell asleep before he could have any Pad Thai or take a bath. I carried him into my room and put him to bed. It was the first time I'd

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ever had a guy stay overnight. It was the first time I'd ever *wanted* a guy to stay overnight.

**KYLE.** *(To audience)* And the next morning, I was on the bus back home for Thanksgiving. The ride was pretty uneventful. No Navy guys. No blowjobs. Just a middle-aged woman who stared at me and told me I looked too serious for somebody my age. *(A beat, then, a simple question)* Can you be serious about somebody, if you've only had one date that included sex that you don't remember? He said he carried me to bed and tucked me in. He said he kissed me on my forehead. I think he was hurt, when I said, "That's weird." Part of me feels like, if he was really into me, he'd have woken me up and we could've made out or he could've finger fucked me or jacked me off – something I could've been half asleep for and still enjoyed. *(A beat)*. When the bus pulled into the parking lot, I looked around for my mom's car. She knew what time the bus was supposed to arrive and we were right on time, but her car wasn't anywhere in the parking lot. And, then, as I got off the bus, I saw Greg, my former best friend-slash-boyfriend-slash-dick-riding-and-then-ignoring motherfucker waving at me from across the parking lot.

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(as Greg, motions for Kyle to join him)* I called your mom and asked if you were coming home and she told me you were – and when your bus was getting in. So, I told her I'd pick you up. I got home, last night.

**KYLE.** *(Under his breath)* Would've been nice of her to mention that to me.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I told her I wanted to surprise you. *(With exaggerated charm)* Surprise!

**KYLE.** *(Coldly)* Sure is. *(They get into Second Actor's car.)*

**SECOND ACTOR.** Aren't you going to ask how college is going?

**KYLE.** I figured if you were picking me up, you'd have other things you wanted to talk about.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I wanted to see you. It's been like three months.

**KYLE.** You saw me all summer, and you didn't talk to me.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Things got kind of crazy.

**KYLE.** You found God in a special way.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I did.

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**KYLE.** How's that workin' out for you?

**SECOND ACTOR.** I feel like I'm a better person.

**KYLE.** I don't wanna be an asshole, but...

**SECOND ACTOR.** Then, don't. (*An awkward beat.*)

**KYLE.** So, how's school?

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*Sharply*) College.

**KYLE.** College is school.

**SECOND ACTOR.** It's good. How 'bout for you?

**KYLE.** Good... Really good.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Good. (*An awkward beat.*)

**SECOND ACTOR.** When you're at college, do you ever miss me?

**KYLE.** I've been really busy this semester.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I miss you a lot... I miss how I'd kind of snuggle up to you on the sofa, when we watched a movie at my house.

**KYLE.** That happened once. And it wasn't like we were cuddling or anything.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I didn't say "cuddling." I said I kind of snuggled up to you. There's a difference.

**KYLE.** So, when you bounced up and down on my dick, was that kind of snuggling, too?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Don't say it like that!

**KYLE.** It's what you did. You bounced up and down on my dick. And it wasn't something I wanted to happen.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You can't tell me it was a surprise. We made out a lot of times before that.

**KYLE.** We did.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Making out leads to fucking. It *does*.

**KYLE.** There are usually some steps in between. And we were friends.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Friends who made out with each other.

**KYLE.** We'd never talked about becoming anything else.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Because people don't talk about it. They just do it.

**KYLE.** When both parties are on the same page.

**SECOND ACTOR.** When both parties have hard-ons, they're on the same page.

**KYLE.** You didn't give me a choice.

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**SECOND ACTOR.** That's what you tell yourself to make you feel like you're the innocent victim.

**KYLE.** It's the truth.

**SECOND ACTOR.** You're not innocent. And you're not a victim.

**KYLE.** I said, "No."

**SECOND ACTOR.** And that's what you said the first time we made out, but you didn't move away and you left your mouth open a little bit.

**KYLE.** Because I was surprised that you tried to kiss me.

**SECOND ACTOR.** If that's what you need to tell yourself, so you don't have to take any responsibility for what happened – so you can be the good guy.

**KYLE.** I *am* the good guy.

**SECOND ACTOR.** I'm getting hard.

**KYLE.** God moves in mysterious ways.

**SECOND ACTOR.** We could be like we used to be.

**KYLE.** No, we can't. *(A quick beat, to audience)* By this point, we were about five blocks from my house, and I was about two minutes away from, "Thanks for the ride. Don't ever do it, again. Bye." *(Second Actor grabs and Kyle's belt and zipper; to Second Actor)* What the fuck are you doing?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Take your dick out.

**KYLE.** No. *(Second Actor reaches his hand down Kyle's pants, groping him.)* Stop it! *(Second Actor continues to reach down Kyle's pants, while Kyle tries to pull Second Actor's hand out of his pants.)*

**SECOND ACTOR.** We should be like we used to!

**KYLE.** *(Blurting it out)* I have a boyfriend! *(A quick beat; to audience)* I guess I thought saying that would make him stop groping me. *(A quick beat)* It didn't. *(A quick beat)* So, I grabbed my little weekender bag, threw open the car door and did a diving roll into my parents' front yard. No exaggeration. A fucking diving roll onto the lawn. *(A quick beat)* When I walked in the house, my mother said, "You come home for the weekend with grass stains on your pants? Lovely... Really lovely." *(A beat, to audience)* Does saying you have a boyfriend make you more serious about somebody, even if you've only had one date that included sex that you don't remember? *(A beat)* "It was nice." That's what I told

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my roommate, when he asked how my Thanksgiving was. (*Transition to Kyle and John's dorm room*)

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*As Kyle's roommate John*) Nice? That's it?

**KYLE.** Pretty much.

(*Kyle and Second Actor's next lines are spoken simultaneously.*)

**KYLE.** (*To audience, simultaneously with Second Actor*) I didn't want to relive the whole thing. He always freaks out, when I talk about sex stuff. And he didn't know anything about my former best friend-slash-boyfriend-slash-skeevy-gropey-dick-riding motherfucker, so why start now, and have to fill in the whole history, when he wouldn't wanna know about it anyway... So, it's easier to just say, "Nice" and "Pretty much," and leave it at that. I mean, I love my roommate, but he's a straight guy and, let's be honest, straight guys don't wanna hear about gay sex. But they'll sure as fuck tell you *all* the details of *their* sexual experiences – like gay guys are somehow fascinated by all the ins and outs of straight sext stories. We're not. We're seriously not.

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*To audience, simultaneously with Kyle*) It probably wasn't a great idea to take my girlfriend home to meet my parents and do Thanksgiving dinner with the whole extended family, and telling my mom and that my girlfriend and I were gonna sleep together because we have sex. And pretending that we haven't been having sex, just so my parents and everybody else could keep being fucking delusional is bullshit. So, Dana and I slept together in the bed I slept in from the time I was twelve till I went away for college. And, yeah, we had sex in that bed – in my parents' house. Because why the fuck not? And we were loud, and I didn't care. But, then, like two-thirds of the way through the fucking, Dana started to moan, but, like *bad* moan, like "ouch, pain," moan.

(*End of simultaneous dialogue.*)

**SECOND ACTOR.** (*To Kyle*) Vaginal dryness. She had vaginal dryness. Apparently it's a thing.

**KYLE.** It's a thing I don't need to know about.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Because you guys always have to use lube.

**KYLE.** You guys?

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**SECOND ACTOR.** Gay guys, bi guys – when they're fucking other guys. Anytime a guy is getting fucked by whoever or whatever is fucking him, you need lube, right?

**KYLE.** I just didn't want to hear about vaginal dryness.

**SECOND ACTOR.** Everybody in my parents' house heard about it, so I don't see why you should get off easy. I mean, who stops sex – in the middle of the actual sex – to say, "Ouch, stop. It hurts. My vagina is dry."

**KYLE.** Someone with vaginal dryness.

**SECOND ACTOR.** It wasn't dry when we started. It's not like you're in an ocean one minute and, the next minute, the ocean is a desert. So, I said, "Get it wet, again." I might have yelled it, but I was, literally, in the middle of thrusting when she told me to stop. You can't just stop mid-thrust and become a rational-thinking person who's patient and understanding about unexpected vaginal dryness.

**KYLE.** Shouldn't you be patient and understanding all the time?

**SECOND ACTOR.** *(With a laugh)* Like that's fucking possible. Nobody is fucking patient and understanding all the fucking time! So, I asked, "Isn't there a way to kind of hydrate yourself down there?"

**KYLE.** Did you yell that, too?

**SECOND ACTOR.** Pretty much. But I was losing my erection and she was crying, so I went with the first idea that came into my head. And, then, somebody banged on the wall. It was probably my dad, because my mom wouldn't bang. She'd leave a note suggesting that, "Bedtime is quiet time," next to a plate of cinnamon rolls at breakfast.

**KYLE.** The banging was definitely more effective.

**SECOND ACTOR.** For sure. *(A beat)* Dana was a trooper, though, and gave me a handjob, after I told her I needed to get off. *(Quickly clarifying)* And, no, I didn't yell that! *(A beat, as Kyle turns away from Second Actor, transitioning to Kevin's apartment and a new scene.)*

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