

## My Idea of a Coping Mechanism

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*Y Open to a dimly lit stage. The set consists of a brick back wall which stretches the length of the stage/performance area. There is a raggy couch and a laptop on the floor.*

*Voice over of Guy, a younger 20s gay man, begins in the dark:*

Gary. Justin. Will. Chris. It's only July and already this year is proving to be fruitful for failed romance. And, yet again, here I am.

*Lights up downstage right to full spot. Guy squints because of the light. He is standing center stage. There is an unidentified man in dark clothing standing upstage right. The audience cannot make out his face. Guy's shirt is unbuttoned and open. His pants hang low. He is barefoot. He says nothing for a long time. He doesn't blink. His breaths are very deep and noticeable. The man whips his hands on a towel and tosses it at Guy then exits stage right.*

Yea fuck you too buddy! That's the last time I sit on your dick. *Here* I am. Another breakup and nothing seems to change. Endless hookups to forget the endless failed dates and relationships. 'It's not you, you're great. I have so much fun with you and I'm really attracted to you. It's just that, I can't do a relationship right now. We can still hang out though. Call me if you want some company after the bars (*pause*) or something.' Damn right it's you. You wont ever find another like me!

*Guys anger subsides, he pauses, then falls to the floor. After sitting staring out into space, he reaches for his laptop.*

Yea, see if he ever hears from me again. You just lost the best thing you'll never have.

*He puts it on his lap and leans against the couch. He reaches for one of the many beers littering the coffee table; it's empty. He picks up another one and guzzles it down. He begins typing on the laptop. He pauses and searches for another beer. Looking at the laptop he begins,*

Gross. Hmm, threesome with a couple in the South End? Eh too much work. Stop emailing me! I'm not going to sleep with your fat ass for \$100 bucks! Add another zero and then we'll talk. Oh here we go, Boston boy 85, "Bstnboi85". You're 26, I think the boy stage is a little over.

*He continues to speak and type the following conversation.*

'Not much. What you doing tonight?' 'Yeah little horny here too, bored mostly. Was thinking about watching a movie, if you want to join' 'Oh yeah no I understand, it is a Monday night' 'Yeah company is always good' 'Nice. My roommates are asleep' 'Yes, they're asleep. Don't worry about it' 'My stats are in the profile, 23, white, 5'8", 150, slim, bottom/verse'

*Guy lights up a cigarette and continues to type emails. He jumps up after a few minutes.*

This place is a mess. Fuck it, he's not coming to kick back and hang out. He has one purpose tonight and he'll be gone when I'm done using him. Disposable, just like the condoms I hope I have around here somewhere...

*The computer makes a ding noise and Guy returns to the computer.*

Wait, ten minutes? That's a little quick. 'I need to shower and clean up.' I smell like sex. Alright, your call.

*Moments later another man appears. Again he is wearing dark clothing, and his face is hidden from the audience. Guy is sitting when he enters. When Guy sees the man he gets up to walk toward him and flirtatiously says,*

Hey, I'm Guy I don't think we exchanged names earlier.

*The man doesn't say anything. They are standing center stage face to face. Guy's expression goes from friendly and flirty to serious. With his right hand, the man forcefully flips Guy around to be facing the audience. The man begins to caress his face and shoulders. He touches his chest and hair. His touch begins normal and gets more and more aggressive.*

So the T.V. is in the other room. Did you want to watch something?

*The man removes Guy's shirt and kisses his neck. The entire time the actor is staring straight ahead above the audience. He has no emotion or reaction to the man. Abruptly the man pushes the actor to his knees in front of him grabbing the back of his head forcing his face down onto his crotch to perform oral sex. After a few minutes, the man pushes Guy off him so that he falls to the floor. Guy tries to climb up on the couch. The man takes him and forces him down putting his left arm tightly around Guy's neck so he gags and his right hand pushing down on the Guy's lower back. The man pulls down the back of Guy's pants and begins to thrust violently several times. Guy begins to protest and cry out in pain, but the man covers his mouth with his left hand. Once finished, he pushes up off Guy, leaving him on the couch and exits the same way he came. Guy crumples to the floor and reaches out to the laptop. He types,*

'Hey, what're you doing tonight?'

*The lights go out.*