

STRAIGHT EYE FOR THE GAY GUY

A ten-minute dramedy by
Jonathan Dorf

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

DREW, mid to late teens, high school student.

GAVIN, his friend, same age.

PRODUCTION NOTES

It is important that the tempo of the play stay crisp and not wallow, but take the beats when they are needed. At its original table read, director Jonathan Munoz-Proulx described the characters' pacing, very aptly I think, as a "rush to be heard."

Straight Eye for the Gay Guy had its first public reading as part of the Alliance of Los Angeles Playwrights/City of West Hollywood Lesbian and Gay Play Reading Festival, directed by Mary Lou Belli, with Eric Ballin as Gavin and Tim Dougherty as Drew.

(Early morning shortly before the buses begin to arrive. A deserted high school cafeteria. DREW, mid to late teens, with looks and a fashion sense that trigger serious envy, has his face buried in his math homework. GAVIN, same age and the kind of guy who raises the self-esteem of everyone around him, stands a few steps away and plays with his T-shirt.)

DREW: Super stuck on number 9.

GAVIN: I think this is backwards.

DREW: And 10. So much easier if they were football stats.

(Gavin takes his shirt off and examines it, glancing furtively at Drew to see if he's looking.)

GAVIN: There's no label.

DREW: Crap. Borrow yours? *(Finally looking up.)* What are you doing?

(Gavin puts the shirt back on, more slowly than he should.)

GAVIN: I thought it was on backwards.

DREW: Dude, go to the bathroom if you want to— Why are you looking at me like that?

GAVIN: Like what?

DREW: I don't know. Like...I don't know. Anyway, there's gonna be like a million people here in five minutes.

GAVIN: *(Beat.)* Maybe I was just testing.

DREW: Testing what?

GAVIN: If you're gay.

DREW: Gavin, you know I'm not gay.

GAVIN: I know, but—

DREW: Have I ever even checked you out?

GAVIN: Uh...yeah.

DREW: What?!

GAVIN: Cub Scouts.

DREW: That's not— Jimmy kept saying you had a third nipple.

GAVIN: I don't know...

DREW: Seriously, we were 9. Everybody was looking. You *charged* us.

GAVIN: I gave you the money back.

DREW: No, you bought me an ice cream cone.

GAVIN: Rocky Road was your favorite flavor.

DREW: I'm not gay.

GAVIN: I know.

(Gavin gives the bottom of his shirt a fast tug up.)

DREW: Stop.

GAVIN: Just confirming.

DREW: So can I get #9? Oh—and 10.

(Gavin goes into his bag and pulls out a notebook.)

GAVIN: Just take the whole thing.

DREW: *(Taking the notebook and copying:)* If you want my English, it's all yours.

GAVIN: Why would I want *your* English? *(Catching Drew in a "suspicious" movement:)* There! That was gay!

DREW: What are you talking ab—

GAVIN: There. That pinky thing –

DREW: I'm holding the pencil.

GAVIN: No – you did this kind of swishflip –

(Gavin tries to take the pencil away from Drew. They struggle.)

DREW: Get off my –

freaking –

Dude, I'm gonna –

I'm gonna throatpunch you.

GAVIN: I'll show –

you what you –

did –

(Gavin lets go.)

DREW: What is your problem?

GAVIN: Sorry.

DREW: How long have I been dating Chrissy?

GAVIN: I know.

DREW: *(Beat.)* Seriously, nobody could build that many houses.

GAVIN: Houses.

DREW: Habitat for Humanity.

GAVIN: I'm lost.

DREW: It's like the same two houses. I just Photoshop them into different colors. *(Beat.)* We go to the cabin. *(Beat.)* We, uh... I mean we go for walks and stuff, but we spend like half the time –

GAVIN: You can stop.

DREW: You're the one who's making me prove I'm straight. Why am I even doing this? I don't make you prove you're gay. That doesn't make sense, but whatever. Here – *(Gives*

him back his homework:) I don't want to be accused of having a gay pinkie. I'd rather fail.

GAVIN: Drew, you can copy my math.

DREW: Nope.

GAVIN: I won't say anything.

DREW: Pass.

GAVIN: Come on.

DREW: I should do my own work anyway. *(Packing his books:)* I'll catch you later.

GAVIN: I'm sorry.

DREW: *(Still packing:)* Cool.

GAVIN: Come on. Don't go. Do you want me to beg?

DREW: On a scale of one to weird and a half, this is creepy and three quarters.

GAVIN: Rocky is dying.

DREW: Damn. Sorry, bro. I didn't know.

GAVIN: Yeah. It's like cancer or something.

DREW: *(Puts his hand on Gavin's shoulder instinctively:)* That sucks. When Poodle The 2nd passed last year, it laid me out.

GAVIN: I think he knows, you know. 'Cause I like try throwing his ball and this new chew toy that's a perfect replica of a bone and he kind of shuffles a couple steps and then just leans against my leg until I pet him and oh my god I just made up that my dog is dying to get you to stay what is my problem?!

DREW: *(Beat.)* Are you into me?

GAVIN: No. Ugh. No. (*Beat.*) That came out wrong. You're my friend. My *best* friend. Do you think that's what this is about?

DREW: I'm kinda thinkin you want me to be gay, because you're into me, so then we could...be gay together.

GAVIN: Be gay together.

DREW: So not going into detail.

GAVIN: How did this become about me being into you?

DREW: Uh...maybe since you went all stripper and asked if I was gay.

GAVIN: I am not into you. You're attractive, OK—so don't get all offended like I just dissed your looks.

DREW: (*Starting to leave again:*) This is too insane.

GAVIN: Charlie and Vince said I'm a total disgrace. No—embarrassment. They said if there was a gay island, I'd be the first guy voted off. No. Charlie said the thing about the island. Vince asked if there was any chance I was just confused.

DREW: Since when do you listen to Charlie and Vince? And why are you telling me this?

GAVIN: I need your help.

DREW: I can totally kick their asses, but I'll have to wear a mask or something because I'll get suspended from football if—

GAVIN: I don't want you to beat—

DREW: You're right. I shouldn't fight your battles. I'll only go in if you're losing.

GAVIN: No.

DREW: Two on two then, or—

GAVIN: No. I need you to help me be more gay.

DREW: Dude, if you weren't my best friend, I would so throatpunch you right now.

GAVIN: Not more gay. Better.

DREW: *(Beat.)* Why are you coming to me with this? *(Beat.)* Aren't you supposed to be all giving me fashion tips and whatnot?

GAVIN: Look at me! Do I look like I can give you fashion tips?

DREW: I thought maybe not matching was the new matching.

GAVIN: You're kidding.

DREW: Yes. Dude, you cried when you thought your parents painted your room pink when you were six. I was there. You're color blind.

GAVIN: I'm color deficient.

DREW: What's the difference?

GAVIN: *(Shrugs:)* My mom explained it to me, but I forget. *(Beat.)* So how do you do it?

DREW: What?

GAVIN: Varsity everything and snappy dresser and perfect hair and—

DREW: Don't forget awesome dancer. *(Pause.)* Don't make me get up and show you.

GAVIN: And I get JV...manager, and I can't dress myself. The dancing you're gonna have to prove, but—

DREW: Cousin Joey.

GAVIN: Joey...? Joey from Thanksgiving? Steady QB Joey?

DREW: If he didn't hurt his shoulder, he probably would have played for the — not the Cowboys. He hated the Cowboys, but anybody else. Well, not the Bills either. He said the Bills were designated losers. Or the Patriots. He never said why on the Patriots.

GAVIN: That guy cracks me up. Wasn't he the one that grabbed the turkey and started running around the house with it like it —

DREW: My mom was ready to kill him.

GAVIN: Wait — so he was...

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