



LIKE A MAN

By Dennis Bush

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Like A Man

a play by

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Synopsis

Kenny's a smart, sexy, charming and creative screenwriter. He can also be an asshole. With no shortage of bravado, Kenny walks around his apartment in nothing but a pair of baggy old boxers and still looks like he owns the world. Kenny's roommate and best friend since childhood, Ryan, is young, gay, neurotic and witty. He wants a boyfriend but his track record doesn't give him much hope.

Kenny's buddy T.J. is the handyman for the building Kenny and Ryan live in. Sweet and naive, T.J. used to pump iron but is now more likely to down a few beers. He wants to be needed. And he's got a secret. Ginger, the neighbor across the hall, wields her rack like a weapon. She needs attention and a plunger. Ryan's best friend, Carly, an acerbic actress, wants an intimate relationship, her doctor's ass and the right light in every situation.

When Ryan comes home to discover stained sheets – the result of Kenny's messy sex with his ex-girlfriend – naked truths begin to get revealed. We discover Kenny's sleazy sideline job, get a window into his sordid past and get a look at him without his boxers. We find out what drives Ryan's OCD and see how far Carly will go to get a man. T.J. might reveal his secret but, for now, the duct tape on his mouth makes that hard.

In this lightening-fast romantic comedy filled with witty, literate dialog, everything is up for grabs. In the midst of cynicism and sex, there's still room for sweetness and romance.

Production History

Like A Man had a successful developmental production at Manhattan Theatre Club Studios, after workshop productions at Pearl Studios, the Players Club, and the Barrow Group Theater, all in New York City, with the following cast (in order of appearance) and creative team:

Ryan	Jon Riddleberger
Kenny	Skylar Adams
Ginger	Melissa Teitel
T.J.	Josh Evans
Carly	Kelsey Tortstveit

Lester Thomas Shane, director

Characters

(in order of appearance)

Ryan

mid-20's; gay; more cute than handsome; smart; funny; quirky energy;
hasn't had much success in the romance department

Kenny

mid-20's; straight; vulgar, yet very likable; can wear a pair of baggy old boxers and still
manage to look like he owns the world

Ginger

mid-30's; brassy but with humor and underlying warmth;
shows a lot of cleavage

T.J.

late 20's; rugged; blue-collar; not especially savvy with words or complex ideas;
gay but not out; a handyman who's spent more time drinking beer than working out,
since he graduated from high school

Carly

mid-20's; cute; stylish; high energy; more than a tad obsessive; witty, sassy;
can hold her own in any situation

Setting

Ryan and Kenny's apartment in Los Angeles, during two weeks in June.

Act One

At rise in dim light: RYAN and KENNY's apartment is a serious mess. Beer bottles are strewn all over, empty bags of chips and other snacks are scattered like remnants of an explosion. On a side table, two scale models of office buildings are completely cocooned in plastic wrap.

The sound of the front door being unlocked is heard. RYAN flips on the light. The post-party disaster area is in full view. RYAN is mid-20s, more cute than handsome. People who meet him are more likely to remember his personality than his looks.

RYAN

(Taken aback by the mess)

What the fuck?

KENNY

(From offstage)

What?

RYAN

(Still rather stunned by the disaster area he's encountered)

What the fuck happened?

KENNY enters. He is mid-20's. He's wearing baggy, old-school boxers and nothing else. He's disheveled but still manages to look like he owns the world. He has his hand in his boxers adjusting himself.

KENNY

I just took an epic piss in the sink.

RYAN looks at him, dumbfounded.

KENNY (cont.)

(Explaining)

You asked what happened. So I told you. I just took an epic piss in the sink.

RYAN

Which sink?

KENNY

The bathroom.

RYAN
Yours or mine?

KENNY
Yours. The drain's clogged in mine.

RYAN
So use some Liquid Plumber.

KENNY
I'm not gonna pour toxic chemicals down the drain and fuck up the environment.

RYAN
But you'll piss in my sink?

KENNY
Piss isn't a toxic chemical. It's natural. It's organic.

RYAN
And now it's in my sink.

KENNY
I ran the water after I was done.

RYAN
Why didn't you just use the toilet?

KENNY
Distance.

RYAN
The sink and the toilet are right next to each other. There's no distance variable.

KENNY
The distance from my dick to the sink is shorter than it is from my dick to the toilet.

RYAN
Oh, Christ.

KENNY
What? (*Defensive*) I'm hung over. My aim is off. I didn't wanna piss on the floor. I thought I was doing you a favor.

RYAN
By peeing in my sink?

KENNY

By not pissing on the floor.

RYAN

Why not just sit down to pee, if your aim is off?

KENNY

I'm not gonna sit down to pee. Men don't sit down to pee. *Straight* men don't sit down to pee.

RYAN

No, they piss in the sink. That's so much more *masculine*.

KENNY

I'm not the first guy to piss in a sink. Sometimes, it's the best option. I've seen guys do it at Dodger Stadium. Staples Center, too. When the line for the urinals is really long, some dudes'll just whip it out and go in the sink. Nobody says shit. It's not a big deal.

RYAN

Then piss in your own sink.

KENNY

I told you, the drain's clogged.

RYAN

Then I'll unclog it. Problem solved.

KENNY

(Muttering to himself)

Next time I piss in your sink, I just won't tell you. Problem solved.

RYAN

(Looking at mess)

I thought you said you were going to be writing last night.

KENNY

I was. But some people dropped by.

RYAN

Unexpectedly? Out of the blue?

KENNY

Not exactly.

RYAN

I thought we agreed – no parties.

KENNY

It wasn't a party. Just a few friends. A casual gathering.

RYAN

Semantics.

KENNY

Everybody asked where you were.

RYAN

Everybody?

KENNY

Sarah, mostly.

RYAN

A "casual gathering" with your ex-girlfriend. And the other people were just here to watch you two fight?

KENNY

No fighting. It was all good. Totally chill.

RYAN

You're gonna clean up the mess.

KENNY

Yeah.

RYAN

It wasn't a question. It was a statement. You're going to clean up the mess.

KENNY

I got it the first time.

RYAN

Good. *(Crossing to his bedroom)* I'm gonna crash. All night long, we had to walk back and forth while they shot the same scene over and over. Extra work is tedious.

RYAN exits into his bedroom.

KENNY

(Yelling toward the bedroom)

Then why'd you do it?

RYAN

(From the bedroom)

Carly wanted to. She thought it'd be fun. And the background casting person is a friend of hers.

KENNY

Cool.

RYAN

(From the bedroom)

What the fuck?

KENNY

(Under his breath)

Again with the "What the fuck?"

RYAN

(Coming out of his bedroom, as if propelled by jet fuel)

Did you and Sarah have sex on my bed, last night?

KENNY

What?

RYAN

Did you and Sarah have sex on my bed, last night?!

KENNY

Why?

RYAN

Because there are... Stains... Sex stains... There are definitely sex stains on my bed.

KENNY

(Laughing)

Sex stains?

RYAN

Yes. Sex stains. You know what I mean.

KENNY

Why would you think they were from me?

RYAN

Because you said Sarah was here, last night.

So you automatically assume... KENNY

RYAN
(Interrupting him; in full-on interrogation mode)
Were you in my room last night?

We were talking. KENNY

You couldn't talk out here? RYAN

It was too loud. KENNY

You couldn't go out in the hall? RYAN

It was easier just to go in your room. KENNY

To have sex. RYAN

To talk. KENNY

And have sex. RYAN

Maybe a little. KENNY

Maybe a little? RYAN

We didn't do much. KENNY

You did enough to leave stains. RYAN

I'll wash your sheets. KENNY

RYAN

Damn right you will.

KENNY

I don't know what the big deal is. It's not like it's the first time somebody jizzed on your sheets... Or maybe it is. Maybe that's the problem.

RYAN

Don't turn it around and make this about me. You're the one who crossed the line.

KENNY

Which line is that?

RYAN

The line where you don't have sex on your roommate's bed.

KENNY

My bed was in use.

RYAN

Your bed folds out from the sofa.

KENNY

Exactly. And there were people sitting on the sofa. What was I supposed to do? Ask them to sit someplace else while I got some?

RYAN

I'd rather that than have sex stains all over my bed.

KENNY

I told you I'll wash the sheets.

RYAN

Yeah, but it's like my whole room is stained.

KENNY

We stayed on the bed. I'm not takin' the blame for stains anywhere else in the room.

RYAN

I was speaking metaphorically.

KENNY

You're a fucktard.

RYAN

I'm serious. Every time I go in my room, I'll imagine you and Sarah doing it on my bed.

KENNY

At least somebody is.

RYAN

Just because I don't do it on somebody else's bed, in the middle of a party, doesn't mean I'm not having sex.

KENNY

When was the last time?

RYAN

The last time for what?

KENNY

The last time you had sex.

RYAN

The last time I had sex on my own bed?

KENNY

You're stalling. The last time you had sex *period*.

RYAN

A few days ago.

KENNY

With who?

RYAN

I don't think that's any of your business.

KENNY

Bullshit. Every time you get laid, you practically shoot off a flare – *metaphorically speaking* – so I don't know what you're being all coy about now.

RYAN

Being discreet isn't the same as being coy. I'm being discreet. And I'm gonna go change my sheets.

RYAN exits into his bedroom.

KENNY

(Shouting in the direction of RYAN's bedroom)

Whacking off into a dirty sock isn't the same as having sex, ya know.

RYAN
(Yelling from his room)

I heard that.

KENNY

It's not like I was whispering.

RYAN hurls the bundle of soiled sheets into the living room.

RYAN
(Shouting from his room)

There are the sheets for you to wash.

KENNY
I figured that when they came flying out of your room. *(Looks around; the mess in the living room and kitchen finally registers)* Jesus. We really did trash this place, last night.

KENNY begins to clean up. RYAN comes back into the living room wearing latex gloves.

KENNY (cont.)
(Noticing the gloves on RYAN)

What's with the gloves? You planning to give me a rectal exam?

RYAN
You wish. *(Explaining)* You don't think I touched the sex-stained sheets with my bare hands, do you?

KENNY
Wouldn't bother me.

RYAN
Yeah, I guess not. They were your stains.

KENNY picks up the bundle of sheets and throws it onto the pile of his dirty laundry that's already threatening to take over a corner of the living room.

KENNY
I don't think it would bother me even if they weren't.

RYAN
Yeah, well, that's you. *(Picks up a beer bottle)* And from the looks of it, I might as well keep the gloves on out here.

KENNY

(With a smirk and chuckle)

You better. Ya never know what kinda nasty shit you'll find after a party.

They both laugh.

RYAN

Assclown.

KENNY grabs two beers out of the refrigerator and offers one to RYAN.

RYAN (cont.)

Nah. It's too early.

KENNY

You haven't been to bed, yet. So, technically, this is like last call from yesterday.

RYAN

(Grabbing the beer, laughing)

Works for me.

RYAN and KENNY clink their beer bottles together. Each guy opens his bottle and takes a long, thirsty swig.

KENNY

Sorry about the... mess.

RYAN

It's always an adventure with you.

A beat. KENNY begins to clean up in earnest. RYAN pitches in.

RYAN (cont.)

So, how was it?

KENNY

The party?

RYAN

The sex with Sarah. I thought you said you'd never get back together with her.

KENNY

We're not getting back together.