

***JACK AND BILL***

**I**

**Cast**

Jack            - the hustler  
Bill            - the customer  
Hector        -

**Act One** - Bill's House, any big city

- Scene One - Contact
- Scene Two - First Meeting
- Scene Three - After the First Encounter
- Scene Four - The Second Encounter
- Scene Five - After the Second Encounter
- Scene Six - After the Third Encounter
- Scene Seven - Bill studies the Internet
- Scene Eight - Another Scene
- Scene Nine - After the Scene
- Scene Ten - Wrestling
- Scene Eleven - After the wrestling
- Scene Twelve - The Proposal
- Scene Thirteen - Maps

**Act Two** - Pacific Beach

- Scene One - Jack arrives
- Scene Two - Night arrives
- Scene Three - Night
- Scene Four - Morning
- Scene Five - Building the Pyre
- Scene Six - On the Pyre
- Scene Seven - Hector

## Act One

*Act one is a series of conversations and encounters between Jack and Bill, at Bill's house at first on the phone and then face to face. Minimal stage props.*

*Rear projection required. In Act One it displays Bill's computer screen where indicated.*

### Scene One

*Bill, a middle-aged nondescript man, works intently on his laptop. The screen of his laptop is projected behind him. He is flipping through a selection of hustlers, all 'dominant' types and comparing several to Jack. We see Jack in military garb, muscular. "Marine muscle, 200, top shape, extreme domination, wrestling, new listing, out only." He writes down the phone number. He lifts Jack's photo to a blank page. He ponders. He makes the call.*

*Lights up on Jack, on a different part of the stage, who takes the call.*

Bill	I'm call about your .... on the Internet.
Jack	Good timing. Bud. Just back from the gym.
Bill	Ah ... Ah .... What's your ... what should I call you?
Jack	Call me Jack.
Bill	I'm ... I'm Bill.
Jack	So what do you like, Bill?
Bill	Ah ... Ah ... How tall .... someone ... taller than me ... what I mean ... it's just ... that's it's important ... to me ...
Jack	Understood. 6 - 1, 205 actually, 46 chest, 32 waist, 18 inch arms, 9 inches cut. Work out regular, clean shave. Square jaw. Black eyes, black hair. What

else you want to know?

Bill Your picture looks great. I mean fantastic.

Jack True facts, or your money back.

Bill You should give your stats in the ad. Be good for your business.

Jack I get all the business I want, Bill. "Domination" sends the message.

Bill Yes ... Sir.

Jack The stats tend to attract guys *just* into body worship. It's not exactly interesting from my point of view. Hope I don't sound too arrogant.

Bill I understand, I mean ... I think I can understand ... I ... imagine I think ... from your point of view, I mean.... Anyhow, that not my thing either. Don't get me wrong, your body is great.  
How come I've never seen your ad before?

Jack Never been one. I'm new around here.

Bill I'm looking for someone bigger than me.

Jack You said that.

Bill Right.

Jack Am I big enough?

Bill I'm 5'8", 150. You're perfect.

Jack Good size, Bill. Versatile. Don't really like the chubby ones, if you know what I mean.

Bill That's what I think.

Jack Got fifty pounds on you, Bill. That oughta do it. Bill ~~How much~~  
for a session?

Jack Depends on what you're into. I'm expensive. Basic domination is two fifty. Extras are extra. I'm not an amateur, Bill.

Bill How much for wrestling?

Jack                    That's basic.

Bill                    You like wrestling?

Jack                    It's in the ad. All kinds, Bill.

Bill                    I won't be much of a challenge. But I love doing it. Wrestling.

Jack                    That's cool. I dig it. Nobody every beats me, Bill, so don't feel bad. You got your own place?

Bill                    Yes

Jack                    You got the bread.

Bill                    Yes

Jack                    So want to get together?

Bill                    Maybe.

Jack                    Well, Bill, I don't do phone sex, so decide where you're at and call back when you're ready.

Bill                    If I want to get fucked, do you do that?

Jack                    That depends on many things, Bill.

Bill                    On what?

Jack                    I'd put it out of your mind for now, Bill. Maybe later. We can jerk off together, if you like.

Bill                    Can I suck your cock?

Jack                    I have high standards expected of a cocksucker.

Bill                    I'm a quick learner.

Jack                    In my experience learning requires discipline. Can you handle that?

Bill                    Yes Sir.

Jack                    Cum is extra. If you want cum, and it depends what else is on my schedule for

that night.

Bill Do you like it? Getting sucked off?

Jack Bill now you're doing phone sex. And I don't do phone sex.

Bill How old are you?

Jack Thirty one.

Bill I'm older, but I'm in pretty good shape.

Jack That's cool.

Bill Can you come here?

Jack I'm out only. It's in the ad. You live alone?

Bill Yes.

Jack Can anybody hear us?

Bill I've got a basement room.

Jack Where's your digs? What time works for you, good buddy.

*Lights*

## ***Scene Two***

*Bill's house. Jack and Bill enter stage left from Bill front door.*

Bill Wow. You're in fantastic shape,

Jack Thank you.

Bill That's s a lot of work, I mean at the gym and everything, what you eat ...

Jack The good lord blessed me. Glad you like.

Bill *(Touching)* ...Um ... Yes .....

Jack So how log you been wrestling?

Bill I just started. Mid-life crisis sort of thing.

Jack My most regular customers ... mid life crisis guys.

Bill I don't know how ...much ... I mean ... wrestling ... I just like ... the struggle. I like it.

Jack Actually, Bill, I'm more into martial arts. Brazilian, jujitsu, submission ... I'm black belt.

Bill I want somebody really good to teach me. I just discovered how sexy it is.

Jack You like to wrestle nude?

Bill Really!

Jack Your dollar.

Bill Yes. Let's go down stairs. Just show me some holds. Let me try to get out of them.

Jack Submission holds?

Bill Hold me tight. I like it when I can't move. It's o.k. if it hurts a little.

Jack My specialty.  
One thing, Bill. I always collect up front.

Bill You mean now.

Jack It's not that I don't trust you.

Bill I understand.  
How much?

Jack Three hundred.

Bill I thought it was two fifty.

Jack Nude is extra.

Bill Right.

Jack                    You won't be disappointed.

*They exit stage right to basement.*

*Lights*

***Scene Three***

*Jack and Bill enter stage right.*

Bill                    That was great.

Jack                    You're stronger than you look. Made me earn my money. I thought you might be ...

Bill                    Wimpy?

Jack                    No. Not so strong. That was a lot of fun. I'll make you a regular if you like.

Bill                    It was wonderful.

Jack                    Heh, you like to wrestle and I like putting guys down. Gives me a charge. We're good together.

Bill                    You're too kind. You could have broken my neck any time.

Jack                    Don't usually do that on a first date.

Bill                    Is that extra?

Jack                    I like you, Bill. You gotta sense of humor.

Bill                    I feel safe with you.

Jack                    You try hard. That's what counts.

Bill                    You sound like my scout master.

Jack                    Ever do this with your scout master?

Bill                    No, but I wish.

Jack                    We could go out in the woods some time, chase and capture. You up for something like that? That's the marine in me coming out. Get dirty. Love it.

Bill 'Capture the fag?'

Jack Yeah. Capture the fag! I like that. Run around. Tackle in the dirt. Smack you around a bit. Not too hard. Rape you to a tree. Stuff like that.

Bill Have you ever been in any real fights, Jack?

Jack Affirmative Jack. That's my thing. Hand-to-hand. Tourneys. Back alley. Everything Jack. Gloves. Knuckles. Basically everything goin' except knives. I hate blood. . Mano-mano. Warriors embrace. If you're man enough.

Bill I've lead a sheltered life. Tell me ... about your experiences.

Jack Your coin, but not tonight. Got another appointment.

Bill You seem kind of unlikely to be an escort.

Jack Just doin' what I love. Easy Work ... for me. Get to move around.

Bill Where you been?

Jack All over. Boston. Pittsburgh, LA. Other places.

Bill I can't even tell if you're gay?

Jack I'm not into the life style. I don't do bars. I do the guy. If I feel like it. I'm a selective. But you can buy a little taste, Bill.

Bill Can we do this again sometime?

Jack Sure thing. I'll give you another cell number. I'm erasing that particular web site.

Bill I'll call next week.

Jack What do you want to do?

Bill Something military.

Jack Right on ...  
Ten-shun!!!

*Bill stands stiffly at attention. He looks pathetic.  
Jack inspects him, straightens Bill's shoulders.*

And do some more push ups. Your pecs are flabby.

At ease, Private Cock Sucker.

*Bill relaxes and bows his head. Jack takes him by the back of the neck and forces him to his knees.*

*Bill tries to kiss Jack's crotch. Jack holds him off for a long moment.*

*Jack exits right.*

*Lights*

#### **Scene Four**

*Bill's house.*

*Bill is working on his laptop. He has Jack's picture on the screen and he is typing in his stats.*

*Door bell. Bill shuts downs and goes off stage right to get him*

*Jack and Bill enter stage right.*

*Jack is dressed in military cammo and tee shirt.*

Bill Glad you could come.

*A rough embrace.*

Jack Glad you called.

Bill Really?

Jack You got potential. What's you're pleasure tonight, the terms of engagement.

Bill Ah ... Could we start with our clothes on ... then ... ah ... you subdue me ... ripe off what you feel like. It's all old stuff. Bookworm brought down by marine muscle dude.

Jack I don't see you as a bookworm type, Bill. More like a kind of an in shape intellectual.

Bill I read lots of books.

Jack I'm kind of an expert on intellectuals, Bill. Done lots. They're very clever, sometimes. But they got imagination.

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Bill Am I pathetic?

Jack You need to get in the world and do stuff, Bill. Take some chances. Do you want me to rob you when I got tied up? I've robbed lots of guys. Pretend, of course. It's a common fantasy.

Bill I'd like it if it turns you on.

Jack Bill, if you want me to get cranked, you gotta fight me, Bill. Fight like hell.

Bill O.K. I will. I like to fight it. Except ... let me go a couple of times and start over. So I can be captured again. I like being tied up.

Jack I brought my own rope.

Bill How did you know?

Jack I'm an experienced professional. I know my customers.

Bill Do what pleases you.

Jack Let's keep it professional, Bill. You're the customer. You're paying me to do what pleases you. You don't want what truly pleases me. Maybe you do? But ... not tonight.

Bill What turned me on the last time ... the sleeper hold ... you flex your bicep on my neck ... put the pressure on. Like you were going to break my neck. That really turned me on.

Jack That's my expertise, Bill.

Bill Make me suck your cock. When I'm pinned. I mean ... if it turns you on.

Jack You want me to cum? That's extra.

Bill I still want you to fuck me.

Jack You're a cock sucker, Bill. Know your place.

Bill Please.

Jack You, like, want to get raped?

Bill More or less.

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Jack I can rape you and not fuck you.

Bill Let's do that. I'll fight.

Jack What if I hurt you?

Bill That's ok.

Jack You fight like hell. Let's see what happens. If I fuck you it's extra.

Bill How much?

Jack I'll tell you after.

Bill I only have four hundred.

Jack Make it five hundred and I'll be more inspired.

Bill That's a lot.

Jack I don't give it away Bill. You've seen my cock.

Bill I understand. Let's do it.  
Is this too kinky?

Jack Negative, Bill. Nothing's too kinky.

Bill I trust you.

Jack That's good. Something I can take advantage of. With your permission?

Bill Yes Sir.

Jack Downstairs, Private Cock Sucker.

Bill Yes, Sir.

*They exit stage left.*

*Lights*

*Scene Five*

*Jack and Bill are seated together on a bench, Jack behind, his arms wrapped loosely around Bill's shoulders and neck.*

Jack                   How was that!

Bill                   You're fantastic. That was virtuoso.

Jack                   You come?

Bill                   Oh yeah!

Jack                   You like it rough, don't you!

Bill                   Yes Sir.

Jack                   You're a pleasant surprise as a customer.

Bill                   Don't tease me.

Jack                   Gonna get you out in the woods. Gonna do it!

Bill                   That was better than any sex I ever had.

Jack                   Right there on the edge man....

Bill                   I love it with your arms around my neck...

Jack                   Absolute fuckin' total control....

Bill                   Could you fuck me holding me like that?

Jack                   Physically? ... with a guy your size ... Yes. You still thinking you want it?  
(*Bill nods,*)  
                          You disappointed I didn't?

Bill                   Not at the time, but now, I mean thinking about it. I mean I came this close to getting fucked by Superman. It's....

Jack                   I'm your fantasy, Bill, that's very cool.

*Lights*

*Scene Six*

*Jack is taking off his jacket. He's in military garb.*

Jack I travel around. Never stay long. Boston, L.A., Pittsburgh ...

Bill A drifter.

Jack I don't like complications.

Bill Do you have a relationship with anybody.

Jack I have serial relationships in exceptional situations.  
You have a problem paying for something exceptional?

Bill I want it enough to pay for it.

Jack You get what you want from guys you don't pay? I mean sexually.

Bill Obviously not.

Jack You got the bread. Enjoy it. If it were my money, I would.

Bill At these rates it soon will be.

Jack Nobody forcing you to call.

Bill I like it when you're lying on top of me, crushing me, holding me, squeezing me, controlling my ever breath, the greatest part is when you're choking me.

Jack It's not a choke hold, Bill. Not about the air intake. It's a sleeper. About blood to the brain. I could choke you out if you want. That's hot.

Bill Am I crazy?

Jack As a bedbug.

Bill Do you like this or is it just work?

Jack Ya, I love it when I've got the guy all twisted and braced so I could break his neck with just a little extra ... the panic .... the wild struggle ... makes me hard every time .... very hot!

You don't tap out. That's good. A warrior never surrenders either. I could fuck you or break your neck. Right on the edge. Total power. Yea ... great stuff!

Bill You're as crazy as me.

Jack You're not even close, Private Cock Sucker. Not even close. Put it here there

*He motions to his biceps which he flexes. Bill moves so Jack can wrap his arm around his neck in a sleeper hold. They are facing the audience.*

The alter.

*He gently locks his other arm around the top of Bill's head and pulls back on the top of his head, stretching out Bill's neck.*

You like this, don't you.

*He releases Bill and pushes him down to his knees. Jack squats slightly so he can arch Bill backward over his thigh. Jack forces Bill's head back. Bill does not resist. Jack pushes Bill head back further, exposing his throat. Jack fingers his throat.)*

Like this?

Bill Yes.

Jack Yes, who?

Bill Yes Sir.

Jack I got a special pair of gloves I like to use.

*Jack plays with his throat slowly squeezing as if to choke. Bill could move away if he wanted but he doesn't.*

Black kid. Very sensuous. Should I bring them the next time?

Bill Yes, Sir.

*Jack lets up to kneeling position and stands behind him. He takes a short length of leather strap with loops from his back pocket. Bill can't see this.*

Jack You're one hot guy, Bill. You get me so cranked I just might fuck your faggot ass.  
You're just leading me on, Bill.

Bill Yes, Sir.

Jack                      Something else that turns me on.

*Jack takes the leather garrote by the two loops and sensuously wraps it around Bill's neck. Bill does not resist. He tightens slightly. .*

Beautiful.

*Jack releases him.*

Bill Please fuck me.

Jack                      Let's do the thing in the woods.

Bill Can we go downstairs.

Jack                      Your coin.

*They exit right.*

## Lights

### Scene seven

*Bill is studying his laptop. We see the screen projected behind. He is looking at a site about the murder of Eric Jones, a Boston wrestler. There is a picture of the victim. The body was "found, sexually abused, in a wooded area." ... "The left aorta was crushed. His apartment was ransacked. The police have no suspect."*

*He goes to another site about unsolved murder, Winston Gayner, strangling, in L.A. "...the body of the former Special Ops trainer, was found in a wooded ravine. The police have no suspect."*

*Next, a small news clip. "Pittsburgh police still have no suspect in the death of Jason Booker a year ago. His body was found a year ago in an abandoned strip mine, raped and strangled."*

*He flips to his picture of Jack. It now has his stats typed in underneath.*

*He types, in bold, "Serial Killer."*

*Scene eight*

*Jack sits. Bill is on his knees polishing his black barrack boots.*

Bill                                      Tell me about the marines.

Jack                                      Marines don't tell stories.

Bill                                      I'm paying. How long were you in?

Jack                                      Six years, from the time I was eighteen.

Bill                                      Did you like it?

Jack                                      I liked them. They liked me. I was *their* wet dream, Bill. You know what I mean. I was black belt going in before they even started training me. No point in using no other words than it was, Bill. I was a trained killer. I am.

Bill                                      But disciplined.

Jack                                      Pretty much.  
(*referring to his boots*) Get the toe nice and shiny, Cock Sucker.

Bill                                      I'm jealous.

Jack                                      An honor to be on call for my country. And I loved the work Bill. You would have loved it, Bill.

Bill                                      The most interesting thing in my life is being acting co-chair of the ethics mediation group in the biology department. Do you know what it's like to 'mediate' ethics?

Jack                                      A lot of *very* good looking, *very* in shape dudes. Very big cocks. You'd be in orbit, Bill, in orbit.

Bill                                      It's not fair, Jack.

Jack                                      Why isn't fair? With your brain maybe you could do something.... outstanding.... for your country. Do you even try, Bill? That's all God asks.

Bill

I teach ... the reproduction of fungus and advanced molecular symbiosis. Jack ... my life has been boring .... compared to you. Even compared to the fungus.

Jack

That's a problem you gotta address.  
Do a better job on that left boot, Cock Sucker.  
So you like me to continue my story, or...

Bill

Yes, Sir.

Jack

Got to be assistant trainer at the secret camp out ... Hand to hand with top dudes in from all over the fuckin' country. I was always, always in top shape. Not a day go by I didn't have some local champ locked up, thrashing and twistin' ... Straight guys, Bill, they'd go rock hard.

Bill

Did you fuck them?

Jack

I knew you'd ask that. Don't think of it in those terms. These were marines.

Bill

Did they come?

Jack

Shit, man, all over the place.

Bill

What about you?

Jack

I'll bet you wet dream about that.  
I admit it had a certain appeal.

Bill

I wish I was there.

Jack

Don't allow fungus or symbiosis in the marines.

Bill

Fuck off.

Jack

Hey, get that spot there, Cock Sucker.

*Jack stands*

But then - the thing is ...you get bored after a while. Under utilized. Just so much practice you can absorb. Thing is, there wasn't enough work. I like to work, Bill. I'm a skilled guy. Hated wasting my talent.

Bill

Any real ... assignments. Tell me about ... a real job.

*Bill's hands start moving up Jack's legs.*

Jack Don't be faggy or I'll smack you.

Bill Yes Sir.

Jack I will. You need it. You really do.

*Jack takes out some rope and ties Bill's hands behind his back. Bill does not resist.*

You lack discipline, Bill. Can't control your evil impulses. Which have to be channeled into constructive ways.

*Bill's sinks back and sits staring up at Jack.*

*Jack takes black kid gloves out of his back pocket and slowly puts them on.*

Bill Tell me about a mission. Who? Taliban? Drug Lords? What?

Jack Classified, Bill.

Russians mostly.

I don't want you to romanticize this.

I was pleased my particular talent could at least occasionally be put to the service of the national interest of the nation.

I specialized in silents.

Bill What's a silent?

Jack Whatta ya think? Variations on a theme. Sleeper with a twist. Seven seconds ... out and gone. Garrote. Straight strangle.  
Don't look at me that way. You some kind of a liberal?

Bill Not any more ... Sir.

Jack Understand, Bill, covert missions were ...are ... the confidential exercises of the obligation of national self-preservation. I was the instrument of the national will.

Bill So you've actually killed guys with your bare hands.

Jack I never said that. We were talking hypothetically. But if it happened, Bill, and I'm not saying it did, I'd be wearing gloves.

Bill Right.

*Jack now has his gloved hands around Bill's neck.*

Jack Nothing much ever happened. It was mostly *practice*.

Bill "Much"? "Mostly"?

Jack It's all I can say...

Bill What did you do after you got out?

Jack Various. Soldier of fortune stuff, private contracts, some free lance on the side.

Bill Have you ever actually ... done ... someone ... on a private contract?

Jack Obviously that's private, Bill.

Bill In general, do you like it, killing guys, not any one in particular?

Jack If you've invested the time in the training Bill it's more or less likely have love the work.

Bill What about the other guy? How do you feel about him?

Jack Don't ask about this, Bill. That's one thing I noticed about you intellectuals. You ask too many hypothetical questions. Not enough hands on experience with life. That's my specialty.

Bill I'm just curious. You like talking about it. You're getting hard.

Jack You're an accessory before the fact.

Bill Is it satisfying. What's it like?

Jack Depends on many things.

Bill Well, if circumstances are favorable, do you like it?

Jack Ya, it's a kick, Bill, I have to say.

Bill Is it like sex?

Jack Pretty much like sex. It is sex.

Bill What's the best way? From your point of view?

Jack It's contextual, Bill. Depends on the guy ... the place ...

methodology, if specified. Straight strangle, rope, garrote, sleeper, garrote-fuck, sleeper-twist ... I don't do blood ... no holds. Chase and fuck, is the best, if the guys is worthy. Mano-mano. Warriors' embrace. That sleeper hold you like ... very, very slow, it's an exceptional experience for me. Hard to chose.

*Bill kneels up and reaches with his mouth to Jack's crotch. Jack holds him away with his hand around Bill's neck. Then he allows a slow slight approach but still hold him away.*

Bill When is the last time you...?

Jack                      Classified information. Been a while, let's put it that way.

Bill	Freelance?
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Jack                      You mean no contract? Just for pleasure of it? The practice?

*Bill looks up expectantly*  
That's illegal. I'd never do that.

Bill                      You miss it.

Jack                      Yes I do, Bill.

*Jack allows him to kiss his crotch and then releases him.*

Jack                      Had you goin'!

**Bill**                      My beautiful marine stud killer.

Jack                      Fuckin' hot!

[illegible]

Jack                      Your dollar.

## Lights

*Scene Nine*

*Bill is studying his laptop. He has a letter on the screen to him about his tumor in dense scientific language. Certain words are highlighted. He is searching those words. He goes to various sites on brain tumors. In quick succession we see a series of brain scans with an increasing number of dark spots circled, lists of drugs, reports on drug trials. He has created a list of drugs. Opposite each we see "no positive result after the third month", "no effect" etc. Opposite the last drug he is typing "postponed dizziness in 15%". He flips off the machine and sits in the dark in silence.*

*Lights fade to black*

*Scene Ten*

*Jack is standing, dressing. Bill lying on the bed watching Ropes are lying around. Jack is gathering stuff up and putting it in a small satchel.*

Jack                    So; tell me, Bill, where you getting all this money you're spending on me? You don't look like you can afford it? I mean there's nothing around here worth fencing, if you don't mind me speaking frankly.

Bill                    It's that bad?

Jack                    You keep your eyes open in my line of work. Just joking. This is getting to be twice a week.

Bill                    I got an advance on my insurance.

Jack                    For what?

Bill                    I've got a tumor in my brain.

Jack                    No shit!

Bill                    Five tumors actually. A mommy and five little babies. I've got six more months. Maybe nine.

Jack                    No shit!

Bill I just the opinion from the third doctor yesterday. I'm a goner. No hope.

So far I don't feel so bad, but ... No hope. So there you have it.

Jack Sorry to hear that. But I mean, it's hard to believe. You're stronger than most guys twenty-five.

Bill You're sweet.

Jack Negative on that, Bill.

Bill Alright, you're nice.  
So I decided to splurge. Buy the best sex - fulfill my fantasies - while I can still enjoy it.

*Jack kneels beside the bed.*

Jack You enjoying it?

Bill Yes. Except you having fucked me yet.

Jack We're workin' up to it. I'm not doing you any favours, guy because of your sorry condition.  
Is it, like, contagious?

Bill It's cancer! It's not contagious! I shouldn't have told you. I've upset you!

Jack Just checking. You're making this up!

Bill True fact or your money back.

Jack You don't seem all that upset about it?

Bill You turn me on, Jack. I get upset after you leave.

Jack It's hard to believe Bill. I mean you're getting stronger, harder to pin.  
Regular little snake.  
We should do the commando thing in the woods.

Bill Would you like that with me? I mean, now that you know

Jack Sure, ass wipe, why not? You're still strong.

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Bill

How much is that?

Jack

Four grand.

Bill

I shouldn't have told you I have money.

Jack

You like the machinery. I gotta to keep it in first class condition.

Bill

Let me think about it.

## Lights

## Scene Eleven

*We see Jack and Bill wrestling. Jack is underneath. His legs are wrapped around Bill's so they can't move. He has his arms around his neck in a light sleeper. Bill wiggles and laughs as he struggles. He is deliriously happy. Jack tightens and slowly puts him out. Bill goes peacefully.*

*Jack dumps the body off, get up. He checks Bill. He's out.*

*Jack riffles Bill's desk. He checks some letters.*

*Bill comes out of it.*

*He is dazed, then smiling.*

Bill

Wow.

Jack

Quick recovery, man, You got a strong heart.

*Lights*

## Scene Twelve

*Jack and Bill are sitting, on the bed, after a scene, ropes lying around. As the conversation progresses Jack takes hold of Bill in various ways, friendly, seductive, no great force.*

## Bill

I like when your arm snakes around my neck ...

Jack

Yea - the moment of capture.

Bill

Or when you get my wrists ... behind my back...

Jack

That's hot! Tie the wrists.

Bill

I'd do anything to turn you on. So you'd fuck me.

Jack

Let's do the woods, Bill. I'll show you some jungle tricks. Train you up. Chase and capture.

Bill

Brought down by killer muscle dude in the woods.

Jack

Really get into it ... gag you up ...tie you to a tree. More natural.

Bill

Is that what you really like.?

Jack

Ya man. I'll give you half a mile.

Bill

## What do I wear?

Jack

(*annoyed*) What you wear! What the fuck does it matter what you wear!

(recovering his con) I'll get you a costume. Boot camp grunt wear, Private Cock Sucker.

And I'm gonna shave your head, too.

Bill

Yeah!!!!

But I'm afraid you'll cream me.

Jack

I thought you want that.

Bill

I do.

Jack

Who knows? I'll give you a mile. You can have rope, and I have nothing. Even the odds.

Fair and square. Hunt and fuck. Man-to-man. Warriors' embrace. Hold your neck in the crook of my arm and fuck the bejesus out of you.

In the circumstances I don't wear protection. You understand that.

Bill

Is that how you like to play when ... the other guy isn't paying?

Jack

Affirmative. That's my idea of fun.

Bill But what if the other guy gets you? Breaks your neck?

Jack Well, it was my time, that's all, my time.

Bill What if I get you.

Jack *(laughs.)* Go for it.

Bill Four grand?

Jack You got all that insurance money Bill. Think of that way.

Bill Can you come Thursday? I'll tell you then?

*Lights*

***Scene Thirteen***

*Bill is looking at his Wanted poster of Jack.  
He hears something.  
He quickly shuts off his screen. He turns off his desk lamp. The room is dark. He waits.  
Jack enters stealthily. He's wearing a balaclava and black gloves. He approaches Bill from behind and ropes him to his chair. Bill struggles. The resistance is slight. Jack starts an erotic strangulation. Bill isn't responsive.*

Bill Can I ask you some more questions.

Jack I thought you wanted a home invasion.

Bill I do. Later.

Jack How can I do it 'later', you dumb fuck!  
Your coin.

*Jack flips on the lights, unties Bill and takes off his costume as they talk.*

Bill Tell me about ... contract jobs.

Jack We did that.

Bill I liked it.

Jack There's no such thing.

Bill Hypothetically.

Jack It's your hour.  
(*annoyed*) What would you like? Third world mercenaries? Mob hit men? Special Ops? Dirty cops? Biggest dicks? Best looking? Guns? Poisons? Strangles? What turns you on, today?

Bill I mean, what I want to know is - about the transaction. How do you ... make the contact?

Jack Well, hypothetically, see, a guy with my training and skills and inclination can get hired by someone with a lot of money who wants to deploy those skills for their own purposes ...

Bill Like what? Is that part of the deal?

Jack Like what purpose? Your purpose is my purpose?

Bill You don't care why?

Jack Why is for you. How is for me

Bill Can I, like, say 'how'?

Jack That my area of expertise. I'd listen to your suggestions.

Bill Would that include murder?

Jack (*Winces*) Top drawer clients, governments, and would-be governments, and the like, don't think in those terms, Bill. They're very sophisticated.

Bill What about the private jobs.

Jack Very delicate.

Bill You do those?

Jack Hypothetically somebody is available for a price.

Bill                      How much ... I mean if I wanted a custom type termination procedure  
                                 ... how much would that be ... hypothetically?

Jack                      The hypothetical price in that line of work is 40Gs is standard for a hands on. Mechanicals are cheaper.

Bill                      That's a lot. I thought it would be ... well ... I don't know.... What  
.....five or eight or....?

Jack                    (*scornful*) You pay some schmo five Gs and you get a sloppy job, most likely. At least that's how I see it.

Bill                      How much for an easy job?

Jack                      There is no easy job, Bill.

**Bill**                      A discount for a friend?

Jack                      I got no friends, Bill.

Bill                                Where do I find such a guy?

Jack	Very difficult for outsiders to make contact.
------	---

Bill                      Well, how? Where?

Jack Magazine ads, sometimes. Guys just out of Special Ops, randy, looking for action. Have to say they're usually shooters. What they're looking for, of course, is mercenary positions. But, sometimes...

Bill But if I called up and asked.... they'd think I was FBI!

Jack                      You gotta get to know the guy. Propose something that catches his fancy.

Bill                                How can I do that? Like what?

Jack                      That's a problem. Have him come over for wrestling. Just kidding. Look for ... Special Forces – ex-trainers. Buy some training. Get to know them. Not saying they will, you understand ... just a clue.

Bill                                Are there a lot of guys ...

Jack                   *(teasing)* You looking to get into this line of work, Bill?

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Bill

I'm not strong enough.

Jack

You're smart. You could do poisons. Car bombs. No body contact. Not my thing but some guys like it.

Bill

What reasons do they give?

Jack

Like I said, not my concern.  
The intellectuals are the worst. Go on and on.

Bill

Like what? Revenge?

Jack

That's a good one.

Bill

Punishment?

Jack

Isn't that the same thing?

Bill

Justice?

Jack

Hear that one all the time.  
Cops are stupid. He got away. Got off. He fucked my wife. Fucked the little girl down the street. Blah, blah blah.  
You like me to train you up in the fine art? If you're kicking off anyhow ... I could find you a private ... something simple. For a percentage, of course. Go after an escaped rapist or some bad guy. Walk you through it. Does that turn you on?

Bill

Yes.  
Maybe you're available.

Jack

Like for what?

Bill

I'd like to hire you to do a job.

Jack

You!  
Hire me!

Bill

Yes.  
I'm not shitting.  
How much?  
*(Jack is silent, thinking)*  
Thirty Gs ... for a friend. Is that enough.

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Jack Bill, the overhead is very high. Relocation and everything.

Bill I told you I got insurance money.

Jack You a cop?

Bill Get serious.

Jack You thinking of a hands-on procedure?

Bill Yes.

Jack Who you thinking of?

Bill Me.

Jack You?  
*(Jack is dumbfounded.)*

Bill Me. Myself.

Jack You?

Bill Me.

Jack No.

Bill Yes, me.  
I want to go to the ocean. Not in the woods.

Jack The ocean ...not the woods.

Bill I'll pay the extra travel time!

Jack What ocean?

Bill The big one, you lug head!  
I have a spot in mind.

Jack You're a mind fuck, Bill. I thought I was good.

Bill Great beach, always deserted, the ocean there is utterly awesome.  
Overwhelming. My special place. You'll love it.

Two day kayak down the coast from ...  
You afraid of the ocean?

Jack *(brushes aside the question)*

I'm a trained guy, Bill!

So you want to do want, exactly?

Bill I want to contract with you that we do chase and fuck up and down the beach, at least six pins, mano mano, warriors embrace, you slip me into a sleeper ... and fuck me till I can't think ... and crank it up, hold me, Jack, real tight, all over, and terminate me right then, just after I shot my last drop.

Jack *(stunned silence)*  
You're crazy...

Bill Break my neck if you like.

Jack Would that turn you on?

Bill Probably not at the time. Who knows? We'll find out!  
I can't think of anything else at all that I want before I die, or when I die, which will happen very soon.

Jack Fuckin' hell. This unique, Bill. A unique proposal.

Bill You said I'm getting stronger.

Jack You are.

Bill I've thought about it. I want to do it before I start - you know - to decline.

Jack You've thought about it!

Bill Yes.

Jack Aren't you letting your fantasies get out of hand?

Bill I don't want to go in a tangle of tubes in some pastel hospice

surrounded by fat, weepy fags. Can't believe my luck that I actually found you.

Jack                      Fat fags are disgusting.

Bill                      Warrior's embrace. I want it. It's the *only* thing I want now. It'd the *last* thing I want.

Jack                      There must be other ways.

Bill                      In the woods would be okay but this way better.  
We have to leave in a week.

Jack                      Why.

Bill                      I can feel the fuzziness just starting in my brain.

Jack                      This is too weird.

Bill                      You can't be chicken!

Jack                      Definitely not!

Bill                      Been thinking you might do it any session.

Jack                      (*surprised*) Fuck man, you got nerves of steel.

Bill                      You always said you'd take me out in the woods. I want the ocean....  
Teaching me some tricks? Like you said. Then do it out on the beach.

Jack                      Wild space is definitely the right setting.

Bill                      So, let me pick the place. I guarantee it's great. That's what I want.  
To be utterly overwhelmed by man and nature - and to go sleep with  
memories that will last eternity. It's the closest thing to eternal life I  
can come. Life's greatest orgasm at the very last moment.

Jack                      I respect what you're saying, Bill, it's just...

Bill                      I promise, I'll fight like hell.

Jack                      If I didn't know you wanted it ... it would be.... easier.  
The thing is we both know you can't beat me.

Bill We both know I'll die a disgusting death within six months.

Jack You say that, but I don't see it. You look fine to me.

Bill You collect a fat fee. Otherwise, what do you get?  
A few more sessions, a cheap laptop?

Jack You got a point.

Bill Are you saying I can't cut it in fair and mortal combat?

Jack You've improved a lot in the last few times. And I definitely thought, think, you're ready for a field trip.

Bill So now you make a lot of money.

Jack How do you know your condition is...

Bill I've had three opinions. I'll show you if you want. I'm on the last drug they got. All three doctors warned me there's nothing more. My current physical condition as a miracle. They don't know anything about how I've been staying in shape!  
I could get you a new career in cancer therapy!

Jack Fuck off!

Bill My friends aren't strong enough to break my neck.  
And if they were, I wouldn't enjoy it.  
I'd have to use pills.  
I want you.

Jack What you propose is beyond kinky.

Bill It's a mercy killing ... with custom choreography and natural set design.  
You got an ethical problem with mercy killing in certain circumstances?

Jack Not my thing.

Bill If you're buddy's mortally wounded and gonna fall behind into enemy hands and die horribly by hideous torture and he begs you to finish him off, you'd do it, right?

- Jack                    You been watching too many war movies. Besides, I always work alone.
- Bill                    You'd put him out of his misery to save him from suffering greater misery, right?
- Jack                    That's a hypothetical question.
- Bill                    Right. So what's the hypothetical answer?
- Jack                    I feel like I'm being used.
- Bill                    You are. Name your price.
- Jack                    But if you got six months aren't there things you'd like to do?
- Bill                    Nothing even close to this.
- Jack                    What about your friends?
- Bill                    They read books.
- Jack                    Sorry. I forgot.
- Bill                    I mean what's wrong with wanting to enjoy life's most glorious moment as the last moment. What wrong with that?
- Jack                    Nothing. Sounds logical to me.
- Bill                    Your cock up my ass, your big arms around my neck ... Total embrace.... no escape...
- Jack                    How do you know you'll actually like it?
- Bill                    ... and after the perfect fuck ... nothing ... nothing ever again...
- Jack                    What if you change your mind?
- Bill                    You'll never know!  
The warrior's embrace! I want it. Why can't I have it? I mean I love you. Why can't you love me?
- Jack                    It's not like that. You're all mixed up.

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Bill

How else can you love me?

Jack

Love! Love. Don't make this a love thing, Bill. That's so pathetic. I don't do love!

Bill

Jack, in five weeks, three weeks, eight weeks ... I'm going to dissolve into a disgusting, delirious, drooling, gasping, gagging, blind, deaf, pain-racked ...

Jack

Stop, stop ...I hate all this emotional shit.

Bill

(*Near tears*) You don't have to kiss me! This is a professional contract. I'm offering to pay you - for another session - in a special place - to do what you've been doing - only a little tighter. All I ever wanted is that you hold me so tight.

Jack

You want me to fuck you.

Bill

Is that so hard?

Jack

Very special circumstances, What if doesn't happen?

Bill

You can do it. I *know* you can. The warrior's embrace. I'll fight like hell. How much?

Jack

80Gs for the package but no guarantee on the fucking. Best efforts. And none of this love shit.

Bill

What if I beat you?

Jack

Go for it! I'll like that! You beat me - you can off me any way that turns your crank. The rules of engagement are that there are no rules of engagement.

Bill

If I happen to beat you, you still got to do me!

Jack

Sure.

Bill

## Deal?

Jack

Deal.

Bill

Don't underestimate me.

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Jack

More pushups, cock sucker.

Bill

Yes Sir.

*Lights*

***Scene Fourteen***

*Jack and Bill are packing.  
Camping gear is spread around.*

Bill

I can arrange it so no one will miss me for a week.

Jack

What will your friends think?

Bill

When my friends read my letter, they'll admire me intensely ... for two days, then have a little tea party and divide up my porno. Can I have a picture of you to send them? I don't have a picture.

Jack

What am I - a trophy fuck?

Bill

The ultimate! You can't be a trophy fuck if nobody's even seen you! You never been a trophy fuck? That I don't believe.

*Jack unrolls some maps*

Jack

Fuck off. You better not tell or I'll...

Bill

What?

Jack

When do we leave? I'll need time to get rid of my stuff.

Bill

Friday. I'll buy your tickets tomorrow.

Jack

No you won't. I'll buy my own. And you pay cash for yours.

Bill

Come by tomorrow and I'll give you the money for your ticket.

Jack

Bill, (*Jack is looking at the map*) this island is way out there. This almost to fucking Alaska!

Bill

You're afraid? You're afraid!

Jack

I'm not fucking afraid! But, Bill, this solo ocean kayak for two days to get down the coast from one outfitter ... and three days from the other. You sure you can handle that?

Bill

You could come with me, if you want. I thought you were tough.

Jack

I'm not coming with you! From the same outfitter! You think I'm nuts!

Bill

So, two days. It's beautiful out there.

Jack

Bill, you sure this is what you want?

Bill

Absolutely.

Jack

You're a unique client.

Bill

It'll be good.

I promise. I hope you'll find it personally satisfying, sir. I'll do my part. And, if not ... personally satisfying, you'll be well paid for the fine professional job I know you'll do.

Jack

Let's talk about the money. I want to be paid up front. I always work with money up front.

Bill

Put your hands around my neck.

*Jack does*

Think about the satisfaction. I'm going to hold back forty ... till the job is done.

*Jack pushes him away*

Jack

Fuck you. You're taking advantage of my sympathy, Bill. Taking advantage.

Bill

Listen. Tomorrow I'll open an account in your name - that's what you want right...

Jack

Negative, Bill, a numbered account.

- Bill A numbered account in the Cayman's ... with the first forty ...  
You could take it and run ... I'm trusting you.
- Jack Go on.
- Bill ... with directions that forty be transferred from my account on the  
first of August....
- Jack Keep talking.
- Bill I'll give you all the docs to prove it. Give you the number. You can  
check. If I happen to come back come back I'll and cancel the transfer  
of money.  
That's entirely under your control. If you do what you're paid to do,  
you're rich. You have all the power you need to guarantee completion  
of the cash part of our transaction.
- Jack thinks*
- Jack Good. Very good.
- Jack takes his neck again*
- Bill You said I was officer material.
- Jack I'll chase you on the beach ... take you out however I like, with  
reference to your last wishes, of course ... with proper compensation.  
Good planning. You could have been an officer.  
Gets my blood up Bill, my natural instincts comin' to fore ... just  
thinking about it. I almost like you. *(He gets his length of leather)*  
Let's go downstairs.
- Bill I'll take the two day paddle. Get one day's head start. Instead of half a  
mile. Gives me a day on the beach ... to get ready for you.
- Jack You know, your brain may help you out with the banking  
arrangements, but not out there, in the wild, when it's just you and  
me. You thinking you can escape me ... Bill this is absolutely my  
element.
- Bill Go for it, big guy.
- Jack I'll have your neck, Bill, right here, *(He points to his flexed biceps.)*  
You'll shoot your load, Bill, like you've never done before ...

Bill

I got you cranked, Jack. I got you.

Jack

You do, cocksucker. You're good.

*Bill drops to knees in front of Jack, bows his head. Jack wraps the garrote around his neck.*

Just one thing, Bill. I want ten thousand up front. Don't argue.

Bill

Done.

Jack

And I have another issue, Bill. What'll we ... I ... do with the body. Is that part of your plan?

Bill

We'll talk about it, tomorrow.

*Jack pushes him away, leaving the leather strap hanging loose.*

Jack

Today, I need to know.

Bill

Well, tell me what you normally do with the body?

Jack

Depends on circumstances, Bill, venue, technique. Basic rule is that a warrior should lie where he falls. Get picked up by his buddies ... later. You'll like this. They can even cry a little. Not too much.

Bill

Cool.

I don't want a shallow grave. I want my ashes scattered into the wildness. A funeral pyre, Jack. Is that extra?

Jack

Fuck off.

Bill

Why not. I want a proper send off!

Jack

I don't do funerals. Your friends can do that.

Bill

There's nobody to find me, Jack. Not unless you invite my friends.

Jack

The fat ones? Negative, Bill.

Bill

A couple of them might be good customers.

Jack

Negative. I'll be leaving town, Bill. You understand.

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Bill We'll build the pyre together.

Jack That's disgusting.

Bill A huge towering pile of drift wood. You come back ... Don't leave me too long. The birds will get me. It's disgusting what they do ... wandering lonely down the great beach. Find the fallen body of your great friend ... Just a couple of tears, please! The great warrior ... Patrolocus, the fallen ...

Jack Who?

Bill ... where he fell in mortal combat, proud and noble, his body beautiful still forever ... ready for the final journey, the great reunion with...

Jack Spare me this faggy stuff.

Bill ... all the spirits ... come home to oneness with the universe.

Jack You believe stuff like that?

Bill Yes.

Jack It's disgusting. I'll let the birds ...

Bill I'm an intellectual. Indulge me.

Jack *(pause, gives in to the pleading)*  
I'll do it for another ten ... *in advance.*

Bill I have something I'll want you to read ... as the flames.... consume my body...

*Bill hands him a small black book. Jack opens it.*

Jack This is poetry, Bill! Poetry! Fucking poetry. Un-fucking-believable.

*Jack reads a little to himself, he paces...*  
*Bill gets back on his knees in front of him.*  
*Jack is disgusted.*

Bill Please.

Jack Ten, more!

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Bill Ten! Just for saying a few words!

Jack It's poetry, Bill!

Bill Five.

Jack Fuck, alright, five. Fuck.

Bill Done.

*Bill joyously hugs Jacks knees.*

Jack Strictly professional. 40, 40, 10 and 5 for the reading. Plus travel.

Bill Warriors embrace?

Jack Included.

Bill Thank you, Sir.

*Bill rises. They shake - and embrace, tenderly.*

*Exit right.*

*Lights*

## Act Two

### Scene One

*We see a dramatic wild Pacific beach and distant headland on backlit screen and heard the sound of breaking surf as it rolls down the beach from one side of the stage to the other. Sea birds would nice. The soundscape comes and goes through Act II as appropriate.*

*Bill is lying on the beach propped up against a drift wood log. His gear is strewn around. He has not unpacked. He tries to get up, can't. Whenever he lifts his head he is overwhelmed by dizziness.*

*The scene projected behind evolves. We see a solo kayak in the glittering afternoon sun, someone landing then walking down the beach toward him, it is presumably Jack. The god-like figure grows to double life-size on the screen as it approaches. It is carrying gear.*

*As Jack approaches Bill get frantic. He struggles to find his pills some wear in his gear. He doesn't want Jack to find him like this.*

*Jack arrives on stage. The back-lit shots and sea sounds fade. Bill lies still, trying to look like he's resting.*

Jack	Awesome, Bill. Totally awesome. Just like you said. Great location. Been here long?
Bill	A day.
Jack	So why ... aren't you set up, where's my lunch, cocksucker?
Bill	Help me, Jack.
Jack	I'm not 'help'. What's the problem?
Bill	I can't find my pills.
Jack	Nursing isn't my special skill. Whatta they look like?

Bill *(sarcastic)* They're small, they're blue, they're sort of round ... in a little bottle ...

Jack Don't patronize me.

Bill Just help me find my fuckin' pills. Drag that other pack over here for me, please. I'm too dizzy ...

Jack Is this the bag you want? .... Are you ...?

Bill There they are! Have you got some water?

Jack Hey, man, we're not ... if you're like this.

Bill I'll be alright.

Jack You don't look alright.

*Jack hands him some water.*

*Bill takes some pills.*

Bill We have a contract.

Jack There were certain assumptions...

Bill You're a professional, that's what you said. That's why I hired you. I'll be all right. This happen once before.

Jack Shit man ... I ... don't...

Bill Don't what? Don't kill guys! Try another. Don't do it on the beach? Don't ...

Jack You're one sick puppy.

Bill Don't call me a puppy. I'm not a puppy.

Jack You're an ass hole.

Bill Yes, I'm an ass hole. Think of me as an ass hole.  
Let me sleep. I'll be alright. This has happened before and I bounced right back.

Jack You better. You need to be able to paddle home. I'll give you your money back.



Bill No, you big goof, just hold me tight, not in a wrestling hold!

Jack Strictly professional.

Bill No personal!

*Jack puts his arm around Bill's shoulder, stiffly.*

Jack I've never done this with a guy. In these circumstances.

Bill Don't worry nobody will see you. Would you really care - if someone saw us ... you?

Jack Think about from my point of view.

Bill I can't believe you! Do you really care if somebody sees you being tender?

Jack Bill, I'm not stupid. This isn't tender. This is romantic.

Bill You're a parody of yourself.

Jack Don't start with that intellectual crap.

Bill You are!

Jack *(self mocking)* That doesn't mean I can't be sensitive about my reputation.

Bill *(becoming animated)* There are how many people in this world who might, ever, conceivably, pay you to terminate their most hated enemy? Or anybody?

And which ones of those are here ... on this beach watching?

Jack? Hello!

Are they ever going to hear from me that you let slip with a moment of tenderness.

*(Shouting)* 'He's human! He's human!'

*He cups his ear for a response. None.*

You're safe.

*Jack laughs.*

Jack You got your piss and vinegar back.

Bill Yes, Sir.



Bill                                Warriors embrace?

Jack                                That's different.

Bill                                The key to tenderness is death?

Jack                                You're real good with words.

Bill                                I like this. You make me stronger.

Jack                                You'll need your strength.

Bill                                I absorb your strength right through your skin. You know that?

Jack                                Really?

Bill                                It works best when we're naked.

Jack                                You want to do some body worship?

Bill                                No. But I do love your body. You can be very tender.

Jack                                You're embarrassing me.

Bill                                Embarrassment is first cousin to vulnerability.

Jack                                Will you shut up with that stuff. I don't do therapy.

Bill                                Sleep with me. Hold me all night.

Jack                                Really not my thing, Bill.

Bill                                Do it anyhow.

Jack                                Why do want to make this a love thing?

Bill                                Is love a form of weakness?

Jack                                You're off my map.

Bill                                Hold me because I'm dying and you're my only friend in the world.  
And because I'm paying you.

Jack                                You poor shmuck.

Bill Ah ... empathy.... Can I suck your cock? Did I tell you have a great cock?

Jack What you done to earn it?

Bill I took four blue pills. Can we get naked in the moonlight?

Jack You'll get a chill.

Bill You keep me warm.  
I want to see a giant hard-on in the moonlight.

Jack Did you plan it so it would be a full moon?

Bill You think I'm that clever?

Jack I'm beginning to.

Bill Let's run naked down the beach we'll bundle in together in the tent, I'll give you a raging rod, and then fuck me. Please.

Jack Four hours ago you couldn't stand.

Bill I'm better. *(Bill jumps around, shadow boxes)* You get naked. I'll chase you.

Jack It works the other way. I chase you.

*Bill takes off his clothes*

Bill Alright. So you catch me, then fuck me.

Jack I can't fuck you unless I beat you first.

Bill I know that.

Jack You want me to fuck you tonight, *and* tomorrow?

Bill Yes.

Jack You're obsessive.

Bill That's not a crime on the day you die.

Jack I should have charged you more.

Bill I don't have any more money.

Jack I should of robbed you that first night. I was thinking about it.

Bill I figured that. Anyhow all I've got left now is my Swiss army knife.

Jack You're nonstop.

Bill Please fuck me. It's my dream.

*Bill is naked*

Jack If I fuck you, just like that, you'll think I love you!

Bill So, chase me, beat me, whatever gets you hot.

Jack What if I strangled you? I mean I can't necessarily control things, once we get started.

Bill I'll sue.

Jack Ha, ha!

Bill We're perfect for one another. I'm the only guy in the world with a fetish that totally and completely suits your perversion.

*Bill is jumping around, poking at Jack, trying to provoke Jack to chase him.*

Jack You're the *pervert* not me.

Bill Come on!

Jack You really want to die?

Bill I am going to die.

Jack Enough talk. You better practice your cock sucking for tomorrow.

Bill Yes sir.  
I *am* going to die.

Jack First, lick my boots.

Bill Yes, sir.

*Bill goes to his knees and bends to kiss his boots. Jack is, of course, barefoot. Suddenly Bill realizes this. You're not wearing any boots.*

Jack *(Jacks laughs at him)* Improvise, Private Cock Sucker. Suck my toes.

Bill I'm sorry.

*Jack pushes his face down to the sand and puts a foot on his neck. He bends over and growls ...*

Jack Don't ever be sorry, Bill. About nothing!  
Put your hands behind your back.

*Bill resists. Jack forcefully ties his wrists.*

Sometimes you're such an asshole. Whatever made you think I'd fuck a scrawny little puke like you! There. Flabby fat ass! There.

*Bill kneels up. Jack stands in front of him. Bill hopefully opens his mouth but doesn't move forward. Jack advances so to cradle Bill head in his crotch tenderly.*

No guy ever wanted it as bad as you, Bill. No one!

Bill Yes

Jack It kinda moves me.

Bill Yes, yes ...

Jack I done quite a few guys, Bill

Bill Yes ...

Jack Stand up.

*Bill stands.  
Jack takes hold of the rope harness between Bill's shoulders and holds him like cat or dog being held by the scruff of its neck. Keeping totally control of him Jack pulls him around and kisses him lightly and the ear, then the*

*cheeks, then the lips. Bill responds passionately. Jack becomes much more passionate*

Now, run, cock sucker, run!

*Bill laughs with delight and takes off down the beach.  
Jack watches him, smiles and starts to undress.*

*Lights*

### ***Scene Three***

*Starry night and small campfire. Surf sound.  
Bill and Jack are together under a blanket on the beach.  
As the conversation progresses Bill get more animated. At  
points he starts to get up. Jack pulls him back.*

Bill                    We are like nothing. Not even a spec in this vastness. Look at all those stars. Look out there! Look! We're infinitesimal. And listen. Hear the ocean. Our voices? We are nothing. A tinkle. The faintest whisper lost in the endless roar. All that power. It will be forever. Howling wildness. Beyond human comprehension. And you fucked me. That was awesome. The end of my life is perfect, Jack. Thanks to you. I'm ready to die.

Jack                   Put a sock in it, Bill.

Bill                   So, what I'm telling you, I'm totally reconciled to my own insignificance ... or slight significance, however I am judged. I die. And so will you.

Jack                   Not me, Bill...

Bill                   just specs in the infinite swirl ... a memory of a memory. Free and wild. Part of the pure and eternal power of the universe. That's all I want. To be part of the power. Don't you get it?

Jack                   You know, I think you seduced me. Sucked me right in.

Bill                   Not that there's anything really wrong with this world. Except I achieved nothing ... Not like you. You've done some really interesting

stuff. I means there were a few parts that were interesting. The odd person. A few books.

Jack I can't believe I kissed you!

Bill Morality *is* interesting. Especially at the end of your life. What you should have and shouldn't have done. Ever think about stuff like that, Jack?

Jack I think right from the start everything you've ever said to me was a set up - to make me kiss you - not just to fuck you ... fuck ... I kissed you! Fuckin' hell!

Bill My great thing.

Jack What? Getting me to fuck you silly? To kiss you!

Bill You were utterly fantastic. Just like I knew it would be.

Jack You're happy?

Bill Yes. Very.

Jack You were really bucking, man. It was a great ride. (*Jack hugs him spontaneously*) Did you like it?

Bill Oh, yes. It was really fierce! You really had me ... every part ... my ass, my neck ... my arms ... it was great!

Jack I'm glad you're happy, I really am.

Bill We're getting to that final perfect moment ... tomorrow ... today. - we'll make love again - and at the end - aggh - you do your neck thing - the utterly perfect orgasm - and I'm gone to meet my maker ... and answer for my life.

Jack Shut up, and just look at the stars.

Bill The long white tunnel. Do you believe it all flashes before you in the final instant? A moment of judgment. Before eternity?

Jack Don't talk shit like that.

Bill The golden courtroom. Deep truth, no lies. St Pete up there. Answer the question, witness. No more evasions.

Jack                                There's no such thing.

Bill                                Your secrets exposed. Judged. 'Guilty'. Branded ... encoded on your spec of dust, *always* in the cosmos. There's no escaping it, Jack.

Jack                                I think I'm a paid distraction as you're goin' out, that's what I think.

Bill                                You're *right*! You are a distraction. So St. Pete won't notice my stupid, boring and totally forgettable life. My stunning final scene will bring down the house! For that I will be remembered!

Jack                                You're so full of shit.

Bill                                You will be judged, in your time, Jack. In your time.

Jack                                What is this? Fucking religion?

Bill                                Did you accomplish anything of significance?

Jack                                That's very yuppy!

Bill                                Were you evil, Jack?

Jack                                You just told me I was *great*!

Bill                                There's more to this ... all this ... than whether you were a great fuck!

Jack                                But you just said you'd stake it all on your glorious final fuck.

Bill                                It's different for me. I was nothing You...!

Jack                                Me, I give the great final fucks.  
Are you judging me?

Bill                                You can't avoid it, Jack.

Jack                                You're not God. You're a cocksucker.

Bill                                He has ignored us, Jack, from the very beginning, he doesn't give a fuck. So we each have to assume a share - a small share - of the responsibility of judgment. Do you understand?

Jack                                What did I do to deserve this, after...  
Look at the stars, Billy boy, and shut up!

You fuck the guy, like he's been beggin' and beggin' and then he starts in about f-ing god!  
I don't want this, Bill.

*Bill hugs Jack...*

Bill                   It's all about our moral power. We each have a tiny moral power in the beginning. Did we use it well? That the issue?

Jack                   My power isn't moral. It's physical.

Bill                   Physical power is moral or immoral.

Jack                   Suck my cock, Bill.

Bill                   It is a moral cock ... it makes me happy. We were happy together ... we are happy together.  
Guess what, we're in love.

Jack                   Jesus H Christ! I *just* fucked you. That's jungle, not morality.

Bill                   But you couldn't rape me.

Jack                   Why not?

Bill                   Because you love me!

Jack                   This is altogether total bull shit. But out of respect for your circumstances I'm not going to smack. you to make you shut up.

Bill                   See you love me.  
You can if you want.  
You gave me the power to die. That was very *good*!

Jack                   I hope you don't think I can understand you.

*Jack gets up.*

Fuck! You seduced me! You shit! You fuckin' shit! You f-ing seduced me ...!

Bill                   You said it was great.

Jack                   Don't misquote me you sneaky lying shit! You said it was great.  
I sort of liked you until you started talking all this judgment shit.

Bill You shall deliver me ... and I shall deliver you.

Jack What are you talking about?

Bill I'll be good ... till death do us part.

Jack Shut up, cocksucker.

Bill Yes Sir.  
Come back to bed.

*Jack hesitates then get back under the blanket.  
Jack takes him in his arms, very rough and passionate.*

*Lights*

#### ***Scene Four***

*Back screen shows morning sun on the ocean. Surf sound, sea birds etc. We see in the distance down the beach a huge pile of logs, the funeral pyre.*

*Bill enters energetically. Bill seems fully recovered, he's high, and happy, and very demanding!  
He wakes Jack.*

Bill Up and at 'em, big guy. You got a full day's work ahead.

Jack You're full of it this morning.

Bill Feeling great.

*Jack rises and pulls Bill to him with affection and gives him a tender strangle.*

Yummy stir fried trial mix for breakfast. I been busy.

*Jack looks down the beach and sees the wood pile.*

Jack You build that? When did you get up!?

Bill Pretty early.

Jack                                You're amazing, sometimes.

*Bill hands him some clothes.*

Bill                                I want you to wear these for my big day. Marine drag.

*Jack is reluctant to take the clothes ... cammo pants and a marine tee shirt.*

Jack                                This is not *drag*, cocksucker.

Bill                                Do as I say!

Jack                                Who do you think is in charge?

Bill                                Hurry up. Hurry up.

Jack                                Who's in charge here!

Bill                                You are of course. I just want you to do what I say, just today.

Jack                                How about last night?  
I surprised myself, Bill, you know that?  
Why don't we take it easy today? You need to rest up. Regain your strength.

Bill                                I'm recovered, Jack. You need time to recover?

Jack                                Not me! You!

Bill                                I'm ready sir. This is the day.

Jack                                I never fucked a guy like that, you know.

Bill                                How's that?

Jack                                Not ... you know ... rapin' his ass. Who wasn't fighting it.

Bill                                Did the earth move?

Jack                                Ya ...it was different ... it was good. Usually ... I take the guy down ... and ... you know ... I mean I'm not going fag, or anything. Anybody who wants it gotta be some kind of fag.

Bill                      That's me. You got a problem plowing a fag who wants it?

Jack                      Guess not.

Bill                                That makes you one of us, Jack.

Jack                      Well, I'm counting on you not to tell.

Bill                      Who am I going tell? Hopelessly butch, built like a brick shithouse, strongest cock in the world. A passionate lover. And it's a secret! Such a pity.

Jack                      Thank you.

*They embrace*

Bill Now, stop swooning like a blissed out bunny rabbit. Today you're a marine muscle killer ... remember?

Jack                      Never lose the touch, Bill, never lose the touch. You want muscle  
killer, you got it. Just come over here a minute, I want to give you  
another hug.

*They embrace.*

## Lights

### Scene Five

*Jack and Bill are Building the funeral pyre. Bill is doing most of the work. He is up top.*

*Jack mostly sits on a log. He is totally baffled by Bill. When instructed he hands up logs and branches to Bill/*

*The pyre is constructed so there is a level platform on top, hidden by the branches and logs. This is where Bill is standing for most of this scene.*

Bill Hand up that big one.

### Jack obliges

Jack                                You're crazy.

Bill                                You're only crazy if they catch you.

Jack                                I've caught you at it.

Bill                                What do you call a guy who works for a crazy guy?

Jack                                If he's paid in advance you call him smart.

Bill                                This is important. Gotta build it right. The body must be all consumed and the ashes carried into the heavens in a mighty updraft.

Jack                                I've never done *this* before.

Bill                                Lot's of things you never done before yesterday.  
Give me that one, those two.

Jack                                Man you can say that again.

Bill                                The other guys, the mortal combat ones, the warriors embrace, what were they like?

Jack                                What do you mean?

Bill                                Were they gay, straight?

Jack                                Not relevant.

Bill                                Strong?

Jack                                Of course. How else could they fight me?  
Haven't you had enough stories?  
I trained 'em.

Bill                                I'll bet you've never told anyone about it.

Jack                                Affirmative.

Bill                                You want to talk about it.

Jack                                Fuck off. No I do not want to talk about it. You think you're some kind of priest?  
You weren't put on earth to figure me out.

Bill                                   It's a tough job. Somebody's gotta to do it.

Jack                                  Figure yourself out.

Bill                                  Done that.

Jack                                  You're the one with the death wish.

Bill                                  Correction. Erotic fantasy. Death is not something I wish for. It's only something I intend to enjoy.

Jack                                  This ... (*Heaving up another log*) ... this is something a normal guy does not do!

Bill                                  What do you know about normal?

Jack                                  I know more than you.

Bill                                  The guys you chose, did they know ... your power ... your intentions.

Jack                                  Always chose a warrior. They know.

Bill                                  How can you tell?

Jack                                  I can smell it.

Bill                                  How does it smell?

Jack                                  Fuck off. You just know.  
Some straight guys will accept getting fucked as ... the victor's prize.  
Some gay guys hate getting fucked. Don't matter?

Bill                                  Give me that one over there. *Jack hand up another log.*)  
Do you warn them? Tell them what you'll do if you win? What do you think?

Jack                                  They don't want to be warned. Spoils the surprise.

Bill                                  It's one thing to take the chance you'll fuck them, but don't you think they should know you might break their neck after you fuck them.

Jack                                  That's hypothetical. It's random.

Bill                                  So what!

What about morality?

Jack That's your thing, not mine.

Bill What if they did it to you? Without warning?

Jack I might do them. They might do me. It's the jungle. We take our chances. It's understood.  
You talk too much ... about everything.

Bill I don't approve.

Jack I don't give a fuck whether you approve! There is no morality. You lose - I take you out, any way I want.

Bill It's wrong.

Jack Wrong! Wrong! I'm stronger. Bill. I can't be 'wrong'!

Bill I mean you're getting rough fucked by this hunky marine ... ok.

Jack Oh, fuck, here we go ...

Bill ... and he gets you in a choke hold ... you say uncle ... he fucks you harder, and he's strangling you ... you're blacking out, you feel your neck going ... There's got to be some ... resentment, Jack.

Jack Nobody ever mentioned it.

Bill Not the rules of engagement that you assumed in the gym.  
Some more kindling, over there.

*Jack hands up some more smaller branches.*

Jack Sometimes rules change. Never make assumptions.  
Someday I'll meet a big guy who'll change the rules on me. That's what makes life exciting. You can't understand that, you boring little shit.

Bill It's not fair.

Jack I'm not *fair*, Bill. I'm stronger.  
You take on elemental forces, powerful forces, stronger than yourself, you run the risk you're gonna ... bite it. And you disappear.  
You give up control, Bill, when you go into the wilderness with a

wild man.

Bill I've known all along exactly what you're going to do. I'm paying you to do *it*.

Jack If I'm so disgusting, what you been doing with me for the last six weeks?

Bill You're beautiful.  
That branch over there. And more kindling.

Jack But you think I'm evil.

Bill You're both.

Jack Which one you get off on?

Bill The part where you strangle them, and break their neck.

Jack That's hypothetical.

Bill Well it happens.

Jack It's what you want.

Bill In certain peculiar circumstances.

Jack All circumstances are unique. Death is random.  
You're a cock sucker. You're not made to understand.

Bill Are you saying, really and truly, somebody else could do it to you and you wouldn't be mad?

Jack Nobody could get me Bill.

Bill Well suppose they could?

Jack Maybe, someday somebody bigger, smarter, whatever, will get me. If he does, he's worthy. That's all.

Bill That's what you believe?

Jack I thought you were paying me to teach you about life as a warrior. You want the embrace you gotta obey the laws. We're way beyond fantasy, Bill. Way, way beyond.

Bill I choose this. The others didn't chose - knowing.

Jack Fuck you. You're still in a wet dream. I'm not doin' it for some moral pervert. It's corrupt.

Bill What do mean?

Jack I mean I'm not doin' it!

Bill I've paid you!

Jack And I fucked you!

Bill You promised.

Jack So fuckin what. I'm stronger. Arbitrary change of rules, Bill.

Bill What about Jason Booker, in the gravel pit outside Pittsburgh. Tied his hands. "Police have no suspects".

Jack How do you know him?

Bill You leave clues.

Jack Like what??

Bill Like 'no clues'!  
'Eric Jones, Boston wrestling champ found in wood lot. Police have no suspects'.  
Winston Gaynor, 'Former Special Ops, found raped ... no suspects'.

Jack You been messing with me for six weeks knowing....

Bill Only three weeks actually knowing.

Jack You're mad.

Bill ... Eric Jones in Boston ...

Jack He was an asshole!  
I could have slit your throat any time.

Bill That's not your M.O.

Jack I'm being manipulated, Bill, and I do not like it!  
What do you know about my MO!

Bill Just about everything now.

Jack What do you know?

Bill And Winston Gaynor, in L.A. ...  
Did Eric Jones ... did he know that ... before your chase in the woods.... before the wrestling ... before the fucking ... you were going to strangle him and break his neck?

Jack There were plenty who I just fucked.

Bill How many that you strangled. I know six.

Jack You know shit.

Bill Eric Anderson, Boston, age 26, wrestling champ; found in the woods, penetrated, neck broken;  
Jason Booker, Pittsburgh, 32, bodybuilder, part-time bartender, professional dom, found in gravel pit; gagged, fucked, strangled with a rope;  
Peter Pearoff, 48, Houston, architect, closet case, found in his condo, tied, beaten, not fucked, robbed;  
Winston Gaynor, 29, Special Ops, Los Angeles...  
....

Jack What the ...Fuck right off with this bull shit...

Bill How many others are out there decomposing in the leaves, no buddies to come by and find them.

Jack I'm sure as hell not telling you!

Bill You're a deranged lunatic serial killer.

Jack Well I turn you on.

Bill Yes you do. To perform a service that appeals to my peculiar final wishes.

Jack Fuck you. I'll slit your throat and dump your bones in the swamp.

Bill No you won't. I've thrown every blade and piece of metal into the sea. There is nothing to cut with.

Jack Fuck.

*A slight pause in the argument as each assesses what has just been revealed.*

Jack Let's change the subject. What is it you want?

Bill I've paid you already for what I want

Jack Hey, man, (*sarcastic*) I'm not 'moral'.

Bill This one time it *is* moral for me. It's what I want. It's what I chose.

Jack if you want it, I'm not doin' it.

Bill Don't be angry. I chose you because you could do the job I wanted done. And I do get strength when you touch me. I'll fight like hell ... when you hold me.

I'll have what I want, Jack. You will carry me into the next world.

Jack Fuck you.

I was just shitting you about being a contract killer. I thought that's what you wanted to hear.

Bill It worked. Now you're a professional. You've got \$50G in a numbered account!

Jack What *do* you want?

Bill I want to live and die my fantasy. I want you to chase me around naked, up and down the beach, in and out of the surf until you catch me in a bone-crunching tackle. I'll fight like hell. I want you drag me to that field of grass over there, and wrestle in the hot sun of afternoon, and hold me tight so I cannot move. And let me escape and catch me again. And a warriors embrace in the dying of the day. And make me suck your cock and get you hard. And throw me across that log and hold me down. And fuck me, never letting go, fuck me wildly, crush me, and put me in that choke and squeeze the breath slowly from me, and when I come, you lift me to the face of the setting sun, impaled on your cock and close off my air in the crock of arm, biceps rising, and send me to my final sleep, sweet prince. I die a

warrior and a lover. Embrace me in that final moment and I will be happy ever more.

Jack                    You make it sound so sexy.

Bill                    You've performed all the constituent parts, separately.

Jack                    You had this all planned! You fuckin shit! I won't!

Bill                    You wuss. What's the problem? You've done it before!

Jack                    Fuck you.

Bill                    It will be a mercy killing of the highest order truth and beauty. I want to die in pleasure not in pain. Not for you to judge my pleasure.

Jack                    I know you ... I can't ... you don't understand ... you hate me ... for those other guys?

Bill                    Yes, I have to hate you for those other guys. You're a vile, uncontrollable, predatory monster. But I'm pretty selfish myself today. You got a right to a little resentment. I admit it's an arbitrary change in our understanding. Who else could I get to do what I want done?

There'll be some other time, to deal with your ... sins ... your crimes.

Jack                    There is no *sin*! It was natural.

Bill                    So shall it be with us.

Jack                    Fuck ... you're ... fuck ... damn your ass. I love you.

Bill                    I've loved every moment I've spent with you. I'll do anything so you'll fuck me and send me off forever in the rapture of your embrace.

Jack                    You don't need to do this, just so I'll *hold* you.

Bill                    Don't I? Nobody will hold *me*, delirious and puking, when I die. We'll do it my way.

*Bill comes down off the pyre.  
They embrace.*

*Jack starts to sob.*

Jack I won't do it, Bill. I can't.

*Jack runs off.  
Lights*

*Scene Six*

*Bill is standing on top of the funeral pyre - reciting the funeral oration. Jack returns. Watches him. Bill sounds drunk. His dizziness has returned. He can barely manage to be upright.*

Bill Into the heavens, up and away, into the vastness, up and away, into the power, up and away, into eternity, up and away.... Back to the mother, back to the father, into the blackness, into the light, a soul finds refuge in the stormy sea, a soul finds resting in the mighty winds ... down to the depths ... up to the stars ....always ....everywhere ... no greater peace ....

*He sees Jack watching him*

Get the rhythm. I want you to shout. Just try and be heard over the surf. I'll be listening.

Jack Get down from there you crazy fool.

Bill Now is the hour.

Jack We're not doing it.

Bill Yes we are.

Jack No we're not. You're going back.

Bill No.

Jack You can't make me murder you.

Bill Murder! Murder! That's my morality, fuck face! You have no right.

Jack I'll stay with you. Right ... at the end. I'll hold you *then*.

Bill I won't even recognize you, *then*.

Jack You can have your money back.

Bill Into the darkness, into the blackness, always and evermore.

Jack No hospice. I promise. I love you.

Bill Too late.

Jack You don't get to chose, cocksucker. Where's your kayak? I'll tow you.

Bill Smashed it. Sank it. Gone.

Jack You idiot!

Bill Too late for Eric. Too late for Robert ....

Jack Shut up, about them. Come down, let me hold you. You're flipping out.

Bill Hold me. Hold me. (*mournful mocking*) "Come down, let me hold you."

Jack (*angry*) Come down here, you useless cock sucker.

Bill I want to die *here*.

*Jack climbs up, there is a slight struggle as he picks Bill up and carries him down from the pyre and cradles him tenderly. Bill can barely stand.*

Jack Calm down!

Bill (*delusional*) I won't go back. I'm dying. I want to fight you.

Jack You're a real shit, you know that, a real shit. You get me so fucked up

Bill Think of all the people you ... did. I want it. Do it now!

Jack No

Bill Let's fight. I'll run. You chase me.

Jack You can hardly stand up. We're going back!

*Bill goes limp, feigning that he is weaker than he is.*

Bill                    There is only one kayak. Two won't fit. I can't paddle. If you leave to get help I'll die of exposure. You can't do that!

*Jack, despairing*

Jack                    You shit. You smashed up .... You really want to die! I should leave you right here. Let the birds get you. Your fantasies are out of control, man.

Bill                    Do what I hired you to do.

Jack                    You want what you want, don't you, and nothing's going to stop you. What about my feelings?

Bill                    I love you because you're so beautiful. And you better hurry up. Because the outfitter is expecting me back in four days.

Jack                    Cut the crap.

Bill                    Don't be a wuss! I'm not a wuss!

Jack                    *(Affectionately)* Nobody ever called me a wuss, you know that?

Bill                    You are a wuss.

Jack                    Fuck off.

Bill                    If you I go back ... I will turn you in! If you don't burn the body they'll catch you. Follow the plan. It is the only way for you.

*Jack is worried but still hesitates.*

I left ten different sperm and hair samples, and three rolls of photos, and my clipping file on all those other ... and four fingerprint samples and two audio tapes ... all in my bank vault. With directions for ... If you leave me here alive ... without doing me ... you will be caught and ... go straight to jail ... you beautiful monster...

Jack                    You fuckhead. You stupid shit!

*Jack grabs him by the shoulders.*

You think you can blackmail me...

Bill                    Absolutely! Fucking, yes! Yes!

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Jack

What bank ... where did you put all that shit...

Bill

My bank!

*Jack starts to shake him angrily.*

Jack

Where? Where?

Bill

You are a monster. I love you.

Jack

Tell me. Tell me.

Bill

Fuck me. Hold me.

Jack

You little turd.

Bill

Tell me where!  
Which one!

Bill

Kipling and Downsvew.

Jack

Where is your key?

*Jack grabs him by the neck in a choke.*

Bill

When you're finished....

Jack

Where is the key?

Bill

... burn me....

Jack

Where ... or I'll finish you right now...

Bill

Fuck me first.... fuck me!

Jack

No

*He chokes him more. The key falls out of Bill's hand  
Jack grabs it, drops Bill, sags to the ground.  
Jack puts the key in his pocket.*

You jerk.

*Then he tenderly lifts Bill up, puts him in a full nelson, makes  
like he is fucking him. Bill moans with pleasure.*

As you like it, cock sucker.

*Crank up the surf noise.  
Jack shifts to a sleeper with some gentle fucking motions of*

*the hips.*

*Bill dies.*

*Jack carries the body up on the pyre.*

*Jack sits and weeps*

*Lights*

### **Scene Seven**

*It's mid-afternoon. Same shots on the rear screen as opening of Act Two plus the glow of the burnt pyre and drifting smoke.*

*Jack wakes from a doze. We see a kayak approach in the glitter of the afternoon sun. It lands. He sees a distant figure down the beach which appears out of the after glow of the fire and the lingering smoke.*

*The figure approaches.*

*Jack hangs his head, waiting.*

*As it gets closer Jack sees he is carrying a harpoon gun.*

*He starts to search for a weapon, frantically. He remembers all knives were tossed by Bill - reaches for kayak paddle - it's been cut in four places.*

*He rises to face Hector. Hector is five inches taller, bigger, in a black "assassin suit" navy seal - commando - whatever - with a very big knife in his belt and carrying a harpoon gun.*

Hector                      You must be the wrestler?

Jack                         You a friend of Bill's?

Hector                      Negative. Business arrangement only.

Jack                         If you don't mind don't point that thing at me.

*Hector shakes his head, negative and motions menacingly that he get up.  
Jack has pants on, no shirt.*

Hector                      Get your pants off mate. Hurry up.

*Jack hesitates. Hector menaces. Jack obeys.*

Is that Bill down the beach? You do the thing with the ashes?

Jack Followed instructions.

Hector Do the reading?

Jack Yes sir. I did the reading.

Hector A man who knew what he wanted, I'll say that. Extremely moral. From my brief encounter. He was my controller in Special Ops. Very sharp guy.

Jack He was a fuckin' sneak and a lying cock sucker.

Hector You guys didn't get along?

Jack You could say that.

Hector No my business.

Jack So what are your instructions.

Hector Termination.

Jack Fuck, I just do wrestling gigs. No guns or knives.

Hector Arbitrary change of rules, Jack. Bill said you'd respect that.

Jack That's just gangland! What did he say about me?

Hector Said you were a serial fag killer. Very dangerous because you're so pretty. Played me the tape. You're sick fuck!

Jack What tape.

Hector You talking about the guy in the sand pit, you liking it ... the guy in L.A.

Jack What tape?

Hector It's your voice. He said his one good thing for the world.

Jack That son of a bitch!

Hector Said you hate blood. Said to cut your prick off and stuff in your mouth, then cut your heart out. That was specific. I was trained as a butcher.

Jack Not what I was expecting. Arbitrary change of rules.

Hector                    You got a problem with that?

Jack                      No. I guess I don't.

Hector                    Law of the jungle.

Jack                      How much is paying you, do you mind me asking?

Hector                    \$200,000.

Jack                      The shit!

Hector                    Good money.

Jack                      Are you going to fuck me?

Hector                    He said you'd hate that. Kinda turns me on.

Jack                      I loved him, you know that. I loved him.

Hector                    Ya, well ... not those other guys, so I gather.

Jack                      Never been fucked, you know that.

Hector                    Sorry mate. My instructions are to cut off your cock and stuff it down your throat. And whisper the names of all those faggots who you ....

Jack                      This is premeditated murder. Does that bother you?

Hector                    I'll take your word on the morality shit. But ... not my department.

*Hector advances. Jack makes a break for it. Hector watches him run, then takes careful aim with the harpoon gun. We hear a thud off stages, cries of agony. On the screen we see the fleeing figure fall. Hector takes out his knife, plays with blade, smiles, goes off to finish the job.*

*Sound of surf and sea birds rise and drown out the shrieks of Jack off stage.*

*Lights*