

John: What occurred to me. I'm tending to see. There's sort of a transitional period where my bed is a very lonely place. But as it was for me. But now my bed has moved to be just another piece of furniture. You know pulling the t.v. over and sitting on the bed so I can eat. I read in bed now. The bed has become suggestive of a completely different .. not a different me, but a me without my friend. But it dawned on me that that could be perceived in two ways. The viewer might not see it as my lover has left me. They might think: "oh, God, his lover has died of AIDS." It could work either way.

Howard: Do you see that all these other activities are now replacing a lover?

John: I'm not sure. I don't know whether they are replacing him or whether now the bed is like the couch or the table. It doesn't have the significance it did when there was somebody else sharing it with me. It's not a place for love anymore. It's just very utilitarian.

Wendy: I'm having a little difficulty seeing. ..I mean, I see, I hear you. I read it. I'm just saying "How do you translate this on the stage. What is the character doing on the stage. Not even what is he saying, but what is he doing?"

John: It'sd fairly easy for me to visualize, maybe not just in terms of my just lying there, maybe even you know have a roll underneath some covers... My saying: "Did you set the alarm? If you turn over I'll rub your back for awhile." The kind of things one says to someone in bed: "roll over." Either tie together a running dialogue where one thing leads to the next or have like a blackout after each one.

Wendy: You can't do blackouts after each one. I'll tell you why. We probably won't have a working facility. If we ever get a place to perform we'll probably have two shots at it.

John: Okay, then dialogue that makes a running commentary by one person. In part II, I would be in the middle of the bed and the lump would be gone. How do we know that he has left me because he couldn't deal with my health? Unless, I was thinking of a transitional period, the time I was having the awful night sweats, literally lying awake at night shaking with the chills, before my diagnosis and his saying you know "do you need more blankets. Anything I can do for you? " Then, all of a sudden, he is gone, and I'm there, sick, but. . . It's my bed now.

Sky: It would be better to have it be two people, and when he's supposed to leave maybe he could shake his head and shuffle off. The audience could see he's left, he's gone.

Jeff: Maybe it would be better to have two people, the lover being the one saying the lines, and the lump be you. He would say "I can't handle this." He just gets up and goes.

Tom: He doesn't even need to say it. He just stands up and leaves

to his offers to give you a back rub.

Jeff: Something that you said . . . something I hadn't thought about in years and years. . . was the focus changing. All of a sudden that isn't his side of the bed anymore. That was his side. That was my side. Now it's all mine. That focus. . .

Wendy: Does that give you thoughts.

John: Well, the hardest thing is how to project the idea of the bed as being. . .how do I convey to the audience as I just sit there eating a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich. . .

Wendy: I think that's a hard one. With some thought there probably is some visual metaphor that will do it.

Tom: Maybe an open bag of potato chips and a couple of magazines, where he was.

John: Maybe it can just be. . . after he leaves just simple kind of one shot of my sitting on the bed with a bag of potato chips and a sandwich watching television. Sort of like with chin in my hands. It's a piece of furniture. But it may be kind of vague.

Wendy: I'm not convinced that it can't be done. I think it's just that we don't have a handle on it now. That's totally legitimate. You did take an object. I mean, my God, when you're sleeping with someone, then you have a way of life that changes. Let's think about that. I don't know how attracted you are to that. I don't know whether you want to stay with it.

Michael: I can do my piece from right here. What I was hoping for was that this would strike something in Jeffrey or someone else's mind, because I'm not a playwright. But this is some of the things that went through my head. We talked about the typical 70s man, gay man, in the big cities, and Howard had an idea about a man who was in the hospital with AIDS and he's, his past lovers are talking about him or to him. This is one of the lovers: During the years I spent in New York City I went through a lot of changes. Some matured me. Some made me hard and bitter. Some made me into a person that I never would have believed that I could be

Howard: Oh God, home again. (Sighs). God, I can't sleep. I can't relax. I'm home again. I have things to do. God, you're really on your last leaf here. Nobody's been talking to you for the last three weeks. I'm sorry. All you need is some water and a little. . . God, that guy is still in the window jerking off. Three weeks ago I leave. I come back. He's in the same fucking position. Profile. With his dick erect. I hope he does something more than jerk off in three weeks, like eat, take a walk. (phone rings). Hi there fans. I'm not home. Maybe I'm in Venice Italy. Or in the Caribbean. Or maybe I'm just in bed having a fabulous time. If you can top any of the above, just leave a message at the beep. (Beep). Shut up, asshole. Sam, this is your mother. I know you're home.. So pick up the phone. Sam. We'll there's no way I'm not going to have to deal with her. Yeah, Ma. I'm here. I was worried Sam that you got home okay. No, Ma. I'm not home. You didn't call me. You didn't get my machine. I didn't answer. Don't be such a smart ass. Did you have the cab driver carry your bags up, like I told you to? Don't I always follow your orders, Ma? As a matter of fact, he's sitting here right now. He's adorable. I thinking of inviting him to move in. You are incorrigible. Incorrigible. I N C O R R I G I B L E. That's eleven letters, Ma. We'll I know your Okay. I'll call later. Take something to eat. Rest. Take your medicine. Don't call me, Ma. I'll call you later. I'll call you later when I want to talk. I want to be by myself. You want me to rest or talk on the phone (Beep). Son, is this being recorded? Well, Ma, one day when future generations will want to know what it was like being a gay man in the eighties with AIDS with an overprotective mother this will be proof and testimony that the Mother was worse than the disease. Ma, I love you and I'll call you.

God, here's that photo of me with Ricky. God, Ricky, save a nice place for me in Heaven.

Sam Weicker is a navtive of New York and his first novel, Hopeless Romantic, was a successful ... first novel a best seller and lives in New York with his lover Ricky.

God, all these fucking bills. Electric. Gas. We'll here's the Macy's catalogue. And here's the Macy's bill. Why can't they ever send the catalogue without the bill?

Dear Sam. Being here isn't the same without you. Having a fabulous time. Allen sends his love. Remember last you when you were with Ricky. Sad that he's no longer with us. Hate this AIDS virus. Well, maybe next year. Yeah, maybe next year. Maybe if I'm here. Well, nothing pressing with this crap.

God, I look awful. I look like complete shit. I lost weight. I better start eating.

This cheese is so moldly. This lettuce is all brown. Oh, shit. The answering machine beeping away.

Hi, Sam. Got a great assignment. Two weeks floating down the Nile. For you and a quest. For New Years. Yeah, floating down

His, Sam. My name is Robert. You can call me Robbie. I met you at the gym about six weeks ago. I helped you with your laps and you told me I inspired a short story you were writing. I hate talking to a machine and would love to get together with you.

Oh God, too many men. Too little time.

Sam, my man. How about doubles Saturday? Morty's got this new trick he's already calling his boyfriend and wants our approval. I want to give this guy more than approval from the way Morty describes him. Call me.

Sam, are you in Italy. Hope you are. And bring back that fabulous vase we saw last year. I'm sorry we fought. Let's talk about it.