

Bloody Mary Sunday
By Lewis Routh
Written especially for consideration by DRAMA!

Tink Turner - 50ish gay male, gray hair and gay wit, a fun person with a genuine smile and a serious side.

Christine Nicholas - his 40ish straight female friend, she loves her gay friends, and loves to laugh. She is wearing a vivid-colored top, bare-mid-drift, and hip hugger jeans.

James Nicholas - her 40ish hunky husband

(Tink and Christine enter the bar laughing to take their seats on stools.)

Tink: Oh, my God, Christine, all I know is when I moved to New Orleans in the early 70's, Mardi Gras was more an excuse to put on a fabulous costume than an excuse to just get drunk.

Christine: And showing your tits. Don't forget showing your tits.

Tink: Christine, it's Sunday afternoon in a gay bar, you can't talk about showing your tits on Sunday afternoon in a gay bar! Hi, Ben!

Ben: Hi, Tink.

Tink: Is it too late in the day for another bloody-mary?

Christine: I can still feel my lips, let's have another!

Tink: Ben, we'll have one of your famous bloody-marys and don't tell me what you stir it with, let me have my fantasies! (The bartender goes to make the bloody-marys. Tink swoons over the bartender.) That's the kind of man I want.

Christine: One that's gorgeous?

Tink: One with a job.

Christine: You're old enough to be his father.

Tink: So? He can call me "Daddy," I won't mind. (Tink turns to Christine.) What were we talking about?

Christine: Adoption, I hope — I can't picture you and Ben having sex..

Tink: No, before that.

Christine: Mardi Gras and fabulous gay costumes — and showing your tits.

Tink: Christine, showing your tits is a distinctly heterosexual anomaly and has no relationship to the gay community.

Christine: The lesbians might argue that point and you know how argumentative they can be.

Tink: Lesbians are not necessarily argumentative, that's a stereotype, perpetuated by heterosexuals like you and your husband. All gay stereotypes were created to make heterosexuals feel comfortable with them selves. I'm only "nellie" because my straight friends insist on it. If it weren't for them, I'd be so butch!

Christine: Some how I doubt if they whole world were gay, that you'd be Mel Gibson!

Tink: I only look feminine when compared to you.

Christine: If I were smarter, I'd realize that was an insult.

Tink: If you were smarter, you'd tell your husband he's a bigot.

Christine: He's not a bigot. He's a Catholic.

Tink: Same thing!

Christine: He can't help himself. He spent three days in the confessional after our honeymoon. Just 'cause I insisted on being on top.

Tink: He's a homophobe, who only goes to church when he has to confess his sins. Where's he at today? Saint Louis Cathedral — on his knees?

Christine: He's trimming the bougainvillaea vine in our courtyard.

Tink: What a "heterosexual Sunday afternoon" thing to do.

Christine: Do you realize, every time we get together, you spend half the day "straight-bashing?"

Tink: Christine, that is not true! In fact, I prefer to never use the term "straight." I feel there is no such thing as "straight," just people who are homo-erotically challenged.

Christine: Well, for your information, Mr. Tink Turner, there are straight people. My husband, James and I are prime examples of a straight couple.

Tink: (Grinning mischievously.) He's a prime cut example of something. Yum!

Christine: How would you like to see your testicles up close?

Tink: Oh, to be young and limber again. You have to admit he put the "Beef" in "Jerky."

Christine: I am the only one who should admit it, Miss Thing!

Tink: (Offended.) "Miss Thing?" You are picking up some absolutely horrid habits hanging out with homosexuals. You never heard that

from me! (Disgusted.) "Miss Thing." That must be one of the tackiest monikers we've ever invented. "Miss Thing."

Christine: I like it. Here's your drink, Miss Thing.

(The bartender brings the drinks, sets them in front of each.)

Tink: (Paying for the drinks.) No, no, no, it's my turn to buy. You bought the first five. (Looking dreamily into the bartender's eyes.) Don't you think, "Miss Thing" is a terrible thing to call someone butch like me? (The bartender takes the money. Tink calls after him.) The size of your tip will have a direct bearing on your answer. The size of his tip. (To Christine.) I'm sure some drag-queen said it first. Like a hundred years ago. They' pride themselves on heir wit — and their acid tongues.

Christine: And clothes. I would kill for some of those clothes.

Tink: I wondered where you got that outfit. Who did you have to hit-it-to-one-more-time to get that? Some genetically challenged Britney Spears wanna-be?

Christine: (Modeling her top.) My devoted husband, James, bought this for me for Valentines Day. He said it made me look younger.

Tink: So do bibs and a diaper; but you'll be in that look soon enough, you old poop.

Christine: You're just jealous 'cause I look so good. Every man in this place has been staring at me since we came in.

Tink: That's because every man in this place is thinking — "If she dresses like that what **MUST** her trailer look like in Chalmette?"

Christine: You don't think it makes me look younger?

Tink: Younger than what?

Christine: Younger than I am, you bitch.

Tink: Younger than color TV perhaps. But no, not younger than you actually are. It makes you look cheap, tired and bloated — but keep it up, it makes ME look better.

Christine: You're just jealous 'cause I have a husband and you don't.

Tink: Now, you're on to something, Christine. I wish gay people could get married — legally I mean. It's not a place you can get to by boat or train. It's high above the cloud tops, beyond the rain. I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog, too!

Christine: As if any one would ever marry your catty-ass.

Tink: Stranger things have happened. I've been known to be quite charming when in love.

Christine: I guess you've never been in love — not in the sixteen years I've known you.

Tink: Wouldn't it be nice to be so loved that you HAVE to get married?

Christine: "Straight people" don't enjoy it when they HAVE to get married.

Tink: You know what I mean — compelled! To be so in love that you must stand up in front of all your family and friends — and her over there — and commit to another person for the rest of your life.

Christine: You get delirious after your fifth blood-mary.

Tink: I'm serious, Christine. Marriage is a wonderful thing. I want to get married some day. To settle down with some nice man who fixes things around the house and cleans the courtyard while I'm at the bar with my girlfriend — like YOUR husband!

Christine: Well, my dearest Tink, as long as there are Christians in the world, you'll have to settle for living in sin.

Tink: Christians? Christine, we made an agreement — like three bars ago — we will NOT talk about religion or politics in a gay bar — it positively spoils my cruising. And besides, I'm not pretty when I'm angry.

Christine: You're the one who brought up marriage — again. As if that's ever going to happen.

Tink: Well, it's not a religious thing. You don't have to be in a church to get married, you know? A marriage license can be issued by the state. I want to get married. (Calling to the bartender.) Ben! Marry me and make an honest woman of me! (Shocked.) He laughed! He must think I'm straight 'cause I'm with a woman. Go away and let me be happy.

Christine: Honey, don't get mad at me, it's not my fault you can't find a husband.

Tink: Quite frankly, Scarlett, it is your damn fault. Your "bible-thumping" Christian husband is keeping me oppressed.

Christine: He's not a "bible-thumper," just because he knows scripture and goes to church — occasionally. He's not one of those "holier-than-thou" types. He's just a regular, run-of-the-mill, high-holiday church-going, guilt-ridden Catholic.

Tink: Who likes to point out that homosexuality is a sin!

Christine: He's a "recovering Catholic" he can't help it.

Tink: (Sees James enter.) Oh, speak of the devil. (Waving.) Hey, Stud-muffin, we're over here.

(James enters, looking around nervously.)

James: (To Christine.) Do you know how many gay bars I've been to looking for you?

Tink: That's the same excuse I used when I first came out. Except I was looking for my husband. Come to think of it, I'm still looking for my husband.

Christine: Don't be mad, honey, we're having fun.

Tink: Talking about how homosexuality is a sin — I don't know how much fun I can stand!

James: (To bartender, who has set a cocktail napkin in front of him.) I'll have however many they've had. (Eyeing the drink with the celery stick.) But keep all the produce, I've eaten.

Tink: Hold the fruit on mine, too, Ben! Unless it's someone I know personally. (To James.) We're so much alike.

Christine: So, did you get the courtyard cleaned up?

James: Yeah, that bougainvillea was a bitch.

Tink: I hate her, too.

James: I had to get a hatchet to cut it back.

Tink: I had a wig once that gave me the same problem.

James: But it looks good now. You can see the wrought iron fence again.

Tink: So, what do you think, James? Should gay men be able to marry? (The bartender has returned with James's drink.) Ah, here's the groom! I'm going to look so beautiful in white. Do you love me because I'm beautiful or am I beautiful because you love me?

Christine: (Trying to change the subject.) Tink, do you want another?

Tink: Yes, I do. (Wistfully.) I do. And I want to say "I do," at the alter — with Ben. What do you think about that, James?

James: Read the Bible. You'll find out what I think. (Takes a drink of his bloody-mary.) Jesus Christ, that's strong — this is like half vodka.

Tink: Oh, my God, he said, "Jesus Christ" on a Sunday in a gay bar! Call the priest and book a room!

Christine: Ah, you've finally discovered the advantage of drinking in a gay bar. I'll have another one, just like the last one!

Tink: So, what do you think, James? Should Ben and I be allowed to get married?

James: Read the Bible, Tink. Your answer is in the Bible. All the answers are in the...

Tink: Oh, I have read the Bible, James. In fact, the last time we were all together, slinging scripture at each other like darts at a bull's eye, I believe you quoted Leviticus and called me "an abomination."

James: (Casually sipping his drink.) Chapter 18, verse something-or-other.

Tink: Verse 22 — I looked it up. "Homosexuality is an abomination and all homosexuals should be put to death."

Christine: Oh, it doesn't say that!

James and Tink: (Together.) Yes, it does.

James: (Embarrassed that they spoke simultaneously.) Yes, it does.

Tink: But, before we have me put to death, and deny Ben his conjugal rights, let's examine Leviticus for just a moment shall we?

Christine: (To the bartender as he serves her drink) Better make this one a double, Tink is about to start quoting scripture to my Christian husband.

Tink: You call yourself a Christian.

James: Yes, I do.

Christine: And a mighty hunky Christian you are, too.

Tink: But Leviticus is in the *Old* Testament.

Christine: Ah, the Old Testament — he beget them, who beget someone else — and they beget even more. They did a lot of "begettin'" in the good old days; didn't they?

Tink: Now, the *New* Testament is all about Jesus and his teachings.

Christine: They had to say, "beget" 'cause "fuck" was just too harsh.

James: What's your point?

Tink: Jesus came along and pretty much said the Old Testament was a bunch of horse-shit.

Christine: Yeah, that's in — uh — Equis, Chapter One, Verse Six: "The Old Testament is horse-hockey!"

Tink: The Old Testament said "An eye for an eye." The New Testament said, "Turn the other cheek.", The Old Testament said, "Adulterers should be stoned." Jesus said "Let he who is without sin, cast the first stone."

Christine: Let's all get stoned — that's a great idea.

James: So, what's your point?

Tink: You can't just "pick and choose" the scripture from the Old Testament and still claim to be a Christian, because Jesus came along to change all that. So, Leviticus and everything in Leviticus HAS to be thrown out!

James: The Old Testament is the word of God.

Tink: And you believe in the word of God, don't you?

James: Yes, I do.

Christine: Sinning is one of my favorite things to do!

Tink: So, you believe it when God said, "Homosexuality is an abomination..."

James: Yes, I do.

Christine: How can anyone who knows how to match fabrics and colors be an abomination?

Tink: Did you know that in the first 17 chapters of Leviticus, there are other rules that govern your behavior?

James: The Bible is a set of laws intended to be followed.

Tink: Leviticus guides us to be better people.

James: Righteous, pious, God-fearing people.

Christine: If you're describing me, you left out, "fun to be around."

Tink: Leviticus tells us to not eat shell-fish.

Christine: Oh, Deenie's Seafood Restaurant is an absolute den of iniquity! (Picking up a celery stick.) That's why I eat at the bars.

Tink: Leviticus tells a woman that when she's having her "time of the month," she should stay in doors, away from everyone, and if she **MUST** go out in public, she has to shout "Unclean," everywhere she goes.

Christine: Please, I'm eating!

Tink: (To Christine.) Do you shout "Unclean" when you're on the rag?

Christine: No, I just retain fluids, cramp and get real hateful.

Tink: Sinner.

James: Those chapters had to be put in there for health reasons. This was written before people knew how to properly cook lobsters and how to keep themselves clean.

James: There are other parts of Leviticus that are just as important to God's Laws as Chapter 18.

Tink: Oh, let's explore that, shall we?

Christine: Let's not and pretend we did.

Tink: Most of Leviticus — the first 17 chapters — tells the pious individual how to take an animal to the temple; to remove its entrails, while it's still living, and burn them on the alter as a sacrifice to God. Show me the church that still does that and I'll quit sucking dick.

Christine: (Looking around.) Well, that certainly woke everyone up. (To the crowd.) Don't mind us, we're just talking about the Bible and sucking dick.

James: You can't take every single part of Leviticus at face value.

Christine: No, but you can take sucking dick at face value.

Tink: Just the parts that agree with the way society thinks TODAY? We don't worry about shell-fish 'cause now we know how to cook, we don't worry about "women's menstrual cycles," 'cause now we have *All Summer's Eve* and we don't sacrifice live animals to God anymore...

Christine: 'Cause the Humane Society just has a hissy-fit!

Tink: 'Cause we've become more civilized. We don't kill adulterers anymore.

Christine: No, we elect them president!

Tink: We don't believe in ANY of the laws in Leviticus — EXCEPT —

James: Leviticus teaches us how to pray.

Christine: I quit praying when I was eight. The idea that God would take his attentions away from the universe long enough to give me a Barbie Malibu Dream Home is so unlikely that I just can't believe in prayer.

Tink: We don't believe in any of the laws in Leviticus, except "Homosexuality is an abomination."

Christine: Well, we cleared that up — let's talk about Kenner. What a hell-hole.

James: You make a very good argument, Tink.

Christine: He makes a good drag queen, too!

James: Sometimes you surprise me.

Christine: Yeah, he's a good drag queen — then — surprise!

Tink: So, you don't think I should be put to death?

James: No, just turned over my knee and spanked.

Christine: I always charge extra for that.

James: (To Tink) Can I buy you another drink?

Tink: Careful, that's how I started.

Christine: If y'all kiss and make up; I'm leaving.

James: You can't leave me here, I might like it!

Christine: Over my dead body.

James: (To Tink) She always brings up our honeymoon.

Tink: I still need a husband.

Christine: How about that guy over there? (They all look where she is pointing.)

James: Oh, no, Christine. That's not Tinky's type.

Tink: It's not?

James: Tink likes men, and that guy obviously can't do impressions.

Tink: Hold onto your seats, we're gonna make a gay man out of you yet!

Christine: (To James.) I think I liked you better when you were a straight Christian.

Tink: Ben, my future husband would like to buy me another cocktail.

Christine: Arsenic on the rocks, hold the fruit.

(Fade out as they laugh.)