

If reading for ADAM/LEO, and/or Young Man 2, 3, 4, please prepare these two short monologues.

ADAM/LEO: Please prepare both; Adam has a polish and confidence that Leo does not. There should be a clear difference in the characters and their place in society.

ADAM

Slowly my euphoria started to fade, and a thought starts to form, like Adam Lucas McDowell returning to his hot, sweaty body: None of those guys had been wearing condoms. And suddenly, I'm awoken from my dream to the realization that I just barebacked with at least a dozen guys.

I got down off the bench and made my way out of the stall. Everyone was grabbing me, wanting me to stay. Suddenly their touches felt like violations. I ran to the locker room and quickly dressed. I left with my clothes sticking to my body, still sweaty and covered in lube and spit and cum. I took the hottest shower I could stand. I cleaned myself and discovered that I was bleeding. I could see it going down the drain.

LEO

Leo left the clinic and wandered the frozen streets. He attempted a mental list of all of the men he'd had sex with in the last six months. For money. For shelter. For drugs. But never for pleasure. He stood at the end of the Christopher Street Pier, the December wind making a mockery of his sweater. He thought of the chain of infection that had been passed down along the years, decades and generations, his particular lineage moving from person to person, until it was eventually passed to him. A bitter inheritance. And yet, despite this chain of humanity, Leo never felt so alone in all his life. Leo looked down at the water lapping the side of the pier and thought how easily he could disappear into the abyss and never be counted again.