

*Can I See Your Face?*

by Aaron Ricciardi

Contacts:

JEFF SILVERBERG: Thirty. Caucasian.  
Overwhelmed, like a browser with too many tabs open.

KIRK KLAUSON: Forty-seven, later forty-eight. Caucasian.  
Methodical, like an antivirus program.

SCOTT KUHN: Thirty. African-American. Jeff's best friend since forever.  
Discontented, like not finding what you're looking for on a search engine.

CANDIE LYNN KLAUSON: Forty-five. Caucasian. Kirk's wife of twenty-five years.  
Once glamorous, like Netscape Navigator.

DEANNA D'AMATO: Thirty-six. Any ethnicity. A cashier at the Walgreens Jeff manages.  
Insecure, like an e-mail full of emoticons.

BRODY THOMAS: Twenty. African-American. A native of Kirk's hometown.  
Connected to his roots, like not throwing away a word processor.

MEREDITH SILVERBERG: Thirty. Any ethnicity. Jeff's soon-to-be-ex-wife (whom he imagines he sees  
in the face of a Flight Attendant).  
Practical, like Microsoft Excel.

Edit:

Candie Lynn, Deanna, and Meredith/the Flight Attendant can all be played by one actor. Same with Brody and Scott.

Window:

This play takes place during the fall of 2011.  
Jeff lives in Milwaukee, and Kirk lives in a suburb of Denver.

View:

Don't project images to make it look exactly like the Internet. Zoom in on how the Internet feels.

Conversations:

**Typed conversation is written in this font.**

Typed conversations should be visually displayed on stage. It can be simply projected as the actors silently type, totally realistically, or the actors can speak the language as they type it.

As for the projections of the typed dialogue, perhaps they're handwritten on transparency paper and projected with an overhead projector. Perhaps they're handwritten on poster boards.

The outdated-ness, the inefficiency of those techniques would be illuminating here, in a way that standard computer technology would just be expected.

Help:

A forward slash (/) in a line indicates the place where the next line of dialogue begins.

“In the decade and a half since Ellen DeGeneres came out as a lesbian on national television and the openly gay sitcom *Will and Grace* first aired, much has changed throughout the world regarding the acceptability of being gay. During this same period of time, addiction and mental health issues among gay men have continued at alarmingly high levels, and all indications are that they continue to rise. While social acceptance of gay men, gay rights, and gay marriage is critically important to the well-being of gay men, these things are not sufficient to inspire us to do the deeper work of healing the tight grip of shame on our lives.”

—Alan Downs, PhD,  
Preface to the 2012 Edition of  
*The Velvet Rage: Overcoming the Pain  
of Growing Up Gay in a Straight Man's World*

“But,’ he said, ‘you cannot see my face, for no one may see me and live.’”

—Exodus, 33:20

“And I figure, I tell ya, when you get lonely, and I figure everybody does, man...because, as a matter of fact, everybody does. I figure if you're a woman, and, if you're really a woman, you already know what you need, man. You already know what you're lookin' for. Man, I found out at fourteen years old...and I've been lookin' ever since, too, man. But, if you happen to be a young cat, like about 17 years old and about this tall, right? You happen to be a young cat, man, and you ain't figured it out yet, I'll tell you what you need, baby, when you get those strange thoughts in your head and you don't know where they came from, man. You got those strange little weirdnesses happenin' to you, and you don't know what they are. I tell you what you need. You need a sweet lovin' momma, babe...”

—Janis Joplin,  
“Tell Mama”  
Live Festival Express Tour, Canada, 1970

ONE

*The kitchen of Jeff's townhouse.  
 There's a pile of mail on the counter.  
 The sound of a garage door opening.  
 Scott is heard in the garage belting "Joseph's Coat" from Joseph and the  
 Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.  
 The sound of a garage door closing.  
 Scott bursts through the door into the kitchen,  
 singing while doing Zumba moves.  
 Jeff follows behind him, laughing.*

**SCOTT**

"He looks handsome.  
 He looks smart.  
 He is a walking work of art  
 in his dazzling coat of many colors.  
 How he loves his coat of many colors!  
 It was green and silver and crimson and gold and taupe and / beige and lilac and puce—"

**JEFF**

You're too much!

*Almost immediately upon entering Jeff's kitchen,  
 Scott raids the pantry and scarfs down snacks, totally at home.*

**JEFF**

*(Calling through the house.)* Meredith! I'm home!  
 I thought it was weird they played that song.

**SCOTT**

*(Faux incredulous.)* The "Joseph Megamix?"

**JEFF**

Don't get me wrong. I love *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* as much as the next guy, but—

**SCOTT**

Lest we forget yours truly's performance in the seminal 1993 Milwaukee Jewish Day School production of that old chestnut.

**JEFF**

You were so great in that show.

**SCOTT**

I was twelve.

**JEFF**

You were great!

**SCOTT**

Thank you Grandpa Jeff.

That teacher does play weird music though. You should come to the Monday class. Carla is a crazy good teacher and she only plays actual Latin music.

**JEFF**

I can't believe you got me to go to Zumba.

**SCOTT**

You loved it.

**JEFF**

I did! That's the worst part!

**SCOTT**

I'm tellin' ya, it's too bad you're not gay.

**JEFF**

I know. Life ain't fair.

*A little moment.*

**JEFF**

*(Calling through the house.)* Meredith!

Where's my wife?

**SCOTT**

If it's too much to look for the vows now we can totally do it another time.

**JEFF**

Don't be silly! I'm so touched that you want to read them!

*Jeff starts a casual search through drawers and cabinets.*

**SCOTT**

Are you kidding? Your wedding vows were incredible. Everyone in the synagogue cried like they were at a funeral. I, on the other hand, am a horrific writer—

**JEFF**

Oh stop.

**SCOTT**

But Matt is adamant about us writing our own stupid vows, so I hope you'll be okay with me blatantly stealing from yours.

**JEFF**

Steal away. If I can find it.

I think it's great you guys are gonna write your own vows! It makes the ceremony a lot more personal.

Sure you don't want to stay for dinner?

**SCOTT**

I'd love to but I have plans to Skype with Matt.

**JEFF**

I feel like he's been out there forever. When's he coming home?

**SCOTT**

He doesn't know.

**JEFF**

I wonder why he doesn't come home on the weekends so at least you could see each other.

**SCOTT**

He told me he doesn't like "running all over the place."

It's not even worth the discussion.

**JEFF**

Everything's worth a discussion.

**SCOTT**

But we've had this particular discussion about a thousand and five times already. So at this point it's just whatever.

**JEFF**

Are you okay?

**SCOTT**

I'm great! What could be more fun than planning an out-of-state gay wedding all by yourself because your fiancé is in New York building a sports stadium?

And my relationship with my mother has never been better.

**JEFF**

That's good!

**SCOTT**

Yeah! We have now officially had huge fights that ended with both of us in tears at Crate and Barrel, a videographer's, and three separate Bloomingdale's. Oh, and the tuxedo store. How could I forget the tuxedo store?

The best is that when white people see a nice old white Jewess fighting with a thirty-year-old black man, they get very concerned and they ask her if she needs any help, and my mother yells, "He's my son, you racist!" It's all very Shirley MacLaine in *Terms of Endearment*.

If she wasn't actively driving me to the brink of insanity, I would find the whole thing endlessly entertaining.

**JEFF**

Why don't you ask me to go with you to these things?

**SCOTT**

You're busy.

**JEFF**

I could make time.

**SCOTT**

It's fine. If my mother ever found out I did any wedding preparations without her, I think she'd have me murdered.

**JEFF**

At least she's finally accepted that your being gay isn't just a phase that's going to pass!

**SCOTT**

The other day she spent fifteen minutes telling our waitress how shocked she was when I came out to her.

**JEFF**

Ohh-kay.

**SCOTT**

She said the reason she had such a hard time with it was because she didn't see it coming. I said, "Mom, we used to listen to the Barbra Streisand Christmas album in July. You knew."

*Jeff laughs.*

*He notices the pile of mail on the counter.*

**JEFF**

Did I bring in the mail?

**SCOTT**

I don't think so.

**JEFF**

Meredith must have brought it in.

*(Calling through the house.)* MEREDITH!

Where is she? Thursday's her day to make dinner.

*Jeff calls Meredith on his cell phone.*

*He picks up a copy of The Economist from the pile of mail.*

**JEFF**

Did you hear about the kid in Colorado?

**SCOTT**

What kid in Colorado?

**JEFF**

Do you ever read the news?

**SCOTT**

I have a busy job!

**JEFF**

*(Teasing.)* "I have a busy job working for my mom!"

**SCOTT**

Shut your damn mouth.

**JEFF**

*(About the call to Meredith.)* Voicemail.

**SCOTT**

What did you read in the news, oh informed one?

**JEFF**

Another gay kid killed himself.

**SCOTT**

Oy.

**JEFF**

Hung himself in his parents' closet. It happened two months ago, only we're just hearing about it now because he was from this ultra conservative town where everyone denies that there's



**JEFF**

any such thing as gay people. But someone found a suicide email he wrote about how he was struggling with his sexuality and now shit's blowing up and he's the next—um. What's his name.

**SCOTT**

Tyler Clementi.

See? I read the news.

*Scott sticks his tongue out at Jeff.*

**JEFF**

I hate Christians.

**SCOTT**

You hate all Christians?

**JEFF**

I think they're crazy.

**SCOTT**

Not all Christians are crazy, Jeff.

**JEFF**

Most of them are, *Scott*.

Jews don't have that problem.

**SCOTT**

Sure they do.

**JEFF**

What Jews are crazy?

**SCOTT**

A lot of Hasidic people are completely bonkers.

**JEFF**

They're the minority!

**SCOTT**

Crazy Christian nutjobs are the minority too!

**JEFF**

But there are more of them, and they're actively trying to hijack the country so they can make people like you as invisible as possible. Our people are not doing that.

**SCOTT**

I don't know. I think when it comes down to it all religions are the same.

**JEFF**

That's not true.

**SCOTT**

It's the same shit, Jeff.

Matt and I had a fight last week because he doesn't want a rabbi at the wedding. He wants his friend to be our officiant and I kept pushing for a rabbi, but after arguing about it for an hour I realized I was only pushing for it because my parents are obsessed with their adopted black son having this like *Fiddler-on-the-Roof* wedding in order to prove something to the relatives. But I'm not religious! I don't care if we have rabbi.

**JEFF**

So don't have a rabbi.

**SCOTT**

Like, I don't think I'm gonna fast next week.

**JEFF**

But you're my Yom Kippur fasting buddy!

**SCOTT**

I just don't see the point.

*Scott makes a sad face.*

*Jeff makes a sad face.*

*Jeff searches through a stack of papers and pulls one out.*

**JEFF**

Found it!

*Jeff hands the paper to Scott.*

*Jeff notices something on Scott's hand.*

**JEFF**

What happened there?

**SCOTT**

Don't even talk to me, I'm disgusting. I suddenly have psoriasis.

Matt's gonna come home and be like, "Um, actually, no thanks on the wedding, you have skin like a snake. And you're obese."

**JEFF**

You are not obese.

**SCOTT**

I've been in your house ten minutes and I've already eaten every snack in your pantry!

I gained seven pounds in the last month.

I'm fat, I'm balding, and I have a skin condition, so I'm literally turning into my father.

**JEFF**

You look great.

*Scott reads from the paper in his hand.*

**SCOTT**

Here we go: "Meredith, you were my sixth grade crush.

**JEFF**

Oh god.

*Jeff goes through the mail while Scott reads.*

*He comes upon an envelope, opens it, pulls out an enclosed letter,  
and reads it intently as Scott reads.*

**SCOTT**

"Our relationship rarely extended beyond my perpetual stares at you, though I did once muster the chutzpah to engage you in conversation. I asked you how you were and you replied, 'Good, how are you?' I muttered, 'Good,' stared at your seemingly airbrushed skin, and promptly left our riveting repartee, convinced that this tall beauty who smelled like cake would forever be out of my league. But everything changed seven years later when I, an eighteen-year-old college freshman with an impossibly bad haircut, was assigned to live in the same dorm as you, my dreamy Hebrew school classmate who had by now grown even more ravishing, whom I was finally taller than, and who, thankfully, still smelled like cake."

Jeff! This is even more beautiful than I remember! I'm gonna cry! You should've been a writer—

**JEFF**

I feel really sick.

**SCOTT**

All of a sudden?

**JEFF**

I think I'm just wiped.

**SCOTT**

Can I do something?

**JEFF**

That's okay.

**SCOTT**

Do you want some Tums—?

**JEFF**

I want to be alone.

**SCOTT**

You sure?

**JEFF**

Yeah.

**SCOTT**

Okay.

**JEFF**

Bye.

*A moment.*

**JEFF**

Sorry.

**SCOTT**

No problem! Feel better and call me if you need anything. Love you.

**JEFF**

Yeah you too.

*Scott walks out the door.*

*The sound of a garage door opening and closing.*

*A long moment.*

*Jeff makes a phone call.*

*It rings and rings.*

*He leaves a voicemail:*

**JEFF**

Mer, it's me. I got your letter.

Please come home.

*He ends the call.*

TWO

*In the kitchen of Kirk's house.  
The kitchen is shiny, but it doesn't have all that much personality.  
Candie Lynn is alone in the kitchen, absorbed in an activity:  
armed with little plastic baggies, a measuring cup, a Sharpie, and a Weight  
Watchers booklet,  
she fills the baggies with snack food and then writes on the baggie how many  
Weight Watchers points each baggie of food is worth.  
After a few moments, she calls out to her husband.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Kirk.

*Kirk doesn't come.  
She keeps packing the baggies.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

(Louder.) Kirk!

*Kirk doesn't come.  
She keeps packing the baggies.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

(Bloody murder.) KIRK!

*After a few moments, running footsteps are heard approaching,  
and Kirk bolts into the room.*

**KIRK**

What's wrong?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Hey babe!

**KIRK**

What're you screamin' like that for?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Oh, I just wanted to tell you somethin'.

**KIRK**

*Candie Lynn.*

I thought there was a fire. I thought there was a burglar.

**CANDIE LYNN**

No, I just wanted to tell you somethin'.

**KIRK**

I thought you broke your hip. I fell asleep watchin' golf, ran in here, thought you were dead.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Sorry.

**KIRK**

What'd you wanna tell me?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Don't remember.

**KIRK**

What are you doin'?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Puttin' snacks in baggies.

**KIRK**

What is the point of that?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Tonight at the Weight Watchers meetin' the woman who runs it—I told you, that Chinese girl who runs the place?—she said a good strategy is to take the snacks out of their boxes, put 'em in individual baggies, and label how many points each baggie is so you won't overeat. I thought it was a great point.

**KIRK**

You're takin' this thing way too serious.

**CANDIE LYNN**

I don't think so.

**KIRK**

You look fine.

**CANDIE LYNN**

I lost two whole pounds since last week.

**KIRK**

I can't even tell. You look fine.

*Silence.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Did you see the water pressure's better.

**KIRK**

Yep.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Man came to fix it today. It's better.

*(Gasp!)*

I remember what I was callin' your name for!

Did you see what happened today on the news with the Thomas boy?

**KIRK**

Brody?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Not *Brody* Thomas. His brother!

**KIRK**

The dead one?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Kirk Klauson, don't be so insensitive. The one who committed *suicide*, yes, him.

**KIRK**

Well what happened?

**CANDIE LYNN**

Turns out some *man* over in Denver had some sorta...relationship goin' with Brody's younger brother—

**KIRK**

Lord have mercy.

**CANDIE LYNN**

They were textin' and e-mailin' for months, and this fella in Denver had messages and texts all saved up, including: a suicide note!

**KIRK**

Oh no.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Somehow the media found all this out and they're claimin' our good Christian values are what drove that boy to do what he did. It's terrible what they're sayin'.

That poor boy's mother! Chantelle. That poor woman. Such a sad life. She told me they're flat broke after sendin' Brody to college even *with* a scholarship—and the boy didn't even finish! He dropped out! Her husband's a *janitor* for cryin' out loud, they're (*quiet*;) black, (*back to normal volume*;) and then one of her sons gets caught up in that sinful lifestyle and goes and kills himself!

**KIRK**

Somethin' tells me the other one's caught up in it too.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Brody? No!

**KIRK**

Just swing by the office and watch him walk around. He's a little...light.  
He's a good boy, though. I feel for him, I really do.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Poor Chantelle. You know, I *a/ways* tip her big when she does my facials. *A/ways*, because I know what a rough life she has, that poor black woman.

I worry for the children of this world, Kirk. Growin' up in these mean, confusin' times. I stopped in at Sandy's down the street today. You won't believe what her two boys were watchin': *Battlestar. Galactica*.

**KIRK**

That right?

**CANDIE LYNN**

That. show. is. *godless*, Kirk.

Left and right, they're sayin' "frack" this and "frack" that and "I don't give a frack" and there was one moment when this pretty blonde girl told a gentleman to go "frack himself."

**KIRK**

Heavens.

**CANDIE LYNN**

And that's when I had it. I grabbed the remote from the older one—only sixteen! I clicked it right off and I told Sandy, "I cannot stay in a house with this filth."

**KIRK**

I wouldn't expect that from Miss Sandy.



**CANDIE LYNN**

I know! All holier than thou, spoutin' off Scripture all day long.

**KIRK**

*(Making fun of Sandy.)* "God says right there in the good book..."

*They chortle together.  
It's comfortable.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Kirk, my Women Within group last night was so fun.

**KIRK**

Yeah?

**CANDIE LYNN**

So fun! We mainly talked about this passage from Genesis.

*She picks up a little spiral notebook that's sitting on the kitchen counter.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

It goes, um...Here: "Therefore a man shall leave his father and his mother and hold fast to his wife, and they shall become one flesh."

We were all makin' connections to our lives, you know how it is—first we all were talkin' about our weddin' days, and how funny it was to leave our father and our mother and all of a sudden just be livin' with this man!

But then some of the other girls were talkin' about how their marriages changed, over time, and they were sayin' how they couldn't become "one flesh" with their husband anymore, because their husband couldn't get an erection—and I just thought that was so interesting because—

**KIRK**

Did you tell 'em about me?

**CANDIE LYNN**

What?

**KIRK**

Did you tell 'em about me?

**CANDIE LYNN**

What?

Did I?

*A moment.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

No.

**KIRK**

You better not have told anyone about that.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Of course I didn't! That's private!

*Silence.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Anyway some of the other ladies were talkin' about how their husbands went on a pill and now it's all fixed.

**KIRK**

I'm not talkin' about this again—

**CANDIE LYNN**

But it could help, honey!

**KIRK**

It's emasculatin'! A man shouldn't have to chew on a Tic Tac to have relations with his wife.

**CANDIE LYNN**

No, you're right, you're right.

I just wanted to tell you that other people said it helped *them*, that's all.

**KIRK**

Well I'm not doin' it.

I'm just stressed, Candie Lynn.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Of course. Forgive me for bringin' it up again.

*A moment.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

I just wish I could go poof and fix it.

*A moment.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Kirk. May I lay hands on you?

*Kirk nods.*

*She puts her hands on his crotch.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

Dear God: It's Kirk and Candie Lynn Klauson. Hello. Please help my husband not have trouble with his thing. He's very busy runnin' a very successful company that is currently workin' on a deal to have their name on a new sports stadium in New York City, and he's stressed and not sleepin' much, so it's affectin' our marital relations. We love each other and he deserves to come home after a hard day at work and not have a hard time gettin' hard. Amen.

**KIRK**

Amen.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Thank you Kirk. I really felt like God was listenin' to us.

*She pecks him on the lips.*

*Silence.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

You know, I was thinkin' we haven't done anythin' fun in a while! What would you say about maybe drivin' out to Denver one night, go have a nice dinner?

I saw George Jones is doin' a concert and thought we could go see that, have a nice dinner. Your birthday's comin' up and now that I've lost—

*Kirk's phone makes a noise and he checks it.*

*He reads while Candie Lynn rambles.*

**CANDIE LYNN**

I figure now that I've lost this weight I should go out and buy myself some new clothes and show 'em off in Denver with my man on his birthday!

Turns out George Jones is actually playin' the night *before* your birthday, so it could be fun!

Maybe go someplace nice in Denver, have a steak and some sides and maybe like a crab leg and then get some dessert, maybe a cheesecake or some pie or some hot chocolate soufflé kind thing and put a little candle on it and then go to the concert!

Always on that phone!

**KIRK**

I got an important e-mail, Candie Lynn.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Who's it from?

**KIRK**

What does it matter who it's from?

You spend money on your clothes and your lotions and your Pilates, but some of us have to work to make that money and that comes along with an obligation to answer an e-mail when you're in the middle of one of your stories.

There's a problem at the office if you must know, and now I gotta go drive over there and take care of this mess!

**CANDIE LYNN**

I'm sorry.

**KIRK**

Don't wait up for me. I'll be home late.

**CANDIE LYNN**

Goodnight.

*Kirk leaves.*

*Candie Lynn stands in the kitchen for a few moments,  
and then goes to town on a baggie of snacks.*

THREE

*Kirk and Jeff at their respective computers.  
A tense, exhausted Kirk is finishing up some work at the office.  
A heartbroken Jeff is aimlessly surfing the Internet at home.  
Eventually, they both type the same thing in their Internet browser's address bar:*

**KIRK and JEFF**

Chatmance.com

*Kirk and Jeff enter the chat room.  
The space feels huge and full of possibility.  
Jeff assigns himself the username BrownEyedGuy30,  
and Kirk assigns himself the username rugbyjock4u17.  
Jeff sends a private message to Kirk,  
and the two worlds meet, through the Internet.  
The space feels smaller, as if zoomed in on these two men.  
A conversation of typing:*

**JEFF**

Hello.

**KIRK**

hey dude

**JEFF**

How's it going?

**KIRK**

stats?

**JEFF**

What are stats?

**KIRK**

what r ur stats?

**JEFF**

What?

**KIRK**

age?

**JEFF**

Are you asking how old I am?

KIRK

yes

JEFF

I'm 30.

KIRK

17 here  
height?

JEFF

I'm about five foot ten.

KIRK

6 3 here  
weight?

JEFF

About 165 pounds.

KIRK

170 here  
ur dick?

JEFF

Excuse me?

KIRK

dick size?

JEFF

I don't know.

KIRK

loc?

JEFF

I don't know what that means.

KIRK

where r u dude?

JEFF

I'm in my computer room.

KIRK

no like where r u in the world

**JEFF**

Oh. I'm from the Midwest.

**KIRK**

where

**JEFF**

I mean "from."

**KIRK**

where

**JEFF**

I don't want to say exactly where.

**KIRK**

pussy

**JEFF**

I'm a pussy because I don't want to tell a random stranger exactly where I live?

**KIRK**

whatever dude. im in cali

**JEFF**

You're young.

**KIRK**

u like that dude?

**JEFF**

I don't know...

**KIRK**

i can go if ur gonna be such a dick

**JEFF**

Please don't go. I'm a mess right now and I'd like to have someone to talk to.

*A moment.*

**JEFF**

I'm in Wisconsin.

**KIRK**

cold there. need some1 2 warm u up?  
:-)

**JEFF**

:-)  
Where in California are you from?

**KIRK**

san fran

**JEFF**

Really? I love San Francisco.

**KIRK**

its cool

**JEFF**

My cousins used to live near there in this city called Pacifica.  
I visited there once when I was in high school and I thought it  
was so beautiful. I promised myself that one day if I made a lot  
of money I'd buy a house there.

**KIRK**

ha thats where im from

**JEFF**

No way!  
You're from Pacifica?

**KIRK**

yeah thats like crazy bro

**JEFF**

I can't believe you live there! It's like my dream.

**KIRK**

u shud move here we cud hang out

**JEFF**

Oh yeah?

**KIRK**

ya u seem like an awesome guy totally my type

**JEFF**

I've always thought that restaurant Nick's on the water was a  
good date spot.



KIRK

that place rocks bro

JEFF

Totally! The food's okay, but it's worth it for the view, you know?

KIRK

u cud hold my hand under the table

JEFF

And I could kiss you.

KIRK

n we cud go to ur hotel rm

JEFF

In the bed.

KIRK

kissing

JEFF

And kissing.

KIRK

n touching

JEFF

And I take my hand...

KIRK

im cuming-

JEFF

I'm coming-

*With a shameful desire to forget what just happened,  
Jeff and Kirk snap their computers shut,  
and Pacifica, California, is ripped away.*