

ABOUT LAST NIGHT

By Abraham McNeil Adams

KALIFA and CARL in bed. It is mid morning at CARL's place. The morning after a one night stand. Both are extremely hungover. CARL awakens first. Upon seeing KALIFA he groans audibly and perhaps yells a "Fuck" or "Shit" or some other choice invective that results in waking KALIFA.

KALIFA Good morning.

CARL Fuck me.

KALIFA I already did.

CARL No, not —, I mean, yes... very clever.

KALIFA Good morning to you too.

CARL I feel like all the moisture has been sucked out of my head.

KALIFA You were putting it away last night.

CARL I don't even remember coming home.

KALIFA I helped you with your keys.

CARL Oh, right...

KALIFA Kalifa. My name is Kalifa.

CARL Right, Kalifa. I'm Carl.

KALIFA I remember your name.

CARL I'm sorry, I don't usually do this.

KALIFA Me neither.

CARL Lucky us.

KALIFA You got any coffee?

CARL Uh, yeah, yeah, sure.

CARL gets out of bed, naked, looking for his shorts. They are not readily apparent.

KALIFA You are the first white guy I've slept with.

CARL Should I be flattered?

KALIFA No, I just thought you should know.

CARL Where the hell are my shorts?

KALIFA You were swinging them around over your head last time I checked.

CARL Jesus, I think I might still be drunk.

KALIFA Why were you shouting?

CARL What?

KALIFA Earlier. What woke me up.
finding his shorts, perhaps hanging precariously from the ceiling fan or a lamp

CARL Oh, I'm sorry about that.

KALIFA What was that about?

CARL Dry mouth and regret.

KALIFA Tell me about it.

CARL You take cream?
CARL begins preparing the coffee

KALIFA No, I like it black.

CARL *(grins)* Me too.
beat

KALIFA Look, last night was—

CARL Yeah?

KALIFA I mean, you were great.

CARL Was I?

KALIFA Yeah, for what it was.

CARL Okay.

KALIFA But let's not make it out to be more than what it was.

CARL What was it?

KALIFA An experiment?

CARL Are you asking me?

KALIFA Maybe.

Here CARL has found the electric coffee grinder and begins to grind the beans. It should be loud and obnoxious for as long as you think is appropriate.

CARL I haven't been totally honest with you.

KALIFA Oh boy.

CARL No, I mean, last night was great for me too.

KALIFA Well, that's a relief.

CARL But last night was atypical for me.

KALIFA Atypical?

CARL I'm not usually like that.

KALIFA Me neither.

CARL No, I mean, that's not who I am.

KALIFA I knew it. You're a secret agent.

CARL I'm trying to be serious.

KALIFA I haven't been totally honest with you either.

CARL Oh boy.

KALIFA I'm a lesbian.

beat

CARL What?

KALIFA I fuck girls? Like, exclusively. You were, like, my first.

CARL Wow.

KALIFA Yeah.

CARL How was I?

KALIFA I have no basis for comparison.

CARL Ouch.

KALIFA No, I mean, it was good for sloppy drunk sex with a man.

CARL That wasn't me at my best.

KALIFA I could tell.

CARL I feel like I should apologize.

KALIFA Why?

CARL Yesterday was my birthday.

KALIFA No shit?!

CARL I was 10 years sober.

beat

KALIFA Wait, what?

CARL Happy birthday to me. Not a drop, or a pill, or a puff.

KALIFA Wow.

CARL Yeah.

KALIFA What happened?

CARL I was gonna ask you the same thing.

KALIFA It's complicated.

CARL Coffee is still brewing.

KALIFA Can you hand me my skirt.

CARL Sure.

KALIFA I don't really want to talk about it.

CARL Okay.

KALIFA Like why did you throw away 10 years?

CARL I thought you didn't want to talk about it.

KALIFA We can talk about your shit. My shit is off limits.

CARL Vulnerability at 10am on a Saturday is not my thing.

KALIFA Is it anybody's?

CARL This is unfamiliar territory.

KALIFA Look. I'm a black lesbian raised in a single child Baptist home. That's like *the* definition of excess baggage.

CARL White ex-Mormon with a drinking problem. No clue what you are talking about.

KALIFA It's complicated. I mean, I love girls... I love women. But, like, I've always had a thing for white dudes.

CARL So you just decided to fuck a rand-o one night?

KALIFA It was an impulse purchase.

CARL I see.

KALIFA You are very charming, and funny. You made me laugh.

CARL It was supposed to be one beer. Just to see, you know.

KALIFA See what?

CARL How it felt.

KALIFA And how did it feel?

CARL I mean, here we are, hungover in my apartment, waiting for coffee to brew that seems to be taking for freaking ever.

KALIFA Why did you do it?

CARL I thought I was "normal". Cured, you know? Addiction is a disease? Anyway, I thought after 10 years what could be the harm.

beat

KALIFA My mom wants grandkids.

CARL That's heavy.

KALIFA Tell me about it.

CARL Does she know?

KALIFA Of course she knows! She still calls it a “phase”.

CARL So, you don’t actually have a thing for white dudes?

KALIFA I mean, you *are* sexy, for a man but...

CARL You can have kids and still be a lesbian.

KALIFA I know *that*. It’d just be easier, with my family, if I were normal and liked dick.

CARL I’m not sure anyone is normal.

KALIFA Me neither.

beat

CARL Would you do it again?

KALIFA Would you?

CARL The way I feel right now, fuck no!

KALIFA Yeah, me neither.

CARL Thanks.

KALIFA Don’t get all butt-hurt. I said last night was okay.

CARL My ego is tender. And hungover.

KALIFA Men.

CARL I know, right?

KALIFA You would not believe the shit I’m gonna get for coming home with you last night.

CARL You haven’t met my sponsor. Total hardass.

KALIFA I thought AA was like non-judgmental

CARL I thought gay people were like non-judgmental.

KALIFA There are like, rules, to being a lesbian.

CARL AA is Judgy-mick-judgerson-town. But as long as you come back in they don't really care.

KALIFA You going back in?

CARL Are you?

KALIFA I mean, it's who I am.

CARL You can't change who you are.

KALIFA You should listen to your own advice.

CARL I was always better at giving than receiving.

KALIFA Not how it played out last night.

The coffee maker makes a sound signaling the coffee is done.

A moment.

END OF PLAY