

="Tape"

Jon & Vince

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JON. If they're fat they probably already *realize* it without your having to remind them. It basically has to do with having a couple *manners*.

VINCE. Is that what it is?

JON. That's it.

VINCE. So why'd you ask if she was hot?

JON. Because she is. Was. It's not a bad word. If the word is essentially a compliment, then saying it isn't bad manners. Human beings like to be called attractive. I'm not labeling Amy Randall anything she doesn't already know. And I'm sure she's smart, too.

VINCE. Well if we call her and she weighs three hundred and twenty pounds, then I think we should go up to her and say, "Gee, we're really glad we dated you in high school instead of now because in high school you were really hot and now ... well, I'm sure you already *realize* about now."

JON. You know what, Vince? — why don't you shut up for awhile.

VINCE. Oh I see — I made a point so now I have to shut up?

JON. No, it's that you like being rude for the sake of it; either that or you do it to prove that nobody can *make* you be nice. Either way, it gets tiresome. And the thing is you and I don't see each other often enough to make worthwhile this little competition for "who's more authentic." It's not about that anymore. OK? We should just accept the fact that we're a little different from each other, and let the friendship go from there.

VINCE. "Accept the fact that we're a little different from each other?"

JON. Yeah.

VINCE. (Pause ...) Would you like to make me?

JON. Make you what?

VINCE. Make me "accept that fact."

JON. No.

VINCE. Why not?

JON. 'Cause it's stupid.

VINCE. No it's not —

JON. Yeah it is —

VINCE. No it's not because how else will I know that you're different?

JON. You'll just have to trust me.

VINCE. No. Prove it.

JON. Or else what?

VINCE. (Matter of fact.) I kick your ass.

JON. (Pause.) I guess this means you're potentially violent.

VINCE. (Quiet menace.) Only when it comes to you, Jon.

JON. (Beat.) Funny how you get this way every time we talk about Amy Randall.

VINCE. No I don't.

JON. I don't even think you realize it, Vince.

VINCE. Fuck off.

JON. OK, you know what? — I'm outta here —

VINCE. Fuck off —

JON. Thanks for coming —

VINCE. Fuck off —

JON. Vincent.

VINCE. Fuck you, Jon! —

JON. Look — I'm sorry you still feel bad about Amy Randall, and that every time you get stoned and drunk around me this comes up. But it was ten years ago; I've explained to you a million times that I felt that it was OK for me to be with her because you guys had broken up, and that I now have a better understanding as to the *fragility* of human emotions — especially those belonging to swarthy Italian-Americans like yourself — and thus if the situation arose again today, I wouldn't let what happened happen. But these things *do* happen, especially in high school, and I'm sorry I hurt your feelings.

VINCE. (Pause.) That's not what I'm talking about.

JON. What're you talking about?

VINCE. I'm talking about what happened.

JON. So am I.

VINCE. So what happened?

JON. We slept together.

VINCE. How?

JON. What do you mean?

VINCE. How did you sleep together?

JON. OK — so now this is about that?

VINCE. Isn't it?

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ION. Is it?

VINCE. *You tell me.*

ION. We slept together.

VINCE. How?

ION. You *know* how.

VINCE. No, actually, I don't. I have an idea, but I don't *know* because we've never actually *talked* about it. We've *laughed* about it; we thought it was kinda *funny*, but you've never exactly *told* me what happened.

ION. So what do you wanna know?

VINCE. I wanna know what happened.

ION. We slept together.

VINCE. How?

ION. What do you mean "how"?

VINCE. *How!*

ION. You have to be more specific, Vince.

VINCE. In what fashion did you sleep with her?

ION. We had sex.

VINCE. And —?

ION. And that was it.

VINCE. Was it good sex?

ION. I've had better since.

VINCE. Was it fun?

ION. It was all right.

VINCE. Was it on the rough side?

ION. Hard to say. We were both drunk.

VINCE. Did you rape her?

ION. *(Beat ... Thinks he's joking.)* No.

VINCE. Kind of?

ION. No!

VINCE. Was it like date rape?

ION. "Like date rape"?

VINCE. Did you "kind of" force her to have sex with you?

ION. No!! *(Silence.)*

VINCE. Jon?

ION. I'm not sure what you want me to say, Vince.

VINCE. I want you to tell me what happened. *You're* a filmmaker — lay out the scene for me; show me the dailies.

ION. Can we talk about this sometime when you're not high?

VINCE. Maybe the only reason I'm high is so that *you* get high so that for once you can tell me the truth instead of changing the subject.

ION. *(Beat.)* Yes, it was a little rough. Which is obviously something that doesn't make me proud.

VINCE. *(Beat.)* Did you ever talk to her after that?

ION. No.

VINCE. Why not?

ION. Because I wouldn't know what to say to her. I'm a completely different person than I was then.

VINCE. Maybe she is too.

ION. May-be.

VINCE. Maybe she's fat.

ION. That's really not funny.

VINCE. I didn't say it was. *(Beat.)* Does anyone else know what happened?

ION. I didn't tell anyone.

VINCE. Maybe you should.

ION. I don't actually consider it a crime, Vince. It was not a good thing; it was morally somewhat questionable and I wish it hadn't happened, but I don't think it's the type of thing where I need to turn myself into the police ten years later.

VINCE. I'm not talking about the police.

ION. So what're you talking about?

VINCE. I dunno. Her.

ION. I think she already knows.

VINCE. Maybe you should apologize.

ION. Oh Jesus —

VINCE. What?

ION. You want me to *apologize* to her?

VINCE. Why not?

ION. It wasn't even date rape, Vince! — It was just something that got a little out of hand —

VINCE. I thought you weren't sure what date rape was.

ION. Look — I'm sorry.

VINCE. Don't apologize to me.

ION. *(Recomposing.)* I'm not. What I'm trying to say is that ten



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years ago I did something wrong, and when I think about it now, it seems like the person who did that is a complete stranger to me. A dumb, drunk, high-school senior who thought she was just being a little prudish and needed some coercion. It was bad and I regret it but it was a far cry from rape. And I don't think *she* would look back on it and call it that either.

VINCE. What *would* she call it? —

JON. I don't know what she'd call it —

VINCE. What if she called it rape? —

JON. Listen to me, I highly, highly doubt that she even remembers it —

VINCE. *You* remember it —

JON. I remember it because it was a pivotal thing for me —

VINCE. Your *first* rape?

JON. Stop being an asshole —

VINCE. Tell me why it was pivotal.

JON. Because it was one of the first times I looked at myself objectively and decided that I would try to avoid becoming a certain type of person. OK? For her it might have been nothing particularly important one way or another; for me, it constituted something more significant.

VINCE. So you'd like to think.

JON. Why are you suddenly high and mighty? —

VINCE. I'm not high and mighty — I'm too *high* to be high and mighty! I'm just a lowly, drug-dealing, boxer-wearing scum of the earth.

JON. You said it —

VINCE. No, actually *you* did —

JON. I didn't mean it like that —

VINCE. How'd you mean it? —

JON. That you should change your life a bit —

VINCE. This coming from a rapist —

JON. You're an idiot —

VINCE. Sorry — this coming from a big low-budget moviemaker who makes movies about "where society is possibly headed if we can just manage to forget about that date rape we didn't *kind of* really commit in high school."

JON. You're seriously disturbed.

VINCE. No, actually, I *am* high and mighty. I was wrong before. JON. What do you want me to say, Vince? — I'm sorry.

VINCE. Stop apologizing to *me*, Jon —

JON. I'm not! I'm apologizing in general. I wish it had never happened. I don't think I'm an evil person.

VINCE. No one's saying you're evil —

JON. It sure as hell feels like it —

VINCE. Do *you* think you're evil?

JON. No —

VINCE. So then you're not evil. *I'm* the evil one here. You're the morally conscious movie-maker.

JON. Whatever —

VINCE. Whatever —

JON. Can we stop now? —

VINCE. Totally —

JON. Thank you —

VINCE. (*Beats ...*) I just think you should call her.

JON. I'm not gonna call her.

VINCE. I think you should —

JON. Stop! OK? To call her would be to trivialize the entire matter. It would be like saying, "How's life — oh by the way, sorry I date-raped you ten years ago."

VINCE. So you *did* date-rape her?

JON. No, I didn't —

VINCE. What *did* you do?

JON. I coerced her to have sex with me.

VINCE. How?

JON. Verbally.

VINCE. You verbally coerced her?

JON. Yes. (*Pause ...*) By applying excessive linguistic pressure, I persuaded her to have sex with me.

VINCE. And *then* things got rough?

JON. Things got rough in that after awhile they became aggressively playful.

VINCE. *They* did?

JON. We did.

VINCE. Meaning what?

JON. Meaning I probably still thought I was being playful but