

A Pillow for Thorns

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A short play

By Jarred Corona

SCENE 1

AT RISE: Two men, CARTER and SETH, eat a simple meal together. They're both in their 20s. SETH clearly has something on his mind. They eat. We watch. Until...

SETH

Good boy, huh?

CARTER

What?

SETH

You know, that thing you like being called.

CARTER

Very funny.

SETH

I'm hilarious. Serious though. That what you like?

CARTER

Dude. That's. Come on. We're eating.

SETH

Yeah.

(Beat.)

Got it wrong anyhow. You prefer, "Faggot."

CARTER

Seth.

SETH

Hmm?

CARTER

What are you--? You can't use that word, man. Like. Like that's fucked up, you know?

SETH

I know.

Then drop it. CARTER

You like it though. SETH

No, I don't. CARTER

You do. SETH

Dude. CARTER

Faggot. SETH

Jesus fuck! CARTER

Am I wrong? SETH

You're pissing me off. CARTER

Sorry. SETH

Beat.

Good. I gotta go. CARTER

You prefer being pissed on, not off. Or, sorry, in, right? SETH

So you found it. CARTER