

# FUCKING MEN

BY JOE DiPIETRO

ADAPTED FROM  
*LA RONDE* BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER



DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.

FUCKING MEN  
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FUCKING MEN received its world premiere at the Finborough Theatre (Neil McPherson, Artistic Director) in London, United Kingdom, opening on May 14, 2008. It was directed by Phil Willmott; the set design was by Alistair Turner; and the lighting design was by Hansjorg Schmidt. The cast was as follows:

JOHN.....	Shai Metuki
STEVE.....	Nick Keith
MARCO .....	Chris Polick
KYLE .....	James Kristian
LEO .....	Timothy Lone
JACK .....	Morgan James
RYAN .....	Adam Unze
SAMMY .....	Scott Capurro
BRANDON .....	Guy Fearon
DONALD .....	Patrick Poletti

FUCKING MEN received its American premiere at the Celebration Theater in Los Angeles, California, opening on September 11, 2009. It was directed by Calvin Remsberg; the set design was by Tom Buderwitz; the costume design was by David Hawkins; the lighting design was by Jeremy Pivnick; the sound design was by Lindsay Jones; and the production stage manager was Tracey McAvoy. The cast was as follows:

JOHN.....	Brian Dare
STEVE.....	Johnny Kostrey
MARCO .....	Michael Rachlis
KYLE .....	Mike Ciriaco
LEO .....	Sean Galuszka
JACK .....	David Pevsner
RYAN .....	Jeff Olson
SAMMY .....	A.J. Tannen
BRANDON .....	Chad Borden
DONALD .....	Gregory Franklin

## **CHARACTERS**

JOHN, the escort.

STEVE, the soldier.

MARCO, the graduate student.

KYLE, the college kid.

LEO, the married guy.

JACK, the other married guy.

RYAN, the porn star.

SAMMY, the playwright.

BRANDON, the actor.

DONALD, the journalist.

## **PLACE & TIME**

Here & Now.

## **THE SET**

Stylized and simple, allowing each scene  
to flow quickly into the next.

# FUCKING MEN

## Scene 1

*A park bench. Night. The escort, John, sits.*

*The soldier, Steve, enters, casually walks past, exits. After a moment, he reenters.*

*John shifts his stance towards a more provocative position. Steve walks past again, exits.*

*After another moment, Steve reenters, begins to walk past.*

JOHN. Hey.

STEVE. Got a light?

JOHN. I don't smoke.

STEVE. Me neither.

JOHN. Wait. Then why'd you ask for — ?

STEVE. Just tryin' to start conversation. I don't got all night. (*A beat.*) Your name John?

JOHN. Uh-huh.

STEVE. Rick told me 'bout you.

JOHN. Who's Rick?

STEVE. No — no last names.

JOHN. Like I know last names. When did I meet Rick?

STEVE. Last night. You, ya know —

JOHN. I, I know, what? (*A beat.*)

STEVE. You sucked his dick.

JOHN. Oh, right — Rick.

STEVE. He said you were good.

JOHN. I always liked that Rick.

STEVE. Said you were better than any girl —  
JOHN. Well, it'll cost you twenty to find out —  
STEVE. Wait! I didn't say I wanted to. You think I want to?  
JOHN. Look, friend of Rick, I don't have much time, and you gotta be back at the barracks soon.  
STEVE. Hey, that's none of your fuckin' business.  
JOHN. Actually, the barracks are my entire business. Lights out and I close up shop for the night.  
STEVE. You mean, a lot of the grunts do this?  
JOHN. No, you and Rick are the only two. (*A beat.*)  
STEVE. I've never done this before.  
JOHN. Had your dick sucked?  
STEVE. No, I've had my dick sucked! I mean, never by a ...  
JOHN. High-class hooker?  
STEVE. Dude. I've never had my dick sucked by a dude. (*Steve suddenly exits.*)  
JOHN. Nice chattin'! (*Steve reenters.*)  
STEVE. I should go.  
JOHN. Okay. (*A beat.*)  
STEVE. I'm not what you're thinkin'.  
JOHN. You're not?  
STEVE. I'm not what you're thinkin'.  
JOHN. Okay.  
STEVE. I'm not what you're thinkin'.  
JOHN. And what am I thinkin'?  
STEVE. That I'm gay. I'm not gay, I'm in the army. (*John smiles.*)  
JOHN. Okay.  
STEVE. I'm probably going to be killed, ya know. I'm probably going to be walkin' through some fuckin' desert shithole and some fuckin' suicide bomber is gonna blow me the fuck away. Fuckin' kaboom. So I just wanna try this once. Okay?  
JOHN. Okay.  
STEVE. You understand?  
JOHN. Sure.  
STEVE. You understand what I'm sayin'?  
JOHN. Yep.  
STEVE. I only have fifteen —  
JOHN. What?  
STEVE. Fifteen bucks, that's all I have.  
JOHN. I need twenty.

# FUCKING MEN

by Joe DiPietro

adapted from *La Ronde* by Arthur Schnitzler

10M

FUCKING MEN is a free-wheeling adaptation of the 19th century play *La Ronde*, in which ten men in ten scenes sleep with and seduce one another; each encounter subtly, sometimes radically, changing their lives. The search for emotional fulfillment — the thread that connects the episodes in *La Ronde* — is given fresh resonance in Tony Award-winning playwright Joe DiPietro's hilarious and heartwarming take on the German classic, transposed to the gay subculture in contemporary Manhattan.

*"London's longest-running fringe hit ... A highly populated comedy of gay sexual manners. It deals with the pleasures and limitations of anonymous, 'cheap, quickie sex,' and the hunger for connection."*  
—**The Guardian (London)**

*"One might fear ... the audacious title of Joe DiPietro's seriocomedy ... Any such trepidations quickly vanish as this tasteful and enthralling [play] gets underway. Pulling no punches in frankly depicting an erotic milieu, DiPietro parlays a labyrinth of lustful encounters among strangers into a profoundly moving portrait of loneliness and longing."*  
—**Backstage**

*"[G]ay men — just like all human beings — are capable of love, and, in fact, spend much of their lives, as everyone does, looking for it. It is this search for meaning, connection, and kindness in a sea of sex that playwright Joe DiPietro attempts to illuminate."*  
—**ChicagoTheaterBeat.com**

*"DiPietro has turned what was once an exploration of primarily heterosexual relationships into a look at the lives of modern, urban gay men. And it works perfectly."*  
—**The Chicago Sun-Times**

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ART OF MURDER  
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OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH  
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