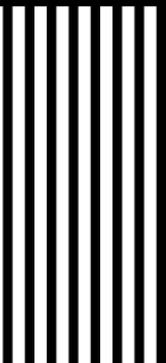


DADA WOOF PAPA HOT

BY PETER PARNELL



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
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*For Justin and Gemma,
the loves of my life*

DADA WOOF PAPA HOT was originally produced by Lincoln Center Theater (André Bishop, Producing Artistic Director) at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, New York City, in 2015. It was directed by Scott Ellis, the sets were by John Lee Beatty, the costumes were by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, the lighting was by Peter Kaczorowski, the original music and sound design were by John Gromada, and the stage manager was Cambra Overend. The cast was as follows:

ALAN John Benjamin Hickey
ROB Patrick Breen
JASON Alex Hurt
SCOTT Stephen Plunkett
MICHAEL John Pankow
SERENA Kellie Overby
JULIA Tammy Blanchard

CHARACTERS

ALAN
ROB

JASON
SCOTT

MICHAEL
SERENA

JULIA

Eight scenes.

In and around New York City.

DADA WOOF PAPA HOT

Scene 1

The bar and front dining area of an upscale restaurant. Alan, 50, and Rob, mid-40s, are seated at a booth for four.

ROB. ... And then he comes in late for the session (again), wearing sweatpants and a tight T that only fits above his midriff, so that his treasure trail is almost completely exposed down to his—

ALAN. Jesus—

ROB. —Yes. And then he says he's hot—

ALAN. (Which he is)—

ROB. (Not like that)—and he sits down, adjusts his, and starts to tell me about how he and his husband did cocaine all weekend, and then they both fucked an old boyfriend of his—

ALAN. My God—

ROB. And he, "S," also actually bottomed—

ALAN. Oh he did?

ROB. By the way, I still can't get used to young gay guys using that word as a verb instead of a noun.

ALAN. Which word?

ROB. "Bottomed." "I bottomed for him," instead of "I'm a bottom."

Pause.

ALAN. Could you tell if he was aroused while he was telling you the story?

ROB. No.

ALAN. No you couldn't tell, or no he wasn't?

ROB. No I couldn't tell.

ALAN. Huh.

Pause.

And were YOU?

ROB. Aroused? No. No. Yes. A little. What do you think? It was very—

BOTH. Arousing—

Pause.

ALAN. And you still don't think he wants to have sex with you?

ROB. God, no. I think he wants me to admire him like a proud father adoring his gay son. This is all just his way of asking for that. And I keep feeling protective, thinking of him as my baby. Which is probably my OWN defense against wanting to have sex with HIM.

Pause.

ALAN. So you DO want to have sex with him?

ROB. In theory.

ALAN. WHICH theory?

They laugh.

Are you going to continue to see him?

ROB. I don't know. This was only the third session. Do I even think I have a slot for him?

ALAN. (*Slight smile.*) Oh, I think you've got a slot for him.

Pause.

ROB. Where are they?

ALAN. They're not that late.

ROB. Maybe I should have suggested a closer place.

ALAN. Honey, this place is impossible to get into. They'll be very impressed.

Pause.

I still don't get why we're doing this.

ROB. They're gay. They're dads. One of them's a painter, right?

ALAN. I didn't really get to talk to him.

ROB. Well, now you can.

ALAN. He made me a little nervous, to be honest.

ROB. Look, just promise me you'll keep an open mind about them. And try to be friendly.

ALAN. I'm always friendly.

Rob gives him a look.

Well, I'm not *unfriendly*. I'm just a little—what do you say? Shy?

ROB. Aloof. At times.

Pause.

How did it go tonight?

ALAN. It was—I gave her dinner and played Discovery Garden with her, and then it was time to—and so I filled up the—it only took me like forever to get her into the bathroom, but it seemed to be going okay, and then I started to help her take off her clothes and suddenly, I don't know what happened, she began to scream and I said, "We don't scream in our family, screaming won't get you what you want—"

ROB. Good.

ALAN. —Which only made her scream even more, and then she opened the door and ran out of the bathroom, and the water in the tub was already getting cold—

ROB. Uh-huh—

ALAN. —And I felt like, why is she always like this with me, why doesn't she smile and giggle and stick her fingers in my mouth all Lolita-like like she does with you—?

ROB. You can't get into a standoff with a three-year-old.

ALAN. I know that.

ROB. You have to be more inventive—

ALAN. I *know*, it's just that by then I was so totally exhausted—

ROB. (Try this.)

ALAN. (I did.)

ROB. (They're good, right?) Anyway, it sounds like you handled it very well.

Alan makes a face.

It sounds better than last night, anyway.

Pause. He puts his hand on Alan's.

I'm sure you were great.

He takes out cell.

I was looking at pictures of her from this weekend. She's so beautiful.

He shows Alan.

Isn't that great, of the two of you?

Rob turns on video. Sound of little girl laughing. Scott, mid-30s, buttoned down, enters. Rob and Alan jump up. They all hug.

SCOTT/ROB/ALAN. Sorry we're—/ There you are! / Hi! Where's Jason?

SCOTT. Coats.

ROB. *So* great to see you!

SCOTT. *So* glad we could do this! We *thought* we were going to be on time, but—

ROB. No problem. It gave us time to moon over our daughter.

He shows Scott.

We were up at Stone Barns picking pumpkins—

SCOTT. Oh, my God—Adorable—

ROB. And there she is—South Beach. Pool at the Ritz Carlton.

We try to go for a long weekend every winter. She loves to swim.

SCOTT. So does Ollie—big fish—

Scott has taken out his own cell. Quickly flips through. Shows them.

ROB and ALAN. Oh, wow.

SCOTT. That's from this summer, in the pool at this house we rented on Fire Island.

Jason enters. Also mid-30s, but a bit looser.

JASON. Your wallet.

SCOTT. What?

JASON. You left it in your—

SCOTT. Oh, thanks. *That* would have been a disaster.

ROB. Sit, sit, sit. Split up the couples. Boy girl, boy girl.

JASON. Sorry we're—did Scott tell you? We had a last minute medical thing with baby Clay.

ROB. My God. Is he okay?

SCOTT. Yeah, he has this reflux and sometimes it gets pretty bad, that's all. So we thought the doctor should take a look at him.

ALAN. You took him to the doctor? At seven at night?

SCOTT. No, our doctor makes house calls. Dr. Goldstein. Like, 24/7.

ROB. How amazing.

JASON. Basically, Scott is anxious and calls him at the drop of a hat, and I'm always happy to have him come over, because he's completely adorable.

SCOTT. Jace.

JASON. What? He is.

ROB. (*Laughs.*) A nice Jewish doctor? Who comes to your house? I'd call him all the time, too!

Scott changes the subject.

SCOTT. This place is incredibly tough to get into. How did you score a reservation?

ROB. So the guy who owns this place has a kid at LVS. He's taught cooking in Nikki's class. She now walks around using the word "sautée."

ALAN. He's supposed to be kind of an asshole, but.

ROB. But he and I occasionally bump into each other. So we've become kind of friendly.

SCOTT. We've heard the food is great.

ROB. It is. You should try these, they've got almonds, though—no nut allergies—?

SCOTT. No—

ROB. Good—this guy does amazing things with, this is the best grilled octopus in the city—

SCOTT. (*To Jason.*) Hon, wouldn't this be a nice—? We've been looking for a place to celebrate our fifth wedding anniversary.

ROB. Oh, well, if you like it and want to come back... I'm sure we could help you get a rez...

Pause.

So. Five years?

SCOTT. Married five, together eight. How long have you guys...?

ROB. Married three, together fifteen.

JASON. Fifteen years. Wow.

ROB. We actually dated for almost a year before we got together.

JASON. (*Laughs.*) A whole year?

ALAN. (*Slightly embarrassed.*) I wasn't convinced we were—well, I thought we should just be friends. But Robbie is very smart, much smarter than I am. He knew exactly what was going on.

JASON. What was going on?

ROB. Your basic sex/love split. Endemic to an entire earlier generation of gay men.

Pause.

SCOTT. Anyway, we're so excited to be doing this.

ROB. Yeah. We are, too. The best thing that came out of that gay dads dinner was meeting you guys. We'd never been to any of them.

DADA WOOF PAPA HOT

by Peter Parnell

5M, 2W

It's a fall night in New York City, and two couples who recently met at a parents group are out to dinner at *the* hot new restaurant. The foursome share photos of their kids, trade war stories from preschool applications, and discuss their work. Alan and Rob & Scott and Jason find plenty of common ground as gay couples raising kids in the city, and a play-date with their children is set. As we follow these couples through their developing friendship, the conversation deepens from after-school pick up to the cracks in their marriages. DADA WOOF PAPA HOT smartly captures the urban parent experience, particularly at this head-spinning cultural moment. #LoveWins, or so the marriage equality campaign has decreed. But then what happens?

"... delve[s] with intricacy and heart into the thorny lives of the proliferating number of gay couples with children today. ... Mr. Parnell's play smartly explores the complex emotional and sexual dynamics of relationships, gay and straight, and how they can evolve (or devolve), once the responsibilities of raising children factors into the equation."

—The New York Times

"... excellent, clear-eyed, and thoughtful... what makes the play most remarkable is how directly it speaks to today's weirdly bifurcated, marriage-and-negotiation gay moment."

—Entertainment Weekly

"... seriously intelligent and deadly accurate..."

—New York Magazine

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