

BAPTISM
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DADDY

Comes to The Eagle often. Is very learned in kink culture. Wears all leather if possible.

SON

Excited for the bar scene and the queer community in general. Going to the bar is an event for him. Nervous. But ready to play. Submissive and somewhat of an exhibitionist.

2 performers.

approx. 10 minutes.

**SON identifies as AAPIA.*

SON

.
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 "I *can* dance but I'd rather be fucking."
 .
 Son sits at the bar. Checking his phone.
 Checking. Refreshing.
 Checking. Refreshing.
 A grindr bloop, a scruff zing
 Face illuminated by his screen.
 .
 .
 Closer.
 Checking.
 Refreshing.
 Checking.
 Refreshing—

DADDY

Frenetic lights controlled by an algorithm.
 Digital. Primal. Robotic. Metallic.
 Sweat and grease and oil and chrome.
 Daddy moves to the music.
 A bump.
 A Grind.
 Dancing that says "I can dance but I'd
 rather be fucking."
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 Can Son even hear the music?
 Daddy moves closer.
 Closer.
 Checking.
 .
 Checking

SON's drink spills.

Fuck.

SON

SON grabs some napkins and begins to clean up the mess. There's ICE on the floor. DADDY kicks some cubes that made their way to the dance floor back to SON.

Playing soccer?

SON

Just trying to help with "the mess"

DADDY
(coolly)

What you call me?

SON
(flirtatiously)

DADDY

The spill, I meant. You're not a mess.

DADDY motions to the spill.

DADDY

look squeaky clean to me.

SON keeps trying to dry the floor. DADDY crouches down.

DADDY

Smell good too...like a cherry. /

SON

There was a drag queen in my lyft.

DADDY

Here, let me help.

DADDY pulls out an orange hankey and holds it out to SON.

SON

(taking the hankey)

Thank you.

DADDY

I'll get you another/

SON

No it's okay, there's still a little bit left.

DADDY

Come on, it's no big deal.

SON

Good Samaritan?

DADDY

A Naughty Gentle.

DADDY wipes the bar. SON wipes the floor. SON arches his back showing off his ass. DADDY can't handle the thicc-ness. SON catches him staring.

A moment of shared vulnerability.

SON

You can keep looking...I don't mind...can I have another vodka soda?

DADDY

Do you want a lime in it.

A sexual beat.

SON

(kinky undertones)

Yes, sir.

SON turns back to the floor. Is there even a mess to clean up now or is he just showing off?

DADDY

(to the bartender)

Two Vodka Sodas with room. One water.

DADDY turns back around to enjoy the view.

DADDY

Almost done?

SON

Aaaalmoost. I just don't want anyone to slip.

DADDY

How considerate.

SON rises. Holds the orange hankey back out.

SON

I'm sorry, I..got it a little wet...

DADDY takes the hankey.

DADDY

I like it wet.

THE DRINKS arrive.

DADDY

And so none goes to waste...

DADDY takes SON's spilt drink and his first drink. Combines them into the new Vodka Sodas.

DADDY holds out the drink for SON.

To new friends. DADDY

To new friends. SON

THEY cheers.

So, the orange hankey. SON

Yup. DADDY

Down for anything, right? SON

Smart boy. DADDY

I do my research. SON

SON unexpectedly produces his own hankey.

SON
(sheepishly)

I am also. like. down. also down for. down for. for anything.

SON puts orange hankey in his pocket.

DADDY sizes up SON.

DADDY takes SON's drink and places them on the bar.

Let's dance. DADDY

Okay. SON

Daddy and Son head to the dancefloor | DADDY

.
Son is stiffer than Daddy.

.
Matching a rhythm.

.
Two parts of the same machine.

. They dance for a bit.

. But Daddy is *stiff*.

. Grinding on Son.

. Two parts of the same machine.

SON turns around and wraps his arms around DADDY. THEY kiss as DADDY holds SON's ass.

DADDY brings his hands up to SON's face. DADDY holds SON's face as they share another kiss. Their lips drift apart. DADDY rubs his hand playfully on SON's cheek. DADDY notices the makeup smearing onto his fingers. SON notices DADDY's discovery. SON pulls away. SON heads to the bar and gets back on his phone. Sips his drink.

DADDY comes to get his own drink.

You wear makeup?/

DADDY

So?/

SON

Nothing. Did I say it was a bad thing?/

DADDY

No, but you were surprised by it./

SON

I didn't / notice it.

DADDY

I'm not femme. I'm not a sissy.

SON

If you were that's okay.

DADDY

But I'm not./

SON

SON looks at DADDY.

SON

I'm masculine./

(Yikes.)

DADDY

(putting out a hand to shake)

Hi, Masculine. I'm Patrick.

A shot at a joke. Does it hit its target?

SON

When I drink, I turn red. There's, like, this *thing* inside me I'm missing and – and because I don't have that *thing* my body reacts. Turning red. Looking like I don't belong.... Turns guys off. It's just a little /foundation not a full on -

DADDY

I think you're beautiful.

SON

Ha, it's The Eagle. It's dark.

DADDY

(insistent)

I wanted to speak with you all night.

SON

I didn't see you.

DADDY

I'm not on the phone you've been devoting your night to.

A laugh from both parties.

SON

He's got jokes!!!

DADDY

Thank you thank you I'll be here all night.

Holds out a hand.

DADDY

Come on, let's dance some more.

*SON is embarrassed by makeup still.
DADDY caresses SON's face. SON lets him.*

DADDY

Orange Hankey: Down for anything (right?)

DADDY takes his orange hankey. Down for anything. Dips it into the cup of water. DADDY starts to wipe away a foundation of makeup. An orange hankey takes away the mask. Down for anything. Slow. Vulnerable. Baptismal. Sacred.

This can be as spectacular as you want it to be. Perhaps there is a progression of intimacy here. Perhaps SON starts uncomfortable and relaxes as DADDY continues to wash his face.

DADDY finishes washing his face.

DADDY
(earnestly)

You're beautiful.

SON
(a discovery)

I feel so exposed.

DADDY

It's The Eagle, you're supposed to be. Shall we dance?

SON knocks back his drink and starts to head to the dance floor.

SON
(turns back to look at DADDY.)

Are you cumming or not?

DADDY

Oh, I'm cumming.

DADDY finishes his own drink. HE takes SON's hand. They begin to dance.