

(LOUIS *in the park on a bench*. JOE *approaches, stands at a distance*. They stare at each other, then LOUIS turns away.)

LOUIS: Do you know the story of Lazarus?

JOE: Lazarus?

LOUIS: Lazarus. I can't remember what happens, exactly.

JOE: I don't. . . . Well, he was dead, Lazarus, and Jesus breathed life into him. He brought him back from death.

LOUIS: Come here often?

JOE: No. Yes. Yes.

LOUIS: Back from the dead. You believe that really happened?

JOE: I don't know anymore what I believe.

LOUIS: This is quite a coincidence. Us meeting.

JOE: I followed you.

From work. I . . . followed you here.

(*Pause.*)

LOUIS: You followed me.

You probably saw me that day in the washroom and thought: there's a sweet guy, sensitive, cries for friends in trouble.

JOE: Yes.

LOUIS: You thought maybe I'll cry for you.

JOE: Yes.

LOUIS: Well I fooled you. Crocodile tears. Nothing . . . (He touches his heart, shrugs.)

(JOE reaches tentatively to touch LOUIS's face.)

30 LOUIS: (Pulling back.) What are you doing? Don't do that.

JOE: (Withdrawing his hand.) Sorry. I'm sorry.

LOUIS: I'm . . . just not . . . I think, if you touch me, your hand might fall off or something. Worse things have happened to people who have touched me.

35 JOE: Please.

Oh, boy . . .

Can I . . .

I . . . want . . . to touch you. Can I please just touch you . . . um, here?

(He puts his hand on one side of LOUIS's face. He holds it there.)

40 I'm going to hell for doing this.

LOUIS: Big deal. You think it could be any worse than New York City?

(He puts his hand on JOE's hand. He takes JOE's hand away from his face, holds it for a moment, then.) Come on.

45 JOE: Where?

LOUIS: Home. With me.

JOE: This makes no sense. I mean I don't know you.

LOUIS: Likewise.

JOE: And what you do know about me you don't like.

50 LOUIS: The Republican stuff?

JOE: Yeah, well for starters.

LOUIS: I don't not like that. I hate that.

JOE: So why on earth should we . . .

(LOUIS goes to JOE and kisses him.)

LOUIS: Strange bedfellows. I don't know. I never made it with  
55 one of the damned before.

I would really rather not have to spend tonight alone.

JOE: I'm a pretty terrible person, Louis.

LOUIS: Lou.

JOE: No, I really really am. I don't think I deserve being loved.

60 LOUIS: There? See? We already have a lot in common.

(LOUIS stands, begins to walk away. He turns, looks back at JOE. JOE follows. They exit.)