

TRIP: Okay. The bed's all turned down and ready for you. Mitchell just called, he's on his way.

(He stops and checks DANIEL to make sure he's okay.)

TRIP: Now then. Where was I? *Right.* The Ex-Mormon. So, I'm on this first date with this Mormon. This *Ex-Mormon.* Have you ever noticed that there are a lot of gay Ex-Mormons? Anyway, he's somewhere in his early 40's. And kind of cute, I guess. I've done worse. And we're driving along, and he asks if I have ever heard of Judy Garland? Like she's this great discovery he's just made. So, of course, I say "yes." And he gets all excited and puts on the *Star is Born* sound track and begins singing along as he drives. Louder than Judy. Louder than anyone in the history of music. Right in my ear. And of course he can't sing. Not a note. So there I am, listening to "The Man that Got Away" sung off-tune by an Ex-Mormon at the top of his lungs. And he's the world's worst driver to boot, doing like 85 miles per hour. If he wasn't driving so fast, I would have rolled out of the car. I'm not sure he would have even noticed. And - *believe it or not* - the date went downhill from there. He took me to a cook-out at his parents' house. *Who goes on a first date to their parents' house?* Both of whom are still very much Mormon. And not at all happy with thier son's newly discovered lifestyle. Nor are they happy with me! He introduced me to them and they just glared at me. Like I personally killed Brigham Young. But wait, there's more! Turns out, all of the meat at this cookout - and who knew that Mormons eat meat? - All of the meat was *deer meat* from some Mormon hunting trip. *Deer meat.* We were eating Bambi. The only good part was that his mother made Creme Brulée. It wasn't as good as your's of course, but at least the day wasn't a total bust. I told him I had to be at work the next day and asked if we could leave early. And he said, "But if we leave now, we won't be able to have sex." And I said, "Exactly." *(beat)* I swear, I'm going to have to start dating men my own age, you older guys are killing me.

(beat. DANIEL stares ahead. No reaction)

TRIP: One of these days, you're going to laugh at one of my stories. Just saying.

(We hear the keys in the front door. MITCHELL and BARRY enter)

TRIP: *(about MITCHELL)* There he is.

MITCHELL: Hey.

TRIP: Hi.

MITCHELL: How is he?

TRIP: Great. He's great.

MITCHELL: His breathing --?