

you are on her. You are more dependent on your mom than I am on *my* parents.

JOE: I am *not* dependent on my Mom. I would go on if she died.

AUSTIN: What would you do?

JOE: Listen, let's change the conver—

AUSTIN: What would you do?

JOE: I'd sell the house and take the clown car and all my stuff, and you and I could travel across America.

AUSTIN: I'm not going with you.

JOE: Yes, you are.

AUSTIN: No, I'm not. I'm going to college.

JOE: No, you're not. You're coming with me, Austin. You promised.

AUSTIN: I never make promises I don't intend to keep. So what will you do? What will you do *on your own*?

JOE: Shut up, Austin! It's not going to happen, so shut up!

AUSTIN: Why didn't you die and not her?

(Silence.)

JOE: Is that the way you would've liked it, Austin?

AUSTIN: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry. I'm just so angry. About . . . It's just mis-directed anger. I'm sorry.

JOE: (After a moment) Why did you kiss me that night?

AUSTIN: I don't know.

## The Bridge Over The River

an excerpt of the play  
by Travis Chamberlain

JOE: I know. It's because for one night, Austin, for one night, you *really* loved me. You wanted, for one night, to spend the rest of your life with me.

AUSTIN: No, it's because I just wanted to kiss you. That's all. Just for one moment, something crazy possessed me and I wanted to kiss you. Had I been thinking, I wouldn't have—

JOE: You would have stopped yourself from doing what was natural and true.

AUSTIN: (After a moment) Did you love me then?

JOE: I've always loved you.

AUSTIN: Did you *love* me then?

JOE: More than life.

(Beat.)

AUSTIN: You know, it really didn't mean anything to me.

JOE: Quit lying. You know it meant everything to you. You're just afraid to admit you're gay.

AUSTIN: I'm not gay!

JOE: Or bi or whatever.

AUSTIN: I'm not bi. I'm straight.

JOE: You're just in denial, Austin. That's okay. I'm still afraid, too. It took me seven years to tell you. I can understand if—

AUSTIN: It's not going to happen,

Joe. I'm not gay, and I never will be.

JOE: You're already gay.

AUSTIN: Just because we jerked off a couple of times together does not make either one of us gay. How do you know you're gay for a fact?

JOE: It's not something I know, Austin. It's just a word to describe what I am. I only love you and only want to make love to you—you're a man—I'm a man—by definition, a man who likes another man the way I like you is *gay*—

AUSTIN: We're hardly men.

JOE: And by the way, we did a lot more than just jerk off a couple of times.

AUSTIN: Stop it! You're making me sick!

JOE: You're making *me* sick! You're such a wimp. You and I both know the only reason you and Susan started dating is because you were afraid of looking in the mirror and seeing who you truly are. You've always loved me more than you loved her.

(Deadly pause.)

AUSTIN: I still love her more than I ever loved you.

(Silence. Long pause.) λ

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"Why do you necessarily have to be wrong just because a few million people think you are?"  
--Frank Zappa

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"As I grow older and older and totter towards the tomb, I find I care less and less who goes to bed with whom."  
-- Dorothy L. Sayers

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