

## DIARY OF A FUCKBOY

by Adam Setton

This piece follows the story of fuckboys nationwide. Composed of interviews with various persons in the sex trafficking industry, this play will embark on an adventure in the minds of premature and sexually active people. Told in vignettes, the play must be an immersive space of passion, sex and words of those who devoted their lives to intercourse as a means of income. These are the ideas I am still exploring.

## SET

A locker room. A dingy bench sits at the corner of the locker room. The stage is exposed and coated in blue light as the audience enters the house. The characters primp themselves up before the big basketball game.

## CHARACTERS

The Blue Bandits Basketball League:

John - 17

Matthew - 19

Nicholas - 16

Max - 18

Timothy - 16

Xavier - 17

Alex - 15

Clif - 19

*Lights quickly cut to black as loud moans radiant the theatre. Locker doors slam simultaneously. Lights up.*

JOHN

It happened when I was only four years old. There was one time when my mom went out of town. My brother told me he wanted to put on a fashion show. I was so pumped about it I couldn't wait another second. Upon entering my closet I realized how few articles of clothing I own and how that shine light on my negligence toward self-care. I take a blazer, trousers, this soft toned green dress shirt and fix it on myself. I don't bother to look in the mirror, I just run straight to my brother in hopes of recognition. I hope he recognizes how dapper I look. I just didn't spend time thinking about self-image at four, so any event that related to dressing up was monumental in my child's mind's eye. I knew I looked more presentable whenever I dressed up, but I never felt ready to present. Not until this day. My brother tells me to turn around, I guess so he could have a better look. My eyes were shivering for a compliment, instead he told me I would look better if I took off the dress shirt and just wore the suit jacket. So I obeyed. I can't remember if he thought a champagne glass would look better in my hand, or if I thought it. Either way, the glass was filled with orange juice. My mom likes to buy the kind that's enriched with calcium, so my bones would grow strong from the inside, so my body would be enriched with nutrition.

There was another time when we were at my dad's house. Well, technically it was his dad. We have different dads, but when my mom divorced my biological father who was very wealthy, subsequently making us poor as my mom is quite the dependent person outside her realm of being a successful entrepreneur from a third world country. We stayed at his home until my mom was ready to substantiate her self-worth and after she raised the finances to move out. Yeah, I'm sensitive to the conventions tied to patriarchal figures even though I am a male. I can still feel the cold glass of the fish tank against my back as my brother pushed his body in-between my thighs as I sat on the kitchen counter. Isn't that funny, that's like where we eat.

There was another time when we were in my mom's bed. I remember him asking me to take my clothes off. He touched my arm as though to say everything will be okay.

MATTHEW

Everything will be okay.

JOHN

He ran his fingers up my arm, around my shoulder and went straight for my thigh. He played me down on the bed, got on the floor, pulled me to the edge as he knelt down to suck my cock. I don't remember the part where I came which is funny to me. Isn't that the best part of it all? Isn't that the release? Isn't that the part where your thoughts build up and up and you edge yourself and build so much tension until you burst and release all this aggression? Isn't it the part you want to remember? But isn't it the part that's often forgotten, short-lived, expendable and permeable. Isn't the rest of the act of sex the same? Isn't that usually forgotten? My point in ranting about all this is that I haven't yet come to a conclusion on how I should interpret sex. Is it about a battle between your internal and external? A war of self assurance in allowing yourself to become vulnerable for another human body? Or is sex a battle between two humans fighting for superiority?

NICHOLAS

I pulled off my trousers, peeled off my briefs and just sat there pulsating. I was aching hard, my cock leaking. Then, with the deepest tone of voice, he stabbed me in the gut when he ordered

MAX

*(Mockingly.)* You're not to touch yourself until I get there.

NICHOLAS

I stumbled toward the bathroom, tearing away my long sleeve shirt. I wanted to stroke myself but then I remembered the commanding tone of his voice—

MAX

You're not to touch yourself until I get there.

NICHOLAS

My sense of orgasmic relief feels unfulfilled beyond my existence, but I continue to forcefully contain myself, to depend on him, to just stand there in the bathroom staring down at my half erect, throbbing cock that's now dripping cum onto his Royal Blue Ralph Lauren toilet lid cover. I rub out the gelatinous fluid so he won't see the stains in the morning and then hoof it to the bed before he finds me missing and suspects I've rubbed myself out. I throw myself on the bed and let out the shakiest of breaths. My cock filled to full hardness, dragging along the sheets, leaving trails of my love gravy. I close my eyes and hear his heavy footsteps from down the hall. He enters the room. He says—

MAX

Just making sure the folks are asleep.

NICHOLAS

You live with your parents?

MAX

No questions—

NICHOLAS

He mumbled against the back of my neck as he licked a streak up to my right ear and worked his teeth gently at my soft skin. I shivered at the feel of his breath blowing against the wet trail his tongue made. My hands touching everywhere I could and his lips kissing my jaw and neck, sucking on it like it was oxygen. Like he now depended on me. Without me, he controls no one. Without me, he'd have to jerk himself off. And then I'll be the one to throw him on the bed, stare down at him and say, "You're not to touch yourself. Not until I get there. But! Tell me you don't want it, right now, and I'll let you go." But seeing as he kept forcing himself on top of me, I could tell he wouldn't listen. He wanted the challenge. He made his way down my stomach, kissing, licking and biting his way to my bunny trail. He licked the hairs there and told me—

MAX

I love a boy who doesn't shave.

TIMOTHY

My bones quaked and perspired when it hit me, this man is different. He looked harmless, but I could tell that there was more than that. He was good-looking, no doubt about it, but there was something else about him. Something hidden, a darkness, deep inside, just waiting to release itself. I could see the nerves stiffening his broad back. Slinging my arm over those strong shoulder, I arched my lean, flexible body forward, brushing against his hip and thigh. He stiffened even more and I almost thought he was going to shrug me off as he straightened a bit and gazed into my eyes with his brown depth and arched eyebrow.

XAVIER

What's it to you?

TIMOTHY

Well, I was thinking... I leaned in so my chest nudged against his arm as I ran my right hand up and down his thigh. You're alone, and I'm alone. (*Long pause.*) Next thing I know I'm lying with my arms crossed behind my head in a sinfully soft bed, completely naked and gloriously blissed-out. My body aches, and yet I feel satiated, filled with everything his body had to give. Next to me, with his arm stretched across my belly possessively and head buried to the crook of my neck, is that man, that man I knew was different. His sweat drips down my neck, pooling up in the indent of my collarbone. He told me he was a Leo.

XAVIER

I'm a Leo.

TIMOTHY

I told him my body aches. And then he gave me a back massage. And every fiber of my being was focused on him and what he was doing.

NICHOLAS

(*To Alex.*) How many hours a day do you spend working?

ALEX

It depends on how much money he has.

NICHOLAS

For the sex work involving bondage, what are the most common tools and methods you use?

ALEX

I really enjoy a simple dress tie, but I've had folks tie me up in rope. And any variation of whip is always a good time.

NICHOLAS

How important is the quality of your tools to you?

ALEX

If they aren't clean products, then hell no, I ain't trying to fuck them.

NICHOLAS

Have you ever felt competitively inclined to perform better sex than your peers also in sex work, regardless of whether or not you get paid more?

ALEX

My friends in sex work and I know not to work in each other's area. That's just fucked up and that is not being a good friend. You may as well steal your girl's purse and take the damn cash right outta their bags. I don't care how much that man has got in his back pocket, I am not gonna step on someone's territory because I know that they have it just as bad as I have it, if not worse. And if we keep on punching down, and doing wrong to one another out here on the streets, then we are not gonna get anywhere yo. We gotta punch up, right? We gotta punch up at the state, we gotta abolish the prison systems that through our sisters and brothers, our siblings in for trying to survive. So don't punch down y'all, we gotta punch up.

NICHOLAS

How do you decide on what rates to charge your clients?

ALEX

I work for \$170 an hour, and an extra \$30 for another thirty minutes if the client needs another thirty minutes.

NICHOLAS

When on the job, do you prefer that your client finish quickly or do you take time to enjoy yourself?

ALEX

That's a dumbass question. Bye.

CLIF

He came over my house to drink. That was the problem with this kid. He was always so concerned with getting as fucked up as he could. Too bad he was only sixteen. It's usual for kids to be using and abusing at that age. So I let him into my place, welcoming him in as a friend. He told me a thing or two about his stepfather.

ALEX

I think my stepfather is cheating on my mom. I found him on all these gay dating websites.

CLIF

Mind you, this kid found me on a gay dating website. I sat him down on the couch and asked him how I could help. He asked me to find his stepdad on a gay dating website and talk to him. He wanted me to force his stepdad to come out of the fucking closet! Can you believe that?! I

never knew this kid was this nosey. I told him I'd do the best I could and then I cut the bullshit and started getting what I wanted out of him. I gave him a special drink, well two special... cocktails, and turned on the television. We were getting loose, I start scooting over toward him, I touch his back gently.

ALEX

*(Awkwardly.)* Hi.

CLIF

I backed off to make him feel comfortable. I just thought I was going to get something in return. And I did. We started to fondle each other. I felt his hard cock under his tight jeans, the wet spot at the head of his penis where the pre-cum was leaking. It made me so hard I had to take off my pants. My cock was basically screaming—

ALEX

GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

CLIF

So I clenched his fist around it, holding it in place. I couldn't wait to take him into the bedroom and strip him down naked. I told him I wanted to be in him. He asked—

ALEX

Do you have protection?

CLIF

No. But I've never been with a guy. *(Pause.)* Motherfucker believed me. So I banged his little ass and sent him home limping.