

From **This Really is the End** by Dawson Moore

Bruce: A former accountant, mid 40s. He wears a tie tied around his head. The last gay man on earth.

BRUCE

Oh yeah, lucky me. Just what I always wanted.

He pauses, then removes the tie from around his head.

I had a good life, back in San Francisco. I worked for Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. Mindless paper shuffling, but it paid well. Nights, I would go to the Red Oak Room... space age wall hangings on classic old wood... everyone there was beautiful and rich. I had so many lovers... AIDS left us having to use condoms, but life was still great. I remember once we were playing a game of 'what would hell be for you.' I came in second with some made up story about being stuck in the back of my uncle's Ford for eternity. I wasn't being creative enough. Because this, the last three years... this is hell. They take turns. Every day, once in the morning, once in the evening. Twice a day I have to leave my body, and imagine San Francisco... which leads to remembering all my friends, all my dead friends. And what am I doing this for? To keep the human race going? My people are already gone. I always knew I was a part of a community, but it wasn't the human race. I never felt welcome there. My people are gone.