

Not Made of Stone

By

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INT.BEDROOM-MORNING

Sunlight filters through the blinds of the window creating a blue haze in the room. MARK'S, 22, curly black hair is nestled in a pillow as he sleeps in a bed underneath the window. KEVIN, 19, is sitting next to him dividing his concentration between the empty space in front of him and the sleeping Mark.

The room is silent.

A hungover Mark slowly wakes up confused and disoriented. He looks over and is pleasantly surprised to see Kevin.

MARK

Hey...?

KEVIN

Hey

(Beat)

MARK

What...what happened last night?

Mark looks under the covers to see he is just in his underwear. Kevin is in a t-shirt and glasses.

MARK (CONT'D)

Did we...?

KEVIN

No. No, we did not.

Kevin looks over at Mark with a smirk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You wanted to...which is why you are here...in my room...in my apartment across town.

Mark sits up.

MARK

Okay. (Beat.) How come?

KEVIN

You were very drunk and I didn't feel like taking advantage of you. Anyway, we were wading into a murky area and I'd rather just not.

Mark stares at him. Kevin looks away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I mean I was wondering if it was your actual feelings or if it was just you being drunk? I'd rather be certain than just...fuck.

MARK

Very noble of you.

KEVIN

Yes... I guess, but you kept insisting so you came here, which is sort of fine or whatever.

(Beat)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

But nothing happened. You were still in the mood, but we just fell asleep here.

An awkward silence fills the room. Both men stare in front of them afraid to look at each other.

MARK

I do.

Mark looks over at a still awkward Kevin.

MARK (CONT'D)

I did...do have feelings for you. I've...never acted on them, but...I do like you, I think.

Kevin finally looks over at Mark confused.

KEVIN

You think? That's reassuring! I mean are you just saying this now or do you actually *like* me?

Mark runs his hands through his hair and exhales a deep sigh.

MARK

I, I don't fully know it's complicated. Can't we just see what happens from here? I just know there is something here.

Kevin looks away from Mark thinking what to say next. Mark starts to get out of bed.

MARK (CONT'D)

So do you want--

KEVIN

(Interrupting)

For how long?

MARK

--to get something to eat?

Unenthused Mark sits back down on the bed. Kevin looks Mark in the eyes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

How long have you thought of us? Cause it seemed like a spur of the moment kind of thing last night not something that has it been building in you for awhile and you were just drunk enough last night to act on them.

MARK

Honestly...probably for about a year, I think.

Kevin smirks a little.

KEVIN

So why now? Why the big rush to get me into bed?

Kevin laughs.

MARK

I, I don't know.

KEVIN

So you just woke up yesterday thinking today is the day?

Mark crawls under the bed sheet a little to avoid the questioning.

MARK

I don't know okay!

KEVIN

Sorry! I'm just trying to figure out what is going on here. I mean I'm not looking for commitment out the gate, just wondering what the fuck this is?

Mark folds down the sheets in front of his face.

MARK

Why do you need to put a label on things? Why can't we just get breakfast and hang out a bit?

KEVIN

Cause we should define some--

Mark turns away from Kevin. He pulls the covers over him again.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

--things. And I may really like you too,
(whispers to self)
just trying not to get hurt again.

Kevin looks away from Mark as a silence falls on the room again.

KEVIN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

So what was stopping you before?

Mark sits up but is hesitant to answer. Mark turns to face Kevin straight on.

MARK (CONT'D)

Honesty right?

KEVIN

Yeah...sure.

MARK

I was in love with my friend. He had or has a boyfriend I don't know.

Mark lets out a huff of frustration.

MARK (CONT'D)

He recently moved away but...but I still have...had strong feelings for him and then you, you come along.

Kevin's smirk disappears.

MARK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And I was interested in you while still having feelings for him. So I had to sort out my feelings. Might still have to.

Kevin is staring at the end of the bed pensively.

MARK

Kevin?

Kevin takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. His brown hair falls over covering his eyes a bit.

KEVIN

(Quietly)

So what's changed, Mark?

MARK

I, I don't know if anything has changed.

Kevin looks up at him confused and annoyed. He turns to get out of bed but Mark grabs his arm stopping him.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Frustrated)

I can't...I can't say for sure that my feelings for him have changed. And I know it's confusing. It confuses me too. It's fucked up! I know.

Mark stares at Kevin, who still has his back turned to him, anxiously.

Kevin moves his arm away from Mark.

KEVIN

(Quietly)

You should probably go.

Mark quickly gets out of the bed and kneels down in front of Kevin.

MARK

Kevin, listen. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, okay. I know it's complicated. That's why I wanted to take things slow.

Mark waits anxiously for a response.

KEVIN

Please. Just go.

Mark stares at Kevin for a bit heartbroken. Disappointed, he slowly gets up and starts to get dressed.

Mark is putting on his shirt and about to go out the door when he turns back to Kevin.

MARK

(Desperate)

I do want this. I want to try. Can we just fucking try? I think this can be something extraordinary.

Kevin gets up and starts walking to where Mark is standing. Kevin has his arms crossed.

KEVIN

What exactly do you want us to be? Are we dating, are we friends with benefits, a casual fuck? What is this, Mark?

Mark at first avoids making eye contact with Kevin but eventually stare into his eyes.

MARK

(Quietly)

You and these fucking labels again.

KEVIN

I can't do this. You can't just come into someone's life looking for them to fix you or help you put yours together. I have my own life and my own problems to fix and I don't want to be responsible for fixing yours if you don't even know what you want to get into. I can't do uncertainty like you do. I want to be sure of things.

(Beat)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So let me know when you know what you want. I'll be here.

Kevin closes the door on Mark.

CUT TO BLACK.