

HOMECOMING SHOW

Written & performed by Jimmy Hogg & Paul Hutcheson.
Performed after a driving tour of Fringe Festivals, 2008

START OF SHOW

Paul: May 2008. Orlando Fringe Festival

Jimmy: I was there in 2007. I kicked ass.

P: I have no idea what I am doing.

J: I am back again in 2008, to kick some more ass.

P: I get picked by Catherine, whom I am staying with. She is a chain-smoking lesbian, who, occasionally sleeps with men.

J: I am staying with a pair of gay men who have nine cats. I am introduced to each and every one of them.

P: On the way to her place, we pick up a bag of weed and a case of beer.

J: Steve is a comic actor who likes opera a bit too much, and Andy is a computer programmer who used to work for US air force intelligence in the late 80's. He speaks Russian.

P: We proceed to get completely fucked up, all the while listening to Counting Crows, Indigo Girls, and Melissa Etheridge.

J: That evening we dine on wild guinea fowl with a thyme and loganberry compote.

P: I dine on beef jerky and Pabst Blue Ribbon.

J: We discuss Kurt Weil, Neapolitan architecture, and the finer points of choux pastry.

P: We discuss strap-ons, bondage, and penetration.

J: I sleep on a pillow of goose feathers wrapped in satin sheets and dream of pink rabbits hopping through fields of candy canes.

P: I sleep on a ratty pull out with a foam pillow and dream of being finger-banged by Martina Navratilova. However, the next day she introduces me to her legion of gay male friends... most notably a man named Kirty.

J: We breakfast on organic eggs Florentine, and I am driven to my venue by my amiable hosts.

P: Orlando is so gay.

J: The Orlando Fringe Festival is really gay. Show titles include-

P: Bath House: The Musical.

J: Coming Out.

P: Queer Yearbook.

J: It's a Gay, Gay, Gay World.

P: I meet Jimmy Hogg. One of the few non-gays.

J: I meet Paul Hutcheson, whom I declare is my gay crush.

P: I discover the Brit Jimmy Hogg lives in Toronto.

J: Paul lives in Toronto!

P: We are doing the same fringe festivals this summer!

J: Hey-

P&J: Why don't we drive?

P: Toronto.

J: Chicago.

P: Minneapolis.

J: The Badlands.

P: Boulder Colorado.

J: Las Vegas.

P: San Francisco.

J: Vancouver.

P&J: And back again! We survived 800 miles in a car, 17 nights in some of the worst roadside motels North America has to offer and some of the worst cuisine known to man.

This is our homecoming party!

END OF SHOW

P: Jimmy and I are not biological siblings.

J: But we are brothers.

P: Forty hours in a car will do that to you.

J: *[Mimicking.] Forty hours in a car will do that to you.*

P: *[Hits J in the arm.]* Asshole!

J: Why do you always have to hit me?

P: Why do you have to be a dick?

P: August 7th, 6am.

J: Paul arrives at my house in a slick black mustang.

P: It's an upgrade from the rental company.

J: They were out of Toyotas. It is, as the say-

P&J: 'A sweet ride.'

J: Paul drives. I don't have a license, which means I do everything else out of a sense of duty, guilt, or necessity.

P: Which way Jimmy, which way?

J: Straight, straight, go straight!

P: Fuck!

J: I pick the tunes. AC/DC, The Kings of Leon-

P: Can we listen to Cyndi Lauper now?

J: Really?

P: C'mon!

J: Okay, okay. We drive through Chicago- our first time being offered crack while in a car. The Badlands of South Dakota, the Colorado dessert and into the winding hills of California.

P: There are four reasons to get off the highway.

J: A.

P: I haven't seen a sign for gas in a while, have you?

[They look at gas meter, laugh and then become serious.]

P: B.

J: I must piss.

P: You just went.

J: Well, I drink more water than you- it's not my fault- you need to drink more water, you need to hydrate.

J: Paul, are you okay-?

P: I got to get out of this car, get me outta of this car, get me outta this fucking car right now!

J: And finally, fatigue. *[J falls asleep, then P. J wakes up, looks at P.]* Paul!

P: We need to pull over-get some coffee.

J: Yeah, let's get you some coffee. Okay, here, exit thirty-eight.

P: I'm okay.

J: The coffee is ingested.

P: The caffeine kicks in and the conversation flows,

J: Who would you rather do, Vin Diesel or The Rock?

P: The Rock.

J: Really?

P: Who would you do?

J: Whoever had the smallest dick.

P: Fuck you.

J: Well do I do them or do they get to do me? How does it work?

P: Everyone does everyone Jimmy!

J: Okay then, the Rock. Would you rather sleep with Elizabeth Taylor or Sophia Loren?

P: Now or back in the day?

J: Back in the day.

P: Loren. You?

J: Loren. (Both smile at each other)

[Clip of "Man in the Mirror" comes on, J & P sing their lungs out and quickly tire.]

P: You wanna stop at the next service station for a snack?

J: *[Nods.]*

P: The Service Station. Fluorescent lights, tiled floors, and a feast of neatly arranged colourful treats-

J: Indiana Chili Popcorn, Peanut Butter Filled Pretzels, Snowballs, Pina Colada Almond Joys, Goo-Goo Clusters, Salted Nut Rolls, Whatchamacallit's, Sugar Momma's, Sugar Daddy's-

P: Aisles and aisles of shit.

J: And Beef Jerky.

P: And Beef Jerky.

J: They sell Beef Jerky by the yard. By the fucking yard-

P: There are things in their stores that Health Canada banned years ago. No wonder the States are malnourished and obese.

J: At the same time!

P: Then, there was television.

J: Fucking T.V.!

P: We discovered that we both hated T.V. We would spend hours in our respective beds yelling at the thing.

J: It could get ugly.

P: I don't care how fast he can swim; Michael Phelps is a fucking bore!

J: Michael Phelps is such a fucking bore!

P: Our only relief would come from 11pm to midnight.

[Music from Sex in The City comes on. Jimmy and Paul do a little dance/get ready for bed, becoming giddy, then settle into their respective beds.]

J: I'm Carrie!

P: I'm Samantha!

(Both make the ending 'sounds' of the theme song, blackout)

END

