

HANK

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 91-92

HANK. Some men do it for another woman.

ALAN. Well, I could understand *that*. That's *normal*.

HANK. It just doesn't always work out that way, Alan. No matter how you might want it to. And God knows, nobody ever wanted it more than I did. I really and truly felt that I was in love with my wife when I married her. It wasn't altogether my trying to prove something

to myself. I did love her, and she loved me. But...there was always that something there...

ALAN. Always?

HANK. I don't know. I suppose so.

EMORY. I've known what I was since I was four years old.

MICHAEL. Everybody's always known it about *you*, Emory.

DONALD. I've always known it about myself, too.

HANK. I don't know when it was that I started admitting it to myself. For so long I either labeled it something else or denied it completely.

MICHAEL. Christ-was-I-drunk-last-night.

HANK. And then there came a time when I just couldn't lie to myself anymore... I thought about it but I never did anything about it. I think the first time was during my wife's last pregnancy. We lived near New Haven – in the country. She and the kids still live there. Well, anyway, there was a teachers' meeting here in New York. She didn't feel up to the trip and I came alone. And that day on the train I began to think about it and think about it and think about it. I thought of nothing else the whole trip. And within fifteen minutes after I

had arrived, I had picked up a guy in the men's room of Grand Central Station.

ALAN. (*Quietly.*) Jesus.

HANK. I'd never done anything like that in my life before, and I was scared to death. But he turned out to be a nice fellow. I've never seen him again, and it's funny, I can't even remember his name anymore.

(*A beat.*)

Anyway. After that, it got easier.

HAROLD. Practice makes perfect.

HANK. And then...sometime later...Larry and I met at a party my wife and I had gone in town for.

EMORY. And your real troubles began.

HANK. That was two years ago.