

DANIEL/OSCAR – SIDE D

DANIEL: I thought it was high time to move off-campus. It's one thing to bunk in with a hundred, heterosexual, horny, half-naked boys. It's another if I have to wait in line for the bathroom. Just to blow dry.

OSCAR: Of course—I suggested—that he should—move in with me.

DANIEL: He hinted that I move in. In so many words.

OSCAR: Danny—you can—you know—stay—move in—here—if you want.

DANIEL: You only have to read between the lines. If you want.

OSCAR: It was only proper. Given our circumstances. We were seeing each other.

DANIEL: Move in as roommates. Or move in as lovers?

OSCAR: I didn't know what to say.

DANIEL: Boyfriend wasn't ready. To make the leap.

OSCAR: I'm HIV positive. It's a different lifestyle.

DANIEL: Boyfriend has a disease. Called fear of commitment. He thinks I'll leave. Like Ming. His ex.

OSCAR: So he went on a rampage looking for a place to call his own.

DANIEL: I don't need much. Gay-friendly. Asian-friendly. Or just—friendly. No screaming children. No femmes with big hair. A stone's throw from the hairdressers, gay bars, and a trendy outdoor cafe. Cute security men wielding thick batons. The basic necessities for an urban queer.

OSCAR: I was almost relieved he said he wouldn't move in.

DANIEL: If I move in with him, and he's not ready, I'll be out on the streets. Back to square one. Looking for an apartment in three weeks. With my matching suitcases. Sans boyfriend.

OSCAR: I mean, I want him here with me. But not all the time.

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DANIEL: So I found a place close by. Across the street.

OSCAR: It's a comfortable distance.