

bananaseed

*16 year-old Jake Planet has an innate desire to please his unseen unexplained audience. Although experienced in a number of ways, it is essential that he retains his innocence throughout his story. When he tells his audience that he "just doesn't get" something, it's a heart-felt statement for him, and it's important that these lines are played as such. When Jake says something that may come across as a double entendre to his audience, it's key to note that he himself fails to notice any secondary subtext- Jake is always straight-forward. Oh, and he thinks his jokes are really, really funny. -c.s.*

I didn't want to beat around the bush about it, so I just came out and I told her. I was like, "Mom, I'm gay." And she was like, "You're gay?" And I was like, "Yeah, I'm gay." She just kinda, um, looked at me, so I was like, okay, maybe I need to explain. I said, "You know, straight guys, they like girls and they have sex with girls and gay guys, well, they like other guys and they... you know, with guys." I thought it was pretty funny, but I don't think she got the joke. You know what she said to me then? She said, "Jake, that's the worst thing you could have told me. No son of mine is a faggot." And so I started to be like, "Well, I am gay, and unless there's some sort of conspiracy, I am your son, so... umm... hello?" But she had already gone upstairs and, um, she didn't come back down.

About a year ago, Sherri and I went to a party over on the hill. It was at one of those really big houses, you know, the ones with like three cars in the garage, the kind of ones rich people live in. It was a totally cool party. There was like really good music and a lotta food, and I was totally there, ya know? So, after awhile, I, um, went outside to smoke, cause you couldn't, you know, smoke inside. So I was sittin' outside on the curb and this guy came outside to talk to me. He was... umm... hot, I mean, like, totally hot. Like fucking-omigod-take-me-up-to-heaven-and-never-let-me-come-back-down-kinda-hot. He asked me if I wanted to go back inside with him and I was like, sure, whatever. And I think it was like the parents' bedroom, 'cause, ya know, the bed and stuff. And we were sitting on the bed and he was like talking to me and stroking my hair and stuff and then he... well he... ya know... he... umm... he did me. Okay, he did me. And you know what the stupidest thing about this is? The stupidest thing is what I remember most about it. Not his weight on top of me, pushing me down on to the bed, or the fact that it hurt, and it did hurt, but what I remember most about it is his breath... ya know, his breath, his breath in my ear, when he was like talking to me. That is so stupid. Anyway...

A few months after that, Sherri decided that she wanted to "get tested." Ya know, big red flashing lights, "get tested" and so I went with her for moral support and all. A coupla weeks later we went back to pick up the results. Sherri was fine... I wasn't. And you know what the stupidest thing about it was? It was this old bitch with grey hair that told me and I was like, "Why are you telling me this? What do you know about

me? You don't know anything about me." And I was thinking, so if being a homo was the worst thing I could have told my Mom, then, like, what is this, ya know? What's this. I thought it was kinda funny, I guess.

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I'm gonna let you guys in on a little secret. When we were, like freshman, we used to sit around in one of the guy's garage's every afternoon and talk. And we had, um, decided that when we grew up, we wanted to have a band. You know what I mean, right? Like a really cool, totally fresh kinda band. And so we were sitting around one day deciding what we were gonna call it. And, um, so were talking about seeds. Ya know, like when you're eating a grape, and you, like run into the little hard seed in the middle and it like ruins the whole experience, right? Or those big fuckin' rocks in like peaches or whatever, it's like, um, yum, argh. It's not pretty. And so, somebody mentioned bananas. Ya know, bananas, like banana-split bananas. And how there's like little black seeds all over the banana, but they don't, um, bother you. And that's how we wanted to be. We didn't want to "bother" anybody. Pretty cool, huh?

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So, um, I've been like, really lucky. My health has been, like, really good. I've only been in the hospital a few times and the pills work really great. They just, um, give you the runs a lot, so ya gotta always be the john. Ha. It's just that it, um, never really goes away, ya know? It's like, always there. I mean, I think about it at the weirdest times. I'll be like sittin' on the toilet and it's like, there it is, great wall of China, I'm... ya know... sick. But do you know what the worst part of it is? It's like, I'll see a really hot guy at the grocery store and I'll think, "Ya know... I'm never gonna get to do him. Never..." And, yeah, that kinda sucks. People ask me why I always wear black now, and I tell 'em, "It's 'cause I'm mourning the death of my dick." Pretty funny, huh? Yeah... So, umm, I know what you're thinking. I mean, you don't know that I know, but I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "So, he's never gonna have a band." Do you think I don't know that? I mean, I know that, and I'm like totally cool with that. It's okay... it is.

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You know what the weirdest thing is? My Mom is like totally cool with everything now. It's like, the homo thing doesn't even matter anymore. I dunno what changed her mind. I didn't tell you guys, but I, umm, got this job at the music store down on the corner. Ya know, the one with the really huge punk section. Everybody there is like totally cool. For a part-time job it really rocks, you know? If you guys every wanna come down, I can hook-up you up with some really killer deals, okay? Yeah... So, umm... thanks for listening. I'm gonna turn the stereo up now, okay?