I Just Called To Say...

Doug Allen meets, discloses to and loses boy

May 1, 2001 By Doug Allen

2.14.01, 3:45 p.m.: “Hi, Jeff, it’s Doug. We just met about 20 minutes ago -- I’m the guy you gave your number to when you should have been working. I thought, Why beat around the bush? Wanna do something tonight? Give me a call.”

2.14.01, 5:26 p.m.: “A man after my own heart. I’m giving you major points for not beating around the bush, Doug. I have tons of work to do tonight, but I could meet you around 10 for dinner or drinks. So call and let me know.”

2.15.01, 12:47 a.m.: “Hi, Doug. I just wanted to leave you a message so that you have a nice surprise to come home to. This has been the nicest Valentine’s Day I’ve ever spent. You were an absolute gentleman and a perfect date -- and a really good kisser. I’m looking forward to having more great times. Sweet dreams.”

2.18.01, 3:17 p.m.: “Hi, Debbie, it’s Doug. So I spent the night with Jeff, for the second time. I really like him, but he’s only 26, which is way under my 35-or-over rule. We haven’t had actual sex, but I did get a hand job -- my President’s Day present. But we can’t fuck because I haven’t told him yet. I was gonna send him an e-mail, but Lucy thinks that’s crude. I know she’s right, but I hate having that conversation. Maybe a voicemail on his cell? Anyway, I met his friends last night, but they didn’t ask me either. I think I’ll call and tell him tonight.”

2.20.01, 9:11 p.m., via e-mail: "*TO:* doug *FROM:* jeff *SUBJECT:* unfinished business *TEXT:* Hi, Doug. Sorry we couldn’t communicate better on the phone last time we spoke. I am trying to understand what a burden bringing HIV into a relationship can be for someone like you. I felt really conflicted because, though it made absolute sense why you waited to share the news -- that it was only a week and you felt we had not been intimate or high risk or whatever -- I also felt betrayed. I wish I knew from the beginning. Had I known from day one, I would not have pursued a relationship with you as lovers. That may sound terrible, but I am being honest. Not because you are not a beautiful, generous person who I have connected with, but because I AM NOT READY TO DEAL WITH THIS. I don’t know if I ever will be. Without sounding cliché, cheesy and *90210*-ish, I really want to have you in my life, as my friend. Please contact me when you are ready to talk."

2.21.01, 6:47 p.m.: “Hi, Doug, it’s Debbie. I can’t believe he reacted like that. How can he be a gay waiter-slash-actor in Manhattan and claim to have never dealt with this before? It’s better you

found that out sooner. And no -- I don’t think you’re obligated to call him back. I wouldn’t.”

2.24.01, 4:21 p.m.: “Hey, Doug, what’s up? It’s Jeff. I wanted to call and see how you are doing and what’s going on. I never heard back from you on Saturday night. I’m assuming you got my e-mail. I don’t know if you’re just taking time or if you don’t want to hear from me. I’d rather hear from you that you don’t want to hear from me. Does that make any sense? But I really hope that’s not what I’m going to hear. When you find time and you’re interested, please call me. Thanks. I hope you’re well.”

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