

Fast Cars And Slow Orgasms (Extrapolated from Cupid and  
Psyche)

By

Michael Winn

Original Play For Multi-Media Performance  
and  
Motion Picture Adaptation

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FAST CARS AND SLOW ORGASMS

ACT I - A PRICK OF CUPID'S ARROWOverture

*Music, Greek Bouzouki.*

*Projected images of paintings of psyche and cupid.*

*Voices of the Chorus, male and female, speak in rhythmic alternation, about the love of Psyche for Cupid and Aphrodite's anger. As projected images of classic panties change, the Chorus dancers mime the story and characters of Eros and Psyche.*

## CHORUS

Psyche is now goddess of the soul, pictured with the wings of a butterfly. Her name in Greek means spirit, breath and animating force.

As a mortal girl, she was the youngest and most beautiful daughter of the king and queen of Sicily. Suitors arrived intent to marry her but jealous of her beauty, Aphrodite allowed Psyche to desire none of them. When the rejected suitors claimed her beauty surpassed that of the goddess of love commanded her son, Eros, to transfix Psyche with an arrow of desire to make her fall in love with the next male that approaches her. Cupid comes upon the sleeping Psyche and surprised at her loveliness, stumbles and pricks himself with the arrow and he falls in love with her.

And so begins the marriage of desire and spirit and the ever unfolding trials and tribulations of human sexual relationship.

*Fade light on dancers, they exit.*

*A large, overweight Greek in street clothes walks on from stage left leading a sheep. Downstage center, before the proscenium, he pauses, looks down at the sheep, surveys the audience, looks at the sheep again and continues to stage right, where he exits and leaves. (the animal may be real or a costumed dancer)*

*Music stops.*

*Nubile with flagrantly long blond hair, dressed casually, muted rather than burlesqued sexuality, enters stage right, walks deliberately across and upstage as she exits.*

(CONTINUED)

*Thin young man in contemporary student clothing, jeans and T shirt, crosses l. to r. without looking up.*

*Music: reggaeton on small mp3 speakers*

*Two teen girls walk together across r. to l., one with earbuds, moves her head and shoulders to the beat of the music, the other furiously texting.*

*Girl on skateboard skims across weaving around the teens.*

*Music stops as the girls exit.*

*Boy shoots across the stage, squatting on his skateboard.*

*Music: Latin groove.*

*Handsome, muscular young man enters upstage center, walks directly downstage as if on a runway, carrying a leather jacket over his shoulder, wearing a wife-beater and tight jeans that show a bulge in his crotch, carrying a leather strap in his hand. Pauses downstage center and poses.*

*Music: Heavy Metal scream*

*Fellini's Volpina (from Amarcord), enters on the floor stage right, her long, dark hair falling across her naked shoulders and back, half serpent and part jungle cat, she slithers and crawls behind the posing man, who upon seeing her draw close, deftly slips the leather strap around her neck and draws her off with him, stage left.*

*Music: Celtic rock*

*Celtic step dancer enters, moves back (upstage) as she dances, revealing the set for Scene 1. (Cindy wanders in as music fades and dancer exits.)*

### Scene 1 - The Funeral

*The memorial gathering for Steven Morrow, an architect, who has died of leukemia in the prime of his life, held in a large, Neutra-inspired residence Steven designed for his lover, Cindy and her husband, built on the edge of a bluff overlooking the Pacific in Encinitas, California. The three friends enjoyed a menage-a-trois.*

(CONTINUED)

*Photographs of Steve and the buildings he designed are displayed on the walls, with a prominent lifesize enlargement of Cindy and Steven making love in silhouette. The meeting takes place offstage in an adjoining parlor through an archway offstage from which sounds are heard. The unseen room opens onto a patio above the sea and the sound of the surf can be heard along with muffled voices pronouncing eulogies. Occasionally we hear ad lib phrases and responses of assembled guests.*

*Cindy wanders in through the archway. She wears the little black dress and slingback pumps Steven bought for her to wear today in anticipation of his imminent departure, which asked her to wear for their last "assignment". Cindy's figure is trim and muscular with small, shapely breasts and her bare, muscular legs are deeply tanned. Long black hair flows over bare shoulders down her back to her waist. She holds a Kleenex to her nose and doesn't look up as Richard enters the room through the front door opposite the archway.*

RICHARD

(loud above the muffled background)

Hi, is this the memorial for Steven Morrow? (he startles Cindy, who thought she was alone in the room. Upon seeing her reaction, Richard lowers his voice to a whisper) I'm a friend (winces) was... I mean (she glares at him in silent disbelief but he continues although with each word, he drives her to further distraction) you're Cindy, aren't you. I'm Rich--Steve introduced us--god it's been a while, hasn't it.

CINDY

(relents, realizing Richard's predicament, apologetic)

Please, come in. They're in there... (pointing to the archway).

RICHARD

I'm sorry I'm late...(moves toward the arch)

CINDY

(falls against a wall, sobbing)

Oh. I can't, I just can't...do...this...

RICHARD

(goes to her)

Are you...can I help...or...?

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

(laughs, then sobs again)

Help! Help? Oh. Oh. (suddenly aware of him as a complete stranger) Who are you?

RICHARD

Richard. Richard Transito. We met at SOMA--was it a year ago...or two?

CINDY

(recognizing his name)

SOMA?

RICHARD

The museum...downtown...

CINDY

I remember...you're a client...developer...of that awful apartment building Steven designed downtown.

RICHARD

I'm sorry about that...

CINDY

Yes, I was at the opening...we met at the museum, when you hired him, too... I told him not to work for you.

RICHARD

Sometimes, things don't go as planned. I'm sorry, we didn't connect. I liked Steven, you know...wanted him to do something for poor people, too...

*Muffled laughter drifts through the arch, a guitar begins to accompany a solo male voice...they turn to face the sound...*

CINDY

I'll be ok, please go in. Thank you...I mean, for your concern. I'll be alright now, really.

RICHARD

I don't like funerals...why I'm late...they never make me feel better...they remind me of all the others I've lost...I feel kind of desperate...horny, too for some reason. Funny, the only time I've *paid* for sex, excluding my ex, who cost me through the nose, is after a funeral. Why am I saying this?

CINDY

Ask your analyst...

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I avoid funerals. Analysts and prostitutes, too, but I hate funerals.

CINDY

There are better reasons to pay for sex. (laughs)  
Steven would appreciate that.

RICHARD

Steven was on time, too...didn't mind when I was late.

*(a voice accompanied by an acoustic guitar, they listen to the song)*

CINDY

He took his time, he was a prince, even in bed.

RICHARD

He told me about you.

CINDY

(shocked, doubtful, suspicious)

I don't think so. It's not like him. What did he say?

RICHARD

It wasn't like him, no. Never talked about anyone...

CINDY

What did he say?

RICHARD

Not a lot.

CINDY

What did he say?

RICHARD

About your...your...*arrangement*?

CINDY

What? That we were lovers?

RICHARD

You and the doctor.

CINDY

He wouldn't.

RICHARD

Not in so many words but obviously, he did. Right?

(CONTINUED)



CINDY

Why? What happened?

RICHARD

I think he was trying to wake me up...

CINDY

(shakes her head) Sorry?

RICHARD

About sex...and love. Told me I was sleeping. I've never mentioned it to anyone. And, I'm still stuck.

CINDY

What did he tell you?

RICHARD

We didn't talk about you really...was what he was learning about love with you.

CINDY

Why are you telling me?

RICHARD

My architect and sexual advisor was your sex slave...

CINDY

Sex slave.

RICHARD

Pupil? I don't know what he meant exactly. Wish I did.

CINDY

I love...love... (tearing up) loved Steven.

RICHARD

You're married to Ed.

CINDY

(angered) What?

RICHARD

Ed? Your husband?

CINDY

Ah, I see. Ed's in there, you want to ask him?  
(pointing through the archway)

RICHARD

(shocked at the idea) Jesus, no! But he was ok with you and Steven?

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

(angrily) What? Fucking? Loving? Sucking him off? What exactly?

RICHARD

Jesus! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

CINDY

I know, you're just a fucking idiot.

RICHARD

Yes, I am that...a fucking idiot! Look, I'm sorry. I'm such an asshole. Look, I better go... (backs and turns toward door)

CINDY

Don't you fucking dare.

RICHARD

(stops) I'm being a jerk. I'm really sorry. I feel like an ass. Steven was such a--a prince, like you say, and I was ashamed to be the prick I am, when I was around him.

CINDY

Get over it. Richard Transeetoe. That's your fucking name, right? Richard? Richard Tran-see-toe.

RICHARD

Transito. (correcting pronunciation)

CINDY

(laughs) Do you know how many times he came in pissed off about you and your fucking *project*--against our rules...he'd meditate for a fucking hour, fuck me for ten minutes, roll off and start complaining about the fucking "*project*".

RICHARD

It wasn't my fault, really. I tried. I'll go. I'm sorry. This is so wrong.

CINDY

It turned out fucking awful, didn't it. (laughs) What do you think I got out of that, Mr. Transytoe?

RICHARD

Transito. I'm really sorry. Shit. I'll just go now...(moves toward the door)

CINDY

What-ever! Stop! I said, *Stop! You! Transito.* Just *stop!*

RICHARD

I'm sorr--

CINDY

Stop your, "sorry", too, god dammit! Someone who loved Steven invited you here. I gave invitations to people that I knew knew Steven. Maybe your fuck-guru wants to give you one last fucking chance, Richard, so don't you dare run away, not this time, not from this...and especially, not from me. God dammit!

RICHARD

Is there anything to drink?

CINDY

Oral distraction? Weren't you weaned? Are you gay?

RICHARD

I know for a fact that I was not and no, I am not gay.

*Song ends and laughter rises offstage.*

CINDY

*(moves to the bigger than life b/w photograph of herself, leaning with her back against the silhouette of a man who could be fucking her from behind)*

How about visuals, Richard? What's this?

RICHARD

*(Steps back to see the pattern of black and white shapes on the wall is a blow up of a black and white photograph)*

That's you...and Steven, right?

CINDY

Read the signature.

RICHARD

"E. W." Ed...Weisman?--your husband.

CINDY

(pointing) See the title?

RICHARD

"Dearly...Beloved"

CINDY

Dearly...dearly beloved.(turns away and wipes her eyes)

RICHARD

I'm sorry...

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

I know, Mr. Transito, you're sorry. I wish it helped. Not personal...nothing helps, though...not words anyway...nothing that usually works...

*(someone in the next room is softly crying)*

RICHARD

Would you like to go for a walk, Cindy?

CINDY

*(incredulous, then laughs, softening)* Take the bitch for a walk. Men are so predictably...dog-like.

RICHARD

I didn't mean it that way...

CINDY

You didn't? Well, guess what, Richard, I did. Hold on, I'll just get my leash...since that seems to be what we're here for...yes, Steven, I hear you dear...Do you mind waiting for me out front, Richard. I'll get some cruise shoes. Be out in a jiffy.

RICHARD

Out front?

CINDY

Sit on the porch and be good. That's a good boy.

Scene 2 - Virginit

*Mid-afternoon, room adjacent to a swimming pool. Sounds of children splashing and chasing each other around a pool, parents admonishing and thinly amplified music from an iPod drift into the room through a window. Cindy and Richard are hidden from view by a white bed sheet.*

CINDY

Mmmm, that feels nice...higher...lower...oh, god, you're improving, Richard...right more, no, your other right, right! Ah! Oh, oh. Gentle, faster, yes. Finger in, no, two, ok, ok, ok, ok, god, three? Ohhh. Yeah!

*(telephone on night table rings, a small red light on the phone flashes)*

CINDY

God, yes. *(ascending pitch)* Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(emerging from under bedsheet)

What was that?

CINDY

Clitoral...orgasm (out of breath)

RICHARD

No, the telephone.

CINDY

Sympathetic response to high-frequency energy.

RICHARD

What are you talking about?

CINDY

Happens...I'm sure of it.

RICHARD

What, the telephone comes in sympathy?

*(dives back under covers)*

CINDY

What are you doing?

RICHARD

Obviously, You're not done.

CINDY

*You're* not done, Richard! Oh, ow! Stop. Stop! God!  
Don't stop! Oh...oh...coming again? (concealed by the  
sheet, Richard slides his penis into her) oh, fuck me,  
fuck me! Fuck me, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, ohhhhh, yeah!

*(telephone rings)*

I'm...com...ing...again... oh, oh, ohhhhh

RICHARD

(Grunts as he ejaculates and rolls off, pulling the  
sheet off)

CINDY

Good job!

RICHARD

Who's calling?

CINDY

Steven from limbo...the critique.

RICHARD

Did you know that the Limbo's a dance...from Haiti.

CINDY

What?

RICHARD

Limbo. (gets out of bed with the sheet wrapped around him like a toga, singing while attempting to do the limbo,) Back to back, belly to belly, don't give a damn 'cause I been dead already! Back to back, belly to belly at the zombee jamboree...! (falls on his ass)

CINDY

(laughing hysterically) Do it again! (grabs a camera out of her handbag on the table) Come on!

RICHARD

(sits on the bed) No pictures!

CINDY

Hypocrite! Coward! Dance, motherfucker!

RICHARD

You gotta tip if you want to give direction, honey...

CINDY

Cut the diva shit, Richard. (places a foot against his chest and pushes him way) Dance, motherfucker! C'mon, Richard, do it again. I'll suck you off, honey. You can come in my mouth. Right in here, baby, (stretching her mouth open with her fingers,) I'll swallow! Ah, got you there, with the swallow, didn't I you little pervert.

RICHARD

(She grabs the sheet away as he stands) An offer I can't refuse, eh. (sighs, sings) Back to back, belly to belly, don't give a damn 'cause I been dead already! Back to back, belly to belly at the zombee jamboree!

*Cindy tracks around him making a video, ending with a closeup of his genitals.*

CINDY

You have a really nice cock, Richard. Did you know?

*Richard goes to the table by the window. Cindy follows and sits opposite, opens a bottle of water, swallows and hands him the bottle.*

Talk to me. Richard. You're always so quiet after sex...as contrasted with your constant chatter when you're trying to get my pants off.

RICHARD

Nothing to say.

CINDY

Tell me. Who?

RICHARD

Who what?

CINDY

Who told you that you have a nice cock.

RICHARD

Really? Several people.

CINDY

First one. Were you a choir boy, Richard? Did a priest suck you off?

RICHARD

No.

CINDY

(mock interrogation) Vee have vays of may-king you tawk. I can mayke theengs verrry uncomfortable.  
(reaching for his balls)

RICHARD

A whore, in Mazatlan. (mocking her tone) "*Tan grande, señor!*"

CINDY

"*Tan grande?*" Was she your first time?

RICHARD

I felt more like a virgin after.

CINDY

Did you screw her?

RICHARD

Came in four seconds. Does that count?

CINDY

Was she your first?

RICHARD

Girl? Chicken? Turtle?

CINDY

Whose funeral was that after, Richard. (lifts and presses her foot against his chest and pushes him gently, rocking him back) Richard, talk to your little hotel slut. Please. You'll feel better, I promise.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(kissing each of her toes) My first sexual *experience* was with Mary Bush.

CINDY

A prostitute in Mazatlan named Mary Bush? Unlikely. You're making that up. (pulls her foot away)

RICHARD

No, before the prostitute. Mary Bush was my first...fuck? The prostitute was the first person that said she liked my cock, remember?

CINDY

Her name was Bush? (guides her foot into his crotch) You mean, Bush like beaver or the former president?

RICHARD

President. Both. You're distracting me.

CINDY

(slides her other foot between his legs) You fucked the president's last name, honey, how revolutionary is that!

RICHARD

Yes, I fucked the president's last name. Someone should have fucked the president's ass--might have saved us from fucking all of Afghanistan.

CINDY

Don't get all political on me, please...

RICHARD

Congress impeaches Clinton because of a blowjob, Bush owes us a blowjob, as long as we've let him fuck the entire human race...

CINDY

Richard, I'm not interested in George Bush right now, ok? You're being evasive. What happened with Mary Bush?

RICHARD

What's happened to that son of a bitch, Bush?

CINDY

You're being evasive, Richard.

RICHARD

What?



CINDY

Mary Bush? Girl who popped your cherry? What happened?

RICHARD

Nothing to tell--

CINDY

So tell me about the nothing.

RICHARD

My roommate brought Mary home from school to fuck me.

CINDY

How nice of your roommate.

RICHARD

He was gay...

CINDY

You lost your virginity in a three-way with your gay roommate and Mary Bush! I thought you were innocent. Who was this girl?

RICHARD

That's not what I meant. I'm not homosexually inclined. Nothing against it, you understand, not interested.

CINDY

Right you are. Don't worry, baby, I love your cock. You are 100% pure USDA Grade A male bull stud motherfucker. Not to worry...homophobic? I wouldn't tell anyway...

RICHARD

Bill was a drama major.

CINDY

Ergo gay.

RICHARD

No, not ergo. Hew just was but he never came on to me. I was naïve maybe. I'm still naïve, still not gay.

CINDY

Did you or did you not have a threesome with Ms. Bush and your roommate, Bill? A gay name if I ever heard one.

RICHARD

I was shy...

CINDY

You acted in plays and all that shit and call yourself shy?

RICHARD

Sexually.

CINDY,

OK, about sex you were shy. And the threesome? Who was on top, dear?

RICHARD

On top? No one and there was no threesome.

CINDY

(eye roll gesture) You had to think about it. What did you do, stand in neutral corners and cheer each other on? Or new agey--lotus position (sits on the floor in lotus then moves into downward dog) maybe, combined with downward facing dog...

RICHARD

Look, Bill *thought* he was going to get some action...I told him I don't do men. He understood that...

CINDY

The stew congeals...you led him on...

RICHARD

I did not. I didn't know from homosexual sex...they do what they do and I don't care where other people put their dicks...as long as it's not in me.

CINDY

Or me, apparently...

RICHARD

That's a different matter.

CINDY

Isn't it. But something doesn't add up.

RICHARD

I was homophobic.

CINDY

Hoorayyy! For the first time in his life, the man tells the truth. Jesus Christ, Richard! Can you hear the angels sing hallelujah? (sings) Hallelujah!

CINDY

When did it occur to you that Bill wanted a piece of your cute little ass, Ricardo.

RICHARD

Don't call me that.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Ummm, the homophobe raises hackles about hispanic allusion? Aversion to hispanic names is zingy as hell, honey. Machismo. *Y tu mama, tambien!* What happened?

RICHARD

We had a box of red wine...Bill's thought he needed to get *me* drunk--not her.

CINDY

Did that work? C'mon, baby, loosen up... limbo, limbo. (pushes him nearly off the chair) How old were you? 18? 19? Bill was a cradle robber.

RICHARD

It wasn't Bill, goddammit. Mary and me. We fucked all night (correcting himself) Mary and I?

CINDY

Poor Bill. Didn't Mary at least suck him off? Nothing? Hand job, maybe? Foot? Cucumber? Nothing? Seems unfair.

RICHARD

Bill wasn't interested in Mary.

CINDY

No shit. You know, he had a crush on you, Richard.

RICHARD

Why wouldn't a guy like a blowjob from a girl? It was dark, how could he tell? What difference would it make?

CINDY

You could've put a bag over his head, Richard. So what happened. Play by play.

RICHARD

We were alone in the house. Bill's acting a little wierd, comes in with wine.

CINDY

You didn't know he'd set this up?

RICHARD

No. He said a friend was coming over in a strange way and asked me to stick around. I had no idea. A few minutes after eight, this girl shows up, in a tight little dress, heels and a big smile. Ten minutes later, Bill is still trying to open the box of wine and were already necking. She pulls my cock out of my pants as Bill arrives with the wine glasses. I waved him off as I was trying to pull her dress up and pants down, while we were joined at the mouth. Bill was behind her,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD (cont'd)

helped her out of her jeans and then he pushes her on top of me, onto my bed. Then he says, "my work is done here, hiyo Silver, away!" Mary said, "Who was that masked man, kemo sabe." Bill left the room...

CINDY

Drama majors...and then?

RICHARD

Then?

CINDY

The good parts. Talk, Richard. Please. The night is young and I am horny...

RICHARD

It's three in the afternoon.

CINDY

Fuck you. Tell me what happened or I cut them off!

RICHARD

Do not laugh at me or I will choke you with these hands.

CINDY

Oh, baby, choke me, *hurt* me, please! Talk!

RICHARD

I'm holding my dick in my hand and it's dark and we're lying on our sides on the bed. I said, "I'm sorry, I've never done this before, how do you put it in?" She pushes me away. "You're kidding me aren't you, this was a set up Bill got me into. Bill, get in here!" Bill comes in. "No. No. Honest! I've never done it before!" Bill says, "why would I lie, Mary?" She gets it that I'm a virgin, screams, "Wow!" flops on her back pulls me on top of her--by my cock--slides it in like, one, two, three...she must have been very wet...

CINDY

You're such a good submissive, honey. No... (pointing to her mouth) foreplay?

RICHARD

When she touched my dick, I swear the thing vibrated like a plucked string. Hah, my heart sings but my dick vibrates! When she put it in, I unwound. "Is this where it goes?" "Not there, there, baby, here." Twang! I felt like a spectator at my dick's party. It would not stop.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

No condom, no diaphragm, whatever?

RICHARD

Never entered my mind...

CINDY

Did she let you come inside her?

RICHARD

In, on, around. Countless. Continuous.

CINDY

The marvelous pill...

RICHARD

No idea. She had fun...until dawn...

CINDY

All night?

RICHARD

She took pee breaks...twice? No, three time. Bill complained to her, in fact. Yes, he said it was "his turn". I thought he meant to fuck her and I was like feeling territorial, like she was now, my property. I said I wasn't done. She told him, "not my fault, Bill" and I pulled her back onto my cock. Never heard from him after that, maybe an occasional groan.

CINDY

Was she older?

RICHARD

No. I wonder if we'd still be fucking if she hadn't stopped me, said she was getting sore...

CINDY

If every woman had that complaint, honey, world peace would be right around the corner.

RICHARD

You know, it turns me on thinking how she fucked a guy she'd never seen before...as a favor...kind of generous, kindhearted slut...my ideal woman...

CINDY

Is that what you want, honey? A generous nympho who will fuck your friends for you?

RICHARD

Not exactly...but as a fantasy...

CINDY

But if she happens to be your wife or girlfriend, and she's fucking your friend, that doesn't feel so good to you. Strangely logical. Did you masturbate a lot before you had sex? I did.

RICHARD

I felt I shouldn't. Felt guilty.

CINDY

Yeah? But did it stop you?

RICHARD

(sighs) Not completely. I was in love. Faithful.

CINDY

That's sweet. Weird but sweet. You're in love, so you don't jerk off? Men.

RICHARD

Wet dreams!

CINDY

It's so, romantic, Richard. You are submissive! Chastity is a male delusion, you know. We encourage the illusion of chastity because it gives us control. We can torture you about it.

RICHARD

Well, it also inspires Islamic suicide bombers and other psychos...but they're all getting turned on, aren't they? I mean basically, the Taliban guy is a confused fourteen year old kid with a hard-on.

CINDY

And Monica is giving Bill a blowjob in the Oval room.

RICHARD

And Senators are doing their staff in the closet.

CINDY

Where is it all going honey?

RICHARD

Where will it all end?

*Music cue: Duet, Where will it all end?*

RICHARD

We don't choose our parents.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

What does that have to do with it?

RICHARD

You don't choose your parents.

CINDY

You don't choose your sex.

RICHARD

You're turned on by what turns you on.

TOGETHER

Where will it all end?

RICHARD

Where is it coming from?

CINDY

Childhood conditioning?

TOGETHER

Partly but you only play the hand you are dealt. And, where will it all end?

CINDY

Let's say you're parents are Amish.

RICHARD

Bible thumping baptists, mormons

CINDY

Sephardic buddhistic rosecrucian

RICHARD

Jesuit humanistic atheists...

TOGETHER

Maybe you're turned on by members of your gender. Where does it all end? Maybe, you wouldn't play that way because you learned to think it's wrong...

*End music.*

RICHARD

You know, Cindy, I've never chosen to be in a relationship, not even this with you.

CINDY

I know.

RICHARD

I get seduced. I don't remember Mary's face. Wouldn't recognize her. She came in, we screwed. End of story.

CINDY

A one night stand isn't a relationship.

RICHARD

I pried her phone number out of Bill. She met me for coffee, blew me off completely, didn't want to know me.

CINDY

She blew you?

RICHARD

Off--as in, nice meeting you, whoever you are, goodbye. Her coldness shocked me.

CINDY

She probably had a boyfriend.

RICHARD

So what? She didn't want to know me. I'm not that way.

CINDY

I'm sure she remembers you, Richard. I'd never forget anyone who did that to me. I even remember the disappointing self-absorbed meat puppets I've met in bars. I remember the kid who lived next door fucking me in the back seat of my parent's car when I was 15, and playing doctor with my cousin, Harry, when I was 8.

RICHARD

Having sex?

CINDY

That would be precocious.

RICHARD

Chinatown. San Francisco?

CINDY

My parents caught us. That was embarrassing.

RICHARD

Do you ever look in the mirror and wonder. Who is that?

CINDY

(rubs his penis) How about this, honey? Look! It's growing! You're right, honey, you are strange! (nuzzles his cock) Mmmm and so delicious...



RICHARD

I don't understand what attracts me? Like the first girl I was in love with? It was like sniff sniff and then, total obsession.

CINDY

Maybe, it was her smell. Pheromones. (laughs, mocking Brando, sniffing) Stella (sniff sniff), Baby, (sniff sniff) I give up everything, (sniff) for you! (sober) Why'd you break up--with your high school girlfriend?

RICHARD

We were never really together. We only kissed once. It was intense.

CINDY

First real kiss?

RICHARD

First and last with her.

CINDY

Why? What happened?

RICHARD

I was 17, She was 16, I think. I was so fucking nervous! She smiled as I came close and she said, "it's ok, you can kiss me if you want to."

CINDY

Sweet.

RICHARD

All that night, my cock got hard when I looked at her, embarrassing. I tried to not look at her. I was afraid my dick would stab her when we danced and there was this bulge constantly under my belt that she politely ignored. Really...how could she?

CINDY

You're blushing!

RICHARD

Fuck off.

CINDY

You are positively blushing!

RICHARD

Ok.

CINDY

You really had one for this girl. You still do, don't you?

RICHARD

Yeah. I do. She wore a prom dress, some pastel color I don't remember, all I see is her--bare shoulders--I gave her a corsage--I couldn't take my eyes off her and I'm constantly restraining my cock and I can't look at her directly. I couldn't imagine she felt that way...

CINDY

She did though, Richard. You must have been adorable, (caressing him) even with your clothes on...so what happened?

RICHARD

I parked my parents' car in front of her house. How was I to know? How could I? That's what fate is--when there's no way you'd ever know and afterwards, all the signs were there but you didn't read them.

CINDY

Know what, Richard? Was she transexual or what?

RICHARD

No. Her mother's certifiable. Mental...talk about fate!

CINDY

What happened?

RICHARD

My lips touch hers, her mouth opens and I feel her tongue on my tongue...she tasted so sweet. I was in heaven...

CINDY

You're getting hard!

RICHARD

Electricity went through me...

CINDY

I didn't think men could have that.

RICHARD

No, I didn't come...I mean no ejaculation.

CINDY

Never mind, it doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

It hasn't happened with anyone since. I mean, I ejaculate and all, but...that electricity.

CINDY

You do that just fine, Richard.

RICHARD

But it was different with her, Cindy.

CINDY

OK, So, you have this electrical kiss...

RICHARD

Her mother turns on the porch light. (blinking) The door opens. She's shouting at her! I'm freaked. The erection. The electricity. I mean, freaked! She runs inside crying. Mother slams the door...

CINDY

Coitus interruptus. Violent and with guilt and degradation. That's a bitch. What did you do?

RICHARD

I walked to the car and drove home, went into my parent's house and all I can think was that kiss and how I felt about...how I wanted her, this...amazing creature...I was like mad hungry for her.

CINDY

But you didn't get together?

RICHARD

No.

CINDY

Why?

RICHARD

Something else happened, that I can't explain.

CINDY

You whacked off.

RICHARD

No. I've never told anyone. I'd like to tell you.

CINDY

Tell me.

RICHARD

No one...I wonder, wherever she is, if she remembers.

(CONTINUED)

*music from the iPod outside the window swells to recognizable lyrics of the Penguins "Earth Angel."*

CINDY

(looking toward the window, noticing the music) Must be the time.

RICHARD

I drove home, passed out on my bed in my clothes and I woke up and it was still dark and I notice I'm floating like in space, stars clear and bright, lights around me, the earth like a big blue ball...

CINDY

You mean you were dreaming...

RICHARD

and I saw *her* sleeping, a sheet covering her but partly revealing her body, her sweet little breasts and her legs and the fur above her thing, you know, and her eyes opened and looked at me and I heard her voice and felt her touch, her body warm against me, her legs smooth and sliding around me, I taste her, hear her, whisper my name and my erection pressing against her...

CINDY

Like that scene in *Man Who Fell To Earth*, where David Bowie plays an alien that marries an earth girl...

RICHARD

He's a rock star marries Candy Clark as a cover...

CINDY

(laughs) Like he's really hot for Mick Jagger. Gay alien rockstar! Sounds like Star Wars...

RICHARD

Candy Clark falls for Bowie though.

CINDY

Yeah, for this gay alien with the voice of an angel.

RICHARD

He's not interested really, won't satisfy her.

CINDY

Won't cum for her. They do these music videos where he's pretending...

RICHARD

She's hot and he's like a total jerk...

CINDY

...off

RICHARD

But she won't back down...

CINDY

He takes off his human disguise. Underneath...

RICHARD

Slick, blue alien skin with yellow cat eyes...

CINDY

She's in a trance and he gives it up to her...

RICHARD

Floating in space just like we in our dream...

CINDY

He comes and it like oozes all over his body, they're swimming in sperm...is that what you dreamed?

RICHARD

No ooze. But it was our dream, not my dream.

CINDY

She had the same dream? How do you know?

RICHARD

In the morning, I was afraid to call. I was afraid she would tell me it wasn't going to happen but I had to hear her voice. I love her voice. I still do.

CINDY

How's that?

RICHARD

She became a singer

CINDY

So what'd she say?

RICHARD

First thing she says is, "me too". I said, "I had a dream." She says, "Yes, Richard, so did I..."

CINDY

You think she meant she was in your dream?

RICHARD

It's like we were in our dream. I couldn't believe it yet I knew it was true. It didn't make sense but it happened just the same.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

What happened? Why did you let her go?

RICHARD

We never got together again. I tried. I felt I had nothing to offer her but my desire, which wasn't on her career track. When she tried to fix me up with one of her friends, I decided to move on. I still love her, Cindy. She's not even that person anymore but I'm still in love with her. How weird is that?

CINDY

She is that person, Richard.

RICHARD

Everything I've done, at some point, it's been with the hope that she might see it and know I love her.

CINDY

Do you fantasize about her when we make love?

RICHARD

I've never done that. I've been in relationships with several women and I've never done that...

CINDY

You're such a slut, Richard...amateur slut, but still, a slut...

RICHARD

I haven't felt a kiss like that again either.

CINDY

Did you guys try the astral thing again?

RICHARD

It's happened again with other women.

CINDY

You've had the same dream with other women? Can we do it?

RICHARD

Don't think so. It's related to unsatisfied desire and we don't have that.

CINDY

We could change that.

RICHARD

No, we can't.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Don't worry, lover.

RICHARD

It happened with my wife once, with a friend of hers that I really wanted to do.

CINDY

Three three of you had this dream together?

RICHARD

My ex and I were in one bed and she was in another in another room and everyone wakes up coming in the middle of the night.

CINDY

But not physically together?

RICHARD

No. In the morning, my ex says, "wow, that's something I'd never done before." Then, another time, I was scheduled to meet a famous actress the following day. I'd met her years before then at a dance class when I came to pick up a friend of mine. She walked by me and glanced over at me, looked at me like I was dessert.

CINDY

Who? What's her name?

RICHARD

I shouldn't say, it's not the point.

CINDY

I'm your lover and I have a right to know about a woman that shows up in your dream.

RICHARD

And you tell me who you fucked in Hawaii last week.

CINDY

You don't want to know, honey. Just imagine it was someone named Barbara, you'll feel better. So what happened with the actress who shall remain unnamed?

RICHARD

When we met the next day, she looks at me like she's seen a ghost and spills her chai latte down her blouse.

CINDY

How do you know you're not imagining this? What did she say? The mind's main job is fantasy, you know.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Maybe this kind of thing happens all the time, Cindy, and people don't talk about it...

CINDY

What happened to your teen sweetheart?

RICHARD

She got wrapped up with celebrities, living the high life, drugs, decadent bus tours with rock stars. Meanwhile, I got married, so did she. Now she's in love with Jesus Christ.

CINDY

And you're still in love with her?

RICHARD

I don't know, I'm in love with who she was then...and she's hooked up with Jesus.

CINDY

A Jesus freak!

RICHARD

She writes popular books about the power of prayer and faith--especially faith.

CINDY

What do you think?

RICHARD

It saved her and she's safe. Has kids. Its ironic, though.

CINDY

Because she confuses astral sex with fucking god?

RICHARD

I've seen her giving lectures about praying for a happy marriage on YouTube videos. She and her husband smiling like happy homo sapiens, keeping their marriage together by praying. She needs that to make sense of the horror she endured as a child with her mental mother. But something's missing, you know.

CINDY

Yes?

RICHARD

Cupid's bite, Aphrodite's curse. Bliss. The child of the marriage of spirit and lust. Big "O"?



CINDY

What planet are you from, Richard?

RICHARD

Philly.

CINDY

What?

RICHARD

Philadelphia.

CINDY

Your expectations are unusual here--on this planet.

RICHARD

When people fall in love, divine intercessions are irrelevant.

CINDY

What makes fools fall in love?

RICHARD

There's a planet out there that sends wild-ass aliens like David Bowie to re-seed our genes in wild astral orgies. We aliens forget where we came from, can't keep in touch with folks in weirdplanetville. If two of us breed our genes make a critical mass, we blow up. When two aliens kiss an electron beam goes through them sends a message back home that sets up obstacles to hooking up...

CINDY

You and your sweetheart consumed by orgasmic flames! How completely wild is that! I want one of those!

RICHARD

Her nutty mother saved our lives, maybe the universe!

CINDY

Most importantly, dear, you wouldn't have lived to fuck my brains out on the floor of this seedy motel.

RICHARD

God is good, Cindy.

CINDY

God is good, Sahib. (throws her arms around him, pushing him to the floor, mounting him as the lights dim.)

*Music: Tambourine*

*Enter dancers of the chorus.*

Scene 3 - Signs

## CHORUS

Eros is invisible to Psyche and invisible servants attend to her every wish. She grows tired of imagining the source of her phantom bliss, is crazy to see his form and she feels homesick so she persuades Cupid to allow her sisters to visit. The sisters are jealous of the luxury and sexual ecstasy Psyche enjoys. They tell her an oracle has said her lover is a monster that is fattening her up to eat her and convince her to conceal a candle and a knife. That night, when she sees Cupid for the first time, she's shocked by his beauty and spills hot wax from the candle on him, he awakens and flees.

*Dancers circle and leave as light comes up,*

*Center stage, a bed surrounded by lights. Props suggest a theatrical stage with obvious painted flats but also, surreal as the action implies an intimate, private moment between lovers watched, perhaps, by an omniscient god, the audience.*

*Video cameras are mounted on booms that may be suspended from the fly over the orchestra, a camera is located at the back of the theater for wide shots and telephoto pickups. Monitors are mounted in front of the proscenium to left and right, each showing head and shoulder shots of two Ameslan interpreters, MALE and FEMALE, who mostly stand midstage right and left, so they can view the action center stage and interpret utterances and gestures of the male and female COUPLERS having sex on, around and/or about a bed that is downstage center. Subtitles scroll horizontally at the bottom of the monitors--the verbal repeat of words they sign.*

*When the interpreters are signing to each other, the dialogue is prefaced by, "TO I", i.e., the "I" is appended to their character names. At the beginning of the scene, they address each other with glances and gestures, when unsure about what to sign, and as the scene progresses, they gradually turn and move toward each other.*

*In the pit or similar place, two techs, with a live cam set-up, switch the main monitor, as directed by the Video Director. The performance may be broadcast live online and recorded for post-performance upload and review by performers.*

(CONTINUED)

Music, based on a score provided with this script:

Stage dark. MALE and FEMALE Ameslan interpreters dressed in conservative attire but with some subtle Bohemian flourishes, perhaps a tattoo here, a nose ring there, their style sending a presaging message, walk on from the audience (optionally from the wings) and take their respective positions stage left and right, where they are lit by small spots.

Lights come up center stage revealing an attractive couple (woman and a man), exploring each other's bodies with their hands and caressing kisses. They are fit and graceful in movements and gestures, demonstrating restrained aggressiveness of emotionally involved lovers rather than lust. As they delve more deeply into each other's pleasures and observe each other's responses, they become more aggressive, encouraged by music with a persuasive rhythm, pausing at penetration, then tumbling headlong into positions, gestures and sounds: contrapuntal expressions of unrestrained male and female response.

Duration of authentic sex compels attention at the subconscious level and must be moderated for the audience to emotionally identify. Actions are ad lib and lightly rehearsed for position, decorum and so interpreters can follow. Dialogue provided below is for interpreters to sign. COUPLERS take their cues from music. They may improvise gestures that are natural for them, the priority is authenticity of sexual performance.

COUPLERS

Sitting at the edge of the bed as the light comes up, partially undressed, kissing fervently, pulling each other's clothes off, the woman takes the man's penis in her hand.

FEMALE

Oh, baby, you're so hard!

(continuing foreplay with hands and mouth)

FEMALE

Your cock's so hard, baby!

(male pulls her hips up and toward him and drops his head into her lap)

(CONTINUED)

MALE

(muffled) You're so sweet.

*(female squirms at his touch)*

FEMALE

Ahhhh! (Gasping intake of breath) Oh, yes! Yes.

MALE

Mmmmm?

FEMALE

Feels g-g-good! Oh! Oh! Ahhhhh.

*(He inserts fingers)*

FEMALE

(moans) Holy shit!

MALE

Mmmmmm.

FEMALE

(louder) Holy *shit!*)

MALE

Mmmmmm.

FEMALE

Fuck!

*(wraps her legs around his head, her hand reaching down grabs his penis)*

MALE (TO I)

She said, fuck me.

FEMALE (TO I)

(glares at MALE) Fuck off!

MALE

Mmmf! Oh, yeah!

FEMALE

Oh, god! Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

MALE

(lifts head) What? What did you say?

FEMALE

(laughs) I learned to say that instead of, you know, Jesus Christ. Catholic school.

(CONTINUED)

MALE

Funny, did they teach you this?

*Moving his body above her, he stops her mouth,  
first with a kiss and then with his erect penis.*

FEMALE (TO I)

He didn't say that.

MALE (TO I)

Poetic license.

MALE

Maybe this will help you remember. (pushing her mouth open with his penis)

FEMALE

Jesus, (laugh is muffled) Mmfy and Jmphs!

MALE

Yes, yes, yes. Yes!

FEMALE

Mmmf. Mmmf. Mmmf.

MALE

(taking his penis out of her mouth, looking into her eyes) I wanna fuck you, baby.)

FEMALE

Then, fuck me...please, fuck me.

*(male slides down to missionary mounting position)*

*Lights dim partially*

MALE (TO I)

I didn't hear the bitch say, "please".

FEMALE (TO I)

Fuck off, asshole! Did you hear that?

CHORUS

*(repeated by horizontally rolling script on central monitor as interpreted by both MALE and FEMALE interpreters, who sign with a side intensity to each other as if engaged in a signing argument using the statements of the narrator.)*

Because of the risk of sexually transmitted diseases and/or pregnancy, the audience is advised to, please, keep their hands to themselves and out of their pants.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHORUS (cont'd)

Actors on this stage are tested regularly and protected from unwanted pregnancy.

Absolutely no animals, whether existing now or in the future, have been or will likely be injured or embarrassed in this performance.

However, this cannot be guaranteed if you try this at home and you do so under your own recognizance.

FEMALE (TO I)

(adds gesture for fuck you to the last line)

This theater takes no responsibility, whatsoever, for the consequences of any of your actions. Ever. Forever.

*Lights come up again. COUPLERS have climaxed during announcement but are by no means finished.*

FEMALE

Oh, honey, thank you, that was amazing. And your still hard! Cool. Oh, very cool...

FEMALE (TO I)

(does a double-take on COUPLERS as she signs "you're still hard" and repeats the sign, moving a little closer to them) Very cool.

MALE (TO I)

That turns you on? Interesting.

FEMALE (TO I)

Yeah. Surprised you noticed.

MALE

Wow, you have muscles in there!

MALE (TO I)

You, too?

FEMALE

(blushing) How did you learn THAT honey?

MALE

What?

FEMALE

Right there! THAT--the little twisty thing.

MALE

You mean this?

(CONTINUED)

*Puts his mouth on hers as he thrusts slowly into her, grinding with an oscillatory motion.*

FEMALE

My GOD! I'm tingling! All over! HOLY SHIT! I'm dripping!

*Interpreters are now both moving closer and turning more toward the COUPLERS, sometimes signing more to their respective alter-ego partners on the bed than to the audience.*

MALE

Don't--remember. Does it matter, sweet stuff?

FEMALE

Oh, do it! Do it some more! Wow! Fuck me. Fuck me slow. Oh, man. you should SELL that. Guys would pay...

MALE

(pauses) How many guys have you been with?

FEMALE (TO I)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Men are so fucking...

MALE (TO I)

Because women are such complete whores.

FEMALE (TO I)

Mysogynist!

MALE (TO I)

What--ever!

FEMALE

You're so cute, honey.

MALE

Cute? Yeah, I know. So how many?

FEMALE

A few. Come on, baby...

MALE

You don't know? That many?

FEMALE

No. Yes, I know! You're jealous of some guys who fucked me five years ago, whose faces I wouldn't recognize?

MALE

(thrusting into her) You're a fucking liar and you know it.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE (TO I)

While he's fucking her brains out, he bothers to be jealous. Fucking men!

MALE (TO I)

She brought it up!

FEMALE (TO I)

You're defending that meat post?

FEMALE

Oh my god, baby, you're fucking me to splinters! (stops her mouth with his own then turns her over beneath him and lifts her into dog position.)

FEMALE

Punish me, baby with your big cock. Give it to me.

MALE (TO I)

I rest my case.

FEMALE (TO I)

God, I'm so horny...you wanna fuck me after the show?

MALE (TO I)

Now.

FEMALE (TO I)

Here now?

*They look at each other, glance at the COUPLERS and meet center stage, tearing each other's clothing as lights drop and music swells.*

CHORUS

Jesus Christ, can't we get through one damn show? God help us. Gods help us. Aphrodite! Where are you? Cue music please, and take.

Scene 4 - The Dance

*Music: A nude violin player stands stage right. Seated stage left, mridanga or tabla player.*

*Projected images of Cupid fleeing Psyche.*

*Dancers enact the narrative.*

DIRECTOR

Devastated that her gullibility cost her her beautiful husband and father of her unborn child, Psyche is inconsolable. Even though invisible, his attention caused her to heart to flutter and soar to astral

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DIRECTOR (cont'd)

heights. When she realizes Aphrodite was behind this mischief, she goes to the temple of the goddess and begs forgiveness and pleads for his return. Smarting at the outrage of having her immortal beauty compared to the upstart nubile, Aphrodite sets three tasks for Psyche, promising the lovers will be re-united if she completes them and first orders Psyche to separate all the grains in a large basket of mixed kinds before nightfall. An ant takes pity on Psyche, and with its ant companions, separates the grains for her.

*Music, solo violin trills as dancers withdraw and light comes up on Angie...*

ACT 2 - WEB WIND-UPScene 1 - The Windup Toy

*On the left side of the stage, Angie's apartment somewhere in Kansas. On the right side, Richard's apartment in nowhere, California.*

*Richard's side is dark. Black drapes cover the windows of Angie's place, admitting splinters of midday sunlight at the edges. Ikea standing and table lamps here and there, spot the Ikea upholstered office chair on which Angie sits in semi-lotus, facing a little table that holds her laptop computer screen, the LCD glow of which lights her torso. Behind her, a black cat naps, curled into a ball on a foam Ikea futon.*

*A computer monitor suspended downstage-center, above the stage, displays a screen saver. Angie sits in full lotus position in a spot of light before her LCD monitor with her hands clasped together in prayer and her eyes closed and earnestly whisperers a prayer. (Not amplified.)*

*The monitor displays a scrolling page on which are thousands of thumbnail images of webcam models, of which, Angies is but one. The scroll allows the audience brief glimpses of the models, conveying the impression of a universe of millions of unique and different choices.*

ANGIE

Lord, I thank you! You are my strength. Thank you, that no matter what I face at this moment, you are greater. I am grateful that you give me the knowledge and strength I need to get where I need to go. I praise you this day for who you are and for your goodness to me.

*(She lights a cigarette. Inhaling deeply, she exhales smoke through her nose, taps a key with her index finger, awakening the monitors and speaker system.)*

*The display zooms to Angies image which opens to her webcam page. Speakers on the table and behind the suspended monitor provide a thin background of rock music Angie selects for her "dance", staying seated, moving her slender body accentuating the soft curve of her breasts. (During the scene, she continues this dance in and out of the chair, at times massaging her breasts and slipping her fingers into her panties, which she occasionally pulls down flashing for the camera.)*

(CONTINUED)

*Angie's MyFreeCams.com web page appears on the suspended monitor, repeating the image that Richard and other "visitors" to her chat room see. The banner reads "You have entered WindUpToy's Public Room!" Speakers in the theater amplify Angie's online voice and music, filtered by digital compression and they are also heard live.*

*Angie's image occupies most of the screen. Beside it, comments typed by "visitors" to her "public chat room" scroll vertically as she responds with either vocal or typed replies. Richard's and Angie's voices are both heard through the system.*

*BigDickNigga\_: so what are your thoughts on world peace??*

*PM Guest: wat up, angel*

*Ambidextrous: FUCK*

ANGIE

*Hi, Ambi, how are you baby, where were you last night? (pulls T shirt over her head, leans forward, cupping her breasts in her hands, presents them to camera closeup) Everyone wants world peace, biggie...*

*Turtledurtle: Yum I wanna piece Angie.*

*Gettin2it: Love your tits, Angie...*

ANGIE

*(laughs) Thanks, Turtle, take me private, baby...thanks gittin'*

*(ANGIE blows a kiss)*

*BigDickNigga\_: do u ever discuss the meaning of your tattoos??*

*jonnie344: u barefoot, honey?*

*virtual613: we gonna play music roulette?*

ANGIE

*(lifts her feet to the camera, wiggles her toes, briefly exposing her pussy) My feet, Jonnie. OK You like? My tats? What do you want to know about 'em?*

*Danyel96: hello babe*

ANGIE

*Hi, danny, where have you been? I miss you!*

*BigdickNigga\_: what's music roulette?*

(CONTINUED)

*(Angie flashes and blows a kiss.)*

*davidj521947: wow*

*Guest49563: hiiii*

*edward93535: hi*

Hi, edward...hi, david...

*davidj521947: how long this been goin on*

*SoldieOFLove: omg, my dick gonna xplode*

Thank you, soldie, take me private, hun (smiles and blows a kiss)

*SoldieOFLove: I'mat work angie later luv*

ANGIE

Thank you, hun, I love you, too! My tats? (lifts her arms and turns to show the tattoo wings on her sides)

*getting2it: I love your armpits.*

Gittin, you do? Really? No one's ever said that. Hmmm.

*getting2it: you playing me?*

I wouldn't play you--unless, you want it. I don't play that way. What do you want to know about my tattoos, biggie?

*ANGIE turns her body left and right showing tattoos like wings on either side of her torso*

OK, These are my wings (running her fingers over one of two large designs on her rib cage descending from under her breasts to her waist,) from my spiritual mother. They mean freedom of the spirit(indicating a design at the center of her chest, above and between her breasts) these are stars...which is where we come from.

*BigDickNigga\_: i see...*

ANGIE

Actually, the wings started as a cover up...

*BigDickNigga\_: what happened to the original tattoo??*

*Unrealdj: covers what?*

*bigdick36369: hi, Miss America*

ANGIE

Hi, big D! Where have you been? (shakes her shoulders and smiles broadly) I had footprints along here (traces a line with her fingers from her waist to just below her right breast) to here.

*BigDickNigga\_: u jus didn't like it anymore??*

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

It was for a special friend...things changed. You know.

*BigDickNigga\_: your bf?*

ANGIE

Girl friend, actually.

*staticjwr: hi*

ANGIE

Hi, Static! You fuckin' jack wagon, where have you been?

*staticjwr: fuckin' crazy here, beautiful...*

ANGIE

I know, babe. that place is 20 miles from here...

*BigDickNigga\_: ok...*

*Unrealdj: special friend*

*Unrealdj: iwager*

ANGIE

No, not that way, unreal, we grew up together...she didn't like what I was doing...went her way.

*BigDickNigga\_: what's music roulette?*

ANGIE

A game--I play a song and you have to guess it.

*BigDickNigga\_: what's the prize?*

*gettin2it: she is*

*sexy4255: hell yeah*

*loveman014: do you do anal?*

ANGIE

Hi, loveman, no, I do not do anal. And (holding up the bottle from which she's been drinking) I won't put a corona in my pussy, so don't ask.

*loveman014: not even the neck end*

*gettin2it: you could auction the bottle*

ANGIE

(laughs) You're too much, Gittin. No loveman, not even the (strokes the bottle like a cock and slides it into

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE (cont'd)

her mouth) the neck. Could break you know? Under pressure?

*BigDickNigga\_*: so what do we win

*BigDickNigga\_*: fuck you're so hot...

*BigDickNigga\_*: i don't know if i mentioned that...

ANGIE

Thank you. (blows a kiss) I play a song, you guys have to guess the name of the song and the performer. If you do, I take a swig on the corona...

*gettin2it*: a drunk Angie leaves no hard dick behind...

*BigDickNigga\_*: what genre you like

*loveman014*: why don't you do anal

ANGIE

I like all kinds of music.

*Ambitious\_Guy*: you got a naked girl sitting in a chair in front of you, can't keep her hands off her body, how can you lose?

*Gettin2it*: hands in her body...

*loveman014*: but no coronas :(

ANGIE

(taps some keys. Garth Brooks song comes on) I don't do anal because I don't do anal, loveman.

*Gettin2it*: anal's not all it's cracked up to be

*Ambitious\_Guy*: i can line dance to this

*Ambitious\_Guy*: lol)

*BigDickNigga\_*: Garth Brooks..

*BigDickNigga\_*: i don't know the "Exact" name...

*BigDickNigga\_*: i can't focus when you're naked...

ANGIE

I love to line dance (moves with the music) yeah, I could get into it with this...

*BigDickNigga\_*: that's what i woulda guessed...

*Ambitious\_Guy*: thunder rolls

(CONTINUED)

*A Private Message Window pops open in front of the webpage. Angie on left, Richard on right. Richard's side of the stage is fully lit now so their stage presence is stronger than monitors.*

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Good morning, Angie.*

ANGIE

Hi, Gittin!

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Does it bother you that I tell you, I love you.*

ANGIE

No, I don't mind at all. Thank you. (puts her lips on the camera in a kiss)

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Where's the rest of you BB?*

ANGIE

(laughs and pushes her chair back toward the futon) You mean this, honey? (adjusts the camera with a toe, exposing her naked crotch to the camera)

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Whoever invented this, they should get a Nobel prize.*

ANGIE

(blows him a kiss)

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Like, really. We'd have never met...*

*charlieboy: Hi, Angie, what up, you freaky fuck toy*

*steviodo333: I wanna feel those tits around my dick, Angie, can we arrange that?*

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Hi, Charlie! How are you sweetie? I tolya Steve, you gotta take me private, honey. Do anything your little heart desires.

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: I want to smell and taste you, Angie, can we do that?*

ANGIE

Take me private. I'll take you there.

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*gettin2it: I want to touch you, feel you. This is so...mental...*

ANGIE

It's all mental. You should try it.

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*gettingtoit: I'm a skeptic.*

ANGIE

You want me?

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: Are you...? Yeah...I want you...*

ANGIE

Take me...private.

RICHARD

(vocal as he types)

*getting2it: It's weird...*

*crazyhorse5: made any videos?*

ANGIE

hey, Crazy! where you been? no, I haven't made videos. i will though, if u like

*crazyhorse5: I like but your friend steve is the one with the money. I'll direct.*

*getting2it: I'll write the script.*

(CONTINUED)



*bigdicknigga: I'll provide the large, black dick.*

ANGIE

(laughs mischievously) Sounds good to me, send me the script, hunny.

*Richard sends the command to trigger a private webcam meeting with ANGIE. A popup window covers the original page which shows only Angie's camera view and a space for text that either of them writes.*

ANGIE

Fuck! You did it, Gittin'. Good for you, hun! What do you want to do, now that we're here?

RICHARD

Christ...this costs more than a London taxi.

ANGIE

Cheaper than a London whore.

RICHARD

Guess so...

*She pulls a little chrome vibrator from under a pillow, shows it to him, caresses it with her mouth and then lowers it to tease herself.*

RICHARD

I can imagine your touch, taste, smell...

ANGIE

(softly moaning)

You like that, Gittin'.

RICHARD

You're so beautiful, Angie, I love your body. How many guys are watching you now?

ANGIE

(moves close to the computer to read the room count) three hundred and twenty seven--eight--nine. (falls back onto the futon) No, they can't see you. (thrusting against the vibrator) You can make 'em go away, hun, just costs a little more.

RICHARD

Can they see me?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

No, just me. Want to do exclusive?

RICHARD

Let 'em watch. Turns me on.

ANGIE

What?

RICHARD

What they're thinking of doing to you now.

ANGIE

You're a kinky little shy guy, Gittin', I mean, Sahib, aren't you?

RICHARD

I wanna own you...lease you?

ANGIE

(laughing) Vagina for rent...fully furnished, comes with tits, dining facilities...fully plumbed...all amenities, nice entry and (turns over and pats her butt) comfy porch...

*Angie builds herself to a credible-looking orgasm as Richard, watching her rubs himself and they cum in sync. She grabs a pack of cigarettes from the floor, lights one, settles back into the pillows.*

RICHARD

Was that real. Did you really cum?

ANGIE

Of course. Why else would I do it?

RICHARD

For the money?

ANGIE

(laughs) You mean, sell out? Fuck no. I'd rather work the checkout stand at Big Box.

RICHARD

Jesus, Angie, you just took my virtual virginity.

ANGIE

Yayy! You deserve a reward, Sahib. Want a video?

RICHARD

I'd like dessert but this technology isn't there yet. I hope you're not one of those girls that drops a guy like a used napkin after she fucks him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

You can find me, Sahib.

RICHARD

Yeah, part of you, anyway. OK I'll be back.

ANGIE

(blows a kiss) Thank you, honey. Did you like it?

RICHARD

Yeah.

ANGIE

I liked it, too, Sahib. You're a cool guy.

RICHARD

It's poetic, ANGIE.

ANGIE

What do you mean, honey?

RICHARD

Desire. Keats' Grecian Urn.(recites)

*"...never can'st thou kiss...for ever wilt thou  
love and she be fair..."*

ANGIE

That's nice. What is it? Put it in an email.

ANGIE

You have a cam?

RICHARD

Yeah--it's built in.

ANGIE

Turn it on.

RICHARD

God...I just got it. Stage fright. I'm afraid!

ANGIE

You're sweet. God, would you, please tell Gittin' to  
turn on his web cam so I can see him.

RICHARD

I'm shy...vain, really. Mostly vain...

ANGIE

Do it, just do it. Do it for me, Gittin.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(hyperventilating) I want to but I can't. This is challenging...

ANGIE

Please.

RICHARD

What if you don't like me.

ANGIE

Babe, relax.

RICHARD

It's not a good lens for me. I know about these things. It's too wide. It'll make me look fat--ter.

ANGIE

It's ok. C'mon. Just, please...

RICHARD

If I looked like you--

ANGIE

Please.

RICHARD

You look...delicious and I...

ANGIE

Please.

RICHARD

Fuck! Ok.

ANGIE

YAY! (blows him a kiss)

RICHARD

Promise me one thing.

ANGIE

What's that?

RICHARD

That you won't bail on me.

ANGIE

Don't be silly. Come on...

RICHARD

Promise me, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Show me, dammit!

RICHARD

Beauty and the beast.

ANGIE

Beast is sexy. Are you brutal, hunny?

RICHARD

I wish, not even...look I'd really appreciate it...

ANGIE

OK I promise I won't bail on you. C'mon, I'm getting wet waiting. (thrusting her fingers into her vagina)

RICHARD

Making fun of me...already.

ANGIE

No, honey...

*Sound of a cork popping and Richard's image shows up alongside Angie's in the monitor*

ANGIE

Cool! (then she moves closer to her monitor) Richard!

RICHARD

I look fat. Look! I'm not fat! My heart is racing. Wow! This is a 2-way street, isn't it.

ANGIE

What the fuck do you think you're doing? You can't do this!

RICHARD

God, Angie, I'm not that fat. And my glasses reflect.

ANGIE

Richard, stop thinking about yourself. What the fuck are you doing here?

RICHARD

Wait! Don't touch that dial, sweetie, please, don't touch that dial. Just give me a minute ok.

ANGIE

Don't call me that! Fuck! You asshole! Moron! Jerk!

RICHARD

Ok ok ok. I know you're right.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

(out of her chair in front of the monitor on her table)  
You fucking tricked me!

RICHARD

I did not!

ANGIE

You did so! You think I'd let you do this if I knew?

RICHARD

I didn't think about that.

ANGIE

What do you want? Feeling insecure so you thought you'd pop up and mess with your ex-wife?

RICHARD

Not exactly. No. I missed you.

ANGIE

So fucking what?

RICHARD

Calm down. Talk to me. Pretend you don't know me.

ANGIE

Fuck off.

RICHARD

Please. You know I love you.

ANGIE

Yeah. You luv me. So what. (looks at him closely)  
You're looking thinner. Working out?

RICHARD

Yeah. And I quit smoking.

ANGIE

Your hair's different. Still going to Sharone? Cute.

RICHARD

Right. Like Hillary Clinton. You're smiling, that helps. Can you hear me?

ANGIE

Yes. I was lookin' at you. Back up a little.

RICHARD

What?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Well, you asked me before, remember?

RICHARD

That wasn't me.

ANGIE

So what, come on, *Gittin'*

RICHARD

Oh, god. Ok but would you, please, stop calling me that stupid screen name.

ANGIE

You said, pretend I don't know you. What'll I call you? Bigdicknigga? Lickyerpussyraw? (laughs)

RICHARD

Call me, Sahib.

ANGIE

Jesus.

RICHARD

Too religious.

ANGIE

Superstitious now?

*Angie moves onto the futon, pushes the kitty aside and teasingly removes her panties...*

Is that a hard on in your pants, Richard, or are you carrying a cucumber?

RICHARD

This isn't happening. You can see me now (catching his breath) Wow, I didn't know. I can *feel* you watching me watching you...

ANGIE

You wanna taste of your own medicine, Richard? Is that gonna make you feel better?

RICHARD

I was afraid of showing myself...but...so are you.

ANGIE

What?

RICHARD

I've been a regular in your room--couple times a week for two months.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Thank you, honey. You've been a good tipper, too.  
(blows a kiss)

RICHARD

Pleasure's mostly mine, I think. Thank you.

ANGIE

Thanks.

RICHARD

Yeah, I know...and you're terrified.

ANGIE

What? What do you mean? What are you saying? No, I'm not. How'd you get that?

RICHARD

Meet me for lunch tomorrow.

ANGIE

Can't do that. You know it. Don't ask.

RICHARD

See?

ANGIE

That's not terrified, honey, it's prudence.

RICHARD

Leave Prudence out of this. She'd be horrified.

ANGIE

Fuck off, Richard, you know what I mean. Anyway, it's not that I'm afraid of you--I'm afraid...of consequences.

RICHARD

Like the boyfriend that you say you don't have might object?

ANGIE

I don't. And I don't lie. To anyone.

RICHARD

Right. You know you wouldn't say if you did.

ANGIE

This conversation is going nowhere. (irritated)

RICHARD

Are you afraid to meet me then?

(CONTINUED)



ANGIE

It's not about that. You've been generous, kind to everyone, a good, compassionate guy. But...

RICHARD

Really. You have a boyfriend?...Girlfriend?

ANGIE

Nothing rock solid...

RICHARD

Keeping your options open?

ANGIE

Creature comfort. What about you? What are you doing here?

RICHARD

There's been someone in my life but she's more interested in fucking the universe than pleasing me...

ANGIE

Might have something to do with the time you spend on MFC, Sahib.

RICHARD

Either way, the glow is gone.

ANGIE

You ever think you should do something about that before messing up someone else, Richard?

RICHARD

I am doing something about it. Here, with you and it feels right. More right than I ever thought.

ANGIE

Did you talk to her?

RICHARD

What? About why she fucked my brother? She said she doesn't want to talk about it.

ANGIE

Ooh. I'm sorry. How is your brother.

RICHARD

Fuck my brother with a stack of pine trees. He's an asshole but I don't blame her. It's my fault but still it doesn't change how I feel.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

How do you feel about guys I masturbate with every night? You've seen a lot of that.

RICHARD

Turns me on.

ANGIE

But your friend doesn't. Interesting double standard.

RICHARD

Context is everything. Can't help the way I feel.

ANGIE

Change the context with--who is she--wife? Girlfriend? Does she live with you?

RICHARD

Gwendolyn. Has her own place.

ANGIE

Pretty name. She sounds like a hottie, Richard. Bring her around, I'll fuck her, too, then she'll be in my context and your relationship will be happy again.

RICHARD

Not funny.

ANGIE

(laughs) OK...I'll do it.

RICHARD

You'll do what?

ANGIE

Lunch. You know Davanti, on India Street in Little Italy?

RICHARD

You mean it?

ANGIE

Tomorrow at two?

RICHARD

(hesitates) You really will...

ANGIE

You sure?

RICHARD

Me? Yes! Of course!

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

If you stand me up, I don't want to hear about it and your banned from my room. I mean, forever. Got it?

RICHARD

Shit! I'll go there now, camp out in front.

ANGIE

(laughs) See you tomorrow then. (blows a kiss and closes her end of the chat window)

*All light fades to black except spot on Angie.*

ANGIE

(to her chat room guests)Hi, everyone! Anybody want to play musical roulette?

*Diggerdude: Hi, BB, missed you.*

*Virtualdick: where you been*

*bjornagain2: out back*

*bjornagain2: fuckin the dog*

*Angie cues the music, spot fades, music holds, houselights up*

*Music: linedance, cowgirl strippers dancing*

CHORUS

Still angry, the goddess sets further tasks for Psyche, all of which she passes, with a little help from zephyrus, the wind, an eagle and persephone, the river god.

At last Cupid found out what was going on, and he persuaded Jupiter to order Venus to stop her persecution of Psyche. Then they were married and Psyche was made a goddess.

Scene 2 - IT'S IN HIS KISS

*Cafe table, under typical umbrella advertising San Pelligrino.*

ANGIE

Well, Richard, how are you?

RICHARD

Not too fucked-up, considering. You?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

(winces at his language) I'm doing great, Richard!  
Heavens, it's been a long time, hasn't it.

RICHARD

Seems like yesterday, Angie.

ANGIE

(musing) Strangely, you're right.

RICHARD

You look so much younger than I know you are...

ANGIE

You, too, Richard...

RICHARD

I've thought about you.

ANGIE

I've thought of you, too, a lot over the years.

RICHARD

Really?

ANGIE

You're my only regret. Isn't that strange?

RICHARD

Really? I can't say that but you're the most profound  
of my regrets, VJ.

ANGIE

Nobody calls me that anymore, Richard.

RICHARD

I read one of your books.

ANGIE

I'm glad to hear that. Which one?

RICHARD

Where you disclose your wicked life and how you became  
a Jesus freak.

ANGIE

(smiles) If you read my book, you'd know I'm not a  
cultist, Richard... Why are you so resistant about  
that?

RICHARD

Christianity is a cult but I know what you're up to,  
VJ. I'm jealous.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

You're jealous of my relationship with God.

RICHARD

Why not? What would you expect?

ANGIE

Honestly never thought of it that way. You should pick an easier rival.

RICHARD

I wish! I'm down with god, VJ. God and me are tight. I don't mind sharing you. I've shared you for a long time, princess.

ANGIE

I guess you have.

RICHARD

You talk about a lot of stuff in your book, like the actor--the professional jerk--why not an amateur like me?

ANGIE

Steve's not a jerk. He's a lot like you.

RICHARD

Except for the show business connections.

ANGIE

That was important to me but it's not now.

RICHARD

Climb to the top, then throw away the ladder.

ANGIE

I did that. I hurt you but I didn't mislead you.

RICHARD

I hurt me, VJ. Why'd you leave me out of your memoir, Was I that unimportant?

ANGIE

Think about it, maybe it'll come to you.

RICHARD

You left me out because I was important to you?

ANGIE

Bingo!

RICHARD

You loved me?

ANGIE

I did. I do. That book was about mistakes, Richard. You were never a mistake. An accident.

RICHARD

Catastrophe.

VIRGINA

Innocent bystander. But look at you now! You look great, Richard.

RICHARD

You sent me away!

ANGIE

You ran away, Richard. Your lucky you did, too.

RICHARD

My daughter is lucky, I guess. But I don't know. Too late now, anyway.

ANGIE

Why didn't you just grab take me like everyone else. It wouldn't have turned out better but...

RICHARD

Comedy of errors. My lack of confidence, your lack of confidence. I was intellectual and the way I feel about you is visceral. I'm not that person now.

ANGIE

Richard, you said, the way I *feel* about you...

RICHARD

Yes, the way I feel.

ANGIE

Not felt--*feel*. What are you saying?

RICHARD

I've changed but the way I feel about you hasn't.

ANGIE

I'm married, three children, would no more consider having an affair with you than jumping over the moon. The idea is completely against everything I've said to tens of thousands of people--hell hundreds of thousands and written about in five books. (laughs)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Don't tease me.

ANGIE

You're actually suggesting that I--me, a famous icon of Christian integrity, role model for countless young married couples...

RICHARD

Let me in, yes.

ANGIE

You haven't changed at all. You are still impossible.

RICHARD

Back then--if you asked what I want to do, I'd imagine you naked and making love to you...but instead, I'd suggest an elegant place for dinner...

ANGIE

Yeah...a place just like this. You would. And you lured me here, didn't you, knowing that's what I'd expect.

RICHARD

Now, if you ask me what I want to do...

ANGIE

Well, here we are, Richard...

RICHARD

I'd imagine tasting you writhing under my tongue...

ANGIE

Richard! Don't!

RICHARD

I'd take you on this table if I knew we would be arrested...I'd fuck you in every possible way for three maybe four days or weeks, sheltered only by the sky...

ANGIE

And afterwards?

RICHARD

Afterwards?

ANGIE

Yeah, afterwards, you know--our lives--your wife, my husband...

RICHARD

Buy you a yogurt cup for dessert and do it again, as soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

We best get started then.

RICHARD

What?

ANGIE

This is a hotel, isn't it? They have rooms?

RICHARD

Yes.

ANGIE

Room is ok or is the table that important? The umbrella?

RICHARD

I'm a convert, VJ. Take me to the promised land.

CHORUS

Three thousand years pass by...cupid's arrows fall in a shower upon millions and then billions of mortal souls, uniting men with women, women with women, men with men, men with sheep, chickens, goats and other things.

Surviving floods, pestilence, ideology, ignorance, greed, wars, genocide, stupidity, slavery, pestilence, institutional greed, feminism, global warming, global recession, Rupert Murdoch, gay pride, national pride, national socialism, Christianity, Humanism, higher education, Islam, China and banal popular music, Hollywood, etc. Mortals cover the earth from pole to pole, consuming air, water, animals and plants that once shared the planet. One things leads to another...



ACT 3 - MARITAL BLISSScene 1 - The Confession

*Early evening, Richard sits at the dining table in the comfortable upscale 2BR/2BA condo "ideally located in the golden triangle, between I-5 and 805". On the wall facing him, a flat screen TV is running a Martha Stewart program, in which Martha is advising about choices of toilet paper and so forth, droning on in the background of the Gwen's conversation.*

*Richard sips at a glass of iced tea and stares absently at the reflection of poplar leaves in the mirror that nearly covers the ubiquitously white-painted wallboard of the "living/dining" area.*

*Gwen enters from the kitchen, returning to pick up the remains of the evening's dinner dishes. She comes through the door, hesitates, looks down at the grey cut-pile carpet, turns and starts to exit into the kitchen and with obvious energy of commitment to a decision she's made, she turns back into the room and marches with determination to the table, where she stands slightly to one side and blurts out,*

GWEN.

There's something I need to tell you.

RICHARD.

Hmm? What did you say, sugar?

GWEN

*(changing her mind again, she turns to leave and does a 360 back to the table,)*

I need to, Richard...it's debatable...maybe...

RICHARD

*(Suspiciously)*

This coffee isn't Seattle's Best, is it, Gwen? *(sips thoughtfully)* Trader Joe's! Damn, I knew something was wrong. Did you think I wouldn't notice?

GWEN

No, it's not the coffee. Honestly.

RICHARD

Honestly, my ass. Show me the bag. Let me see the bag.

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

It's not the damn coffee, Richard. Alright? It's not! It's Seattle's Best--your favorite coffee this year, since we visited your brother in Federal Way and went to Pike's Place for dinner.

RICHARD

Swear on your mother's grave?

GWEN

Mom's not dead.

RICHARD

Technicality. Swear.

GWEN

Richard, stop joking around. I have to tell you something really serious.

RICHARD

(looks at his watch) Nascar starts in five minutes. Can we do this quickly. What?

GWEN

(pulls a chair out and sits)  
Richard, you never want to talk to me. Promise me, honey, you'll just hear me out.

RICHARD.

Sugar, you know I love you. (manipulatively) Tell me quickly and we can discuss it more after the race.

GWEN

(Looks away from him, out the window, takes a deep breath.) OK. Richard, you know how we do things like on the spur of the moment sometimes...impulsively.

RICHARD

(resigned, he sniffs the coffee)  
It smells ok but it tastes different.

GWEN

Shut up about the goddamn coffee, Richard. You should try to listen more, Amy told us...

RICHARD

(Eye roll, sips his coffee)  
I'm listening already.

GWEN

Promise?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Promise what? I'm listening!

GWEN

Promise you won't interrupt or blow your top or something. I have to tell...

*Richard changes the channel from Martha to a Nascar race, cars running around a track.*

RICHARD

Gwen, we're missing the *start* of the Daytona quarter final 400 laps...the *fucking start!*

GWEN

Tivo it, Richard!

RICHARD

OK...ok. Do you mind if I eat dessert?

GWEN

(tired, exasperated, determined)  
Go ahead, Richard, eat your dessert...It's poetic.

RICHARD

Hey, this is really good. Did you make this, Gwen?  
Alright, so what's the big deal?

GWEN

Do you remember when you said I was a mediocre fuck?

RICHARD

(thrusts his fork into the cake like a dagger) When?  
Gwen! Jesus Christ! That was months ago. I apologized!

GWEN

It was last month, Richard. 37 days.

RICHARD

You mark the fucking calendar?

GWEN

It made an impression.

RICHARD

I said I was sorry, for Christ's sake. It was a dumb thing to say. I'm sorry. It wouldn't be your fault anyway. Now, can we watch Nascar. Can I just see the pole position?

GWEN

You meant it, Richard! And apparently, you still do! It hurt me. Ditzzy broad that I am, I thought it was true.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(puts a piece of cake in his mouth as an obvious excuse for not responding)

GWEN

You said it because I asked why you watch porn on the internet all the time and I asked you if your thing with whatshername, Lulu, helped you any with that.

RICHARD

I do *not* watch porno *all* the time and there was nothing with Lorlene. She's a friend and colleague.

GWEN

Yeah, just when you're awake--and Nascar isn't on...

RICHARD

Besides, Lorlene comes on to *everyone*, Gwen, you know that. Don't blame me and she's *your* friend, not mine.

GWEN

Richard, it made me feel *sad* when you said I'm a mediocre fuck, and dumb, and I felt I should do something about it...so I did, eventually (pauses) Boy, did I.

RICHARD

(lowers his fork of chocolate cake)

And you've been going to the gym and that's really good for you, sweetie.

GWEN

Well yes, I suppose, but that's really a result of what I did rather than what I did about it.

RICHARD

About what?

GWEN

Yes. I did. About mediocre fucking, Richard.

RICHARD

I don't understand, what did you do about what?

GWEN

(takes a deep breath as if about to dive, barely audible as she exhales her answer) I fucked your friend.

RICHARD

You what?

GWEN

I know you *heard* me, Richard.

RICHARD

Did you say, you *fucked* my friend? Who? Who did you fuck? Gwen? *What* friend?

GWEN

You're raising your voice, Richard, the neighbors...you promised...

RICHARD

What friend, Gwen?

GWEN

*Friends*, Richard. Did I say friend? I meant, friends.

RICHARD

Friends. Plural? More than one.

GWEN

Friends. Plural. Yes, more than one.

RICHARD

Who? When?

GWEN

Whom.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

Whom. Whom is correct.

RICHARD

Who--whom. Who the fuck did you fuck, dammit?

GWEN

Shhh. The neighbors will hear.

RICHARD

Fuck the neighbors.

GWEN

No, I didn't fuck the neighbors, Richard. I don't think. You're not listening. Like Amy said, you just don't listen!

RICHARD

Who did you fuck, Gwen?

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

You never listen. Oh well. Ok. Listen, I fucked your friends. I fucked your friends.  
*I--fucked--your--friends.*

RICHARD

(dumbfounded, stares at her, stares at the Nascar race on the TV) I'd like to know who--whom. What so-called "friends" are fucking my wife. That's not unreasonable, is it? Wouldn't you want to know?

GWEN

Maybe, I guess. I don't know. I didn't say you are a mediocre fuck, did I, Richard? It's difficult. You are making this really difficult.

RICHARD

I am?

GWEN

I wasn't going to tell you but I have to, you see, and there's a problem...

RICHARD

A problem? Just a last name and an initial will do, so there's less chance I'll kill an innocent mother fucker...if such a thing exists.

GWEN

That's out of the question, Richard.

RICHARD

Watch me.

GWEN

I mean it's not possible. You couldn't possibly kill them all if you wanted to or not.

RICHARD

When someone I know looks at me when we pass at CVS or Vons or someplace and I'm thinking he knows that I know what he did with you...shit! "Them all?" Did you say, "them all?" Tell me who--whom fucked you. How long have you been doing this? Was it when I went to Hawaii--on business? It was, wasn't it!

GWEN

When you went there with Lulu...

RICHARD

I didn't do nothing with Lorlene in Hawaii. Don't turn this around. Who have you been fucking? Shit. *Whom?*

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

Your friends, Richard. I told you. Listen carefully,  
I--fucked--your--friends.

RICHARD

What *friends*?

GWEN

Amazing! You refuse to listen. You really don't hear  
me.

RICHARD

Who? Who? Names. Who have you been fucking, Gwen?

GWEN

I haven't been fucking anyone, Richard. I fucked them.  
Past tense. Fucked.

RICHARD

I don't get it.

GWEN

Good lord, why should this be so difficult? Richard, I  
fucked *all* of them, honey. I think pretty much, all of  
them. All at once...not really all at once, that  
wouldn't be possible, I guess although...let's say all  
in the same--occasion? Same event...Pretty much all of  
them, I don't think I left anyone out...it must be  
pretty close to all of them...

RICHARD

You think.

GWEN

I invited everyone you know. You know how I am about  
invitations--I'd feel awful if someone felt left out. I  
can't think of anyone I left out---other than you. I  
probably went a little overboard, you know how I am.  
Acquaintances count?

RICHARD

Wait. You mean there is no one I know you didn't fuck?

GWEN

That is possibly not absolutely accurate, Richard.

RICHARD

You've been fucking everyone in town? You didn't fuck  
Mr. McPherson, for instance?

GWEN

Who?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

The old guy in the wheel chair at the hardware store.

GWEN

Well, no, honey, I didn't think of that. You're right. Ageism, I guess but old people don't get me started, if you know what I mean. There were guys I didn't know that came along with friends and a couple of them were older guys and I really don't know if you know them or not and they were by no means lacking in their approach or follow through. I didn't know most of them anyway because I don't really know most of your friends that well anyway...or I didn't before, anyway...

RICHARD

You mean you didn't fuck Mr. McPherson but you may have fucked his son, his nephew and the store delivery man and if Mr. McPherson happened to slip it in while you weren't looking, you may have fucked him to?

GWEN

It's not like I'm having sex with these people all the time, Richard. I'm not that kind of girl!

RICHARD

You've fucked "pretty much" everyone I know. What kind of girl is that?

GWEN

Isn't the hardware delivery guy the one they call, "Jimmie-the-Howitzer"? Yes, he fucked me good.

RICHARD

You fucked, Jimmie? The Fijian?

GWEN

Honey, I was gang-banged, OK? That's all! I did all of them, all at once! I looked at those porno videos you book-marked on your laptop? "Gang Bang Brothers".

RICHARD

You did what? You actually violated my private files!

GWEN

Your password is on a post-it under the keyboard.

RICHARD

That's a violation of trust, Gwen. you're not supposed to, to...you fucked all my friends?

GWEN

Richard, rules went out the window when you told me I was a mediocre fuck, honey. Of course, I wanted to know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



GWEN (cont'd)

what was going on with you, sexually. When I looked into your laptop--and there it was, plain as day, like a billboard on the highway of life, "Lady, Your Husband Likes Gangbangs"...I felt I had to...to see...to know what, in your estimation is not a mediocre fuck...I...

RICHARD

...let my friends gang bang you?

GWEN

Yes. Pretty much, all of them, I think so. Who else? I don't know anyone else, Richard, except the old farts at your Elks Lodge. I'm sure they would have but...

RICHARD

Why? My friends. Some friends.

GWEN

Most were in the address book on your computer and they flirt with me all the time like when they play cards here--brushing up against me. And the exciting thing about voyeur stuff I saw you were watching on the internet is psychological--the relationship is stimulating--categories like, "My Girlfriend Fucks the Team", "Watching My Buddies Fuck The Little Woman". "Watching Girlfriend Fuck the Landlord for The Rent." What a kick! Russians are fucking each other for cabbages--and the Romanians!

RICHARD

Hamid? Tell me, you didn't let that leering Iraqi bastard, Hamid, fuck you. Gwen?

GWEN

Mmmmm. Definitely Hamid...

RICHARD

Son of a bitch smirked at me...I'll kill him.

GWEN

And his cousin--what a pair! I think the other guy's his cousin, Farshid? The little guy who works with him at the 7-11--they're about the same size, Farshid isn't really a friend of yours but he came with Hamid...

RICHARD

Came with him?

GWEN

I didn't mean it that way...

RICHARD

You fucked Robert? And Dave? Harold? Not the fucking Sikorsky twins?

GWEN

(nodding affirmatively to each name) God, those Sikorsky boys are a trip--they do something they call counter-rotation. How long did it take them to work that out?

RICHARD

What am I going to do? How did you do this?

GWEN

You know, honey, I'm not sure how many. I stopped counting at 22. They just kept coming, literally, endless. Most, probably all, had me this way and that way...more than twice...three times?

RICHARD

I don't think I have 22 friends.

GWEN

You do now, Richard. You're so likable, I've always loved that about you. You can be so--endearing...

RICHARD

How did this happen, Gwendolyn?

GWEN

Like my dad, Gwendolyn. (parental) Gwendolyn, come in here! Gwendolyn, did you take my cigarettes? Gwendolyn, if you do that again, there will be hell to pay...

RICHARD

Where?

GWEN

Where what?

RICHARD

Where did this happen?

GWEN

Here, for heaven's sake. God, where else in this stupid town? The Marriott? The condo clubhouse? The Soroptimists? Actually, with those lesbos, that's a possibility. Rotary fuck of the month! The Elks Lodge! Hah! The community room at the public library! Is that sick or what?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Here, Gwen? Here, in our own home?

GWEN

(looks around the room) On this table, a lot. (spreads her hands across the surface as he recoils from the table) Richard, I clean this damn table three times a day! (examines under it to make sure)

RICHARD

You invited men to come to our home to fuck you on our dining room table.

GWEN

Uh huh. I guess you could say that, and elsewhere (looking around the room). You know, not a single one of them said, no. Can you imagine? 100% Everyone came...and then some. That arm of the sofa got used, (she squirms a little on her chair) as I recall. Mmmmm. I think...

RICHARD

(staring at it) Arm of the sofa...

GWEN

...the bath tub, would you believe, the toilet? God! The tub and bathroom sink and the one in the kitchen, too! Clothes dryer, someone turned it on so it would vibrate. Your work bench was a hit for a while with the guys from the Shell on the corner--what's his name, Ricky...and his friend, Francisco, the big Mexican guy they call, El Gigante. Now I know why...

RICHARD

(weakly)Ricardo. His name is Ricardo, not Francisco.

GWEN

This must be a shock for you all at once, Richard, but I wasn't thinking about you most of the time, like you said, it was not my fault and it wasn't your fault, either.

RICHARD

Not *my* fault that you gang banged my friends? What?

GWEN

Right. You called me a "mediocre fuck". You did. A "mediocre fuck"! And you watch gangbang videos to get off. I just wanted to please you, honey, so I threw you a surprise party, for your birthday--modified it just a tiny little bit by not inviting you, but you were in Hawaii, doing Lorlene, after all. You inspired the whole thing and I have you to thank for a really incredible experience! Can you imagine!

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

No! Birthday gift? You invited everyone I know to fuck you, except me. Are you crazy? Birthday gift?

GWEN

Richard, would you have come to my little gangbang if I'd invited you? Would you have let me do it? Honestly.

RICHARD

No!

GWEN

Use your head. How could I invite you?

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

Come on, Richard. That's counter-intuitive.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

For goodness sake, you're being a what-bird. What? What? What? What?

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

Given your frame of mind, honey, what upsets you. Perhaps, another time, or you can watch the video.

RICHARD

Video? Video!

GWEN

Why? Why is a good question to ask, Richard.

RICHARD

Why? Why? Why?

GWEN

Now you have it! Listen, I'll explain why to you. You said, (imitating him) "Gwen, you're a mediocre fuck anyway." Do you remember that, honey?

RICHARD

(defeated) I remember. I said that. I was pissed-off about something or other.

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

Something that had nothing to do with me, Richard, but you were right, honey. For once, you actually told the truth. Now, however, you would be wrong to say that. That's all. Then, you were right, now, you would be wrong. Down, up, up, down. Gravity. What for did Newton need an apple tree? He could have looked at his dick when some chick in heat happened by...

RICHARD

I didn't mean it.

GWEN

Yes, you *did*, honey! You were honest. It was a symptom, baby. Do you realize, I didn't have one good orgasm with you since, since--damn, I can't remember when!

RICHARD

The honeymoon--you said, with you...who...

GWEN

(avoiding the issue) Since we first did it, Richard! The honeymoon? I had hopes. Honey, don't be sad. I pretended but I was such a mediocre fuck! But now the preponderance of evidence shows you were wrong so you see, I did this for us! You'll see, it's all good.

RICHARD

All good? All good? I'll leave town. My job. My parents...

GWEN

Richard, stop shouting! The neighbors!

RICHARD

Fuck the neighbors!

GWEN

You don't really mean that...do you?

RICHARD

What? You're demonic! Everyone I know...and their cousins...everyone--laughing about gang-fucking my fucking slut whore...

GWEN

But, no longer mediocre fuck...

RICHARD

...wife. I'm the jerk--the asshole of local lore...

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

You're a legend in your own time, Richard.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

They have pictures to prove it, Richard! They're on AmateurGangBangWhoresofSouthernCalifornia dot com.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

You're doing it again, honey.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

Everyone in the world knows your wife is a great fuck, honey! Not a mediocre fuck. A great fuck! They envy you. How do you think Harold or Rick can look at their wives now? Those women are so jealous of me--I saw it all over their faces at dog park last week...and they can't say a word. But honey, I haven't told you the best part, aside from the multiple orgasms, you know, it's really amazing, they just don't stop, I wake up at night sometimes, positively vibrating! But listen, honey, I'm prego! Richard! I'm pregnant.

RICHARD

What? What did you say?

GWEN

What-what-what, Richard. I'm so knocked up, I couldn't be more pregnant! It's fucking--great.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

You're what-ing again, Richard. Get a grip.

RICHARD

What do you mean, great? It's not great. It's terrible!

GWEN

No, honey, it's wonderful!

RICHARD

You--you gang-fucked all my friends and got knocked up and that's wonderful? Who's the father, huh, bright one? How would you know without a dna test?

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

That's why it's so perfect, Richard! Its got to be one of them and men are so vain, all of them will probably think it's theirs. They're all on the hook--at least as godfathers, kind of related, don't you think? The kids will want for nothing. Don't you see, this is the way to world peace?

RICHARD

What?!

GWEN

We know its not you since you weren't there, right. Its a little like Mary and Joseph, what do you think?

RICHARD

You can do dna tests.

GWEN

I can't see those two cop friends of yours wanting their wives to know that, Richard.

RICHARD

Cop friends. Gino and Drew! Them, too?

GWEN

No more traffic tickets for you, baby. Most of these guys would have to deal with their wives or girlfriends or their mamas. And Gary, electrician--you've been wanting to rewire the garage. And then, there are the cousins and friends of friends who came--I have no idea who they are, Richard! Who should I ask? And if its Tom or Randolph, because they're black guys, which one? Hah! What if it's Tom AND Randolph?

RICHARD

That's not funny.

GWEN

What about Run. Ran? What's his name, your Japanese friend from work--the software guy...seditious little Asian sperms...

RICHARD

Ran, he's from Korea.

GWEN

That's a clue if the kid has eyes like this. Richard, your friends are mostly white mutts, like you.

RICHARD

I'm Italian...and Jewish...

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

Right. How could you tell which one of them is the father? But, honey, you're the lucky one because I'm your wife and so, *voilà*, you're the dad, *ipso facto*, *pro tem*, *a priori*, *que sera sera*! You're wife is no longer a mediocre fuck and she's pregnant, too! In fact she's a great fuck! Richard, you are truly blessed!

RICHARD

Blessed? Great fuck? My head hurts. You...you...

GWEN

I can't tell you how great I've felt ever since, Richard. Do you know what it means to a woman to be a great fuck? Did you know that orgasms come easier with practice! I didn't know that. Knowing I can do something like that gave me freedom, Richard, freedom to fuck fuck fuck, fuck, fuck. I feel tingly thinking about it. I'm wet. Look! The hard part was telling you. I was afraid to hurt you. Dumb, right? Habit? I've felt so--so secretive.

RICHARD

Secretive.

GWEN

When I see one of those guys in the checkout at CVS or the post office, we look at each other and I tingle all over. I wanted us to have fun, too, sweetie. I love you, honey. Then I missed my period and I had to...you see.

RICHARD

You're pregnant with some other guy's baby and I'm the guy whose wife gang-fucked all of his friends and...

GWEN

That's right! I'm prego from alien sperms! Your loving wife gang-fucked every one of your friends and their friends and their cousins and co-workers that got lucky that night and came with them--Jesus only knows who.

RICHARD

Whom.

GWEN

Whom.

RICHARD

I'm glad you had a good time. I don't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)



GWEN

Are you really glad for me honey? That's so sexy, baby! Makes we want you bad. I haven't wanted you like this since the day we met, Richard. (she kisses him passionately during these lines) Honey, they fucked me so many different ways...I didn't know there were so many different ways you could put a penis into a woman...without making another opening...boy, that there would be redundant...I learned a few things, honey. (puts her hand in his pants) I had so many, many orgasms, Richard! Mmmm, that feels good...After a while, it was constant...they filled me up with their sperms, honey...it was coming out my nose, my mouth, my ears, my ass...goodness, I'm have an orgasm thinking about it. (she pulls away from him) God, Richard, the doctor says I may have twins in here, triplets or quads? In here, sweetie! Wouldn't that be a trip?

RICHARD

Triplets.

GWEN

Hah! A black one; one that's blond and, given the sperm that poured out of your Mediterranean friends, probably a swarthy Italian or something.

RICHARD

Hamid.

GWEN

Farshid

RICHARD

He's from Iran.

GWEN

Ah, an Iranian Jew, I suppose.

RICHARD

World peace.

*Music: Kumbaya*

*Circle dance.*

Scene 2 - Frank's Diner

*Richard and Gwen are seated in a brown leatherette booth in Frank's Diner. Restaurant sounds surround them on all sides. Occasionally, waitresses enter, walk past carrying a tray, water pitcher or coffee pot and exit.*

(CONTINUED)

*Richard makes himself as small as possible, hides behind the menu.*

RICHARD

I don't want to be here, Gwen. It's wrong. I feel awful.

GWEN

Don't worry, sweetie, you'll see. (smiles demurely at a man on the other side of the room)

RICHARD

What is that? Who are you smiling at?

GWEN

You can't go nuts every time somebody says, hello.

RICHARD

That's Morales!

GWEN

And Rita Morales, Jesus, did he tell her? Oh, well...

RICHARD

Morales? That fag?

GWEN

Fag? I don't think so, honey...

RICHARD

Everyone knows...

GWEN

Maybe, he's bi- though, I didn't notice it--he is different, I'll give you that.

RICHARD

Stop looking at him that way. He's looking at *me* now. (nods a greeting, managing a fake smile) What do you mean, he's different...three balls? two dicks?

GWEN

He took off *all* his clothes--even shoes and socks.

RICHARD

So? What's so special about that.

GWEN

I don't know. Others did, later. He was number three, no, four...I remember because your friend, Trent, he was number three, I was still on the table then and when Trent put it in me, I opened my mouth and Morales just like that, put his dick in it, surprised me. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GWEN (cont'd)

opened my eyes and saw who it was...Morales says, "hello, Mrs. Transito", like he was coming to trim the hedge or something. Just like that, (spanish accent) "hello, Mrs. Transito, how are you today?" (laughs)

RICHARD

How are you?

GWEN

I felt like I do at the dentist, Richard.

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

I mean, how am I supposed to talk? His dick is really fat, like this, fat, not circumcised either and right away, Trent starts coming inside me and Morales' cum is filling my mouth and the Sikorsky boys are sucking my toes, one on each side and then Morales, he says, like he's telling the guys to move a bulldozer, "turn her over"--turn *her* over, like I'm a project he's working on--and that's what they did and after he'd just come in my mouth, I thought he was done, you know, and I look over my shoulder and there's Morales shoving his big, fat cock into my vagina like it took some effort to displace Trent's sperm, which I feel running down my legs, and he, Morales, I mean, then says, like he just discovered America, "Put!" I swear, I would have cracked up if I could have thought about anything when he was fucking me so hard with that big fat cock. "Put!" (laughing)

RICHARD

Gwen, he's looking at us.

GWEN

(laughing out of control) "Put!" Hah! Yeah, baby!

RICHARD

So, he's different with his fat cock?

GWEN

That's one thing and his skin is honey-colored, smooth, all over his muscles, not hairy like the guy from the hardware store--what's his name? Jimmy? And, after coming a *whole* bunch in my mouth, I mean a *lot*, he's still hard and pours more into my, my...

RICHARD

Say it, into your pussy...

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

Does it turn you on, honey, when I say it? He fucked me like a stallion, called me a whore and came in my pussy--and I loved it--every bit of it. You're hard, aren't you, let me see. Yes, you are. Wow!

RICHARD

Come on, Gwen, someone will see...

GWEN

You want to fuck me here in the booth, honey? Don't you. Come on, let's go to the restroom...what's the matter, hunny? Play with me? Please? Please?

RICHARD

Not in the mood.

GWEN

(flashes a breast) Does this help, sweetie?

RICHARD

(smiles) Your distracting me.

GWEN

Good. (does it again)

RICHARD

(looks away and sips coffee)

GWEN

(slides closer to him and nuzzles his ear) From what am I distracting you, hunny? Tell me who it is and I'll beat the holy crap out of them.

RICHARD

(determined to keep his stoicism intact) Come on, Gwen.

GWEN

Is it those damn Chinese again, supporting that asshole, Assad? The city council idiots? Tell me...(seriously) Richard, tell me it's not another woman!

RICHARD

It's not another woman.

GWEN

No, really, Richard, is it? Are you cheating?

RICHARD

No.

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

You're not unfaithful...tell me. I know I haven't set the best example but I did tell you, didn't I? And now that I'm pregnant and all, I could understand it but...

RICHARD

For Christ's sake, Gwen, it's not about you.

GWEN

Then who? (raising her voice, eyes moist) Who? Who is it about?

RICHARD

No one.

GWEN

I know damn well it wasn't any of my friends since I don't seem to have any anymore, except for the Bunny.

RICHARD

Bunny?

GWEN

Bunny, you know, the pole dancer that works at Deja Vu...

RICHARD

Yeah, Bunny

GWEN

...brings her kid to community day care.

RICHARD

Lesbian, isn't she?

GWEN

Exactly.

RICHARD

She wasn't at the--the...

GWEN

No. I invited her. She said she didn't want to feel like a target but she'd meet me after work sometime.

RICHARD

And you did?

GWEN

Well, yes, of course...at Barbara's Cafe, don't race your engine. So, what's up?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Nothing.

GWEN

I'm not letting go of this, Richard. You know that.

RICHARD

(resigned) Someone saw my ex on the internet.

GWEN

Angela? That's interesting. What does she do on the internet?

RICHARD

Live cam.

GWEN

Porn. I can imagine that.

RICHARD

Not exactly...

GWEN

Exactly. How about, "lying on her back fingering her pussy".

RICHARD

Come on, Gwen.

GWEN

(looks at him in disbelief) So a "friend" told you he saw Angela in a porn show and...

RICHARD

Live cam isn't the same as porn...well, not always...

GWEN

In the case of Angela Transito?

RICHARD

She uses a screen name...Angie, and she's not Transito anymore.

GWEN

How was that? Did you jerk off watching her finger fuck herself or what?

RICHARD

Yes, actually. Once.

GWEN

You paid her for that?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Not much.

GWEN

How much.

RICHARD

A buck or two for this, twenty for that...

GWEN

Tell me about "that"...the twenty dollar thing that I'm sure you paid for. What man wouldn't pay twenty bucks to watch his ex-wife fuck herself, especially when he never asked her when he could have in person.

RICHARD

You don't know that.

GWEN

I don't? What do you think, Richard.

RICHARD

OK

GWEN

Did she know it was you.

RICHARD

No. She would have freaked.

GWEN

How does it work?

RICHARD

She's on camera and you're typing and she answers. If you send her a tip...

GWEN

The twenty bucks...

RICHARD

She'll do what you want...unless it's something that she lists she won't do.

GWEN

Like what?

RICHARD

Whatever, I don't know.

GWEN

In Angela's case.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Anal and she doesn't fist.

GWEN

Fist. That's something to think about.

RICHARD

Some people apparently like that.

GWEN

You don't do anal, I know that. Anything else.

RICHARD

I don't know what she does in private sessions.

GWEN

What's that?

RICHARD

They cost more. You can go online yourself, Gwen. Why don't you?

GWEN

Why don't I pay to watch your ex-wife get off? Never thought of it. What's a private session.

RICHARD

Private is when it's just you and her.

GWEN

Can she see you and hear you, too?

RICHARD

That costs extra.

GWEN

Did she?

RICHARD

What?

GWEN

Did you pay the few bucks? Did she see you?

RICHARD

No. I was afraid she'd bolt if she knew.

GWEN

Maybe, Richard. Think about this--maybe she did know--how many times have you done this with her?

(CONTINUED)



RICHARD

A few.

GWEN

She knows.

RICHARD

How would she?

GWEN

Come on. Except for marrying you, Angela seems to be hitting the marks pretty well, and she did divorce you, which shows intelligence, right there...

RICHARD

You think she knows?

GWEN

That shmuck, John, her brother, is probably right in there with you.

RICHARD

That sucks.

GWEN

What do you actually pay for when you give her twenty bucks?

RICHARD

Cumming with a dildo, mainly.

GWEN

You pay your ex-wife to fuck herself with a dildo--no anal--is there a time limit? Like you put a quarter in a pony ride in front of Savon and it runs for two minutes.

RICHARD

Until she comes.

GWEN

You pay this woman twenty bucks to have an orgasm? And what am I doing here?

RICHARD

No! I pay her to look into the camera as if she was looking into the eyes of a complete stranger or anyone she imagines me to be that gets her off, and she lets me watch her orgasm and imagine what she imagines.

GWEN

Wow! Do you imagine that she imagines you?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(realizes) No. I don't. I didn't.

GWEN

Who *do* you imagine is fucking Angela when she orgasms, Richard?

RICHARD

I'm not sure.

GWEN

What? I don't believe you.

RICHARD

No, I imagine someone else is fucking her and I'm watching

GWEN

You kinky little bastard, honey. Are you hard? You are a little, aren't you. Really. So you guys--this is too much, Richard. You realize how absurd this is? You're fucking each other in your imagination and my guess is that you could nail her anytim in the bathroom at the laundramat if you time it right.

RICHARD

She's married.

GWEN

Does her husband, whatsisname, the skinny Italian guy,

RICHARD

Dan, I think...Daniel.

GWEN

Whatever, does he know about this?

RICHARD

How should I know? I doubt it. Maybe. No.

GWEN

She must know her men very well. You should let her see you.

RICHARD

No!

GWEN

I wanna be there!

RICHARD

Not gonna happen.

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

You're such a private little perv, Richard. I knew there was a hidden side, god knows, but...

RICHARD

It's not that big a deal, Gwen.

GWEN

Richard, you know I love you honey--I love your cock, I love the feel and taste of it in my mouth, I love the weight of your body on mine and your teeth biting my neck just before you come into me from behind--all of that, I adore but on a scale of one to ten, I know I only get a tenth of what you throw at Angela's electronic image.

RICHARD

I don't know...

GWEN

Look at me. It's true and you know it...

RICHARD

I...

GWEN

Wanna do something about it?

RICHARD

(looks around nervously) What do you mean?

GWEN

Come on, honey, let's go home an' log on.

RICHARD

What? I don't want to do that.

GWEN

Think of it as saving your marriage, honey. You want to fuck me some more, don't you, baby?

RICHARD

Jesus Christ.

GWEN

Blamed for everything and never gets laid--what a life. Come on, up an' at 'em! Get 'em up, round 'em up (slaps her ass) Rawhide!

RICHARD

Jesus...what have I done?

Scene 3 - One Heart

Online scene as in Act 2, Scene 1, Chopinesque music with a back beat. Angie slowly dances erotically in a spot of light. She has a large, black, vibrating rubber dildo, which she plays with in her mouth and vagina.

On the monitor, the view is more explicit and may be done pre-recorded to accomodate local standards about performance art. Comments of visitors to her room scroll under the visual, interrupted by bright yellow tip banners and chimes.

## CHORUS

(barely audible, voices of men making scrolled comments. Monitors used in Act 1 Scene 3 present pre-recorded webcam images of various men and women who are responding to her performance.)

butchboss: i would just love to lick that pussy until she came all over me  
 Aldriver: I have seen it before, it pops out  
 helpmefindit: i hope that isnt one that was recalled  
 hot\_uk\_guy: lol A1  
 helpmefindit: wait...I'm gonna cum  
 helpmefindit: ok, carry on  
 graybison: lol a1  
 LbcBaby: have u had anything like that in real life  
 midnite3: i see u love them organic pricks  
 Atieh7: i wonder how many guys are cuming  
 pockethockey: using the angle on the pussy  
 hot\_uk\_guy: shes getting that on her g-spot!  
 jumbohumptiongo: ghetto serious pretty white girl  
 helpmefindit: perfect example of why dad taught me to always carry a 2x4 and rope  
 LbcBaby: i would cum if she was moaning  
 LbcBaby: so big she forgot to moan  
 LbcBaby: damn  
 jumbohumptiongo: can i have it when your done i need to do DP in an hour  
 real\_deal\_4\_u: squirt?  
 hot\_uk\_guy: she might squirt  
 Clit\_Pro: here comes some dressing for the salad  
 helpmefindit: blue cheez....  
 helpmefindit: ooooh  
 helpmefindit: see a dr  
 LbcBaby: this n panties in the pussy is the hottest shit i've seen on here wow  
 Atieh7: fasterr hun  
 LbcBaby: n cum shooting everywhere damn

(CONTINUED)

SpongWorthy: long strokin it  
 Atieh7: grrrr  
 Atieh7: hahaha  
 LbcBaby: more u moan, more we cum  
 CoolHandLuk: That's toe curling good  
 rad0628197: soooo fuckin hot  
 aussie\_glenn: shocked you take so much of it Angie  
 Atieh7: first time to cum on a girl that way  
 helpmefindit: wait til ya see her halloween show  
 Aldriver: lol helpme  
 Atieh7: fuckable  
 Clit\_Pro: bingo!!  
 stiffcock33: fuck  
 Aldriver: she named it bingo?  
 jayj1: omg naughty girl  
 helpmefindit: umm...yes stiff--it is  
 jayj1: u cant get enough  
 TrekmadLuvsU: Never goes limp on her! lol  
 jayj1: i am covering your mouth  
 real\_deal\_4\_u: nice view  
 preal\_deal\_4\_u: close up?  
 helpmefindit: and zooom away  
 Aldriver: lol owen  
 SpongWorthy: love how your pussy grips onto it  
 utchboss: oh no  
 gymshortjunk: lol  
 Clit\_Pro: fuck that shit  
 Hossboxer: noooooooooo

Angie finishes her cum show and plops down on her chair in front of the monitor. Tip banners continue to scroll, Angie responds to each one, smiling, blowing kisses, thanking them.

When a tip banner with shows a 10000 token surprising her, Angie leans forward to see who tipped her \$1000 as a private show window pops open excluding the public chat room and their chatter is shut off. She flops back into her chair. The light on Richard's side of the stage comes up very faintly, the focus is on Angie. He is heard voicing the words he types.

ANGIE

What?

RICHARD: I'm in love with you.

ANGIE

Thank you, honey,

RICHARD: No, I really am. I want you.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Thanks. It's nice to feel wanted.

*RICHARD: I really want you, Angie.*

ANGIE

You can have me, honey. I'm here for you. What do you want to do?

*RICHARD: Are you married?*

ANGIE

(dancing, singing) No. I am not.

*RICHARD: Meet me tomorrow.*

ANGIE

Meet you? You mean, here?

*RICHARD: No. At your home.*

ANGIE

You don't know where I live.

*RICHARD: Tell me.*

ANGIE

(laughs) You want to pay a thousand dollars to have sex with me, honey? I'm blushing.

*RICHARD: Yeah, tell me. I want you.*

ANGIE

(looks at him for a while, shaking her head)

*RICHARD: Don't do that.*

ANGIE

(stops shaking her head) You sure?

*RICHARD: Yes.*

ANGIE

What happened last time we tried, Richard?

*RICHARD: There was no last time, Angie. This is it. This is where we are. Where we got to.*

ANGIE

But, what's next?

*RICHARD: Next? Depends on the layout--sofa, coffee table, floor?*

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

(smiles) You know what I mean, Richard, afterwards.

*RICHARD: Have to make it up.*

ANGIE

(serious) Make up exactly what?

*RICHARD: I love you. Every way you are.*

ANGIE

You say that to all the webcam girls.

*RICHARD: I do not.*

ANGIE

(leans forward looking intently at him through the camera lens) Liar.

*RICHARD: Not exactly. I don't mean it that way.*

ANGIE

Do you really love me, Richard or what that part of your brain compels you to desire?

*RICHARD: I can't help that, Angela. I know I can't and that part flashes on with other girls but there's something else happening--something...*

ANGIE

Don't worry, in a week or two, you'll get over it.

*RICHARD: How long has it been?*

ANGIE

Yeah, it's been a while.

*RICHARD: You feel it to, don't you.*

ANGIE:

Yes...But it never works, Richard...and I'm not giving this up.

*RICHARD: Why would I want you to give this up?*

ANGIE

You like guys telling me how they want to fill my mouth with cum and fuck me till I squeal, Richard?

*RICHARD: Charming. Come on, quit teasing me.*

ANGIE

What if I decide to quit?

*RICHARD: I don't know.*

ANGIE

Children! What if I want a baby?

*RICHARD: Whose?*

ANGIE

Exactly. What if I want to fuck some guy and get knocked up?

*RICHARD: You don't have to go out of your way, you know...*

ANGIE

(laughs) I'm not sure what you mean...

*RICHARD: You're teasing.*

ANGIE

What if I want to fuck five guys, at the same time?

*RICHARD: Jesus! Ok, but I direct...and edit.*

ANGIE

And you can't cheat. You did that already. My turn.

*RICHARD: You can't cheat, honey. You have my permission.*

ANGIE

Even if I want to cheat?

*RICHARD: That's right. You can fuck half the world if you want to.*

ANGIE

What about the other half?

*RICHARD: They're in China.*

ANGIE

I'll get old. You'll fall for some nubile young girl.

*RICHARD: That would be nice but I'll get old faster.*

ANGIE

No, you will not cheat on me again. Period.

(CONTINUED)



*RICHARD: Ok, and you won't either. But you can do this.*

ANGIE

I love you, too, Richard.

*RICHARD: I know, Angela.*

ANGIE

I don't think it will work.

*RICHARD: Why the fuck not?*

ANGIE

That's why! You'll imagine something and lose your temper, like you did before.

*RICHARD: And you'll hit me again.*

ANGIE

(laughs) You could have knocked me over with a feather. Seven pm. Four twenty East Monroe, apartment b.

*RICHARD: Holy shit.*

ANGIE

What's the matter?

*RICHARD: The world. It just cracked open.*

ANGIE

(dancing) I didn't notice a thing.

*RICHARD: Don't worry.*

ANGIE

About?

*RICHARD: Nevermind. Worry. See you tomorrow.*

ANGIE

Hopefully.

*Public chat room opens.*

*Music as Angie twirls in a sexy dance, Richard twirls in his space, dancing with her but apart.*

*Comments of public chat scroll*

CHORUS

[Conclusion of story of Psyche and Cupid]

(CONTINUED)

*Line dancers act out the conclusion of the story  
and ending with finale of final bow to audience.*