

**Sex Play**  
(working title)

by Patty Kim Hamilton

with draft translation by Naomi Boyce

version from 9th, June 2021.

a play for 5+ people  
preferably more than 6 people.  
ideally, many.

There is one **Jane** and one **John**. **Jane** identifies and presents as a woman. **John** identifies and presents as a man.

Any other **Her** and **Him** are not always the same Her and Him. There could be many **Hims** and **Hers**.

In scenes where gender presentation does not matter, or where there are two characters of the same gender (indicated at the beginning of the scene), new speakers are indicated by dashes (-).

The choral sections are written as choral poems, for all the voices. They are written as a visual score of spoken words - changes in indentation indicate a change in tone/perspective/voice. Some of the lines are repeated, some are spoken in unison, at other times each line is spoken by a different member of the ensemble in succession. In the choral sections, there should be a lot of room for repetition, for language that blends into sound. It should be erotic and animal and rhythmic. All CAPS indicates forte (I would experiment also with it being spoken in unison), all lowercase indicates piano. The exact execution is left up to the ensemble and director.

Casting: It is important that the performers are as diverse as possible. The text should represent the diversity of the city/town where it is performed. Jane should ideally be played by a woman of color.

*Choral section, for all.*

Do you want to kiss me  
I'd like to kiss you  
But maybe  
then  
it will  
already  
be over  
Maybe not knowing  
is better than knowing

Don't you think so too?  
Do you  
know what I mean

*Pause.*

If we kiss, it could all fall apart

We might ... detonate  
We might shatter

We might rub against each other  
violently  
Slice ourselves open  
Slice our souls open  
Slice  
Ourselves full of tiny, jagged ruptures

permanent scars, ravines on our skins,

we might end up  
totally

*raw*

Raw longing  
Raw desire  
this

RAW EMPTY ACHING  
NOTHINGNESS

*Silence.*

Is that what you want?

Is that really what you want?  
Are you sure?  
Let's not... rush into anything.

.... Why

Why open the door.

When

We could just keep on existing, here

In the not-knowing

(ISNT ANTICIPATION THE MOST EXCITING PART OF ANYWAYS )

this not-knowing this liminal space

This not-knowing is still, right, yeah - it's also a nice feeling

No? Isn't it?

A feeling

That we share

*Long silence.*

Don't you think?

\*\*

*(Jane and John, at the kitchen table)*

### **Jane**

It started out normally.

At least I thought –

We're sitting in the Italian restaurant waiting for our squid pizza and

She's laughing

She's talking about her new crush, ok.

She described how hot he is

She knew she looked good when she went out that night

She thought

Of course

She met him at that party

At her friend's apartment

That he wanted to touch her,

In the guest room, with the door with the lock

That much was obvious

she looked good, and she knew it.

### **John**

The same way we met

A little bit tipsy

At a party

You looked over at me

Our eyes found each other.

### **Jane**

No

Don't do that -

**John**

What?

**Jane**

Don't compare it -

We're not -

It wasn't anything like that –

**John**

Ok

Sorry

**Jane**

Because, then she said more, about

How it got hotter

They were pulling at each others clothes

He was a good kisser.

He had strong hands.

And then -

The toy

he used

It was

This – this long, just about. And this thick.

**John**

Um, ok, (*laughs, uncomfortable*)

Do you always share those ... uh ... kinds of details?

**Jane**

Sometimes.

No, I guess .

I don't know

Sometimes, not usually -

But it's important -

**John**

Ok.

**Jane**

So he's holding this toy, like, 'how bout it? Would you like me too...'

And she asks, did you bring that with you

And they'd had had a bit to drink – not much

And he kinda answers

And also doesn't

It's not clear

So, yeah

She thought well, ok, yeah, he brought it with him

And she says

You have to wash it

She's like that  
She doesn't like ... germs, bacteria  
She's a germaphobe

**John**

I didn't know

**Jane**

She always has hand sanitizer on her  
She always uses it, before eating  
And sex  
We should too, actually  
Disinfect our hands  
Before sex

**John**

Somehow I can't imagine that being very sexy –  
But if that's what you want –

**Jane**

So he washes it, in the sink  
The toy  
And then he uses it  
It's deep inside  
Really deep, she says  
It was fun, he knew what he was doing.

**John**

Oh.

**Jane**

And then it's over and they drink more prosecco  
And he talks about his work  
He sells houses, or something  
He's really sweet  
The kind of guy maybe you could take to meet your friends,  
you know?  
He says he could maybe hire her. She's so beautiful, so incredibly ...  
And then ...  
He says  
A few seconds later ...  
"... I have to tell you something

There's a dog here."

*Pause.*

And he points to the dog bed in the corner.  
She says -Ok, so?

And then he looks down at the toy.

*Pause.*

**John**

What...?

**Jane**

The toy.

**John**

What?

**Jane**

The toy.

It

Wasn't a

Sex toy.

**John**

Uh-

**Jane**

Why are you crossing your legs?

**John**

What?

**Jane**

Why are you crossing your legs?

**John**

Oh, nothing.

**Jane**

Were you hard?

**John**

Uh.

**Jane**

You're hard!

**John**

You described them having sex!

**Jane**

It was a DOG TOY.

To chew on.

**John**

Fuck. I - didn't-

**Jane**

He had fished it out of the dog bed and thought,

Well, this would be fun.

Not to tell her,

to put it inside her

the power of knowing

something she doesn't know.

**John**

But... why...?

*Pause.*

**Jane**

Yeah.

*Pause.*

And

At this point in the story, her eyes go ... blank.

In a nanosecond the air between her and me grows so heavy, as if it were pressing into, onto us  
her face is like a plastic tarp, unmoving, she's, like, shaking, internally, I could feel it inside of me, it was so  
fast, this feeling, the whole mood so fast...in one millisecond. This disgust. This feeling.

This feeling of

Someone just

took advantage of you.

**Him**

Shit.

**Her**

My mouth opens, but nothing comes out

And I just see how she's sitting there

In shock?

It had just happened the day before

And she's looking at the table

And I reach out to touch her arm

I could have said eight thousand things and I just say

- "I'm sorry. He sucks."

I say

And it feels like a shitty reaction

No?

**Him**

What else could you have said.

**Her**

- How are you?



- How are you feeling?

I don't know. Anything else.

She said she immediately hit him, in his face

And screamed

- WHAT ARE YOU THINKING

All of a sudden he looked so sad, his face crumpled like a tissue

He had no idea.

He immediately apologized

He was so sorry

He was

so

so

sorry

- Maybe he's really just stupid

She said to me

- he was really nice otherwise

He apologized,

Tenderly

And then she went home with him

- Why did I do that?

She asked, looking at me,

Like she's some kind of freak.

But I totally get her.

That feeling

Of

Maybe it's all ok.

I wouldn't go home, with him

Keep on being part of it

If it wasn't

ok

You know?

**Him**

... I ... I don't think that I...

*Silence.*

*A long silence.*

**Him**

... You want something to eat?

**Her**

What?

**Him**

I was just going to cook something –

**Her**

What the -

are you -  
don't you care?

**Him**

What - What do you mean.

**Jane**

Doesn't this upset you?  
This is fucked up.  
What if someone had done this to you?  
Or to me?

**John**

What?  
I think it's awful.  
It's awful.  
I just don't know...  
what to  
say.

**Jane**

Really?

**John**

Yes.  
Really.

**Jane**

But you... don't seem upset -

**John**

I thought maybe...it would help...to eat something?  
But  
No  
I'm sorry  
That was - not the right thing to say - I -  
I don't think it's okay.  
It's really not okay.  
I -

**Jane**

I can't stop thinking about it  
The toy  
with the dog teeth marks  
inside of her  
deep  
inside her

**John**

Yeah.

**Jane**

You just can't trust anybody.  
It just goes to show,  
again.  
You just can't trust anybody.

**John**

Not everyone is like that.

**Jane**

It's just like -

**John**

Sure, yeah, he's an asshole.  
Your guy was also an asshole.

**Jane**

don't call him  
my guy

**John**

I'm sorry, you're right - I-  
can't remember his name.

**Jane**

You can't trust anybody.

**John**

But you can trust me.

*Pause.*

**Jane**

I can't believe you were hard.

**John**

I didn't -  
know.

**Jane** (*reaches out to touch John*)

And you want me to trust you?

**John**

Yes.

*Pause.*

**Jane**

Maybe we should just make something to eat.

\*\*

*Choral Section, for all.*

these lines between you and me i want them to blur i want us to blur into each other  
i want to bathe within you i want i want you to bathe in me to want to bathe in me i want you to want me  
to want, i  
want

BORDERS

WHAT ARE

The

BORDERS

IN MY BODY

IN ME

IN YOU

WHAT AM I ALLOWED TO WANT

WHAT ARE YOU ALLOWED TO WANT

I WANT YOU TO STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE

STAY THERE PLEASE AND NOT A STEP CLOSER

i want to be as close to you as possible your pores are my pores your breath my breath when two people breathe together their  
hearts beat together at the same time did you know that?

WHY DO I HAVE TO ASK ALL THE TIME

I HATE ASKING

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO KNOW WHAT I WANT

Please.

You want to - ?

I want to make myself totally totally vulnerable. I want to be within reach, I want to be reachable, so  
reachable that you can reach my soul, I want to face the terror inside me and open up, I want to be  
terrified and still, I want to be being in my soul and to allow you to get close to me, really close to you, to  
stand before you and you before me, your soul seeing my soul, really seeing it, really knowing it we know  
we feel each other and are here.

Do you understand what I mean?

Somehow, sometimes I just want it all. To blur into you but still not blur too close. Sometimes I  
feel so alone, so alone and you're so far and at the same time everything's too close, too much for me  
sometimes, I'm afraid of your expectations, what it means, what you need from me, because you're a  
person with

NEEDS

And my needs are fickle, always changing

We're here and I feel good. I know where I am and where you are.

This here is where I am and that there is where you are.

Physically

Psychologically

Emotionally

Corporally

Mentally

Spiritually

Hormonally  
And so on  
And so on  
And

Hello?  
Am I still myself?  
And you...  
Are you...?  
And us?

Where do I end  
Where do you begin  
Where do we end  
Where do we begin

Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?

\*\*\*

*John and Him 2, doing something 'masculine'.*

**John**

Well, a couple of days ago she asked if I talk to you about this,  
what we talk about - what we tell each other-

**Him 2**

About what you do, uh, in bed?

**John**

Well, you know, she's totally open with her friends –  
They talk about their fantasies and stuff –  
They talk about which sex toys they like and which positions –

**Him 2**

Ok, well, if you'd like to tell me something like that, uh, I mean, I'm not stopping you –  
Like, if you want to tell me what... uh, position -

**John**

No, I know I could totally talk to you, if I wanted to - but –  
Like as a general rule, do you -

*Pause.*

Do you... talk about this stuff with like, Matteo or Dan?

**Him 2**

Uh. Not really but -  
if I could tell you anything, I mean-  
If I wanted to.

...

**John**

Yeah, like, like, they do, like totally chill, like, we can laugh about it and -  
haha.

or -

if you wanted to -

tell me something that you... worry ... about, uh.

## **Him 2**

Hm

Yeah - so, uh, so -

Like -

*Pause. Long pause.*

Ok.

For example, well, I've said this before, I find it -

Really hard-

To do everything right

Like everyone is expecting you to always,

Do the right thing.

All the time.

You know?

## **John**

Mmmm.

*Pause.*

Sure, sure. Totally. I feel that.

*Longer pause.*

Uh, so. That's it?

## **Him 2**

Yeah.

No.

I mean

I don't know.

*Pause.*

Well, I - I

Have the feeling it's just - so easy to, um, make a mistake

And then the other person isn't interested anymore, maybe if you're accidentally.... like,

Weak

or

not enough

or something.

*quiet.*

**John**

Oh God ... yeah.

The weakness, yeah. It's exhausting.

Look. I'm not trying to be a -

I'm not trying to be

soft.

Or whatever.

Or like, there's nothing wrong with being soft, you just don't want to seem like, uncomfortable or weird or -

**Him 2**

Yeah!

It's so ... stressful. I feel stressed.

I feel stressed even talking about it.

Jeez.

You're definitely not supposed to be stressed. Right?

No one ever talks about being stressed, in the movies.

I'm fucking stressed the whole time.

I'm stressed and turned on.

Simultaneously.

It's really confusing.

**John**

I feel like something is sitting on my chest sometimes.

Or a person, behind my shoulder

You know?

Is that what you mean?

Like, whispering things?

**Him 2**

Yeah. (*shivers*)

**John**

....I used to spend way too much time on the internet and read way too much shit.

And also watch, honestly.

And I can't unsee it, it's like -

I have the feeling that it somehow shaped me, now I'm spending all my time -

Y'know?

Like we're all supposed to be unlearning all the time.

Which yeah, totally, ok, it's just.

It's like, uh, I think she and I have this ... really nice ... thing, between us, like, physically,-

So, it's completely great between us, really, nothing I'd want to change, really, and yet I have the feeling that's still gnawing at me

subconsciously.

It has nothing to do with her, it has to do with me and society and all that – what's expected.

Like I know that's not real but

But I can't unthink it. It's lodged in there. It's who I am, how I think.

**Him 2**

Like -uh -

**John**

You know, these guys who act like assholes on purpose,  
That 'women actually like that kind of shit' -  
What I heard as a kid, from my grandpa or uncle -  
Like, they're saying they're not into it, but actually they want you to pursue them, kinda bullshit.  
Well, I don't do that, but somehow my relationship to sex is honestly really... strange? Messed up?  
Abnormal?  
Or I don't know-

**Him 2**

My first time  
Somehow I totally fucked up the condom,  
I just put it on wrong and then I wasn't hard anymore and then...  
Yeah, it just stressed me out and now it freaks me out.  
Which I get is not ok, you just can't say, I don't like condoms.  
That's like the number one thing you CAN'T say.  
But I'm over here overthinking and then i go -  
soft -  
like,  
Am I doing it 'right'  
Is she even having a good time?  
Am I even good at this?  
What if I'm like really bad and she just didn't tell me?  
Am I even like a real... MAN - (*nince*) -  
Or something?  
That sounds ... stupid. Whatever.

**John**

No, I feel it.  
I mean, in the past, my ex,  
she expected me to constantly be  
into it.  
You know?  
Like, I'm the dude, I should always be -  
and I'm just not.  
Sometimes I'm tired.  
And somehow that means there's something wrong with me.  
At least that's what she implied.  
*Pause.*  
I don't always feel that way, it's like a phase thing.  
But yeah.

**Him 2**

Damn.



Well.. at least it's better now. With her.

**John**

We have our own stuff. It's not uncomplicated.  
I mean it's not complicated, or anything.  
It's just-  
it's hard to be perfectly aligned. On everything.

**Him 2**

But it's nice to have something solid.  
Someone to talk to.

**John**

I've only had a few partners, I mean -  
You have much more -  
Like a lot more, uh, experience -  
To speak from.

**Him 2**

Well.  
(*shrugs*)  
Honestly, doesn't feel like much.

**John**

If you had a son, would you talk to him about sex?

**Him 2**

I guess my dad didn't tell me much.  
He's not really a talker.

**John**

I think I blacked out that conversation with my dad.  
Honestly, I... just can't remember.

**Him 2**

It's not easy.

**John**

...You wanna go get something to drink?

**Him 2**

Yeah.

\*\*

Talking about sex isn't revolutionary at all anymore.

Right?

\*\*\*

(*3 Voices*) (*A Her can also be a Him*) (*aka the characters' gender isn't so important here, except for Jane*)

**Her**

One time we were in the middle of ... doing it ... and it was really, really good, actually  
He had these gorgeous eyes and when he took off his shirt -  
I had met him at a club and from there we went to his place  
He was like, older, he had leather couches. Pictures of his kids. Anyways,  
OK, well, imagine, like, we're doing it, like, we're both about to come,  
It's sweaty in a good way, and we're both feeling it,  
And I turn my head, to the left, and there where his lamp is and his night stand are  
And I see  
Mein Kampf

**Jane**

OK. What?

**Her**

MEIN KAMPF.

**Jane**

Wait, sorry, I'm not sure I -

**Him**

*(to Jane)* You can't be serious.

**Her**

You know the book,  
Mein Kampf? By -

**Jane**

OH! THAT BOOK!  
MEIN KAMPF.

**Him**

*(laughing)* Stop it, that didn't happen to you.

**Jane**

Oh my god.  
Well.  
I'd believe it.  
Of course something like that WOULD happen to you.

**Her**

It did, really. It really happened to me, I swear.  
MEIN KAMPF.  
On. His. Nightstand.

**Him**

So?

**Her**

What do you mean, so?

**Him**

So did you see him again?

*Pause.*

**Her**

OK, OK, ok yeah, BUT ONLY once. He had just moved to Germany and he had it for academic reasons. At least that's what he said.

**Him**

Right, OK. Suuure.

**Jane**

Ok, my turn-

Once, we had met once already, outside, at the park

And he wanted to come over before I went on vacation.

I had to paint my wall that day and he offered to help

So he came over

But when he came in it was clear - RIGHT AWAY – it wasn't going anywhere.

**Her**

Why?

*Pause.*

**Jane**

His – well his –

He had this

... B.O.

The smell of his body-

It was so –

I almost couldn't be in the same room.

I had to open the window

It was October.

**Him**

What did it smell like?

**Her**

Oh, come on.

It can't have been that bad.

Don't hyperbolize.

That's not the point of the game -

**Jane**

No, I am not making this up -

I hadn't noticed it on our first date because we were outside.  
But to me he smelled like he hadn't washed in weeks, like sometimes when you're near someone who doesn't shower regularly, like they smell almost sweet, but off, like a sour sweet, like fruit that rotten-  
What was really absurd was that –  
I was the only one who could smell it, my roommate thought he was fine  
The thing is, when we met outside I felt like we had good chemistry, like, joking and talking and everything -  
Must have been something hormonal, just something bad about the chemistry between //

**Her**

Oh man.  
Shit-  
*She laughs.*  
Fate can be so cruel.

**Him**

And then?

**Jane**

Then he painted my wall – the ENTIRE WALL –  
I kept telling him he didn't have to stay -  
He almost fell off the ladder, my ceilings are super high, y'know –  
Like he got paint all over his clothes, I had to like, hold him up when he slipped -

**Him**

NO.  
*He laughs.*

**Jane**

And then he left when I finally said that I had an appointment.  
I felt really bad.  
He brought me a houseplant, as a gift.  
He also wanted to bring me to the airport the next day.  
Well, go with me, on the subway.  
I said no, of course.  
Sometimes I still feel bad, because of the wall.

**Him**

Well, he offered to do it.

**Jane**

Still.  
I still think about it sometimes.  
Maybe I could've... dealt with the situation better.  
I invited him over, after all.

**Her**

So what?  
You don't have to give him a blow job just because you let him through the front door.

**Him**

No one said anything about blowjobs -

**Her**

OK, OK

We were on a date one time, I even thought it was pretty nice

Like, he was ... honestly?

BOYFRIEND MATERIAL

As they say

Anyways

We ordered pizza and were working on a puzzle

Then he turns to me and starts kissing me

**Him**

Sound hot -

But we were telling our **worst** date stories –

**Her**

Yeah, yeah, well, everything was cool and all until he spit his chewed-up pizza into my mouth

**Jane/ Him**

What/ Ewwwww

*Silence.*

**Her**

Yeah.

Yeah, so ... That's pretty bad.

I win.

Weirdest date ever.

**Him**

But...that wasn't...intentional.

He can't have done that on... purpose...?

**Her**

Yeah, well, I thought so to, it must've been an embarrassing mistake, so I kind of laughed awkwardly and then tried again

And then he just did it AGAIN

I think he thought it was... hot?

And then he...whispered: YOU'RE SUCH A HOT BITCH

I've never been so dry in my ENTIRE life

Like a desert

in my -

**Jane**

We get it.

Yuck – I mean, really.

I don't want to... yuck someone's yum... But...

**Him**

Nope.

That's just really gross.

Like a baby bird.

Like vomiting INTO your mouth -

**Jane**

Stop it stop it stop it

*She laughs.*

**Him**

Yeah.

Sometimes I just want to give up.

Dating - I just. Can't.

**Her**

Oh come on, it's funny, in retrospect!

Remember that one guy who didn't know who Harvey Weinstein was?

**Jane**

Why do you always have to tell this story?

**Him**

I haven't heard this one...

**Jane**

You definitely have.

**Him**

Oh no, I'd remember -

**Her**

You definitely would.

So, I was so fucked up while the trial was happening. I watched, read everything.

It was so awful, he's so... gross, I read all these, stories, about, him, in his bathrobe ...

**Jane**

*shudders.*

God, I'd like to stab him in the neck.

No, I'd like to stab in his face, like, permanently scar him.

I mean, I wouldn't.

But.

**Her**

Yeah, so, like, I had to stay up really late at night, to watch it. Because of the time difference..

Why wasn't he just getting thrown into jail? Y'know?

**Jane**

She was glued to her phone.

**Her**

So I told her, 'I need you to be a good roommate and lie in bed and watch Friends with me  
I need you to not see that dude for a night, ok?'

**Jane**

The sex was just really good.

**Her**

They were having sex... constantly. And I had to hear it, next door.  
You know how our walls are so-

**Jane**

He had a great -

**Her**

Anyways,  
So she texted him 'Sorry I can't meet today, my roommate is really sad about Harvey Weinstein' and he  
wrote back, 'Yeah, no worries. That's her boyfriend, right?'

*Pause.*

**Him**

Woah.  
He must have been so good -

**Jane**

The sex was REALLY good.

**Her**

I'll never forget -  
'Oh yeah, no worries, that's her boyfriend, RIGHT?'

**Jane**

I'm sorry, but  
Good dick is too rare.  
I get enough intellectual stimulation from my friends.

**Her**

Would you like some chewed up pizza along with your intellectual stimulation?

**Jane**

*(batting Her away, play angry)*

Get the fuck away from me!

**Him**

That's her boyfriend, RIGHT?

\*\*\*

*(Jane)*

**Jane**

I'm not sure how to really put it into words  
I actually don't want to say anything  
I actually don't want to talk about it at all  
Because whenever I talk about it I have to think about it  
But I can't not  
It's running, continuously, in a loop.  
*Pause.*

I remember sitting at the computer  
And my feed was flooded, all of a sudden  
With stories  
The feeling of  
Finally  
Somebody's saying something  
Maybe it's one of those moments in history  
When ... something... really happens  
But I don't  
say  
anything

Jane Doe writes a letter  
And I don't want to read it for a few days  
Cause it's all too similar  
Too familiar  
Too close

Brett Kavanaugh gets nominated  
And I watch the live feed  
Into the middle of the night  
Because I hate myself  
Apparently  
Because I perversely want to rub  
Salt into the wound  
Because I can't stop  
Listening to it  
Over  
and over



Because I just want  
It finally to be fair,  
for once.

The nearness of my experiences and whole societal thing  
Somehow it's almost arbitrary  
And also not at all,  
somehow  
Five other women and I  
Or  
Me  
And then  
Five women  
Five people  
Who decide  
To stand by me  
In a legal sense  
It feels  
Like another world  
One that I try  
To leave far behind me  
But the news doesn't seem to want that.

Do they think about it  
As much as I do?  
Do they google him sometimes  
In a panic,  
Do they think  
About his anger?  
Or do newspaper articles  
Or films  
Make them think -  
Do they also get pulled  
into this empty, soundless place  
The feeling of rattling  
Within  
As if your organs are in a washing machine  
Or  
A blender  
Probably not  
Cause, they didn't have to do all the other things, with the lawyers and —  
Whatever.  
It sucked for all of us.

Jane Doe writes a letter  
And I'm sobbing in the bathroom at work, on my five minute break.  
On Sunday over pizza my friend tells me  
About the asshole from Saturday  
And I think about the asshole from Friday

And the one from two years ago  
And  
The one from the year before that  
And why is this all coming up again now?  
That's in the past,  
I thought.

I go into the bar and he's sitting there and is afraid  
And I know why  
And I even feel sorta sorry for him  
Even though I still feel the bruise on my thigh  
Pressing against my jeans.  
That's what's difficult about the whole thing  
That I don't know  
How it can be better  
That not every situation is  
so clearly  
defined  
It just can't be.  
Who is at  
at fault in a broken system?  
We are the fallout:  
him, trapped in this - performance - or something  
of masculinity  
me, on the receiving end  
unable to articulate  
what I wanted  
what I needed  
how I needed to  
feel  
And that's shitty  
for both of us  
And I feel sorry for him  
And I feel sorry for myself  
And what are we supposed to do?

My mother says  
Put it behind you  
It doesn't help to  
Think about everything  
It's better just to move on from some things  
But I want  
Things to get better  
Not only for myself  
But.

When Jane Doe's letter is published online  
I get a text  
Are you Jane Doe?

Am I not?

When my partner kisses me  
I want to want it  
But the washing machine's  
Still inside of me  
How am I supposed to explain  
That  
My organs  
Are in a  
Blender  
That's just the way it is sometimes  
It passes  
I Promise

He sits there and is very quiet  
He tries to roll a cigarette  
And can't find a filter  
A long  
Silence  
Minutes  
He searches  
Then I say  
Should we just ask the people next to us?  
And he says no  
But why not, they're sitting right next to us  
I say  
And he says  
No  
And I ask why, it's not –  
And he says  
ican'ttalktoanybodyrightnow  
And it's silent again

How will it get better for both  
Him  
And me  
And her  
And her  
And him  
And her  
And him  
And him  
And her

This can't be the only way  
I'm sorry  
He says

And I  
Almost want to say it back

\*\*

*(for two voices)*

-I would like us to both die at the same time  
Well, in the same moment  
Like in that movie  
Where they hold hands.  
Because dying after you  
That would be terrible  
Living without you  
I don't want to do that

-You know I love you a lot  
But  
We can't plan to die at the same time.

-Then at least promise me that you'll die after me.  
Promise.

-I can't promise that

-Just promise!

-You read too many books

-From this waking life into unconscious nothingness, at the same time

-But we don't know whether it's unconscious nothingness

-The unconscious nothingness  
Exactly  
And then two trees can grow from our bodies  
overlooking the sea

-So you don't want to be buried in the forest?  
I thought you said you wanted to be buried in a forest  
I'll write that down so that I don't forget.

-No, I'd prefer a hill that looks out over the ocean.  
People can come and sit in our shade  
And look up into the leaves  
If they knew us, they'll think about us

\*\*\*

*(Jane and John)*

**Jane**

I looked it up.

**John**

You looked it up.

**Jane**

Yeah, online

**John**

OK.

**Jane**

Where he is.

**John**

Who?

**Jane**

I was blocked, actually

Or I blocked him

I don't know anymore

During the trial, everything's a little bit...

**John**

Oh...him.

**Jane**

...

It doesn't matter

There are articles

About him

About his work

He's a musician now

He's the first hit on Google

That's what he always wanted

Before

He told me that once

One time

*Pause.*

**John**

Woah. Hey.

are you ok?

you look kinda

sick

- do you want -

a glass

of  
water?

**Jane**

No  
I just -  
I felt like -  
That I maybe had to throw up  
It's gone now  
*Pause.*  
He lives here now.  
In the city.

**John**

I thought he was in Ohio.

**Jane**

I moved so far away  
And he then fucking moves  
Here  
Too.

**John**

That's...  
messed up.  
*Pause.*  
Does he know you're here?

**Jane**

I don't know.  
What if he finds me?

**John**

I'm sure he doesn't want that either.  
How did you find out?

**Jane**

I've been googling again  
Couldn't stop  
combing through search engine results  
He tagged his location on Instagram.  
He's holding a letter in his hand and is standing with his roommates in front of the door.  
New Zipcode, who this?  
*Pause.*  
I feel guilty somehow  
And bad. Just bad.

**John**

You shouldn't feel bad,

you didn't do anything wrong

**Jane**

I ruined his life.

**John**

He ruined his own life.

**Jane**

But I-

**John**

If he's a musician here.

First hit on Google.

You definitely didn't ruin his life.

**Jane**

Was it a mistake?

**John**

He did things, which had consequences.

You stopped him from hurting more people.

**Jane**

What if he finds me

And shoots me?

**John**

You can't get guns that easily over here.

Really, I think - he hasn't tried to contact you in...  
five years?

I think he probably just wants to move on.

Maybe we should open a window.

**Jane**

But he could stab me to death.

You always read about that in the paper

That ex-husband stabbed his wife to death

People protesting about femicide

It's always on the news.

That one guy I knew in college, shot his ex-girlfriend in the face -

It's not theoretical.

**John**

He won't do that.

**Jane**

You don't know that.

**John**

It's a big city.

**Jane**

The city is a village.

I biked across it in one day.

Totally doable.

**John**

Listen to yourself.

Google it. Google how many millions of people live here.

**Jane**

I know

It's absurd

But –

Whatever.

Whatever.

Whatever.

**John**

It's not whatever, I mean -  
the guy was, is, messed up.

*Pause.*

Every once and a while this happens.

Something in your mind gets anxious  
about him.

It passes -

but

*Pause.*

I don't know how to help.

Sorry.

I could just listen.

Do you want me to listen?

I can do that, for you.

**Jane**

No.

I don't want to talk about it anymore.

Let's talk about something else.

No.

I'm going for a run.

I feel like running.

**John**

I don't know ... how to help you.

Should I come with you?

**Jane**



I have to get this out somehow  
Everything's okay.  
Everything's okay.  
Everything's okay.

\*\*

*(1 Voice)*

I never wanted to have sex without a condom before you  
Did I ever tell you that?  
Everybody says that it's so much worse with a condom but before you –  
I never really noticed a difference  
Until the possibility of your naked skin on mine drove me insane  
Before you, nobody said  
    I'll make you a baby  
And I wanted one  
Before you, nobody said  
    I can't get enough of you  
And I felt that way too.  
Why is it that way  
    Would it have ended someday, this electricity?  
You'd been in love all your life and it never felt that way,  
    You'd said  
Was that the truth?  
Or just the hormones talking?

I have sex with people to replace you,  
But when the bodies are moving, all I feel is emptiness  
The opposite of you

The first time between us  
I thought  
    We've done this before  
    In another time  
    Do our bodies have a memory that our brains have lost?  
    A shared memory – you also felt it  
Why would you ever stop  
When it feels like that  
Something like  
Being complete  
How can you  
When the fulfillment is so enormous, so - sublime

Is the longing for this feeling the reason we're all looking all the time  
How many people think they experience it but ... never  
Never really  
Would it still be like that if we'd see each other again

Everything else is a disappointment

And somehow our bodies already know it

\*\*

*Her, Her 2 , and Jane.*

**Her 2**

Maybe I'll marry him and spend half the year in Lisbon.

**Her**

Didn't y'all just meet not so long ago?

**Jane**

Have you even had a real conversation?

**Her 2**

Yeah, sure, we like, video chat and stuff.

Although he's always really horny, so... yeah, we don't have -real- conversations.

But we don't really know each other yet.

**Her**

That's... questionable?

**Her 2**

No, well, I mean - He's obsessed with my body. *(Laughs)*

I mean, to a laughable degree, like,

the other day we were talking, and I was telling him about how my mom and I haven't been getting along so well,

And how her boyfriend wanted me to surprise her for her birthday, like, to come visit her.

And he says, 'Speaking of surprises... wouldn't it be amazing if YOU surprised ME? Like, by

Arriving in a box through the post.'

*Pause.*

Isn't that hilarious?

**Jane**

Uh.

**Her**

A box?

**Her 2**

Yeah! Like... a cake. But a box. Me, in lingerie.

You know, like, 'Delivery!'

*Pause.*

He literally couldn't hear me because he was too ... well he couldn't stop thinking about ME.

*(Laughs)*

**Jane**

Don't you think... that's kinda messed up?

I mean, you're trying to open up about your relationship with your mother.

**Her 2**

I couldn't keep a straight face,  
Like, how dumb ARE YOU?  
But it's kinda sweet, no?  
I mean, it turned me on a little.

**Jane**

... Not really.

**Her**

Uh-uh.  
Nope.  
That's a pretty major strike.  
CANCELLED!

**Jane**

I mean, you don't know each other, like, maybe he's better in person.  
But yeah... he doesn't really sound... like a good listener?

**Her 2**

I guess maybe I should tell him that the next time we talk.  
But anyways, we decided we're exclusive.

**Her**

But... why?

**Her 2**

I don't know, I'm tired of dating?  
And I like his body.  
We had fun the last few times,  
A LOT of cunnilingus.

**Her**

Who even calls it that nowadays?

**Jane**

Oh, yeah, that reminds me -  
Does your jaw hurt when you give blow jobs?  
Like, mine is always hurting.  
I'm not sure if it's because I already have TMJ or -

**Her 2**

How long are you going down the guy?

**Her**

You're ... // taking breaks, yeah?

**Jane**

Uh... I don't know, like 10 minutes?

**Her**

TEN MINUTES?

**Her 2**

Uh- Hell. No. 2 minutes, maybe 3.

Hello? You're not a machine.

**Her**

Repeat after me:

Sex

shouldn't

hurt you.

You're not supposed to do things that don't feel good.

**Her 2**

This is why I don't sleep with men anymore.

No jaw problems here.

**Jane**

I mean, I want my partner to have pleasure.

**Her**

But what about your pleasure?

**Jane**

Well, I don't want to be lazy, or, like, a not giving lover.

It's a give and take -

**Her**

No, this actually makes me mad, cuz like,

Do you know how long I had sex that didn't feel good?

Like, the first -Long Time- of being sexually active,

I never even CONCEPTUALIZED

That maybe

I also got to have pleasure.

I'm not making this up, just think of your own past, like,

How long until someone cared about YOUR pleasure.

Did anyone ever tell you - it's not about looking hot or making sure the other person likes you  
it's about how you FEEL?

I was watching this video online where this person said - who cares about  
the position, what you're DOING during, everyone is always obsessed about the acts, but -  
it's way more important, how you FEEL.

How do you want to FEEL?

*Pause.*

**Jane**

Well. Um.

**Her**

Nobody tells women, you should feel good.  
Well, you should feel whatever you want to feel.  
Good and  
Cherished, or safe, or sexy or sultry or desired or dangerous -  
like whatever you want.  
I mean, this goes for everyone, regardless of gender.  
But this, oh, I want the other person to not think I'm bad at this  
Or, I just want them to be satisfied.  
It's the leftovers of 'lie back and think of England'  
Your DUTY to the MAN.  
Your SERVICE to your HUSBAND.

**Jane**

I forgot about that.  
It's such a weird phrase.

**Her 2**

'Lie back and think of England'  
Gross.  
*Pause.*  
You should take breaks, and only do what feels fun and ... pleasurable.  
For you. And he'll want that too. I bet if he knew your jaw hurt -

**Jane**

Oh no, I've never said anything, I just thought -

**Her**

There's nothing to think about!  
No!! More! Ten minute blowjobs!

**Jane**

Ok, ok.  
No more ten minute blow jobs!

**Her**

Absolutely not.  
CANCELLED!

\*\*

**John**

You know how sometimes, a lot of things happen  
Over the course of a few years  
Like Jenga pieces stacking  
And then someone says one thing  
and it all ... clarifies -

Like your perspective is opened, or changed, or - ?

The other day I was sitting on my balcony  
There was a woman, around my age, walking up and down the sidewalk below my apartment  
She looked confused  
She kept looking at the house numbers and shaking her head  
She was wearing a jacket, even though the sun was shining  
I thought, maybe she took something, there was something about  
Her eyes  
'You ok?' I called down and she looked even more confused.  
'Where am I?' She called back.  
I went down to the street.  
'Everything ok?' I asked again

She said she didn't know where she was  
She'd gone out the night before, met two guys in a bar,  
And that's the last she remembered  
She didn't have her phone  
And she wasn't sure what street she was on  
She had just woken up on one of the steps of the building next door.  
Woken up, or come to, or blacked in  
She wasn't sure.  
'Did you ... take anything?'  
'Not that I remember'  
She looked ... empty.  
We called her phone and someone picked up.  
He said he'd seen her on the subway, disoriented,  
He had asked if the phone next to her was hers  
And she'd said no.  
They arranged for her to pick it up,  
Then she handed back my phone.

I asked her where she lived, her apartment was only a few blocks around the corner.  
I offered to walk her back home.  
'I just can't remember... anything,' she said  
As we walked  
Past a mother with two children in a stroller  
Wiping apple juice  
Off their cheeks  
I didn't know what to respond.  
'God, if one of them tried to - you know -'  
I nodded.  
'It's not like you can give consent if you're  
... messed up.  
I mean, even if you're just kinda drunk,  
you do things you would never do sober.  
Like pee on someone's lawn  
or steal a shopping cart and ride around town'  
We stood at the crosswalk, the light was red.

She looked out into the street  
pushed her hair behind her ear.  
Again, I just nodded. I didn't know what else to say.

When we got to her building,  
She thanked me for taking her home,  
asked if there was anything she could give me as a thank you,  
I said no.  
I asked if she needed anything  
she said no.  
We said goodbye.  
In front of her building was a huge tree,  
The leaves spread shade over the balcony she told me was hers.  
I walked back to my street.

*even if you're just kinda drunk,  
you do things you would never do sober*  
Something about that sentence shifted things inside my mind.  
I mean, of course.  
But I hadn't really thought about it, in that way.

Over the past few years, I'd heard more and more stories  
Friends or partners or friend's of friends  
Saying things like  
    A year later I realized that wasn't ok.  
Or  
    There wasn't any space  
Or  
    I kept saying I was tired, but he wasn't really listening.

I wouldn't put something in someone's drink,  
Obviously,  
But maybe it's worse if it's less obvious -

*Messed up  
Out of it  
Kinda drunk*

There's a lot of memories under that particular haze.  
Kissing, after a few beers,  
in the attic of a friend's home.  
Or  
After a concert, on a mattress behind a couch  
In the dark by the river,  
wet against my thigh.  
How many beers  
Is too many beers?  
And what if you've both been drinking?  
Clumsy hands

Touching  
Under clothes  
Was  
that  
ok?  
For  
her -  
I almost wanted to pick up my phone to make a call  
But it seemed  
Wrong  
Like  
Too random  
Too intense  
Or something.

That one time  
Where we both said we were  
Too drunk  
Let's not - I said  
But  
Then -

So yeah.  
In the morning I gave her a muffin,  
A giant muffin,  
From one of those wholesale stores.  
It felt like the least loving thing I could have done in that moment.  
*Pause.*

I don't want to be that person,  
someone who didn't listen, really listen,  
or, care -  
*Pause.*

But what if I did  
Not consciously but -  
You know what I mean?  
*Quiet.*

And what do I do about it,  
Now?

\*\*

*(Her and Him, the gender is written here the way it should be. Him identifies as a gay man.)*

## **Him**

Look, I try to do it all, and it STILL happened to me – even with the check-ins – that somebody once felt uncomfortable. That it went too far. That I crossed a line.

## **Her**



But how did you know?

**Him**

They told me.

**Her**

But, like... afterwards – or...?

**Him**

Well they didn't say it directly. Well, they did, but I wasn't accused or anything. The person said – 'I felt uncomfortable but I didn't say anything.'

Like a week later.

I mean, like during, I asked – is this OK – would you like this –

But –

**Her**

You're not a mindreader.

**Him**

Yeah, I'm just saying. I don't feel guilty, but it didn't go well.

**Her**

It sounds like you feel guilty.

**Him**

Yeah, well -

It doesn't make me feel good that the other person didn't have a good time, and I couldn't tell.

Nobody prepared me for that.

If I made someone feel uncomfortable, it kinda feels like ... I've been abusive.

*Pause.*

At school it's like – use a condom and stuff ... how does that help us?

Zero. Nothing.

**Her**

Um, STIs?

**Him**

Sure sure, less STIs but ...

Emotionally, I mean.

It's all sort of a negotiation, a negotiation of –how do I feel, how does the other person feel, we're in the same place. Do we both want it.

Nobody taught **me** consent in school. I had to google that later.

Sex on tv always seems like it's .... so easy. It's not easy.

That's not real.

It's not natural, talking about this stuff.

**Her**

Yeah, but who thinks TV is real?

**Him**

Uh, a lot of people?

**Her**

I remember, the first week of college we had to watch this really awful -  
corny play about this woman who gets drunk at a party  
and then sleeps with some guy  
or like, he assaults her.

*Pause. Like she's going to continue but -*

**Him**

...Yeah?

**Her**

Sorry, it's just. I can't remember anything, at all.

I can't remember if they said 'Ask for affirmative consent'  
or 'Report to this person if something happens'

or

'Don't drink so much'

or

'Watch out for your friend'

I'm trying to remember the moral and there's nothing that stuck.

Although I vaguely feel like there was something about not drinking more than one drink  
per hour. It just seems weird that the moral would be - don't drink too much!

*Pause.*

Well, anyways. if they were trying to teach us how to ... negotiate our needs, or whatever,  
that didn't come through.

**Him**

I mean, like how would you? Do you know what you want all the time?

Who does?

I don't!

And in those moments in which it's all so much...

We're supposed to be so 'free' and stuff like that.

But are we?

It's so complicated, and we're supposedly the generation that knows how to navigate this stuff.

How the fuck did they do it before?

**Her**

Um...

I think either you didn't sleep around (because the pill didn't exist)

Or you did and it wasn't always great.

Like all the hippie laissez faire, free love - I think it wasn't always rainbows.

But you also couldn't really say anything, because

Boys will be boys,

that kind of stuff.

A lot of those spaces were still super patriarchal.

*Pause.*

I mean, not that it's that different now.

Like there's more language around consent, more awareness,  
and honestly, probably a lot more fear, of the consequences.

But

...

Look, I wouldn't say this to everyone, but-

It does feel like a risk you take on, when you have sex.

I'm not saying this is a good thing, at all, it's just -

Sex is complicated, and sometimes it goes badly.

It's not always fun and hot and whatever.

And sometimes that's someone's fault and sometimes it's just... not.

*Pause.*

Maybe that's kind of dark

**Him**

Or just realistic.

**Her**

I'm not saying it's better, but it is definitely *simpler* if you only sleep with that one person you married.

**Him**

I couldn't.

**Her**

I'm not saying you should, I'm not doing that either, I'm just saying -

Freedom helps and it sort of doesn't.

The internet helps and it sort of doesn't.

**Him**

Yeah. Fair.

How was it, by the way, with your date?

**Her**

Oh, I don't know.

*Pause.*

**Him**

Uh-oh.

**Her**

No, it was fine,

I just - felt like he thought we were in a porn.

**Him**

Uh-

**Her**

Like he had to

perform

Whether I was there

or not, so  
We were going at very different tempos and stuff...  
Like if you zoomed out it was probably kinda funny -  
Not at all...connected.  
It doesn't always have to be...Souls melting in an erotic explosion  
Especially the first time  
but  
I'd kinda like my presence to be acknowledged  
just as a basic prerequisite  
You know?

**Him**

So ... bad.  
That just sounds bad

**Her**

I really don't know.  
I thought he was really nice  
Anyway the first time is always -

**Him**

Did you say something?

**Her**

Oh. No.  
There wasn't really space...  
*Pause.*  
You know, a friend of mine actually stopped in the middle once and said  
Hey, this is only good for you

**Him**

Incredible

**Her**

Yeah

**Him**

And then

**Her**

He tried a little differently, changed the angle, but it wasn't actually that different after all. Then he left.  
And that was that.  
Probably messed him up a bit, in the long run.  
Male ego.

**Him**

But was she not supposed to have said anything?

**Her**

I don't know. I wouldn't have.

\*\*

**John**

You're lying in the dark,  
only wearing a ... bra.

**Jane**

Please don't judge me.

**John**

I'm not. I'm ... concerned.

**Jane**

I'm just ... not feeling well today.

**John**

...ok.

Do you need anything?

**Jane**

I don't... know.

**John**

Do you want to talk about it?

**Jane**

*Pause.*

I don't know what to say.

**John**

How are you feeling?

**Jane**

I don't know.

Not well?

**John**

I meant-

how exactly, like

Where in your body are you feeling something?

**Jane**

I -

My chest? Maybe?

My stomach?

I don't know.

I don't want to do this right now.

**John**

We have to ... talk about this stuff.  
I'm trying  
To understand

**Jane**

I don't know how to say it any better  
I feel ... bad.

**John**

But... in any particular way? Like what brought it up, or, what do the emotions feel like,  
Or, what do you need? Want?

**Jane**

I Don't know!  
I don't!  
I just want to be here, alone.  
Ok?  
I don't know how to talk about this,  
inside me, I-  
I'd like to be  
alone.

**John**

...Ok.  
Should I go get some groceries, or...?

**Jane**

I don't know.

**John**

Ok. Ok.  
I'll go.  
*Pause.*  
Just... call me. When you're ready.  
If you want.

**Jane**

Thank you.  
I'm sorry.  
This doesn't have to do with you. //  
*Pause.*  
I'm trying.

**John**

I know.  
I know.  
Me too.

\*\*

*(for two women\*)*

-It's just not working  
I love her a lot, but it's just not working anymore  
Between us, that is.

-Yeah, but it can't always be like—  
*(she makes a sign with her hands like EXPLOSION and falls onto the bed.)*

-Well, okay, it actually never was like  
*(she makes a sign with her hands like EXPLOSION)*

-You know that I don't want to get in the way.  
I'm having a good time, I just -  
I can't promise you anything.

-You're not.

-I feel like you should try-  
These are the kind of thing you can work on.  
Definitely.  
There are even therapists, who specialize -  
And books.  
Many of them.  
It's a lie that it always has to be passion - lust and excitement, all the time  
Relationships are a choice, no, constant small choices  
Relationships are work.  
That's why I don't do them.

*She takes a drag from a cigarette.*

-But she doesn't want to work.  
She doesn't see any problems..  
All she ever wanted was to settle down, have a house and a garden and  
me.  
So that's it.  
No more milestones.

-Desire comes in waves. You're just in a rut.  
If we would be together longer... we'd also have lulls. You'd forget we'd ever felt  
*(She repeats the explosion)*  
Haven't you heard of lesbian bed death?

-Yeah, probably...  
But I think maybe it's just us.  
Us, together.  
Me and her.  
Oh, I don't know.

It wasn't so important at the beginning.  
We've been together for so long now...  
She's important to me.  
We've built so much together.  
We've built a life.  
But it's not like ... this.

*She touches her, somehow.*

-It's also important for you to be happy.  
You have to believe that.  
I'm sure that's important to her.

*Now they are both touching each other.*

-I'm really happy otherwise

- Have you tried... talking... about it?

- Yeah...but I can't express it so well.

*Pause.*

*They touch some more. Then:*

- You shouldn't give up.

-Maybe it's already too late.

\*\*

*(Jane)*

### **Jane**

Yesterday I dreamt that I was at the club.  
I'm dancing. In a black bra  
Like bars, over my breast  
Perfect for sweating, performing  
So others want you  
Feeling good in my skin  
Freedom  
And desire  
There's sweat everywhere, my face is all wet,  
Tired  
I lean against a platform  
Pull myself up  
I'd like a cigarette  
I'm trying not to smoke actually  
But while dancing  
while dreaming  
That doesn't count. Right?



I sorta wanted to be alone actually  
But then somebody sits beside me  
He pulls himself up onto the platform as well  
He has longish black curls  
I can't move  
The noise suddenly turns into complete silence  
Or maybe  
Loss of hearing  
When everything stops  
Spinning inside you  
At once  
'This place is crazy' he says and takes a drag of his cigarette. He holds it out to me.  
Too many thoughts in a breath.  
Is he messing with me?  
Is he trying to hurt me?  
I look directly into his eyes.  
No.  
He just doesn't recognize me.  
He doesn't know me anymore.  
Really.  
He doesn't know me anymore.  
He doesn't know me anymore.  
Yes. Okay.  
'Everything okay?'  
Would I recognize myself?  
Dancing makes you thin. And drugs.  
I'm ten years older.  
My hair is very short and so blond that it's almost white.  
It used to be black.  
I've grown into my eyes and forehead.  
The center of a person changes with age and by dancing, with freedom.  
A person goes through a lot, after all.  
I've finally arrived in my body  
*Pause.*  
'You don't remember me.' I say.  
He looks confused.  
I'm sitting practically naked in my bra-top and black shorts, in this club, on a platform,  
And of course he doesn't recognize me.  
'Sorry...but- did we meet earlier? I'm a bit high...I'm sorry. I feel like...I know you. Maybe that's why I  
sat here.'  
That's the end of the dream.  
*Silence.*  
No, fine,  
That was a lie  
It's not a dream  
It's one of those visions  
Late at night  
Before falling asleep  
A pre-dream

One that I'm half in control of somehow  
One of those fantasies  
That put you to sleep  
If I ever saw him again  
Then of course it would be at a club  
At least he doesn't shoot me in this vision, this fantasy

*Pause.*

It's not possible. To smuggle a gun into a club.

*Pause.*

Sometimes I think about whether I could say something

Something like

- Hey, I didn't want it to end that way

And he says

- I'm sorry.

Really.

Often I think, I wish we could have just talked

And then we look into each other's faces

Maybe

something dissolves

between us

*Pause.*

And maybe I'm no longer afraid

\*\*

*Choral section, for all. In this one a new voice is indicated with a dash.*

-I WANT TO FUCK

I WANT TO BE FUCKED

I want to sit on one of these chairs and be fucked by eight people, one after another

I want to order them around like a queen

And pass out condoms

Who's allowed to touch me

My holy body

-I want to be fucked from the front and from behind

-I don't want to have sex anymore

I want to be celibate

-I want an orgy

-I want to sit beside the orgy and knit a sock while  
everyone else touches

-I want you to want me

- I want everyone to want me

-I can see it – how you all want me

I want to stand before you naked and for you to desire me

-I want you to stand before me naked and for me to worship you

-I want to have you in my mouth

-Why am I so perverted

Isn't it kinda sick?

-I only like having sex with one person  
I've only had sex with one person my whole life  
And that's not gonna change

-Am I a freak?

-Are we all just freaks?

-But our generation is so free!

-I don't get the thing with the leather

Can someone explain why everyone's so into leather?

-I'm sleeping with three people

And yes, they all know about each other

I really like all of them

A lot

And they all like each other

-I no longer want these expectations

-My mother never had sex for her own pleasure

Only for her children

Well, to procreate

-How do you know that?

-She told me

It was pretty sad.

-I'm sorry

-Now you always have to ask

Can I –

That's not PASSION

I want you to GRAB my HAIR

and PUSH me against a WALL

-I want to decide

I like being asked

Then I feel safe, like I'm cared for

-Sex with you isn't normal, you have to admit that

-We had a nice thing going

But no, I have a girlfriend

-Did you have a girlfriend when I had your dick in my mouth

-That's different

Can I hold your breasts in my hands

-Hey, she said very clearly that she doesn't want to have anything to do with you

-Don't butt in

-Leave her alone

-I want them to want me

-Yeah yeah, I'm going

-I don't really care who they are

-Who I sleep with is very important to me

I don't want them to be just anybody

-The person should be important to me

-I want someone to hold me afterwards

-Doesn't everyone just want to be held

And not feel so alone?

-Just don't go home with a stranger

Who knows what it'll be like when you're alone

\*\*\*

*(for two voices)*

-Have you ever felt that kind of electricity in your body?

-Do you want a cigarette

-No thank you

-Are you sure

-Yes

Do you know what I'm talking about

- Maybe

-Is it weird that I'm talking about this, well, after we –

-I don't care.

*Pause.*

If you look out onto the street you can look into those other apartments

I like that about the city

Not in a voyeuristic way, but more like –

Everybody just doesn't want to be alone

Sorta

Right?

*Pause.*

-I think I'll go home now.

I can't sleep so well here.

If that's alright with you?

-But you just got here

-I have to get up early tomorrow.

-I don't want you to feel like I was throwing you out.

-No, I'm the one going.

*Pause.*

-Was that ok for you?

Is there anything that I can ...

*Pause.*

-Will you answer if I write you?

-What?

-I'm just asking because...you never know.

-I'm not like that.

-Yeah, but ... but I don't know you.

-I'll answer.

-Ok.

-Ok.

-Ok.

Well then...