

Sex with the Censor

Woman: So, how do you like it? Sitting, standing, or are you a traditional kind of guy?

Man: What?

Woman: Tell you what; we'll improvise. Just see what happens, huh?
(she reaches for his jacket to take it off of him)

Man: Don't do that.

Woman: Oh. Sorry. Some guys...

Man: I don't want you to do that.

Woman: Whatever. (She turns and takes off her skirt. Underneath she wears black stockings and panties.) No shit, most guys like, you know, to be undressed. I think it reminds them of their mother, although I don't know why you'd want to be thinking about your mother at a time like this. I mean, I know about the whole psychology thing, Oedipus, whatever – we do, we talk about that stuff – but I have to say I never believed most of it. That guys want to fuck their mothers. That just, frankly, that makes no sense to me. I mean, if it's true, you guys are even crazier than I thought, you know what I mean? I mean, no offense or anything.

Man: Stop talking.

Woman: (unbuttoning her blouse) Oh, sorry. I know, I kind of run on. Especially late in the day. I get tired and anything that comes into my head comes right out of my mouth. I don't know. A lot of guys like it, which is lucky for me because I just, I don't even really know when it's happening-

Man: Don't do that.

Woman: Excuse me?

Man: Don't take your shirt off.

Woman: Oh. OK. (She starts to button up again.)

Man: No. Leave it like that. I want to see that I can't see.

Woman: What?

Man: If you button it, I can't see. I want to see that I can't see.

Woman: Oh. Sure.

(She stands for a moment, in the unbuttoned shirt and stockings. He stares at her. He is fully dressed.)

Woman: So... are we ready to get going here? I mean, I don't mean to rush things, but it's been my experience that it kind of helps to hit the ground running, you know, just let her rip, and since you're not particularly interested in small talk, we probably should just get to it, huh? (Pause.) So are we, what? You need a hand with this clothes thing here?

Man: No.

Woman: No.

(Pause. They stare at each other.)

Woman: OK, sure, you're shy. I'm sensitive to that. We'll just take this real slow. (She reaches for his jacket carefully.)

Man: Don't touch me.

Woman: Honey, that's not going to be entirely possible under the circumstances here- (She tries to take the jacket off him. He shoves her, hard.)

Woman: Hey don't get rough with me, asshole. That's not the deal, all right?

Man: I told you. I don't want you to touch me. We don't do that.

Woman: Well, what do we do?

(He looks at her. He pulls the chair over, back to the audience. He sits in it)

Man: Stand here.

(He points in front of him. She crosses warily and faces him. His back is to the audience.)

Woman: (Irritated.) So, what, you just want to look, is that it? Fine. Whatever. But it's the same price, OK? We're not sailing into discount land because you're in some sort of fucking mood here, OK?

Man: Don't say that.

Woman: I'm just telling you the rules.

Man: No, I tell you the rules.

Woman: Listen-

Man: I don't want you to use that word. You've used it twice. I don't want to hear that word.

Woman: What word?

Man: You know the word.

Woman: What word? You mean fuck?

Man: I don't want to hear it.

Woman: Sorry. I mean, I just, I thought that's what we were here for.

Man: I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.

Woman: OK, fine, I won't say anything. I'll just stand here. You can pay me to stand here; that's fine by me. Fucking weirdo. Sorry.

(He sits, staring. Pause.)

Man: Tell me what you want.

Woman: Tell you what I --- you want me to tell you what I want?

Man: Yes.

Woman: OK. I want to wrap this up and go home and see my kid. It's been a long day-

Man: No.

Woman: No.

Man: No.

Woman: That's not what I want.

Man: No.

Woman: OK, then you tell me what I do want because I mean, I am in the dark here, all right? Usually, I have to say, usually there is not a lot of confusion about how to proceed, but –

Man: Stop talking.

Woman: Stop talking. Right. I forgot.

Man: Tell me what you want.

(Pause. She looks at him.)

Woman: (Matter-of-fact.) OK. Let's try this. I want you.

Man: Yes.

Woman: Yes. That's a yes. Here we go. I want you... inside of me.

Man: Yes.

Woman: Two yesses. This is a trend. I want to suck your cock.

Man: NO.

Woman: No. That's not what I want. OK, fine, I – fuck, I don't know what the fuck—

Man: NO.

Woman: No, sorry, I didn't mean to use that word, I meant, I mean, I meant DARN.
Damn.

Man: Yes.

Woman: Yes. Darn. Sorry. I'm a little slow, darn it. (Pause.) I want you... in my mouth?

(He does not respond.)

Woman: I want ... to touch you.

Man: (Quiet.) No.

Woman: But I can't.

Man: Yes.

Woman: I want you to look at me ... and not see me.

Man: Yes.

Woman: Yes. I want to stand in front of you naked, with clothes on.

Man: Yes.

Woman: I get this. You want to have sex without sex.

Man: (Aroused.) Yes. Tell me what you want.

(Pause. The Woman stares at him for a long moment, then turns and picks up her shoes.)

Woman: No. I won't do it. This is sick, this is really---

Man: Do you want the money or not?

(Pause.)

Woman: Yeah. I want the money.

Man: Then tell me what you want.

(Pause. The woman sets her shoes down, turns and looks at him.)

Woman: I want... I want you in me outside of me.

Man: Yes.

Woman: I want you to touch me...without feeling me. I want words with no voice. Sex with no heart. Love without bones.

Man: (Overlap.) Yes. Yes.

Woman: (Overlap.) Skin without skin. I want blind eyes.

Man: Yes.

Woman: I want you to stare me dead. I want to lick me dry. I want you to take my words. Wipe me clean. Make me nothing. Let me be nothing for you. Let me be nothing. Let me be nothing.

Man: (Overlap.) Yes. Yes. Yes!

(He comes without touching himself. She watches him, dispassionate. There is a long pause. They stare at each other.)

Man: You disgust me.

Woman: Yeah. I know. That'll be \$200. Sir.

(Blackout.)