

It Is, In Fact, All About Sex

Lee Tucker

CHARACTERS:

Narrator	(Mike?)	You're sardonic to the extreme. You love to address the audience, and you have a clear air of superiority over everyone in the room, especially the other characters. Your role model is a cross between Tom Brokaw and Jon Stewart.
Suzy	(Leah?)	You're a sex-obsessed senior who will do almost anything to get it on as much as possible. Have you ever lived next to someone who liked to have really loud sex? You share their sense of exhibitionism, but certainly have even fewer boundaries.
Hal	(Robert?)	You're Suzy's boyfriend; you are equally sex-obsessed. Practice your porn star groans; sprinkle liberally in off stage intimate moments.
Frances	(Debbie?)	You're the pure definition of awkward. Think of the most awkward person you have ever met, and see how much you can outdo them. Your idea of a fun weekend is proving mathematical theorems and reading Sex Caucus. When you get excited, you gesticulate wildly—all over the computer screen.
Jason	(Nick?)	You're every bit as awkward as Frances, and twice as ridiculous. You like dressing up like a pirate, and you're life would consist of one big long awkward pause if only other people wouldn't keep interrupting. Pick up some good nervous habits.

Narrator: (deadpan at audience) Sex Caucus. (Pulls out paper, clears throat and reads officially) "This conference is for anything intimately linked with the practical details of physical, sexual activity and eroticism. There are already several Caucus conferences ... that have already taken up topics dealing with social constructs - or what I consider 'philosophical' discussions of sex. This lovely little conf was started with the motivation to create a haven for more 'practical' discussions of sex - partially so we could get into the embarrassing details anonymously, partially so that discussion of the 'physical' wouldn't confuse/hinder the intellectual discussions already taking place." (returns sheet to pocket)

(at audience) You read Sex Caucus. You probably write on Sex Caucus. Admit it. I do. But have you ever thought about what Sex Caucus really does to our campus? What Carleton students will do—at their most anonymous—for a thrill?

(loud banging offstage: couple having sex. Banging gets louder and more rapid, loud moans, then collapsing noise. Narrator retreats to front SR)

(Hal enters SL, pulling on shirt)

Narrator: Hal is a senior physics major.

(Suzy enters, buttoning pants and pulling back messy hair. Both freeze in mid-dressing)

Narrator: Suzy is a senior American Studies major. They may quite possibly be the horniest couple on campus. Since they met at a Players party sophomore year, they have personally defiled a total of 47 dorm rooms, 23 showers, six kitchens, two laundry machines, and one sacrosanct bust of Schiller.

(pause)

Narrator: In their few weeks left at Carleton, they're on a quest to engage in every outrageous activity currently listed on Sex Caucus.

(Hal and Suzy unfreeze)

Hal: (self-satisfied) You know I'm the best!

Suzy: (puts arms around Hal, then slaps him on the ass) Rawr. You *are* the best. (mutters to herself) Way better than your small-dick roommate.

Hal: What was that?

Suzy: (smiling innocently) Nothing, dear. Just wondering about what we should do next.

Hal: Yeah, what *is* next?

(Suzy pulls out a list; they look at it briefly, then run off SR. Loud cat screeching sound effect)

(Frances enters SL wearing thick geek glasses. Her backpack is stuffed and she's carrying extra books in her arm)

Frances: Toff ... Toff ... Toff? (freezes looking at ground)

Narrator: Frances is a sophomore math major. Her greatest sexual achievement to date has been kissing her cousin at a family reunion when she was seven. Of course, this has not hindered her desire at all. Just last week, she received the greatest scare of her life when she was nearly caught masturbating with a vacuum pump to a picture of her Chemistry professor in the Mudd labs. (addresses audience) Oh, c'mon, you know you've thought about it too.

(Frances unfreezes, continues looking for Toff, Jason enters SL. He's also wearing thick geek glasses).

Jason: Oh hey neighbor, how's it going?

Frances: Hey Jason. Well, I was going to feed Toff, but I—I can't find him (snorting laugh).

Jason: Gee, that's too bad (shuffles feet)—hey, did you read that article in the CLAP today? The one written by the kid that keeps getting sexiled by his roommate?

Frances: (intrigued) Seriously? I mean—gross, who does that? (both laugh nervously)

Narrator: Later this evening, Jason will kill a kitten reading this same article.

Jason: Yeah—(shuffles feet)—hey, are you thinking of going to Ebony tonight—I mean, would you—you know—wanna go—or something?

Frances: Gosh, I dunno. I mean—West Gym is so—far away. Isn't there something good closer to campus?

(pause; look around at audience)

Jason: Not really. Only ETB, and everybody knows how much they suck! (snorting laugh)

Narrator: It's a scientific fact, ETB does suck. But then, Ebony blows.

Jason: Yeah (shuffles feet)—maybe we could—(awkward pause)—do something else?

Frances: I don't know. I mean, I sure do have a lot of homework to do this weekend.

Jason: Yeah, I guess I understand. (nervous laugh). Boy, Carleton sure does make it hard to keep up such an active social life. Well, I'm gonna go read Caucus—I mean, my professor told us to—I mean, *write* on Caucus. For class. You understand.

Frances: Okay, see you later—(pokes)—neighbor! (snorting laughs; exit in opposite directions)

Blackout

Lights up on two desks at center, separated by some space—they are in neighboring rooms. The screens face away from the audience, but Frances is sitting at one desk, busily doing math problem sets. The Narrator is still front SR.

Frances: (writes frantically, dots period). There, all done. Now, for some fun— (logs into Caucus) Oooh! This is a good one. (reads) “Have you ever done it in the Chapel balcony? My SO and I once did it there during choir practice. The choir sounded like nails on a chalkboard. With all the screeching they were making, no one had a CLUE!” -
- Ooooooh! I like that idea!

(Frances gets up, goes over to turn off lights. Lights down, the computer screen still glows; cue soft Wah-Wah guitar style porno soundtrack, Frances begins writing, staring at screen intensely, and gesticulating)

(Jason enters from front carrying books, enters his neighboring room, sits down at his desk, and logs in).

Jason: Now let’s see—ooh, what have we here? “Gee, I sure wish I had somebody to do that with me right now. Plus, I hear the Lower Arb is lovely at this time of year. Nothing makes me want to unwind on a Saturday afternoon like a good—“ (snorting laugh, pause).

Narrator: Jason is a junior Econ major who lies pathologically about his sex life. He writes about his elaborate adventures on Caucus because he’s still haunted by the memory of going to the senior prom with his sister. He now runs the Carleton Film Society, and also owns “Backdoor Biker Chicks” 1 through 17.

Jason: (Now writing while typing) “Poster #569 here. The Arb sounds great, but I’ve got plenty of other ideas. What about a storage closet? I know a nice little one in Nourse that’s perfect. You should drop by sometime.”

(pause; Frances squeals with delight)

Blackout

Lights up on Hal and Suzy sitting on a couch SR doing some heavy petting. There’s a blanket over them and lots of motion under the blanket. The desks are still onstage, but one has been moved SR to become Suzy’s desk.

Narrator: Meanwhile, back in Suzy’s dorm—

Hal: Well, I think that’s almost everything on our list. We’ve done it in the Concert Hall, in the Japanese Garden, and on the dish line in Burton. Not to mention in a campus vehicle—

Suzy: *Don’t* mention it.

Hal: What—how was I supposed to know it would make us crash?

Narrator: That's right. Oral sex while driving a campus vehicle is irresponsible and dangerous—It's also what college is made for.

Suzy: Right. Well, we can't stop now. What's left?

Hal: I dunno, go take a look.

(Suzy gets up, walks to computer and reads)

Suzy: Well, let's see. There's videotaping—

Hal: We did that already, don't you remember? My brother tried to sell it on the Internet, and then my *parents* bought a copy, and, and—

Suzy: Oh yeah. Well—what about bondage?

Hal: Handcuffs.

Suzy: Exhibitionism?

Hal: Superlounge.

Suzy: Watersports?

(awkward pause).

Narrator: (addressing audience) Would anyone care to explain this to the rest of the group? Anyone?

(pause; if anyone tries to speak up, immediately cut them off).

Narrator: Good, neither would I.

Suzy: Okay, fine. Well then what else is there?

Hal: Well there's group sex—

Suzy: I thought we agreed—

Hal: We did, I know. But take a look at this: (leans over computer and clicks to new page). I mean, we'd practically be doing them a *favor*. Geekwads like this probably won't get laid in a million years! What's the harming in helping them out a little, no one else ever has to know.

Suzy: (indignant) Well, fine. Be that way. *Seriously*, the things I put up with in this relationship.

Hal: Well, you know I'm the best!

Suzy: (mutters to herself) Not as good as your *other* roommate.

Hal: What was that?

Suzy: (coyly) Nothing!

Hal: Hmph.

(Hal turns to the computer and starts typing a response on Caucus).

Blackout

Lights up to two desks as before. Frances is sitting at her computer reading Sex Caucus intently. Jason is dressed up as a pirate, looking in the mirror, acting all swashbuckly and adjusting his eye patch.

Frances: (speaking as she types) "Ok, so you want to meet at the Arb. Send me an email at BustyBurtonBroad69@hotmail.com and we'll discuss further—tiger."

(We hear new mail sound effect; Jason leans over his computer and reads)

Jason: Ahoy, matey. (pulls up eye patch to read computer screen) Email me to have sex in the Arb!?! (shouts excitedly) Shiver me timbers!

(Frances, still reading intently and gesticulating, jumps up when Jason shouts)

Frances: (Yells) Jason, what's going on over there?

Jason: (sheepish and taken aback). Nothing! Just—got—excited about price theory. (nervous laugh, sits down at computer)

Frances: Jason is so strange sometimes—you wonder how people like him get in to Carleton.

Jason: (reading further) Wait, what's this? Two more people want to join in? (snorting laugh, looks down at crotch). Oh man, I haven't been this excited since last time I streaked the Libe!

Narrator: Jason has a strange sexual fascination with streaking. It's what sold him on Carleton when he was a prospie. (pointing at random audience member) That's right, *you're* to blame for this—sicko.

Jason: (speaking while he types) “OK, let’s all meet at the Druid Circle at midnight tonight. You bring the condoms and the feather dusters, I’ll bring the—(feeling clever)—the one-eyed trouser snake.”

(dramatically hits the enter key. Pause)

Suzy: (from distantly off stage, as if down the hall reading) HAHA, can you believe what he wrote? What a *loser!*

Blackout

Lights up partway on the “Arb” A single table center stage represents the druid altar.

(Narrator walks from position offstage toward the altar, facing the artist. He kneels down piously before the altar facing away from the audience, incants a few unintelligible words—you could cue Gregorian chants if you can find them—and rises slowly. He turns to address the audience—serious, Tom Brokaw documentary style)

Narrator: The Druids’ altar is a sacred space. You should not, under any circumstances, have sex on the Druids’ altar. It’s like the Champagne Room. Or your parents’ bed. Or Rob Oden’s desk. (Chris Rock style) No sex on Rob Oden’s desk.

However, this is a horrible show about horrible people. Also this table is not actually the Druids altar. Tables are not sacred. In fact, one should have sex on tables whenever possible. Therefore, we present to you—

(Suzy and Hal enter SR)

Suzy: —and I’d better not get ticks like last time. That was *really* inconvenient!

Hal: Don’t worry,

Suzy: —and this had better be fun.

Hal: It will be. Don’t worry. You know I’m the best!

Suzy: (mutters to herself) Whatever, your brother’s much bigger.

Hal: What was that?

Suzy: (coyly) Nothing!—(pause)—Well, here we are. Where are these sex-deprived dweebs you dug up for this?

Hal: They should be here any minute. But—what do you say we start now?

Suzy: (hands around neck, then slaps his ass again) Rawr.

(Suzy and Hal run off SL. They begin making rustling and laughing noises off stage that continue).

(Frances and Jason begin to enter from opposite sides of the stage. They're walking backwards toward the altar, but are both visibly creeped out by being in the Arb at night. Jason is still wearing his pirate garb).

Frances: Why did I sign up for this? I could have just gone to the Mudd lab.

Jason: Why did I sign up for this? I should just go home and watch biker porn.

(Sudden moan from Suzy off stage. Jason and Frances visibly jump)

Jason and Frances: Shit!

(Jason and Frances continue walking backward until they nearly collide. Sudden groan from Hal. Jason and Frances simultaneously scream, jump, turn around, and end up in each other's arms. Suzy and Hal noises immediately stop, ensuring total, drawn out, awkward silence).

(Simultaneous, rapid exchange slows to series of long awkward pauses interrupted by awkward. You cannot possibly make these pauses too long.)

Jason and Frances: Oh—Um— Hehe— Er— etc.

Jason: Oh, hey Frances. What are you doing here?

Frances: Oh, you know, just out for a—late night walk. Sure—is—nice—around here. (nervous chuckle)

Jason: Yeah—(shuffles feet)—yeah, sure is.

Frances: Sure.

Jason: Yeah.

Frances: Sure—well, I'd better—keep—going. Lots of—walking—to do—tonight (nervous laugh).

Jason: (nervous laugh). Yeah. Have a good night—you know—walking.

(Both turn around, put heads down, hands covering faces and speed walk off stage. Sound cue to Marvin Gaye's "Lets Get it On" as Suzy and Hal make noise with renewed vigor; light stays up long enough for off stage noises of Suzy and Hal to climax).

Blackout

Lights up on Frances and Hal sitting at their desks reading Sex Caucus

Frances: (speaking as she types) “Yeah, I heard that Sex in the Arb is really uncomfortable. And boring. Nobody does it anymore.”

Jason: (speaking as he types) “Yeah. Why would anyone want to do *that*? Forget this Caucus, I’m going to go write on my User Files!” (snorting laugh)

Narrator: (resuming Tom Brokaw seriousness) So you see, there is an important moral to this story. Some Carleton students should not have sexual relations—of any kind. You know who you are. You may read Sex Caucus five hours a day, but this will never qualify you to share in its bounty.

(points at random audience member) You laugh, but I’m talking about you, buddy!

And to the rest of you: remember, the Arb is a beautiful place. A beautiful place to be treasured. Now go forth, be fruitful, and multiply.