

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: Stop talking.

Woman:

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.

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.) So... since you're not particularly interested in small talk, we probably should just get to it, huh? Let me give you a hand with your clothes....

Man:

No.

Woman:

No.

(Pause. They stare at each other.) 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:

Then, 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.) 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:

No, you listen. 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:

OK, then you tell me what I do want because, I am in the dark here...

Man:

Stop talking. Tell me what you want. (Pause. She looks at him.)

Woman:

OK. Let's try this. I want you.

Man:

Yes.

Woman:

Here we go. I want you... inside of me.

Man:

Yes.

Woman:

I want to suck your cock.

Man:

NO.

Woman:

OK, I don't know what the fuck... Sorry. I want you in my mouth? (He does not respond.) I want ... to touch you.

Man:

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:

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. 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.)