

THE RACE

A ten-minute play

by

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CHARACTERS

JOHN – a husband.

MARSH – a wife.

TIME

Present

SETTING

A Bedroom.

SPECIAL NOTES

The following action takes place entirely in a black-out, though it is fine to see the actors take their places, once the play starts, it is important that we do not see them, only HEAR them. To be absolutely clear, the whole play happens IN THE DARK.

NOTES

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John and Marcia, a married couple, stumble home after a night on the town. They collapse in bed. Lights go down. The following action takes place entirely in total darkness.

John
Ohh.

Marcia
Me too.

John
I'm a little drunk.

Marcia
Me too.

John
Drunk and tired.

Marcia
Me too.

John
Maybe more tired than drunk.

Marcia
Me too.

Short pause.

John
Uh-oh.

Marcia
Uh-oh what?

John
I think I want to have sex.

Marcia
Uh-oh.

John
Uh-oh.

Marcia

You think you want to have sex?

John
I think I want to have sex.

Very short pause.

Marcia
Me too.

John
Uh-oh. She wants sex.

Marcia
Uh-oh. I want sex.

John
You really want to have sex?

Marcia
I could have sex. I could.

John
Well. All right then. Let's have some sex.

Marcia
All right then.

Short pause.

Marcia (cont'd)
Aren't we going to have sex?

John
Maybe.

Marcia
I thought you wanted to have sex.

John
I think I do want to have sex.

Marcia
Well get over here and sex me, baby. Sex me up!

John
Well . . .

Marcia
Well what?

John
Well, I'm pretty comfortable over here.

Marcia
So?

John
So why don't you come over here?

Marcia
Over there?

John
Come on over here and sex me up.

Marcia
Why don't you come over here?

John
I always go over there, why don't you come over here.

Marcia
You brought it up, you should come over here.

Short pause.

Marcia
Well?

John
Well, there's seems to be a small problem.

Marcia
What's the problem?

John
The problem is, I don't think I can move.

Short pause.

Marcia
Me too.

John
You too?

Marcia

Me too. I'm pretty comfortable, lying here.

John

Me too. My brain wants sex, but my body doesn't want to move.

Marcia

Me too. If we have sex with each other, that's going to involve some exertion, some pushing, pulling, different kinds of positioning, all of which is good . . .

John

Very good.

Marcia

It is good. It's just that I'm pretty comfortable.

John

Me too. So what do we do?

Marcia

What else can we do? Wait until we pass out.

Pause.

John

But I'm still thinking about sex!

Marcia

Me too.

John

I can't stop thinking about sex.

Marcia

Me too.

John

But I still don't want to move.

Marcia

Me too.

John

What if I were to suggest a way in which we can both achieve sexual ecstasy without upsetting the current balance of our present equilibrium?

Marcia

What was that? Can you say that again?

John

Not without throwing up.

Marcia

Wait a minute, wait a minute. You're proposing that we have sex . . .

John

The two of us, sex . . .

Marcia

Without having to move at all.

John

Yes.

Marcia

You stay there and I stay here . . .

John

Yes.

Marcia

And we have hot sex.

John

That's it, yes.

Short pause.

Marcia

I'm intrigued.

John

I'd hoped you would be.

Marcia

Please elaborate.

John

We have a "race."

Marcia
A "Race?"

John
A "Race."

Short pause.

Marcia
You're not suggesting that we . . .

John
Absolutely. We let our fingers do the walking. You do
your thing, I do mine . . .

Marcia
Oh my God.

John
And Bing! Sexual Satisfaction. And the great thing about
it is, no matter who finishes first, we both win!

Marcia
You can't be serious.

John
I am completely serious, come on, let's go.

Marcia
I can't!

John
Why not?

Marcia
Because!

John
Because why?

Marcia
Because I don't . . . do that kind of thing.

John
What? What are you talking about, of course you do!

Marcia

No I do not!

John

I've SEEN you do it, just last Christmas, before all the Yuletide sex, you put on a little preliminary show for me.

Marcia

John . . .

John

You put me on the other side of the room, sat yourself right by the fire in lace and garters and went to work, tuning the engine and racing away all on your lonesome, don't you remember?

Marcia

Of course I remember, but that was different!

John

How is it different?

Marcia

Because that was for YOUR benefit, NOT mine.

John

You mean to tell me, that you've never RACED your engine strictly for your own benefit?

Marcia

Oh no, no. No. Not since I was a teen-ager. Since puberty.

John

What! You haven't raced since you were a kid?

Marcia

That's right.

John

Why not?

Marcia

Well. It just seems so silly.

John

I don't believe this.

Marcia

Why don't you just go on ahead and . . . run your little race, and I'll try to get some sleep.

John
What? By myself? No way.

Marcia
Why not, go ahead, I don't mind.

John
I MIND. It's not as much fun unless you do it with me.

Marcia
Oh COME ON John.

John
It's true, you know that a woman's pleasure is very important to me.

Marcia
John.

John
It's true, I'll feel bad if I get off and you don't, I always do.

Marcia
But you have my permission. Go ahead, have sex without me, I'm giving you my blessing. Fire away.

Very short pause.

John
No, no, I don't want to now.

Marcia
Oh, come on. Honey . . .

John
No, it's okay.

Marcia
You're upset, I can hear it, you're mad.

John
I'm not mad . . .

Marcia

Sweetie, if you want to masturbate it's perfectly all right with me, believe me.

John
No.

Marcia
John, I'm begging you, please masturbate, do it, you know you want to, pull on that pony, tease that weasel . . .

John
Marcia, no! Masturbation just won't be as much fun if you're not doing it with me.

Marcia
Sweetie, masturbation was originally intended as a solo exercise.

John
Yes I know that, but we're married and we do everything together, right?

Marcia
Yes, but . . .

John
And we promised each other to always be open to new things, right?

Marcia
Yes, yes we did promise that.

John
And I just think . . . that you should give some consideration to a race.

Marcia
But don't you think it's a little silly?

John
What in the world of sex ISN'T silly? It's all silly, penis, vagina, they're all silly! Why stop now with this? Just give it a shot. Who knows, you just might like it.

Marcia
I might, I just might.

John

It could be really great, it could become our NEW thing.

Marcia

You're right. It just might. All right, you talked me into it. Honey, I'm sorry I was such a pill.

John

You are not a pill, you're never a pill. I love you.

Marcia

And I love you. Okay. Let's masturbate.

John

All right! Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!

Rustling of clothing is heard.

Marcia

Okay. Here we go. Here we go. We're masturbating. A masturbating we go. Master . . . Bation. Masturbation.

John

Marcia . . .

Marcia

(sings)

Here we come . . . walking down the street . . . get the funniest looks . . . from everyone we meet. Hey Hey we're masturbating!

John

Marcia!

Marcia

What!

John

What are you doing?

Marcia

I'm . . . I'm singing.

John

Do you have to do that?

Marcia

Yes I do. It's what I do. Do you have a problem with that?

Short pause.

John
No, I do not.

Marcia
Very well. Shall we continue?

John
Yes please.

Pause. Some movement is heard on the bed. Marcia is still humming the Monkey's song. John starts moaning. His moans get louder and louder.

Marcia
John . . .

John
Oh . . . Oh . . .

Marcia
John!

John
Ahh!

Marcia
John!

John
What! What is it, can you see I'm close?

Marcia
It's that noise you're making . . .

John
What about it, these are my sex sounds . . .

Marcia
Those aren't your USUAL sex sounds . . .

John
What are you talking about, these are the sounds I always make.

Marcia

No they are not! Your usual noise is kind of a uh-uh-uh .
. . THIS sex sound is more like a oh-oh-oh . . .

John
SO??

Marcia
So it's subtlety different, almost . . . almost like you
might be enjoying it . . . more.

John
Oh my God. You're singing super songs of the sixties and
you're giving me a hard time about MY sex sounds?

Marcia
You like masturbation better than sex with me, don't you!?

John
Can we stop this? Can we? I thought we were trying to do
something NEW together here. Can we just focus and jack
off together, can we?

Marcia
You're right, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Touching myself
always makes me a little neurotic. I'm sorry. Please
continue.

**Movement is heard. Marcia goes back to the humming. John
moans again. He moans louder. Marcia hums louder.**

John
Oh. Oh.

Marcia
Oh honey. You close?

John
Yeah baby, oh yeah.

Marcia
Go sweetie. Go for it.

John
Oh baby. Oh. Oh oh oh OH! AHHH! Oh.

Marcia
Oh honey. Nice. Very nice. How was it?

John
Great. That was great.

Marcia
(after a moment)
Great?

John
Not really great. Good. It was just good. Good enough.
It was . . . How are you doing?

Marcia
I'm doing all right.

John
Are you there yet?

Marcia
Not quite.

Short pause.

John
You there yet?

Marcia
Not yet.

Pause.

John
How about now?

Marcia
John!

John
I'm sorry, it's just, I'm sleepy now. Is there any way to
. . . pick the pace up a little?

Marcia
John, some of us in this race are sprinters, and some of us
run marathons. But we all get there.

John
Yeah. Yeah. Sorry.

Pause. Marcia hums along.

John (cont'd)
Maybe if you sang a more up-tempo song . . .

Marcia
John!

John
I'm sorry, sorry.

Marcia
Why don't you take a nap and I'll wake you when we get there?

John
No, I can make it. I can make it.

Short pause.

Marcia
(sings)
There she was a just a walking down the street . . .
singing do-wha-ditty-ditty-dum-ditty do.
Holdin my hand and looking real purty . . . singing do-wha-
ditty-ditty-dum-dum ditty do.
She looks good, she looks good, she looks fine, she looks
good she looks fine and I nearly lost my . . . my . . . MY
MIND! OH! Oh. Oh my. Oh my goodness. That was
wonderful, that was . . . John?

John snores loudly.

Marcia (cont'd)
I win.

End of Play