

GIANT BOX OF PRON

A Tragedy

By
Patrick Flynn

GIANT BOX OF PR0N

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GIANT BOX OF PRON

*for Danielle & Maureen & Megan
GBOP's three moms*

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

KATE	}	married couple, late 20s
RON		
VANESSA		Kate's sister, late 30s
SHERLOCK		Kate & Ron's neighbor, mid 30s
PORN ACTORS		voices heard from the television

TIME: Summer of 2012

PLACE: The living area of Kate and Ron's one-bedroom apartment in the Dupont Circle neighborhood of Washington, D.C.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The transitions between scenes should be seamless. Scene breaks are indicated for production reference but should not be felt by the audience.

Piles of tapes should appear on stage as if by magic. By the end of the play there should be far more tapes on stage than could possibly fit in the box itself.

Vanessa's dialogue is written without contractions to indicate tone and manner of speech. The actor should feel free to use contractions when it feels right.

A "/" indicates where a line should be interrupted by the next line.

GIANT BOX OF PR0N

Giant Box of Pr0n was originally produced by Field Trip Theatre (Danielle Mohlman, artistic director) as part of the Capital Fringe at The Warehouse in Washington, D.C., July 12-27, 2014 (as “*Giant Box of Porn*”). The cast was:

Kate.....Anna Jackson
Ron.....Grant Cloyd
Vanessa.....Morganne Davies
Sherlock.....Will Hayes

The production was directed by Maureen Monterubio; dramaturgy by Megan Westman; set design by Adrian Rooney; costume design by Jennifer Salter; sound design by Kenny Neal; lighting design by Colin Dieck; the stage manager was Laura Cividanes; the production assistant was Shelly Cohen; the managing director of Field Trip Theatre was Nick Vargas

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*This boat that we just built is just fine -
And don't try to tell us it's not
The sides and the back are divine -
It's the bottom I guess we forgot
- Shel Silverstein*

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The main room of a modest, urban, one-bedroom apartment. Thrown together furnishings, lots of leftovers from college and hand-me-downs. One door to the outside, another to the bedroom, and a third to the bathroom. A galley kitchen upstage. A couch covered in throw pillows with an end-table next to it. At rise, the box is downstage center. RON sits behind it pulling pornographic VHS tapes out and setting them on the floor. They are all store-bought with highly explicit covers. There are a few tapes already on the couch. Two overnight bags and a purse sit on the floor near the front door where they were dropped.

SCENE 1: SUNDAY

After a beat, KATE dashes on stage from the bedroom.

KATE. I'm on hold. Again. Is anything missing? Did they steal anything? How many spatulas did we have? I only see three. Why do I feel like we had four? Was it three or four? Bathroom! *(Exit Kate to the bathroom. Ron continues slowly pulling out tapes. Enter Sherlock through the front door with his phone out. HE crosses to the box, takes a picture of its contents, and exits the way HE came. Kate enters from the bathroom with another phone in her hand and hands it to Ron.)* It was in the bathroom. *(Exit Kate to the bedroom. Beat. Re-enter Kate from the bedroom and crosses to the kitchen, checks the refrigerator, then re-exits to the bedroom. Re-enter Sherlock. He takes a quick photo from the doorway, and exits. Re-enter Kate with a stack of mail in one hand and her phone in the other.)* Yes, my name is Kathryn -- . . . That's right. As I said to the last officer and the officer before that, my husband and I just got back from a wedding on the Delaware Shore and -- Friends from college. Why does that matter? . . . Nothing was stolen, no, but something was left. . . It appears to be a colossal package of X-rated videotapes. . . Videotapes. . . I haven't counted. *(to Ron)* Sweetie, have you counted? *(to phone)* We haven't

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counted but I'd say about a gross of them. . . A gross. It's a dozen dozen. . . Are you laughing? . . . You sound like you're laughing. . . It's not funny! *(hangs up)* The police laughed at me. I'm calling our councilman. Who is our councilman? Why do I think his name is King? Her name? Which Ward are we in? Dammit, what did those campaign signs say? They were all over the place for six months / and I can't -- *(Ron takes deep breaths in and out, Kate does the same.)* This isn't -- ? You didn't -- . . ? 'Cause we were together all weekend, so you couldn't've -- No. I'll call the doorman.

RON. I'll do it.

KATE. It's fine.

RON. You called the cops; I'll call the doorman.

KATE. He hates you. He still thinks you're responsible for the mailbox.

RON. You're the one who called him "swarthy."

KATE. You're taking it out of context.

RON. *(puts out his fist for Rock/Paper/Scissors)* Loser calls. *(Kate does the same.)*

KATE & RON. One, two, three, SHOOT! *(Ron: paper, Kate: scissors.)*

KATE. You always choose "Paper". Your shirt's untucked.

RON. *(tucking in his shirt and dialing)* No one ever sees "paper" coming.

KATE. I do. Every time.

RON. "Rock" is expected; "Scissors," too vulnerable.

KATE. You have a one in three chance no matter what.

RON. It just seems that most people shoot "rock" which would lead one to -- *(to phone)* Hello? This is Four Thirteen. *(Re-enter Sherlock who takes another picture.)* Did you happen to deliver -- ? No, this isn't about the mailbox.

KATE. What are you doing?

SHERLOCK. I'm starting a Tumblr.

RON. *(to phone)* Sir --

SHERLOCK. How was the wedding?

KATE. Get out!

RON. Did you drop off a large package of VHS pornography in our apartment? *(checks his phone)* That was predictable.

SHERLOCK. Didn't you once call him "swarthy?"

KATE. Context. And go home.

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SHERLOCK. But the Tumblr.

KATE. No Tumblr. You're contaminating a crime scene.

RON. This is not a crime scene.

KATE. He broke into our home.

SHERLOCK. The door was open!

KATE. Not you. The guy who left this.

RON. How do you know it was a guy?

SHERLOCK. Ooooooh that's interesting!

KATE. Not interesting! Scary. Scary and sick and gross and I want it out of my house. I want it out. I want it out.

SHERLOCK. . . . Are you talking about me or the box?

KATE. Sherlock!

SHERLOCK. Sure. I better go. I have a Tumblr to . . . unregister. (*exits*)

RON. It's not a big deal.

KATE. Someone was in our home, Ron.

RON. They didn't take anything.

KATE. And how did they get in? How could they've / gotten in?

RON. Don't think about it.

KATE. Inside our home. Touching our things.

RON. Don't think about it. Nothing was stolen. Someone was just playing a prank.

KATE. It's sick.

RON. You're fine. I'm here and you're fine. Deep in and out. (*THEY breathe*) Whoever did this, they're gone now. They didn't take anything. In fact, they left us a gift.

KATE. You think this is funny? It's not funny.

RON. Kate. It's a little bit funny.

KATE. Someone left a huge box of . . . smut in our apartment!

RON. (*laughing*) I'm sorry, babe, it's funny!

KATE. Maybe we're being watched.

RON. By whom?

KATE. Like one of those prank shows. Where they do something to somebody and see what happens.

RON. . . . Where are the cameras?

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KATE. Exactly. . . Where? *(Ron and Kate take a paranoid beat. Kate's phone rings and they both start.)*

RON. It's yours.

KATE. Did you check your email yet? I'm sure Mike -- *(answers the phone)* Hello, Walter. . . Yes, I'm back in town. . . That's next week I'm in Aruba. This weekend was just the weekend. . . Everything will be in place before -- . . . There is no way they could get a prescriptive easement so -- . . . Who said that? . . . That guy doesn't know a contingent remainder from an attractive nuisance. *(to Ron)* He loves that joke. Did Mike call? *(to phone)* He wants to challenge me on this? Fine. Bring it. I live for this shit. But, remember, one of us wrote her note on adverse possession and, here's a clue, it wasn't him. *(laughs)* Because I'm the best, Walter. . . You did at my birthday party. And the Obama fundraiser. And -- . . . Love to Midge. *(hangs up)* Woman's name is "Midge." Her parents should be flayed. Our kids'll have normal names. Like Faye. Or Reagan. I can't believe you forgot your phone this weekend. Did Mike call?

RON. Yes.

KATE. What did he say?

RON. I'll check later.

KATE. Check now.

RON. Whatever it is will hold 'til tomorrow.

KATE. *(picks up Ron's phone)* If you want to get put on better jobs, you have to be available. . . See, he called three times since / Friday.

RON. What are you doing? Don't go through my phone.

KATE. Calm down. What's the big deal?

RON. Don't tell me to calm down. Don't go through my phone. What if I went through your phone?

KATE. My phone has legally sensitive stuff on it, sweetie. I could get disbarred and/or sued if you go through my phone.

RON. Mine has sensitive stuff too.

KATE. What's sensitive about architecture? Did you guys discover a new kind of lobby?

RON. Maybe I'm planning a big surprise and you ruined it.

KATE. Did I ruin a surprise?

RON. You'll never know.

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KATE. Dammit. Don't be like that. You know I hate surprises.

RON. Then you shouldn't've checked my phone, babe.

KATE. You are mean. I'm going to have trouble sleeping tonight. You better hold on to that phone.

RON. I will. Relax. Have a drink.

KATE. No alcohol. I'll make some tea. I bought some of the kind with the bunnies in pajamas on the box. God I'm going to miss drinking. And coffee. *(crosses to the kitchen and puts the kettle on)*

RON. *(checking his voicemail)* You're not pregnant yet. You can have a drink.

KATE. It's better to start now. This way I'll be used to it when the baby comes. *(Ron tosses away his phone and returns to the piles.)* What'd Mike say? You can't forget your phone while we're in Aruba. It's really weird not taking a pill everyday. I really feel like we should've had some kind of ceremony when I took the last one. Dawn of a new era. It's like graduation. . . What are you doing?

RON. We've got to make some kind of inventory. *(moves a stack of tapes to the couch, and knocks some pillows on the floor)*

KATE. Don't put the pillows on the floor.

RON. It's clean.

KATE. It's a floor. It's never really clean.

RON. Why do we have so many pillows on this couch?

KATE. They were on sale.

RON. Your family motto.

KATE. What are you doing?

RON. We need a dry-erase board. Do we have a dry-erase board? *(gets up and gets a pad of paper and pen from the kitchen)*

KATE. A what?

RON. A dry-erase board. So we can write down clues and hypotheses from the piles.

KATE. What are you going to learn from making piles?

RON. Well we're not going to learn anything from not making piles.

KATE. You're not making piles here. You'll have to make piles somewhere else.

RON. It's a one-bedroom. There is nowhere else.

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KATE. I don't care.

RON. I won't make a mess.

KATE. You're already making a mess. There is now a mess in the living room.

RON. You want it in the bedroom?

KATE. Honey.

RON. 'Cause if not that only leaves the kitchen or the bathroom.

KATE. Please be serious with me.

RON. Won't you always wonder where it came from? And if the police won't do anything, we've got to figure it out for ourselves. It's not a bomb or cask of demons. It's just a box with videotapes in it. I just need some time.

KATE. . . . A week.

RON. A month.

KATE. A month?!?

RON. We're negotiating.

KATE. It has to be gone before we go on vacation. *(Ron puts out his fist. Kate reluctantly does the same.)*

KATE & RON. One, two, three, shoot. *(Ron: Paper, Kate: Scissors.)*

RON. *(simultaneously)* Dammit!

KATE. *(simultaneously)* Ha! One week should be plenty of time.

RON. Then I'd better get to it.

KATE. Right now?

RON. No time like the present.

KATE. Oh! That reminds me. I bought you a present. *(Exit Kate to the bedroom. SHE quickly re-enters with a wrapped present which SHE hands to Ron.)*

RON. What's this for?

KATE. Open it. *(Ron does, revealing a book.)* It's a book.

RON. I can see that. "Your Baby: For the Father-to-Be."

KATE. So you'll be ready.

RON. "Chapter Six: Oh the Poop You'll Clean Up!"

KATE. Can you imagine it? We'll be parents soon.

RON. That is the plan.

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KATE. I can't wait to get back to Aruba. You think it's changed since our honeymoon?

RON. It's only been a year.

KATE. We'll lie on the beach, eat fresh fruit, and make us a baby.

RON. . . . On the beach?

KATE. If we want.

RON. Won't sand get mixed in?

KATE. Ugh. Way to kill the mood.

RON. I'm reading about cleaning shit out of a rug. Literally. "Fecal matter from carpeting."

KATE. I just thought, now that we're back, we might want to get a head start on the rest of our lives.

RON. After that book, I'm gonna need a drink first. *(Kate kisses Ron deeply. A knock at the door.)*

KATE. Goddamit, Sherlock, go away!

VANESSA (O.S.). Kathryn?

RON. What is she doing here?

KATE. Crap. I forgot I called her.

VANESSA (O.S.). Kathryn?

KATE. Coming, Nessa.

RON. When?

KATE. In between calls to the police. Put it all back in the box while she's here.

VANESSA (O.S.). I'm using my key!

KATE. No, hang on. Here I am. *(Kate opens the front door and lets VANESSA in.)*

VANESSA. Are you okay?

KATE. I'm fine. We're fine.

VANESSA. I rushed over, I wanted to -- *(sees the box)* Oh!

KATE. You didn't have to come over.

VANESSA. You sounded in a state. Everything is okay?

KATE. Everything's fine. Would you like tea? The kettle's on.

VANESSA. Certainly. Do you have any Asiatic Pennywort?

KATE. No.

VANESSA. Che Dang?

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KATE. No.

VANESSA. Oksusu Cha?

KATE. I have the kind with bunnies in pajamas on the box. Would you like the kind with bunnies in pajamas on the box?

VANESSA. No, thank you. This is . . . quite something.

KATE. The police laughed at me.

VANESSA. Probably better for you they did not come down here, you could have found yourself on the Internet as a “meme.”

KATE. A meme?

VANESSA. Jamie taught me that. I hope I am using it correctly.

RON. You are.

VANESSA. Good! Jamie is reluctantly keeping me up-to-date on Internet terminology and goings-on. I cannot afford to be too far behind when the younger two catch up.

KATE. You should’ve brought them all with you. I haven’t seen them in ages.

VANESSA. They all have activities.

KATE. On a Sunday?

VANESSA. Every day. Plus, if you were a meme on the Internet, the last thing I would want is for my children to be involved.

KATE. Oh! Good idea!

VANESSA. What?

KATE. Maybe this has happened before. I’ll Google it.

RON. Google what exactly?

KATE. “Mysterious porno box.” No. “Boxed porn.” No. “Jumbo package of --“ . . . It isn’t really googlable is it?

RON. Which is why I need a month.

VANESSA. A month for what?

RON. To find out where it all came from.

KATE. Ron’s going to solve the mystery in a week.

VANESSA. Is he? Why a week?

KATE. We’re leaving for Aruba. That reminds me, can I borrow your neck pillow for the flight?

VANESSA. Of course. But I meant why a deadline at all?

KATE. Because it has to get out of here.

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VANESSA. Why? It is perfectly natural.

KATE. Natural?

VANESSA. (*picks up a tape*) A perfectly natural thing for two . . . or three or . . . (*counts people in photo*) . . . nine? Is that a head or breast?

KATE. Married people with kids don't have this in their house.

VANESSA. This is an apartment.

RON. And we don't have kids.

KATE. Yet.

VANESSA. This is how every family should be. It is how me and my Carl are. Completely open about every aspect of our lives with the children.

KATE. I'm not going to be a mother and have this in my house.

VANESSA. This is an apartment.

KATE. I know, Nessa.

VANESSA. Then call it an apartment.

RON. We need a VCR.

KATE. For what?

RON. For the tapes.

KATE. For what?

RON. To watch them.

KATE. No, you're not.

VANESSA. Not without a VCR.

RON. I'm going to grab Sherlock and see if we can find one in the neighborhood. There's that place around the corner on Sixteenth.

KATE. Ron.

VANESSA. Happy hunting.

KATE. Not helping.

RON. I'll be right back, babe. Love you. (*kisses Kate and exits*)

KATE. Love you too.

VANESSA. He is so energized. . . What did you think I was going to do? Chastise the man for his box?

KATE. It's not his box.

VANESSA. I am not a chastiser, Kathryn, you know that about me.

KATE. You don't find it . . . distasteful?

VANESSA. What I think is not relevant. This is your marriage.

KATE. I'm asking.

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VANESSA. Do I find it distasteful?

KATE. Yes.

VANESSA. No. I do not find it distasteful.

KATE. I have a huge box of objectified women in my apartment. How is that not distasteful?

VANESSA. Well some sort of media cabinet would be better / but --

KATE. Nessa.

VANESSA. Is it the women that bother you? Because there are men in these films too. . . I think. Yes. There they are. Are the men not also being objectified?

KATE. We do not have a cultural problem with sexually objectified men in this country.

VANESSA. Really?

KATE. . . . Are you going to tell me one of those platitudes you always have / loaded and ready?

VANESSA. If the sexes are truly equal then the objectification of one is the objectification of the other. Assuming no one is in these films against their will / I do not --

KATE. What about economic pressure? It's borderline prostitution. And drugs. . . Economic pressure. . . I'm not prepared to debate. I thought you'd be on my side.

VANESSA. I am on your side. I am always on your side. I just know that each man has his own needs and it is not for you to judge.

KATE. It's not his.

VANESSA. Maybe this box can actually help your marriage.

KATE. What? How?

VANESSA. Your husband likes pornography. Now you know that.

KATE. Men like pornography.

VANESSA. Not my Carl.

KATE. Of course.

VANESSA. He would tell me now.

KATE. I'm sure he keeps some things from you.

VANESSA. You should never hide things from the people you love. My Carl and I learned that the hard way. You should feel lucky if this is all your husband has been hiding.

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KATE. He wasn't hiding anything.

VANESSA. You need to think big picture. This is not a crisis, just a box.

KATE. It feels like a crisis.

VANESSA. Stop being so melodramatic.

KATE. But it does.

VANESSA. A crisis is an illness or your husband cheating on you.

KATE. Ron would never cheat on me.

VANESSA. That's what I said before --

KATE. . . . Before what? . . . Nessa?

VANESSA. Before I found out Carl had intercourse with a woman in his office.

KATE. What?!

VANESSA. It is fine.

KATE. How is it fine?

VANESSA. We talked it through.

KATE. You talked it through?

VANESSA. Yes.

KATE. A complete violation of trust and you "talked it through?"

VANESSA. Marriages do not end because of these things, Kathryn.

KATE. I think they do. Nessa, you need to get out of there. Pack up the kids and go. No, kick him out. What am I saying? He cheated, he needs to go. Tonight.

VANESSA. Why tonight?

KATE. The sooner the better. When did it happen?

VANESSA. Oh, my. Over a year ago.

KATE. A year?

VANESSA. Over a year.

KATE. Carl cheated on you a year ago and you didn't tell me?

VANESSA. Over a year. And it did not concern you.

KATE. You're my sister.

VANESSA. It actually turned out to be a good thing. My Carl's dalliance had nothing to do with me at all and it spawned the total honesty philosophy to which we now adhere.

KATE. . . . I'm sorry, I'm trying to process this. He cheated on you but it had nothing to do with you?

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VANESSA. It was tough, certainly. On both of us. But we addressed the issue and moved on. Better for it, actually.

KATE. How could you not tell me about / this? (*Enter Ron and SHERLOCK through the front door.*)

RON. No luck.

KATE. . . . With what?

RON. The VCR.

SHERLOCK. We even went to a pawnshop. Did you know there was a pawnshop near the wine bar? I've never been to a pawnshop before. It was cool in a scary way. (*sees Vanessa*) Vanessa?

VANESSA. Hello again, Mister Sherlock.

SHERLOCK. Shit, dude, put this away. This woman has kids.

VANESSA. That is sweet but there is no need. I consider this to be a very natural and healthy expression of the human self.

SHERLOCK. . . . ?

RON. . . . She's into porn.

KATE. That's not what she said.

SHERLOCK. Wow. A mom who doesn't hate porn. . . I have no idea how to feel about that. I would never show this stuff to Rhonda. And she's not even an aunt.

VANESSA. Who is Rhonda?

SHERLOCK. My girlfriend.

RON. Who lives in Canada.

SHERLOCK. She does not live in Canada. She's my girlfriend. For real. It's been a few years now. I've just never brought her back to my apartment.

VANESSA. Are you saving yourself?

SHERLOCK. My apartment is not a lady-friendly place. I've been living on my own for many years. Remember that girl I brought to your first Christmas party? I took her back to mine and she screamed and screamed and ran into the night.

RON. Wasn't she rolling?

SHERLOCK. Imagine how a sober person would react.

VANESSA. . . . Well this all seems very healthy but I have to get the kids from scouts, choir, and capoeira.

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KATE. Call me. Soon.

VANESSA. Of course, I will. *(exits)*

SHERLOCK. What's "capoeira?"

KATE. Brazilian dance-fighting. *(exits to the bedroom)*

SHERLOCK. I can't believe you're just sitting here like this isn't weird.

RON. Of course, it's weird.

SHERLOCK. Very.

RON. I mean, who breaks in and leaves a / box full of -- ?

SHERLOCK. Not that.

RON. Not that?

SHERLOCK. No.

RON. The weird thing isn't weird?

SHERLOCK. Of course, it's weird but it's not nearly as weird as you sitting here examining porn with your wife.

RON. That's weirder than an anonymous stranger leaving this thing in our living room?

SHERLOCK. Waaaaay weirder. I have been with scores of women and own a grip of porn. But I never mix them. You know why? *(Kate re-enters, unnoticed)* These things aren't meant to be in the open. You know what these are?

RON. . . . Is this a trick question?

SHERLOCK. They're jerk-off aids. You want your wife to know you jerk-off?

RON. I'm sure she knows.

SHERLOCK. Does she?

KATE. Yes.

SHERLOCK. Shitshitshit!

KATE. I'm not naïve.

SHERLOCK. But it's all . . . here. In the open. That's . . . wrong. I'd never show my porn to Rhonda.

RON. Maybe she's into it, you never know.

SHERLOCK. *(grabbing a tape and thrusting it in Kate's face)* Look at this.

KATE. Shit! Sherlock!

SHERLOCK. Would you like it if your boyfriend showed you this?

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KATE. I don't like you showing me that.

SHERLOCK. I rest my case. Women don't like porn.

RON. Except Vanessa.

KATE. That's not what she said.

SHERLOCK. And you should put it away when she's here. She has kids.

KATE. How do you think she got those kids?

SHERLOCK. I don't want to think about it.

KATE. If you're going to have a meaningful relationship with a woman you have to get used to these things. Sickness and health?

SHERLOCK. Sickness and health? If I hear her flush the toilet, I'll lose my mind.

KATE. Sherlock.

SHERLOCK. Even thinking about it is giving me the creepy-crawlies.

KATE. You exhaust me. I want dinner. I'm going to get salads and then I have to get ready to go back to work tomorrow. And so do you. So be done whatever it is you're doing when I get back. *(kisses Ron)* Chicken Caesar?

RON. Love you.

KATE. Love you too. *(exits through the front door)*

SHERLOCK. I don't think she knew you jerk off.

KATE (O.S.). Yes, I did.

SCENE 2: MONDAY

Exit Sherlock. Ron unbuttons his shirt revealing a T-shirt beneath. HE removes his shoes and sits down, pulling videos out of the box and putting them in piles. More tapes spread around the room. Enter Kate through the front door.

KATE. Hey! Look what I bought! *(holds out a baby rattle and shakes it violently)* . . . It's a rattle.

RON. I can see that. Why did you buy a rattle?

KATE. For the baby.

RON. What baby?

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KATE. Our baby.

RON. We don't have a baby.

KATE. But we will. And when we do, they'll have a rattle. (*shakes the rattle*)

RON. Where did you get that?

KATE. It was / on sale.

RON. It was on sale.

KATE. It was. And near the register. So, I picked / it up.

RON. I can't leave you alone for a second, can I?

KATE. It's just a rattle.

RON. Today it's a rattle. Tomorrow it'll be diapers and pacifiers because "they were on sale!"

KATE. Stop making fun of me.

RON. Stop making it so easy.

KATE. I don't see the issue. I'm not pregnant yet but when / I am, we'll be --

RON. Right. You're not pregnant and you're off buying rattles.

KATE. I'm not "off buying rattles." I saw a rattle, I bought it. It's not a car seat or a stroller. It's a rattle. (*shakes the rattle*)

RON. Can you stop that?

KATE. No. I cannot. (*shakes the rattle*) The urge springs from within me like a fountain overflowing. (*shakes the rattle repeatedly and dances*)

RON. Where are you gonna put it?

KATE. It's not a Humvee. I'll put it in a drawer.

RON. And then you'll forget about it and we'll pull it out in a year or so and wonder: "Why do we have a rattle?"

KATE. We're gonna have a kid in a year so I think we'll know why we have a rattle.

RON. Or someone else will have already bought us a rattle and we'll go: "That's right, we had a rattle."

KATE. Kids can have more than one rattle, you know.

RON. Where are we going to put a kid in this apartment?

KATE. That's why we're moving. Your shirt's unbuttoned.

RON. Since when are we moving?

KATE. We can't have a baby in a one-bedroom.

GIANT BOX OF PRON

RON. People used to.

KATE. In the Depression. Sweetie, we talked about this. You've got to have a plan. That's how you stay ahead. You like that about me. You put it in our vows.

RON. I know.

KATE. So what's the problem?

RON. No problem, I just think maybe we should take it easy. Let things happen more organically. Forest for the trees?

KATE. Maybe you're right. I'm just so excited for what's next. Us, kids, a house in a nice neighborhood. Especially when I make partner and you get promoted. The lawyer and the architect. How was work? Did you talk to Mike about taking on more responsibility?

RON. There is no more responsibility for me to take.

KATE. Sweetie, what did I tell you when I got you that job? It's entry-level. You can't get stuck on the ground floor. "Be the ant, not the grasshopper." Right?

RON. I have the poster in my cubicle.

KATE. The ant, sweetie. Not the grasshopper.

RON. People make fun of it every day.

KATE. I'm pushing you, sweetie. We're a team, that's what we do. We push each other.

RON. You don't need pushing.

KATE. (*picking up Ron's notepad*) Yes, I do. Just in a different way. These are incredibly detailed notes, sweetie.

RON. I've almost got it all catalogued.

KATE. For tax purposes?

RON. I'm fascinated.

KATE. If you showed this must interest at work, you'd have no trouble getting promoted.

RON. If work had more nudity, maybe I would.

KATE. Sweetie, can we please not spend all night with the box? I had a crazy day full of west coast attorneys on this Ninth Circuit thing who keep acting like / they've never even --

RON. Deep in and out.

GIANT BOX OF PRON

KATE. (*deep breath in and out*) But I'm home now. I was hoping we'd . . . do something.

RON. Like what?

KATE. You know.

RON. No, I don't.

KATE. You know . . . (*smiles and nods overly-suggestively.*)

RON. . . . Are you having a stroke?

KATE. Seriously?

RON. Sorry, just, all day, this was all I was thinking about. I'm close, you know? I feel like I'm close to figuring it out.

KATE. Really?

RON. Yeah. I'm pretty sure it was owned by . . . a guy.

KATE. A guy?

RON. Older, 'cause they're all tapes. That's a guess on my part but I feel like it's a safe one.

KATE. You know who you remind me of right now? Paul Kahan. Remember Paul Kahan?

RON. I don't know.

KATE. Paul's computer breaks, right? During finals. And he just snapped. Took his computer apart. His brand-new Dell. Just took it right apart. It was all over the floor of his room in little pieces. And he was muttering: "It's in here somewhere. I know it is." . . . He's a dentist now.

RON. Another one of your exes?

KATE. Paul? No. I never dated Paul.

RON. I can never keep track.

KATE. It's not my fault you only dated one woman in college. And it's certainly not my fault she's a bitch.

RON. I dated two women in college counting you.

KATE. Senior Week is not college.

RON. It was before graduation.

KATE. I'm so glad she friended me, your horrible ex. Now I get all her pictures from Michigan of her bald husband and their unfortunate-looking child.

RON. Yes, I know. She was ugly and horrid and I should've dumped her long before senior year.

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KATE. I thought she dumped you.

RON. Can we change the subject? What do you want for dinner?

KATE. Actually, I was thinking I'd cook us a little something. Then after that we could light a few votives and . . . *(winks suggestively.)*

RON. Seriously, are you feeling okay?

KATE. Why are you making this so hard? I usually just have to yawn and you're all over me.

RON. . . . Oh! You want to have sex!

KATE. Circle gets the square!

RON. Is that what the winking and nodding was about?

KATE. Yes, asshat. I was being seductive.

RON. No, you weren't.

KATE. Well, I'm sorry, I'm out of practice. I haven't had to work for it in a while. So if you're not going to come to me, then I'll . . . have . . . to -- What exactly are you trying to accomplish with these piles?

RON. Just getting it organized before we watch them.

KATE. Watch them?

RON. Yes.

KATE. You're not going to watch them.

RON. Why not?

KATE. Because porn is gross.

RON. How do you know if you've never watched it?

KATE. I have watched it.

RON. When?

KATE. Freshman year. Somebody downloaded some and we all watched huddled around their iMac.

RON. You never told me that.

KATE. Nothing you do freshman year counts. You remember being a freshman: a stupid virgin who thinks / you know everything.

RON. Virgin?

KATE. I meant "virginal."

RON. I was gonna say.

KATE. And that doesn't -- What do you mean?

RON. What do I mean?

KATE. What do you mean: "I was going to say."

GIANT BOX OF PRON

RON. You weren't a virgin freshman year.

KATE. I know.

RON. . . . That's it.

KATE. Why are you pointing it out like that?

RON. Just a point of accuracy. You meant "virginal." Fine.

KATE. I know it's fine.

RON. So what's the issue?

KATE. It's your issue. I'm not the one obsessed with other people having sex.

RON. You want me to just ignore all this?

KATE. What is going on? We entered this phase of our life on-time and it's being derailed by someone else's pornography.

RON. What's the rush, anyway? You're not even thirty.

KATE. I know. We have the rest of our lives. And I want the rest of our lives to start now. This is what we planned. What we both wanted. We discussed this. I'm ready to be a mom. You're ready to be a dad. I don't see / what the big deal is. *(Kate's phone rings.)*

RON. Did you get Walter's permission to have kids?

KATE. I've got maternity leave. *(to phone)* Hello? . . . This is she. . . I sent those to your office at two P.M. . . Two P.M. your time. *(to Ron)* West Coast people can kiss my -- *(to phone)* I did. You should have it. *(Enter Sherlock.)*

SHERLOCK. Sorry, I got stuck at work.

KATE. You can't come in without knocking.

SHERLOCK. The door was open.

KATE. You knock. Like a person. *(to phone)* Ninth Circuit, yes. *(exits to the bedroom)*

SHERLOCK. How's it going?

RON. Did you find a VCR?

KATE. *(re-entering, to phone)* Poor planning on your part does not mean an emergency on mine. Would you like me to fly to L.A. and teach you how to search an Inbox? *(exits to the bathroom)*

SHERLOCK. She is so sexy. You have a sexy wife.

RON. Thank you.

GIANT BOX OF PRON

SHERLOCK. All that “want me to come out there and Skype to your Inbox?” How are you not constantly having sex with her?

RON. We need a VCR.

SHERLOCK. She reminds me of -- Whatshername? Louise? Laura? Lois! Lois Saint Claire. Fiesty. Huuuuge -- I was gonna say “slut” but that doesn’t feel right in my mouth. She was just very open with her sexuality. . . What is a slut, anyway?

KATE. *(re-entering, to phone)* You want to read the law review article I co-authored on that case? You want to go toe to toe with me on precedent? Fine. I live for this crap. I’ll go all night. *(exits to the bedroom)*

SHERLOCK. So hot. Rhonda’s like that. She returns food in restaurants. I mean: come on!

RON. She sounds unbelievable.

SHERLOCK. Why you gotta say it like that?

RON. You have . . . let’s call them “detailed” stories about all these women you’ve been with but I have never once heard a story about Rhonda.

SHERLOCK. Because she’s my girlfriend.

RON. So?

SHERLOCK. Would you tell me stories about you and Kate?

RON. She’s my wife.

SHERLOCK. And a girlfriend is like a minor-league wife.

RON. But what if you break-up?

SHERLOCK. Then I will draw you a detailed map of her erogenous zones. But until then, she is out of bounds.

RON. That sucks. I count on you, you know? To be out there, living the life for all of us fallen.

SHERLOCK. You can be a real dork sometimes, you know that?

RON. What?

SHERLOCK. You have a hot, sexy, beautiful, awesome, smart wife who thinks you’re awesome. You two have something . . . awesome. Take it from a guy who knows.

RON. A guy who says “dork” and “awesome.”

SHERLOCK. Wait! Do you think Kate put the porn here as a misdirect?

RON. What do you mean?

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SHERLOCK. Like, as a way to throw you off the scent? (*Ron and Sherlock take a paranoid beat.*)

RON. What scent?

SHERLOCK. It made sense before I said it out loud. (*picks up a tape*)
“Les Gens Baisent Gens Beaucoup.” This guy was a collector!

RON. You know what I never got to do? Have sex with a foreigner.

SHERLOCK. What kind of foreigner?

RON. Any kind. As long as English isn't her first language.

SHERLOCK. I had sex with a colorblind chick once.

RON. The only other girl I've had sex with used to make me clean her dorm room first.

SHERLOCK. Holy shit, dude.

RON. I know.

KATE. (*re-entering*) Apparently no one in California can add three or read a clock.

SHERLOCK. Hi, Kate.

KATE. Hi, Sherlock. Please go home.

RON. He's got a crush on you.

SHERLOCK. What? I do not! Shut up.

KATE. Then why didn't he name his imaginary girlfriend “Kate?”

SHERLOCK. She's not imaginary!

KATE. Sorry: “Canadian.”

SHERLOCK. She lives in Petworth.

RON. Sherlock says Rhonda's a lot like you.

KATE. Then he should bring her by.

SHERLOCK. I only play away games if I can manage it. And I certainly never bring a girlfriend back to my apartment.

KATE. Why not?

SHERLOCK. You know how you're different around your friends than around your girlfriend?

KATE. (*simultaneously*) No.

RON. (*simultaneously*) Yes.

SHERLOCK. When I'm with Rhonda, I'm in “Safe Mode.” “Safe Mode” is compatible with all circumstances: pulls out chairs, uses the correct

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forks, likes salmon, all the things you want in a boyfriend. But, at home, I am just . . . me. And I think we can all agree that me is a disaster.

KATE. What if you get married?

SHERLOCK. I didn't think we'd last this long! The longest I ever had a girlfriend before this was six months. *(to Ron)* The one who moved to North Carolina. *(to Kate)* She said we should try long-distance. I agreed then changed my cell and email.

KATE. *(simultaneously)* Sherlock!

RON. *(simultaneously)* Classic.

KATE. If you really like this girl, you have to let her get to know the real you.

SHERLOCK. The real me is gross.

KATE. The real everyone is gross.

RON. Love you too, babe.

KATE. We cry. We get sick. We poop, Sherlock. Deal with it.

SHERLOCK. If you were a cult leader, I'd totally drink your Kool-Aid.

KATE. Please go home.

RON. And find me a VCR.

KATE. Sherlock, . . . seriously: you can't pretend to be something you're not forever. It'll collapse eventually.

SHERLOCK. Maybe I can rent another apartment and tell her it's mine.

KATE. Goodnight, Sherlock.

RON. Find a VCR!

KATE. *(simultaneously)* Don't do that!

SHERLOCK. *(simultaneously)* Yessir!

RON. Can we order from the barbeque place tonight?

KATE. I told you, I'm cooking us a nice dinner.

RON. You were serious about that?

KATE. Yes.

RON. You are cooking?

KATE. I cook.

RON. So we're having toast?

KATE. No.

RON. Eggs?

KATE. No.

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RON. Mac and cheese?

KATE. . . . Shut up.

RON. Let's just get mac and cheese from the barbeque place.

KATE. Moms cook for their families. Dads too. You should learn to cook something.

RON. I'll teach them how to tip.

KATE (O.S.). Do we have milk?

RON. Do you see any milk?

KATE. (*entering*) I'm going to get milk.

RON. Or you could just go get barbeque.

KATE. Why barbeque?

RON. I came across an erotic cooking show called "Barebeque."

KATE. I'm going to get milk. Set the table.

RON. We don't have a table.

KATE. Well, set something. (*kisses Ron*) Like a person. (*exits*)

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