

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

A Post-Truth Play in One Act

by

Aaron Wilton

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

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THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

to the universe: thanks for nothing

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

If there was anything you didn't like about the play, these people would be at least partially to blame. Undying gratitude to:

Amanda Alvey, Joe Atack, Samantha J. Behr, Chloe Bronzan, Julia Brothers, Gene Cato, Christopher Daniels, Chad Deverman, Derek DeWitt, Reno Diggio, Lauren English, Brian Enright, Brad Fleischer, Heather Gordon, Ruben Grijalva, Anna Ishida, Kevin Johnson, Jamie Jones, Jeremy Kahn, Lyndsy Kail, Jennifer King, Lauren Koss, May Liang, Morgan Miles, Joseph O'Malley, Giorgio Ottobre, Robert Parsons, Amy Resnick, Allison Rich, John Ricksen, Katja Rivera, Guy Roberts, Stacy Ross, Deborah Dashow Ruth, Ingrid Solano, Teddy Spencer, Michael Stevenson, Jomar Tagatac, Jon Tracy, Bill Ware, Gail Poublon Wieland, Debbie Wilson and mom, of course! Thanks mom!

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK had its world premiere at the Prague Shakespeare Company (Guy Roberts, Artistic Director) in Prague, Czech Republic in November 2017 as a co-production with Alabaster Cat. It was directed by Derek DeWitt & Debbie Wilson and stage managed by Bill Ware. It featured the following cast:

ENID.....Abigail Rice
MURRAY.....Jeff Koch
BIRDY.....Fanette Ronjat
MARGI.....Sinéad Phelps
MAGNUS.....Sam Barlien
DUCK.....Marc Dexter Cram

The play's US premiere was at Good Luck Macbeth Theatre Company (Joe Atack, Producing Artistic Director; Christopher Daniels, Executive Director; Bill Ware, Associate Artistic Director) in Reno, Nevada in July 2018. It was directed by Amanda Alvey and stage managed by Jacqueline Fisher. It featured the following cast:

ENID.....Evonne Kezios
MURRAY.....Jim Godwin
BIRDY.....Darcy Lenardson
MARGI.....Ashley Marie Atack
MAGNUS.....Tyler Allen
DUCK.....David Richards

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

CAST:

ENID: F, 40's-50's

MURRAY: M, 20's-30's

BIRDY: F, 40's-50's

MARGI (pronounced MAR-ghee): F, 20's-30's

MAGNUS: M, 20's-30's

DUCK: M, 40's-50's

TIME: 2016

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SCENE 1

ENID's home. When the lights come up, MURRAY is standing in the door frame and Enid is holding the door open. They are looking at each other. There is a long silence.

ENID. No.

MURRAY. Now look.

ENID. No, no, no.

MURRAY. I know.

ENID. Nope, no.

MURRAY. I know, but listen.

ENID. You don't have abs.

MURRAY. Technically I do.

ENID. No you don't.

MURRAY. Everyone does, to be fair.

ENID. Not like your picture.

MURRAY. No.

ENID. Not like your picture you don't.

MURRAY. No.

ENID. I was promised abs.

MURRAY. I know.

ENID. Lift up your shirt.

MURRAY. Look—

ENID. Let me see, lift up your shirt.

MURRAY. I don't have abs.

ENID. I know that! That's what I said.

MURRAY. I didn't think it would be that big of a deal.

ENID. It is. It's a big deal.

MURRAY. I'm sorry.

ENID. You should be.

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MURRAY. I'm sorry it's all about abs to you.

ENID. But, I said that it would be.

MURRAY. Fine.

ENID. That's what I wrote. I made it very clear.

MURRAY. I know.

ENID. I put the word "abs" in bold face.

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. I almost underlined it too, but then I thought, "No, surely the bold face is clear enough. Let's not get silly about it and underline the bold face, surely this person on the other end of this screen is not a complete fucking moron."

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. Lift up your shirt, let's see those abs.

MURRAY. No, I'll just go, ok. Do you want me to go?

ENID. I want to see your abs.

MURRAY. You want to see my abs?

ENID. I want to SEE those abs.

MURRAY. Abs are what you wanna see?!

ENID. Abs, yes, ABS! *(A long pause as Murray slowly lifts up his shirt, keeping his eyes on Enid.)*

ENID. A stomach.

MURRAY. Right.

ENID. It's a stomach.

MURRAY. Right.

ENID. Like any other stomach on planet Earth.

MURRAY. Right.

ENID. Congratulations.

MURRAY. Thank you.

ENID. How many sit-ups did you do to attain your stomach?

MURRAY. I'll just go then.

ENID. You are a goddamn disgusting liar.

MURRAY. Hey look, your posting wasn't exactly dead on either, ok.

ENID. What?

MURRAY. Well.

ENID. What did you say?

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MURRAY. You said you were “super hot,” right?

ENID. *(Pause.)* And?

MURRAY. And you're not super hot.

ENID. How dare you.

MURRAY. Sorry, you're not.

ENID. How dare you. I am hot. I am fucking hot.

MURRAY. You are not hot.

ENID. I'm super fucking hot, Stomach. What would you know about it?

MURRAY. Seriously? You look at models, you look at models in magazines, super hot models and you think, “Yeah, that's me. That's absolutely me, right there, alongside those other women, and there's no difference between the two.” That's what you think?

ENID. No.

MURRAY. Well?

ENID. I'm hot for my age.

MURRAY. Ok, and that's fine, but that's not hot. That's “hot for my age.” That's a very different—you know, that's a different thing altogether.

ENID. Hot is hot.

MURRAY. Bull.

ENID. I'm still hot.

MURRAY. And just to be clear...

ENID. What?

MURRAY. You're “pretty hot,” not super hot.

ENID. Get out.

MURRAY. “Pretty hot for my age.”

ENID. Leave.

MURRAY. Just in case you are putting up another ad, “pretty hot for my age” is a fair description.

ENID. And disgusting, shrimp-dicked Stomach is good for you.

MURRAY. Lady, don't even, ok, you wanna see my dick, too?

ENID. Dear God, absolutely not.

MURRAY. You wanna see if I'm shrimp-dicked or not?!

ENID. No.

MURRAY. Because I'm not, ok?

ENID. Please.

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MURRAY. I'm absolutely not. Oh my God, if you saw my dick you would just....not even....

ENID. Please. Your dick is going to be worm-like and unnerving.

MURRAY. Nope.

ENID. Just this depressing, undernourished worm.

MURRAY. No.

ENID. Yes, it is. That's exactly what it is.

MURRAY. You wanna see then?

ENID. No, I don't need to see, I know.

MURRAY. You don't know.

ENID. I do. It's wormy. My vagina would crush your worm dick like a steel lobster cracker.

MURRAY. No.

ENID. It's truth.

MURRAY. Not truth.

ENID. Ok, let's see it.

MURRAY. See my dick?

ENID. Yeah, whip out that fat, huge dick, let's see it.

MURRAY. Right now?

ENID. Yes.

MURRAY. I will, and that's fine, but just to clarify...

ENID. Yes?

MURRAY. I just want to make sure we're on the same page here, as far as definitions go...

ENID. Ok.

MURRAY. I feel like...I mean, all dicks look like worms. When you get right down to it.

ENID. I see.

MURRAY. And there may be big worms and little worms, but the general shape and disposition of a penis, is just inherently wormy, is what I'm saying.

ENID. Right.

MURRAY. That's a fact, ok. That's just...that's a natural fact.

ENID. Ok.

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MURRAY. Just so we're clear. It's not like I care what you think or whatever, I just...want to be clear.

ENID. Crystal.

MURRAY. Fine.

ENID. So let's see it then.

MURRAY. You want to see my dick?

ENID. Yes. Oh wait, let me get some wine.

MURRAY. I mean...

ENID. I'd like to have a drink before I really take this penis in.

MURRAY. That's fine. *(Pause.)* Can I shut the door, at least?

ENID. Yes, of course. *(Murray shuts the door.)*

MURRAY. Can I have a drink?

ENID. No.

MURRAY. No?

ENID. No, you're not staying. I'm just going to look at your penis and then out you go.

MURRAY. All right.

ENID. Ok, I think I'm ready for this.

MURRAY. All right...so then, I'm just gonna—

ENID. Yes, yes, come over here, let's just see what we've got here.

MURRAY. Fine, like this? *(Opens his pants. Long pause.)*

ENID. Huh, ok... *(Enid gets her glasses.)*

MURRAY. Oh come on! *(Zips up his pants.)*

ENID. What?

MURRAY. You're getting your glasses on?!

ENID. What?

MURRAY. Like it's just so small?

ENID. Oh, it's not like that at all.

MURRAY. Like you can't see it, you need a magnifying glass?

ENID. Haha, no no, I see what you mean, but that's not why I got my glasses.

MURRAY. Why the hell would you get your glasses then?

ENID. It just had an odd look to it.

MURRAY. Odd? Odd how?

ENID. Well, let's see it again.

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MURRAY. No.

ENID. Come now, let's see.

MURRAY. Fine. I mean...this isn't sexy at all...this is like a doctor's office...*(Unzips again.)*

ENID. It has like...ridges.

MURRAY. Ridges.

ENID. Yes, like...ridges, yes.

MURRAY. Ridges?

ENID. Yes, see right here.

MURRAY. That's just my skin.

ENID. No darling, I've seen skin on a penis before. These waves here, it's like...like on the sand, when the tide goes out.

MURRAY. All right.

ENID. Ridges.

MURRAY. Well, fine, I don't know. It's not like I've seen a bunch of other dudes' penises before. *(Zips up his pants.)*

ENID. Well, I have, and I can assure you, none of them had ridges.

MURRAY. Well, then I'll...look into it, I guess. *(Pause.)* So...

ENID. You can go now. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 2

Enid's home. The next day.

BIRDY. Ridges?

ENID. Ridges.

BIRDY. I'm just not even—

ENID. Actually, maybe ridges was the wrong word. It was more like, I don't know, liquid scars.

BIRDY. Jesus.

ENID. Something like that.

BIRDY. Liquid scars? That's an even worse image than ridges. That's just—

ENID. It was odd. I felt bad for him.

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BIRDY. Did you? He did expose himself to you.

ENID. Yes, but I asked him to. I couldn't help but think no one had ever said something to him before.

BIRDY. No, that wouldn't be the most ideal conversation to have.

ENID. No.

BIRDY. I mean, if he had gotten that far with someone, they're not going to pause things and discuss his weird dick.

ENID. No.

BIRDY. It would just be rude. To go all that way—

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. And then—

ENID. Right. But that's the thing, isn't it? He went his entire life not knowing something core about himself. That's the sad thing.

BIRDY. Core? You think this is core?

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. Ridges on his dick is core to this guy.

ENID. You don't think so?

BIRDY. No, it's just his dick. 99% of people in his life know nothing about it.

ENID. Yes, but it's that 1% isn't it? The 1% matters the most.

BIRDY. You're saying the 1% of people in his life that see his dick are the people that matter most.

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. No, that's not right. What about his parents? They haven't seen his dick.

ENID. Haven't they?

BIRDY. Well, not in a sexual sense. Not erect.

ENID. This kid wasn't erect.

BIRDY. Ok, but it's not like it was obvious.

ENID. It was.

BIRDY. But you said you had to put your glasses on.

ENID. I did, yes, but parents inspect their children's genitals all the time.

BIRDY. C'mon.

ENID. Yes!

BIRDY. You've inspected your daughter?

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ENID. Yes, all the time!

BIRDY. Stop.

ENID. I have.

BIRDY. She's 26 years old.

ENID. Not now, Jesus. I meant when she was a baby.

BIRDY. So you think this is some kind of congenital mutation.

ENID. Sure.

BIRDY. He is birthed from the womb and immediately his parents are saying, "What the fuck is wrong with his dick?"

ENID. Probably not out loud.

BIRDY. There's just no way.

ENID. What?

BIRDY. There's no way it is that extreme of a—

ENID. Do you want to see it?

BIRDY. What, his dick?

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. Did you take a picture?

ENID. No, I could just invite him over.

BIRDY. Invite him over here.

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. Right now.

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. While I'm here.

ENID. Yes.

BIRDY. No thank you.

ENID. Yes, we'll have him over here and you can see for yourself.

BIRDY. I have no interest in seeing—

ENID. You absolutely do, stop being so fucking normal.

BIRDY. What about your daughter, isn't she going to be coming home at some point?

ENID. No, she won't be back until tomorrow. She's been gone all weekend with her fiancé, what's his name...*(Pause. Thinking.)* Magnus.

BIRDY. Remind me why you don't like him.

ENID. It's not that I don't like him. It's more that I don't like what his face implies.

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BIRDY. Ok.

ENID. It's difficult to put into words. He just looks like the kind of guy that thinks songs should always rhyme.

BIRDY. Well, I think he's a cutie.

ENID. Yes. Adorable. So we're inviting this kid over, yes?

BIRDY. I mean...I'll admit, I'd be curious, but not enough to invite him over.

ENID. Well, what's the worst he can say? I can just text him.

BIRDY. Text him what?

ENID. *(Thinks for a moment, then types into her phone.)* "Wanna have a threesome?"

BIRDY. Oh my God.

ENID. What? You don't think it'll work?

BIRDY. No, I actually DO think it'll work, but I don't want you lying to him!

ENID. He doesn't know I'm lying..."Are you for real right now." Oh my God, what an idiot. *(Typing.)* "Yes."

BIRDY. So then what are you going to say to him?

ENID. I'll say, "Let my friend have a look."

BIRDY. And he will.

ENID. He let me.

BIRDY. And you ridiculed him.

ENID. I didn't ridicule. I pointed out something that he should be aware of. I liberated him. He should be thanking me.

BIRDY. I don't think he'll be thanking you.

ENID. No, but he should. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

Enid's home. A few hours later. Murray is at the door.

ENID. Come in, come in.

MURRAY. Thanks.

ENID. Have a seat. This is Birdy.

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MURRAY. Your name's Birdy?

BIRDY. My friends call me Birdy.

MURRAY. All right.

ENID. You know, I never caught your name.

MURRAY. Murray.

ENID. Murray?

MURRAY. Yep.

ENID. No.

MURRAY. Yes.

ENID. Murray.

MURRAY. Yes.

ENID. Your first name's Murray?

MURRAY. Yes.

ENID. No.

MURRAY. Yep.

ENID. Murray?

MURRAY. Ok, if this is going to be a thing—

ENID. No, no, no, wait, wait wait now.

MURRAY. Yeah.

ENID. Wait “Murray.”

MURRAY. Yeah.

ENID. Come in and listen please.

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. So look, I wanted to ask you something.

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. And it's important, ok?

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. My friend Birdy here is a doctor.

MURRAY. Ok.

ENID. She's a doctor and I mentioned to her your condition.

MURRAY. What condition is that?

ENID. The condition of the ridges on your penis.

MURRAY. Why would you even—?!

ENID. And I think she can help you with it.

MURRAY. I don't need help.

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ENID. She could diagnose it.

MURRAY. This is—

ENID. Well, then you wouldn't have to worry about it.

MURRAY. I'm not worried about it. I didn't even know it might have been a thing until I met you, and now you've told someone else about it.

ENID. A doctor, yes. But she's sworn to secrecy.

MURRAY. She's not my doctor.

ENID. No, but she could be. Temporarily.

MURRAY. No, I'm not—

ENID. Please, please, I think it would be valuable for you. And afterwards we can talk this whole threesome business. *(There is a long pause.*

Murray looks at Birdy, who is embarrassed and silent, then back to Enid.)

MURRAY. I cannot believe I'm doing this.

ENID. Right, ok then. Do you want wine, Birdy? *(Birdy shakes her head no.)*

MURRAY. Fine, ok, so...*(Murray unzips his pants the same way as last time. Birdy pauses, narrows eyes, leans in. Another pause. Takes out a pair of glasses and puts them on. Another pause.)*

BIRDY. Ok, I think I see what you're...ok, yeah...

MURRAY. What, what?

BIRDY. It's like a kinda...like a reverse, white tiger. With the stripes...

ENID. Tiger? No, it's a layering—

MURRAY. *(Zips up his pants.)* All right, thank you, that's fine. So is it a thing, or...?

BIRDY. I don't know.

MURRAY. But medically, you can't say if—?

BIRDY. Yeah, you should talk to a doctor, another doctor, a different one, get a second opinion. I'm not sure what...*(A long pause of awkwardness. Murray's face is difficult to read. He eventually leaves.)*

BIRDY. Why did you tell him I was a doctor?

ENID. Because he wouldn't have done it otherwise. Unless you wanted to go through with a threesome, is that what you wanted?

BIRDY. That was just so, just horribly awkward.

ENID. I thought he was going to push the sex thing, but he just walked out.

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BIRDY. Oh my God that was uncomfortable.

ENID. But you saw though, right?

BIRDY. Yes, stripes.

ENID. No, ridges. It ridged throughout.

BIRDY. (*Shaking her head.*) I mean, it was...it was...(*Long pause. Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

Enid's home the next day. MARGI's room. Margi is on her computer.

MARGI. Mom, stop.

ENID. Ridges, I just couldn't believe—

MARGI. Mom, please.

ENID. Birdy thought stripes, but I—

MARGI. Mom, this is—there are boundaries and I don't want to—please stop.

ENID. I'm just trying to be open.

MARGI. Fine.

ENID. Trying to communicate with my daughter.

MARGI. Fine.

ENID. Do you not want to communicate?

MARGI. I can't—I'm trying to...get into an argument...online.

ENID. Who are you arguing with?

MARGI. I don't know. It's an anonymous board.

ENID. Where you argue with strangers?

MARGI. Yes.

ENID. For fun?

MARGI. No, out of necessity.

ENID. And where is this on the internet?

MARGI. Mom, that is the internet. That's pretty much all the internet.

ENID. The internet is just full of blindfolded people swinging.

MARGI. Yes. That's exactly it.

ENID. And yet, I'm apparently missing out by not being a part of it.

MARGI. You are.

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ENID. Wouldn't you rather argue in person? With someone you know.

MARGI. Not really. Then there are repercussions.

ENID. But if you know the person, at least you can trust that the argument is coming from a good place.

MARGI. You don't actually believe that...

ENID. No, not at all. Even coming out of my mouth it sounded wrong, but I thought I would just go along with it and see how it landed.

MARGI. Worth a shot.

ENID. My optimism has never really cast off its training wheels.

MARGI. I know, mom.

ENID. I'm trying!

MARGI. I know, mom.

ENID. Just trying to be open. Communicative.

MARGI. Why don't we...can we just sit in silence. Even for a minute. Can we attempt that?

ENID. Of course, you want silence?

MARGI. Yes, I really do.

ENID. Ok. *(Long pause. She lasts about six seconds.)* I hate that I can't sit in silence.

MARGI. I know you do, mom.

ENID. You knew I couldn't do it when you said it.

MARGI. Yes.

ENID. But you did it any way.

MARGI. Morbid curiosity.

ENID. I wish I could, I just can't do it. It's a horrifying prospect to me. Silence.

MARGI. Why?

ENID. It's unnerving. It's like listening to your heartbeat. Why bother? Just leave it alone, it's doing fine without you watching it!

MARGI. Silence is like a dream to me. A wonderful dream.

ENID. Silence is.

MARGI. Yes.

ENID. What do you do during silence?

MARGI. Nothing. That's the point.

ENID. To do nothing.

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MARGI. Yes.

ENID. Why would you do that to yourself?

MARGI. It's calming.

ENID. Well, it's not calming to me. It's painful to me.

MARGI. The point is to ask why it's painful?

ENID. Why would you ask that? Why wouldn't you just stop doing it? If I stab myself in the neck, I'm supposed to stop and ask myself if my pain is warranted, or do I just stop stabbing myself?

MARGI. You're equating one minute of silence to self-mutilation.

ENID. I don't think that's so far removed.

MARGI. Well, I love it. Magnus suggested it to me a while ago. Sometimes now we sit together in silence for hours, just sitting there, saying nothing.

ENID. Appalling.

MARGI. Well, I think it's been good for us.

ENID. It seems anti-communication to me.

MARGI. It's just a different type of communication.

ENID. Well, I'm more for the kind where mouths open.

MARGI. I know. I just don't want to communicate about some guy you met on Match.com.

ENID. It was actually Craigslist, if you want to know.

MARGI. *(Pause.)* Craigslist?

ENID. Yes.

MARGI. Craigslist?

ENID. Yes.

MARGI. Mom, Craigslist is rape central. People get murdered on Craigslist. That's like a thing.

ENID. Well.

MARGI. That's a regular thing on Craigslist, rape and murder.

ENID. Well I didn't get raped and murdered.

MARGI. Then you're lucky.

ENID. If anything, I could have raped and murdered him. He was young and scrawny.

MARGI. How young?

ENID. Around your age.

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MARGI. Oh my God.

ENID. I didn't do anything with him.

MARGI. But you would have!

ENID. No.

MARGI. You would have if he had abs.

ENID. Maybe if he had abs, but—

MARGI. Mom, that's disgusting.

ENID. Oh stop.

MARGI. It is, you would have fucked someone the age of your daughter.

ENID. How is that disgusting? That's a badge of honor. That's a big deal for men my age.

MARGI. Mom.

ENID. You get a high-five if you are a man and you nail a 20-something.

MARGI. Mom.

ENID. You're just being ageist, dear. I should have a ticker-tape parade from this.

MARGI. I'm not being ageist, you're being fucking disgusting.

ENID. Well.

MARGI. I don't want to hear this shit!

ENID. Ok.

MARGI. Why am I always the adult in these conversations?! I don't want to hear who my mom is fucking!

ENID. We never did though.

MARGI. I don't want to picture my mom having sex at all, honestly.

ENID. Well I have.

MARGI. I don't care. Did you have a swell time imagining YOUR mother having sex with someone?

ENID. I don't know if I'd say swell.

MARGI. Boundaries.

ENID. You asked me.

MARGI. Can we please stop with this.

ENID. Fine.

MARGI. Can we stop with your adventures with rigid-dick guy?

ENID. Ridged. And his name was Murray.

MARGI. I don't want to know what his name was.

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ENID. I know, I know—

MARGI. I don't want to know anything about him.

ENID. Fine—

MARGI. Jesus fucking Christ! *(Long pause.)* Are you talking Murray Havardi?

ENID. Who is Murray Havardi?

MARGI. He's a bank teller, he's at my credit union place.

ENID. I don't know, I don't know his last name.

MARGI. I can't imagine there are a lot of 20-something Murrays in this area.

ENID. Havarti like the cheese?

MARGI. No, Havardi, with a Dee. Hav-ar-dee.

ENID. I don't know.

MARGI. Did he look like this? *(Margi looks him up on Facebook and shows the screen to Enid.)*

ENID. Oh my God, that's him, you know him?!

MARGI. Mom.

ENID. Oh my God this is insane. It's insane that you know him.

MARGI. Mom, he died. *(Margi is nonchalant through the rest of the scene, unaware of the effect this has on Enid.)*

ENID. *(Long pause.)* Why are...what?

MARGI. He died two days ago.

ENID. No, why do you say that.

MARGI. Because, it's all over his feed. He died. *(They both look at the screen, long silence, Enid goes from disbelief to horror.)*

ENID. Does it say what happened? Does it say why or how?

MARGI. No, not really.

ENID. Nothing?

MARGI. And honestly mom? Honestly, if there's nothing about the death, he probably killed himself. That's just, you know....

ENID. *(Long pause.)* But you don't know that for certain though.

MARGI. What?

ENID. That he killed himself, it doesn't say that.

MARGI. No, but it wouldn't say that. People don't—

ENID. Does it say where the funeral is?

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MARGI. Mom, Magnus is coming over, I—

ENID. Please?

MARGI. I mean, I guess I could look it up. Probably. *(Pause, reading.)*

Oh God, that...so many people are writing on his page now, too, saying all these nice things that he'll never read. Jesus Christ, where was this shit—ya know—a week ago, when it mattered, ya know?

God...people...*(Blackout.)*

SCENE 5

Enid's home the next day. Margi's room. Margi is still on her computer. MAGNUS is lying on her bed.

MAGNUS. So...

MARGI. And now she wants to go to the funeral and find out.

MAGNUS. Right.

MARGI. Because she thinks she just, you know, just killed some kid.

MAGNUS. Right.

MARGI. Like she's responsible for his death.

MAGNUS. And she's not.

MARGI. Of course she's not.

MAGNUS. Right, right. *(Pause.)* But...going back a second...

MARGI. What?

MAGNUS. Ridged?

MARGI. Yes, ridged.

MAGNUS. Did she mean to say ribbed?

MARGI. No.

MAGNUS. Like those condoms. Ribbed.

MARGI. No, ridged. She said it like fifteen times, I'm sure.

MAGNUS. She could have meant ribbed though, but said ridged.

MARGI. You think a man's penis is more likely to be ribbed than ridged?

MAGNUS. *(Pause. Contemplating.)* Yes?

MARGI. Ugh, this conversation.

MAGNUS. *(Pause.)* Ridged like how?

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MARGI. Look, I have no fucking clue, you can ask my mom, I'm sure she'd be glad to sketch out a detailed diagram for you.

MAGNUS. Because I'm picturing like steps.

MARGI. Great.

MAGNUS. Like stone-carved penis steps.

MARGI. That's great.

MAGNUS. You know how they have those steps just kinda carved on the side of a mountain?

MARGI. I got what you were saying the first time, I don't really need, you know, further clarification. Thank you.

MAGNUS. That's just so crazy though.

MARGI. I know.

MAGNUS. Poor guy.

MARGI. *(Pause.)* Poor guy?

MAGNUS. Yeah.

MARGI. How is he a poor guy?

MAGNUS. Well...

MARGI. He's just another asshole looking to take advantage of a lonely, older woman.

MAGNUS. Well, if he had this weird dick thing going, though...

MARGI. Are you serious?

MAGNUS. Oh yeah, that's a tough life.

MARGI. Really?

MAGNUS. You don't understand. A dick is like, an identity.

MARGI. Oh my God.

MAGNUS. I'm not saying it's worth killing yourself over or anything...

MARGI. That's just pathetic if one organ defines your life.

MAGNUS. I'm not saying it should. I'm just saying that's how it feels sometimes.

MARGI. That's pathetic.

MAGNUS. Is it?

MARGI. Yes, it is.

MAGNUS. It's not pathetic. It's honest. I'm just trying to open up here, open up and share the male psyche with you here.

MARGI. See, and that's your problem.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MAGNUS. What?

MARGI. This honesty stuff.

MAGNUS. Honesty is a problem?

MARGI. Yes.

MAGNUS. How could honesty be a problem?

MARGI. It's just not always the best policy, you know? Kids books and TV shows, they pump this junk into your brain for the first decade of your life, and it might help with empathy and counting your toes and crap like that, but the map they give you to traverse reality is just kinda shit.

MAGNUS. Honesty is...stark and refreshing. It builds trust. Truth is liberating.

MARGI. Not to the people you're telling the truth to.

MAGNUS. How? How could truth not be a good thing?

MARGI. It just isn't! Sometimes it's just inappropriate. Or sometimes people think they're being "brutally honest" when they're actually just being dipshits.

MAGNUS. So then, you'd rather someone be nice than to tell you the truth?

MARGI. What truth? Whose truth?

MAGNUS. THE truth.

MARGI. There is no THE truth. There's the you-truth and the me-truth and a million other versions of truths, but there's no capital T truth.

MAGNUS. I think there are capital T truths you just don't want to face.

MARGI. And I think you're just disguising being mean-spirited behind a facade of honesty.

MAGNUS. Oh?

MARGI. Yes. Fuck truth.

MAGNUS. Fuck truth?

MARGI. Fuck truth.

MAGNUS. You're saying fuck truth?

MARGI. Yes. It's never done anything for anyone, ever.

MAGNUS. That's...

MARGI. Seriously. The moment we found out the Earth revolved around the sun, it was all downhill from there.

MAGNUS. Wow.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MARGI. There are better things to concern yourself with.

MAGNUS. Than truth.

MARGI. Fuck truth.

MAGNUS. Fuck truth...

MARGI. Fuck. Truth. *(Long pause. We think the conversation is over. Nope.)*

MAGNUS. So if I had some three-pronged penis, you'd just be like, "Oh well." You wouldn't say how you really felt because someone with a three-pronged penis deserves to live in ignorance?

MARGI. I wouldn't say, "Oh well." It would be weird for a moment, and then you just...move on.

MAGNUS. You move on from a trident penis.

MARGI. Yeah, you make it work, who cares?

MAGNUS. You make it work?!

MARGI. Yes.

MAGNUS. No way.

MARGI. What?

MAGNUS. No no no no no...

MARGI. What?

MAGNUS. You're just lying. Maybe you wouldn't tell the truth, but you wouldn't be kind either. You would freak out and disappear.

MARGI. What?

MAGNUS. You would. Never return my calls or anything. Scratch out "Triple-Dick" from your address book.

MARGI. I'm not as petty as you seem to think I am.

MAGNUS. It's not petty, it's just animal instincts. The instincts, evolution, DNA to tell us, "There should be one penis here, not three. What the fuck is going on? There's definitely something wrong here."

MARGI. There's something wrong with you.

MAGNUS. What?

MARGI. I tell you a whole story and you walk away with the sex stuff. It's disgusting. That's all you process. His weird dick.

MAGNUS. Hey, no, I also respect your mom a lot.

MARGI. What?

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MAGNUS. I respect her. For going out on a ledge. Being independent. She's not a lonely victim, she's a free spirit.

MARGI. Please stop.

MAGNUS. And honestly though...?

MARGI. Stop.

MAGNUS. Honestly, I think it's fucking hot.

MARGI. *(Long pause.)* You see, it's shit like this...this is why you don't always tell the truth.

MAGNUS. It's hot. Your mom picked up on some younger guy, it's hot. Good for her.

MARGI. Please shut the fuck up right now.

MAGNUS. What?!

MARGI. You're saying my mom's hot for being a pervert. I don't really know which part to be more disgusted by.

MAGNUS. What? Why is she a pervert?

MARGI. Because that kid was my age.

MAGNUS. So?

MARGI. So it's sad and disgusting.

MAGNUS. Why?

MARGI. Because she should find people her own age, like normal people.

MAGNUS. Who's normal?

MARGI. Like everyone.

MAGNUS. Everyone's a fucking pervert. Normal is to hide it. And by the way, how is what you're saying right now in any way kind?

MARGI. And how is what you're saying the truth? It's exactly what a pervert would say. To normalize perversion.

MAGNUS. Oh, I see.

MARGI. Ok?

MAGNUS. I'm a pervert.

MARGI. Yes.

MAGNUS. I'm a pervert?

MARGI. Yes.

MAGNUS. I'M a pervert? *(Magnus stares at her as he if knows something about her. Margi becomes angry and defensive.)*

MARGI. Just...please leave.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

MAGNUS. What.

MARGI. I want you to leave, can you just go?

MAGNUS. Why? Jesus...

MARGI. Just get the fuck out, you're an asshole.

MAGNUS. Fine, fine... *(Pause.)* I'll see you this weekend, though. At the barbecue, then.

MARGI. ...

MAGNUS. I love you.

MARGI. ...

MAGNUS. I don't think you were hearing what I was saying.

MARGI. Likewise. *(Silence. Magnus exits. Margi stares at her computer screen for a moment, then moves over to her bed or a cushioned chair and proceeds to beat the living shit out of it for a good minute, thrashing and pummeling it mercilessly, but quietly. She then moves back to the computer. It doesn't seem to have helped because her demeanor is still perturbed. Blackout.)*

SCENE 6

Murray's funeral. DUCK stands behind a podium. He stares out at the audience uncomfortably for a long time before speaking. He is solemn throughout this speech.

DUCK. So, my son...he, uhh... *(Long pause.)* The last time I saw him, I mean, you know...the last time...alive, I mean. Was, uhh...we were watching the ballgame. You know, it was on...on the TV and we were watching it together and, uh....our favorite player is Gonzalez, ya know. Not as flashy as Turner or whats-his-name, but we...he just, he seems like a good guy. Do—do you know what I'm saying? He just SEEMS like this great guy. He's got a sort of noble face, or maybe he just looks like my mom's brother, a little, right around the forehead, and HE was a great guy, so...which is odd, because truth be told, I don't really know Gonzalez from jack diddly shit. I'm sorry Father, but it is true. I don't know any more than you'd find on the back of his trading card really, but you just get that

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

feeling. He is just this good person, you feel it in your gut, you know it to be true, which is hilarious to me because right now, I can't even remember the guy's goddamn first name. Starts with a "J" or an "R," it's one of those two. Anyway, my point—the reason I bring it up is that...well, he's a short man in case you don't know him, which you don't see often in the outfield, but he's a tiny guy and I'll tell you, Parker drives a deep ball out to Gonzalez in the 5th, just smacks the hell out of it, and it's sailing, sailing out there and Gonzalez he's running and he's running and the hat flies off and he's sprinting back to the wall, arms flailing, and he jumps, and it was like the guy ricocheted, just ricocheted right off the wall. And the thing is, I mean, he missed it, this isn't that kind of a story, he caught other ones, but he missed this one, but it was a helluvan effort for this guy, ya know, cause he's just so damn short... *(Long pause.)* So there, I think there are crackers and cheese and drinks and stuff assembled in the back, right? Right, I think, we...we're done here and we can convene in there, ok? *(Long pause.)* Ok? *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 7

Murray's funeral, a bit later on.

ENID. Hi, Mr...

DUCK. Duck.

ENID. Sorry?

DUCK. You can call me Duck.

ENID. *(Pause.)* Why would I do that?

DUCK. *(Pause.)* Because I'm Duck.

ENID. That's...is that your name?

DUCK. Yes.

ENID. Your first name?

DUCK. Yes. It's a family name.

ENID. Duck.

DUCK. Yep.

ENID. Murray and Duck, ok I got it.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

DUCK. Yep.

ENID. Well,...ok, I just...I just wanted to tell you, I'm so sorry.

DUCK. Thank you.

ENID. So sorry for your loss.

DUCK. Thank you. Who are you?

ENID. I'm, oh, I'm Enid.

DUCK. Enid. That's an interesting one, too.

ENID. Thank you. Is it?

DUCK. Well, I've never heard it before.

ENID. Fair enough.

DUCK. It's new to me.

ENID. I mean, it's no "Duck," but—

DUCK. How did you know Murray?

ENID. Uhh...we, we just, we, I'm his friend.

DUCK. Just friends? That's—

ENID. Yeah—

DUCK. That seems weird.

ENID. Weird?

DUCK. Well, since you're about my age.

ENID. Yeah, well—we—we—

DUCK. You guys hookin' up? (*Pensive pause, then laughs.*)

ENID. Haha, no, no, that's—haha, no, a very attractive young man though.

DUCK. Yeah.

ENID. No, no, we didn't do that.

DUCK. No?

ENID. Nope. (*Long pause.*) Your speech was very...moving, I thought. A good analogy.

DUCK. Oh yeah?

ENID. Yeah.

DUCK. Analogy for what?

ENID. I...oh, did you not mean it to be an analogy?

DUCK. No.

ENID. I just thought it was a metaphor or something.

DUCK. No.

ENID. I don't really follow baseball, so I was trying to put things together.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

DUCK. Right, no, I just thought it was a funny story.

ENID. Right...right... (*Long pause. She moves to go.*) I guess I'll just leave you to—

DUCK. I'm just glad you didn't say, "Everything happens for a reason."

ENID. Ahh... (*Turning back, nodding.*)

DUCK. Everyone says—you know, it's like four or five people in a row.

ENID. Right.

DUCK. So what then, so it's like this is my fault?

ENID. (*Nodding, then stops. Pause.*) Oh, wait, what?

DUCK. I mean, that's in essence what they're saying.

ENID. Oh, no no no, I don't think—

DUCK. That's what they're saying. That's what that means. Everything happens for a reason means that there are these, you know, actions and there are consequences of those actions. So if something bad happens, it's because of the consequence of a bad action. The action is the "reason."

ENID. Well, I can see what your saying, I see your point, but I respectfully disagree. I don't think that's what they're saying at all, I think it's like a Faith thing. It's a God thing.

DUCK. God?

ENID. Yes, God is the "reason." God has a plan, and all that.

DUCK. If it was God, then they probably would have said God.

ENID. Well—

DUCK. We're in a house of God—

ENID. Right.

DUCK. We're not shying away from God here.

ENID. Sure, but God is a bit gauche nowadays. Even in a church.

DUCK. Uh huh.

ENID. They're keeping it vague on purpose.

DUCK. Uh huh.

ENID. They're hedging their bets.

DUCK. Hedging?

ENID. Well, they might not know if you even believe in God, you know.

DUCK. So better not to bring him up—

ENID. Right.

DUCK. And risk alienating me even more.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

ENID. Exactly.

DUCK. God is an alienating discussion.

ENID. Yes.

DUCK. Do you believe in God?

ENID. *(Long pause.)* Probably not? *(Long pause.)* And you?

DUCK. Me?

ENID. Do you, uh...?

DUCK. Oh, no no no no no... *(Chuckles.)* You know, at this point, I don't think there's much difference between the universe and a weekend in Vegas—

ENID. Wow, that's—that's just—that's something I don't want to think about for an extended amount of time. *(Pause. Staring at each other.)* Did you—were you going to—?

DUCK. Hmm?

ENID. I thought I might have cut you off, you were going to to say something else.

DUCK. Nope. I was done.

ENID. Ah.

DUCK. This part's just silence.

ENID. Ah, yes, yes. Silence. I—I'm not much for silence.

DUCK. Oh really?

ENID. No.

DUCK. It's kind of my thing.

ENID. Silence is?

DUCK. Sure.

ENID. Why? Why would you ever want that to be your thing?

DUCK. I don't know. Silence just feels very...honest, I suppose.

ENID. Honest.

DUCK. Yes.

ENID. Not honest to me. "Dread" is what comes to mind for me.

DUCK. Silence is something I can trust.

ENID. Instead of people. You trust silence over people?

DUCK. That sounds about right.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

ENID. I don't think you can trust anyone all of the time, but I think most people are generally trust-worthy, when you get right down to the core of them.

DUCK. *(Long pause. Thinking.)* Really?

ENID. *(Long pause. Thinking. She realizes this in the moment.)* No. *(Pause.)* My daughter likes to torture me about silence... *(Chuckles.)*

DUCK. You have a daughter?

ENID. Yes, I do. A beautiful daughter. Happy and healthy, alive and well. *(Pause.)* That was a poor choice of words on my part.

DUCK. Hehe.

ENID. I'm sorry.

DUCK. No, not at all.

ENID. I'm just not very good...at...life, I apologize.

DUCK. That's ok.

ENID. The thing is...I've been meaning—rather, I really wanted to ask you something...

DUCK. Sure.

ENID. And obviously if you're too busy or don't want to answer, just please tell me to fuck off.

DUCK. Ok.

ENID. I mean really, do not hesitate to ask me to just stop.

DUCK. Ok.

ENID. But I was just wondering—you know, I talked to a few people here and read, you know, Murray's web site thing online and I couldn't—I didn't really understand and just wanted to know, how he...uhh...

DUCK. He shot himself.

ENID. Ah. *(Throughout this dialogue, Duck is completely conversational and non- emotional, and Enid is caught between desperately wanting him to stop talking and not stopping him due to politeness.)*

DUCK. He shot himself with my gun.

ENID. Oh my God, I'm so—

DUCK. Yeah, I mean, I'm not a gun nut or anything you know, I just keep a .38 around in case, you know?

ENID. Of course.

THE PLAY ABOUT A DICK

DUCK. Not the best neighborhood. And not the worst, but just not the best, and I figured why not.

ENID. Of course.

DUCK. But yeah, he shot himself in the head. In the front of the head, so the bullet came out the back.

ENID. I'm so sorry.

DUCK. And it had this upward arc so it—the blowback, you know, the blood and everything, there was a spattering on it's own, but not what you would expect, not a spray, but more of a stream. Just on the initial shot.

ENID. I'm sorry.

DUCK. The problem is, Murray had a ceiling fan. It—I had installed it last summer, because we don't have air conditioning, just fans. And the bits—you know the bits that come out, some hit the fan and just, you know, stayed on the fan. So what might have been an easy clean-up, turned into this much larger, you know, it went around the room, so there—it was all over instead, but you know, not because of the initial shot.

ENID. I'm so sorry.

DUCK. Yeah. Just awful, really.

ENID. I'm sorry.

DUCK. *(Long pause.)* Are you from the area? *(Blackout.)*

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