

SEXY BETH'S GIANT
DILDO COLLECTION

A short play

By Greg Gould

greg@nowordfor.com

CAST

BETH late twenties, not a dildo collector

DALE late twenties, Beth's new boyfriend

PHILLIP fifty-ish, Beth's father

SETTING

A newly rented apartment

TIME

A week before Christmas

A house moving scene: cardboard boxes; discarded packing paper; general disorder.

BETH enters carrying a box of Christmas presents. She unpacks the box, putting the presents under a small Christmas tree. She looks at the tree thoughtfully, the only piece of order in the chaos.

PHILLIP enters. He's carrying a box with bold letters on the side: SEXY BETH'S GIANT DILDO COLLECTION.

PHILLIP: Another box, dear.

BETH: Great. Just chuck it anywhere.

PHILLIP: *(puts the box down centre stage)*. Everything good in here?

BETH: Yeah. Just thought I should put these out before we lose them in the mess.

PHILLIP: Need a hand?

BETH: Nah. I got it.

PHILLIP: Right. Well, I'll just keep helping Dale then.

BETH: Thanks Dad. Really appreciate it.

PHILLIP exits. BETH continues unpacking. DALE enters with more boxes.

DALE: Jesus. Next time we're taking the place on the ground floor. Stairs are killing me.

BETH: Thought you liked the stairs. Thought they were "Old school cool".

DALE: Babe, there's old school, then there's *old school*. Lifting that fridge is gonna be a pain in the arse.

BETH: Don't worry. Dad's here.

DALE: He is. Nice of him to turn up like that. Unannounced.

BETH: Stop it. He wants to help.

DALE: How? By brow beating me all day?

BETH: He's not brow beating you.

DALE: He is. He's like that flaming eye from Lord of the Rings. Always watching.

BETH: Well, you're the new guy. It's his job to suss you out.

DALE: Still, the way he looks at me. You know he brought his own box cutter? Like, a personalised one. Who carries around a personalised box cutter?

BETH: Look at this stuff. Where'd we get all this crap?

DALE: That's how it works. Throw two people together and bam: spontaneous stuff.

BETH: It's not gonna fit.

DALE: Sure it will. Whack up some shelves. Hang a few hooks. *(beat)* What's the matter?

BETH: Nothing.

DALE: Nothing? Babe, The Grinch had a happier face.

BETH: It's just ... this is really happening.

DALE: Damn right it is. This is it. Game on! *(beat)* You're not having second thoughts?

BETH: What? No. But this *is* it. The start. Of everything. You. Me. Us. This place. This is our first Christmas together. Our first New Year's. I just want things to go smooth. I don't want any hiccups.

DALE: Babe, chill. We totally got this. Besides, I've never had hiccups a day in my life.

BETH: Really? Not once?

DALE: Well, yeah. I was just trying to ...

BETH: *(laughing)* Shut up.

They kiss and hug. A nice moment. BETH spots the dildo box.

BETH: What is that?

DALE: What?

BETH: That.

DALE: Oh shit. I forgot about that.

BETH: What do you mean "you forgot"?

DALE: It was a joke.

BETH: You wrote that?

DALE: I thought you'd laugh.

BETH: Dale! What the fuck!

DALE: You been stressing about the move. I wanted to lighten the mood.

BETH: Please tell me my father didn't see that.

DALE: He might have.

BETH: What do you mean "might have"?

DALE: He might have. He's been carrying boxes all day.

BETH: Did he carry this one?

DALE: I dunno.

BETH: Did you?!

DALE: Maybe.

BETH: Dale!

DALE: I dunno! There are a lot of boxes.

BETH: Great. Just great.

DALE: Babe. Relax. He probably didn't even notice.

BETH: Look at it. It says "Sexy Beth's Giant Dildo Collection". Right there! You'd have to be Mr Fucking Magoo to miss that!

DALE: You're overreacting.

BETH: Dale. My father now thinks I own a box of giant sex toys.

DALE: (*chuckles*) Huh.

BETH: What?

DALE: Oh, it's just, I was thinking the *collection* was giant. Not the actual ...

BETH: Not the point! I don't want my father thinking I'm some sort of sick sexual deviant.

DALE: If only he knew ...

BETH: I'm serious.

DALE: Babe, relax. The box is full of towels.

BETH: So? He doesn't know that.

DALE: So we'll just explain.

BETH: Oh, we'll just explain. Of course. Why didn't I think of that? Hey, Dad. You know that giant box of dildos you carried in? Don't worry. I'm not really an avid collector of novelty sized sex toys. My new boyfriend just likes to pretend I am. He likes to humiliate me in front of the people I love. I know, hilarious, right? And you said I should have married that doctor.

DALE: I wasn't trying to humiliate you.

BETH: Well you have.

DALE: I didn't know your dad was gonna rock up.

BETH: But he did! Don't you see? He's coming around. He sees that you're important to me. That you're not like the other guys.

DALE: What other guys?

BETH: Really? That's what you took from that?

DALE: How many we talking?

BETH: Focus. We need to fix this.

DALE: Look. If it's bothering you so much we'll just put it in the other room.

BETH: And what? Just pretend nothing happened?

DALE: It worked for the Clintons.

BETH: No it didn't!

DALE: No, it didn't.

BETH: Things have always been good between me and dad. Easy. I don't want things to get weird.

DALE: So, just add it to the list.

BETH: What list?

DALE: The list. Of "awkward shit that happens, that families never talk about".

BETH: What?

DALE: You know. Embarrassing stuff. Like when I was fifteen and mum caught me whacking it to one of her Avon catalogues.

BETH: Your mother caught you masturbating?

DALE: I was alone. There was nothing good on TV.

BETH: So the next logical step was to whip it out and shake it?

DALE: I was fifteen. Course it was.

BETH: Jesus.

DALE: I know. We just kind of stood there. Her with a handful of groceries. Me with a handful ... *(beat)* But I was lucky. She put it on the list. Never said a word about it.

BETH: Never?

DALE: That's the beauty of the list. You just pretend. My family does it all the time. We pretend my mother never caught me flogging it. We pretend my parents don't hump under the Christmas tree each year. We pretend my brother didn't meet his wife in rehab.

BETH: That doesn't sound very healthy.

DALE: You kidding? Healthiest thing we do.

BETH: Then your family has issues.

DALE: And yours doesn't?

BETH: Not like that.

DALE: Bullshit. Every family has a list.

BETH: No. Just the freaky ones.

DALE: C'mon. So you've never caught your parents doing it?

BETH: No.

DALE: Never found your brother's dirty magazines?

BETH: No.

DALE: Never made an appointment at a "massage parlour" only to rock up and find your dad sitting in the waiting room?

BETH: No! We're not like that. We're civilised.

DALE: Oh, excuse me.

BETH: You know what I mean. We're respectable. We don't do that kind of thing.

DALE: My god. You're a prude.

BETH: I am not.

DALE: You are. Sure, you might be an insatiable animal in the sack, but out here, in the cold light of day, you're nothing but a big fat juicy prude.

BETH: I'm not a prude. I'm discreet. Which is why we need to fix this.

DALE: Look. He seems like a reasonable guy. Bit stiff. But reasonable. Just tell him the truth. Who knows. He might think it's funny.

BETH: You think?

DALE: I think it's funny.

BETH: Yes, but you come from a family of sex offenders.

DALE: Never heard you complain ...

DALE grabs BETH playfully. She pushes him away.

BETH: I can't.

DALE: Can't what?

BETH: Talk to him. We don't do that.

DALE: You don't talk?

BETH: No. Sex.

DALE: You don't sex?

BETH: We don't talk about it!

DALE: Ever?

BETH: Not with my parents.

DALE: Then how did you have "the talk"?

BETH: Didn't.

DALE: Then how did you learn about the birds and bees?

BETH: The normal way. Internet.

DALE: So that's why you slap me and call me bitch during sex?

BETH: You have to do it.

DALE: Babe, I don't mind it a bit rough. But you don't have to do it ...

BETH: No. I mean, you have to do it. You have to talk to dad.

DALE: Me?

BETH: It was your joke!

DALE: I hardly know the guy.

BETH: It'll help you bond.

DALE: Seriously? This is how you want us to bond?

BETH: Look. You and your feral family might be able to live with a list of weird unspeakable shit hanging over your heads. But I can't. I don't want my dad picturing me doing ... that. (*points to box*). It's weird.

DALE: It's not that weird.

BETH: It's weird! Babe. Please. This is our first day in this place. I don't want it marred by some stupid masturbatory misunderstanding with my dad.

Beat.

DALE: Fine. I'll talk to him. But if he pulls out that box cutter, I'm bailing.

PHILLIP enters with more boxes.

PHILLIP: Alright. Just the fridge to go. (*beat*) Everything alright?

BETH: Yeah. All good. We were thinking about having a break. How about I pop out and grab us some coffees?

PHILLIP: Sounds good. I'll come.

BETH: No no. You stay. With Dale. Chat. Won't take long.

PHILLIP: You sure?

BETH: Positive.

PHILLIP: (*confused*) Ok ... ?

BETH exits, gesturing for DALE to fix the situation.

Beat as PHILLIP and DALE stand awkwardly, the box between them.

DALE: Good of you to help us out today.

PHILLIP: No problem. This time of year. Always crazy. Thought you could use a spare pair of hands.

DALE: Yeah. Totally. (*beat*) Actually, speaking of crazy, Mr Phillips-

PHILLIP: Phil.

DALE: Sorry?

PHILLIP: Please. Call me Phil.

DALE: Right. *(beat)* Wait, Phil Phillips ...? *(beat)* Ok. Phil. Look. I know things between Beth and I have moved fast. And I know we don't know each other that well ...

PHILLIP: Yes?

DALE: Well, I just want you to know I only have Beth's best interest at heart.

PHILLIP: Good of you to say.

DALE: Yeah. So with that in mind. The box ...

PHILLIP: The box?

DALE: Yeah. The box ... *(points to the box)*

PHILLIP: Oh. The box.

DALE: Yeah. You see, Beth's a little embarrassed. And angry. Actually she's *really* angry. So I just wanted to clarify-

PHILLIP: Dale. It's ok.

DALE: It is?

PHILLIP: You don't have to explain.

DALE: I don't?

PHILLIP: Course not. We're all adults. Nothing to be embarrassed about.

DALE: Well, that's kinda what I'm getting at. You see the box is full of -

PHILLIP: You know how long I've been married, Dale? Thirty two years.

DALE: Really. I didn't know ...?

PHILLIP: Hasn't always been easy. Lot of ups and downs. Lot of battles. You know what gets us through?

DALE: Booze?

PHILLIP: Honesty.

DALE: My next guess.

PHILLIP: Beth's mother and I have always been honest. About everything. Our goals. Our dreams. Our ... desires.

DALE: Desires ... ?

PHILLIP: That's what I see here, Dale. (*taps the box*). Honesty. You and Beth are obviously open with one another. Sexually. I admire that. God knows it isn't easy. Lot of insecurity in a relationship. Lot of self-doubt.

DALE: I guess ...

PHILLIP: You know where I met my wife, Dale?

DALE: Uni ... ?

PHILLIP: Bankstown Players.

DALE: What's that? Amateur theatre?

PHILLIP: Swingers club.

DALE: Swingers what?

PHILLIP: I'll never forget it. First time I laid eyes on her, she was being spit roasted by two footballers and a chartered accountant named Clive.

DALE: Fuck me.

PHILLIP: Most erotic thing I have ever seen. She was so uninhibited. Primal. Flexible. I knew she was the one for me.

DALE: (*calling out*) Beth...?

PHILLIP: Those first few years were incredible. Make Woodstock look like an office Chris Cringle party. Swinging. Swapping. Spanking. Bondage. S&M. Toys. Lot of toys ... (*taps the box*) Tell me, Dale: you ever gifted a woman a forty-eight hour orgasm?

DALE: Is that physically possible?

PHILLIP: Cause it is. The body is an amazing thing. Tickle here. Some pressure there. Can do almost anything. I once saw a Thai flight attendant blow a gum bubble so big they had to scrape it off the ceiling. (*beat*) She wasn't using her mouth.

DALE: Oh. God.

PHILLIP: That reminds me. You know how I got this scar?

DALE: Please say shaving ...

PHILLIP: Rope burn. This is what fourteen hours tied to a rocking horse in a Parramatta love den will get you. Pro tip: always carry a box cutter. Always. And if you ever hire a Spanish dominatrix, don't use "estrico" as your safe word. Things can get tight.

DALE: I'll keep that in mind.

PHILLIP: You know, it's funny. After the sixties we thought the world was gonna change. Thought society would loosen up. Shed its inhibitions. But it didn't. No. Once the green haze wore off everyone just buttoned up and carried on. Don't get me wrong. There's a lot of sex around these days. Can't turn on the TV or drive by a billboard without a pair of tits staring you in the face. But it's not the same. It's all façade and product placement. It's all about money. Truth is you can't sell free love. Can't wrap it and slap it under a tree. Can't franchise it. All you can do is give it, and accept it. Openly and honestly. You know what I mean, Dale? Do you know how to give it? (*taps the box*) Completely?

Beat.

BETH enters.

BETH: Here we go. Coffees all round.

DALE: Thank god.

DALE grabs the coffee starts sculling it.

BETH: Jesus. Everything ok?

DALE: (*coughs*) Yep. All good.

PHILLIP: Yes, dandy, dear. Things are just dandy. In fact, I might leave you two to it. You don't want your old man hanging around.

BETH: Oh. Really?

PHILLIP: Yeah. Best be off. Your mother and I have Chrissy drinks tonight. Old friends in town. Gotta get home. Limber up.

BETH: Ok. Well, thanks Dad. We're still on for lunch on Sunday?

PHILLIP: Of course, dear. Same as every year. See you then.
(*kisses BETH goodbye then nods to DALE*) Dale.

DALE: Phil ... Phillips ...

PHILLIP exits.

BETH: Wow. Phil, huh? You've made an impression.

DALE: An impression has been made.

BETH: So? What'd you say?

DALE: Oh, you know. Just explained. He was actually really open minded about it. *Really* open minded ...

BETH: So there's nothing I need to worry about? No silly secrets? No list?

DALE: (*long awkward beat*) Can't think of a thing.

BETH: Great. Could you imagine having to dodge that bullet every time he came around? Talk about awkward.

DALE: Yeah. Awkward.

A hug and kiss. Another nice moment.

BETH: So ... where is my ... (*taps the dildo box*).

DALE: Santa's Little Helper?

BETH: You haven't lost him?

DALE: Bathroom. Third drawer.

BETH: Well, maybe we should make sure he's still in one piece.

DALE: Really? Now?

BETH: Why not? It is Christmas.

DALE: Ho ho ho.

BETH: C'mon.

BETH exits. DALE lingers. He looks at the box, slightly disturbed.

DALE: Son of a bitch. The fridge!

Blackout.

ENDS