

Not Being a Dick

by

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NOT BEING A DICK

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NOT BEING A DICK

NOT BEING A DICK was born at the Saskatchewan Playwright Centre's 24-Hour Play Writing Competition, and later workshopped at the SPC's Spring Festival of New Plays. My heartfelt thanks goes to the many friends and colleagues, who helped me to bring it to this place. A special thanks goes to Courtney and Julianne.

List of Characters:

David	A nice guy	M	20's
Richard	David's penis	M	20's
Becky	A psychology student	F	20's
Kate	Becky's friend	F	20's

Set

The set is a brew pub, featuring a bar and a couple of pub tables/chairs that can be added and removed as needed. The brew pub will have to double for other spaces, including David's apartment, and Kate's apartment.

Wardrobe & Make-up

My only specific note about wardrobe concerns Richard. Unless otherwise noted, his wardrobe needs to be identical to David's to show the link between them. Don't give him any special make-up, or anything to make him look like a penis. In every way, he should appear to be a normal looking guy.

Sex

I leave it to the artists involved to portray the sex, nudity (or lack of nudity) in the spirit that best matches their vision and comfort level.

Music

It would be pretty super-duper alright if a live saxophone player could be worked into the production somehow. He could emerge whenever Richard dances. As for Becky, I leave it to the artists involved to craft the melody for HER SONG.

NOT BEING A DICK

SCENE 1

KATE sits at a table alone, writing in her journal. BECKY crosses from behind the bar and sets a bowl of soup down next to Kate.

KATE. I didn't order anything.

BECKY. You've been here four hours.

KATE. So?

BECKY. Manager says you need to order something.

KATE. *(pissed off.)* Fine. I'll leave.

BECKY. My treat.

KATE. Your... what? I mean... What?

BECKY. You mean 'Thanks'?

KATE. *(uncertain, confused.)* Thanks?

Becky gives Kate an affectionate squeeze, then crosses back to the bar to dive into a spread of text books. Kate returns to her journal.

DAVID and RICHARD sit at a table opposite. David has been looking up from his laptop computer watching Becky. Richard fixates on Kate.

RICHARD. She a friend of yours?

No response.

RICHARD. She a friend of yours?

Still no response.

RICHARD. She a- *(Richard smacks David in the shoulder.)* Say it!

DAVID. *(startled, still watching Becky.)* What?

RICHARD. She a friend of yours?

DAVID. Who?

RICHARD. Not who. Say my words!

DAVID. What'd you say?

RICHARD. Oh for fuck sakes!

DAVID. Oh for fuck sakes!

KATE. What?

NOT BEING A DICK

RICHARD. Goddammit!

DAVID. God - *(Kate's staring daggers at him.)*

DAVID. Nevermind. *(Kate returns to her journal.)*

RICHARD. Idiot!

DAVID. Maybe fill me in on the plan next time.

RICHARD. I did.

DAVID. When?

RICHARD. That chick's hot.

DAVID. 'That chick's hot.'

RICHARD. Yeah.

DAVID. That's your plan?

RICHARD. For me, that's a plan.

DAVID. How's that a plan?

RICHARD. Look at her! *(David looks at Becky.)*

DAVID. Yeah. *(He points David's head in Kate's direction.)*

RICHARD. No, her.

DAVID. *(shrugging.)* So?

RICHARD. Talk to her.

DAVID. Just did.

RICHARD. No. Talk to her so we can bang her.

DAVID. Go away! *(Kate shoots David an annoyed glance. David cowers. Richard remains fixated. Kate returns to her journal.)*

RICHARD. Talk to her now. Immediately. Pronto. Forthwith -

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. Yes.

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. Yes.

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. Yes.

DAVID. NO! *(Kate slams her pen down, glaring at David.)*

RICHARD. That got her attention.

DAVID. She's writing.

RICHARD. She's looking at you.

DAVID. She's glaring at me.

RICHARD. Say 'hi'.

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. 'Hi.'

DAVID. Hi.

KATE. Hi.

RICHARD. Complement her.

DAVID. What?

RICHARD. Say she has nice tits.

DAVID. You have nice... eyes.

KATE. Piss off. *(Kate returns to her journal.)*

RICHARD. She's not wearing a bra. *(David shoots Richard a look.)* Don't look at me. Look at her. *(David remains focused on Richard.)* Look! *(David gradually fixates on Kate's cleavage.)*

KATE. What!!

DAVID. Sorry.

KATE. For what?

DAVID. For... huh?

KATE. You said you were sorry.

DAVID. Yeah.

KATE. Are you really sorry?

DAVID. I -

KATE. Did you really mean to say that you were sorry for staring at my boobs?

RICHARD. No.

DAVID. Umm...

KATE. Ummm?

DAVID. I'm sorry for getting 'caught' staring at your boobs.

RICHARD. Make her laugh. Make her laugh. Make her laugh. Make her laugh. Make her-

DAVID. I was about to look away when you caught me.

RICHARD. Smile. *(David smiles.)*

KATE. No you weren't.

DAVID. I choose to believe that I was about to look away before you caught me. *(Kate returns to her journal.)*

RICHARD. Stay with it.

DAVID. That makes me 'not a creep'. *(Kate is about to challenge the remark then thinks better of it.)*

NOT BEING A DICK

RICHARD. Good.

DAVID. *(to Kate.)* What?

KATE. I'm done with this.

RICHARD. No she's not.

DAVID. I was 'respectfully' staring at your boobs.

KATE. That supposed to be a joke?

DAVID. Usually gets a laugh.

KATE. Usually?

DAVID. I mean, I don't 'stare' at womens' boobs in general -

KATE. You don't?

DAVID. In general-

KATE. Something special about my rack?

DAVID. Your Rack?

KATE. Tits. *(David has no words.)*

KATE. Jugs.

DAVID. What are you doing?

KATE. Making you feel uncomfortable?

DAVID. You're umm – was that... what you were trying to do – make me feel uncomfortable – or were you just asking a question?

KATE. Go back to your laptop.

DAVID. Cuz you were totally making me feel uncomfortable.

KATE. I was asking a question.

DAVID. Oh.

KATE. Which you answered.

DAVID. Oh. Thank you.

KATE. Thank you?

DAVID. I mean you're welcome.

KATE. What?

DAVID. Shit.

KATE. Go back to your laptop. *(Kate holds her glare. David cowers into his laptop. Richard jabs David's shoulder.)*

DAVID. *(to Richard.)* No.

KATE. No?

DAVID. *(surprised, improvising.)* No.

KATE. Is there something about my vibe that says, 'Welcome. Please talk to me'?

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. No.

KATE. So what are you doing?

DAVID. No idea. I have no idea what I'm doing – but here we are anyway, 'talking'.

KATE. I'm not talking to men these days.

DAVID. Is that what you're writing about?

KATE. None of your business.

RICHARD. Rebound.

DAVID. Cuz you seem kinda mad at the world.

KATE. Yeah. Everyone wants to fuck me. (*Richard bolts upright.*)

RICHARD. Schwing!!!

DAVID. Can I buy you a drink?

KATE. And that's what they say before they try to fuck me. (*The wind leaves David's sails. Richard is kind of left hanging.*)

DAVID. Sorry.

KATE. We're back to 'sorry' now?

DAVID. What?

KATE. You began that sentence with 'Sorry'.

DAVID. Yeah, I... meant it.

KATE. You did?

DAVID. Sure.

KATE. What are you sorry for? (*David and Richard share a look.*)

RICHARD. I got nothin'.

DAVID. I'm just generally sorry for...

KATE. For?

DAVID. For making you feel like I was disrespecting you.

RICHARD. Oh that's good. (*Kate eyes him for a long time.*)

KATE. Do you want to fuck me?

RICHARD. (*to David*) Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes-

DAVID. Yes?

KATE. I'm supposed to dive over the table now and-

RICHARD. Yes!

DAVID. No.

KATE. What's your game?

DAVID. David.

NOT BEING A DICK

KATE. I said ‘game’.

DAVID. I know. *(beat.)* What I want, and what I get, are seldom the same thing. *(beat.)* I’m sitting here, and somehow I find myself in this conversation with you – and if we both just stop talking right now – it’s gonna feel uncomfortable, damned uncomfortable – for both of us.

KATE. For you.

DAVID. For both of us. So how about we stay with this conversation just a little bit longer? Long enough to be able to stop talking to each other – and NOT have it feel uncomfortable.

KATE. Kate.

DAVID. Huh?

KATE. My name is Kate.

DAVID. This would be a great time for you to dive over the table. *(Kate lets a laugh slip through her guard.)*

KATE. You may buy me that drink now. *(Cheesy saxophone music fills the room. As David rises to his feet we can see he is clearly a few inches shorter than Richard. Richard begins a corny dance routine – think ‘Tango’ meets ‘Sexy Duck Walk’ and you’re in the ballpark. Kate watches David, while he crosses to Becky to order some drinks. He waits while Becky prepares two cocktails, then noses back into her books. Upon David’s return, Richard starts peeling off his clothes. The more clothes Richard removes, the more heavily David and Kate pet each other, eventually making out. Kate leads the way. When Richard is down to his boxers, he wheels a bed onto the stage. Lights out over Becky and the rest of the bar. Kate moves David to the bed. She undoes his pants and reaches in – then stops and very clearly looks towards Richard. She speaks passed David’s ear in a sexy voice.)*

KATE. I think somebody wants to say ‘hi’.

RICHARD. Hi! I’m Richard! David’s penis! Pleased to meet you!

KATE. Don’t talk. *(She shoves David onto the bed as Richard retrieves a yellow rubber rain suit from beneath the pillows and puts it on. He continues his dance, more intense, more glorious than ever before. By this time, David and Kate are under the sheets having full on primal carnal sex (not to be confused with ‘love making’). Richard, the music, David and Kate are working themselves into a frenzy, building and building until finally-)*

KATE. STOP!!!!!! *(Richard and the music stop immediately. David falls out of bed. All are stunned.)*

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID/RICHARD. What!?! (*Kate sobs loudly.*)

RICHARD. Oh no.

DAVID. Kate? (*She continues sobbing.*)

DAVID. Hun?

KATE. (*still sobbing.*) I saw his face!

RICHARD. I'm outta here. (*He exits.*)

DAVID. Who's face? (*Kate continues sobbing. David attempts to caress her.*)

DAVID. Who's face hun?

KATE. Don't call me that!!

DAVID. What's going on?

KATE. Get out!

DAVID. Please.

KATE. GET OUT!!!! GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY HOUSE!!!! (*She violently pushes him away. David is shocked for a moment, then sheepishly exits. Lights out.*)

SCENE 2

Lights come up over Becky. She still is seated behind the bar with her nose in the books. After a moment she looks up and spies an acoustic guitar on the stage where house bands would normally play. She crosses and gingerly picks it up. She checks to ensure she is alone then strums a few chords to HER SONG. David enters and is surprised to see her on stage. He watches while she figures out her chord arrangements. After another moment Richard enters.

RICHARD. Whoa!

DAVID. (*to Richard.*) Shush! (*Becky shrieks upon hearing David.*)

DAVID. Sorry.

RICHARD. Chick with a guitar.

BECKY. You scared me.

DAVID. Yeah. Sorry.

RICHARD. I like that.

BECKY. What are you doing here?

RICHARD. The chick with a guitar I mean.

DAVID. The door was open.

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. Shit.

RICHARD. Any chick with a guitar actually.

DAVID. And I forgot my laptop.

BECKY. I have it.

RICHARD. Well, any chick really.

DAVID. Good.

RICHARD. Period.

DAVID. So ummm....

BECKY. I need to lock the door. *(She exits.)*

RICHARD. YES!

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. Yes.

DAVID. No.

RICHARD. Yes.

DAVID. NO! *(He glares at Richard.)*

RICHARD. But she plays a guitar.

DAVID. Out.

RICHARD. ...and she locked the door.

DAVID. Out!

RICHARD. Fine. Don't fuck this up. *(Richard exits. Becky returns.)*

BECKY. You forgot to pay your tab.

DAVID. What!?

BECKY. It happens.

DAVID. I didn't mean to -

BECKY. I know.

DAVID. And I came back -

BECKY. I had your computer.

DAVID. I would have paid -

BECKY. Sure. *(David gives Becky his credit card.)*

DAVID. Add 25%.

BECKY. 25%.

DAVID. 30%.

BECKY. What?

DAVID. 30%. *(Becky looks at him for a moment then enters the amount on her debit machine. After an uncomfortably long time, it beeps.)*

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. Declined.

DAVID. What?

BECKY. Just kidding. *(David laughs nervously.)*

BECKY. That would have been embarrassing.

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. Why did you tip so generously?

DAVID. What?

BECKY. Why did you tip so generously?

DAVID. I umm...

BECKY. Was it because you were embarrassed? *(No response.)*

BECKY. Or because I kept your laptop safe? Or because you liked my playing? Or because we're alone?

DAVID. Are those psychology textbooks?

BECKY. Yeah.

DAVID. You're testing me.

BECKY. You're avoiding the question.

DAVID. No.

BECKY. Yes.

DAVID. No.

BECKY. Yes you are.

DAVID. Have I upset you in some way?

BECKY. Do I look upset?

DAVID. You watched me with that girl earlier.

BECKY. Yeah.

DAVID. She your friend? *(No response.)*

DAVID. You bought her soup.

BECKY. I did.

DAVID. So maybe you don't approve of her choices.

BECKY. She has a name.

DAVID. Kate.

BECKY. Kate, who just got out of an abusive relationship.

DAVID. I know.

BECKY. Did she tell you what he did to her? Were you being a good listener?

DAVID. I clued in when she kicked me out of her bed crying. I tipped you 30% because I was embarrassed, because I was grateful you kept my laptop safe, because

NOT BEING A DICK

we're perfectly alone, and because seeing you play was the first time I ever thought you didn't look like you were pissed off about something!

BECKY. Well... that's very honest.

DAVID. Yes. It is.

BECKY. You slept with her.

DAVID. In a manner of speaking.

BECKY. 'In a manner of speaking.'

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. People are known for their actions.

DAVID. What am I, on trial?

BECKY. She kicked you out of her bed crying!

DAVID. Not my preferred reaction!

BECKY. I'm sure.

DAVID. You think that makes me some kind of a -

BECKY. Dick?

DAVID. I might have used a stronger word.

BECKY. A stronger word?

DAVID. Maybe.

BECKY. You don't know.

DAVID. Well... I'm still processing -

BECKY. What word would you have used?

DAVID. Dunno.

BECKY. Jerk.

DAVID. No.

BECKY. Douche.

DAVID. No.

BECKY. Fuck wad.

DAVID. No.

BECKY. Cu -

DAVID. NO! (*A beat.*)

BECKY. Ass-clown, piece of shit, lying son of a -

DAVID. I don't lie!

BECKY. Interesting.

DAVID. I guess what I'm saying is, I feel bad.

BECKY. Good.

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. What do you mean, ‘good’?

BECKY. What do you think I mean?

DAVID. What do I – What?

BECKY. You seem confused about your place in this conversation.

DAVID. I feel bad that she started crying. Simple as that.

BECKY. Simple as that.

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. And not because you thought you were being a -

DAVID. Dick.

BECKY. Dick. Fine.

DAVID. I wasn’t being a dick.

BECKY. I’ll take your ‘word’ for it. *(They share a moment.)*

DAVID. Oh wait! That was a joke you just made.

BECKY. What do you mean, I look pissed off all the time?

DAVID. Exactly what I said.

BECKY. Nobody means ‘exactly’ what they say.

DAVID. Yes.

BECKY. No.

DAVID. Yes.

BECKY. No! *(A beat.)*

DAVID. Yes!

BECKY. You’re using tactics.

DAVID. I’m not that smart.

BECKY. You’re exactly that smart.

DAVID. I was having an honest moment.

BECKY. We’re perfectly alone.

DAVID. We’re... what?

BECKY. That’s what you said.

DAVID. I did.

BECKY. What does a 30% tip buy you when we’re perfectly alone?

DAVID. It buys... it buys nothing.

BECKY. You really mean that?

DAVID. Yes.

BECKY. Words are disposable.

DAVID. And actions reveal character.

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. You picked my friend up in this bar and took her home.

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. Are you going to try and have sex with me now? (*Richard abruptly enters, as if pushed on stage.*)

DAVID. Umm... no?

BECKY. Not vulnerable enough for you?

DAVID. You're more vulnerable than she is.

BECKY. You need to leave.

DAVID. Why?

BECKY. Why!?

DAVID. Is it because you're embarrassed? (*No response.*) Or because we're alone? (*No response.*) Or because... we're alone? (*A smile escapes her lips.*)

BECKY. Too many men let themselves inside, and left without putting things back.

DAVID. Maybe I can help you clean up. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 3

Lights up over Richard lazily reading a newspaper in bed. He's wearing a house coat and pajamas. Saxophone music shatters the tranquility. He takes centre stage looking to investigate the source of the music. Suddenly Kate runs onto stage and tackles him to the ground. She frantically undresses Richard. He looks like a deer caught in the headlights, not sure what's going on. He's fighting to free himself from Kate, but she's having none of it. Violently, she drives him towards the bed, tearing his clothes off as they move closer. When he's down to his boxers, she retrieves the yellow rubber rain suit from beneath the pillows, forcefully dresses him, then tosses him to the middle of the room. As Richard hits the floor, David flies in from offstage, hitting the bed. Kate then lunges on top of David, straddling him, pulling his hair, and bending him to her will. As this unfolds, Richard, shell shocked, obediently begins to dance (more confused than confident). Music quickly surges to a climax and Richard drops to the ground. Music stops. Kate dismounts and exits, stepping over Richard as she leaves.

RICHARD. What the fuck was that?

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. At least she didn't cry. (*Door bell rings. David and Richard look at each other.*)

DAVID. Out.

RICHARD. You keep saying that. (*Richard exits, peeling off his rain suit as he walks. David gathers himself together and crosses to meet-*)

DAVID. Becky!

BECKY. David.

DAVID. You're not working tonight?

BECKY. No.

DAVID. Come in.

BECKY. Are you a spiritual person?

DAVID. What?

BECKY. Do you believe in God or anything like that? (*David eyes her.*)

DAVID. My faith is a confused mix of Orthodox Christianity, philosophical Taoism, and the awesome breathtaking power of the vagina. (*Becky smiles politely.*)

DAVID. God won't make me climb mountains or cross oceans, but a vagina sure will. (*Becky doesn't laugh.*)

BECKY. Is that like... a line you use?

DAVID. (*embarrassed.*) Yeah.

BECKY. Is it true?

DAVID. It's something I struggle with.

BECKY. You struggle with your faith?

DAVID. Parts of it.

BECKY. Which parts?

DAVID. The God part, the Taoism part and the vagina part. (*Still no laugh from Becky.*)

BECKY. Explain that to me.

DAVID. Why?

BECKY. I want to hear your answer.

DAVID. Why?

BECKY. Because I don't know the answer.

DAVID. Pretty sure I don't know either.

BECKY. That doesn't bother you?

DAVID. No.

BECKY. It doesn't bother you that your 'faith' is fractured?

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. Why are we talking about ‘faith’?

BECKY. We’re not.

DAVID. You asked me about my faith.

BECKY. I asked you something about yourself.

DAVID. Looking for anything in particular?

BECKY. No.

DAVID. You want a light to shine in my eyes?

BECKY. Sometimes questions lead to answers.

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. Sometimes questions lead to more questions.

DAVID. Sometimes it’s best not to ask.

BECKY. A man once offered me \$500 to have sex with him. *(She watches David’s reaction.)*

BECKY. I took the money too. *(Richard emerges from offstage.)* Went back to his place. He took off his clothes. Started kissing me. *(David and Richard share a look.)* I couldn’t go through with it. *(Richard slips away, offstage.)*

DAVID. Are you okay?

BECKY. It’s something I question.

DAVID. You must have been in a tough situation.

BECKY. I had just moved back home after... What do you think about that? *(She lets David squeeze her hand.)*

DAVID. I do things sometimes that I wish I didn’t.

BECKY. Are you going to see Kate again?

DAVID. Have to.

BECKY. Do you want to?

DAVID. Unfinished business.

BECKY. Hellova way to put it.

DAVID. I think I’m getting myself into something that’s gonna end badly.

BECKY. For who?

DAVID. You don’t know?

BECKY. She hasn’t mentioned you to me.

DAVID. Probably already knows what you’d say.

BECKY. What would I say? *(David has no answer ready.)*

BECKY. Is that a silent ‘you don’t know’ or a silent ‘you don’t want to say it’?

DAVID. What are you doing here?

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. You let me inside. *(Lights out.)*

SCENE 4

Lights up on Richard as he enters talking on a cell phone.

RICHARD. Hello Kate? It's Richard – David's gynormous big fat really big penis. *(beat.)* Yeah, I just said that last part so you'll say flattering things about me. *(beat.)* Yeah, now's a good time. *(beat.)* Mmmmm, very nice. *(beat.)* Oh that's... What else? *(beat.)* Go on. *(beat.)* No? *(beat.)* You're sure? *(beat.)* Alright. I was calling because I want to have sex. *(beat.)* Right now. *(beat.)* How about an hour from now? *(beat.)* Dinner? Yeah, we can have sex at dinner time. *(beat.)* Oh... you want to have dinner first. *(beat.)* How about we have sex before dinner? *(beat.)* Honestly, I don't really care what we do after sex. *(beat.)* Great! *(beat.)* Oh, and one other thing... I like it better when you make me feel like I'm in charge. *(Lights up on Kate and David laying in bed as Richard ends the call. As he saunters off stage, Kate tucks herself into David for some post-coital cuddling.)*

DAVID. We cuddle now?

KATE. Makes me feel better about things.

DAVID. What things?

KATE. You don't like cuddling?

DAVID. I like cuddling. I just didn't know that we cuddle.

KATE. Trying something new.

DAVID. I'm game.

KATE. You seemed really eager to see me this afternoon.

DAVID. Well... I thought I'd take you to an art gallery.

KATE. An art gallery?

DAVID. And then maybe dinner afterwards. *(Kate laughs.)*

DAVID. What?

KATE. We already slept together.

DAVID. I remember.

KATE. So drop the act.

DAVID. You're the one who wants to cuddle.

KATE. Fine. We won't cuddle. *(She turns her back to him.)*

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. Did you cuddle with -

KATE. We didn't cuddle. *(David pulls her closer.)*

DAVID. Well... how about we be the kind who cuddles?

KATE. You mean that? *(David shrugs. Kate nuzzles into David. After a long moment...)* You don't have to mean it.

DAVID. Mean what?

KATE. You can just pretend, you know?

DAVID. What!?

KATE. Just... pretend.

DAVID. You want me to pretend to... care about you?

KATE. Yeah.

DAVID. That's fucked! *(Kate charges from the bed, looking to get as far from David as possible. David snares her as she tries to escape the bed. She struggles to free herself from him. He works his way on top of her, and pins her down. She continues to struggle.)* What's going on here? *(Kate goes limp. David continues to pin her.)*

KATE. Sometimes when he was done hitting me, he'd say really nice things afterwards. *(Lights out.)*

SCENE 5

Saxophone music fill the space. Lights up over David and Richard dancing together. Think Tango. Very crisp choreography. They're pros together.

RICHARD. You're a little off today.

DAVID. Don't wanna talk about it.

RICHARD. Fine with me. *(Fancy dance move.)*

DAVID. Do you think we're making a mistake with Kate?

RICHARD. Haven't thought about it.

DAVID. Cuz, that was heavy last night. *(David is falling behind in the dance moves.)*

RICHARD. You're not keeping up.

DAVID. I think we should talk about this.

RICHARD. Not a good time.

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. Why?

RICHARD. I'm 'occupied'.

DAVID. Fine.

RICHARD. Remember how she looked in the bar?

DAVID. Becky?

RICHARD. Kate.

DAVID. Oh. Kate.

RICHARD. Yeah.

DAVID. Cuz, Becky just popped into my head when you said that.

RICHARD. Weird.

DAVID. Yeah. Becky bought Kate a bowl of soup in the bar.

RICHARD. You could totally see those boobs pressing up against her shirt.

DAVID. Becky?

RICHARD. Kate! Goddammit! Kate.

DAVID. I was just thinking about Becky.

RICHARD. We're talking about Kate right now.

DAVID. Right. Kate. (*Fancy synchronized dance move.*)

DAVID. One is known for her actions.

RICHARD. What?

DAVID. It's an insight Becky observed that first night in the bar.

RICHARD. You wanna do this some other time?

DAVID. No. I'm good.

RICHARD. Cuz we're focusing on Kate right now.

DAVID. I'm worried about her.

RICHARD. Nipples.

DAVID. What?

RICHARD. Nipples and panties.

DAVID. Oh. Right.

RICHARD. And raw carnal fucking.

DAVID. Yeah.

RICHARD. Yeah!

DAVID. And the way she screamed that first night.

RICHARD. Sexy primal fucking screams!

DAVID. She saw his face. (*Richard stops immediately.*)

NOT BEING A DICK

RICHARD. You know what? I'm outta here. Call me when you're done being a pussy.

DAVID. Wait.

RICHARD. What?

DAVID. Maybe we can talk about Becky?

RICHARD. I don't wanna talk about Becky.

DAVID. Why not?

RICHARD. Complicated.

DAVID. Sure.

RICHARD. I don't do complicated.

DAVID. Try.

RICHARD. You first.

DAVID. K. *(David takes the lead. He seems to have found a skip in his step. Richard barely moves. David doesn't seem to care, or be in the least bit bothered by Richard's lack of effort.)*

RICHARD. Not into it.

DAVID. Try harder.

RICHARD. I don't have to try harder. I'm not into it.

DAVID. She plays a guitar. *(Richard takes that in. Picks up the pace a bit.)*

RICHARD. Right. Guitar.

DAVID. And that's sexy.

RICHARD. Chicks playing guitars are sexy.

DAVID. And she's beautiful.

RICHARD. Hot.

DAVID. What?

RICHARD. Say she's hot.

DAVID. Becky's hot.

RICHARD. Good. 'Hot'. One syllable.

DAVID. And smart.

RICHARD. What?

DAVID. One syllable.

RICHARD. Sure.

DAVID. And her questions about everything! *(Richard stops.)* Her beautiful mind! The way she challenges me. My God, her spirituality too!

RICHARD. Lacy thong.

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. What?

RICHARD. Seriously. Tiny little lacy thong panties framing up that perfectly squeezable beautiful ass - *(Richard resumes his dancing.)*

DAVID. Who's?

RICHARD. Becky's. Whoever's. Fuck. Dainty little thong panties, backlit by the sun – and a white sun dress with long shapely legs – and panties!

DAVID. Dude.

RICHARD. And no bra! Fuck yeah! No bra with those perky little nipples and -

DAVID. We're not talking about Becky this way!*(Richard stops cold.)*

RICHARD. Fine. Fuck it. I quit. *(Richard moves to leave.)*

DAVID. Miss. Cumbers from Grade 4. *(Richard stops cold.)*

RICHARD. Yeah. Okay. Miss. Cumbers from Grade 4! *(They resume dancing with fresh vigor. Lights fade.)*

SCENE 6

Saxophone music trails off. Lights up over Becky as she strums chords to HER SONG. She's very tentative, but bravely lends voice to the chords. Tepidly at first, humming along until finally she lands the words in full vocal splendour.

BECKY. *(singing.)* I'm just trying to see/peacefully/the me I see in the mirror... bliss - *(Becky stops suddenly upon seeing David.)*

DAVID. Why do you do that?

BECKY. What?

DAVID. Stop yourself.

BECKY. Not ready yet.

DAVID. You light up when you sing. *(She smiles to hide a frown.)*

BECKY. More kind words.

DAVID. You don't like compliments?

BECKY. It's what people do before they take something from me.

DAVID. You okay?

BECKY. I was contemplating a retreat into my fort.

DAVID. Huh?

BECKY. Nevermind.

DAVID. Cuz it seems like you're making an implication there.

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. Just an observation.

DAVID. An observation.

BECKY. Yeah.

DAVID. What do I want from you?

BECKY. You tell me.

DAVID. Advice?

BECKY. No.

DAVID. No?

BECKY. You asked it like a question.

DAVID. You have that affect on me.

BECKY. Everybody wants something from me.

DAVID. I want to talk about Kate.

BECKY. You believe that? *(Becky observes David's shrug.)*

DAVID. I called her up yesterday looking for sex, but dressed it up with kind words to seem... not as much of a 'dick' about it.

BECKY. That's not very honest.

DAVID. She saw right through it. I knew she would... so that makes it alright... right?

BECKY. You're going to be seeing more of her?

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. Still think it's gonna end badly?

DAVID. We cuddled.

BECKY. She never cuddled with -

DAVID. I know.

BECKY. What are you doing here alone with me in the bar at 3am?

DAVID. I just told you!

BECKY. You think so?

DAVID. Yeah.

BECKY. No.

DAVID. Yes I did!

BECKY. What are you doing here 'alone' with me, in the bar, at 3am?

DAVID. You seem to have all the answers.

BECKY. Those were questions.

DAVID. That was a statement. *(Becky lets a smile pass her lips.)*

BECKY. I'm glad you're here.

NOT BEING A DICK

DAVID. I'm glad, you feel glad I'm here.

BECKY. Why?

DAVID. What?

BECKY. Why did you tell me you're glad I'm glad you're here?

DAVID. Are you serious!?

BECKY. Just seeing how I affect you.

DAVID. It's like I'm going 10 rounds with a heavy weight.

BECKY. Heavy weight!?

DAVID. Light weight – with a punch.

BECKY. Kate likes it rough.

DAVID. What? I mean, yeah.

BECKY. Did you hurt her?

DAVID. Hurt her!?

BECKY. A little sparring back and forth can be arousing.

DAVID. I was just trying to keep her from leaving.

BECKY. 'Keep her from leaving.'

DAVID. It was after the sex!

BECKY. I see.

DAVID. It's not like how it sounds!

BECKY. How does it sound?

DAVID. I'm not a dick!

BECKY. One is known for his actions.

DAVID. People do things sometimes before they even think it all through.

BECKY. Who?

DAVID. You don't even know how you got yourself stuck in the middle of something – but there you are – stuck in the middle of something! And it's all going to end badly and you know that – and you find yourself doing it anyway.
*(Becky kisses him passionately, their bodies pressed close together.) Schwing!!!
(Richard enters abruptly.)*

RICHARD. Hi! I'm Richard! David's penis! *(David separates himself from Becky immediately.)*

DAVID. What the hell!

BECKY. *(to Richard)* Thought that was you. *(David begins shoving Richard offstage.)*

DAVID. He just kind of shows up unexpectedly sometimes.

NOT BEING A DICK

RICHARD. Unexpectedly? Dude -

BECKY. Quite the reaction there. *(David cringes audibly.)*

DAVID. *(to Richard, under his breath)* I need to 'talk' to her. Right now.

RICHARD. We're past talking.

DAVID. I need you to PLEASE just go away so I can figure this out.

BECKY. Problem?

RICHARD. How about I get to watch?

DAVID. Please!

RICHARD. Alright. But I'll be right over here in case you need me. *(As Richard walks passed Becky, he stops momentarily.)* He thinks you're special. *(He exits. A very long uncomfortable moment.)*

DAVID. What's going on?

BECKY. It's easier for me to understand others, than it is for me to know myself.

DAVID. You kissed me.

BECKY. That was my answer. I just told you what's going on.

DAVID. That makes no sense!

BECKY. Maybe you need to 'process' it more.

DAVID. Fuck you.

BECKY. You swore at me!

DAVID. You're manipulating me!

BECKY. I'm not!

DAVID. You are!

BECKY. Maybe I don't know what I'm doing.

DAVID. That a trick?

BECKY. It's a confession.

DAVID. It's words.

BECKY. Not just words.

DAVID. Then what?

BECKY. Truth?

DAVID. You said that like a question.

BECKY. I guess I did. *(A moment.)*

BECKY. How do you feel about that?

DAVID. About...

BECKY. About what you just learned about me?

DAVID. I don't know.

NOT BEING A DICK

BECKY. Why?

DAVID. You need to stop with the questions.

BECKY. When the questions stop, we're done learning about each other.

DAVID. Kate is your friend.

BECKY. What is she to you?

DAVID. What is she to YOU?

BECKY. She's somebody who's going to get hurt – Again. *(David tepidly interlocks his fingers with hers.)*

DAVID. I need to end it. *(Becky takes back her hand and exits, leaving David dumbfounded.)* Did I... umm... *(After a few moments she returns.)*

BECKY. Had to lock the door. *(She eyes David.)* Don't want to let anyone in.

DAVID. This some kind of test?

BECKY. Yeah.

DAVID. How'm I doing?

BECKY. The results are inconclusive. *(Lights come up over Richard. He is standing facing them, respectful, and dressed in a three-piece suit. Saxophone music plays. Beautiful. Romantic.)*

DAVID. We're really doing this?

BECKY. Stop with the questions.

DAVID. You're contradicting yourself.

BECKY. I do that sometimes.

DAVID. 'This' is going to end badly. *(A long passionate kiss as they slow dance together. Lights slowly fade to black.)*

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