

Sexonymous

by

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INT. SCENE - A BASEMENT APARTMENT

A man, DICK, is cleaning up his apartment. He sets out six chairs in a semi-circle, starts making coffee and puts out a large box of doughnuts. He checks his watch periodically as if nervous. Finally, after a long period of activity, he puts up a sign on a painter's easel. The sign reads "SEX ADDICTS ANONYMOUS". He stands back to admire his work and nods his head in approval.

DICK
(approving grunt)
Mmm-hmm.

A knock comes at the door and he hurries to answer it.

DICK
(enthusiastically)
Hello! Welcome! Come on in, you're just a little bit early. It'll be a few more minutes.

Another man, RANDY, enters. He looks extremely uncomfortable.

RANDY
(nervous)
Hi, sorry I'm early - I just didn't really know if I was actually gonna come.

DICK
Heheh, well don't worry about that, it's a pretty touchy subject. (he holds out his hand) Dick.

RANDY
Hm?

DICK
Dick. I'm Dick. Nice to meet you.

(pause)

He points to himself.

DICK (CONT.)
Dick.

RANDY

Oh! Ummmm... I'm Ed— isn't this anonymous? I just mean...

He looks to the sign. DICK just stands there, confused. RANDY points to the sign.

DICK

Oh! Anonymous! Right. Sorry. Forget I said my name was Dick. Well, here's your name-tag. Have a seat whenever you're ready.

RANDY sits down awkwardly, unsure which seat to choose. He looks at the name-tag apprehensively.

RANDY

So just... uh... just a fake name?

DICK

Sure! Good idea! Whatever!

RANDY writes "RANDY" in big letters. DICK looks around at all the empty chairs and eventually sits right next to RANDY. RANDY gets even more uncomfortable as DICK fills out his name-tag. It says "DICK" in big letters. He sticks it on his chest with a hefty slap. After a few moments of silence, he checks his watch.

DICK

Okay, ummm... (he checks RANDY's nametag)
"RANDY", nice to meet you. I'm Dick.

RANDY

Yeah, you already—

DICK

You all set?

RANDY

Uhh, yeah? I guess?

DICK

(stands, and speaks in
a professional manner)

Welcome to Sex Addicts Anonymous — I'm Dick. You've all taken a brave first step today just by showing up. Basically we're here to learn from each other — to use our collective experiences and ideas as stepping stones on

the way to recovery. Why don't I start us off today?

(sits and looks right
at RANDY, really close)

Okay, so this one time I was with this chick an—

RANDY

Wait, wait wait. I'm sorry. I ... I thought you said it would be a few more minutes before the rest of the group arrived.

DICK

No, I meant a couple of minutes until the coffee's ready. Anyway, I was with this REALLY HOT CHICK.

RANDY

I... sorry... just one more... ahh... just one more thing. Can I just get this straight? Is anyone else showing up?

DICK

No. Anyway, she was fuckin' STACKED. I'm talking like (he motions with his hands to indicate large breasts and makes a loud explosion noise with his mouth). So I was getting her pants off, right? And—

RANDY

Wait, what the hell?

DICK

I KNOW, right? And then—

RANDY

No, no, no. That's not what I meant. Where are all the other people?

DICK

Huh? We're all here. Just the two of us. Randy and Dick! All right! (he goes for a high five)

RANDY

(standing)

I'm... I'm gonna go.

He walks for the door. DICK gets up and chases after him.

DICK

Hey, what? C'mon, what are you doing!
Randy, just stop. Listen to me. (RANDY
stops.) You have a problem. You've
taken a brave first step today just by
showing up.

RANDY looks nonplussed.

DICK (CONT.)

Come on, pal. (He puts a hand on
RANDY's shoulder.) You owe it to your-
self to give this your all. (He puts
another hand on RANDY's other shoulder)
Let the healing begin. Have a doughnut.

RANDY

Well, I do... I do have a problem. (DICK
nods solemnly.) I guess I can stay for
a little while. But this has to be pro-
fessional. I'm here to deal with things
— don't let this turn into something
weird. (DICK nods.) Also, you sit over
there.

DICK

(immediately, and with
a shrug)
Sure!

RANDY

Also, I'm going to start.

DICK

(immediately, and with
his hands up in accom-
modation)
No problem!

RANDY

Also, I'm taking an apple fritter.

DICK

(breathes in deeply,
wincing)

I ate them all.

RANDY

I don't even know what I'm doing here.

RANDY grabs another doughnut and takes a bite. DICK nods enthusiastically and grins. He also takes a doughnut.

DICK

There. This is nice, right? Okay, why don't you start. Tell us a little bit about why you're here.

RANDY

(he sighs)

It's hard for me to talk about. I just, I dunno. Sometimes it's like I don't even care about what I'm doing to my body. Sometimes — I mean — it's like I'll do it with just anyone. I think it all started when I was thirteen. You see, one night my parents went out for dinner and left me with our neighbour. She was like thirty and divorced. Anyway, it was an okay night. We watched TV and played Kerplunk—

DICK

Nice.

RANDY

But then my parents were late and things got weird.

DICK leans in.

DICK

Uh huh?

RANDY

Just... I don't know what got into me but she looked really... and I felt really... and in that moment, I just KNEW—

The coffee pot makes a loud DING noise.

DICK

(oblivious)

Coffee's ready!

RANDY

What?

DICK

Coffee! You want some? It's not great,
but when you need it, you need it. Want
a cup?

RANDY

But I was just—

DICK

Hm?

RANDY

I was about to—

DICK

What?

RANDY

I thought we were going to—

DICK

Is that a no?

RANDY

(sighs)

Fine, I'll have some.

DICK

Awesome! Let's take a break.

He pours a mug for himself and a mug for RANDY, and then comes
and sits down again, handing the mug over.

DICK

Did you catch the game last night?

RANDY

Which game?

DICK

Uhhhhhhhh hockey.

RANDY

No.

DICK

Cool! Let's move on.

He takes a large stack of cue cards from his jacket pocket enclosed in an elastic band. He removes eight pens from his other pocket enclosed in an elastic band. He begins to put a card on each chair, handing one directly to RANDY.

DICK
Everybody gets a card.

He makes another round, this time with the pens, handing each to an empty chair.

DICK
Everybody gets a pen.

RANDY
(as he gets his pen)
Huh? What's this?

DICK
(sitting)
It's an exercise. I'll explain. Everybody got their card?

RANDY
... Yes.

DICK
Everybody got their pe-

RANDY
(annoyed)
Yes.

DICK
Okay! What I want everyone here to do is write down their most disgusting, sick, perverse sexual fantasy in extreme detail.

RANDY
What?!

DICK
Don't worry! You don't have to be embarrassed. Don't write your name on it - it'll be completely anonymous. We'll never know whose is whose!

RANDY

But there's just you and me!

DICK

Oh, no. I'm not doing one. I'm just the group leader!

RANDY

No way. Forget it. I'm not doing it.

He gathers his things, and prepares to leave.

DICK

But RAAAAAANDY!

Suddenly, the door opens and a young, attractive woman, REGINA, rushes in. DICK and RANDY freeze.

REGINA

Whew, sorry I'm late. Did I miss much?

DICK

No!

RANDY

Have a seat...

He sits and pats the seat next to him. DICK notices and does the same. REGINA quickly decides, oblivious to the situation, and sits halfway between the two. They both look at her expectantly.

REGINA

So where were we?

DICK

We were just gonna all talk about some of our sexual experiences in explicit detail and maybe uhh I don't know, things we like to do or have done to us in bed and the kind of guy I mean girl we look for when we go out at night.

That kinda thing.

RANDY

We were just gonna all talk about how we deal with the intense desires we have and the outlets we use to relieve them and what we do when we're alone sometimes or when our sorority sisters come into our rooms late at night.

That kinda thing.

BOTH TOGETHER

You go first.

REGINA

Well, okay. If you say so. I just find that some nights, I get so lonely. I crave someone's fingers all over me.

She begins to rub her sides, chest and back above her clothing. The two boys look at each other for a moment and then scootch their chairs closer to REGINA's, leaning in.

REGINA

And it just won't go away. I try to take a shower to wash the intense craving – the yearning and desire from my skin. But even as I'm standing there, the water rushing over my slick, naked breasts, my hands start creeping slowly down my body, caressing every curve, faster and faster, harder and harder until–

By this time, the boys are so close to her, they're practically touching.

DICK

(loudly)

And then what happened?!

REGINA

Nothing. Nothing ever happens. It's not the same without someone there – someone soft; someone warm.

DICK

I have to go to the bathroom / I'll be right back.

DICK leaves abruptly, leaving REGINA and RANDY alone.

REGINA

I hope I didn't offend him.

RANDY

Yeah okay whatever, so uhh... that... that uhh thing you just said. It was really...

Helpful.

REGINA

Helpful? I was hoping it would be.

RANDY

Yeah. Very helpful. I can feel my problems lifting away. It made it clear that we're all in this... together.

REGINA

I'm glad you feel that way.

RANDY

I feel lots of ways.

DICK slowly enters from the other room, looking relieved. He stands just outside of the action, listening in.

REGINA

I was hoping you and I could...

RANDY

Get together?

REGINA

At my place...

RANDY

Sometime soon...

REGINA

Tonight.

RANDY

And ... talk.

REGINA

Or have sex.

RANDY

(voice cracking)

Sure!

REGINA

Let's go.

RANDY

Now?

REGINA

Now.

DICK bursts into the action, looking angry and offended.

DICK
WHOA... whoa... Guys. Come on. Think about
this before you decide what you're do-
ing. I mean, look where we are.

He points at the sign. The two look ashamed, as if understanding
what they're doing wrong.

DICK
Just do it here.

PAUSE.

DICK
And I'll watch.

PAUSE. The two look at each other.

BOTH
(shrug)
Okay. Sure.

DICK
I'll clear a space!

Blackout as DICK starts moving chairs and the other two unbutton
their clothes.