

**Etiquette**

By Mary Jones

Carol

Tom

*The couple are in bed, lights out; sounds of sex, movement, groaning, fabric. He climaxes, climes off. Lights up.*

Still nothing.

CAROL

You've got to be kidding!

TOM

Honestly, I didn't feel a thing.

CAROL

For two hours—

TOM

I know—

CAROL

Not including foreplay—

TOM

You did your best, except—

CAROL

My best? Hell yes, I did my best. But you didn't even move—you just laid there like some sort of sexual slug!

TOM

Don't get mad at me because you couldn't—

CAROL

I have NEVER had a complaint before!

TOM

They were probably being kind—

CAROL

Kind? Oh no, they were grateful—

TOM

Unlike many women, I believe in complete honesty in a relationship—

CAROL

TOM

There's a name for people who always tell the truth. They're called assholes.

CAROL

I'm sorry, but faking an orgasm is just sexual etiquette gone awry, and I won't do it.

TOM

At this point, I'd rather be lied to.

CAROL

Don't get mad, Tom.

TOM

Look, I tried. I really did. We've gone through this—if I can't satisfy you, and you don't plan to move on, you could at least... I don't know...

CAROL

Stroke your ego?

TOM

At least something gets stroked.

CAROL

It's lying. I won't.

TOM

If you love me—

CAROL

Don't start that. You know... *(Whispers in his ear)*

TOM

No. Now wait a minute—

CAROL

I don't see what the big deal is. *(imitating him)* If you love me...

TOM

It's weird!

CAROL

No weirder than the things I do for you!

TOM

The hell it isn't! Look, lots of people give blow-jobs. Not a lot of people...

*Carol is obviously upset, and pulls away, turning her back to him.*

CAROL

Fine. This is what I get for being honest? Fine.

TOM

Oh God. Alright.

*Tom reaches under the bed, pulls out a clown wig and a red nose. He sets himself to start.*

Hey Kids, what time is it?

*Lights out.*