

# IN A FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT STORE

— a one-act play

## CHARACTERS:

CLAUDE, who should look odd somehow  
SWEETIE, a life-size sex doll, either male or female,  
depending on the production company

SETTING: A dingy apartment containing a lamp, a cot. SWEETIE is under the covers on the cot, the face averted from the audience.)

CLAUDE (getting ready for bed) Do you like the light off, Sweetie? (He goes to the lamp, about to turn it off.) I prefer it on myself. (Smiles.) Especially when it's someone as attractive and pouty as you are. (He turns the doll's face toward him. Now the audience can tell it's a doll.)

SWEETIE (No reply of course throughout, but CLAUDE should manipulate the doll at times so that it seems animated.)

CLAUDE Maybe we could leave it on — (Sound of car screeching outside.) Who's that? (Looks out the window.) Better they shouldn't see us, don't you think, Sweetie? (He turns off the lamp.) (He sneaks back to the window, peeks out.) Do you hear the wind howling out there? Listen (There is no sound of howling wind.) Don't you hear that? You can hear the ice clack-clacking on the eaves. But you and me, we're safe in here . . .

(CLAUDE comes closer to the cot.)

Are you cold? Pull up the blanket! (He does.) Are you comfortable? (He adjusts the pillow under the doll's head so that it is nearly sitting.) I want you to be comfortable.

(He stands over the cot, looking at SWEETIE.)

You're so very (beautiful/handsome). Do you know that? Are you vain? (Sits on the cot.) But you have a right to be vain. I don't mind. (He strokes the face of the doll.) Do you like that? (He leans over and kisses the doll.) Is there room for me next to you? (He waits for a reply.) Oh, there is. (He removes his robe and gets in next to the doll, sitting up beside it.) I'm glad I met you tonight. I knew you were quality the minute I saw you. (He touches the doll's chest.) I could tell those others were cheap. But not you!

Do you want a refreshing beverage? (Listens.) Are you sure? I'm so glad you don't smoke. I don't even have ashtrays because people shouldn't smoke. They will die if they do. And they should!

May I hold your hand. (He takes the hand.) You feel good. Do I feel good? We can go have a sundae afterwards. Would you like that? With hot fudge. Whipped cream. May I touch your leg? (He does.) Do you like that? Your legs are very nice. Warm. Would you mind putting your hand on me? You wouldn't? (He moves the doll's hand under the covers onto his crotch.) Oh, that feels beautiful. (He starts to feel himself leaking.) Whoa, whoa, whoa! (He laughs.) You're too much, Sweetie! I better be careful or I'll . . . You're sweet, do you

know that? If you could only talk. But you're my darling, aren't you? My own wonderful darling, forever and ever! (He hugs the doll.)

May I ask something of you? You don't have to agree if you don't want to. . . . May I lie on top of you? (Silence.) What do you say? Do you like foreplay? Huh? I like it too. (He draws down the blanket a bit.) Do you like your nipples sucked? (He leans over and puts his lips on the doll's chest; then gradually he moves down to the doll's navel.) You have a perfect belly button. Has anyone ever told you that? (He takes something out of his mouth.) Though you do have a little lint in it. That's all right. It's gone now. (He pulls the blanket down farther, straddles the doll.)

o you mind if I . . . ? (He means the pubic area.) I only want to do it because I love you. (Slowly he descends until he is in the pubic area. Then suddenly he grabs the doll's legs and pushes them apart.) Did that hurt you, huh? (He pushes them again, a bit rough.) You loved it, didn't you?! (He pushes the legs apart again, with more force.) You like it this way, huh? Guess what I'm going to do next? Oh, you can't? . . . I'm going to enter you. (Here, if the doll is male, CLAUDE should turn it over onto its stomach.)

(He lies on the doll.) Am I too heavy for you? I'm sorry, Sweetie. It won't be too much longer. I'll come inside you in just a minute. (He begins to thrust a little.) You want it, you want it so bad, don't you, baby?

(CLAUDE begins to bounce harder, until the doll's arms flap wildly on the cot.)

I'm screwing you! I'm screwing you, aren't I, Sweetie? I'm screwing the hell out of you, and you're loving it! YOU LOVE IT! (CLAUDE humps furiously, moving the doll all over the cot, maybe even onto the floor, kissing it and moaning with pleasure.) Oh, Sweetie! Oh, Sweetie baby!

(Suddenly CLAUDE stops.)

Darling?

(No reply.)

Sweetie, are you all right? (He feels the doll's forehead.)

Honey? (He touches the dolls back or stomach.) What's the matter, baby? (He nestles his head against the doll, listening.) Sweetie? (He squeezes the doll, and we hear the plastic yield, the sound of air escaping.) Wait, baby! Hold on! I'll fix it!

(CLAUDE jumps from the cot and runs offstage as if to the bathroom. We hear him in the medicine cabinet. He returns with a box of Band-Aids.)

Hold on, Sweetie! Hold on! I got some Band-Aids for you!

(He opens the box and slaps a Band-Aid over the leak and presses on it with both hands. The air stops escaping.)

That did it! That did it, Sweetie. You're all better now.

(He takes the doll in his arms, kneeling on the bed.)

Okay? You okay now? You're just a little bit . . . soggy. But it's okay. I love you just the same. We can go on, sweetheart. Can't we? Please don't leave me! Please say you won't ever leave me!

(CLAUDE hugs the doll tightly.)

Slow Fade