Sadomasochism, or a Situational Comedy

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[There is a laugh prompter positioned directly above the stage. It remains off for the entire play. The narrator walks out. He sits down at the edge of the stage and takes his time getting situated. He then starts his narration.]

NARRATOR: My Life was filmed in front of a live studio audience.

Not last week, when it should have been.
When this pretty little girl, with pretty little breasts, in a car nicer than mine, waved at me, trying so hard, because she couldn’t have been more than 16, and yet I waved back and smiled long after she was gone.

Or the week before that, when I last had sex.
When my wife pressed her body up against mine because it was my birthday, and my penis was one year older now and that much closer to falling off.

No. I chose this day, at three thirty-four in the morning, in a quiet, little suburb between Jersey and Hell, not because this day is funnier than the rest, but because, you can say, I come from a long line of sadomasochists.

[Cue the sound of dry skin rubbing against dry skin.]

That sound you hear is me jacking off at exactly 182 strokes per minute.

I’ll be done soon.

And that man you see, the one about to bang on my front door, the one with broad shoulders and a handsome face, that’s my brother Blake.

[BangBangBangBangBang.]

BLAKE: ShitShitShitShitShit.

[BangBangBangBangBang.]
Wake up, Ethan. Wake up!


ETHAN: For christ sakes, I’m coming!

NARRATOR: Literally, I had been cumming, so it started to soak through my boxers before I even opened the door.

ETHAN: It’s three o’clock in the morning, Blake. What the hell are you doing?

BLAKE: [Pacing around the kitchen.] I need your help, Ethan. Something… bad happened. Something really, really bad.

ETHAN: Like what? Is it Dad?

NARRATOR: That’s code for Did Dad finally overdose on Viagra, while sleeping with one of his students? I always imagined that they would use his cock to prop open the coffin.

BLAKE: No. It’s not Dad. Or Mom. Oh shit, Mom. What am I going to tell her?

NARRATOR: He’s not normally this nervous. He’s a cop.

BLAKE: Ethan… I just killed someone.

NARRATOR: Which explains it. He’s a cop visualizing every possible way they’re going to bend him over in prison.

ETHAN: Like in a shoot-out?

BLAKE: No, Ethan, I wasn’t on duty. And I didn’t shoot anyone. I… I strangled them.

NARRATOR: And now I’m visualizing every possible way they’re going to bend my brother over in prison. With soap. Without soap. Through the bars.

ETHAN: Was it self-defense? Did they pull a knife on you?

BLAKE: No.
ETHAN: Did the guy at least look at you funny?

BLAKE: No. And it wasn't a guy.

ETHAN: Wait. You… strangled a woman?

NARRATOR: Shit.

BLAKE: It’s not like that, I swear! She asked me to!

ETHAN: You don’t just ask to be strangled, asshole! Who does that?!

BLAKE: I don’t know, it just happened. We were having sex, and, well, you know —

NARRATOR: I don’t.

But I picture it. My brother on top, barreling down onto some faceless girl. His eyes shut. His arms outstretched. His big, cop hands throttling the life out of her.

Except, it’s not just some girl. It’s that 16 year old with tiny breasts, and long knotted hair. And it’s not my brother choking her. It’s me, and we’re smiling, and we’re waving back at each other.

Hell. I don’t know whether to take a step back from him right now or to ask him how it was.

ETHAN: So… um… how was it?

BLAKE: Oh, you know, just fucking great. I loved every second of it, Ethan. I can’t wait to have another go at it in prison. Do you think Tyrice the gang banger will let me choke him too?

NARRATOR: I told you.

BLAKE: And do you know what the worst fucking part is? I have no idea when it happened. She could have just been lying there, taking it until I was done, and I didn’t even know.

ETHAN: I’m sorry… you couldn’t have known.
BLAKE: You don't get it. I cuddled for almost fifteen minutes with a dead body before I even realized it.

NARRATOR: Honestly, I do get it. Over 90% of marital sex is necrophilia. Besides, there are worst things than sleeping with a dead body.

At least he didn’t eat her.

BLAKE: God. I don’t know what I’m going to do now. I can’t call the police.

ETHAN: But you’re a cop. Won’t they believe you?

BLAKE: That’s exactly why they won’t believe me. When was the last time you heard of a cop accidently killing somebody other than a black man. Never. Because it doesn’t happen.

NARRATOR: He has a point.

ETHAN: Well, you can’t just leave it there. And what about her family?

BLAKE: I don’t know. I was going to call the police, I mean, I still am, but not now, not yet. I just… I need to get a lawyer first.

NARRATOR: And that’s where I come in.

Sharon’s dad is a lawyer. He sends us a fruit basket every year for Christmas. That and a postcard of his gray, well-manicured balls dangling in a pair of Hawaiian shorts. His smile always says “fuck you.”

I wake Sharon up to call her dad. She’s pissed. But when isn’t she?

Her dad convinces Blake to call the police. He does, and we spend the next fifteen minutes waiting, staring at different parts of the room. Sharon crosses her arms like a bitch.

SHARON: You realize this means that you’re not invited to Thanksgiving, right?

ETHAN: Sharon.

SHARON: My children are not growing up around some psychopath.
NARRATOR: She’s right. They get enough of that from us.

BLAKE: It’s fine. Don’t worry, they’ll lock my ass away by then.

ETHAN: Will you stop saying that. You’re not going to prison. It was an accident. It’s not like you tried picking up some random girl at the bar just to strangle her to death.

BLAKE: Her name was Beth.

ETHAN: What?

BLAKE: Not just some random girl. Her name was Beth.

NARRATOR: Which is usually short for Elizabeth. Unless she was fat. Then it’s just Beth.

ETHAN: Is that what it said on her driver’s license?

SHARON: Wait, you had to look at her driver’s license?

BLAKE: No. Well, yes. Kind of. We met a few weeks ago, when I pulled her over for speeding, and, well, that’s how I got her number.

SHARON: Oh, how classy.

NARRATOR: I remember meeting Sharon outside of my dad’s office, her cleavage showing, her hair much shorter than it is now.

She was one of the many girls my dad tried fucking. She said they never did.

BLAKE: I know it sounds bad —

SHARON: — Which part? You strangling her to death, or you pulling her over for her number?

BLAKE: Both. But I swear, there was a real connection with this girl. Like, she just had this cute way of doing things that got to me. Like biting her lip when she forgot what she wanted to say.

NARRATOR: Sharon used to hug her breasts whenever she got nervous. It was like she was always naked.
BLAKE: Or like tonight, when she took me to the art museum, she told me all kinds of shit I didn't understand, but she kept on going on and on like I did.

NARRATOR: Sharon once gave me a hand job on our first date, beneath the table at McLaren's. After that, she didn't return my calls for a week. I don't know why I kept calling.

BLAKE: I don't know why, but she smiles at everything I say.

NARRATOR: They always do.

BLAKE: Or at least... she did... I really messed up, didn't I?

SHARON: That's the understatement of the century.

ETHAN: It'll be fine Blake. Sharon's dad will get you out of this.

BLAKE: No, that's not what I'm talking about. I mean, I really, really messed up. What if this girl was the one? What if there's only one person out there for each of us? And I've killed mine after only one date?

ETHAN: Blake.

BLAKE: I mean, don't you guys believe in that sort of thing?

NARRATOR: No. Not really.

ETHAN: Yeah, of course we do. But I don't think that's what you should be worried about right now.

BLAKE: Really? What if you killed Sharon? What if you popped her head off like a cork? Wouldn't that be the first thing on your mind?

SHARON: He wouldn't ever do that Blake, because he loves me. And when you're in love, you don't kill each other.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, I called my wife a bitch. She slapped me.

Once upon a time, my dad called my mom a bitch. She slapped him.
Once upon a time, my brother choked a bitch. Her final breath was, I love you.

ETHAN: She's right. I wouldn't.

BLAKE: Yeah... I guess you're right... It must be nice though.

ETHAN: What?

BLAKE: All this. Coming home to see each other every day. Arguing about what percent milk you bought, or whose turn it is to change the toilet paper. Just... being alive, together.

SHARON: It has its moments.

NARRATOR: Like beneath the table in McLaren's. Like now.

[For the first time, he looks at Sharon and not the audience.]

Why are you so nervous? Why are you still hiding your breasts from me?

[He pauses, before looking back at the audience.]

When the cops come, Sharon and I hold hands. We haven't held hands since she last gave birth. I lie to my brother. I tell him:

ETHAN: You'll get through this. I promise. And then someday you'll know what it feels like too.

NARRATOR: He gets life without parole. Something about sadomasochism not being a proper defense.

That night, Sharon and I have pity sex. Not for him, or Beth, but for ourselves, because whatever we've learned, whatever any of us learns in that brief hour, when we see our reflections in the TV, in the eyes of our loved ones choking, will be forgotten by next week, when I go back to jacking off at three o'clock.
in the morning, at exactly 182 strokes per minute.

It's too bad too. I really liked the way this one was ending.

[He gets up. The laugh prompter above the stage turns on.]

You can laugh now.

[He walks off stage.]

END OF PLAY.