

DIY

By

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written for Amios Theater Company's VOULEZ VOUS COUCHER AVEC  
SHOTZ

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## Cast of Characters

Jean:

Tina:

Barb:

## Scene

Saturday afternoon

## Time

12:30pm

*In the dark we hear the sounds of hammering into wood followed by...*

JEAN

FUCK PIE ON A STICK!!

*Lights up on three women at a table with hammers and woodplanks. Jean clutches her hurt finger.*

TINA

Excuse me, do you know when the sex portion starts?

JEAN

The sex portion?

TINA

The flyer said "We teach women how to hammer and screw." Sooooooooooooo...

JEAN

Sooooooo you thought you were attending a... fornication workshop this afternoon?

TINA

Oh god no! Oh, you're so funny! Nonono, this is a "Do-it-yourself" event!

*Beat. Jean is confused.*  
So I'm just wondering if the masturbation demonstrations are about to begin.

JEAN

Could you stop talking to me now?

TINA

I thought you'd be nicer. Your plaid shirt and sensible cargopants give you an air of approachability.

JEAN

Yeah well your dippy personality and pleather jumpsuit give you an air of HO-ability.

*The third woman, Barb, slams her hammer down powerfully. She has their full attention.*

BARB

Girl on the end? Your uh-REE-uh-luh is showing.

TINA

My...?

BARB

(to Jean) Girl in the middle? Stop taking your sadness and self-hatred out on other women. She's not the one you're angry at. (to Tina) Your Uh-REE-uh-luh dear.

JEAN

Your tit's out tiger, zip zip yer nip nip!

TINA

Oh! I thought it was pronounced Air-ee-OH-lah.

BARB

(to Tina) Most do, but they're wrong. (to Jean) Breakup with your girlfriend due to sexual repression?

TINA

(practicing as she zips up) "Uh-reeeeee-uh-luh."

JEAN

What? What makes you think-?

BARB

Chronic judgment of sexually empowered younger women...

TINA

I'm a sexually empowered younger woman!

BARB

And an overwhelming desire to construct your own folksy furniture. It's textbook. I'm Barb.

JEAN

Jean. I got the bed but she got the bureaus... You're so insightful Barb.

BARB

Well, been there. This is my third armoire this week.

TINA

Wait, are you BOTH lesbians? Me too!!!! At least I'm trying to be! I'm Tina. And as someone with a deep yearning to learn your lesbionic ways, I simply have to ask ... how often do you ladies masturbate?

JEAN

What is wrong with you? Barb here is clearly a very classy woman. She doesn't want to talk about-

BARB

Constantly.

JEAN  
CONSTANTLY???

BARB  
Oh, without ceasing. Truth be told, every time you ladies turn your heads I shamelessly grind myself against this table leg.

TINA  
Me too! A kindred spirit!

*They high five over Jean's head.*

JEAN  
Can we just focus on our projects pleeeeeease?!!

BARB  
Jean? You have a beautiful body.

JEAN  
Um. Thank you?

TINA  
How can you see it? It's so flannelly.

BARB  
There's no shame in pleasuring yourself. And certainly no shame in finding pleasure with a loving partner.

JEAN  
I didn't say there was...  
  
What did your mother call the penis when you were a little girl?

JEAN  
WHAT?

TINA  
A bird!

BARB  
A dingle.

JEAN  
Mister Peabody.

*Beat.*

BARB  
And the vagina?

JEAN  
Why are we talking about this?

TINA  
My cream puff!

BARB  
My flower.  
Baroness Winkleshine.

*Beat.*

TINA  
(to Jean) Were your family's genitals British aristocrats?

BARB  
No Tina. They were Catholic. As were mine.

TINA  
Ohhhhhhhhhh. That explains it.

JEAN  
Explains what?!

TINA  
Why you're so uptight about sex.

JEAN  
I AM NOT UPTIGHT ABOUT SEX!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*She rips open her bag and tears out a glass contraption from inside. She places it on the table and raises a hammer high over her head.*  
ARGHHHGHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAGH!!!!!!

BARB  
Don't do it Jean!!!!

JEAN  
(breathing heavy)  
Everyone is so goddamned obsessed with sex...

TINA  
Ohmygod is she going to execute her juicer?

BARB  
That is no juicer Tina. That is...

JEAN/BARB  
The "Rotary Ram-a-phone 2000."

BARB

A classic.

JEAN

That Ramaphone destroyed my marriage. Now I'm going to destroy it.

BARB

Think about what you're doing Jean.

JEAN

I mean, what kind of fucking birthday present is that?

BARB

Giving a sex toy as a gift is always tricky...

JEAN

I'm not "open to new experiences," HUH? I'm "selfish and prudish and uptight, HUH??" Well.....

*Jean moves to smash the Ramaphone, but Barb grabs her hands overhead to stop her.*

BARB

Tina, move the Ramaphone 2000. Now!

TINA

Wh-wh-where do you want it?

JEAN

Anywhere! Just get it to safety!

*Panicking, Tina holds it to her forehead.*

TINA

Look! I'm a penis unicorn.

*Barb removes the hammer from Jean's grip. She takes her gently by the shoulders and looks deep in her eyes. Tina sneaks the toy into her own bag.*

BARB

Turgid peaks.

JEAN

What?

Nubs and tips. Beaver, box, bush, and netherlips.

*Beat. Jean is lost.*

The first step to reversing sexual repression is to use the words you want to use for your body parts. Fuck Mr. Peabody. Screw Baroness Winkleshine.

TINA

Yeah, screw 'em!

BARB

I'll start.

*Barb starts hammering a catchy beat on her wood.*

JEAN

What are you doing?

BARB

I don't know Jean, what AM I doing?

TINA

Well you're sorta making me wanna dance.

BARB

Then by all means Tina. Dance.

*Tina dances as Barb continues to hammer.*  
Her sleekness. Her sweetness. Her dew-soaked curls. Her entrance. Her channel. Her hooded lady-pearl.

*Jean starts to tentatively groove.*  
Good girl! Good! Cleft, crease, crevice. Cunny, cunt, twat. How's it going Jean, are you startin to feel hot?

JEAN

Sort of actually. Yeah...

*Tina's up on the worktable now.*

TINA

Cock! Dick! Prick-erection. Hardness! Porksword! MEAT INJECTION!!! Sorry, I'm not great with ladyparts yet!

BARB

That's fine Tina, that's just fine.

JEAN

Glove, gash, hole. Her oozing Bassett Hound.

BARB

There ya go Jean!

JEAN

Quim, muff, crotch. Her quivering musky mound!

BARB

FANTASTIC!



Holla!!

*Jean hops up on the worktable, grooving so hard.*

BARB

Rosebud! Honey Pot! Take it away Jean!

JEAN

Pussycat. Pickle Jar. My sexy slot machine!!!

BARB

YES!

JEAN

Coochie-snorcher, Ham wallet...

TINA

HAM wallet??

BARB

Go with it Tina.

JEAN

Coin purse, clam. Clown Pocket, Dragon's Lair, Sacred Paschal Lamb!

TINA

That's a little weird though, yeah?

BARB

Tiiiiina.....

JEAN

Feedbag, Fanny Boo, Hawaiian Punch Bowl. DEW-SLICKENED FINGERS IN MY SHY PUCKERED HOLE!!

TINA

I'm sorry but I gotta stop you there. Which hole?

*Jean stops grooving.*

JEAN

You KNOW which hole.

TINA

Actually I don't. Ladies have several holes, all right in a row. It's very confusing. I'm a new lesbian, trying to figure things out and you could be more helpful and-

JEAN

(an outburst of gigantic proportions)  
THE AAAAAAASSSSSHOOOOOLE TINAAAAA!!!! THE PUCKERED HOLE IS THE AAAAAAAASHOOOOOLE!!!!

*Silence. No more dancing. Jean looks around.*

*Oh god everyone's looking at me everyone's looking at me everyone's looking at me*

*She bursts into tears.*

BARB

Come here Jean. It's ok.

*They get down from the table. Jean walks into Barb's arms. Barb holds her while she cries.*

JEAN

She just wanted me to be playful and fun ya know? And I couldn't do it. If she'd come back though? I'd do anything. I would let her Ramaphone me all night long. And I would Ramaphone her right the fuck back.

BARB

I know you would sweetheart, I know you would....

*Sounds of Jean crying. Barb gestures for Tina to come over. Tina tiptoes to them and joins the hug. Uh-REE-uh-luh. New latin for "a colored ring - as about the nipple, a vesicle, or a pustule." Also,... "a small open space; an area between things."*

*Tina steps back and peers down her own shirt.*

TINA

I don't know guys. I stiiiiiiilllllll think they're called AIR-ee-oh-luhs.

BARB

Tina?

*Barb holds her index finger to her lips in the gesture of "shh." Tina returns the gesture and rejoins the hug.*

*Lights out.*

*End of play.*