

EXTRACT

OFTEN I FIND THAT I AM NAKED

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NOTE ON THE SCRIPT

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SYNOPSIS:

A darkly comic journey through the mayhem and madness of Jezebel's sexually charged take on life (which feels increasingly difficult), love (or the lack of it), fame (or something like it) and fortune (how else could she afford her cocktail habit??). A Modern Woman of the *Sex and the City* generation grappling with the dilemma of managing her career, her partying and her loneliness between bouts of excessive sexual ... *intimacy* (shall we call it?).

Characters:

Jezebel a 30ish modern woman.

The Many Hims a varied collection of men from Jezebel's life.

Technical Requirements: Media

All text in BOLD is written with the intention of being projected onto a surface/screen.

Running Time: 70 minutes

Notes: All text appearing in bold italics is intended to be read by the audience, (eg as text projections upon a screen or backdrop).

The author suggests that the piece works best with a live musical score or soundscape - in the tradition of cabaret and stand-up comedy forms.

"Just be yourself", they said, "how could he not like you? We all like you ..."

Jezebel:

So I've got this theory that if I turn all my mishaps (shall we call them), into amusing dinner table stories, I might get invited to more parties, which in turn will put me into contact with more people,(new people), open up my mind to all sorts of possibilities and, of course, take my mind off my loneliness for a while.

And as far as theories go it's not bad, not bad at all, except that when I tell my stories to people they end up in tears and tell me that "no-one can possibly be living a life that sad", and "oh what a poor dear I am" and I say back to them "well actually, I consider it to be a form of entertainment" and they say, "but it's not, you seem so nice, why all this suffering?" "Oh but no", I say, "I think my life is pretty funny all things considered", and they say "well, whatever gets you through the day" and I say "oh what gets me through the day is the wine actually" and they say "ahhh" and I say "what?" And they say, "well", and I say "what?" again and they say "why not come to a party with us? You might meet some nice young man" and I say, "I'd really like to broaden my life philosophies to include things beyond wanting to meet that special man" and they say "but you never know do you?" and I say "what shall I wear?" and they said "as little as possible".

And so with my "I'm ready for Perfect Love" cleavage, I find myself caught up in witty banter with Him at a party, and of course one thing always leads to another just like the hallway leads to the, bedroom if you know which knob to turn

Charming Him:

Well my my hello there So many women here parading themselves in front of me dressed in their cheap and gaudy gowns ... sad. But not you. Oh no. I've noticed that you are a woman of class. Sophisticated and Elegant. Oh yes. And your perfume .. it's quite alluring. Very Arousing. The kind of scent a man falls in love with. You shop well. Mmm, my my but I like your smile, it really brightens up the party. But ... I detect a hint of sadness in your eyes. I wonder what pains you? Is it loneliness? A broken heart? So mysterious and sad and alone. But you can't be here alone? Oh? Well it would be a pleasure to be in your company for a while- if you would consent? Please ... allow me to take you out to dinner, to the movies, or perhaps just a walk in the park by moonlight. I'd really like to get to know you. To show you that the sun is still shining in the sky if you know where to look for it. Come on, what say we pursue a little happiness together? Because you deserve it. So .. what do you say?

And at first I thought he was trying to tell me, in a roundabout way, that he needed someone ... that he needed me.

But in hindsight ...

Jezebel:

Who isn't signed up to Facebook? He certainly was . And yes, I did notice he had a lot of friends, a lot of female friends, many of them and all of whom seemed to leave very intimate messages, but they were ambiguous. Things like "thanks for last night" can be interpreted in a number of ways. And okay, I did peek at his mobile phone and noticed one or two text messages, which alluded to ... oral sex, possibly. "I liked eating your cock"

could refer to coq au vin after all. A dish he appears to have served to seven different women in as many days. The seven days he told me he was clinching a corporate deal. When I told him I felt that we were growing apart instead of coming together he told me the intricate patterns on my bed linen made him feel nauseous and that he'd had to see a chiropractor for his neck, which he'd put out after holding me for too long after sex. I tried to explain to him that making love to him was the most astounding and intimate experience - having someone I love inside me, deep inside my body ... but he said there were other places he'd rather be than in my vagina.

And my vagina was saddened by this news. So in an effort to cheer it up I organised a cleansing ritual.

So I called a Good Friend who owed me a favour.

Jezebel:

The point, I said, to being naked is that you don't have any clothes on. Not a stitch. Just a thatch of hair here and there, unless of course you wax it all off in which case - well never mind I think you get the picture. But he didn't. He kept his clothes on and just smiled at me.

I was on the couch, languidly arranged like a box of tempting chocolates all sweet and delicious just waiting for him to take a long hard suck of me or a quick snarly bite maybe drag that toffee cream centre out into the light for us both to have a good look at. And he says to me;

Good Friend Him:

Last time I was naked I was in the shower.

Jezebel:

And so I say, 'Oh God'

Good Friend Him:

Yeah I was. It was like standing in a rainstorm in the middle of winter only the water was warm and I was indoors, but you know?

Jezebel:

And I say 'Yes Yes I do know and can I ask were you wet there in that steamy soaky shower?'

Good Friend Him:

I sure was, and well, I guess that's what happens in showers. You get wet.

Jezebel:

'You certainly do', I agreed, and he proceeded to tell me about the soap he'd been using

and well I had to ask ... 'did you wash your dick? did you? did you? did it get hard? did you masturbate?' Then he spilt his wine and said-

Good Friend Him:

Oh no. I washed my hair because it was dirty, because it had filth in it. So much filth. I had to wash my hair because it wasn't clean. It was unclean.

Jezebel:

Hmmm I bet you looked like someone a cricket team had just ejaculated all over ... what with all that creamy white sudsy lather running down your wet naked body.

And when I got no response from him I let out a maniacal giggle to let him know I was being humorous but he mistook it for insanity and leapt up from the couch reaching for his wallet. I realise now that he intended to go home but for one brief and incredibly awkward moment in time I thought he was grabbing a condom, so I took off my panties but he wasn't!

Anyway ...

There are other parties and other men and I was feeling 'motivated'.

Sexy Him:

So beautiful. So sexy. So talented. It was Great Sex, really very, you are such an amazing woman, and that thing you do with your tongue is truly ... Sensational. I'm so glad I met you because I feel like I've waited my whole life to meet a woman like you and look ... here you are, right in front of me. Oh yeah. You are such an amazing woman, really you are, and I mean that from the depths of my soul. I absolutely, really truly do. I bet you've broken at least a million hearts in your life-time. I can't imagine how you've managed to stay single for so long. I just want this moment to last forever. I really really do.

And so I explained to him my strong interest in relationships ... lasting relationships.

Sexy Him:

Ahh. Hmmmm. See the thing is, I've looked into my soul and there's just emptiness, just a whole lot of nothing. So it's good that we only had sex between us because I think I'm incapable of loving people, I really really do.

***And I said, "Umm ... don't you mean that it's good that we still only have sex, between us?".
But he wasn't there to hear me.***

Jezebel:

My Mother told me that in her day all a woman had to do was stick a pin in a condom in order to secure a husband and start a family. What is a woman supposed to do these days? I mean a career woman like me who is allergic to the idea of motherhood? Blackmail doesn't work I've found, emotional or otherwise, unless you have a video of him desecrating a corpse or something equally appalling and frankly that isn't a man you want to marry is it? And look I'm sure love is the answer but what is love these days? How do

you know when you've found it? Last time I thought I'd found love I ended up in an STD clinic because I'd assumed, wrongly, that we were monogamous. When I asked him if I should go on the pill I assumed he meant yes, let's become an exclusive couple, not yes, thank you for sleeping in the wet spot.

Apparently you can find a Soulmate within 6 minutes.

Him 1:

You might as well know up front about my time inside, but I'm not violent by nature, and you have to understand the charges were reduced to manslaughter because the truth is, he was asking for it, you know he was truly a shit of the lowest kind ... I think of it as a personal sacrifice I made for the good of us all, a bit like Jesus Christ. Anyhow, do you like movies, walks along the beach, that sort of thing?

Him 2:

Look I wouldn't go so far as to call it a fetish as such, I mean I'm not one of those freaks who hang out in the Hellfire club or follow girl scouts home, it's more that I really, really like feet and I have to be honest, unless I see yours now, I can't really know if we are or are not compatible. Look I just can't tolerate fungal infections.

Him 3:

Do you like oral, yeah, yeah, oral? I love oral, love to go down on a hot wet pussy, sniff out that pussy, lick out that wet cat, I'll make you see stars baby with what I can do with my tongue, yeah, yeah?

Him 4:

Um, I have time for a committed relationship on Wednesday evenings, Saturday afternoons and Thursday, all day – I have a regular flex day, and look although I still live with my wife she understands that it is over, it's just that we can't afford to sell the house yet and the kids you know, they like being a family, but I keep a bed-sit in the city in case you know, well in case I meet the right woman but ah, let's not mention that to the wife eh? She still has this idea, crazy, really, that we are still-

Jezebel:

I did swap numbers with this one guy who was younger than me, but so ... attentive, so charming, so articulate and well, okay the truth is he filled out his jeans in a way that any woman with an appetite like mine for pleasures of the flesh would be reduced to tears. And I didn't expect love to blossom between us, but I did have certain minimal expectations-

hey, wanna hook up?

Like going on a date somewhere nice-

how bout disabled bog at regal hotel?

Maybe a nice meal, and I don't mean he'd have to pay or anything-

don't wear undies

But hooking up is apparently the new sexual revolution, so he told me-

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