

(free\*play)  
by justice hehir

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The boys and girls are one tonight.  
They unbutton blouses. They unzip flies.  
They take off shoes. They turn off the light.  
The glimmering creatures are full of lies.  
They are eating each other. They are overfed.  
At night, alone, I marry the bed.

-Anne Sexton, *Ballad of the Lonely Masturbator*

### Characters

AMY, 36. Studied engineering.

EMMA, 19. Studies engineering.

SARA, 35. Studied ceramics.

TRAVIS, 26. Studied fine art for two years.

Voices of Mom and Dad

### Time

Now

### Place

freeplay's office. (freeplay is a dildo company.)

## Scene One

*Nighttime in the office. Dildos are all around. AMY is in the office, alone. She thinks she hears a noise.*

AMY  
Caesar?

*She walks to the door of their co-tenant's workspace, knocks. No answer. She goes to the fridge, and pulls out a vial and an ice pack from the freezer. She sits in her chair, administers an injection to her abdomen.*

AMY  
*Exhaling as she says: Caesarcaesarcaesar.*

*She puts the ice pack on it. She stretches, and in the process knocks over a couple of dildoes. She curses and picks them up, still holding the ice pack on her belly; one has broken (a model made of clay.) She picks up the pieces, puts them on the desk. She finds superglue in a drawer, and pours in generously on one part of the dildo. She leans back, balancing the ice pack on her belly, and firmly holds the two largest pieces of the dildo together to fuse them. Blackout.*

## Scene Two

SARA *sits at her desk, surrounded by various dildos.*

*Some look functional, while others are clearly not: they have actual heads where the head of a penis would be, rhinestones attached, spikes, etc.*

*She is sculpting a dildo carefully with clay.*

EMMA *sits at a desk next to her, answering emails.*

EMMA

What's a mung bean?

SARA *doesn't answer. It's not clear if she's heard her. Beat.*

SARA

What?

EMMA

A Mung Bean.

SARA

I have literally no idea.

EMMA

This says they're making vegan eggs out of mung beans.

SARA

What?

EMMA

That's so weird.

*Silence except spotify. SARA keeps sculpting. EMMA continues to answer emails.*

SARA

Can you print me out some more pictures of uncircumcised dicks? Erect.

EMMA

Yep. What size?

*She begins googling.*

SARA

Ugh, let's go moderate.

EMMA *nods.*

EMMA  
Like, 6?

SARA  
Yeah. 6 or 7.

EMMA *refines her search.*

SARA  
I'm doing the veins and I can't remember how much you can see them when the foreskin is pulled down.

*The printer starts printing.*

SARA  
Are you sure you're ok with doing the secretary stuff?

EMMA  
Yeah.

SARA  
I know it's not like, what you're here for, it's not like, Engineering. It's just until we find a replacement for Leah.

EMMA  
No I know. I um, I like it. It like puts my OCD to good use, so.

SARA  
Ok, just wanted to check.

EMMA  
Have you talked to her? Since she/

SARA  
/No, I need to. I'm sure she's great, she always wanted to live by the mountains, so.

EMMA  
She's, it's Colorado, right?

SARA

Yeah, Colorado. *She works for a second.* No actually, no, you know what, I think it's, it's Utah.

EMMA  
Oh, cool.

SARA  
Yeah, Utah.

EMMA *brings over several 8 1/2 by 11 printouts of uncircumcised dicks, pins them to a bulletin board.*

SARA  
Perfect, thank you.

EMMA  
Yeah no problem.

SARA  
It's like more veiny at the top slash middle of the shaft than I was like, realizing.

EMMA  
Well yeah and you have that gap, like ridge/

SARA  
/Yeah no the ridge should be more, I feel like the ridge should be a little more obvious. Because in all of these, like, it's really present and like, could be really pleasurable if it just like, has the right give. Like it should like, hold/

EMMA  
/Yeah/

SARA  
/But also compress a little? Is that- is that right?

EMMA  
Yeah. I mean, I think. I'm trying to um, remember.

*She considers this.*

EMMA  
Yeah, no, you can definitely feel it. I think.

SARA

Mmm. I haven't seen an uncircumcised one in a while. It's affecting my art.

EMMA

Are you gonna bring this one to the trade show?

SARA

Not sure yet.

EMMA

I um, I already told my professor I would be out that day so I can help with/ whatever.

SARA

/Oh great.

EMMA

I'm so excited.

SARA

I um, I worry we like built it up too much. It's um... yeah I guess it's interesting. I think, like I would love to go like every five years, that would be a good interval for me. But we kinda have to go every year because people like making wholesale orders in person. And honestly, it's not even, it's not even that. They like Taking a Trip to New York or LA or wherever it is and getting super wasted. But like over half our orders come from this thing so like we're stuck.

EMMA

It reminds me of Model UN.

SARA

Oh you did Model UN?

EMMA

Yeah. Did you/

SARA

/No but my um, my freshman year roommate loved it.

EMMA

Oh cool. Yeah I did it all through high school and I still help run it, like help run it for high schoolers, and like, it's exactly like what you're saying. Like it's a specific crowd of people who get together like a few times a year with this shared passion? And it's like, your chance to show them how you've improved like debate wise and policy wise and it's just important to make an impression. I mean there's no, we're not selling anything, obviously, like that's not the same but um, it can get like pretty crazy. Because it's at a hotel, it's ike at the Hyatt so it's. Like with, like

people drink and people sometimes have weed and it's um, like some people definitely come just for that so it just like, reminded me of that.

SARA

Yeah no that's, that's like kind of it.

*Beat.*

EMMA

*Just trying to keep the conversation going.* Does your roommate, like your old roommate, does she do anything like Model UN-ish now?

SARA

Like for/ work?

EMMA

/Yeah.

SARA

Um, I don't think so. I feel like she... wow ok I thought I knew, maybe Amy knows, I thought she was doing something weird.

*Half-beat.*

EMMA

I still haven't seen the cat.

SARA

Oh really? No Caesar yet?

EMMA

I hope I get to like, see him sometime.

SARA

You will. He's just, he hates people.

EMMA

Oh.

SARA

He's basically feral? We found him outside one winter and we let him in? And he's never like wanted to go back out but he also hates us. He likes Amy a little? And Travis kinda.

EMMA

It kind of feels like I'm putting out an offering. Or a sacrifice. Like to an entity that we have to please or something. But we never, we never see.

SARA

I mean yeah. I mean that's kind of, yeah. That cat is like old testament god, just like creatively vindictive.

*Beat.*

SARA

You know what, can you, I feel like my hands covered in the clay would be a good Instagram post/

EMMA

/Ooh yesss/

SARA

/Just grab my phone, I think the lighting is good here, but maybe like, can you move like the post-its and stuff?

EMMA

Of course.

*EMMA does this super seriously.*

SARA

We can just have it be the white, like the table. Or actually, can you, can you bring over the succulent that's by the window?

EMMA

Yeah.

SARA

It's not dead, right?

EMMA

No, looks good.

*EMMA grabs the succulent and the phone and walks over to the table.*

EMMA

Where do you want it.

SARA

Let's try... left hand corner.

EMMA *puts it there.*

SARA

Actually maybe move it slightly closer to me, like diagonally?

EMMA *does this.*

SARA

And now like, can you just turn the camera on my phone on and like try to get directly above me?

EMMA

Sure. Do you, do you want the dildo in it?

SARA

No just like, just my hands and the succulent.

EMMA

Hands centered?

SARA

Yeah like take, take one with the hands centered and then do slightly off center.

EMMA

I'll just take like a bunch and you can/ review them.

SARA

/Perfect.

EMMA *pulls over a chair, stands on it, and finds the right angle/spot. SARA flips her hands so they are palms up.*

EMMA

Good?

SARA

Yep.

*She takes a burst of pictures. SARA tries another pose with her hands, clasping one with the other, doesn't like it, then rests one in the palm of the other.*

SARA  
And like that?

*EMMA takes another burst of pictures, moving slightly to get a slightly-off-center shot.*

EMMA  
You wanna see?

SARA  
Yeah.

*EMMA holds up the phone so Sara can see, flicks through the pictures. AMY walks in with a small personal pizza.*

SARA  
Wowowow perfect timing. I need your engineering brain.

AMY  
I need to pee.

SARA  
After that I need your engineering brain.

*AMY puts her stuff down at her desk, walks to the bathroom. They refocus their attention on the phone and pictures.*

SARA  
What do you think?

EMMA  
I love it.

SARA  
I kind of like just love the first one?

EMMA  
Me too totally.

SARA  
Awesome. Thank you I'll um, you can just leave that on my desk I'll post it once I finish up.

EMMA *puts it down.* SARA *keeps sculpting.*

EMMA

Freeplay's instagram feed is actually gorgeous.

SARA

Aww thanks! I take, I take credit for that that's not Amy's thing.

EMMA

That was how I found you guys actually. Because I was following Dame and like, another woman-owned vibrator one/

SARA

/There are a couple, yeah.

EMMA

But before that I didn't even like, think about that? Before I read about Dame. Like I never thought like, who is making this sex toy? Like my sophomore year. It's like super embarrassing I never thought of it before.

SARA

Yeah. No yeah. It's kinda crazy. But we came to it at a kinda great time, I think. Just because we had some, we had a couple models with like other women-owned sex toy start-ups who were doing like really cool things that were similar to what we wanted. So I think like, paradoxically, almost, that was a gift. Because it's like, why is this, like what are we offering that's different? And then we were like, let's break this down. Because, like, where does a freeplay dildo fit in like, the ecosystem of like, feminist sex toys? Like what is that, like what is that role?

EMMA

Yeah.

SARA

So yeah I mean that was/

EMMA

/That's a lot.

SARA

Yeah. Yeah I mean. We figured, you know, we knew what we wanted to make, and we knew that it was a little more abstract, that was always like our thing. And we, I mean we also wanted better aesthetics. Like for the product obviously but then everything surrounding it. Like have a

website that looks nice, you know, like a more dignified virtual environment. Just like a website that doesn't make you feel like embarrassed or your identity's gonna get stolen, or something. I dunno. So many of them, like so many dildo websites, just look so cheap to me too? Like I feel like you can't charge fifty dollars for a dildo on a website that looks like a municipal parks department page with like bad clipart.

*Beat.*

EMMA  
Where's Travis?

SARA  
He's in Long Island, his grandma died.

EMMA  
Oh that's so sad. I'm like really close to my grandma, that would, that like freaks me out.

*AMY comes back from the bathroom and starts methodically eating her pizza.*

AMY  
Yes.

SARA  
So we need to expedite the Sammy stuff.

AMY  
Fuck. Yes.

SARA  
I mean I can mold it/

AMY  
/No I can, I'll do it I just need to eat.

SARA  
Yeah no, take your time.

AMY  
Also, don't, like don't go back there for like another ten minutes. Because I like, love and care about you.

SARA  
Did you light that candle I got? The sandalwood one?

AMY

Yeah no I did. It's/ok.

SARA

/Is it good?

AMY

We gotta go back to those expensive ones. I know it feels dumb to spend that much on pooping candles but like, Homegoods bargain ones are not cutting it.

SARA

Huh.

AMY

Oh Emma did you feed Caesar?

EMMA

Yes, I put half a cup/

AMY

/And you replaced his water?

EMMA

Yep.

AMY

Ok cool. Thank you. Thankyouthankyouthankyou.

SARA

*She holds up broken dildo.* Oh, wait, did you break Toby or did Caesar?

AMY

Meee. I'm sorry. It was an accident, obviously/

SARA

/Toby is my original reject.

AMY

I put him back together though.

SARA

He's missing like a huge chunk of his shaft.

AMY  
Couldn't find it.

SARA  
Ugh. Poor Toby.

EMMA  
What happened with the mold?

AMY  
It got dented.

EMMA  
Oh. That sounds, that's bad.

SARA  
You were at the plant?

AMY  
Yeah. Where did you think I was?

SARA  
I dunno. Just like, out.

AMY  
No I was here, I got here early, and then James called like frantic because a bunch of the Averys had like depressions on the heads? But it was because one of the molds has a dent, somebody dropped it and didn't realize.

SARA  
How many are fucked up?

AMY  
Only like 30.

SARA  
That's not terrible.

AMY  
I don't know about the new guys.

SARA

Yeah.

EMMA  
Who's new?

AMY  
We switched contract manufacturers like five months ago.

EMMA  
Oh.

AMY  
Maybe not our best idea.

SARA  
No it was like, it was the right move Financially/

AMY  
/It wasn't just Financially/

SARA  
/sure yes I'm saying there's just like, a learning curve.

AMY  
But there shouldn't need to be a learning curve/

SARA  
/Yeah/

AMY  
/Like that is literally their job, you know, like they are process engineers.

SARA  
I know.

AMY  
Like in an ideal world, I don't need to be going down there every other day.

*Beat.*

AMY  
Do we have, I had like a little plastic container of oregano, like takeout thing.

EMMA

Yes, I just, I saw that/

*EMMA gets up quickly, bumps into the table, finds the oregano in a drawer, brings it over.*

EMMA

Here ya go.

AMY

Great.

*She dumps it onto her pizza, accidentally pouring out the whole container. She tilts and pivots her pizza to move it around and shake some off.*

SARA

You're gonna eat that? With all the/

AMY

/Yeah. It's just, it's just oregano. This is, this is how Italians eat it. You want some?

SARA

...Ugh. Yeah.

*AMY hands her a slice.*

SARA

Emma you want?

EMMA

No I'm good.

AMY

Are you really going to pat the oil off? /You're gonna be that person?

SARA

/I'm trying to get some of the oregano off.

AMY

That's your loss.

SARA

Hey are you gonna move that thing out of the center of our workspace?

AMY

IT is an injection molding machine/

EMMA

/Oh awesome.

AMY

Yes, thank you, awesome.

SARA

Yes awesome but can you move it/

EMMA

/I'll move it.

SARA

Why, like, I don't get why we have this.

AMY

Because Laurie called me, from the mechanical engineering department? They got new ones, they were gonna get rid of this, they sold it to me.

SARA

For like a lot?

AMY

No. Not that much.

SARA *shoots her a face.*

AMY

I bought it with like my money.

EMMA

Is it set up?

AMY

No, not yet. I gotta do that.

SARA

Oh I was just, do you know where Miranda works?

AMY

Who?

SARA

My freshman roommate.

AMY

Why would I know that?

SARA

I thought you ran into her.

AMY

Where?

SARA

You definitely ran into her. The soup place you like.

AMY

Oh yeah I did. That place isn't there anymore.

SARA

Wait what does she do?

AMY

She works for Amazon.

SARA

Oh right. Wow, yes.

AMY

Why?

SARA

Emma does Model UN, I was saying I had a roommate who loved it. I thought maybe she like did something with it.

AMY

No. I mean she's straight evil now I guess.

SARA

Ok/

AMY

/Or, OR smart. That way when they ruin everything and Jeff Bezos like rules the post-apocalyptic world order you get like, put down more humanely than the non-Amazon workers by his killer drones.

SARA

Ok you have a prime account, so.

*AMY gets up, stretches.*

AMY

I'm gonna cast Sammy.

SARA

Nice.

EMMA

Which one is Sammy again?

*AMY holds up a very abstract looking spiral dildo.*

AMY

The twisty one.

EMMA

Oh cool.

*AMY begins mixing warm water and alginate powder in a large plastic bucket, making a thick, gel-like paste. EMMA collects two quart-sized yogurt containers, a stirrer, pink pigment, and a large plastic container of silicone.*

EMMA

I think I got everything?

*AMY checks it over.*

AMY

Yeah, great. Thank you.

EMMA

Awesome. Oh, um, should I do a coffee run?

AMY

Uh, yeah/

SARA  
/Yeah.

EMMA  
What do you want?

SARA  
Um, coffee, milk and sugar please.

AMY  
Green tea. Please.

EMMA  
Nothing um, nothing in it, right?

AMY  
No.

EMMA  
Cool. I'll be right back.

*EMMA grabs her wallet and sweater.*

EMMA  
Ok see ya.

*EMMA leaves.*

AMY  
How much longer is she here?

SARA  
Uh, I think until their winter break starts. Like December.

*AMY makes a face.*

SARA  
What.

AMY  
Nothing.

*She plunges the Sammy dildo into the yogurt container, filled with thick, gooey alginate, and holds it still.*

AMY

...I didn't want an intern/

SARA

/Ok but you told me to pick who I wanted, so/

AMY

/I kinda thought you meant for you/

SARA

/No, no, we talked about that. We said they'd work for both of us. Whoever we picked. And I just think/

AMY

/Ok, but I said, for the record, I didn't want one. I did say that/

SARA

/At FIRST you said that/

AMY

/Because they just, it's like, you reach a certain level, as a woman like in any field, and then it's like, oh, you know what you need? Some weird spoiled private school fetus who's gonna be up your ass for three months.

SARA

Who do you think has been covering for Leah?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

That's all her.

AMY

No I know.

SARA

We need to make a job posting for that too.

AMY

Ughhhhhh.

SARA  
Um, I know.

TRAVIS *enters.*

TRAVIS  
Yo.

AMY/SARA  
Hey/Hi.

TRAVIS  
Oh my god it's so nice and WARM in here. Man.

SARA  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
My apartment's heat is so busted. It's like always on but it's not?

TRAVIS *goes to open his workspace. AMY tracks this interaction.*

SARA  
How was the funeral?

TRAVIS  
It was good, yeah. Thanks.

SARA  
I'm sorry, again, that's, it's a really hard thing.

TRAVIS  
Thank you. That's so nice.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS  
Oh what is your assistant's name?/

AMY  
/She's an intern, actually.

TRAVIS

Yeah, sorry, intern, I just saw her, I keep forgetting/

SARA

/Oh Emma.

TRAVIS

Yes! Oh my god why can't I remember that.

TRAVIS *goes into his workspace.*

AMY

It was his grandma?/

SARA

/Grandma, yeah. She was like 98.

*Beat.*

AMY

What were we talking about?

SARA

Um/

AMY

/Oh Emma.

SARA

Oh yeah, you were being mean about Emma.

AMY

I wasn't being mean! She's just like, so NYU. Which is fine. But that whole- personality type- is just, is not my thing.

SARA

That's so/ incredibly reductive.

AMY

/I feel bad that I feel that way/

SARA

/No you don't/

AMY

/I do. I want to like, like her I just find her slightly annoying.

SARA

What if your kid goes to NYU one day?

AMY

Um not gonna happen.

SARA

Um, ok.

AMY

It's not, I'm not paying for that shit.

SARA

I'm not engaging with you on this.

AMY

If I dressed like that in undergrad/

SARA

/Oh my god/

AMY

/I didn't say it was RIGHT it's just if I went to engineering classes like that/ people would like-

SARA

/Isn't it good it's not like that anymore though?

AMY

Um it's definitely still like that.

SARA

But she feels ok about doing that so clearly something is a little different, right?

AMY

...Yeah.

SARA

Ok.

*AMY makes a weird face/head shake/movement.*

SARA

What, what is that?

AMY

Or she's like insecure. I don't know/ I don't know.

SARA

/Are you serious? It's GOOD. It's good. Good for her.

AMY

I just don't get like, putting that much TIME into like, looking that way, I don't get it. To come here? It just feels too like, why. Like why is she dressed like that.

SARA

That's not your business.

AMY

I know, I know it's not Rational I'm just telling you I have like an automatic weirdness towards people who clearly are like Look At Me with their clothes. It's like white girls with the really short bangs, I can't trust you when you look like that.

SARA

Whatever, that's not, my point is, you're being annoying to her/

AMY

/No I'm not/

SARA

/You are. You're cold to her/

AMY

/I'm not cold to her/

SARA

/No you are, you're a little cold to her. Little bit. And then you leave, I'm stuck here, and she's looking at me like why is she mad at me, and I'm like/

AMY

/Wait she said that?

SARA  
What?

AMY  
She asked why I was mad at her?

SARA  
No it's like a look she gives me. Or not me she just looks sad, or something. And I'm not gonna shit talk you and say you know what, she's kind of a bitch to people for no reason sometimes, even though that's true/

AMY  
/Ha/

SARA  
/So I'm just awkward.

AMY  
You are.

SARA  
Dude I'm serious. I don't like it.

*SARA opens a bag of potato chips. AMY comes over and shares them.*

SARA  
You're just like reinforcing all the engineering stereotypes, with the whole anti-social/

AMY  
/Um ok kind of.

SARA  
Your social skills are like textbook engineer.

AMY  
I have social skills with people I like.

SARA  
That doesn't count. That's not/

AMY  
*Having fun.* /Okokok I suck but you think you're "normal"?

SARA

I am. Social skills wise/

AMY

/You sculpt cocks all day, you're a Mormon/

SARA

/I was raised Mormon, you know/ you know I don't like when you talk about that.

AMY

/I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

*Beat.*

AMY

My stomach looks like a pincushion.

SARA *doesn't look.*

AMY

I'm sorry. That was, it was stupid, I'm sorry.

AMY *kisses her shoulder.* SARA *looks over.*

SARA

Show me.

AMY *lifts her shirt.*

SARA

Ugh. Oh god. Is it supposed to look like that?

AMY

I guess.

SARA

How much, how many more do you have to do?

AMY

Three more days.

SARA

Oh. That's not bad.

AMY

Yeah. Well I tried, I scheduled it so the retrieval is on the weekend.

SARA

Who's going with you?

AMY

My sister. And my mom. And now my dad wants to go.

SARA

I love your family.

AMY

Yeah I love them too I just don't want my dad coming.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

I told them I just want my sister in with me for the procedure and now my mom is all SAD and my dad is feeling "excluded."

SARA

Mm-hmm.

AMY

If I was getting pregnant with sex, or like, with a partner, this would be like, a complete non-issue.

SARA

Yeah I'm not really sympathetic to your plight on this one.

AMY

Oh I know.

SARA

Most people whose kid starts a dildo company would like, never, ever talk about it, and your mom is like her own vector of our marketing.

AMY

That's completely irrelevant/

SARA

/I'm just saying/

AMY

/The question isn't are my parents supportive of our business or like generally awesome people the question is are they being crazy freaks about me getting pregnant/

SARA

/Crazy in a supportive way.

AMY

Ok, well, if you want them to hold your hand while Gary inseminates you/

SARA

/Grosssss/

AMY

/I'm sure they'll be happy to help/

SARA

/Ugh ok fuck off.

TRAVIS *exits, walks to the bathroom. He nods. They pause while he does this.*

SARA

Well they're gonna be amazing grandparents.

AMY

They're PSYCHED. My mom has a drawer of onesies that she keeps like compulsively buying at TJ Maxx. I don't think I'm supposed to know about it but whatever.

SARA

Honestly, like with your brain and like, the genes of whatever superhuman sperm donor you're getting, your babies are gonna be like fucking geniuses.

AMY

I didn't pick someone "superhuman", that's like/

SARA

/Yeah but you didn't pick someone dumb, right?

AMY

No.

SARA

I'm just saying, if I had to pick/

AMY

/Which you don't, because you have a husband and lots of free sperm/

SARA

/Exactly. But if I did, I would totally go for like some brilliant, like interestingly attractive PeaceCorps guy. Like with a cool jaw. Or something. Hundo p. *Beat*. Wait was he in the PeaceCorps?

AMY

No, no PeaceCorps. He um, he went to Brown, and he has a PhD in Sociology.

SARA

...Oh, so he went to private school/

AMY

/Shut the fuck up/

SARA

/I'm just saying/

AMY

/He went to BROWN. There's a difference between NYU and BROWN.

SARA

Uh-huh.

AMY

There is you know there is. He was on the rowing team, and he volunteers spending time with Holocaust survivors.

SARA

What does he do with them?

AMY

I think he just hangs out with them and talks to them.

*Beat.*

SARA

Is this the same sperm from last year? The artificial/ insemination

AMY

/No different.

SARA

Gotcha.

AMY

I wanted to start fresh. I dunno.

*Beat.*

SARA

Have you ever heard of a mung bean?

AMY

Um, yeah, I think so. Isn't it, like you sprout them/

SARA

/You seriously know what they are?

*The toilet flushes.*

AMY

I've heard of them.

TRAVIS *walks past again.*

*Beat.*

AMY

I'm having a Rob Day.

SARA

I'm sorry.

AMY

It's ok. It's not like, it's fine, I don't really need to like TALK I just. It's so weird. Like why, like I don't know why it happens some days and like not other days that actually in some ways make more sense.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

If I was like president of a school everyone would have unlimited Rape Days.

SARA

Mm.

AMY

Like if you've been raped and you're having a bad day because you're thinking about like, that you were assaulted, like, automatic excused absence.

SARA

Yeah, that's. That would be good.

*Beat.*

AMY

Why do you have all these uncircumcised dick pictures?

SARA

Oh. Inspiration. For the limited edition/thing.

AMY

/Oh right. Wait, is Gary circumcised?

SARA

Yeah he's Jewish.

AMY

Oh yeah.

SARA

You know he's Jewish/

AMY

/No yeah, I do. I just remembered the um, the thing from your wedding/

SARA  
/Chuppah.

AMY  
YES.

SARA  
But I'm not like, I already told him if we have sons I am not doing that, so. *Beat*. You're not, if you have a boy, you're not gonna/

AMY  
/No. Like why. It comes with a nice lil' masturbation case, I'm not fucking with that. *Holding up her dominant hand's pointer and index fingers*. Like what if somebody cut these guys off?

SARA  
Well yeah it's not exactly the same because they can just use lotion/ to do it but you would be like

AMY  
/No I know. Just seems/

SARA  
/No yeah like unfair.

*Beat.*

AMY  
Sorry I knew you were doing an uncircumcised one I'm just not used to you working from pictures.

SARA  
I know. I mean I don't usually like to, but. I couldn't conjure it/

AMY  
/Oh my god why did you use that word/

SARA  
/Conjure?

AMY *claps twice.*

SARA

...

AMY

It's, it's a horror movie.

SARA

I don't know it/

AMY

/The Conjuring?

SARA

I don't watch that stuff I don't even like the trailers.

AMY

No I know but this one was so popular. Everybody saw The Conjuring. It's like this terrifying ghost demon, and you just were talking about, you used it to talk about an uncircumcised penis, right, so I'm picturing, clap clap, UNCIRCUMCISED PENIS! Because like in the movie the ghost plays that game with them where you clap twice and then the ghost claps twice and you go towards the sound and then you find it, it like, APPEARS. Clap clap PENIS. In the movie it's like an old lady demon.

SARA

That sounds terrifying.

AMY

It is. You should watch it.

SARA

No way/

AMY

/It's actually a good movie/ plot wise.

SARA

/No like I believe it but I can't like, I can't do it.

*Beat.*

AMY

I'm done with penises though. Like, myself. For now.

SARA  
Hmm?

AMY  
I'm just done with peen.

SARA  
I thought you're bisexual.

AMY  
No I am. I'm just like, only doing women right now though.

SARA  
Ok. Well thank you for sharing that with me.

AMY  
Yeah. I mean I might cycle back, you know. It's like a cleanse. But yeah.

SARA  
Oh, speaking of dickskin... *SARA gestures to the uncircumcised dildo on the table.* You didn't actually like tell me what you think.

AMY  
I like it. I'm sorry, I got like sidetracked, I was gonna say, I really like it/

SARA  
/Thanks. Yeah. It's got a little curve.

AMY  
Oh, yeah no I love that.

SARA  
The ridge needs to be more defined. Like wider, under the head. But.

AMY  
Next model.

SARA  
Yeah. Working name is Basil.

*AMY snorts, chokes on a potato chip.*

SARA

*Laughing, enjoying having provoked such a reaction. What?*

*AMY spit/coughs the chip out of her mouth in the garbage can. TRAVIS exits again, walks briskly to the bathroom.*

SARA

*Kind of watching him. Oh my god that was like not that funny. Weirdo.*

*AMY drinks some water.*

AMY

Is he ok?

SARA

It's, he has like stomach problems. Like serious, like um, ulcerative colitis. But don't, don't like repeat that/

AMY

/Is that like Crohn's?

SARA

Um, I don't know.

AMY

Where you have to like, have to shit all the time? And it hurts?

SARA

I think, I think that's what colitis is.

AMY

I feel like there's a whole like, a whole cluster of diseases that make you shit, like painfully, that I only like started knowing existed in college. Like in high school I had no concept of that and then I was in college and everyone's intestines are exploding.

SARA

Yeah. Ok but like, please don't repeat that/ though.

AMY

/Why would, why would I repeat/ that?

SARA

/I don't know.

*Beat.*

AMY  
Basil.

SARA  
Basil! Yeah. Fuck yeah. And like be nicer to Emma.

AMY  
Yeah.

SARA  
You always want to explain super boring engineering stuff to me, right?

AMY  
Thank you, that's nice.

SARA  
Explain it to her. She would love for you to explain it to her.

AMY  
If I wanted to be a teacher, I would have been a teacher.

SARA  
You complain about the lack of women in engineering/

AMY  
/Um yes I complain about many things/

SARA  
/But you don't wanna like, mentor Emma, so.

AMY  
You can want more women in engineering and also not be interested in mentoring them.

SARA  
Ok.

AMY  
Like I donate every month to that bat sanctuary in Texas, right?

SARA

What?

AMY

I told you about this, I saw this thing on Facebook about bats dying and there's this sanctuary and I started donating money there? I sponsor a bat named Horace? They like send me his picture at Christmas?

SARA

Is this like a weird joke? I can't tell if you're being serious.

AMY

Oh my god I am being serious. Horace was found like at the bottom of a tree by this kid/

SARA

/Oh yes. Yeah we had a very similar conversation to this one I do remember.

AMY

Ok I love Horace and I think bats are great and we need more of them in nature and everything but I do not personally wish to feed bats mealworms and like get rabies shots.

SARA

I feel like that's somehow like a horribly offensive metaphor.

AMY

It's not offensive/

SARA

/You're comparing women undergrads in STEM to rabid injured bats.

AMY

Who benefit the world and society. And who I support in my own way.

SARA

How are you supporting women in STEM?

AMY

By like existing. That is my contribution to women in STEM.

*EMMA comes back in carrying three beverages. She's shivering a little.*

EMMA

Ok.

SARA

Hello. You look cold.

EMMA

Yeah, a little.

*She hands SARA and AMY their drinks.*

AMY

Thank you/

SARA

/Thank you very much.

*She takes off her coat, which is too light for the cold weather.*

AMY

I can't believe you can wear tights in this weather.

*SARA shoots a glance at AMY.*

EMMA

I'm like naturally really warm blooded.

*Half-beat.*

AMY

Um, I was wondering if you've ever done an Ishikawa diagram?

EMMA

*At first not sure if she's talking to her.* Uh, no.

AMY

I thought it might be useful. For you. To know. I use them, I use them a lot when I have to talk to process engineers.

EMMA

Totally.

AMY

Sara, why don't you come over too? Sit in.

SARA

Uh, sure. I don't really think I'll get it, but/

AMY

/You will. I think you will.

*AMY grabs a movable whiteboard while EMMA grabs a notebook and three brightly colored pens. SARA pulls a chair over with her coffee, attempting enthusiasm. EMMA copies what AMY writes diligently, switching pens, which slightly distracts AMY.*

AMY

So it looks like this...

And um, so like a fish. People call it, people will call it a fishbone diagram.

And the head is where you write the problem you're experiencing. So, like last, like last year we had these edges? That didn't, there was flash that didn't come off? This was on our Averys.

Have you seen any flash, while you've been here?

*She draws a dildo with extra plastic on the edges.*

EMMA

Yes, but I think it was just, it was before they got steamed.

AMY

Yeah so that's pretty normal but this was after, this was after all the finishing. So after it was supposed to be fixed it was still like that.

*The toilet flushes.*

EMMA

Did someone get cut?

AMY

No, we caught this before they were packaged and distributed.

SARA

Thank god.

AMY

Yeah it would have, it would have been really bad. So we have to, you know, be really thoughtful about when these things happen, you know, why are they happening. So you write on these lines, um, all the possible causes for this. So, mechanical failure. Equipment failure. Human error.

And then we break these down further. So with a mechanical error, what kinds of mechanical errors are you expecting we'd have?

EMMA

Um, improperly heated silicone.

AMY

*Slightly surprised.* Yeah, that can, yeah.

EMMA

I took a Modern Mechanical Methods class last semester. Um. Over or under filling of molds.

AMY

For equipment failure/

EMMA

/Malformed mold or damaged mold, like earlier. Some kind of problem with the cooling bath after they're removed from the mold, some kind of temperature issue or um, volume issue with the water.

AMY

And um, human error.

EMMA

Not steaming the edges properly, or trimming them enough before steaming.

SARA

How'd she do?

AMY

Really well. I mean all of this, this is all totally possible and good to consider, so.

SARA *high-fives* EMMA.

SARA

She killed it, right?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

You killed it that was awesome.

AMY

And you know, at this point, you have to visit the site.

EMMA

What was it? In this, like in this case?

AMY

Um, kind of a combo deal, one of the steamers wasn't working well and no one noticed or reported it.

EMMA

Oh.

SARA

Roger. Who was awful.

*The toilet flushes.*

EMMA

Oh/

AMY

/He just wasn't paying enough attention. He was supposed to be managing and he, I don't know. He was good before that.

SARA

No, remember the carnivore thing?

AMY

I feel like you misinterpreted that/

SARA

/Roger was a carnivore.

EMMA

What?

SARA`

He would only eat meat.

AMY

There's no way that that's true.

SARA

He told me about it/

AMY

/He would be like dead by now, from like some kind of deficiency/

SARA

/He like didn't eat vegetables. He said it was better for you.

EMMA

Woah I've never heard of that.

SARA

I just say this to remind you that I thought he was weird and terrible like way before you decided to switch/ the contract.

AMY

/You can't just switch manufacturers because the manager is weird.

SARA

If you think that you can just eat meat, as a human being, like you genuinely believe you can be a carnivore, like should you be allowed to manage anything?

TRAVIS *exits the bathroom.*

TRAVIS

Oh hi.

SARA

We're learning about fishbone diagrams/

AMY

/Ishikawa diagrams.

TRAVIS

Cool cool. What does it, like/

AMY

*Pointing.* /Problem, possible causes.

TRAVIS

What's the tail?

AMY

Hmm?

TRAVIS

Like what do you do for the tail? Is that like the solution?

AMY

No, you don't, it doesn't really have a tail actually.

TRAVIS

What? That's lame.

AMY

Yup.

TRAVIS

I'm like, I'm messing with you, that's cool.

*AMY pushes the whiteboard out of the way. He grabs a seltzer and goes back into his workspace.*

EMMA

Thank you. I think I got it, like I wrote it all down, so.

AMY

Great, yeah.

*Blackout.*

### Scene Three

*TRAVIS is eating a yogurt by the sink. He is one of very few people who can eat it in a not gross way. SARA is mixing silicone and pigment in a plastic yogurt container.*

TRAVIS

So that's your first/

SARA

/Yeah, our first uncircumcised.

TRAVIS

Cool. Yeah I was wondering, when I saw all those pictures the other day/

SARA

/Oh yeah, sorry. That's not like, our usual/

TRAVIS

/Oh I don't care. I was just like, huh, something, uh, something's up.

*She starts pouring the silicone into the Sammy mold.*

SARA

I just needed like some Reminder Pics.

TRAVIS

Totally.

SARA

Are most guys circumcised or not? Most are, right/

TRAVIS

/Most are/ yeah.

SARA

/Yeah.

TRAVIS

I um, I'm not, but I know most people are. I mean I appreciate the representation, actually.

SARA

Oh, well like, I'm glad.

TRAVIS

Yeah.

*She googles.*

TRAVIS

Sorry, if that was weird, to talk about like/

SARA

/Woah. 80 percent.

TRAVIS

80 percent/ are?

SARA

/Are. Yeah. Oh just in- just in the US though. That's insane.

TRAVIS

I did not think it was 80 percent.

SARA

I was thinking like 60/

TRAVIS

/Yeah/

SARA

/That's just like. My mom used to say that like, she was glad she had girls because she wouldn't have known if she should do it or not. And I was like, why would you, and she said that she thought people might like make fun of you like in the locker room or something.

TRAVIS

In a locker room?

SARA

Yeah.

TRAVIS

Um, I don't know, I guess I never got made fun of/

SARA

/Right/

TRAVIS

/But also no one had their penis out. Like in a high school locker room?

SARA

Yeah.

TRAVIS

I mean, I don't know what the guys are doing in Pennsylvania, but/

SARA

/I'm from Pennsylvania!

TRAVIS

No yeah um, that was the joke. Because, like/

SARA  
/Oh/

TRAVIS  
/Like maybe they were doing it differently/

SARA  
/Oh my god I'm so dumb.

TRAVIS  
No no no it was like a/ weird joke.

SARA  
/No like now I get it, it's like, it's really funny I just, I forgot um, I forgot like you knew I was from/  
there.

TRAVIS  
/Oh yeah. Sorry I'm weird, I just remember random stuff.

*Beat. SARA mixes more silicone and pigment, and pours the into another mold as she talks.*

SARA  
I um, I just think circumcision is weird.

TRAVIS  
Yeah. No it like, it is.

SARA  
I just think it's weird like multiple peoples around the world, like independently, were like, hey  
you know what we should do with this little boy that was just born? Let's snip/

TRAVIS  
/Let's trim his dick.

SARA  
That's so weird. It's just like so unnecessary.

TRAVIS  
Yeah but like circumcised guys like some of them are all militant about it, like "it's more hygienic,  
it reduces your risk of AIDS"/

SARA  
/What?

TRAVIS

Like if you have sex with someone with AIDS, it reduces your risk of getting it by 60%/ or whatever.

SARA

/See that annoys me, because it's like, if you're having sex with someone who might have AIDS, you should just be wearing a condom/ not like relying on like a 60% chance

TRAVIS

/YOU SHOULD JUST BE WEARING A CONDOM. Exactly. And like, you either, I feel like you either clean your dick or you don't, right/

SARA

/Yeah/

TRAVIS

/So like if you wash it, then. I don't know. What's the difference.

SARA

Oh yeah, what is that, what's it called, the stuff you wash off/

TRAVIS

/Smegma.

SARA

Ugh yes! SMEGMA.

*Beat.*

SARA

What type of yogurt is that?

TRAVIS

Cashewgurt.

SARA

What is it?

TRAVIS

Cashew-gurt.

SARA

Oh. Like out of cashews.

TRAVIS

Yep. Cause of the uh, ulcerative colitis.

SARA

Oh right.

TRAVIS

Cuttin' out dairy. It's made a big difference.

SARA

Are you doing that race again?

TRAVIS

Oh yeah, the fundraiser for CCF? Definitely. I almost won last year. I was like fifteenth. You should do it.

SARA

Um I don't run.

TRAVIS

You can walk it. Lots of people walk it.

SARA

Yeah maybe. I don't wanna walk it by myself. That's not, that's not my thing.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

Um, ok, this is embarrassing, sorry I just wanna like: I looked you up on facebook. I look, I look up like everyone. But um, I saw, I saw that picture of you/

SARA

/Oh my god/

TRAVIS

/At that, that marathon? Thing? And you looked like, pretty pro.

SARA

Well that one I was like, I was guilted into it.

TRAVIS  
How so?

SARA  
It was for my like honorary aunt's, it was for my aunt's hospice thing. She helps run a hospice thing, she's not, she wasn't in hospice. Isn't in hospice.

TRAVIS  
That's, good. That's better than the alternative.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS  
I just figured I should tell you. Like I feel like people do that, like look people up and then like don't say anything, so whatever/

SARA  
/Oh yeah, I do that too. I look, I look people up.

TRAVIS  
I really like, I hope that's not creepy?

SARA  
No. Everybody- we all do that.

TRAVIS  
Have you looked me up?

SARA  
*She definitely has.* No.

TRAVIS  
Wait, I'm like kinda insulted right now. You didn't look me up?

SARA  
No.

TRAVIS  
Seriously?

SARA  
Yeah.

TRAVIS

Damn. I feel like I look up anyone like vaguely interesting. Like you don't even have to be that interesting for me to look you up on facebook. Not like you personally just the general you.

SARA

Do you want me to look you up? Is that what I need to do to move past this?

TRAVIS

Nah. It's pretty boring. Just like dog videos.

*Beat.*

SARA

What, um, what flavor is it?

TRAVIS

Espresso.

SARA

Ooh. Is it good?

TRAVIS

Oh yeah.

SARA

I should eat yogurt. I like am in a really anti-yogurt phase but that actually looks good.

TRAVIS

What happened?

SARA

I don't know I used to eat it like every week but like, I don't know.

TRAVIS

You should try this stuff.

SARA

Yeah no. I should.

*Awkward pause. He washes out his yogurt cup.*

TRAVIS

Your hair looks like so whoosh today.

SARA  
Thanks?

TRAVIS  
Like water.

*He goes into his workspace. SARA holds onto his compliment, savoring it. Beat. Blackout.*

#### Scene Four

*AMY is in a grouchy mood. She and SARA are each pulling a Sammy out of a mold. They pull the mass (alginate surrounding the silicone that has been cast) out of a yogurt container and begin peeling alginate away from the dildo and throwing it in the trash can.*

AMY  
They only got seven.

SARA  
Is that- is that bad?

AMY  
The range is usually like 8 to 14.

SARA  
Yeah but what's average?

AMY  
I don't know. I don't know I thought I was gonna be better at it.

SARA  
Better at ovulating?

AMY  
Yeah.

SARA  
I don't- you can't control that though. You can't be good at it/

AMY  
/Not like good at it just I thought my body would be able to do it.

SARA

But your body did do it. You got, you got seven eggs.

*Beat.*

SARA

You're not even old. They do, they do like this stuff for people in their forties and fifties/

AMY

/Not their fifties, really.

SARA

Ok, but like, my point is just that you're like, you don't know how this is gonna go yet. You don't.

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

It's totally different from the artificial insemination. They're making the embryo. It's a completely different process.

*AMY is a little weepy.*

AMY

Can we, I'm sorry, I don't wanna talk about it right now, so.

SARA

Oh, yeah. I'm sorry/

AMY

/No don't, you're being really nice I just can't even think about it too much.

*She frees Sammy from the mold, hands it to SARA.*

SARA

Aww. I like him.

AMY

I like the shade of pink. Which do you have?

SARA

Um... this is the darkest. That's the most, that's the medium.

*SARA frees hers' and holds it, along with the one AMY gave her. SARA starts demolding the third Sammy, piling the other dildos in her lap.*

SARA

I've been, everything is a little weird. Right now. Like I'm feeling kinda Keyed Up. Or something.

AMY

Keyed up?

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

Are you horny or like stressed or um, hyper?

SARA

All of them, I think.

AMY

You've gotta get your Gary on.

*SARA laughs/sighs/groans.*

SARA

No, actually, Gary's at his mom's, because she fell?

AMY

Oh yeah, oh my god, how is she/

SARA

/Stable. She actually, her hip isn't broken. Which is kind of amazing. Because that woman, whatever can go wrong, it just, it happens to her.

AMY

Is it, is it fractured?

SARA

It's bruised, the bone is bruised. It's like, not what he needed, right now. Mentally.

AMY

He's on medication now, right?

SARA

Yeah. No it helps. But he's just, I don't know. I don't think it like helps his mental health being with them? His mom is like this intensely like negative person and I think, I think that's probably where all the anxiety comes from? Not all of it but it like magnifies it. Like we go there for Passover and I'm like who the fuck are you.

AMY

Yeah.

*Beat.*

AMY

Ok. So. You need to put on some porn and get yourself/

SARA *makes a face.*

AMY

/Oh shit right I forgot your whole thing with porn. You know that's like, that's people's jobs, right?

SARA *rolls her eyes.*

AMY

You yell at me all the time about like not being feminist enough but you're like very sex negative with/ your porn thing.

SARA

/Yes, I'm a sex negative person, that's why I run a dildo company with you.

*Beat.*

AMY

I can't believe you don't watch anything. Which just makes me feel like a gross like disgusting person.

SARA

Why does that make you feel gross I thought you were like totally /fine with porn.

AMY

/I am totally fine with porn it just seems like so Pure or something that you like just masturbate to like, I don't know, whatever is in your head.

SARA

Well, like, I'll re-watch sex scenes sometimes but I'm not gonna watch porn.

AMY

Wait what, that doesn't make sense.

SARA

It's different when they're pretending. I like feel less guilty.

AMY

I mean, that's a whole complicated like/

SARA

/No I know. But I just, I worry about it, so like, it wouldn't, it would be distracting.

*Beat.*

AMY

Wait so what are you watching though.

*Beat. SARA laughs. AMY laughs.*

AMY

What do you watch?

SARA

I'm not/

AMY

/Like, like HBO?

SARA

Oh my god.

AMY

Game of Thrones.

SARA

I didn't watch that.

AMY

I didn't watch it either I just heard there was a lot of sex.

SARA

Yeah, I don't know/

AMY  
/The Notebook.

SARA  
Ew no.

AMY  
Really? I thought, I thought for sure the Notebook would be like Mormon porn.

*SARA gives her a mock-disapproving look.*

AMY  
Come on that was funny.

SARA  
I don't like Mormon jokes. You know/ I don't like them.

AMY  
/I know you don't. But if they're allowed to like hate me for being gay-ish I can make fun of their puritanical/ sexual politics.

SARA  
/I think it's like slightly more complicated than that. But yes, I get, I get that.

*Beat.*

AMY  
Are you seriously not gonna tell me what you watch?

SARA  
Yes. I mean like yes I seriously won't.

AMY  
Whyyy. I'll tell you what I watch.

SARA  
Is it, it's porn right?

AMY  
Yeah. It's this feminist French like collective. Porn collective.

SARA

I don't even know what that means.

AMY

Just like, porn that focuses on women's pleasure.

SARA

Still weird. To me.

*Beat.*

AMY

Ok, I just told you what I watch when I masturbate/

SARA

/I didn't ask/

AMY

/So I'm gonna feel like a tit if you don't like even it out. I like bared my soul to you.

SARA

That's not baring your soul.

AMY

It kind of is.

SARA

I have bared my soul to you like so many times. Like so much more than you have like, bared your soul to me.

AMY

That's not true.

SARA

Amy, I, I had the stomach flu twice while we lived together and you could like hear my diarrhea from the living room for like multiple days.

AMY

I could always hear you pooping that apartment's walls were like cardboard.

SARA

That's not, ok, I had you check my asshole with a flashlight that time I tried anal with Gabe because I thought he broke it. That's, that's like soul baring.

AMY

That's just body stuff.

*A moderate pause.*

SARA

Fine. Because this shouldn't, shouldn't be a big deal. Dexter.

AMY *cackles.*

SARA

*Laughing and yelling:* See! See I knew, /ok, fuck you.

SARA *hits her with the dildo.*

AMY

/Oh my GOD. That's, it's about serial killers, weirdo/

SARA

/Not the killing scenes, asshole, the sex scenes/

AMY

/Uh-huh/

SARA

/Have you seen it?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

There's some like, good sex scenes.

AMY

I don't even really remember those.

SARA

Well, there were kind of a lot, so.

AMY

Oh my god. I'm gonna have to like, I guess youtube this. Wow.

SARA

I don't, I don't really think that's more weird than your bougey French porn.

AMY

Maybe. I gotta watch and I'll like compare.

SARA

No don't watch it.

AMY

Why.

SARA

*Hitting her leg with the dildo repeatedly.* That's weird I don't want you to watch it.

AMY

Stop hitting me with your dick. Weirdo.

*Beat.*

AMY

Also, and I told you this at the time, you have actually like a very nice asshole.

SARA

Ok.

AMY

I am so serious. I told you this. It's like all neat and cute. Like a, like a cat asshole.

SARA

Yeah and it was weird. Still is weird.

AMY

Well. It was a compliment, so.

*Long pause.*

SARA

And I know, you've bared a lot of your soul to me. It was dumb to say you haven't because you like totally have.

AMY *nods.*

AMY

Oh my god wait what day is it?

SARA  
Wednesday.

AMY  
I have to email the stupid PR lady from the expo, for that profile on me?

SARA  
Wait they're actually doing that?

AMY  
Yeah.

SARA  
You didn't tell me that.

AMY  
Yes I did.

SARA  
You said it was like a possibility but I mean whatever that's awesome.

AMY  
Kind of. I mean, it's gonna be in that pamphlet they hand out in the folders? Which should, like bring people to the booth. Possibly. Assuming anyone reads it.

SARA  
This is all like good stuff.

AMY  
No I know. I have to email her. I just feel like I never, like I always get the same three questions, or whatever, about being a Woman Engineer. And I'm happy to like, it's good to raise awareness, and stuff, but like, I actually kind of don't want to talk about it anymore. Or something.

SARA  
About/

AMY  
/Like it kind of sucked. Often. Being me in like any academic or professional engineering space.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

And people were dicks to me and I hated it but like I just don't like telling those stories. They're not fun stories.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

I don't know. I feel like they can guess. Like whenever people ask its because they know it was probably bad. And they'll ask, they'll always ask about being a woman in engineering but like no one will acknowledge my race? Like I'm gonna be offended that they noticed I'm not white. And like, that's made, that's a really big part of why I've had such a shitty time in academia. And whenever white women do these interviews, like white women engineers, they only want to focus on gender, like we had the same experience and it's like no Of Course We Didn't. But they don't wanna talk about that. *Beat*. And telling, like the stories about people being shitty to me don't tell people I'm a good engineer. They're not really about me. They're about other people being ignorant, it's not, it's not about me being smart. It's not about me as an engineer. I'm like kicked out of my own fucking life story.

SARA

No yeah I hear you. That's/ like

AMY

/I feel like they want people being really sexist and racist to like be part of my Narrative and like part of my motivation and it's not. Like I feel like that's a really like weird fucked up way to give like white people and men credit for other people succeeding. Because like by their logic, right, it's like, I got raped by my mentor, so, that experience really helped me because I like, Overcame It.

SARA

I don't, do you think people would say that about rape though? Like I definitely, I hear you with like the racism and sexism and like, making your success about that and not like, despite it?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

But I feel like I haven't, like I don't think anyone would say like, you were raped and that made you into like, the person you are today.

AMY

I mean not directly.

SARA

But like I can't even picture that like, indirectly/ you know?

AMY

/No yeah I just feel like there's this narrative trick of like, rape or something as a radioactive spider bite. And I'm like, that's not, that's actually not my radioactive spider bite, like my awesome supportive parents are my radioactive spider bite. Like enduring other people's shittiness in the disgusting racist sexist dumpster fire of the engineering department is not the spider bite.

SARA *nods*.

AMY

And they'll ask me like, how do we get more women into engineering? And it's like, stop raping people you fucks. Stop harassing people. Stop asking if we're in the wrong room. These fuckers have PhDs and they need that shit explained to them. Yeah I mean, if they did that, then maybe more women would stay in the field. And then like, maybe more women would study it. Because right now it's a tough sell, it's like, who wants to sign up to be lonely for four years? Four plus years. Like, lonely and vulnerable and treated like you're dumb, who wants to do that.

*Half-beat.*

SARA

Dude you should like write all that down and put *that* in the pamphlet.

AMY

No. Maybe pieces of it.

SARA

No like do all of it.

AMY

Do you know what happens when you bring up race in the context of an interview where the white woman interviewing you did not ask you about race?

SARA

No.

AMY

They either panic and get like apologetic because they think you're saying they're racist or they get defensive and terrible and either way, they're not listening to you. They don't hear anything that comes after that.

SARA

That's deeply fucked.

AMY

Yes. Yes it is.

*Long pause.*

SARA

Not to um, I've just observed- I feel like you're having a lot of Rob Days. Recently.

AMY

'Cause I talked to Laurie. Getting the um, the machine.

SARA

Oh.

AMY

And Rob has a new TA. Because he's like teaching again, he was like abroad or something. So I just feel... like I looked her up and she's really pretty and I don't know.

SARA

You don't know/

AMY

/Like what my role is there. Like if I should email her. Mel. I don't know.

SARA

Yeah I don't. I don't know.

*Beat.*

SARA

I'm sorry. You shouldn't have to, um, think about that. Can I do something?

AMY

Do you have any Mormon hexes?

SARA

No. Pizza?

AMY

Yeah. Ugh. I have to stop.

SARA

Well, unless you wanna learn how to cook/

AMY

/I know how to cook I just don't like it.

SARA

I've never seen you cook/

AMY

/You don't even cook that much. Doesn't Gary cook like/ all the time?

SARA

/Gary cooks most of the time.

AMY

Ugh I hate you. What does he make.

*Small pause.*

SARA

Um. Root vegetable stew. A couple stews, actually.

Annd. Huh, ok, like lots of pasta. With marinara and he makes garlic bread, to go with that, usually.

Casseroles. Um. Kugel.

Baked ziti.

Couscous. With like, different vegetables.

A lot of squash.

Grilled, like charred asparagus.

AMY

I really like asparagus.

SARA

Yeah it's good.

*AMY holds her belly. SARA notices.*

AMY

I keep doing this.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

Nobody's in there yet though.

SARA

Soon.

*AMY rubs her belly.*

AMY

I wanna be pregnant so bad.

SARA

You'd be a *great* Mormon. Truly.

*AMY laughs.*

AMY

I like, I'm even, like I'm ok staying awake all night. Like I wanna, I wanna swaddle.

SARA

You're gonna be so good at it.

AMY

Yeah. I think I am, actually.

*Beat.*

SARA

*Holding up the dildos.* Um, which do you wanna take home?

AMY

Mmm... this one.

SARA

So we'll try these, let's try to try these by Friday?

AMY

Yep.

SARA

I wanna send them to everybody to try next week.

AMY

How many is everybody now?

SARA

Not including us 27.

AMY

Ok. For the testing, do you wanna just do pink?

SARA

Yeah that's fine. The last one wasn't pink, right?

AMY

Um. No. No the last one we sent out was the new Troy and we did, that was turquoise.

SARA

Oh yeah. I loved that.

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

I just didn't want it to be like two pinks in a row. Like if they'd like, I don't want them to think we're going Super Femme.

AMY

I don't think they'd think that.

SARA

Taylor just wrote this long blog post about dildo aesthetics. That like, many are aggressively feminine and like othering.

AMY

But that's not us. Like that is in general true in some like some places but that's not like our/

SARA

/No I know I just don't want them thinking like we're not listening. Taylor did, they linked to our website as like a positive example. And I think they've only even tested two for us so far so I feel like that's very much a compliment, or something.

*Beat.*

SARA

I haven't tested a new one in a little bit.

AMY

I know. You're gonna be watching like so much Dexter.

SARA

I should never ever ever told you that.

AMY

I know. I know! I kind of still can't believe you did.

*Beat.*

AMY

These chips are not that good.

SARA

No I know. It's reduced salt or something.

*Beat. Blackout.*

### Scene Five

*AMY is alone in the office at night. She is procrastinating. She picks up her phone and dials. She waits, gets voicemail.*

AMY

Hi Rob. It's me.

Um. Please don't call me back or anything, this worked out better, I think to leave a message.

Just. I heard you have a new TA. And um.

Don't do anything to her.

I'm not gonna...

Don't, just leave her alone.

*She hangs up. TRAVIS comes out of his studio, startling her.*

AMY

Oh fuck! Fuck! I didn't, I didn't realize you were here/

TRAVIS

/No no I'm sorry I didn't mean to um, I fell asleep. I was gonna power nap and then like I just woke up. I didn't realize anyone was still here, I'm sorry/

AMY

/No it's fine.

*Half-beat.*

TRAVIS

Is um, is it just you/

AMY

/Yeah.

TRAVIS

Cool, yeah it's late.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

I meant to tell you, I'm so excited to go to the expo this year.

AMY

The expo?

TRAVIS

Your um, the sex toy expo. To help, Sara said you guys always need help carrying everything in and stuff so I was like yeah I can help with that.

AMY

Oh, ok. Cool.

TRAVIS

Yeah it's just at the Javits this year which is great. I mean I'd love to see it, I uh, love your guys' work, so.

AMY

Awesome. I mean no pressure if like your plans change, or something/

TRAVIS

/Oh yeah no worries I have it on the calendar already so I'll definitely be there.

AMY

Cool.

TRAVIS *pulls out a notebook, writes something, rips out the page, folds it, puts it on SARA'S desk.*

TRAVIS

*Noticing AMY watching him.* I just, I left her this cashew yogurt we were talking about in the fridge. Just as like a dumb surprise.

AMY

Oh/

TRAVIS

/I've been like, I'm like obsessed with it now and I was telling her she should try it, so.

*He picks up the note, props it up against her computer or somewhere else more conspicuous.*

*Half-beat.*

TRAVIS

I'll uh, see you tomorrow.

AMY

Yeah, see ya/

TRAVIS

/Bye!

TRAVIS *leaves the office.* AMY *sits, waiting for him to be gone. She takes a couple deep breaths. She packs up her stuff. She refills Caesar's food and water bowls and makes a "pssssss pssssss pssssss" noise, calling him. He doesn't come. She leaves. Blackout.*

### Scene Six

SARA, EMMA, and AMY, *working at their desks, on their computers.* SARA *is eating her cashew-gurt.*

SARA

Oh. We have a meeting.

*AMY continues typing.*

SARA  
Ames.

AMY  
Yep.

SARA  
Meeting.

AMY  
What's it for?

SARA  
Sammy colors.

AMY  
Oh. Nice.

SARA  
We apparently planned it like a month ago.

AMY  
Whoa we were so organized/

SARA  
/Sooo organized. Are you, are you up for that?

AMY  
Yes.

SARA  
Cause we can delay it, if like/

AMY  
/I'm good.

*Beat. AMY continues to work on the computer.*

SARA

Oh, are you busy, or like/

AMY

/No I'm like dicking around on SolidWorks.

EMMA

You want me to take notes?

AMY

Um/

SARA

/Sure.

EMMA

Great.

AMY

This is like, very official.

SARA

Yah.

AMY

So, I really liked it/

SARA

/Agreed/

AMY

/I think the twist is a really cool idea, like I think it's, it was effective, but I feel like I want it to be just a little thicker.

SARA

Ok.

AMY

Maybe a half centimeter. Not crazy, because like, Troy is thick and sort of like, that's what you'd buy if you wanted something really thick, and that's not really, like he's more basic so it's a different, it's a different customer anyway but just a little more substance.

SARA

No I, I agree. And um, so if we make it slightly thicker, we're looking at a slightly larger head, which I actually felt it needed?

AMY  
Yeah.

SARA  
Like I actually, I think the thicker body with the head size increase will fix like, most of what I didn't love, which was just that it didn't/

AMY  
/It was just slightly too small/

SARA  
/Yeah. I think the twist, something about the twist made me go slightly smaller.

AMY  
I mean I feel, I like the length/

SARA  
/Yeah/

AMY  
/That felt right.

SARA  
Ok, great. Um, so I'm thinking lime green. Like sparkly.

AMY  
We never do well with the green though.

SARA  
Oh.

AMY  
That's like, we always end up putting the green stuff on clearance. Remember? We like got so few orders for it wholesale.

SARA  
Yeah. That was. That's so weird. I like love the green. Like a fun, sparkly lime green.

AMY

Yeah/

EMMA

/Why don't people like that?

SARA

I dunno.

EMMA

Maybe verisimilitude? Like too far removed. No, because there aren't like blue penises either though but those do ok, right?

SARA

Well yeah but some people have like legit cotton candy dick.

EMMA

Mm.

*AMY makes a face.*

SARA

Like when most of the shaft is pink and the head is like baby blue.

AMY

What?

SARA

You've never seen that? Like on white penises/

AMY

/Yes, I've seen white penises/

SARA

/Not all white penises, just some of them. Actually we definitely should do a bright cotton candy swirl though in the future, I'm mentally filing that/ that would be amazing.

AMY

/What no that would be so creepy.

SARA

What why?

AMY

It would be like a My Little Pony dildo it's weird/

SARA

/Ok well like I don't wanna do it for this one so we'll just file, mentally, and we can come back to that.

AMY

Um never, but ok.

SARA

But with Sammy/

AMY

/Yeah/

SARA

/I feel like this dildo is actually kind of more abstract? Like more than normal, more than like even Troy, you know.

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

So that's like, that's why I thought green.

EMMA

It like warrants the green because of its level of abstraction.

SARA

Ooh. Yeah. I like that. Because like the lime green color is like, echoing that design? Or like, underscoring it?

AMY

No I get the concept but like green doesn't sell. I just don't think we should do that again. With the Troy thing, and even when we did those emerald Averages, remember?

SARA

Yeah no.

AMY

We just, we had so many left of like both of those. And I loved the emerald color I was like obsessed but it didn't like, you know. I'm sorry, I hate deflating an idea, or whatever/

SARA  
/No I know.

*Beat.*

SARA  
I just, I thought you offered me the green though, right, am I making that up/

AMY  
/Yeah I forgot to cross it out on the form.

SARA  
Oh ok. Because I was like, I definitely thought I saw it as like an option/

AMY  
/Yeah, I'm sorry about that. Didn't mean to like, get your hopes up.

SARA  
No it's cool.

AMY  
Any, like, what are you thinking... like other colors that would/

SARA  
/I like the medium pink/

AMY  
/Ok, me too. Like sparkly or shiny or matte?

SARA  
Um, I think shiny?

AMY  
Yeah. Yeah, that works.

SARA  
Yeah, ugh, I mean I liked the lime green idea/

AMY  
/I know/

SARA

/I gotta like get that out of my head.

AMY

So medium pink, shiny, I mean it's kind of fuchsia, to me/

SARA

/Yeah. I think um, yeah, fuchsia is fine, like it's not literal?

EMMA

Oh, yeah, no.

AMY

It definitely isn't.

SARA

So I feel like that's kind of like the most important part, for me, I mean it's always a big thing for me, that it sort of lacks that literalness?

AMY

Ok, so shiny fuchsia... and... come on, whatcha thinking?

SARA

Ok. Okokok. Um, let's do a sparkly purple/

AMY

/Ok/

SARA

/and a matte royal blue.

AMY

Cool. I'm sorry about the green.

SARA

Yeah. It's fine.

*Pause. AMY goes back to her desk. SARA does too. EMMA tidies her notes.*

AMY

Is there coffee left?

EMMA

Yeah, I just made it like right before- you want some?

AMY

Yes please, I just want like half a mug black. You ok?

SARA

Yeah. I have like a weird headache.

*She puts in earphones and gets to work. EMMA brings coffee.*

*Blackout.*

### Scene Seven

*Evening. Everyone is gone except for EMMA. She opens a facetime request from her parents.*

EMMA

Hey.

PARENTS

Hey!!!

EMMA

So this is it/

MOM

/We finally get to see it/

EMMA

/Yeah. Well I couldn't, I can't do it when everyone is here/

DAD

/Why not?

EMMA

That would be like really weird.

MOM

Is that your desk?

EMMA

No, I'm here, I'll show you my desk.

*She backs up away from her desk, turns the camera towards it.*

DAD

Woah, that's a big desk, huh?

MOM

That's your's?

EMMA

Well it's like, the secretary's, but yeah.

DAD

It's your desk?

EMMA

Yeah/

MOM

/Your dad can't hear, his hearing is shot to hell/

DAD

/You need, turn the phone's volume up/

MOM

/It's already at maximum volume. Look. 100.

DAD

My phone is louder.

EMMA

There's no way your phone is louder, you have the same phone as mom's.

DAD

It's a different model, it's a slightly different model/

EMMA

/I went with you to the T-Mobile store and you said you wanted the same one as mom and I picked it out. It's the same one.

DAD

I don't know about that.

EMMA  
Mom/

MOM  
/He doesn't get it/

DAD  
/I'll show you when you come home, you can compare.

EMMA  
Fine.

MOM  
I love that desk though. And it's so organized too/

DAD  
/I'd never know that was an Emma desk, because your desk at home/

MOM  
/It's a mess/

DAD  
/Cami likes to sit on your chair.

MOM  
Oh she loves it. She rubs her face on all the papers you have stacked. They must smell like you.

EMMA  
Aww, where is she?

MOM  
She's outside right now/

EMMA  
/Mom/

MOM  
/She comes in every night/

EMMA  
/She's not supposed to go out. You said when I went back you weren't gonna let her/ out.

DAD

/She cries at the door if we don't let her. That's why we let her out, she just cried and cried.

EMMA

She can get like so many diseases out there. There's like a Lyme epidemic.

MOM

Cats are meant to go outside/ it's just in their nature.

EMMA

/She was indoor cat for 12 years/

DAD

/She loves it. The other day, it was really warm, I let her out at lunchtime, and she just laid right down on the deck and starts flippin' around.

MOM

She loved it. And she's an old cat/ you know

EMMA

/She's only 14.

MOM

That's old.

EMMA

Cats can live to be like 25 if they live inside.

MOM

25?

DAD

Don't worry about Cami.

EMMA

*Genuinely petulant.* If you don't want me to worry about her don't let her outside.

MOM

Ok. Ok. We can try that/

DAD

/We can see, yeah.

EMMA

When I'm back for Christmas I'm not gonna let her outside.

DAD

Ok.

MOM

Who sits behind you?

EMMA

Sara.

MOM

She sounds so nice.

EMMA

She's really nice.

DAD

Which one is Sara, the artist?

EMMA

Yeah, she's the sculptor.

MOM

Where does Amy sit?

*EMMA turns the camera towards her desk.*

DAD

See that looks like an Emma desk/

MOM

/That does look like an Emma desk.

DAD

Have you talked to Amy any more?

EMMA

Not really. She's been really busy.

MOM

I think you just need to be honest with her and say you know what, I want to learn more about your job, because I want to be an engineer/ and I really respect you.

EMMA

/No I know.

MOM

Because that's part of it, that's part of it. That's what you sign up for when you have an intern. And say, I, I wanna help, I would like to contribute and with more guidance I can really contribute here.

EMMA

Well they're a little, like she and Sara were a little weird. With each other, today. So I just kind of/

MOM

/Weird?

EMMA

Like tense. I don't know I just felt awkward.

MOM

Well they're not, that's a problem they have with each other, right? They're not tense with you/

EMMA

/No. Not directly. It's just weird. Like I do, there's like some basic stuff I have to do every day and I do that but it'll just be weird sometimes because they're, I don't know. Like I feel like I'm eavesdropping but like I have to be there.

DAD

I, I wouldn't get involved with that.

EMMA

Well yeah. I mean I'm not/

MOM

/Why would she get involved/

EMMA

/It's like big product decisions that they get like tense about it doesn't like concern me/

DAD

/Ok/

MOM

/I don't, your dad doesn't understand what you're saying/

DAD

/Yes I do/

MOM

/What's she saying?

DAD

That they're tense with each other, and that she shouldn't get involved.

EMMA

I wasn't going to get involved. Why would you think I was gonna get involved?

MOM

I didn't. I didn't think that.

EMMA

You said don't get involved.

DAD

Can we see their cat?

EMMA

No the cat is always hiding. I've never seen him.

DAD

What? You're so good with cats.

MOM

Cats always gravitate to you, it's true. Since you were a baby.

DAD

I can't believe that.

MOM

Wait I wanna see the rest of the office. Do a panoramic view.

*EMMA turns around with a camera.*

DAD  
Slower, slower.

EMMA *slows down.*

MOM  
You can do faster than that.

DAD  
What's that thing?

EMMA  
The machine?

DAD  
Yeah.

EMMA  
It's an injection molding machine. We just got it, we don't use that really, we mostly just do basic casting for prototyping.

*She turns the camera.*

DAD  
You have a bathroom?

EMMA  
Yeah, just for our office.

DAD  
What's the bathroom look like?

EMMA  
You wanna see the bathroom?

DAD  
Yeah.

EMMA  
It's just a bathroom. I'm not gonna show you the bathroom, that's/ weird.

MOM  
/We don't need to see the bathroom.

*Beat.*

EMMA

Ok. Well I should head home. I haven't eaten anything since lunch.

MOM

Ok, somebody wants to get off the phone/

DAD

/Ok/

MOM

/But we love you/

DAD

/We love you sweetheart/

MOM

/And don't let this thing with Amy get you all upset/

EMMA

/I'm not upset.

DAD

We love you/

MOM

/Call us tomorrow.

EMMA

Ok, love you.

MOM

Bye baby.

*EMMA hangs up the phone. She inspects the injection molding machine carefully. Blackout.*

### Scene Eight

*SARA is mixing silicone with purple pigment. She pours it into three yogurt molds. TRAVIS exits his space, ready to go home.*

TRAVIS  
Yo.

SARA  
Hi.

TRAVIS  
You're here late.

SARA  
Yeah. Gary's at his mom's, so I just, I've kinda been hanging.

TRAVIS  
How did you like the yogurt?

SARA  
Oh my god yes, I was literally about to say/ I loved it.

TRAVIS  
/It was good?

SARA  
Yes! I had no idea what to expect it was like, so creamy.

TRAVIS  
No I know. Apparently that's why people like cashew milk and stuff too.

SARA  
No yeah I loved it. It was a fun, like, thank you for doing that.

TRAVIS  
Yeah no I felt like you had to, had to try it.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS  
Whatcha doin'?

SARA  
Trying out the uncircumcised one. Basil.

TRAVIS  
Basil. Nice.

SARA

This is my first time casting it, so. We shall see. I'm not used to like, realistic ones, it's kinda weird. It's not our main, like. It's not usually our thing.

TRAVIS

No I know. I was just thinking that.

SARA

We kinda just got a lot of requests.

TRAVIS

For realistic ones?

SARA

Yeah. We like ignored that, at first. Because we're not into classic dildos, you know, we were like, no way. But then it was like, we have people who like us and like wanna buy from us who want this thing, like how can we give them something like what they're asking for and still like have our souls? So we kinda compromised. We were like, we'll do limited edition realistic ones, so we released Sean last year, he's our circumcised quasi-realistic one, and now Basil. But our whole thing was like, it still needs to be a freeplay dildo. Like not Doc Johnson, not, not like cheap flesh-colored shit, like, still a beautiful functional object. Because otherwise it's like what are we even doing, you know?

TRAVIS

Yeah no.

SARA

I don't know. It's a whole, like. A whole thing. I'm sorry that was like, a very long boring answer/ to your question.

TRAVIS

/No no it's interesting.

*SARA gets up to wash her hands.*

SARA

Did that order work out?

TRAVIS

...Oh. With, with me? With the gift shop? At the/

SARA

/At the hospital, yeah.

TRAVIS

Yeah, actually. Good um, good memory.

SARA

Oh awesome.

TRAVIS

Yeah, 20 pieces to start. So. Um, the angel sculptures I've been doing, the tiny ones from driftwood.

SARA

Amazing.

TRAVIS

I'm hyped.

SARA

I mean, yeah.

TRAVIS

It's not, it feels kinda stupid to say, here, with um, with you. Like/

*He gestures to the whole operation, to freeplay.*

SARA

/No, stopstopstop.

TRAVIS

Yeah.

SARA

No, don't, that's not good! You should be, you should be excited!

TRAVIS

I am.

SARA

Good.

*Half-beat.*

TRAVIS

My mom was telling me to do angels for like the longest time, she's gonna freak out.

SARA

Where does your mom live?

TRAVIS

Oh Jersey. My parents were um, I don't know it was like the seventies and they could kinda be good in New York or like have a house in Jersey. So they, they went with the house.

SARA

So you grew up there.

TRAVIS

Oh yeah. I used to give them a hard time when I was in high school about moving there, like, I could have grown up in the city. I didn't get, I was like, who would leave the city? I mean now, like. I kinda get it.

SARA

Now you wanna leave?

TRAVIS

Sometimes. I think I will, eventually.

SARA

You'll go to Jersey?

TRAVIS

Jersey's expensive now too.

SARA

Probably not as expensive.

TRAVIS

It like depends on the place. I mean I really liked having a yard. Not that, I don't think I could ever afford my own place with a yard, but. Maybe I could rent a place with a yard.

SARA

Yeah.

TRAVIS

I think in Jersey there's this weird, um. I dunno. We're just all kinda doing our thing?

SARA  
...What?

TRAVIS  
I don't know. I just, I mean I don't know if I need to live here to do this.

SARA  
Kinda.

TRAVIS  
Eh.

SARA  
Because living here, like you're going for it.

TRAVIS  
I could go for it somewhere else. I don't know.

SARA  
I guess.

TRAVIS  
I think maybe it's a whole, I think maybe it's a trick. The whole New York thing. A weird expensive trick.

SARA  
...I like it though.

TRAVIS  
Where's your husband from?

SARA  
Here actually.

TRAVIS  
Where in the city?

SARA  
Astoria. Originally. Then his parents moved out to New Rochelle like 10 years ago.

TRAVIS  
Where's that?

SARA

Like a New York suburb.

TRAVIS

Ooh. Sounds fancy.

SARA

Not like that fancy. Was the suburb your parents moved to fancy?

TRAVIS

Um, no. Not really. Everybody had a yard. We had a creek. The creek, let me tell you something, that creek was like a formative part of my development.

SARA

The creek was.

TRAVIS

The creek was, yeah. We just all like hung out at the creek.

SARA

How rural was this?

TRAVIS

It wasn't rural. We just had a creek.

SARA

You had a suburban creek?

TRAVIS

I mean I guess.

SARA

What did you do at the creek?

TRAVIS

Threw stuff. Looked for salamanders. It was great.

SARA

I used to look for salamanders. Like all the time.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

Is your husband an artist too? Or like/

SARA

/Oh, no. Dentist.

TRAVIS

So he's kind of like a tooth artist. Teeth artist.

SARA

I think that would be more like an orthodontist. Or a cosmetic dentist.

TRAVIS

Do you ever sculpt like teeth molds for him?

SARA

...No?

TRAVIS

What, don't, like dentists do molds of teeth/

SARA

/Yeah but like with other medical, like dental hygienists, it's not like artsy sculpting.

TRAVIS

That's an untapped market.

SARA

Yeah?

TRAVIS

Artisan teeth sculpting. Artisan like, hand-sculpted dentures.

SARA

Yeah. Yeah, I mean why not.

*Slight pause.*

TRAVIS

I actually didn't know you were married until I um, until the facebook thing.

SARA  
Oh. Really?

TRAVIS  
Yeah.

SARA  
I'm kind of bad at talking about him.

TRAVIS  
Why?

SARA *shrugs, laughs.*

SARA  
I like always have been. I don't know why. I um, I should.

TRAVIS  
I mean, you should do whatever you want, I just/

SARA  
/No he's great. He's really great. See that just like, that feels weird to me.

TRAVIS  
To say he's great/

SARA  
/Yeah.

TRAVIS  
Ok but like this is your husband, man, you can like, say he's great/ I feel like.

SARA  
/No I know. I'm just um. Ok. He um, he's like a really good person. He's actually a Nice dentist?

TRAVIS  
Ok good.

*Beat.*

SARA  
Yeah, I don't know. I um, you know, I really did like join his family, because um, my family's Mormon?

TRAVIS  
Whaaat?

SARA  
Yeah. I'm like, I feel like I'm talking about that a lot recently, it's, yeah. I don't know why.

TRAVIS  
Woah.

SARA  
And they're pretty into it, so I don't, so we don't really talk anymore. Since I left, like if you leave the church you're kinda out.

TRAVIS  
Oh. I like, I didn't know that.

SARA  
Yeah. And he was raised like conservative Jewish? And like I think his family kinda wanted me to get into it but I was just like, you know, I'm kind of done with religion right now. Like I paid my dues, you know, I did, I actually, I took it really seriously until I got to college. I was just like, I don't need any more rules.

TRAVIS  
Yeah.

SARA  
Do you think I'm crazy now? Because I was raised Mormon?

TRAVIS  
No.

SARA  
Ok.

TRAVIS  
I'm sorry, I seriously, no. No, I don't.

SARA  
Sometimes people treat me like a kid when they know.

*Beat.*

SARA

Ummm, Gary, my *husband*!

TRAVIS

/Great/

SARA

/He never treated me like a kid. And he, that part was the least interesting to him. About me. Which was, which was very cool. And he's, he... he like fills up a million bird feeders, at our apartment? And he likes weaving? Randomly? And um, he likes to cook.

TRAVIS

See that's like cool stuff.

SARA

Yeah. *Beat*. Do you want water?

TRAVIS

I'm good, thank you.

SARA *goes to the sink, gets some water.*

TRAVIS

Oh, I forgot, um, this is a little awkward/

SARA

/Ok/

TRAVIS

/Or like, not awkward, just funny, I hooked up with this girl and she had one of your dildos.

SARA

Oh my god, really?

TRAVIS

Yeah. I literally double checked because it was out on the dresser and I was like that looks so familiar/

SARA

/Yeah/

TRAVIA

/I was like dying laughing.

SARA

That's so crazy.

TRAVIS

Yeah.

*Beat.*

SARA

Are you like, dating?

TRAVIS

Um, no. Just, like we hung out a couple times.

SARA

Cool. Is she, I guess she's/

TRAVIS

/She's cool, yeah.

SARA

What does she, um/

TRAVIS

/She's a nanny, but she's a dancer, so like/

SARA

/Oh cool. Like what kind of dancer?

TRAVIS

Like modern? Or um, contemporary. But I'm not, I don't really wanna date right now.

SARA

It's a lot of work.

TRAVIS

Yeah, it is, right? Lindsey just/

SARA

/The dancer.

TRAVIS

Yeah. It's, it's good.

SARA

Which dildo? Does she have? Out of curiosity.

TRAVIS

Um, one of the smaller ones. Like that guy, kinda.

*He points.*

SARA

Oh Avery. That's our most popular, actually.

*Beat.*

SARA

Ok, I gotta go home and eat.

TRAVIS

Do it.

*SARA grabs her stuff.*

SARA

I'll see ya tomorrow.

TRAVIS

Yup.

SARA

And thanks again for the yogurt.

TRAVIS

Yeah.

SARA

Night.

TRAVIS

Night!

*She leaves. He waits a moment. Blackout.*

Scene Nine

*EMMA and SARA are packing new Sammys (in Ziploc bags) into shipping envelopes. They wrap them in sparkly tissue paper and add a few business cards and notes and confetti.*

EMMA

I still haven't seen Caesar.

SARA

Really?

EMMA

I mean his food is always gone in the morning but yeah.

SARA

He's a weirdo.

EMMA

Where does he go?

SARA

I think up in the ceiling. Amy said there's a hole, there's a hole in the bathroom wall or something.

EMMA

Will she be back later?

SARA

No. Tomorrow.

*Half beat.*

EMMA

So these are bloggers? Who test them out/

SARA

/Um, yeah some are bloggers, some are friends that just, that volunteer.

EMMA

That's so cool.

SARA

Yeah. It's kind of a weird, not like Weird, just a funny group of people. Like, you know, some of these people are, like this is what they do, like they're professional sex toy bloggers.

EMMA

Woah.

SARA

Yeah. And also like, some of the stores that stock us, like the owners that we really like and have known forever. But then like, Amy's aunt gets one to test, and like, our friend from college we lived with senior year, and um, so many college friends.

EMMA

I forgot you guys went to college together.

SARA

Oh yeah. Have you seen- where is it-

*She picks up the various piles of paper around her desk, looking for a picture frame. She finds it.*

EMMA

Aww.

SARA

By our favorite dining hall. We like insisted getting that picture on graduation day. It was the only one that had funnel cake once a month.

EMMA

Did you make dildos there?

SARA

Um, a few. Like at the very end. They weren't really usable because it wasn't, we made them with plaster and like, not safe silicone, you know.

EMMA

Right no that makes sense.

*Beat.*

SARA

So are you, are you going home for Thanksgiving?

EMMA

No, I'm just gonna wait for Christmas. Just because it's expensive to fly like/ twice.

SARA

/Oh yeah where does your family live?

EMMA

Spokane.

SARA

Oh, right. Sorry/ you've said that. I'm just, tired.

EMMA

Oh no it's cool.

*Beat. SARA hands a sheet of labels to EMMA; they begin adding address and return address labels to the packages.*

SARA

What do they um, what do your parents think about you working here?

EMMA

Um, I don't know. They... I think they thought I was going to be an artist? Or writer?

SARA

Yeah.

EMMA

Not because, just because they're both really like artsy?

SARA

Cool.

EMMA

And I don't mean that in like, like a complainy way, because they're, I know a lot of people would actually like really want to be in that position? To have parents that are like Into The Arts?

SARA

Sure.

EMMA

But I just don't think they thought that I was like, going to pick something so practical.

SARA

What type of art do they do?

EMMA

Um, my dad's a photographer, and my mom is a visual artist. Well my dad actually is um, he's like an accountant for money but he's a photographer.

SARA

What's your mom's medium?

EMMA

She's a painter. She actually, she's like kinda famous? In like a very specific circle/ of

SARA

/Oh my god, what's her name?

EMMA

Liza Martinez?

SARA

I don't, I don't know/ if I know her.

EMMA

/People know her because of that painting series she did of women's hands?

SARA

Oh my god, yes!

EMMA

Yeah, that's like her calling card, or whatever.

SARA

I actually, I actually saw them in person at the Renwick. In DC. I like don't remember why I was there but I definitely saw them.

EMMA

Oh, nice.

SARA

That's amazing. Woah. That's so crazy. I loved those.

EMMA

I remember her working on those.

SARA

Wow.

EMMA

I always, I think I always weirdly think that I like... I think I weirdly kind of liked her work more before. Before the hands. I just remember we were getting all this fan mail and stuff from all these people and it felt like they were stealing. I don't know. Like before it was my mom's and like, mine, and then it was like everyone owned it? And I just felt kind of embarrassed. Like suddenly everyone knew like, like if suddenly everyone knew exactly what you saw when you closed your eyes. I don't know. I was in middle school, so I was definitely also like, probably terrible at the time, so.

*Beat.*

SARA

Huh.

EMMA

Sorry/ that's like

SARA

/No no it's interesting. It's really interesting. I mean I think like kind of about that sometimes too with the dildos. Which is like/ way less cool.

EMMA

/No yeah.

SARA

Because it's kind of like I have all these babies, um, like these baby dicks out there in the world. Like because they're all, like obviously I haven't touched all of them but like they're molded, they're all a shape that I made with my hands first.

EMMA

It's like so amazing.

SARA

Yeah. But also like I get, it is strange. It is. It's like a weird art thing. I don't know. I mean not that, I mean the dildos are supposed to be out there, like they're also/

EMMA

/Yeah/

SARA

/Like a legitimate product, but um. But I get it being weird.

*Beat.*

SARA

Sorry, I got us, I'm trying to remember how we got here/

EMMA

/Oh sorry just because like my parents/

SARA

/Ok yes/

EMMA

/I guess that they think doing this is a little weird? But they're supportive, mostly.

SARA

Good.

EMMA

I think they thought that I'd be working in like this really, like Start Up-ish thing, you know? And I was like no it's kinda just an office.

SARA

It's true. Sorry.

EMMA

Oh no I didn't mean it in like a bad way/ I love it.

SARA

/No I know. We don't really have that google vibe.

EMMA

It's just of a great space to begin with..

SARA

When we have, I mean one day I'd like to make it a little more home-y and stuff, it's just hard, like, to find the time. I think it would be cool if we had a nespresso thing. And like, maybe some nice sofas?

EMMA

Yeah.

SARA

I mean there's definitely like a very Midwestern part of me that's like, there shouldn't be sofas at work? But um. I can like get over that. That's actually, your desk is my old desk from college.

EMMA

Oh wow.

SARA

Yeah, my dad bought me that at this garage sale? And then I painted it. But yeah. It's like/

EMMA

/It's like a funky desk.

*Beat.*

EMMA

What do, what do your parents think? About like the arts and this and stuff.

SARA

I actually, I don't speak with my parents.

EMMA

Oh sorry/

SARA

/No it's a totally, that's a totally normal valid question. But to answer your, I mean I can tell you what I think they think which is um, that they would not approve, so.

EMMA

Gotcha.

*Beat.*

EMMA

I kind of feel like Amy hates me.

SARA

She doesn't hate you.

EMMA

Just I've had, I've done like a couple internships, I did an externship thing, I'm always with like awesome women like 10 years older than me? And I feel like they never like me.

SARA

I have a hard time believing that.

EMMA

I'm sorry, this sounds, I promise I'm not asking you to like, make me feel better, or something, that's not what I meant/

SARA

/No I know/

EMMA

/It's just it's like on my mind a lot. Because I really want that, you know, I want that female friendship like mentorship thing but I can't, it's kind of like no one's interested. Like they're doing their thing and they don't, um, it's almost like they're suspicious or something. And it's like, um, like can't you see that I want to be you? You know? I feel like it's so obvious or something but I guess it's not but like, I really wanna be like you. Like it's having this terrible and obvious and like big crush on someone and it's, it's totally unrequited, you know, but you just don't know what to do with it. And like when nobody, um, when nobody- like when none of these women that you like really look up to like you, at a certain point you're like, is it me, you know? Like it kind of has to be.

*Beat.*

SARA

I really think you're doing an amazing job here.

EMMA

Thanks. I wasn't trying to like/

SARA

/No I know. And I know, I know what you're talking about. When um, when women just a little older than you kinda hate you.

EMMA *laughs.*

EMMA

Why is that?

SARA

I don't know. Nobody, like yeah, I felt the same way.

*Pause.*

SARA

But she doesn't, Amy doesn't hate you. I think she's just not in a position to give very much right now on this, like on this front. And I shouldn't have, I should have gotten an intern for a different time, you know, because she can't really be there for you right now which isn't fair to like anyone. She has, she's going through some fertility stuff, right now.

EMMA

Oh.

SARA

Ughhh please don't repeat that. I'm tired I like shouldn't have said that.

EMMA

No definitely.

SARA

Um. Yeah. I think it's taking up a lot of mental space?

EMMA

Sure, yeah. How could it not/

SARA

/Yeah.

*Long pause.*

SARA

My dad used to say about my uncle, um, my uncle has kind of a little bit of a learning disability? And he's a little like pervy and weird and stuff. And my dad, I remember my dad saying like, "David is somebody you have to have lived a little bit of life to understand." And I think that about Amy, sometimes. She just gets herself really... like she just has a lot on her plate. Like, always. She's all, she wants to get that stupid machine working, she's doing expo stuff, um.

EMMA

No I know. She does a lot.

SARA

*Checking her phone. Crap. Are you good to lock up?*

EMMA

Yeah.

SARA

*She starts gathering her things. I'm sorry I'm running like ten minutes early, I'm trying to get to this stupid library thing I said I'd go to.*

EMMA

Ooh.

SARA

*Packing up the dildo packages to mail in two big grocery bags. It's not, I shouldn't call it stupid. It's a documentary about single use plastic. My like neighbor slash kind of friend slash plant sitter organized it.*

EMMA

Can you, can you carry those?

SARA

Oh yeah. The FedEx thing is like a block away.

EMMA

Ok. I'll see you Thursday.

EMMA

Yeah.

*SARA leaves. EMMA looks at the injection molding machine. She plugs it in, presses a couple of buttons on the menu screen. She goes to her computer, types something in; she returns to the injection molding machine and presses more buttons. She stares into the machine.*

*Blackout.*

## Scene Ten

*AMY at her desk, shelling pistachios, and talking to SARA on the couch.*

AMY

It was actually so quick.

SARA  
Ok.

AMY  
And it was um, it was a little uncomfortable?

SARA  
Yeah.

AMY  
But like I'm feeling really good.

SARA  
That's amazing. Did your whole- like the whole family came?

AMY  
They ALL came. My mom, my dad, and my sister.

SARA  
That's really sweet.

AMY  
Yeah. I only snapped at them like twice/

SARA  
/Ok/

AMY  
/Which I feel like is a reasonable amount of times? For like a very/

SARA  
/Intense/

AMY  
/Very intense day, yeah, and um, my mom and sister stocked my fridge, so I've just been eating so much produce, like I've just been making all these crazy smoothies, I ate like an entire bunch of kale last night, like by myself.

SARA  
Did you cook it first?

AMY

Yeah. It was so good. I put, I put garlic in it.

SARA

You cooked?

AMY

Yeah. I didn't realize, like I googled how to cook kale and there were like a million recipes.

SARA

Wow.

AMY

I didn't know you could just saute it. Like just put it in the pan. It was pretty fast. And I started these prenatal vitamins, it took forever to figure out which ones to take because I made the mistake of reading like all the amazon reviews but yeah.

SARA

This is maybe a dumb question, but how many did they put in?

AMY

Two.

SARA

Oh my god, you could have twins?

AMY

Um, technically. But probably not.

SARA

Well. Either way.

AMY

The doctor said everything looked perfect.

SARA

Ooh. That's, I mean that's good to hear right?

AMY

Totally. Yeah.

*AMY rubs her belly.*

AMY

We just need to implant. I keep telling them to implant.

*Beat.*

SARA

I bet they will.

AMY

I hope so.

*Beat.*

AMY

It's so dumb, I just, I wanna do everything right. It's so DUMB/

SARA

/How is that dumb?

AMY

Because I know everybody says it. Which doesn't make it dumb, I guess.

SARA

Yeah.

AMY

I've been eating like so many vegetables. I signed up for prenatal yoga.

SARA

You hate yoga.

AMY

Yeah. I know.

*Beat.*

AMY

I asked the guys in my building, the lobby guys, about recycling. I said I'd start a petition.

SARA

Woah.

AMY  
Yeah.

SARA  
You're becoming so virtuous in your pregnancy.

AMY  
SO virtuous.

*Beat.*

AMY  
It was weird, and like I'm definitely being a judgmental cunt right now, like I know I just don't care, but there were like, a couple of women there with their husbands, and their husbands looked like so unimpressive, to me? And it was like, are you just doing this because it's like, The Next Thing to Do?

SARA  
Wow, yes, that's, that is judgmental.

AMY  
I know. I was just like, so pumped. And they're sitting there like, not pumped.

SARA  
They were probably like really nervous.

AMY  
Yeah. Still. I don't know. I just like really wanna have a baby. Like I actually wanna have one. And the people there just seemed like it was more In Theory that they wanted one.

SARA  
If you're getting that giant needle shoved into you I think you must like really want it.

AMY  
Yeah. They didn't understand why I had like, everyone with me.

SARA *laughs.*

AMY  
I dunno what they thought was up. Some like weird surrogate thing maybe, I don't know.

*Beat.*

AMY

It's still a no for you, right?

SARA

Yeah. Yeah. For now.

*Beat.*

SARA

Wait let me take a picture of your feet.

AMY

My feet?

SARA

You're wearing cute socks. Just like put your legs up like before, like how you had them? Facing the, facing the window. And like I'm just going to get the picture of your feet up. We can do like a Friday weekend-y post.

AMY

Fine.

*SARA takes her phone out, takes a pic of AMY'S feet.*

AMY

I still don't get why we have to do this stuff.

SARA

I'm not resuming our instagram argument. But I'll just say, like I say like every time: people like narratives.

AMY

Yeah but this isn't a narrative.

SARA

But the whole thing is. Like the overarching like, our friendship is. Like that's a lot of like what our instagram account is and like the company's like mission statement is. You know that, I say this every time, so/

AMY

/No I know. I mean I still think it's weird people wanna like know anything about us, but.

SARA

Spoken like a true engineer.

AMY

Like why do you need to fake know me to buy something from me? Like why do you need to know I like wear socks and relax? Just buy a fucking dildo loser.

SARA

*Looking at her phone, editing the picture.* Yeah ok that's why I'm in charge of the social media stuff.

*AMY grabs a water bottle, takes a big gulp. SARA finishes tinkering with the picture.*

SARA

You want tea?

AMY

Ummm yes.

SARA

Cool.

*SARA starts boiling water in an electric kettle.*

AMY

Is Travis here?

SARA

He's not here today, actually. I think it was his sister's birthday or something.

*Half-beat.*

AMY

Can I tell you something and have you like, not get mad at me?

SARA

Oh god.

AMY

That boy likes you.

SARA

*Wasn't expecting that.* Um, no he doesn't.

AMY

Ok, I'm telling you, he does.

SARA

Can you not, don't call him a boy, that's weird.

AMY

He really likes you.

SARA

No.

AMY

I just, like, I feel like maybe you should know that.

*Beat.*

SARA

We're friends.

AMY

No, *we're* friends. With him, that's like, that's like weird horny friendship.

SARA

Why do you care, like soo much/ about this?

AMY

/Ok I'm just, I'm just saying. Because maybe you didn't realize. Annnd like, it kind of makes a difference in like, how you interact.

SARA

Ok...

AMY

It's just like, if you don't want him to fall in love with you maybe don't be so nice to him.

SARA

That's like a really weirdly backwards thing to say.

AMY

It's not backwards it's just how feelings work. Like I can see his feelings. You can't see his feelings? I'm not even good at feelings and I can see it.

SARA

I don't know.

AMY

His face is just like "love me Sara" all the time. He's like leaving you fancy yogurt. And then you're nice and like, I don't know.

SARA

But that's also, like that's not really feminist.

AMY

Ok. I disagree, but.

SARA

No it kind of is because you're saying being nice to a guy is leading him on, that's what you're saying/

AMY

/No, I'm not. I'm not. I'm saying being that nice to Travis is leading Travis on. In this particular situation. When you know someone loves you and you're not, when you can't do anything with that love, you don't do that, and it's not a feminist thing, it's just a human thing. Like why did you invite him to the expo? Like we don't, we don't need him to come/

SARA

/I thought it would be like helpful.

AMY

Do you want him to like you?

SARA *doesn't say anything.*

AMY

Like, do you like that he likes you? I think maybe you do. And if that's what/ this

SARA

/I don't know.

*SARA pours her tea, hands it to her, walks towards the bathroom.*

SARA  
I gotta pee.

AMY  
Shit that's hot. Did you do that on purpose?

SARA  
No.

*Blackout.*

### Scene Eleven

*EMMA is working at her desk. TRAVIS exits his workspace.*

TRAVIS  
Hey.

EMMA  
Hi.

TRAVIS  
Are you um, where's Amy and Sara?

EMMA  
Um, Amy had a doctor's appointment and Sara was like, I think she's getting lunch.

TRAVIS  
Cool.

*TRAVIS goes to the bathroom, shuts the door. EMMA pours herself some more coffee, takes stock of the state of the office. She sees SARA'S sweater is hanging awkwardly from her chair. She folds it, drapes it over her chair.*

*TRAVIS emerges, his pants on, buttoned, but not zippered.*

TRAVIS  
I'm uh, sorry.

*He goes under the sink, pulls out a roll of toilet paper. He rushes back into the bathroom. EMMA processes this for a hot sec before going back to her desk and trying to act normal. The sink in the bathroom starts running continuously. She pulls out her lunch. The phone rings, she answers quickly.*

EMMA

Freeplay, this is Emma. Um, I don't know, but I can- sure. Yeah.

*She writes something down.*

EMMA

Yeah, Leah. No she moved. Yeah, she's good. Ok, great. Yeah. Bye.

*She hangs up. The water is still running. She starts eating her lunch. The water, at some point, stops running. A pause. A flush. Another flush. The water runs again, briefly. TRAVIS exits the bathroom. He doesn't look great.*

TRAVIS

Hey, I'm sorry about that/

EMMA

/No I'm it's fine.

TRAVIS

Just I should have, I should have checked before I, I'm just having a flare-up.

EMMA

I'm sorry. I googled ulcerative colitis and it sounds super painful. I like read the pamphlet you were handing out.

TRAVIS

Oh. Yeah. No, it really is.

EMMA

My mom actually has diverticulitis, so.

TRAVIS

Oh wow. Yeah.

EMMA

It's kinda similar, I think.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

That smells awesome.

EMMA

Oh yeah. Samosa.

TRAVIS

Ooh.

EMMA

How long have you been here? Like renting, like sharing space with them.

TRAVIS

Uh, two years.

EMMA

I don't, also I'm sorry, if you're in pain or you don't wanna talk/

TRAVIS

/No, I'm fine, this is fine.

EMMA

Just um, how long did it take for them to like you?

TRAVIS

Um Sara it was like a week. It took a little longer with Amy.

EMMA

How much longer?

TRAVIS *laughs.*

TRAVIS

Um, a little bit. She's a cool person though.

EMMA

Yeah.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

You're an engineer, right?

EMMA

Gonna be.

TRAVIS

That's smart.

EMMA *shrugs*.

TRAVIS

You can earn adult money.

EMMA

Adult money is good.

TRAVIS

And engineers get health insurance, right?

EMMA

Um, I think most of the time, yeah.

TRAVIS

Because I'm on Medicaid, right.

EMMA

Oh.

TRAVIS

And it's fine, it's totally fine I just feel bad because I like in effect have chosen to be poor? So.

EMMA

Well, I mean you chose to be an artist and society just chooses not to value your work in a monetary way. So I don't think you chose to be poor you just chose a career path out of favor with capitalism.

TRAVIS

That's like, that's really true.

EMMA

Yeah.

TRAVIS

That's, thank you. I like that. That's like so college, in like the best way. Like in a very, not in a jerky way, like I appreciate that.

*Beat.*

EMMA

Are you still in pain?

TRAVIS

Um, a little.

EMMA

My mom, when we were hiking, she had a flare up, and she um, she had to poop behind this boulder? So she was like moaning and um, we didn't have enough tissues. So my dad was like, do you have tissues but I only had these ones I got in my stocking for Christmas- I was like 12- and um, they had these cats with glasses on them and I used them like, so sparingly. Like never. And um, I gave them to her, and I started crying, which was so dumb, and then my mom was like, I'll buy you new ones but I was like so mad she was wiping her ass with the cat tissues? And I felt terrible about the cats on the tissues. Like I kind of secretly believe that objects have feelings. And that those cats now just thought I abandoned them to be covered with my mom's shit. And then I felt terrible that like I was making my mom feel worse because she was pooping in public in like a state forest and that's terrible, so.

TRAVIS

That's um, that's so weirdly upsetting.

EMMA

Um, yeah. It's like a very clear memory for me.

*Beat.*

EMMA

Maybe this is weird to ask, like months after meeting you, but um, what do you make?

TRAVIS

Oh yeah, you haven't seen the studio/

EMMA

/No.

TRAVIS

Um, these sort of, these figurines. From recycled wood. Mostly driftwood. Sorta detailed um, interactive, like, people that sort of fold into each other.

*A realization, pointing at figurines on the desk.*

EMMA

Oh/

TRAVIS

/Oh yeah. I uh, I made those.

EMMA

Cool.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

For what it's worth? I think all the awesome people don't think about that. That they're awesome. I'm not saying they don't know it? I think they do. I just think it means something different to them. I mean that's my theory.

EMMA

Huh.

TRAVIS

So like, someone like Sara can just be awesome, you know, but like, she's thinking about, you know she's talking to me about like pens. And I don't know why but it's like, great.

EMMA

I don't think Amy wants to talk to me about pens.

TRAVIS *has a twinge.*

TRAVIS

I'm sorry/

EMMA

/No, go.

*He does. Blackout.*

Scene Twelve

*AMY is putting together an elaborate cat tower for Caesar. SARA is on her computer.*

SARA

I can't believe you bought that for him.

AMY

Why? I love Caesar.

SARA

He's never gonna use it.

AMY

He might. I'm nesting.

SARA

Nest in your apartment weirdo. The baby's not gonna live here. Child Services would have a field day.

AMY

So many screws, jesus christ.

SARA

This is like when you bought him that really expensive wool thing.

AMY

Wool cave.

SARA

Yes, Wool Cave.

AMY

What happened to that?

SARA

He peed on it, we had to throw it out.

*Beat.*

AMY

These directions are terrible.

SARA

You have a degree in mechanical engineering.

AMY

No I can do it, I'm just saying, these are written, just like, so unintuitive. I hate that.

*AMY continues putting it together. She finishes.*

AMY

Look.

SARA

Wow. How much did you spend on that?

AMY

No comment.

SARA

More than 20 dollars?

AMY

...Yeah/

SARA

/More than 50 dollars?

*Slight pause.*

SARA

More?

AMY

It was 120.

SARA

Oh my god, are you serious?

AMY

All the other ones were ugly.

SARA

I can't believe you did that.

AMY

I felt bad. He doesn't have a bed.

SARA

You can buy a cat bed for like ten bucks. He could sleep in a box.

AMY

No I know.

SARA

And that cat hates us.

AMY

He hates you.

SARA

Yeah, well.

*AMY sits down at her desk. SARA checks her email. She reads intently.*

AMY

What's up?

SARA

Sammy feedback.

*AMY grabs her chair and pulls it over.*

SARA

Really positive Sammy response from the lady from BabeNet, Tanya, Alicia- I sent out a google form and it got like all high marks.

AMY

Oh awesome. Did everyone reply?

SARA

Uh... 14 of 27. So far. I made it due Tuesday.

*They both scan the results.*

AMY

Who didn't like the color?

SARA

Um... Alicia. From the um, we met her at the expo last year. She doesn't count though, because she like just has to find something wrong with anything I send, so. She liked the rest of it though.

*They keep reading.*

SARA

Ok so Vicky, who runs that feminist sex toy review blog, she's the one here who gave it like all high marks on everything, so that's amazing.

AMY

Yes yes yes.

SARA

Too short... who said... huh.

AMY

Who's Ava?

SARA

Um... I think she's newer? I forget what her deal is.

AMY

How long is he?

SARA

Sammy's 8 and half.

AMY

Did anyone else say something about length?

SARA

Not so far/

AMY

/I just I think I'm really the length person between the two of us, right/

SARA

/Yeah/

AMY

/But I like thought he was perfect so that confuses me, a little bit.

*She gets up, goes back to her computer.*

SARA

Sorry I mean I'm focusing on like weird random negative parts but this is mostly great/

AMY

/No it's great feedback definitely.

*AMY becomes absorbed in her computer. SARA gets up to go the fridge.*

SARA

Woah facebook?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

You're never on Facebook. I didn't even know you still had a Facebook.

AMY

I reactivated it.

SARA

Why?

AMY

I'm trying to find Mel.

SARA

Rob's new TA/ Mel?

AMY

/Yeah.

SARA

I thought you had her email.

AMY

I do. I just wanted to like, see her.

SARA

...Is that a good idea?

AMY

I don't know.

SARA

Like if you're gonna tell her what he did then like do that but this is a little weird, maybe.

*AMY continues scrolling.*

SARA

I still think you should just email the department.

AMY

No.

SARA

Maybe they would start like paying more attention or something. I just think you're gonna scare her.

AMY

That's kind of the point.

SARA

She's not gonna wanna hear it though, I know you know that. Do you remember how many times I told you that whole situation was weird? But you were like, into him, you know, you didn't care what I had to say.

AMY

I know.

SARA

And to be clear, I don't mean that in a victim blaming way/

AMY

/I know/

SARA

/Because that whole thing was a crazy abuse of power/

AMY

/Yeah/

SARA

/But like do you remember how mad at me you got when I gave you shit about sleeping at his place? When I said that was weird? You like didn't talk to me for two weeks because you thought I was like, "being mean" about him. You would defend him like, reflexively. Like he was you or something, you took it so personally.

AMY

I know.

SARA

So this is just gonna be, I mean this'll be worse, because you're not even her friend.

*Long beat.*

AMY

I thought about telling him to leave her alone. Calling him.

SARA

Ok, well don't do that.

AMY

Why?

SARA

Are you serious?

AMY

Yeah.

SARA

Um, ok, one, there's nothing positive that's gonna happen if you do that. Because he's a crazy narcissist. Two, you did the confrontation thing. You did. And it didn't work. Actually, it's not even just that it didn't work. It like got you super depressed and I don't even know why you'd do that again.

*Pause.*

SARA

Amy?

AMY

Yeah no I know.

SARA

You have, you have so much happy stuff happening in your life right now, you know? And I don't- like don't let him take that.

AMY

I'm not.

SARA

Don't give him more space.

*Half-beat.*

AMY

I know you think I'm like incapable of running my life sometimes but like/ I don't really want your comments on this.

SARA

/Woah I'm not- I don't think you're incapable. Like at all. Ok, yeah.

*Beat.*

AMY

I um, I know that you were right about Rob? And sometimes it just kind of sounds like you're still trying to like prove you were right/ and I don't need you to do that, because I acknowledge you were right.

SARA

/That's not what I was trying to do. Seriously.

AMY

And I feel really stupid about it. Like I feel bad about it every day and I can like, I remember you telling me that night when we were at the dining hall you were like that's not normal, like don't go over there. I remember you told me I should stay at your place and we should watch Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion. I remember that entire conversation. And I remember I had salmon for dinner so I went to my dorm to like brush my teeth before I went over to grade papers.

SARA

I didn't want to be right about that.

*Long pause.*

AMY

Sometimes when I'm around you I feel like I'm at the dentist.  
When the hygienist cleans my teeth, and looks like so sad if she thinks I haven't flossed, or if she sees like plaque or something, and she just seems so upset, like she would never treat my teeth like that if they were her's. But it's like, I can't give her my teeth. They're mine. She can't wear my teeth better than me.  
And sometimes it's like you want to wear my life, and you want to do it different than I do it. You would have been like clear with him, and um. You would have been a better victim. Or like, a better survivor. I know that.  
But I don't know what to do about that.

*Beat.*

SARA  
I think that's kind of a really fucked up thing to say.

AMY  
Which part?

SARA  
Um, kind of all of it? Like, I won't talk about Rob anymore, if that's what you want? *Pause.* But I don't want to wear you, Amy.

*When it becomes clear she isn't getting a response, she gets her stuff.*

SARA  
I don't.

*She walks out. Blackout.*

### Scene Thirteen

*EMMA and AMY, eating lunch, alternately texting and staring into space; Spotify is on in the background. Superfreak comes on. They continue working.*

EMMA  
This song is so weird/

AMY  
/Yeah, you can, you can turn that off.

*She does. The phone rings.*

EMMA

Freeplay, this is Emma. Yes, I can- sure, let me just write that down... ok go ahead. Ok. Great. Thank you so much. Bye.

*They keep working.*

EMMA

If you didn't/

AMY

/Can you, sorry/

EMMA

/No sorry, you go.

AMY

Can you print a couple copies of the Sammy google form responses? I need, I think do five.

EMMA

Yeah.

AMY

Thank you. You know what, do six.

EMMA

Ok.

*EMMA pulls this up on the computer, starts printing. Beat.*

EMMA

What's your astrological sign?

AMY

Um, Pisces.

EMMA

Mm.

AMY

I think according to that I'm supposed to be like way nicer. I read a bunch of stuff about it once and like none of it applied to me.

EMMA

I'm a Taurus and it's like, perfect. Like every single thing is like, so spot on.

AMY *half smiles, nods.*

EMMA

I can totally see you as a Pisces though. Pisces are really wise.

AMY

Thanks.

EMMA *hands her the printed copies.*

AMY

Oh, would you mind stapling them?

EMMA

Ahh! Oh my god, yes, sorry.

AMY

It's fine, like whenever/

EMMA *takes them back, begins stapling. She staples all of them, hands them back.*

AMY

Thanks.

EMMA

Would you recommend grad school? Like what was your grad school experience like?

AMY

Are you going to go to grad school?

EMMA

I'm considering it. You can do a five year master's thing and I just wanted to ask like, what you thought of it.

AMY

Um, I really liked my master's program. I mean I think it makes finding a job slightly easier, but it's a total- people are weird about hiring engineers and sometimes they want that degree, sometimes they want job experience- I mean the other part is it's expensive/

EMMA

/That's partially, like that's part of what appeals to me about the five year program is that it's one year less of tuition. But then I was like, does it look bad that I did, that I did an accelerated program, like would they prefer if I did a full, like a full two years.

AMY

Honestly I don't know. I think probably it wouldn't matter.

*AMY'S phone starts ringing.*

AMY

I'm sorry, I gotta/

*AMY picks up the phone.*

EMMA

/Oh yeah.

AMY

Hello?

*AMY walks towards the back of the space, talking quietly. EMMA briefly goes over their conversation in her head and then starts typing on the computer. AMY grabs her bag and walks to the door.*

AMY

I'm so sorry I completely forgot, I'll be there, I can be there in like 10 minutes. *To EMMA.* I have a doctor's appointment, I totally forgot. I'm sorry/ *She's gone.*

EMMA

/Oh, yeah, I'll see you tomorrow.

*Beat. EMMA takes a manual off of AMY'S desk and walks over to the injection molding machine. She begins to unscrew the front casing of the machine. She pauses to check the manual.*

*Blackout.*

#### Scene Fourteen

*SARA and TRAVIS are eating mango salsa on the couch.*

TRAVIS

Not my thing.

SARA

Mm.

*SARA keeps eating the salsa.*

TRAVIS

You wanna talk about it?

SARA

No.

TRAVIS

You just wanna eat the salsa?

*SARA nods.*

TRAVIS

Yeah.

SARA

Do you have friends?

TRAVIS

Uh, yeah?

SARA

No like, just do you have, you have friends that like, you just kinda wanna um, I dunno, who do stuff differently and kinda drive you crazy.

TRAVIS

Um, kinda.

SARA

Because that's what's up. With me. So.

TRAVIS

A-ha.

*Half-beat.*

SARA

You should talk.

TRAVIS

About what?

SARA

I don't know. I just feel like I've kinda been talking a lot.

TRAVIS

Ok.

*Beat.*

SARA

I was serious.

TRAVIS

No I know. I was just, I'm thinking of something.

SARA

You're thinking of something?

TRAVIS

Mm-hmm.

*He eats a chip with some salsa.*

SARA

I thought you didn't like it.

TRAVIS

I don't but I'm hungry.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

It's tasting better now, actually.

SARA

Nice.

TRAVIS

Uh, what don't you know? You know I'm from New Jersey. You know... um, I do Art, and my intestines are Terrible. Ummm. I was very briefly cool in high school.

SARA

Very briefly.

TRAVIS

Yup. I um, I thought I would be a zookeeper, actually, until I was in middle school. Because zoos are wrong. My sister, my sister is amazing. She's a therapist. And she can paint, actually. She's um, she's a way better artist than me.

SARA

Ok, no/

TRAVIS

/No it's like, it's true. She um, she just didn't, she said she was happy to just do it for fun. So her house, her house is actually a zoo because she does, she only does these awesome oil paintings of wild animals.

SARA

Did she make/

TRAVIS

/The rhino? In my/

SARA

/By the door, yeah/

TRAVIS

/Yeah. It's good, right?

SARA

It really is.

*Beat.*

SARA

Why were you cool?

TRAVIS

In high school?

SARA  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
It was a low bar.

SARA  
Mm.

TRAVIS  
It's, it was suburban New Jersey. I don't know. I was on the basketball team.

SARA  
What?

TRAVIS  
Yeah. And I was dating this girl/

SARA  
/Was she a cheerleader?

TRAVIS  
No. She was um, she was on the girls' tennis team. She was cool. I think she's actually, I think she married a woman, actually. Like a couple years ago.

SARA  
Oh.

TRAVIS  
Just a random um, factoid. *Beat*. But yeah I was like, weirdly in this circle of um, of yeah, these really like popular people.

SARA  
Ok.

TRAVIS  
And it was weird because um, like I spent a lot of time at this guy Nick's house. And uh, I don't know, I guess that was So Cool. But um, someone asked me like, "what's it like?" And I was like, it's just a normal house. It was like, agonizingly normal. Like the bathroom was decorated to be all beachy/

SARA  
/Was the kitchen farm-themed?

TRAVIS

Um, I think it was French-themed.

SARA

Mmm.

TRAVIS

But yeah.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

His mom really liked me. She was like so nice. And I was always confused because um, she was great, and Nick was kinda just whatever. And when we were friends, like I heard, like her mom had Alzheimer's and his mom would always be like coming back from helping her and I ended up knowing a lot about this random old lady that I never met, you know. And then we just, like the season was over and we just didn't hang out that much? And it was weird because I like wondered how Trish was doing. And her mom. And then I know he was out of school for her funeral and I just felt so left out? Because Jake, who I was also friends with who was on the team was acting like he cared so much but like he never spent any time with Trish, like he exclusively hung out in the basement like playing Xbox and he was acting like this was a big deal for him, or something?

SARA

Huh.

TRAVIS

I don't know. Sorry that's, that wasn't a good story. I don't know why I picked that story.

SARA

No, it was like/

TRAVIS

/I guess like any time you like, like you become friends with someone and you learn all this stuff about them, you know, and then they stop being friends with you but you still know everything. Like it's weird. Like I still remember that um, their wifi password was Roger, that was their dog's name. And um, every Thursday was Chinese takeout night. They had a candy drawer.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

Sometimes I have this really weird thought, where I think about breaking into their house.

Like I would go on the weekend, because they always do stuff during the day, and they keep their key in one of those dumb rock things that obviously has a key.

And I would go to the candy drawer and I'd take a three musketeers bar and a little packet of m and ms and then I'd leave.

And I bet, like I know I could do that without anyone catching me. Like no one would know.

*During that speech, SARA has put her hand in her pants, touching herself. She stops really suddenly.*

SARA

I'm so sorry. Oh my god/

TRAVIS

/Um it's ok/

SARA

/No like I want to die, right now/

TRAVIS

/You should, you can keep going, if you want.

*Beat. She puts her hand back, starts masturbating. She stops.*

SARA

Can you um, can you talk/

TRAVIS

/Yeah. Um. I don't, I don't know, uh.

*She keeps masturbating. He touches himself too. She finishes somewhere between the three musketeers bar and the packet of m and ms. He does too, just not quite the same time.*

TRAVIS

*Watching her really intently.* Um, I would, I take the key from the rock, the rock thing, I would go on the um, on the weekend, and um, I'd go to the candy drawer, and I'd take, I'd take a um, three musketeers bar and a uh, a packet of m and ms. And then I'd go, I would put the key back... should I keep going?

*SARA shakes her head. Laughs very lightly, then gets a horrible guilty pang in her stomach. A sharp breath in.*

TRAVIS

Are you/ ok?

SARA

/Um I feel... bad. I just feel...

TRAVIS

Can I/

SARA

/Oh I um feel really bad.

*She's shaking a little bit. She goes to a trash can, retches, but nothing comes out.*

SARA

I'm sorry.

*Another retch.*

TRAVIS

It's/ ok, you're just like freaking me out.

SARA

/I'm just, I'm just a little, I um, I think I need to go home.

TRAVIS

Sara?

*She grabs her coat and bag and leaves. Blackout.*

### Scene Fifteen

*AMY is working at her desk. EMMA is refilling Caesar's bowls. She splashes herself.*

EMMA

Whoops! Wow. I um.

*She looks over at AMY, who doesn't respond, then continues with her task. Once it's done, she sits back down at her desk. She works for a minute, then stops. A pause.*

EMMA

I'm sorry.

*A long pause.*

AMY  
What?

EMMA  
I feel like I sometimes annoy you but I don't, but I'm not trying to. And um, if there's ever anything I can do to um, like you can always tell me if I could, how I could be better.

*Beat.*

AMY  
You don't, you don't annoy me/

EMMA  
/I don't need, I don't need you to like, console me, or anything, I just wanted to like put that out there.

*Half-beat.*

AMY  
I'm confused, did something, I don't really get where this is coming from?

EMMA  
It just seems like you don't like me that much and I don't know why.

AMY  
I um, it's not that I don't like you, I just have a lot on my mind.

*EMMA is starting to cry and trying really hard to stop.*

AMY  
Emma hey/ woah.

EMMA  
/I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

AMY  
Um, I'm sorry you feel like that. It's really not personal/

EMMA  
/I just feel like I'm trying to like engage with you and you don't want to and I don't know why/

AMY

/I'm not, I didn't really need an intern, you know, so I wasn't, I'm not trying to be mean to you, I just don't always have like stuff for you to do.

EMMA

Yeah I get that it just seems like you don't like me.

AMY

Um, I'm sorry you feel that way.

*Beat.*

EMMA

I try really hard to get along with you. And to be nice to you. And I even, when I pick up your coffee I try to like, kind of imbue it with like, friendliness and Sara and I get along and I just want to get along with you... and I'm sorry because I know you're going through a lot with the um, the fertility stuff.

AMY

Wait/ what are you talking about?

EMMA

/I'm gonna go.

*An uncomfortable pause. EMMA grabs her stuff and walks out, then right back in.*

EMMA

I set up the injection molding machine for you. Like two days ago. It works.

*She leaves. After a moment, SARA enters.*

SARA

Hey, what happened? Why is Emma crying in the elevator?

AMY

You told her?

SARA

Wait, what's, I don't understand what's happening.

AMY

Emma just like accused me of not being nice to her and then was like “I know what you’re going through” and I just want to know why you fucking told her about that.

SARA

Wait, I’m sorry, she said/

AMY

/Just why would you tell her that.

SARA

I’m just trying to understand how this whole thing, like what happened/

AMY

/Oh my god ok I told you, I told you! She was like having a meltdown about me not liking her and then just started talking about my “fertility stuff”/

SARA

/What did you say to her?

AMY

What did I say?

SARA

Yeah. Because she was crying really hard/

AMY

/That’s what you’re starting with?

SARA

Did you tell her you like her?

AMY

I don’t even know her! I said, I don’t even totally remember what I said/

SARA

/Are you serious? She was crying and you didn’t think it might be good to just like say something nice?

AMY

Well you know what I was little fucking rattled, ok, because she’s talking about my IVF and/

SARA

/But you're the adult! She really likes you. She really looks up to you and you ignore her so I told her about your IVF, which was like mostly an accident and I told her so little, but just to like let her know it wasn't her fault you weren't like communicating with her/

AMY

/It is her fault! She's annoying, she/

SARA

/Amy, you forget to ask me how I'm doing on a daily basis, ok? You are not the easiest person to get along with, and I love you and I'm used to you, I know how you are, and I know you care, even though you act like you don't care about me at all sometimes/

AMY

/Wait what?

SARA

When was the last time you asked me about Gary? Or um, my mother-in-law? Or why... I lost like fifteen pounds since the summer and I don't know why which kind of freaks me out but like you never, you never noticed that. Like you make fun of me/

AMY

/That's not/

SARA

/And that's fine and I know you have a lot going on but like you don't... like we talk about your life. That's like what we do.

*Beat.*

SARA

I just feel like I try to be there for you, like one hundred percent, and I don't, I never expect you to do the same thing for me,/ I just don't.

AMY

/Yeah. /Thanks.

SARA

/I just don't think you understand the effect you have on people. We all want you to like, care about us, because we care about you, you know, you're someone I care about and we know you're a special person. You just, you are. But you act, sometimes you act, like it feels really one way.

*Beat.*

AMY

Ok, so are we gonna do our normal thing, where after a fight we don't talk for like a day and a half and then we both like cry and apologize/

SARA

/No, you need to apologize to her.

AMY

Ok.

SARA

I mean it. I really-

*SARA gets her stuff, walks out. Blackout.*

### Scene Sixteen

*Nighttime at the office. AMY is laying on the couch, typing an email on her laptop.  
A sound.*

AMY

Caesar?

*EMMA enters, startles.*

AMY

Oh fuck!

*EMMA shrieks.*

AMY

Fuckfuckfuck.

EMMA

I'm sorry, I forgot my charger.

*She grabs it.*

EMMA

Sorry. I'm really sorry.

*EMMA goes to leave.*

AMY

I don't hate you. I don't dislike you.

*Beat.*

AMY

I think I just don't get you. And I haven't tried to because my life is a lot, currently. But it doesn't mean I wouldn't.

*Long pause.*

EMMA

Um. Thanks.

*Another pause. Caesar walks in, and stares at them.*

EMMA

Oh my god.

*AMY gets up, stares.*

AMY

Caesar!

*The cat startles, runs away.*

EMMA

That was him/ right?

AMY

/Yes oh my god.

*EMMA looks at AMY. First she's happy. Then she sees AMY'S pants are stained with blood. Not a ton, like if you went six hours without a tampon on the third day of your period.*

EMMA

Oh. Um.

*AMY looks down. She sees it. She sits. She is shaking a little. EMMA stands there for a second, really not knowing what to do. AMY is rocking a little.*

EMMA

Um, do you want a sweater?

*No answer.*

EMMA

Let's get, um. Here.

*EMMA picks up a sweater on the back of her chair and puts it around her shoulders. She pulls out her phone, dials.*

EMMA

Hey // No um, Amy's bleeding, and I think // Yeah. //I'm at the- yeah. She/

AMY

/Tell her I need pants.

EMMA

She says she needs pants. // Yeah. // Yeah. Here.

*EMMA hands the phone to AMY. She takes it.*

AMY

Hi. // Yeah.

*She hangs up. She hands the phone back to EMMA.*

EMMA

Sara's gonna be here really soon. You want some water?

*Beat.*

*EMMA gets some water from the cooler, brings it over to her.*

EMMA

Here we go.

*AMY doesn't take it, so she puts it down near her. AMY curls up on the couch. EMMA turns on a lamp, turns up the heat. She washes her hands.*

EMMA

I'm gonna get some paper towels, ok?

*She goes to the bathroom. AMY is maybe crying or whimpering a little.*

*Blackout.*

### Scene Seventeen

*AMY is in the same position as before. EMMA is sitting nearby. SARA comes in with a plastic bag full of stuff. She goes over to AMY.*

EMMA

Hey.

SARA

Hi. Hey.

AMY

Hi.

SARA

We gotta go to the doctor now, huh?

*AMY cries.*

SARA

You wanna get changed?

*SARA strokes her hair.*

SARA

Ok. It's ok. Do you wanna, can we go to the bathroom?

*No answer.*

SARA

Ok, Emma, can you, maybe can you go to the back?

*AMY releases a heaving, guttural sob.*

EMMA

Yeah, um, can I do something?

SARA

No, I'm just gonna get her changed.

EMMA *leaves.*

SARA

Let's sit up.

AMY

I'm sorry.

SARA

It's ok. It's ok.

*AMY makes a face signaling it's not, that she doesn't believe her.*

SARA

Yeah, yeah it is. It's ok. Let's sit up. And I'm gonna take off your pants, ok? So we gotta, actually we gotta stand, ok?

*She helps AMY stand and takes off her pants, pulling them off gently. Then her underwear. She pulls out a bag of baby wipes. She starts wiping off the inside of her thighs. She does this for a while.*

SARA

Can you do, can you do between your legs?

*She hands her a wipe. AMY wipes herself. SARA pulls out a pair of underwear and a maxipad. She opens it, puts it in the underwear, and helps her into them. She pulls out a pair of pajama pants and does the same.*

SARA

Hey Emma?

EMMA *comes back out.*

SARA

I'm gonna, we're gonna go.

EMMA

Ok.

SARA

Thank you, for calling, I um, I will text you.

EMMA  
Ok.

SARA *grabs AMY'S bag.*

SARA  
Ok. Come on.

*She helps her walk out. EMMA is left alone. Blackout.*

### Scene Eighteen

*Daytime. SARA is at her desk. TRAVIS enters.*

SARA  
Hey.

TRAVIS  
Hey. You uh, feeling better?

SARA  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
Good.

*He opens his workspace.*

SARA  
I'm sorry. I'm um, I'm really sorry. If I um, that I upset you or made you like/

TRAVIS  
/You didn't upset me.

SARA  
Oh. I mean/

TRAVIS  
/I was worried about you. But um, I wasn't, I'm not upset.

*Beat. Then a weird pause.*

TRAVIS

So/

SARA

/I don't really know why I did that.

*Beat.*

TRAVIS

I guess I kinda thought it was because you like me.

SARA

Yeah.

*Beat. She nods.*

SARA

No it was. It's just, I can't do anything about that?

*Half-beat.*

TRAVIS

Yeah. No I um, I know.

*Beat.*

SARA

And also like I just like really love talking to you and I'm worried I messed it up.

TRAVIS

I don't think/

SARA

/Because I don't wanna like have to stop talking to you/

TRAVIS

/You don't have to stop talking to me.

SARA

Ok. Because that would make me like really sad/

TRAVIS

/I'm not, I don't think we have to stop talking/

SARA

/You'll still talk to me?

TRAVIS

Yeah. Are you, are you going to talk to me?

SARA

Yeah.

*Long pause.*

TRAVIS

I mean, I just, I really like you. So I guess. Um. I'm a little disappointed. Or something. Just because that was kind of great. For me.

*Beat.*

SARA

It was, yeah. It was great.

*Long pause.*

SARA

I don't really know what to do now.

*He walks to her, opens his arms for a hug.*

*She hugs him. The fascination fractures as she realizes he smells like Axe and Bounce laundry sheets. The hug ends. TRAVIS enters his space, closing the door. She sits at her desk. Her phone rings. She picks up.*

SARA

Freeplay, this is Sara. // Yeah, just a second.

*She takes the phone away from her head, rubs her eye. She takes a deep breath.*

SARA

Sorry, I'm back.

*Blackout.*

Scene Nineteen

AMY is drinking a mug of tea. EMMA walks in.

EMMA

Woah. Sorry. Oh my gosh, hi.

AMY

Hi.

EMMA

You're back, you're like/

AMY

/Yeah/ I'm back

EMMA

/And you look great/

AMY

/No/ um

EMMA

/You do. Like very well-rested.

AMY

That's what a week and a half of bedrest will do for you.

EMMA

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean it like that/ that was dumb.

AMY

/No I know. I knew what you meant. Um, and I am. I feel really good.

*Beat.*

EMMA

Can I get you anything?

AMY

No thanks.

*Long pause.*

AMY

I don't know if Sara said anything, but/

EMMA

/Just that everything was ok.

AMY

Yeah, um, it was a polyp. A fucking polyp.

EMMA

I didn't even, like know that's a thing/

AMY

/Yeah, um. I didn't, I didn't know. I just figured, I was pretty sure it was over.

And I don't totally, I don't totally remember everything, from that night? But um, I remember you put a sweater on me and um, you called Sara, and I'm really... grateful for all of that./ So thank you.

EMMA

/I, yeah. Of, of course. You're welcome.

*She reaches into her bag, pulls out a sonogram. She hands it to her.*

EMMA

Oh wow.

AMY

It's um, it doesn't look like anything, but um, the bean thing/ there is, yeah.

EMMA

/Little bean!

AMY

Yeah. Healthy, apparently, so.

*Little pause. She hands the sonogram back. They sit down at their desks.*

EMMA

I'm really sorry that I um/

AMY

/Please don't apologize/

EMMA

/I'm sorry I like planned out what I was gonna say with my mom but like I'm forgetting it, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for making you uncomfortable. And I um, I know you're not into the mentoring thing and I hear that but I really like being here and I've learned, I appreciate learning just from like from what you do. And I'm, again I'm sorry.

AMY

You really don't need to um. I mean thanks, but, yeah. *Half-beat*. I um, we can do more hands-on stuff.

EMMA

If you like, if you want to then I'd really like that.

AMY

Ok. Then we'll do that.

EMMA

Awesome.

*Pause.*

EMMA

And um, I wouldn't have set the machine up if I wasn't sure that I could. I just wanted you to know that.

AMY

*Laughing lightly in recognition.* I figured that, actually.

EMMA

Did you try it yet? The injection- I mean no, why would you/

AMY

/No not yet. I will. Excited to.

TRAVIS *enters, carrying several shopping bags and a large multipack of toilet paper.*

TRAVIS

Supsupsup.

AMY/EMMA

Hey/Hi.

TRAVIS

Oh hi!

AMY

Hi!

TRAVIS

How are you? It's been like, a while. Are you like, are you ok?

TRAVIS *gives her a hug.*

AMY

Yeah I'm good. Um. I'm pregnant?

TRAVIS

Whaaat/

AMY

/Yeah.

TRAVIS

Congratulations.

AMY

Thank you. Thank you.

TRAVIS

I have to- can I give you- I feel like I hugged you too early now/

*They hug again.*

TRAVIS

Congratulations.

AMY

Thank you.

TRAVIS *unloads his groceries into the fridge, stacks toilet paper under the sink, walks into his office.*

EMMA

Um, I'm gonna go get a latte. You want anything?

AMY

No, I'm all set.

EMMA

Ok.

*EMMA grabs her coat and leaves. AMY turns on her computer and moves some paper off the front of her desk. Her desk phone rings.*

AMY

Freeplay, this is Amy. // Why didn't you call my cell weirdo. // Oh. No it was was fun to answer it I felt really official. // Nothing. // No seriously // I'm not on bedrest anymore I don't need you bringing me lunch. I was gonna go out later and be a real person again, actually. // Yeah. // Um if they have coconut water I'd love a bottle of that though. // Yeah. Bye.

*She hangs up the phone. She tries to tape the sonogram up on her bulletin board but is having a hard time with the tape. The phone rings again. She picks up.*

AMY

I seriously don't need food. // Um- oh hi. // Yes. Yeah I'm- you're Mel? // Yeah, I was Rob's, um. I was his TA like a couple years ago. // I'm sorry I thought you were- I mean thanks for calling me, I wasn't even sure I had the right email or whatever, so. // No it's a great time. I can talk. This is great.

*She sits down. Blackout.*

### Scene Twenty

*AMY and SARA arrive at an empty table; it's their booth at the sex toy expo. AMY is four months pregnant and pulling a suitcase of supplies. SARA is also carrying a suitcase, which she opens on the ground. AMY also tries to lay her suitcase down to open it.*

SARA

Stopstopstop.

AMY

Why/

SARA

/Let me do it/

AMY

/I can just/ lay it down.

SARA

/I can lay it down.

AMY

You know I'm just pregnant, right, and not like, 85 years old or something/

SARA

/I love you so much but just shut up please. Shut up. Thank you.

*SARA takes the suitcase and unzips it. She passes AMY a tablecloth that she begins spreading on the table. They start unpacking a couple of pedestals, display cards, dildos.*

AMY

Did you see who we're next to?

*She looks.*

SARA

*Mouthes.* Oh my god.

AMY

I know.

SARA

I can't with her.

AMY

No one can with her.

*Beat, a realization.*

SARA

Oh my god and you're pregnant/

AMY

/UGH/ no no no.

SARA

/She's going to like be obsessed with you. Yes. She's gonna try to sell you like all of her weird essential oil things/

AMY

/Oh my god/

SARA

/Ohohoh tell her you're nauseous. Tell her you need her to not spray that weird, that room spray she makes/

AMY

/Sex in the Air?

SARA

Oh my god I forgot that's what it's called/

AMY

/Yeah and there's/

SARA

/Sex on the Beach. No yeah I remember that one/

AMY

/That one wasn't as bad/ I think.

SARA

/Tell her you can't take the smell. It's like perfect. Tell her you'll throw up.

AMY

Yeah. But she probably, she probably has a Nausea Oil/

SARA

/Oh true/

AMY

/And like I don't want, I want like minimal attention from her.

SARA

She probably has something for your cervix.

AMY *snorts*.

AMY

Oh my god she probably does/

SARA

/She definitely does. She's gonna wanna coat you in like nipple oil and perineum oil and cervix oil/

AMY

/I'm not sampling her fucking taint oil. I'm not.

*They both start laughing extremely hard and can't stop. But especially SARA.*

AMY

I'm so serious/ right now.

SARA

/I forgot that was a word. I forgot taint was a word.

SARA *cackles.*

AMY

Wow. Is this because you had that like sample CBD bar/

SARA

/No no I didn't have that one I had the regular one.

AMY

Yeah ok.

SARA

No I did.

TRAVIS *and EMMA carry in multiple cardboard boxes.*

EMMA

This place is crazy/

TRAVIS

/Did you guys see the chain booth? It's just chains.

SARA

Those guys are really nice. That run it. I think they're brothers or cousins/

AMY

/Cousins. I don't know why I know that but cousins.

SARA

Did you get a swag bag?

EMMA

I did/

TRAVIS

/It's awesome.

TRAVIS *takes off his jacket and is wearing a t-shirt that says, "Ask Me About Orgasms."*

SARA

Is that this year's shirt?

TRAVIS

Yes indeed.

SARA

That's... wow.

EMMA *pulls hers' out and puts it on.*

EMMA

I kind of love it.

SARA

Should I wear mine?

TRAVIS

I thought we had to.

SARA

We don't Have To. I'm gonna, I'm gonna do it.

SARA *pulls the shirt out of her swag bag.*

AMY

You're gonna wear it.

SARA

I'm gonna wear it.

AMY

I don't wanna be the only person not wearing it/

SARA

/Wear it/ Wear it.

AMY

/It's too small. They have my like, my pre-pregnancy size/

SARA

/You're like barely showing/

AMY

/That's cute. Ok, ok watch this.

*AMY pulls it out and puts it on. It bunches over her belly, so we can't really read orgasm.*

SARA

Oh/ my god.

AMY

/See? It looks/

TRAVIS

/That's awesome.

EMMA *cackles*.

AMY

Yeah, ok/

SARA

/Don't take it off/

TRAVIS

/No no/

SARA

/You can't take it off/

AMY

/It looks so dumb.

*EMMA pulls out a bunch of brochures and starts putting them on the table.*

SARA

It looks fine.

*She starts unfolding some chairs. AMY sits down, has her hand on her belly. TRAVIS starts pulling more dildos out of a box at his feet.*

TRAVIS

Where do you want these?

SARA

Um the shelves?

TRAVIS

Cool.

SARA

Just like anywhere I'm gonna arrange them later, so.

*He starts putting them on the shelves set up behind them.*

EMMA

When does it start?

SARA

Like three hours. There should be more people here.

AMY

No yeah there's usually more by now.

*They both sit.*

SARA

I'm gonna eat before we like set-up set-up.

AMY

Yeah no that's a good idea.

SARA

I didn't eat breakfast which was Very Dumb.

AMY

So Dumb. This is like the worst day for that.

*SARA pulls a salad out of her bag and starts eating it. She picks a tomato out. EMMA takes out a sandwich.*

SARA

Do you want this?

AMY

Yes please.

*SARA hands her the tomato on the fork.*

AMY

What kind of dressing is that?

SARA

Balsamic.

*They continue eating. TRAVIS finishes unpacking the box, sits down. He makes a goofy face at SARA, who returns it. She spears another tomato and hands the fork to AMY, who eats it. Half-beat.*

SARA

Oh wait we need a picture.

AMY

Ugh/

SARA

/Stopstopstop it's the expo we need a picture.

EMMA

I'll take it.

SARA

No you should, you go by Amy. Travis, can you/

TRAVIS

/Yeah.

*SARA walks over to him, pulls up her camera, hands it to him. She gets back with AMY and EMMA, standing behind them, pointing at "orgasms" on her shirt.*

TRAVIS

Ok, 1, 2, 3! 1, 2, 3.

AMY

Got it?

TRAVIS

Got it.

SARA

Yay. Thank you.

*She takes her phone, everyone sits back down. TRAVIS, SARA, EMMA, AMY. SARA tries to eat a bite of salad, awkwardly can't get her mouth on it. TRAVIS sees and laughs. They seem happy. Beat. AMY takes a dildo out of the suitcase, stands it up on the table. SARA watches her.*

*Blackout. End of play.*