

DORK LOVE

**a 5-minute play
by Tom Baum**

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Characters

EMILY, late teens-20s

ZAK, late teens-20s

(EMILY, late teens/20s, and ZAK, late teens/20s, talking via Webcams. If feasible, we see their faces on side-by-side TV screens. If not, they're both seated at laptops, with some geographical separation implied.)

EMILY: See me OK?

ZAK: Good enough, yeah. Listen, I should say this right up front. I'm not really interested in watching you do stuff.

EMILY: Kinda limits your options. What's your problem?

ZAK: OK. The thing is, I can't even watch kissing on the screen.

EMILY: What's wrong with kissing?

ZAK: OK. When I used to watch movies with my dad? If there was any sex on the screen, he'd go, Mmm, plum cake.

EMILY: OK, but that means sex was something good.

ZAK: No. Problematical.

EMILY: Yeah, I don't get that.

ZAK: It made him nervous. It makes me nervous. My stomach gets queasy. I get a lump in my throat. It's called the *bolus hystericus*. Sex is something I'm not supposed to see.

EMILY: So why are you calling me?

ZAK: It's for school.

EMILY: You're a college student?

ZAK: Uh-huh. I'm writing a paper.

EMILY: On what?

ZAK: What you do. And in case you're wondering, I have no moral objections to sex workers. I'm all for legalization.

EMILY: And taxing the crap out of us, right? No thank you, we're in bad enough shape as it is.

ZAK: What, business isn't good?

EMILY: Business sucks. All these free porn sites. I can't get film work anymore.

ZAK: Wow, that's too bad. And you're so attractive.

EMILY: Oh, we're all pretty these days, that's not the issue.

ZAK: Then why not get out now?

EMILY: Because I'm great at it. So how do I get you off?

ZAK: What? No. You can't. This is research.

EMILY: It would be better research if I got you off.

ZAK: What do you care? It's no more money for you.

EMILY: Yeah, it is. If you visit me again. Which I guarantee you will.

ZAK: Sorry, no. This is just a one-off.

EMILY: I've heard that before.

ZAK: I'm not the least bit aroused.

EMILY: So what do you think it would take?

ZAK: Forget it. A miracle.

EMILY: You can't ever get it up?

ZAK: Not lately.

EMILY: Really? Cuz I'm getting a boner myself.

ZAK: Please don't talk dirty. I don't care for that.

EMILY: Why, are you afraid getting hard? I bet you had a hardon all through high school. This is dork's revenge, isn't it. Admit it. You're taking it out on me for all the girls who wouldn't look twice at you in high school.

ZAK: Why are you getting so hostile?

EMILY: Come on, you're the Dork from Hell. You deserve a spanking.

ZAK: No. Don't go there.

EMILY: Uh-huh. You're a very bad boy.

ZAK: I'm not a masochist. And you don't look like a dominatrix anyway. Listen, I think we're done.

EMILY: No. Don't go.

ZAK: Why not? I'm not getting anything out of this.

EMILY: Please. Ohmigod, you're the third guy in a row. I've lost my touch. What is wrong with me. What am I doing wrong.

(EMILY *bursts into tears.*)

ZAK: Come on, what is that. You're not crying. Those are fake tears.

EMILY: Tell me what to do. Tell me how I deal with people like you. I can't pay my rent. My neighbors are gonna evict me. Help me please.

ZAK: Calm down. It's OK.

EMILY: You're so smart and I'm so dumb. I can't stand my life. Please. Help me. I'll pay you. Be my shrink. Please. Seriously. I'll give you my credit card number.

ZAK: You don't have to do that. I'll listen to anything you have to say.

EMILY: Wow. That's awesome. No one has ever been kind to me before.

ZAK: Really? That's so sad.

EMILY: You're the first. You're a dream come true.

(EMILY *stops crying.*)

EMILY: We have wood, right?

ZAK: Yeah, I think so.

EMILY: Yes or no.

ZAK: Yes. Ohmigod, look at the time.

EMILY: What's the matter?

ZAK: It's five of eleven. I'm late for Psych class.

EMILY: Ohmigod, and I'm late for Drama. Is your tummy OK?

ZAK: So far.

EMILY: No lump in the throat?

ZAK: I'm good. How about you, Emily? Any feelings of shame?

EMILY: Yes, but I used them.

ZAK: Awesome. See you next time?

EMILY: Sure, next time.

ZAK: Um, Emily?

EMILY: What?

ZAK: You going to the game this weekend?

EMILY: No, why would I do that.

ZAK: Right. Well, goodbye.

EMILY: Bye, Zak.

ZAK: Um, Emily?

EMILY: What.

ZAK: You ever want to meet for coffee?

EMILY: No.

ZAK: Yeah, neither do I. Bye, Emily.

EMILY: We did that, Zak.

ZAK: I know, but it's hard to hang up.

EMILY: Count of three?

ZAK: OK.

EMILY: One—

ZAK: Two—

EMILY: Three.

*(Long sad pause. The screens go dark **and/or** Blackout. END OF PLAY.)*