

BODY AND SOUL
By Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS: (2)

BODY, a male
SOUL, a male

(SOUL is sitting on a backless chair or stool facing the audience, with a blanket pulled up to his neck as if asleep, with a chair nearby.)

(BODY is on the floor between SOUL's legs, with his head angled so that his voice will project. BODY uses his arm (with the fist in a sock) to make SOUL's *extensive* penis.)

SOUL: (waking up, no penis showing) Ah! (yawns) Merry Christmas!

BODY: (raising his arm between SOUL's legs to make BODY's big penis rise)
Ah! (yawns) Merry Christmas!

SOUL: (pushing penis down) Oh, not again!

BODY: Don't start putting me down already.

SOUL: It's only six A.M.

BODY: Don't give me any lectures, okay?

SOUL: Can't you get lost for a few days! (Sits up) It's Christmas, for god's sake!

BODY: I didn't bother you all day yesterday.

SOUL: And what a relief that was.

BODY: Just give me what I want, and I'll shut up.

SOUL: No!

BODY: We're going out, whether you want to or not.

SOUL: I'm going to stay in and read.

BODY: Listen, Mister, we're going out for a treat, and that's all there is to it.

SOUL: Who do you think you are, giving me orders?

BODY: If it weren't for me, you'd never go nowhere.

SOUL: (getting cozy) Yeah, I'd stay here and just think and dream and —

BODY: You'd be a vegetable in two weeks.

SOUL: (sitting up) Because of you, I'm nothing but an animal!

BODY: (waving SOUL's penis back and forth under the blanket)
(in a sing-song) Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names'll
never hurt me!

SOUL: I used to be happy until you started bugging me!

BODY: That's absolute horseshit! I've given you the happiest
times in your whole puny life! Just give me what I *want*,
and I'll go back to sleep. (Penis sticks up expectantly)

SOUL: (pushing it down) No! . . . It's dirty!

BODY: You just slept for eight hours. Was that dirty?

SOUL: That was different.

BODY: The hell it was! It's okay to sleep for eight hours or to eat three meals
a day, but when I ask for five little minutes you deny me!

SOUL: It's immature.

BODY: So it'll keep you youthful! Come on.

SOUL: Why don't you go find somebody else to bother?

BODY: 'Cause I'm stuck with you, that's why. (Waves penis)

SOUL: What if somebody came in now and saw you like this!

BODY: Who cares! They're no different from you, simp!

SOUL: They're not walking around with this big old thing sticking
out all the time.

BODY: (coaxing) I give you a good time, don't I?

SOUL: Well . . .

BODY: (more coaxing) Do I or don't I give you a good time, hmm?

SOUL: But you're always nagging me!

BODY: Damn it, you keep me cramped inside your shorts most of the time!

SOUL: If I give you an inch, you take a mile.

BODY: I thought we were partners.

SOUL: Not after that awful drip you had last month.

BODY: A little head cold! For that I should be put in isolation?

SOUL: I'm sorry, we're through, and that's all there is to it!

BODY: Okay, so I got us into a little trouble. So *beat* me. (Sticks up)

SOUL: No!

BODY: Go ahead, beat me!

SOUL: You'd just like that.

BODY: Well, how about rubbing me on the chair then? (The penis points to the chair)

SOUL: I don't want to. (Folds arms defiantly)

BODY: Come on, just a little bit (sing-song) *Back and forth* on the chair, okay?
(Waves penis back and forth)

SOUL: It'll make a stain.

BODY: Naw, it'll put a nice polish on the wood!

SOUL: No, I'm working on my self-control. (Crosses his legs)

BODY: If God didn't want me to spout off, why'd He put he here?

SOUL: As temptation.

BODY: He put me here because He knew what a lousy world He'd
created and He wanted you to have at least a *few* good times!
(dirtily) *Merry Christmas!*

SOUL: But to please you I'll have to get up, get dressed, go out and find
somebody who's looking for the same thing, and then we'll —

BODY: (insinuatingly) Naw, you don't, pal. We can handle it . . . ourselves.

SOUL: But that'll grow hair on my palms!

BODY: Then you won't need no gloves this winter.

SOUL: I could go blind!

BODY: I got this friend over in the school for the blind. He tells me the blind guys there start to see *better* if they do it!

SOUL: It's no use. I'm swearing off—forever. I'm through with low-lives like you.

BODY: I'm sorry I'm not the high-society type. (Fakes tears)
Go ahead, abandon an old buddy. Go ahead!

SOUL: Don't be like that now.

BODY: (more fake tears) Go ahead, leave me after all I've done for you!

SOUL: Oh, come on, don't be hurt.

BODY: Go out with your high-falutin' friends, if that's what you want.

SOUL: Don't be mad.

BODY: What do you expect me to do, jump for joy?

SOUL: From now on I'm going to be spiritual, that's all.

BODY: You're throwing me over for some artsy-craftsy creeps and I'm supposed to accept it?

SOUL: Just don't be mad at me, okay? Please.

BODY: Well, I *am* mad at you!

SOUL: Come on, that makes me feel bad.

BODY: Well, it don't make me feel so hot neither!

SOUL: Say you're not mad at me, okay?

BODY: (reluctant, silent)

SOUL: Please! Huh? What do you say?

BODY: Well . . . maybe . . . (slyly) Shake on it? (Penis sticks up)

SOUL: Sure! There! (Before he can think, he grabs the penis and shakes it)

BODY: Thanks. (SOUL continues to hold the penis) (slyly) Feels *good*, don't it?

SOUL: (his facing betraying his true feelings) I'm not sure . . .

BODY: Come on, just a little shake or two more.

(Reluctantly SOUL begins to stroke the penis a bit, then faster and faster)

BODY: That's right! Way to go!

(SOUL now begins to use both hands to stroke the penis)

BODY: (growing louder and louder, more ecstatic) Way to go! Way to go!
Way to Go! Way to go! Way to go! Way to go, you mother-fucking
Christmas *motherfucker*!

(The penis jerks about frantically, then ends up spitting. The actor for BODY under the chair makes the sound and shoots detergent or colored plastic string that comes in an aerosol bottle. There are several phases of the ejaculation. Then the penis falls over limp. There is one final little spurt.)

BODY (sighing) Thanks, pal. I needed that. (Singing out operatically) See you for
New Year's!

SOUL: (realizing he has been duped, wipes his slimy hand on the blanket, then gives a final little shake with both hands)

BLACKOUT