

CHARACTERS

Morgan	Bile's assistant. Smart, witty, and romantically challenged.
Bile	Charming but evil venture capitalist.
Nancy	Bile's other assistant. Powerfully sexy. Plays dumb to hide her ferocious intelligence.
Dave	Nerd with a lot of confidence.
Lisa	A school teacher. Nancy's friend.

Costumes

All the men wear traditional but varied office attire. Dave's suit is cheap, Bile's powerful, Morgan's subdued. Nancy's clothes accentuate her figure. Nicole dresses like a consciously sexy school teacher.

SET

Bile's office dominates the stage. The space is mostly empty, with large frames implying impersonal walls. There is a sparse desk with a phone in the center of the room. Behind it is a plush chair; on the other side are two less comfy chairs.

Other scenes take place on the lip of the stage, differentiated by light changes.

TIME

The present.

Act One: Everything Leading Up To...

Act Two: The Last 24 Hours!

Act One, Scene One: paid programming

(In the darkness, canned applause is heard.)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now on Amazing Discoveries... Dave... Wilcox!

(A spotlight comes up on DAVE standing downstage. Next to him, covered with a black sheet, is a poster on an easel. He smiles and speaks directly to the audience, a cross between natural salesman and someone scared of speaking in public.)

DAVE

Men, we've all experienced the pain of dating. Women hold all the cards, 51% of the vote and 100% of the you-know-what! And we have to play their game, or should I say *all their games*, because our penises won't let us say no. And look at me. Does it look like I score much? I've never been a stud, and no matter how much "Spanish Fly" I use, I never will be.

(The lights dim and DAVE becomes soft and conspiratorial.)



Poster for Three Wise Monkeys' 2003 west coast premiere of *LibidOff*.

And do you think I let that frustrate me? Let it get me down? Five years ago, you bet I did. And any unattractive man who says his looks don't bother him is lying. I guarantee it. I don't care how happy they seem. At night, when they're spanking their monkey, thinking about women who will never sleep with them... that's deep unhappiness. I should know. I wasted years on women.

My only real hope was that I'd make a lot of money and buy a trophy wife. The Ugly American's Dream. Hoping to find some shallow bimbo to spend over half our money on for the rest of our lives. Of course, she'll probably stop sleeping with you pretty quickly, if she ever bothers to start. And you'd better get a pre-nup, or she's gone within a year, loaded down with as many of your belongings as the law will let her steal.

And I don't look down on ugly. Where would I look down from? God made me this way, what can I do about it? The answer, contrary to popular romantic

beliefs, is **nothing**. There's nothing you can do about it. But can I tell you there's another option to the suffering?

(The lights begin to rise, as does DAVE's intensity.)

DAVE cont.

And, no, it doesn't involve subliminal tapes, or improving your wardrobe. When I tell you those methods don't work, believe me. I tried everything. Or at least I thought I had...

Until I realized that the way to happiness wasn't **through** the problem. The way was around it. Because I didn't want to want women. I didn't need to need them. Yes, I wanted them, yes, I needed them, but I didn't need that want! I did not... need... that want. Three years later...

(DAVE pulls back the black cloth, revealing a poster that focuses on the word "LibidOff". He also pulls a box of LibidOff patches from his pocket.)

LibidOff was born, and my suffering was over! Easy to use, LibidOff patches start working within hours, and are guaranteed to completely kill your coupling cravings within three months.

Imagine it. All that time you waste worrying over females... you get that back. And that money going down the date drain... plug up that hole and spend that cash on someone who loves you and treats you right. You. But don't take my word for it. Let's bring on one of the first people to try LibidOff—

(The lights abruptly go black.)

Act One, Scene Two: boys and their worries

(Moments later, the rest of the stage is lit. BILE points a remote control at the audience and clicks it off. MORGAN flanks him, slightly uncomfortable, not knowing what is expected of him. The easel is gone.)

BILE

So, Morgan... what do you think?

MORGAN

About what, Bile? The impotency patches? Funny.

BILE

They're not "impotency patches." Impotency is when your sexual equipment stops working against your will. LibidOff is a choice.

MORGAN

And you want to know what I think about these LibidOff patches?

BILE

Yes.

MORGAN

I think they'll let anything on those paid television spots.



Reed Harvey, Jay Moore, and Carl Thelin in Three Wise Monkeys' 2003 production of *Libidoff*.

BILE

Think it'll sell?

MORGAN

Well, no, Bile... I don't think there's much of a... I mean, it's so pathetic! It's hard to market pathetic to men. Like that spray-on hair stuff. Bald's no fun, but who wants to wake up and spray on their hair?

BILE

What about phone sex? It's pathetic, but it's a huge industry.

MORGAN

There's no comparison. It's completely anonymous, lowgrade prostitution. Whereas LibidOff—

BILE

Is for a more select clientele. Accepted.

MORGAN

"Select?" Psychotic is more like it. It crushes a basic human drive.

BILE

Like dieting crushes our hunger, our drive to feed ourselves.

MORGAN

Yeah, but people diet to get more sex! Look, I'm not saying there isn't a market for it. Just that I'm not expecting to see it enter the mainstream. It's giving up,

admitting you can't get a girl for yourself. It's one thing to be a dork, another to admit it to yourself.

BILE

Funny you should say that, because I think you're the target market.

MORGAN

(pause) Me?

BILE

You.

MORGAN

Well, that's just... why?

BILE

Your pursuit of women is obviously futile.

MORGAN

It is not!

BILE

You probably date, maybe even score occasionally, but I can tell when you're doing poorly. That's most of the time.

MORGAN

Wouldn't have thought you cared enough to notice.

BILE

I don't care. At least not about your happiness. What I do care about is your work, which becomes substandard when your love life's faltering.

MORGAN

I work twice as hard—

BILE

As Nancy. A given. Twenty times harder. We both know that work's not what I'm paying her for

MORGAN

Oh.

BILE

You, however, I am paying for your work. Your sexual frustration affects your performance here, and therefore affects me.

MORGAN

But I don't need patches—

BILE

Lie to yourself on your own time. You are LibidOff's target demographic.

MORGAN

Fine. I'll never use it.

BILE

Never?

MORGAN

My love life's fine. Look, if I knew why we're discussing this, I might actually be able to contribute to the conversation.

BILE

I need you to research it for me. The product, its history, copyrights, the owner... everything. I want a history of mankind's similar attempts: What they were, when they happened, why they failed. Everything, every angle you can think of. *(pause)* Clear?

MORGAN

I... guess so. When am I supposed to do this?

BILE

By next week.

MORGAN

No, I mean... are you going to bring in a temp to cover me?

BILE

No. You know I don't believe in hiring those people. Drifters with attitude is all they are. People who can't focus long enough to get a real job.

MORGAN

So when are you expecting me to do this?

BILE

Is there a problem?

*(A pause, then MORGAN hen jumps at a buzz from the desk phone.
BILE presses a button on the phone.)*

Yes, Nancy?

NANCY

(off) You've got a call from—

BILE

Just take a message. Name, number, and Morgan will sort them out when I'm finished with him.

NANCY

(off) Just names and numbers?

BILE

At least names and numbers.

NANCY

(off) What else?

BILE

Anything else they want to leave as a message!

NANCY

(off) Okay...

(BILE slams the phone off.)

BILE

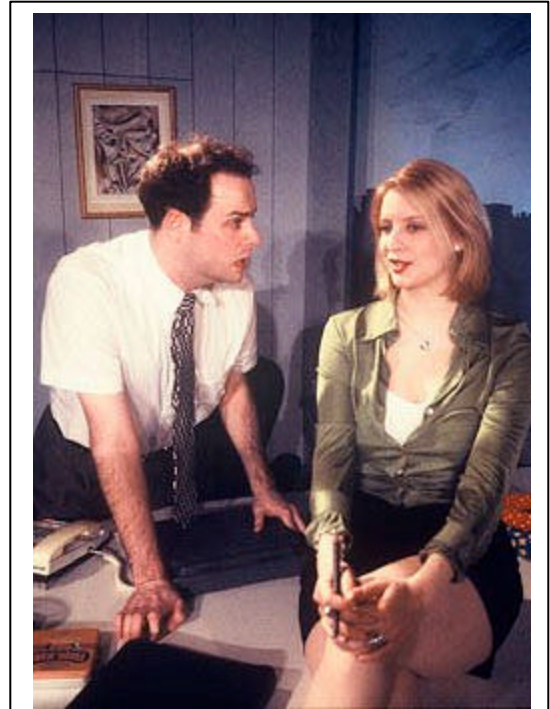
Damn it! You see what my dick puts me through? If you were a tenth that stupid, I would have pissed on your resume and thrown you out of the interview. Her, her I hire.

MORGAN

Ever thought of trying out a mature relationship?

BILE

What?



Matthew Porter and Kira Onodera
from the first New York Production of
Libidoff in 2000.

MORGAN

Seeing an intelligent woman you respect, working out a relationship that satisfies and nurtures you both.

BILE

What are you talking about?

MORGAN

(to himself) It was a long shot.

BILE

You're going in the wrong direction. I'm interested in eliminating my sexual weakness, not add on emotional frailty. My freedom from that affliction is a source of great comfort to me... a source of power. Stay on track, Morgan.

MORGAN

I'm just saying, if you found a good woman—

BILE

No such beast. Not when you have money like mine. Women are evil, and nothing perks up their dark side like a man's money. You'd better get to work, Morgan.

MORGAN

But I don't have the time to—

BILE

Morgan... just make it happen.

(MORGAN shakes his head slightly, then leaves. BILE stares as he leaves, then leans back contemplatively at his desk. He presses a button on the phone.)

BILE

Nancy, come in here.

(He leans back in his chair. Moments later NANCY enters.)

NANCY

Morgan looked mad.

BILE

Did he?

NANCY

He shot me the nastiest look. I don't think he likes me.

BILE

I didn't want to talk to you.

NANCY

Oh.

(She doesn't bat an eye, moving towards him and unbuttoning her blouse. When she reaches him, he drops to his knees before her. Blackout.)

Act One, Scene Three: other than work and the office

(A bench is down stage left. Park sounds. MORGAN enters, carrying a large book titled The Illustrated History of Castration & Masturbation. He sits. He speaks toward the audience.)

MORGAN

Hello! How are all of you today?

(He pulls bread from his pocket.)

Pete, it's pumpernickel. I know it gives you indigestion, but I've got to just say tough shit this once. Everybody else likes it.

(MORGAN pauses, feeling pathetic, then sighs and rips off a piece of bread. He opens the book and reads to them while he feeds them.)

Okay, this is a working dinner. "Castration has become synonymous with the removal of spirit, vitality, and virility from men; it has been used as both a punishment for rapists and a surefire technique for keeping slaves in line. There have been those who chose castration for themselves, but these men invariably are social outcasts, pariahs, considered to be acting against the laws of both nature and man." *(looks at birds)* When I say "laws of man," you guys can just make it "the laws of man **and pigeons**," all right?

(He smiles. The lights cross fade to the other side of the stage, where NANCY is standing at a bar with LISA. The former drinks a martini, the latter something brightly colored. Both are already tipsy.)

LISA

...so then Jimmy ran in screaming that the museum curator had stolen his lollipop and he was “gonna sue!” That’s when the field trip became complete chaos. No fun at all.

NANCY

Are they ever fun?

LISA

With second graders?

NANCY

No, the other kids you teach.

LISA

What other... oh, hah! Of course, I only teach second graders! *(pause)* No, they’re never fun.

NANCY

Then why do you schedule them? You’re in charge of your class, aren’t you?

LISA

I think I liked them when I was their age, so I don’t want to deny them the experience.

NANCY

I call bullshit on that. You hated them. I was there.

LISA

Did I? *(pause)* Would you believe I’m just meeting quotas?

NANCY

That sounds more like the public education I remember.

LISA

And Ted was there.

NANCY

Never should have dated a PE teacher at your own school.

LISA

Not every wilderness recreation teacher can be obsessed with having sex outside!

NANCY

Everybody but you likes it!

LISA

Bugs, grass stains, people everywhere—I mean, it's why I broke up with that sicko, and he still pressures me any time there's a tree nearby.

NANCY

How often can that be?

LISA

Well... I mean, we take walks.

NANCY

What?

LISA

I still want to—

NANCY

—to be his friend? Oh, Lisa, that's a sick disease, still wanting to be their friends after the sex is over. Men are incapable.

LISA

Not **all** of them.

NANCY

All of them. Imagine a naked man.

LISA

I don't like actually seeing them naked. They're all lumpy.

NANCY

Fine, look at a picture. Here...

(NANCY takes a cocktail napkin and draws a crude picture of a naked man on it. LISA watches and giggles.)

LISA

Naughty napkin drawings! Oh my!



(She slams the rest of her drink.)

NANCY

Now, you see the proportion between his penis and the rest of his body?

LISA

Yes.

NANCY

Reverse it. That's how you need to think of men. That huge part, that's just different sides of his sexual desire: sex drive, bragging rights, wanting to compare you to his other conquests, all that machismo shit.

LISA

And his penis is...

NANCY

Everything else. You know, his immortal soul, his mind... anything that could motivate you to want to keep him as a friend after you're **finished having sex with him**. Clear?

LISA

So... does the size of his immortal soul vary with the size of his—

NANCY

I don't know! I just like drawing pictures of naked men on cocktail napkins when I'm drinking. *(finishes her drink)*

LISA

I'd just like to meet a nice, normal guy.

NANCY

No you wouldn't.

LISA

(suddenly bitchy) We can't all be as choosy as you, Nancy.

NANCY

Whoa... what was that attitude all about?

LISA

You can have any man you want. Sexy, smart, good job...

NANCY

I can't have any man I want. It just looks that way because I don't want any of them, and that drives them nuts. You could do that just as easily as I do.

LISA

Not wanting a man looks easy to you because you've got a gift for it. I'm not built like you. I'm meant to have normal relationships with men.

NANCY

Thanks.

LISA

You can't be mad at that!

NANCY

I'm not. You're right. I take it as a compliment. Look, Lisa... most men are wretched lovers... you know the type, afraid of their own penises, their own sexuality. But the incredibly tiny number of men who rise above that level... fine. They're worth some time, because good sex makes everything awful about life trivial. At least during the act. But I don't want children, and I've never met a man who wasn't really just a boy I'd have to raise. I don't care how nice he is, I don't have the patience.

LISA

Don't make fun of me for wanting a nice guy. I know it's settling, but I'm ready to be romantic without all the excitement. I've had enough relationships with butt-holes!

NANCY

Lisa, adults say "asshole."

LISA

Well goll dang it!

(They laugh.)

NANCY

Come on, let's get out of here. You really want to meet a nice guy, huh?

(They exit as the lights shift back to MORGAN on the bench. He shuts the book and throws out a few more crumbs.)

MORGAN

I hope you've all learned something here today. Hey, hey, hey! No fighting. Darwin, you greedy little moron, let Peter get some, too! I'm warning you, I'll castrate you without a second thought!