

Intrepid 3000

INTREPID 3000

Characters

- ~ Sylvia, 50-70-something widow. Silver hair. Wearing a nightgown with a cardigan-type sweater over it. Any ethnicity.
- ~ Estelle, 50-70-something widow. Silver hair. Wearing a velour tracksuit. Any ethnicity.
- ~ Intrepid 3000, deep sultry voice only. The epitome of vibrators

Setting

Sylvia's condo living room. Table, chairs, etc. Sylvia has a covered cake plate, paper plates, utensils on table in front of her.

Scene

One fine morning. Sylvia is waiting for her friend, Estelle, to arrive.

Synopsis

Estelle & Sylvia, two elderly widows, are seeking fulfillment in this, their last chapter. Discovering neither lady has ever had an orgasm, Estelle orders each of them the Intrepid 3000, state-of-the-art vibrator with an arthritic-proof grip, glow-in-the-dark buttons, large print instructions, and clitoris GPS. Before they get them out of their boxes, secrets and lies they've told themselves and one another come to the forefront.

(ESTELLE enters, carrying two vertically long boxes))

ESTELLE. You took too long. I coulda broke my wrist, knocking.

SYLVIA. (Waving her away. Clicks tongue) You didn't break your wrist. (Sits with an audible effort.) Sit.

ESTELLE. (Dismisses SYLVIA with wave of her hand) We said we were going to dress up.

SYLVIA. And you? Another velour running suit. How many you got?

ESTELLE. It's called a tracksuit. And it's not velour. It's velveteen. Makes you feel very chic.

SYLVIA. Yeah, chic gives me a rash. (Indicates cake) Go on, enjoy. You know my chocolate babka is so good, it would make God weep.

ESTELLE. No, no, I don't want. (Pause) You made it the way I like, no raisins.

SYLVIA. Of course, no raisins. Eat. I insist.

ESTELLE. In a minute. Look what came. One for you and one for me. Here. You want we open together.

SYLVIA. Maybe later, I mean, what's the rush really when a work of art, such that my babka is, waits.

ESTELLE. We promised to open them together.

SYLVIA. I don't wanna anymore. This is insane.

ESTELLE. All our lives we gave. To our parents, our children, PTA bake sales, grandchildren, friends. We gave to our husbands, may they rest in peace,

SYLVIA. Jack said he never had complaints from any other women. I wasn't complaining, I was just trying to talk.

ESTELLE. He was so busy with his golf holes in one, he didn't play (Indicates SYLVIA) the hole that counts.

SYLVIA. (Tries not to laugh) Listen to that mouth on you.

ESTELLE. We're not the only ones, you know. Plenty of women,

SYLVIA. Yeah, yeah, A lot of women, don't origami. So, what, I've never origami-ed? It's fine. Some of us origami and some don't.

ESTELLE. Origami? That paper folding thing? You mean orgasm.

SYLVIA. That's what I said. There are all sorts of tunnels and layers down there. Fold them in the right way and you got origami.

ESTELLE. (Opens her box) Look. There's a note. It says, "The Intrepid 3000 is *the only vibrator on the market with clitoris GPS. Orgasm guaranteed or money back.*" Wow, they did the nicest larger print I've ever seen.

SYLVIA. Uh-huh.

ESTELLE. Wait, there's more. (Reads) "*The vagina contains over 10,000 nerve endings and the Intrepid 3000 can delight every one of them with our patented fingernail gripping, lung expelling, goose bumping, thrilling you-have-to-be-this-tall-to-ride explosion of never before imagined climactic excitement.*" Our lives are going to explode, Sylvia, you ready to explode?!

SYLVIA. How am I even gonna hold it, with the arthritis.

ESTELLE. I got us the one specially designed for arthritic hands.

SYLVIA. What about at night, I won't be able to see the buttons.

ESTELLE. These glow-in-the-dark!

SYLVIA. I dunno.

ESTELLE. Why you so afraid?

SYLVIA. *Me afraid?* What about the assistant activity director, what's her name,

ESTELLE. Heather.

SYLVIA. Didn't I tell on *Heather*, eating all the good pudding cups. She left the rice pudding ones. *Rice pudding!*

ESTELLE. You care about all the wrong things.

SYLVIA. Being honest is wrong?

ESTELLE. You know what honesty is, it's when I look at what's left of my life while death has a stopwatch over me. I don't want any regrets, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. You think I do?

ESTELLE. I did the parachute jump, the bungee, the parasail, and the zipline. I thought I was looking for “the thrill” but no.

SYLVIA. What then.

ESTELLE. No fear of doing something for me. No fear of going over the edge with myself.

SYLVIA. And so, you do all that with this thing. Then what.

ESTELLE. And then. I feel something that’s all mine.

SYLVIA. Go on. Take this *thing* and diddle yourself until your down there falls off. Let your children find you dead with that thing up in you.

ESTELLE. I don’t even know why I wanted to share this with you.

SYLVIA. Listen. When you think you’re at where you wanna be with that thing, gimme a call.

ESTELLE. Intrepid 3000’s going to make me explode all over inside. Maybe more than once in the same sitting.

SYLVIA. You sure you’re gonna like it?

ESTELLE. Oh, *I know I will*.

SYLVIA. Okay, so, let’s say you like it. A lot. You’re jumping over rainbows. One day comes and you start thinking how before Intrepid 3000 you had nothing. Now look at you go with that thing.

ESTELLE. That’s right.

SYLVIA. But then you think, “I coulda had this my whole life but that whole life is almost over.” You’re gonna be pissed.

ESTELLE. It’s better that I shouldn’t know?

SYLVIA. You can’t have as much of it as you coulda had. You can’t make up for all that lost time.

ESTELLE. So, what, we just sit on our hands, waiting to die.

SYLVIA. I'll be sitting right next to you.

ESTELLE. You know what failure is, Sylvia, somebody who won't even try. I'm taking my Intrepid 3000 and we're leaving.

SYLVIA. *Fine!*

ESTELLE. *Fine to you!*

SYLVIA. Go on. Leave.

(a beat)

SYLVIA (cont.). You leaving already or what?

ESTELLE. My damn knees are locking up on me again.

SYLVIA. Oh, for God's sake. C'mon. Lemme at them. I told you to tell the doctor. (SYLVIA rubs ESTELLE'S knees)

ESTELLE. Every time I tell him about some new ache, he says, 'Honey, you're old.' He gives me a Tylenol coupon.

SYLVIA. Mine thinks his stethoscope is made of *gold*. (Still rubbing ESTELLE'S knees.) This velvet is really nice.

ESTELLE. Velvetteen.

SYLVIA. Estelle, you are my oldest, dearest friend. I don't want we should fight.

ESTELLE. I don't want to, either.

SYLVIA. It's just that. I want you to be happy and fulfilled. I really do.

ESTELLE. As I do, you.

SYLVIA. You'll be so busy *exploding* all over the place. And I'll be here, by myself, a dried- up old failure.

ESTELLE. They've got cream for that.

SYLVIA. They got a cream for everything. Except loneliness.

ESTELLE. What loneliness. I would never leave you. Oh, Sylvia. Really.

SYLVIA. Listen. I'm gonna tell you something, okay, and after, please don't debate how I shoulda told you before.

ESTELLE. Yeah, okay, sure.

SYLVIA. You gotta swear.

ESTELLE. *Fine. I swear.*

SYLVIA. On your hip replacement.

ESTELLE. I'm not going to swear on my. (Pause) *Fine. I swear on my damn hip replacement.*

SYLVIA. Okay, so here's the thing. (Pause) I'm not all that. Unfamiliar. With *sexy toys* as I led you to believe. (ESTELLE has a *what the fuck look on her face*) I may have tried. One. In the past. The very long ago past.

ESTELLE. Well then. (Pause) You're a goddamn liar!

SYLVIA. Fine. But I want you should understand.

ESTELLE. Get your bitch-lying hands off my knees!

SYLVIA. C'mon. They're still locked, let me at least. (ESTELLE turns away) My dearest Estelle, you're so excited about the Intrepid 3000 and all the possibilities. I hadn't seen you this excited, well, since Barry died.

ESTELLE. I bared my soul to you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. Nothing happened back then, same as nothing's gonna happen now.

ESTELLE. I feel like a schmuck, all my excitement for us.

SYLVIA. I'm sorry.

(A beat)

ESTELLE. What was it like with the other one?

SYLVIA. Disappointing. It was called *Pussy Pro*.

ESTELLE. *That* was the name? You Pussy Pro-ed without telling me! All these years.

SYLVIA. I know and I'm so sorry. I was ashamed. I had curiosity in me, I mean, all the actresses in movies, they made *that noise*. I wanted to make that noise, too. Even the "*Fukumoto Enchanted Scepter Vibrator*" was a bust.

ESTELLE. Fukumoto...

SYLVIA. The Fuku-. I meant Pussy Pro. Remember I said it did Jack shit.

ESTELLE. So, there were *two* vibrators. Yet another lie.

SYLVIA. (Panicky) It's not what you think.

ESTELLE. Uh-huh.

SYLVIA. Did Barry ever make like it was *your* fault? Jack did. I thought something was wrong with *me*.

ESTELLE. There is nothing wrong with you. This is on him not knowing how to touch you.

SYLVIA. He said it was because I was probably not born with the right sensibilities down there.

ESTELLE. Shame on him! (Pause) This in no way excuses you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. Okay, I know. (Pause) You sure you don't want a little taste of babka? It's the least I can do.

ESTELLE. *The least you can do?* You're doing the least you can do, all these lies. I don't think I'm ever going to get over this, Sylvia. Our friendship is imperiled. (ESTELLE turns around on the sofa so her back is facing SYLVIA)

(A beat)

(ESTELLE stares straight ahead. SYLVIA stares at her imploringly, tapping ESTELLE. After a moment, SYLVIA cuts a slice of babka onto a plate. ESTELLE ignores it. SYLVIA is thinking. She removes an Intrepid 3000 from the open box. It is regal. She nudges the plate towards ESTELLE with the vibrator tip. ESTELLE tries not to notice. SYLVIA keeps nudging. Lights dim as ESTELLE debates picking up the plate. When lights completely out, we hear the Intrepid 3000 in all its glory revving up.)

INTREPID 3000 (V.O). Ladies, I'm going to take care of you like you've never been taken care of before.

Gaze upon my ample, accurately and artistically crafted self. Marvel how I go from chivalrous to 'show no mercy' in under sixty seconds. And if I may be cordial to myself, while the *Jackhammer* mode is popular with many, the *Demolition* mode is my favorite modus operandi; French, I believe, for your modus is not going to be operandi for some time after I'm through with you.

First time? Not to fear. You're in the best hands. Your own.

You decide what we're going to do. Speed. Thrust. Pull. Push. Pinch. Raw power. It's all on you, well, except for the blood curdling screams when we arrive at your orgasmic destination. You will have no control over those.

I've been waiting for you, in this box, self-charging, which is my own version of masturbation. Let's not say *I've been dreaming of you*, because I am not programmed to dream but you can. You can be whoever you want to be with me.

Hold me.

Handle me.

Feel me feeling good in your hands.

Glide your fingers over my buttons.

It doesn't matter why you chose me; the point is, you have arrived, and I never judge.

Feel me feeling you, accessing your needs. What partner has ever done that for you?

I am your ultimate partner, 'til orgasm do us part. Guaranteed or your money back.

No one.

Has ever asked.

For their money back.

ESTELLE & SYLVIA. *Oh my.*

~END~

