

The Inner Circle – Sides – WOMEN

MAC:

I'm Clara.

JOHN:

Delighted, Mrs. Kinsey, I'm John.

MAC:

Oh please, it's Clara, or better yet, call me Mac. All my closest friends do.

JOHN:

So glad to meet you.

PROK: *(entering)*

So good of you to come. *(Bringing a platter of cheese and a bottle, pours drinks)*
To our research.

(John and Mac join) ALL:

To our research.

PROK:

To ten thousand sex interviews.

ALL:

To ten thousand sex interviews. *(They move to the dinner table)*

PROK:

Did you know ministers and doctors teach that masturbation can cause blindness? Insanity? Ministers should encourage masturbation. It's fun, releases sexual tension easily, quietly.

MAC:

A person can zip down their pants, find relief from that tight feeling in the jaw in just a few moments.

PROK:

Of course having a partner to perform fellatio is even better.

MAC

Or cunnilingus, although that often takes just a tad longer, requires a trifle more skill.

PROK:

Yes, that's a skill, but not one that can't be mastered with a bit of practice. Why any man who wanted to could bring a female to orgasm. He just needs to take a lot of deep breaths.

MAC:

And the results.

PROK:

A well balanced feeling in the loins.

MAC:

Hard to imagine deciding to invade Greece or Mexico if you were getting laid every day.

PROK:

Impossible.

JOHN:

It's getting late. I should go. It's been too wonderful.

MAC:

You must come back.

PROK:

I'll walk you out. *(They exit)*

I'll need help with taking sex histories. I'm going to Chicago to meet a group of homosexuals. Their histories are so important to the project. I thought you could help. That you'd understand, be attuned. *(Prok takes John in his arms; they embrace deeply)*

MAC

Our honeymoon was a disaster. A camping trip in the White Mountains, and he couldn't successfully mount me. I cried. We tried. The doctor explained my sturdy hymen, his huge organ, four children later, he's begun to rove. I cannot blame him. He dreams of intercourse. He sees it daily. They tell him tales. And when I dream of sex, it's not with him, it's with the boys he works with. I see them gardening. I see them shirtless. I want them nude. I know he's playing. Why not me too? If we're all insects, all in a zoo, then I'm a gall wasp too, I too can mate. It's not too late for me. I'm ready now. I'll lick their ears, I'll break them in. Their wives will thank me. Or if they don't. I'll thank me anyway. Don't think I won't.