

# BORROWED PARTS

by WALTER WYKES

## CHARACTERS

OTTO

MARTHA

## PLACE

A small apartment

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# BORROWED PARTS

*[A small apartment. A basket of unsorted laundry lies in the middle of the floor. MARTHA and OTTO are having sex on the couch.]*

OTTO  
What are you thinking?

MARTHA  
Nothing.

OTTO  
Tell me.  
*[Pause.]*

MARTHA  
Don't give me a hickey. He'll notice.

OTTO  
He won't notice.

MARTHA  
Don't anyway.

OTTO  
I'll do what I want.

MARTHA  
That's what I like about you.  
*[He finishes. Silence.]*  
You want to help me fold?

OTTO  
I have to wash off.

MARTHA  
Why do you always wash off?

OTTO

That's what I do.

*[Exit OTTO. MARTHA begins to fold clothes.]*

MARTHA

Otto? You want to go down and check the dryer for me?

OTTO

*[Offstage.]*

I'm washing off.

MARTHA

If I get dressed, I won't want to do it again.

OTTO

*[Pause. Offstage.]*

In a minute.

*[OTTO returns.]*

That's the difference between him and me. He has to fold—I don't.

MARTHA

He doesn't fold either.

OTTO

Well ... it's for different reasons. He doesn't fold out of laziness. With me, it's a principle.

MARTHA

I don't care. I like to fold. It's one of my joys.

OTTO

What are the others?

MARTHA

You know.

*[He watches her fold. Silence.]*

OTTO

You want to do it again?

MARTHA

We just finished.

OTTO

So?

MARTHA

Check the dryer for me, and I'll think about it.

OTTO

When you're here, you have to do what *I* say. That's the rule.

MARTHA

It's getting dark. If I take too long, he might come by the laundry room and wonder where I am.

OTTO

Well ... fold fast so we have time for another.

MARTHA

*[Folding slowly, teasing him.]*

I'm going ... as fast ... as I can.

*[OTTO pulls a pair of men's bikini briefs from the basket.]*

OTTO

*[Laughs.]*

What's this?

MARTHA

Don't make fun.

OTTO

He *wears* these?

MARTHA

It's just underwear.

OTTO

Sissy boy.

*[OTTO pulls the briefs on over his jeans.]*

MARTHA  
Don't—you'll stretch it out!

OTTO  
'Cause I'm *bigger* than him!

MARTHA  
He'll know.

OTTO  
So what?

MARTHA  
You want me to have to move in here? You want me to be around all the time—getting in your space?

OTTO  
No.

MARTHA  
All right then. Besides, you don't want him to find out—trust me.

OTTO  
Sissy boy? What's he gonna do?

MARTHA  
He may not look like much, but he's got a temper.

OTTO  
So?

MARTHA  
You're such a kid sometimes, Otto.

OTTO  
I've got a temper too.

MARTHA  
You don't think about things. You don't think about what might happen. You just do whatever you want.

*[OTTO parades around in the briefs—posing like a comic-book hero.]*

OTTO

Stand back! This is a job for ... Sissy Boy! Excuse me, Sir—are you banging my wife? I hear you're much bigger than I am!

*[Not getting enough attention, OTTO gives up.]*

You should get your own place. That way, you could come over whenever I want. Sometimes—if I was in a good mood—I might even let you stay all night.

MARTHA

I could make eggs in the morning.

OTTO

If I said poached, you'd have to make them poached! Even though it's more work!

MARTHA

Poached isn't so hard. I don't know why everyone complains.

*[He kisses her.]*

But I already have someone to make eggs for.

OTTO

Sure, but ... he doesn't appreciate it like me. I appreciate an egg 'cause I know what goes into it. I can still do it myself—*that's* why!

MARTHA

You gonna check the dryer—or am I?

OTTO

It's still going.

MARTHA

How do you know?

OTTO

I use them all the time! I know how long it takes! I'm a self-sufficient human being! I make my own eggs!

MARTHA

Well ... we should probably check just the same.

*[Pause.]*

OTTO

If you needed a place to stay ... you know ... in between ... while you were looking for your own place ... you could stay here. Only for a week or two. 'Cause I wouldn't want a woman around for too long. But a week or two would be okay. You could make eggs, and we could do it any time you wanted. In the morning. Or in the shower.

MARTHA

I'd like to have my own place.

OTTO

Yeah?

MARTHA

You know what I'd do—if I had my own place?

OTTO

What?

MARTHA

Don't get mad.

OTTO

Okay.

MARTHA

I'd have three or four guys.  
*[Pause.]*

OTTO

*Three or four?*

MARTHA

Uh-huh.

OTTO

Is that right?

MARTHA

Yup.

OTTO

What for?

MARTHA

To keep me happy. 'Cause no one guy is enough, I think. It's like they've all got *parts*, you know ... and if you could put all the parts together in one guy it would be enough ... but they don't come that way. They're all mixed up. They got scrambled somehow.

*[Pause.]*

Besides, every guy I've ever been with has had other women. You think I don't know? I know what's going on. I just pretend like I don't so ... I don't know why. I just pretend. That's what I do. Well, maybe it's my turn, you know. Maybe it's their turn to come to me. Maybe it's my turn to use them and tell them to get out when I'm done with them and make them clean up after me. Maybe I'll have as many guys as I want, and they can only come when I call them. When I ring my little bell! What do you think of that?

OTTO

I'd be enough—if it weren't for the fact that I couldn't stomach having you around all the time 'cause of the crying and stuff.

MARTHA

You look silly in those shorts.

*[OTTO removes the briefs.]*

I don't cry all that much. I'm pretty stable—don't you think? For a woman?

OTTO

For a woman, I guess.

*[Pause.]*

I bet he doesn't make you scream like I do.

MARTHA

You're such a kid sometimes.

OTTO

Does he?

MARTHA

No.

OTTO

That's what I thought!

MARTHA

He used to.



OTTO

But not anymore.

MARTHA

No.

OTTO

‘Cause you know what it’s like to be with a real man now! That’s one thing Otto’s good for!

*[MARTHA begins to get dressed.]*

OTTO

What are you doing?

MARTHA

I have to check the towels.

OTTO

Don’t put that on.

MARTHA

They should be done by now.

OTTO

I told you I’d check.

MARTHA

Well ... check then, but I need to get going.

OTTO

Why all of a sudden?

MARTHA

He asks questions sometimes.

OTTO

So? Make up some lie—he believes anything you tell him.

MARTHA

‘Cause he hasn’t caught me yet.

OTTO

So what if he does? You were just talking about how you don't care anymore, how you're gonna do whatever you like.

MARTHA

I was just talking.

*[Pause. MARTHA moves for the door. OTTO blocks her way.]*

I'm sorry, Otto—I have to go.

OTTO

In a minute.

MARTHA

It's getting dark. I don't want the towels to wrinkle.

OTTO

Towels don't wrinkle.

MARTHA

The thin ones do.

OTTO

Take off your clothes.

MARTHA

He notices if the towels are wrinkled and wants to know why I didn't take them out right away.

OTTO

Do a dance for me. Peel 'em off real slow.

MARTHA

I'll be right back.

OTTO

No.

MARTHA

Otto—

OTTO

You have to do what I say! That's the rule!

*[Pause.]*

MARTHA

Okay. You check the towels—and I'll get ready. Okay? You go check, and when you come back I'll be naked on the couch.

OTTO

Otto says, "Take off your clothes!" Do it! Otto says, "Now!"

MARTHA

In a minute.

OTTO

Otto says, "Now!" Take it off!

MARTHA

Let me get the—

OTTO

You're so worried about *him!* *Sissy boy!* Everything's gotta be just right for *sissy boy!* Just so for *sissy boy!* Can't have a wrinkle in the towel for *sissy boy!* What's *sissy boy* gonna do?! Huh?! Fuck *sissy boy!*  
*[OTTO pees on the clean clothes.]*

MARTHA

Dammit, Otto!

*[OTTO laughs.]*

I'm gonna have to wash them all over again!

OTTO

You're gonna make me clean up after you, huh?! Come when you call?!

*[He pushes her down on the couch.]*

Three or four guys?!

*[He strikes her.]*

Like I'm not enough for you if I wanted to be!

*[He strikes her repeatedly.]*

All you need is Otto! I got all the parts! All the parts! Right here!

*[As suddenly as he began, OTTO stops hitting her and begins kissing her neck.]*

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry—okay?

*[OTTO pulls up her skirt and has sex with her. Silence.]*

What are you thinking?

*[Pause.]*

MARTHA

Nothing.

OTTO

Tell me.

*[Long pause.]*

MARTHA

Hurry ... I still have to fold the towels.

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