

# Flushed

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a short play

By

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**Characters**

SONYA

DOUGLAS

**Time**

Night.

**Setting**

Doug's bedroom.

**Flushed**

Bedroom. SONYA lies in the bed. We hear the loud flushing of a toilet off.

**DOUGLAS** enters, wrapping a towel around him.

DOUG: That was incredible.

SONYA: It was – until you just ruined it.

**SONYA** GETS OUT OF BED. SHE STARTS GETTING DRESSED.

DOUG: Hold on. What did I do ?

SONYA: That.

DOUG: Getting out of bed. But I had to –

SONYA: Just now.

DOUG: Get rid of the ...

SONYA: What you just did.

DOUG: I came too early? But I thought you had already come.

SONYA: I had come. Twice.

DOUG: Then what is it ?

SONYA: You know what.

DOUG: (TRYING TO KISS HER) Come on baby. Tell me.

SONYA: (PUSHING HIM AWAY) I shouldn't have to tell you.

DOUG: We made love, which was good, very good, great, amazingly great and you came – twice - which was good, very good, great and I came, which was fantastic, amazingly fantastic, and then I got out of bed, which was okay, and I went in to the bathroom, which was okay, to get rid of the condom and then I got rid of the condom and then I came back in here and now you're *freaking out*.

SONYA: You just said it ?

DOUG: Bathroom ?

SONYA: After that.

DOUG: Freaking out ?

SONYA: Before that.

DOUG: After bathroom – before freaking out? The condom. It was the condom. But I thought you liked those ones, with the bumpy bits so you -

SONYA: It wasn't the condom. The condom was fine.

DOUG: Then what was it ?

SONYA: What you did with it. *Afterwards*.

DOUG: I got rid of it.

SONYA: But how did you get rid of it?

DOUG: I ...

SONYA: You *flushed* it. You flushed the condom. After all we've talked about.

DOUG: No, I didn't. I definitely did not flush the condom.

SONYA: I distinctly heard the toilet flush.

DOUG: But that wasn't me. I mean it was me but it wasn't the condom. I used the toilet.

SONYA: I didn't hear anything.

DOUG: Number 2. Very silent number 2.

SONYA: Very quick as well. What did you do with the condom then ?

DOUG: I put it in the bin. I wrapped in the recycled toilet paper – exactly as you told me - and put it in the bin.

SONYA: Great. You won't mind getting the bin for me then.

DOUG: Why?

SONYA: I just want to check.

DOUG: Check ? I don't believe it. You don't trust me now ?  
You're calling me a liar ?

SONYA: If you didn't flush the condom you won't mind me  
checking.

DOUG: My word should be enough. You shouldn't need to  
check.

SONYA: You flushed the condom.

DOUG: I did! I mean - I didn't!

SONYA: (HEADING TOWARDS THE BATHROOM) Alright, then  
you won't mind if I check.

DOUG: I didn't put it in that bin.

SONYA: Where did you put it then ?

DOUG: In the kitchen bin.

SONYA: I didn't hear you go into the kitchen.

DOUG: I did it really fast. So I could get back to you really fast.

SONYA: At the same time as you were doing a really fast  
number 2.

DOUG: After that. And then I went back into the bathroom – to  
wash my hands – before coming back in here from the  
bathroom.

SONYA: (HEADING TOWARDS THE KITCHEN) Then you won't  
mind if I check the kitchen.

DOUG: It's not in there!

SONYA: You just said it was.

DOUG: It's not.

SONYA: Where is it then?

DOUG: (POINTING TO JEANS) It's in my pocket. I put it in my pocket.

SONYA: A used condom?

DOUG: Wrapped in re-cycled toilet paper.

SONYA: Why would you put it in your pocket?

DOUG: So I can get rid of it later. So you don't have to worry about it.

SONYA: So you can chuck it on the street?

DOUG: So I can put it in the bin - back at my place.

SONYA: Why would you take it back to your place?

DOUG: To put in the bin.

SONYA: You'd take a used condom -

DOUG: Wrapped in re-cycled toilet paper -

SONYA: All the way back to your place - just so you can put it in the bin.

DOUG: That way I know it will be disposed of properly.

BEAT.

SONYA: Well that would be great Doug. Just perfect, except for one thing.

DOUG: What?

SONYA: We happen to be at your place.

**SONYA MOVES FOR THE JEANS. DOUG GRABS THEM.**

DOUG: I was taking it to the tip.

SONYA: Give me the jeans.

**SONYA KEEPS TRYING TO GRAB THE JEANS. DOUG DODGES AWAY FROM HER.**

DOUG: No, recycling. I was taking it to the condom re-cycling plant.

SONYA: They don't re-cycle condoms.

DOUG: They do now. It's just opened.

SONYA: Doug – give me the jeans.

DOUG: Please baby. It's sticky and messy. Let me look after it.

SONYA: If it's sticky and messy then why would you put it in your pocket.

DOUG: Please baby, let me handle it.

SONYA: Give me the jeans !

DOUG: (SUDDENLY) Alright. I did it ! I flushed the condom.

SILENCE.

SONYA: After all we talked about.

DOUG: I know. I'm sorry. I didn't think.

SONYA: You know how I feel about that.

DOUG: I know - but we'd just made love and it was great, so great, amazingly great – and you'd come – twice – and that was great, so great, amazingly great - so amazingly great it blotted out everything else. All I could think about was you and looking into your eyes when you orgasmed – twice – and how beautiful your eyes were and how red your lips were – and your eyes and your lips and the sound you made when you came – twice - that funny squeaking noise – and I couldn't think about anything else and I flushed the condom. Forgive me – please !

BEAT.

SONYA: I'm going – and I don't want you to call me again.

DOUG: Sonya please.

SONYA: Doug – we’ve talked about it. Do you know where that condom goes?

DOUG: Yes.

SONYA: It goes to the treatment plant but unlike the re-cycled toilet paper that dissolves harmlessly the rubber condom can’t dissolve. So it stays intact. It passes straight through the treatment plant and is flushed straight out to sea where it floats around until some poor fish eats it or even worse some little fish swims into it and it gets stuck around the fish’s head. And it covers the fish’s gills – so it can’t breathe and soon the poor little fish – swimming around with your condom on it heads – dies. And then it’s eaten by a bigger fish – who because of the contaminants in the rubber – also dies and is eaten by a bigger fish – who also dies and so on and so forth until the last fish is eaten by the biggest fish of all – Orca - the majestic, beautiful killer whale – who dies too – and a whole perfect, magical, ecological chain is wiped out all because of your flushed condom.

BEAT.

DOUG: At least the condom’s clean.

SONYA: I’m going.

DOUG: No, please don’t go. I’m sorry. I’ll give you a neck massage, back massage, foot massage. We can do the Japanese tea ceremony again. You can play me the Gregorian chant.

SONYA: It’s Ukranian chant. The only authentic chanting is from the Ukraine.

DOUG: Anything. I’ll even watch the Liberian share cropping documentary again.

SONYA: The whole eight hours.

DOUG: (KNEELING, BEGGING, SOBBING) Anything. Just please don’t go.

BEAT.

SONYA: Don’t beg Doug. It’s so post-Colonial.

DOUG: Please Sonya.

SONYA: No. This is it. You've gone too far. You've crossed the uncrossable line once too often.

DOUG: I'm sorry – please stay.

SONYA: Goodbye.

**SONYA HEADS FOR THE DOOR.**

DOUG: (LEAPING TO HIS FEET) I swallowed it.

**SONYA STOPS.**

SONYA: You did what ?

DOUG: I swallowed it. I swallowed the condom.

SONYA: You didn't flush it ?

DOUG: No. I swallowed it.

SONYA: Why would you swallow a used condom?

DOUG: I don't know. It just happened. I was in the bathroom and I was wrapping it in the re-cycled toilet paper – exactly like you said – ready to place in the bin and then I started looking at the condom.

SONYA: The used condom ?

DOUG: And it was sort of glistening in the light, slippery and shiny from your juices.

SONYA: I was pretty wet.

DOUG: And then I looked inside and I saw my come. The come that you made me come. The product of the intensity we shared, our phenomenal love-making.

SONYA: It was pretty phenomenal. Even more than usual.

DOUG: And the thought of your juices and my come combined – I just felt this warm flush all over me and I was getting so aroused –

SONYA: I am a bit too.

DOUG: That I had to have you, it inside me.

SONYA: Couldn't you have just like squeezed it out into your ... ?

DOUG: It would've taken too long. I had to have our juices inside me – right that second. Or else I would've – or else I would've –

SONYA: Exploded ?

DOUG: Died. So I just crammed the condom into my mouth and swallowed.

SONYA: Did you like suck it a bit first to get the taste?

DOUG: Of course.

SONYA: How did it taste?

DOUG: Absolutely glorious. Like sucking all of you, all of me – into my body in the same incandescent transcendental moment of re-birth.

SONYA: You bastard!

DOUG: What?

SONYA: Why didn't you save some for me?

DOUG: The taste is still in my mouth.

SONYA: What does it taste like?

DOUG: Salty, rich, little bit tangy – the taste of ...

SONYA: life?

DOUG: Love. Our love.

SONYA: Give me some of that.

**SONYA GRABS DOUG. SHE KISSES HIM PASSIONATELY - ROLLING HER TONGUE AROUND HIS MOUTH.**

SONYA: Yum. (SUDDENLY) No - wait !

DOUG: What?

SONYA: You swallowed the condom.

DOUG: That's right – filled with our glorious juices of love.

SONYA: Then it's going to come out.

DOUG: What ?

SONYA: When you next do number 2s. Well maybe not next time but the time after that.

DOUG: So?

SONYA: We'll have the same problem. The condom will get flushed.

DOUG: I'll check before I flush. I'll make sure I don't flush it.

SONYA: Err Doug. That's gross.

DOUG: I'll use a bucket. I won't use a toilet again until the condom re-emerges and then when it does I'll dig it out and make sure it's disposed of properly.

SONYA: Oh Doug. You are amazing. You'd do that all for me? You really do love me!

DOUG: I love you more than all the fish in the ocean.

SONYA: Even the ones with condoms covering their mouths and gills, suffocating slowly to death.

DOUG: Especially them.

SONYA: Oh Doug. Come here.

THEY KISS PASSIONATELY.

SONYA: Hey, you got any more condoms? And this time it's my turn to swallow.

**DOUG** SMILES MEEKLY.

BLACKOUT.