

CUCKOLD

a scandalous 17th century romp

by Wesley Taylor

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18th century England. Night.

*A dimly-lit
bedroom.*

*Covering herself in white sheets,
a naked young woman lays in bed
and stares across the room where
a man in undergarments, writes at a desk,
his back facing her dreamy gaze.*

*She flips over and onto her stomach,
resting her face onto her hand.*

HER

I can not bear the wait, may I read now?

HIM

When I am done.

HER

When thou art done, of course.
Perchance I could peruse act one till then?
One would guess I had never known a play.
(Flops onto her back).
Ay me! Thy poetry has made me mad;
The words haunt my slumber and rob my dreams.
Language is a torturous bedfellow:
Passion cries out with my lips held captive,
Screams evolve into song for its master.

HIM

Am I the master?

HER

Yea, good sir, thou art.

(Slinks off bed; approaches him from behind).

Master, lord, sovereign, my prince, no- my King!

She throws her arms around his neck and showers him with affection.

He is amused; She attempts to peer over his shoulder.

HIM

Then I command thee: let me work in peace.

Thou speaks with the fervor of an actress,
Who has studied her Chaucer, her Shakespeare,
But ne'er a character written for her.

HER

Guilty! No longer will this joy be tamed;
Care not, will I, to subdue my delight.
Oh, a role designed in my own image,
Was there ever a gift more wonderful?

HIM

Thank thy husband, who has paid handsomely.
(She collapses back onto the bed).
What says he who is cuckold day and night?

HER

(Imitating him):

'Inspiration is the sole task at hand,
Wear not many garments and be his muse.'

They laugh. Finally throwing the quill pen down, he spins around to face her.

HIM

Pray thee, what says he of our love-making?

HER

(Imitating):

'Artistic temperaments can be steadfast
When imagination fails to provide.
Devoted to thy happiness am I
And dedicated to divine talent,
(Makes a gesture that "talent" means her).

Concede will I if flesh be incentive
For his invention. I dare not prevent
The very desire that stimulates
A man to create living characters.'

HIM

His admiration of me seems quite queer.

HER

You must not speak ill of he who provides.
True, my lord, he worships thy handiwork
And treasures our trips to the theater.
Having once dreamt of a dramatist life,
He exalts theatrical types of worth.

Rising from his chair; he approaches the bed.

She then stands on the bed like a child.

HER

It was indeed my tender Rosalind
That sent him straight to my dressing chamber.
Showered with praise and pure adoration,
A player's fragile heart will produce tears.

HIM

(Placating)

Doubtful I am of thy capacity
To betray those emotions, my lady.

(Circling the bed; ruminating)

A patron of plays who supplies his love
With respect for skillful literature,
I shall ne'er speak ill of husband again.
Ay, 'lover' proves more pleasing a topic.

He grabs her; scoops her into his arms.

HIM

Pray tell, wherefore is goodly husband now?

HER

Famished, I requested he fetch something,
Nourishment being a necessity.

He drops her on the bed.

HIM
Here?

HER
Yes, here, for us! You beautiful fool.

HIM
I marvel at how wicked you can be.

They kiss. It evolves into rolling around.

HER
He yields my mortal body to thy touch,
In true faith, to immortalize my art.

Under the sheets, he has begun to penetrate.

The following dialogue underscores the intercourse:

HIM
Heed not, does he, when I explore this warmth?

HER
A sacrifice for the sake of the play.

HIM
The catalyst for breathing characters.

HER
When ecstasy motivates truth in verse,
Pity the man who lets envy triumph.

As they continue to make love, her HUSBAND enters with a tray of food. From here on out, we will refer to him as "Cuckold."

After enough time has passed, CUCKOLD clears his throat.

While the thrusting continues, they slowly look over at him.

HER
I beg thee, sit down until we are through?

Gently placing the tray down, he sits in a chair and waits, patiently.

Finally, there is climax. Her orgasm is quite loud.

Our playwright rolls off and locks eyes with CUCKOLD, who now stands with tray in hand.

CUCKOLD

Good morrow. The witching hour has passed.
The rising of dew is nigh, what say thee
Of refreshing libations, or perchance
Sustenance to aid the labored mind?

Slowly, the lover gets out of bed, covering his member with a pillow.

He strides over to CUCKOLD; picks grapes off the tray.

Standing before him, he eats and studies CUCKOLD.

CUCKOLD

A satisfied scribe is a first-rate scribe.

The poet makes a sound of agreement, while spreading jam on his bread.

Let it be clear that CUCKOLD is still holding the tray in which the lover is eating off. One hand on pillow, one hand picking at food, part of the audience will be exposed to his buttocks.

CUCKOLD

Second-rate is my hapless tragedy.

HER

Unlucky aptitude, I am afraid.
Genius can ne'er be learned, be't wanted;
Absent faculty for prose and technique,
Dare suffer an audience to endure?

CUCKOLD

She can not lie. Greatness I have strived for.
Yet my purpose is clear: Facilitate.
An innate ability for discourse
Is certain in thy possession, my lord.
How I wish for a creative nature!
Alas, inherent prowess is not taught.
My legacy will be inferior
Compared to rare prodigy like thyself.

Throughout, the lover eats a light meal and manages to put his trousers back on.