

# *Undress Me Clarence*

a 10-minute play by

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PP



(Two characters on the stage; a man and a woman. The man is reading a newspaper. The delivery should be deadpan; not sexual at all.)

**SHE:** Undress me Clarence.

**HE:** Excuse me?

**SHE:** Undress me with your eyes.

**HE:** Now?

**SHE:** Yes.

**HE:** Can I finish this?

**SHE:** Clarence!

**HE:** Okay, okay.

(He puts down his paper, stares at her. Pause.)

**SHE:** Well?

**HE:** Well what? I'm doing it.

**SHE:** I want a blow-by-blow.

**HE:** That sounds obscene.

**SHE:** Oh yuk yuk. Go on.

**HE:** Okay. I'm down to your cream-colored brassiere.

**SHE:** That's not fair.

**HE:** What isn't?

**SHE:** You can't start in the middle like that. I don't want to miss anything. Start over..

**HE:** All right. Let's see. Should I start the way I started before, or should I take a new approach?

**SHE:** What was your old approach?

**HE:** I was beginning at the top and working down. See I could begin at the shoes and work up. Or I could be exotic and start at the underwear and work out.

**SHE:** Just make it the way it's best for you.

**HE:** Okay. Your blouse is coming off...

**SHE:** What do you mean "coming off" -- what's it doing, vaporizing or something?

**HE:** I don't know, it's just removed.

**SHE:** That's absurd. You should be seeing exactly what's happening to every article of clothing.

**HE:** Well, should I be in it, then? Should I be watching myself undress you? Or should there be another force doing it?

**SHE:** It's your fantasy; if "another force" *arouses* you--

**HE:** No, no--I'll do it. Okay. All right. There I am. I'm unbuttoning the top button. Now the second, third and fourth. I pause a moment, spreading out what I've just unbuttoned. Now I can see your cream colored brassiere--

**SHE:** That really bothers me.

**HE:** What?

**SHE:** It's shouldn't be *cream-colored*.

**HE:** Well I can't tell what you're really wearing--

**SHE:** I'm not talking about what I'm really wearing, it's none of your business what I'm really wearing, I'm talking about fantasy--what kind of a man fantasizes about a cream-colored brassiere?

**HE:** What are you saying?

**SHE:** You know what I'm saying.

**HE:** Okay it's green.

**SHE:** Green?

**HE:** Black!

**SHE:** Fine. Black *lace*, maybe.

**HE:** Fine. Now I can see your black *lace* brassiere. I then continue and unbutton the fifth and sixth buttons. Again I spread what I've uncovered. Your stomach is moving rhythmically. I unbutton the seventh and last button, I open your shirt wide, drape it over your shoulders, and it slips to the floor. Your white arms form slight goosebumps.

**SHE:** *Goosebumps*.

**HE:** What?

**SHE:** *Goosebumps*. Make them *goosebumps*.

**HE:** Very well. Your white arms form slight goosebumps. Now I have to decide whether to continue by fully exposing your torso or start unraveling your lower extremities.

**SHE:** Yes; so decide.

**HE:** Okay, I've got it. I gently unhinge the belt that holds your skirt up, slide the end of the belt out through the buckle, and completely loosen the belt. I expect the skirt to fall. It doesn't. I notice the three...um...watchamacallits.

**SHE:** Snaps.

**HE:** Yes;um--Thank you. The three snaps and proceed to unsnap them. Snap. Snap.

(Slight pause)

Snap. I loosen the skirt. It wafts to the floor.

**SHE:** It does what?

**HE:** It wafts...it falls gracefully...to the floor.

**SHE:** Oh.

**HE:** Your legs are more beautiful than I imagined. Again slight goosebumps--*goosebumps*, seem to form. And now you are standing there in your non-cream colored brassiere and red lace panties.

**SHE:** Black no lace.

**HE:** Black no lace panties.

**SHE:** Do you have an erection?

**HE:** Me?

**SHE:** Yes you.

**HE:** The me talking to you or the me undressing you?

**SHE:** The me undressing you--I mean the *you* undressing *me*.

**HE:** Well of course.

**SHE:** When did it happen?

**HE:** While I was undressing you.

**SHE:** Is it so much to ask for a little specificity here?

**HE:** All right! A slight erection started when I undid the first four buttons--was it four or five?

**SHE:** I don't know.

**HE:** When I undid the first four or five buttons on your blouse, I developed a slight erection.

**SHE:** What exactly is a slight erection?

**HE:** Let's just say I felt movement. I felt even more movement when your blouse wafted to the floor. However, the movement stopped and receded when I realized you weren't wearing a cream colored brassiere but instead were all tarted up in a black lace bra--

**SHE:** Hey!

**HE:** But don't worry, the movement only temporarily receded and there was once again movement when your skirt wafted--that means falls gently--to the floor and when I see your beautifully formed legs there is the beginning of rigidity and when I glance up and see your black no lace panties I am a steel rod. All right, now we're caught up, right?

**SHE:** Right.

**HE:** Right. Another decision. Oh wait, I forgot. I bend down, take off your shoes. All right, now the decision.

**SHE:** Is that all about the shoes?

**HE:** Yes.

**SHE:** No goosebumps or anything?

**HE:** Yes fine; you have the only feet in the world that form goosebumps--all right?

**SHE:** I was only saying--

**HE:** Hush. Now what should be revealed first? The torso or the lower extremities.

**SHE:** Don't be so clinical.

**HE:** The boobs or the--

**SHE:** Don't be vulgar.

**HE:** Might as well be traditional. I put my hands on your shoulders and gently turn you around. Your brassiere has two hooks; I unhook the first, take a slight pause: the second. I put my hands in the center of your back and spread them. As my hands spread across your shoulders they float the straps down your arms. You straighten your arms very slightly--

**SHE:** No.

**HE:** What?

**SHE:** I don't straighten my arms. I don't do anything.

**HE:** Fine. I grab each strap and guide it down each arm until the *force of gravity* pulls it gently to the floor. I run the back of my right hand down the center of your back. You quiver slightly - *involuntarily*; with your back still to me I grasp the lace border of your panties and pull them gently--

**SHE:** You're using gently too much.

**HE:** I pull them gingerly to the floor.

**SHE:** I don't like that.

**HE:** I pull them--I pull them; why are panties plural--it's only one after all--

**SHE:** Don't digress please.

**HE:** I pull them eagerly to the floor.

**SHE:** I don't like that either but go on.

**HE:** I pull them eagerly to the floor. The white skin of your buttocks--

**SHE:** No.

**HE:** Derriere?

**SHE:** No.

**HE:** Ass?

**SHE:** Good God no.

**HE:** Well what then?--I'm out of ideas.

**SHE:** Oh, just say "back there."

**HE:** Very well. The white skin of your "back there" clashes exquisitely with the rest of your body.

**SHE:** I thought I was white all over.

**HE:** Well, yes, in comparison with--I mean--the extra pale white skin of your "back there" clashes slightly but exquisitely with your white but ever so slightly darker rest of your body all right!?

**SHE:** Fine.

**HE:** Okay. I stand up--

**SHE:** You've been sitting?

**HE:** I was kneeling down to grab your panties--

**SHE:** No; did you say that?

**HE:** Yes. I stand up from my *formerly kneeling* position. I turn you around. The effect is of course breathtaking, stunning and breathtaking. There you are: well turned ankles, upturned breasts, legs turned---someway or other--creamy skin, beautiful "back there" --public hair thick and rich--

**SHE:** That sounds like a milkshake--

**HE:** Pubic hair fluffy and downy--

**SHE:** That's a pillow!

**HE:** Pubic hair looking very...pubic! My heart and other organs are pounding!  
I'm a steel rod of desire--

**SHE:** You were a steel rod before.

**HE:** I'm even more of a steel rod -- I'm an even steeler rod -- I'm a steel rod the likes of which have never been seen in the world of steel -- I'm a metallurgical marvel of steelness--I--

**SHE:** I get the point!

**HE:** So to speak!

**SHE:** You're ruining this!! Why are you ruining this?? Is this so much to ask!? That you do this little thing for me? Is it so much to ask that you just be a little....that you be just be a little tiny bit....

**HE:** I'm sorry. Let me try once more. Can I try once more?

**SHE:** Who's stopping you?

**HE:** I stand up, put my hand on your shoulders and turn you around. And there you are. For the first time I really see you. Not just your body. The body I've seen many, many times before. But you. The essence of you beyond the body. And that's truly stunning. And that excites. No. That profoundly thrills me. I now know a passion beyond what I've ever imagined. I'm breathing hard, my heart is pounding. I reach out for you and...

(She has her head back, eyes closed, enjoying this. He watches her and seems to really feel something for the first time. Pause. Then he sits down, picks up his newspaper.)

**SHE:** ...and then what?

**HE:** Then nothing. I'm finished. You asked me to undress you with my eyes and I did. You're naked; that's it.

**SHE:** Oh. Yeah. Course. I just...almost thought that...

**HE:** Something might actually happen?

**SHE:** Yeah.

**HE:** That there might be some real connection?

**SHE:** Yeah.

**HE:** Now *that's* a fantasy.

(They both laugh. They stop laughing. They look at each other for a beat and then turn away.)

**SHE:** Clarence. I'm still naked. You left me naked. I'm cold. Clarence. I'm *cold*.

(End of play)