

Sex After Death

Winner, Etc. Readers Theatre, Naples FL

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

[AT RISE we see Mr. LaMorte, forty-five, funeral director, seated at his desk, filling out forms. After a moment there is a knock on the door. Janice enters.]

[Knock on his door, LaMorte's secretary enters]

JANICE

Mr. LaMorte, the Davis's are here.

LAMORTE

Thank you, Janice. Send them in.

[The Davis's, late 70's-ish enter hand in hand. LaMorte rises to greet them.]

LAMORTE

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, it's a pleasure to meet you. [All shake hands] Won't you sit down?

WAYNE

Thank you.

LAMORTE

Can I get you some coffee? A soft drink? Anything?

PENNY

Oh, no thanks, we're fine.

LAMORTE

You didn't have any trouble finding the place, I take it.

WAYNE

Oh, not at all. There's no missing your sign, LaMorte Funeral Home.

PENNY

Oh yes. And I love the colors. They do such nice things with neon these days.

LAMORTE

So, I got your email, and well, quite frankly, I was expecting an older couple. I mean, usually when a couple comes in to pick out their coffins, they're quite a bit older than you two.

PENNY

Actually, we're not that young. Wayne's pushing 80.

WAYNE

We both are.

LAMORTE

Oh, come on, you're pulling my leg. Neither of you look a day over 50.

PENNY

You're sweet. But it's true.

LAMORTE

Really?

PENNY

Really.

[Wayne hands him his driver's license.]

WAYNE

Here's my driver's license. See?

LAMORTE

June 3, 1933...I can't believe it. You really are...but it's incredible. It's as if you've discovered the fountain of youth. If you don't mind me asking, what's your secret? Diet? Exercise?

WAYNE AND PENNY

Sex.

PENNY

And plenty of it.

WAYNE

Mi amore! I must envelop you!

[Wayne and Penny embrace passionately]

PENNY

Honey, that's enough, o.k.? You're getting me all hot and bothered.

WAYNE

I love it when you're hot and buttered.

PENNEY

Wayne, stop. For right now.

LAMORTE

Did you say sex?

PENNY

You never feel more alive than when you have sex with the one you love. Surely you agree.

LAMORTE

Well I...

PENNY

Wayne and I have sex twice a day. Don't we, sweetheart?

WAYNE

At least. Ever since we first did it on the desk in my office at the Chrysler building.

PENNY

It was June third, 1954.

LAMORTE

You remember the exact date?

PENNY

Of course. That page on Wayne's desk calendar stuck to my butt. I still have it.

WAYNE

(Singing) *I love I love I love my little calendar girl, yeah, sweet calendar girl.* So many memories. Remember Jamaica, sweetheart?

PENNY

Yeah, mon! Jamaica is so beautiful. The Land of the Five S's: Sun, Sand, Surf, Smoke, and Sex. We set our record there, in a grass hut in Negril, overlooking the ocean. Six times in one day.

WAYNE

I get out of breath just thinking about it. But what about you, Mr. LaMorte? I would guess you're a twice a week man. No? Twice a month?

LAMORTE

Uh, well, I don't mean to be rude, but, I don't think talking about my sex life would be quite appropriate here.

PENNY

Wayne, look. He's blushing. It's O.K., Mr. LaMorte. We won't tell anyone, will we Wayne.

WAYNE

Your bedroom escapades are safe with. We wouldn't tell a soul. Besides, it's good to talk about your problems.

LAMORTE

Wait a second, who said I had problems?

PENNY

Do you?

LAMORTE

Well, I, uh... [clears his throat] So anyway, did you have a chance to look at our online catalog?

PENNY

Oh, yes. It was so clever. I liked how when you move the little curser over the caskets, the lids flip open. So cute.

WAYNE

And the background music, the Bach fugue in G minor, it's the perfect accompaniment. It's high quality stuff, Mr. LaMorte. Very professional, but...honey?

PENNY

You see, Wayne and I, we want to be buried together.

LAMORTE

Oh of course, naturally, a romantic couple like you, it goes without saying. Now, did you see our his & hers matching caskets collection? It starts on page six, I believe. [He fiddles with his computer.] I'll pull it up for you. This darn thing takes forever to boot. I should have bought a Mac. Ah, here we are. I think you might like this one, The Heavenly Chariot. High tensile steel construction, down-filled scotch-guarded tufted padding, designed to resist decomposition for ten years, guaranteed.

WAYNE

Well, I don't know.

LAMORTE

It's a bit pricey, I admit, but the quality...

WAYNE

Oh, it's not the price. Money is no object for us.

LAMORTE

No? Well, in that case, let's move on the next page. Take a look at the Seated at the Right Hand of God Collection. These are our premium models. The body of the casket is manufactured at the Porsche factory in Germany—sixteen coats of paint plus primer, scratch and corrosion resistant. And the interior is hand-sewn Italian leather, glove soft, like you'd find in a Lamborghini or a finer Gucci handbag. It really makes a statement, don't you think?

PENNY

Very elegant, but it's just not right for us. Actually, none of them are.

LAMORTE

No? Well, not to worry. I have other catalogs, if you'll just give me a minute.

WAYNE

Mr. LaMorte, I don't think you'll find what we're looking for in one of your catalogs.

PENNY

You see, when Wayne said we wanted to be buried together, he meant buried *together*.

LAMORTE

Sure, side by side.

WAYNE

No. Together.

[Wayne holds his hands apart and slowly pushes them together.]

LAMORTE

Wait. You...you mean, together together? In the same...

PENNY

Casket.

WAYNE

We just can't stand the thought of all that metal separating us for eternity.

[LaMorte gulps a glass of water]

LAMORTE

Well, I must tell you, this is a bit, uh...

WAYNE

Unusual?

LAMORTE

Yes, that, and...

PENNY

Romantic.

LAMORTE

Buried in the same casket, you're saying? Really?

WAYNE

You got it. So now you can understand why your standard caskets, snappy and elegant as they are, they just don't work for us. Not roomy enough. We want to be comfy, but not squishy.

PENNY

We couldn't stand being stuffed into a tiny single for ever and ever like a couple of sardines.

WAYNE

Wouldn't be romantic.

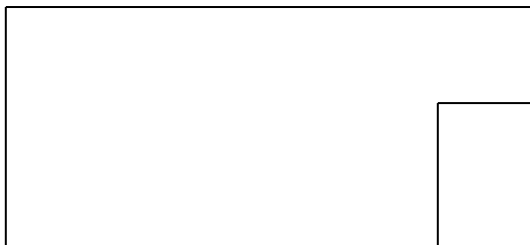
LAMORTE

No, I suppose not.

WAYNE

Look, we realize what we're asking is, well, a bit, uh, challenging? So we threw together a couple of ideas. Rough sketches, but I think you'll see where we're going with this. Honey?

[Penny takes the first folded sheet out of her handbag. Wayne and Penny hold it up. It's a 3' X 4' sheet with a simple drawing, something like this:]



WAYNE

Now, this is a side view of the casket. You see how it's twice as tall as a regular one. That's so I can be placed right on top of Penny. And see how the top is extended in the back? That's for my feet. Now, let me just flip this over so the extension is on the bottom.

[They flip the sheet, so that the extension is on the bottom]

PENNY

That's when I'm on top of Wayne. Which, by the way, I really *really* like.

WAYNE

Ooh baby, don't I know it. Kiss me this instant!

[They embrace passionately.]

LAMORTE

But I...but even if this were possible, and I'm not saying it isn't, wouldn't you have to decide who would be, you know...

PENNY

On top? Well, here's where our idea really shines. We were thinking that this casket could be built with a motor, so we could change positions. You know, Wayne on top, me on top, Wayne on top, me on top, like a..a...

WAYNE

Rotisserie?

PENNY

That's the word! But not too fast, though. We don't want to get dizzy.

WAYNE

Just dizzy with love.

LAMORTE

You want casket that rotates?

WAYNE

You could call it turning over in the grave.

[LaMorte flips through a catalog]

LAMORTE

A rotating casket. Good God, that's never been done.

WAYNE

I said it would be a challenge.

LAMORTE

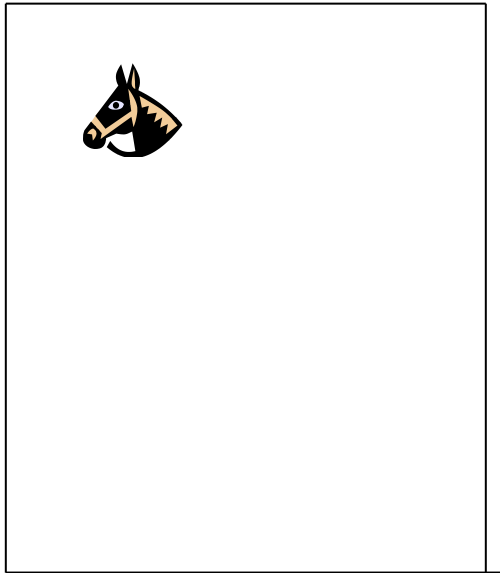
Well, I suppose I could make a few calls. My brother works in the restaurant business.

[LaMorte picks up his phone]

PENNY

Wait. We have other concepts.

[They take out the second sheet. They hold it so it falls open vertically.]



PENNY

Now, this casket is twice as long as your normal casket. You'd bury us vertically. And you see the horse logo on the upper left hand corner? This one would go into the ground on the vertical.

LAMORTE

Oh, yes. What is that your family crest?

WAYNE

No, nothing like that. It stands for...well, you ever heard of the cowboy position? Yeehah! Ride 'em, cowboy!

[Penny flips the sheet around, and the horse head is on the right]

PENNY

And look, if I reverse the sheet, the horse logo is on the right side. Tada! Reverse cowboy!

WAYNE

You go, cowgirl!

LAMORTE

I don't understand. Are you saying you want me to bury you with a horse?

PENNY

What? God no, that's disgusting. No, cowboy and reverse cowboy are just expressions, Mr. LaMorte. To describe sexual positions.

PENNY

Maybe we ought to show him, honey. You've never done it like this?

[Wayne sits on a chair, Penny sits on his lap]

LAMORTE

To tell you the truth, I'm lucky if I can get my wife to take off her flannel bathrobe.

PENNY

Oh Mr. LaMorte.

LAMORTE

It's true. The last time she was really in the mood was the day Reagan was re-elected.

PENNY

I remember the returns coming in. We made love pretending we were Ron and Nancy.

WAYNE

We did one for the Gipper! Maybe you should, too. It's not too late.

LAMORTE

Fat chance. You know what my wife told me last week? She told me, if sex is so important to you, if you really have to have it so badly, go out and find yourself a mistress. I'm not kidding.

PENNY

Have you?

LAMORTE

Are you serious? The whole thing is absurd. How's a 45-year-old mortician supposed to go out and find a mistress? I can just imagine it. I walk up to an attractive woman in a bar and we strike up a conversation, and she asks me what I do for a living and I say I wash and shave dead bodies. How romantic.

PENNY

You never know. There's someone for everyone. There must be a woman that would find man that drains and dresses corpses very stimulating.

LAMORTE

Ha! A necrophiliac, maybe. Then last week, my wife tells me she's going to help me out, just to get me off her back. Not that I've ever actually gotten on her back. Anyway, you won't believe what she did.

WAYNE

What?

LAMORTE

She put my profile on the personal section of Craig's List.

PENNY

Wow. And?

LAMORTE

I got invited to have group sex with a coven of witches. All thirteen of them.

WAYNE:

Ooh boy!

PENNY

Wayne!

LAMORTE

I can't believe I am telling you all this. I got up this morning thinking I'd maybe I'd sell some caskets or aspirate a few body cavities, and now I'm talking about my lousy sex life to a couple of octogenarians in heat.

PENNY

It's funny how things work out. If I hadn't been Wayne's secretary, he may have cheated on his first wife with someone else.

WAYNE

My sweet *sex*retary.

PENNY

Kiss me, boss.

[They embrace.]

LAMORTE

God, you two are making me horny.

PENNY

Why Mr. LaMorte!

LAMORTE

I can't believe I just said that.

PENNY

You know, *your* secretary is a very attractive woman.

LAMORTE

You mean Janice? Funny, I never thought of her that way... well, she is divorced, and rather well built in a manner of speaking...what was that you called it, inverse cowboy? My God, it's so preposterous...Janice and me [slows down] ...but how could I...

WAYNE

Stranger things have happened.

LAMORTE

That's true. Especially since you two walked in. Well, you've certainly given me a lot to think about.

WAYNE

Can we give you one more casket idea?

PENNY

Oh Wayne, I don't know, it's a little, well, kinky.

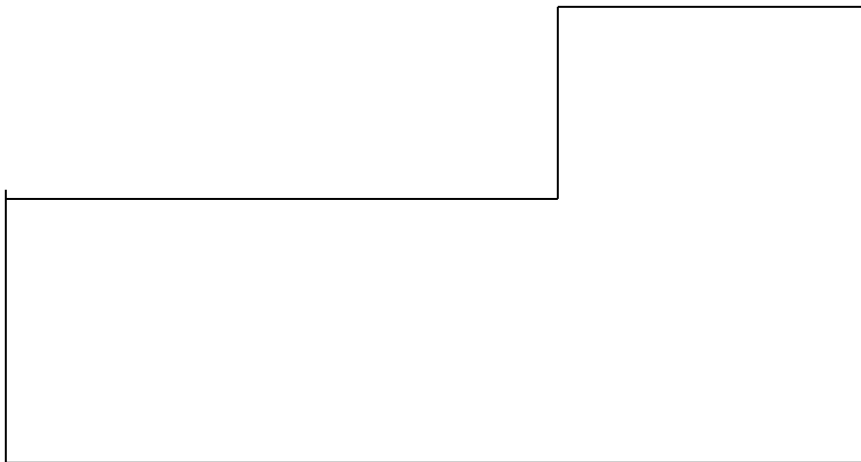
LAMORTE

Show me, damn it! [a bit embarrassed] I mean, as long as you're here.

PENNY

Oh, what the heck.

[They take out the last sheet. It has a vertical extension on the right side.]



WAYNE

Again, this is casket side view. See how about halfway back, the right side is extended upward, that if one body was lying down, the other one was kind of kneeling above it? Can you guess why?

LAMORTE

Sorry, I uh...

Here's a hint: Woof, woof, woof!

WAYNE

Arf, arf, arf, arf arf!

PENNY

Woof, woof, woof!

WAYNE

I still don't...

LAMORTE

[Penny pants and curls her hands.]

We call it Doggy heaven.

PENNY

Oh God.

LAMORTE

You see, Wayne? I told you it might be too much for him.

PENNY

No, no, it's fine, really. I'm glad you showed me this. I mean I've heard of...that, uh, style...but it was always me down on my knees in front of my wife, begging her. No, it's all right. Seeing your ideas opens up a lot of new possibilities.

LAMORTE

You mean, with your wife?

PENNY

God no. What I mean is, after all these years, I need to start thinking out of the pine box, so to speak. I need to try new things, new ideas to make my customers happy.

LAMORTE

Maybe you need to try new things to make yourself happy.

PENNY

Oh honey, look at the time. We have to go or will miss our nooner.

WAYNE

Are we sneaking away to a cheap motel?

PENNY

WAYNE

You bet, Mrs. Smith.

PENNY

Perfect, Mr. Smith

WAYNE

Well, before we're off, Mr. LaMorte, now that you've seen our ideas, do you think you can help us out?

LAMORTE

You know what, Wayne? Consider it done. I'll have some plans worked up early next week.

PENNY

Oh honey, isn't that wonderful?

WAYNE

Almost as wonderful as you are.

PENNY

Mon cheri!

[They passionately embrace.]

LAMORTE

But before you go, I do have to ask you one question: Tell me again why do you want to do this?

PENNY

Let me ask you a question, Mr. LaMorte: Do you believe in life after death?

LAMORTE

Well, I don't know. I certainly hope so.

PENNY

There's so much beauty, so much mystery, so much wonder in the world, there has to be a carry-over.

WAYNE

And if there's life after death, there has to be sex after death.

PENNY

There just has to be. We're counting on it.

WAYNE

I mean, what could be better? And I can't imagine ever doing it with anyone else.

WAYNE

Well, I can *imagine* it.

LAMORTE

Now Wayne!

PENNY

It's o.k., Mr. LaMorte. It's just a fantasy. Besides, he knows if he fools around with someone else after we die, I'll kill him.

WAYNE

She means it.

[LaMorte stands and shakes their hands.]

LAMORTE

I'll call you next week, all right?

PENNY

Oh thank you so much.

[Penny kisses LaMorte lightly on the cheek.]
[Wayne and Penny exit.]

[LaMorte speaks into an intercom.]

LAMORTE

Janice, would you come in here, please?

[Janice, late 30's enters.]

JANICE

Yes Mr. LaMorte?

LAMORTE

You're looking especially nice today.

JANICE [a bit taken aback]:

Why thank you, Mr. LaMorte:

LAMORTE

Call me Cecil.

JANICE: [a bit unsure]

All right. Cecil.

[They stare at each other for a moment]

JANICE

Is there something you need... Cecil?

LAMORTE

You don't know the half of it.

JANICE

Sir?

[LaMorte holds up the banner that stands for doggy style.]

LAMORTE

Could you hold the other end of this? I was just wondering. Well, uh, does this drawing say anything to you?

[Janice glances at banner. A sly smile forms on her face.]

JANICE

Hmmn.

[Janice moves closer to him. She speaks provocatively]

JANICE

Arf arf arf arf *arf*.

Lights