

A Boy and His Doll

A 10 Minute Play

By Patrick Hurley

Setting: Boy's bedroom. Could be as simple as a bed, or could be a full set.

Time: Present day.

Characters:

BOY- 15 years old. Desperately in love. Innocent but determined. On the cusp of becoming an adult, clinging to his youth.

DOLL- Age unknown, should look like a generic Barbie Doll. She is not real, and as such should have an artificial intelligent quality to her movements and speech.

MOM- 40s. Very proper, almost wholesome. She is caught in a situation she has no chance of really understanding. Her neurosis makes her almost always say the wrong thing.

/ Indicates where dialogue overlaps.

*Boy and Doll are sitting in his room. It's the last time they will ever be together. They've just been intimate. They are on his bed sitting very close. The doll is played by an actress but is also an actual doll, about the size of Barbie, both are always on stage, and Boy addresses both the doll and the actress interchangeably.*

DOLL

What is your favorite part about me?

BOY

How can I pick one thing?

DOLL

You have to. Those are the rules. Go ahead, then.

BOY

Your face.

DOLL

My face?

BOY

Is that the wrong answer.

DOLL

I thought you'd say my beige mounds that point out from right below my chin.

BOY

Yeah, those are good too.

DOLL

Does it bother you that we all look the same?

BOY

No.

DOLL

I mean, how do I know you're not off with one of the others. Would you even know it wasn't me?

BOY

Of course I would.

DOLL

I wonder.

BOY

I told my mother.

DOLL

You told your mother what?

BOY

About us.

DOLL

Was she appropriately devastated? Did she cry? Did she preach histrionics, "not in my house!" Anything like that?

BOY

She was not pleased.

*Doll smiles triumphantly.*

DOLL

Do you want to fuck me again?

BOY

I can't yet. We just did it.

DOLL

Come on! You can slap my face with it. It'll get hard.

BOY

Wait. Can't we just talk? Why do we always have to have sex?

DOLL

Does it bother you that I don't have a real vagina?

BOY

No. Of course not.

DOLL

Or nipples. I don't have nipples.

BOY

I don't care.

DOLL

You probably should. I think it says something bad about you. Like Freudian bad. Like you may have unresolved mommy issues. is that why you told her about us? Jealousy? You're sick.

BOY

Are you psychoanalyzing me?

DOLL

Ooh, look who's taking AP classes. Come on, I'll bend over and you can cum on my back. (*She positions the doll*) I like it when you cum on my back.

BOY

Why don't you like talking to me?

DOLL

I want your cock.

BOY

I love you.

DOLL

You do? That's a big word. Your mom says it to you all the time.

BOY

Forget my mother.

DOLL

I'm trying to.

BOY

I want to marry you.

DOLL

You're just a kid. And I'm a cheap synthetic plastic manufactured in China. I mean, we have our hurdles.

BOY

Will you marry me?

DOLL

I don't know what to say. This is not a question I've ever dreamed of being asked. I mean, I was in childproof packaging for the first year of my life, so marriage was low on my list of possibilities. Kiss me.

*Boy kisses the doll.*

*Mother enters and sees him with the doll.*

MOTHER

Oh my God, what are you doing?

*Boy quickly hides the doll under a pillow and jumps to his feet.*

BOY

Don't you know how to knock!

DOLL

Don't tell her.

BOY

Can I have some privacy?

MOTHER

I just spoke to Doctor Chan. He said there's a word for it. That it's not at all uncommon in boys your age.

BOY

I'm not a boy.

MOTHER

Of course not. He said it's called "agalmatophilia".

DOLL

She's telling you you're crazy! Well fuck you lady! How do you like that. Tell her to fuck off.

BOY

We're in love, mother.

MOTHER

No, it's only figurative. You're merely reacting to sexual exploration. That's what Dr. Chan says. It's no different than boys who masturbate to strange pornography. He said he had a patient who watched something called "wound porn." Apparently it's when a man puts his penis into a woman's.../open wound. I didn't ask him to elaborate.

BOY

/Oh my God! Why are you telling me this?

DOLL

She's just jealous. Look at her mounds. They're not even solid.

MOTHER

It means, you can't be in love with her! She's not real. She's a doll. Do you see?

BOY

I don't care. I love her.

DOLL

That's right. I'm his fuck puppet.

BOY

Yeah, that's not helpful.

DOLL

And I love his penis! I love it!

BOY

Stop.

MOTHER

I need you to listen to me. It's normal. You're not sick.

BOY

I didn't think I was.

MOTHER

But, honey, you can't truly love something that can't reciprocate. It's not possible. This is just you...wanting to love something. But I promise you, someday you'll find someone. You will.

BOY

I have found someone!

MOTHER

Someone who loves you back. Someone with a who's flesh and blood. Someone with a pulse. Someone who doesn't fit into a cigar box!

BOY

Stop judging me!

DOLL

I've just decided! *(She gets to her feet)* I will marry you.

BOY

We're getting married.

MOTHER

What? Oh Jesus Christ! Why are you doing this to me? Did I do something to make you this way?

DOLL

Where's my brush? /I don't even know if I have a brush or if one is sold separately.

BOY

/This has nothing to do with you! Why can't it just be that I love her!

MOTHER

She's not a her! She's an it. Okay? She's an it!

DOLL

Bitch! That's just mean.

BOY

I don't care. We're getting married.

MOTHER

All right. All right. I didn't want it to get to this, but you've left me with no choice.

DOLL

There's the brush.

*Doll sits and brushes her hair.*

BOY

Look at her. Isn't she beautiful?

MOTHER

Dr. Chan has told me about a place that you can go for a few weeks.

BOY

What are you going on about?

MOTHER

It's a quiet place for people who...are confused.

DOLL

She's having you committed.

BOY

What are you talking about?

MOTHER

You're not well, darling.

BOY

Of course I am! You want to send me away?

MOTHER

I'm not sending you away! This isn't the 1950s!

DOLL

Are you sad that I'm not a blonde like that skinny bitch from Mattel?

MOTHER

You're unwell. I'm just going to put you somewhere.

BOY

Oh much nicer. Put me somewhere! Like those porcelain pigs grandma sends you?

MOTHER

Of course not. I put those in the garbage.

DOLL

And I'm not as tall as her, either. Does that make you sad?

BOY

You think because I fell in love that I'm sick?

MOTHER

You fell in love with your sister's doll! Yes. I think you might be...unwell.

BOY

Stop saying unwell!

DOLL

I'm actually way more proportionate than Barbie.

MOTHER

You can't marry a piece of plastic!

DOLL

Fuck Barbie.

MOTHER

Don't you see?

DOLL

She's cross-eyed.

MOTHER

She's a doll!

DOLL

If you look at her dead on, she's fucking retarded looking.

MOTHER

Right!

DOLL

She's just jealous that you've found someone to replace her.

*Beat*

BOY

You think I'm replacing you?

MOTHER

Stop pretending like this is an option! You're starting to scare me.

BOY

That's it, isn't it? You're the sick one!

MOTHER

Oh my God, we are not turning this into a Greek tragedy!

DOLL

You should just kill her.

*Beat.*

What?  
BOY

What?  
DOLL

What?  
MOTHER

What?  
BOY  
*(To Mother)*

MOTHER  
You have to get rid of her.

BOY  
Why would you say that?

DOLL  
Does it bother you that I have no real opening? I mean orifically speaking. Be honest.

MOTHER  
You need to get rid of her.

BOY  
What?!

DOLL  
She wants to make you think you're sick. If you get her out of the way, we can do anything we want.

MOTHER  
I don't know what else to say to you.

BOY  
But, I love her.

MOTHER  
I know you think you do.

BOY  
No! Don't do that! Don't minimize how I feel because you don't understand it!

DOLL

Oh! You could take my head off (*She pulls the doll's head off*) and fuck me in that hole!

BOY

Why are you doing this?

MOTHER

Which one of us are you talking to?

BOY

This isn't even any of your business! Go away.

MOTHER

I'm sorry. I have no other choice.

*Mother exits.*

DOLL

Thank God she left. I thought she'd be here forever. Are you hard?

BOY

I don't want to have sex right now.

DOLL

You could try to lick the made in China tattoo off my ass. You used to like to do that.

BOY

No. It's not the same anymore.

DOLL

You want to put my legs behind my head and spin me?

BOY

No, I don't. I think we should just get out of here.

DOLL

Ooh, a vacation! Where are we gonna go? Malibu? Glam Vacation House? I'll bet it's all pink and glorious.

BOY

You're not Barbie!

*Beat. Doll turns on him. She is angry.*

DOLL

I have a car. I can pack my bags. I have a new tennis outfit!

BOY

What?

DOLL

Batteries not included. We should totally fuck in a hot tub. Just don't get my hair wet. These cheap synthetic fibers! It never looks the same again!

BOY

I was thinking more like we could get jobs and an apartment and stuff like that.

DOLL

Gross. What's an apartment? Sounds like something poor people get stabbed in.

BOY

After we get married, we have to, you know, build a life together.

DOLL

You mean we have to fuck our brains out.

*Mother enters with a box*

MOTHER

Bring her to me.

BOY

Mom...please.

DOLL

What's the box for? Are we traveling through the mail! So efficient.

MOTHER

Bring her.

*Boy picks up a doll and walks to his mother.*

BOY

I really love her.

MOTHER

I know. But you have to understand—

DOLL

Don't tell me where we're going. I wanna be surprised.

*Doll walks to the box.*

BOY

Wait.

DOLL

What?

*He kisses her.*

BOY

I...I'll...I don't remember. I have so many things to say...and...I'll...I'll see you there.

DOLL

Of course you will.

*He puts the doll in the box.*

MOTHER

It's the right thing.

BOY

Yeah. Don't hurt her.

MOTHER

I won't.

*Mother and Doll exit. Boy sits defeated and cuddles up with a pillow, Mother re-enters.*

MOTHER (Cont'd)

There. Gone and forgotten.

*Beat. Mother sits next to him, they are in the same position that Boy and Doll were at the beginning.*

MOTHER (Cont'd)

Hungry? I'm going to set the table.

BOY

Yeah.

*Mother gets up to go and turns to him.*

MOTHER

Come on.

BOY

Yeah.

*Mother exits.*

BOY

I'll see you there.

*Blackout*

*End of Play*