



**drama by george**

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# SafeSex Man

**Synopsis:** Rob, a high school senior and certified "Horny Little Devil," tries to talk his girlfriend Amy into a "date" that has huge potential for trouble. SafeSex Man, an unlikely superhero, crashes into the scene to give naïve Amy a little advice--and Rob a cold shower.

**Themes:** Dating, teen sexuality, evaluating relationships.

**Characters:** 2 males (SafeSex Man, Rob), 1 female (Amy).

**Running Time:** 6 minutes.

**Staging Needs:** Bare stage. No special lighting. Requires a "crash landing" sound effect. SafeSex Man needs a superhero costume, a large custom flip chart (see script), and a business card. Amy carries a chemistry textbook. It wouldn't hurt to play some "heroic" music in the background during the time SafeSex Man is on stage.

**Acting Difficulty:** Easy to moderate.

**Tone:** Comedic dialogue.

**Can It Stand Alone?:** Yes.

**Author's Comments:** This play has a special place in my heart--it's the first one of mine that ever got performed outside my youth group. However, it breaks one of the cardinal rules of drama--it tries to teach instead of focusing on the story. I like to think the ridiculous humor makes up for it, but you'll have to judge for yourself.

**Performance Tips:** You need a strong lead (SafeSex Man) who isn't afraid to make a fool of himself. Amy is essentially his "straight man." Play the beginning straight--we should think we're watching a serious drama until SafeSex Man flies onto the scene. After that, anything goes! Make it like those cheesy public service announcements, where the superhero tells dorky kids they need to say no to drugs, and they eagerly listen to his advice.

# SafeSex Man

*By George Halitzka*

(AMY is sitting center stage, studying a textbook. ROB enters and walks over to her. He sits very close and slips his arm around her waist. When she is unresponsive, he takes the book from her hands and tries to kiss her.)

AMY

(pulling away)

Rob! I have a Chemistry test tomorrow.

ROB

I'll show you chemistry, baby.

(ROB tries to kiss her again. Once more, she pulls away.)

AMY

I'm not in the mood--

ROB

Whatever.

(He scoots away--slightly--and she picks up the book again.)

What's up for tonight?

AMY

Kelly and Aaron are bowling. How 'bout we go with them?

ROB

I guess . . . But I wanna spend time with you.

AMY

Alone?

ROB

C'mon, Amy. We can go over to your house, watch the sun go down, and then . . .

AMY

"And then" what?

ROB

I don't know . . . your Mom won't get home till late--

AMY

So you only love me when we're swapping spit?

ROB

We'll never do anything unless you want to--

AMY

What about Jen's party?

ROB

I said I was sorry! I didn't know what those wine coolers would do to me.

AMY

How 'bout if Amber and Mike come with?

ROB

Not Mike--you know I don't like him. Just us . . . please?

(There is a crack in AMY's armor. ROB senses it.)

Puh-leese? Pretty please with sugar on top? And a cherry?

(He puts on his best puppy-dog face.)

AMY

(reluctantly laughing)

Well--I guess . . .

(Suddenly, a deep, melodramatic voice--SAFESEX MAN--is heard offstage.)

SAFESEX MAN

Wait! Don't do it, Amy!

AMY

Look, up in the sky! It's a bird!

ROB

It's a plane!

AMY

No! It's--

(She reads from a business card, which SAFESEX MAN holds out in his hand as he "flies" onto the stage, cape streaming, and crashes to the ground at her feet.)

SafeSex Man?

ROB

(as OUR HERO stands up and brushes himself off)  
So whatta you do, sell condoms? I think I could use a couple--

(AMY looks at him accusingly.)

I mean, for after we're married!

SAFESEX MAN

No condoms for you, Rob! I travel around the world telling people about the only kind of safe sex there is! And that is--  
*Saved Sex!*

ROB

What are you, a commercial for a sperm bank?

SAFESEX MAN

I proclaim a higher calling! No nooky till you're hookied. No mambo till you're a combo. No booty till--

ROB

Are you serious?

SAFESEX MAN

I'm always serious.

AMY

Well, Rob knows I want to stay pure till my wedding night--

ROB

That bites!

SAFESEX MAN

(pointing an accusing finger in ROB's face)  
Rob, you Horny Little Devil! It's boys like you that give men a bad name! And Amy--if you really want to be a virgin, you'd better be more careful!

AMY

I am!

SAFESEX MAN

But you broke *all* of SafeSex Man's "Rules for a Sex-Free Date"!

(He pulls a flip chart from under his cape. The first card reads, "SafeSex Man's Rules for a Sex-Free Date.")

ROB

What are you talking about?

SAFESEX MAN

I'm glad you asked!

(flipping the page of his chart with a flourish)  
Rule Number One: "Plan your date"! Decide in advance where you're going . . . bring along some friends . . . and when you're done, take her straight home to Mama!

ROB

"Plan your date." Now he's selling daytimers.

SAFESEX MAN

But Rob, you wouldn't want to get bored with nobody around--  
(in his face)  
*would* you?

ROB

Do you work for Dr. Phil?

(to AMY)

Don't tell me you're *listening* to this guy!

AMY

(sweetly)

Baby, do me a favor.

ROB

(pleased to be back in her good graces)

Sure.

AMY

(equally as sweet)

Get lost.

ROB

How can you respect a guy in Spandex?

SAFESEX MAN

Superman wears tights too, "buddy"!

AMY

Tell me more, SafeSex Man!

(ROB, frustrated, turns his back and exits.)

SAFESEX MAN

Rule Number Two: "Know your limits." Talk about your boundaries in advance--*before* you're in the back seat. Know what I mean?

AMY

Yeah, we never talked about that stuff. Straight to tonsil hockey--

SAFESEX MAN

T.M.I., Amy. That's how you end up being a  
(finger quotes)

"Hormone Hostage"! So Rule Number Three is "Lead yourself not into temptation." Don't do stuff that gets you and Rob really turned on!

AMY

So we shouldn't, like, watch chick flicks and make out the whole time.

SAFESEX MAN

Hey--I like "romantic comedies"!

AMY

And you wear tights.

SAFESEX MAN

All the cool superheroes do.

AMY

Nevermind--

SAFESEX MAN

Now Amy, Rule Number Four is the hardest one. "Be honest about the relationship." Translation: If Rob's only happy when you're sucking face, he's not really in love with you. Know what I mean?

AMY

(hanging her head)

Yeah . . . I guess. SafeSex Man, I think me and Rob need to talk.

SAFESEX MAN

(putting his hands on her shoulders and looking her in the eye, like a cheesy cartoon superhero)

It's not easy, Amy--but I know you can do it!

(arranging his cape for takeoff)

And now, I'm off to help other couples in need of a cold shower. Up--up--and away!

(He runs offstage as though he were taxiing down a runway.)

AMY

Hey, SafeSex Man, watch out for that--

(CRASH!)

--tree.

(AMY looks after him, trying to see if he's okay. ROB cautiously reenters from the other side of the stage.)

ROB

Baby, are you done with that SafeSex guy?

AMY

Yeah. You know what else I'm done with?

ROB

Hm?

AMY

You.

(AMY hands him SafeSex Man's business card and walks offstage in the direction of the crash. ROB follows her off, whining ad lib. Blackout.)

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