

# Dilly Bar

A short play by John Moore



*“Dilly Bar” was selected for performance at the 2004 Playwrights Showcase of the Western Region at the Arvada Center in Arvada, Colo.*

*It was submitted under a pseudonym, Stephen Peters (the author’s middle names). It was directed by Edith Weiss.*

## SETTING AND CAST LIST:

“Dilly Bar” takes place in the suburban backyard of two brothers, age 12 and 14. It could be played by age-appropriate actors, by young adult men without juvenile affectation.

PETER is 14. He is fixing a flat tire on his upside-down Schwinn bicycle when he is approached by his youngest brother with an urgent problem.

KEITH is 12. He would really, really like to believe he has just made his crossroads into young manhood, but he’s just not sure. So he is in the vulnerable position of needing his cocky older brother’s confirmation.

KEITH comes barreling through the back screen door and moves purposefully to his brother.

KEITH: What’s an organism?

PETER: What do I look like, a dictionary? Like dad always says ... Look it up.

KEITH (Clutching his tank-top and pulling it over his crewcut-shaven head): I did ... Is it ... is it really alive?

PETER: Is what alive?

KEITH The stuff ... You know ... Jizz.

PETER (Looking up from his work for the first time): I think you mean orgasm, you little turdface ...Orgasm.

KEITH: That’s what I said, org- ... whatever. So what is it?

PETER: It’s when you come, doofus. Why, are you reading Penthouse Forum now?

KEITH (Compulsively scratching his shorts): I know it’s when you come. What I mean is, what happens when you come?

PETER (Applying glue to his tube): Why do you wanna know?

(After a pause, a devious grin commandeers PETER'S face)

PETER: No way ... Did little Keith the Queef finally shoot a load?

(KEITH scrunches his face so hard it hurts. He squirms uncomfortably, not knowing how to answer.)

PETER: Jeez, it's about time ... Mom's gonna catch menopause when she finds out.

KEITH: She will not! ... What's menopause?

PETER: It means she's gonna freak, dude ... You're the youngest. So am I right? Did you choke the chicken?

KEITH: I, um ... I dunno. Maybe.

PETER: What do you mean you um ... dunno, maybe? You either did it or you didn't. Believe me, little brother, when you have your wet dream, you know it.

KEITH (Confessing with a sigh): Then I guess I didn't.

PETER: Well, if you don't know if you did, how do you know you if you didn't?

KEITH Because I wasn't asleep, for one thing.

(PETER Takes a second to contemplate whether to be cruel or kind. The is tantalizing and excruciating at the same time.)

PETER: Ah, doofus, I really hate to let you in on this, but you don't have to be asleep to have your wet dream.

KEITH: You don't?

PETER: Ah ... no. That's just an expression.

KEITH: No shit?

PETER: No shit. Actually it's a lot easier to make it happen when you're awake.

KEITH: How do you make it happen?

PETER: Simple. You just picture some girl you think is hot and the next thing you know, you've got a pillow full of the jungle juice.

KEITH: But what's it look like?

PETER: Umm ... Kind of like mom's shampoo.

KEITH: Oh, no...

PETER: Why, what's the problem?

KEITH: It's just that ... It's just, just, jjjjust ...

PETER: Spit it out, for crying out loud!

KEITH: It's just ... Mom's shampoo? Not like, say, her baby oil?

PETER: Nope. It looks just like Elmer's glue, right as it starts to dry. And it smells about the same.

(KEITH lets out a wild gasp of disappointment.)

PETER: So what did yours look like?

KEITH: More like that clear glue you're using on that flat tire.

(PETER puts down his wrench, he sits down next to his little brother, for the first time more interested in this little saga than his own flat tire.)

PETER: Weird. I've never heard of that. Well, there's only one thing for us to do ... Let's go and have a look.

KEITH: At what?

PETER: At your pillow, of course.

KEITH: What are you talking about?

PETER: It's still on your pillow, isn't it?

KEITH: No way, man. You're sick. Yeesh!

PETER: Well, if it's not on your pillow, then where did it go?

(KEITH sticks his left arm directly in PETER's face.)

KEITH: It went right here!

PETER: OK, lemme see.

KEITH: You can't. I washed it off.

(PETER is incredulous as he brushes his brother's hand away.)

PETER: You did what?

KEITH: It was sticky.

PETER: You're telling me you finally frosted the Pop Tart and then you just rinsed it down the drain? I kept mine for three weeks!

KEITH: In our bedroom?

PETER: No, in the fridge. ... Of course in our bedroom!

KEITH: That is the grossest thing I have ever heard in my life. Boy, I'm more confused than ever.

(PETER wraps his long arm around KEITH's shoulder.)

PETER: Listen, Keith, all I can tell you is that if you had your wet dream, you would know it. And the great thing about it is, after that first time, then you can do it over and over again, anytime you want.

(KEITH finds that both intriguing and problematic.)

KEITH: Are you sure about that?

PETER: Positive. Every time you get a hard-on, now you can actually do something with it. You get a boner and BINGO ... come!

KEITH: Jesus ... I am going to be coming all the time ... Three times a day in Mrs. Schnurbush's class.

PETER: Hold on, ironman. I am not saying you have to come every time you get a boner. I am saying you could ... If you wanted to. You have to use a little self-control.

KEITH: Is that why dad is always saying that?

PETER: Well, I don't think that's exactly what he had in mind, but, yeah.

KEITH (Feeling a surge of power and wonder): Wow ... I am going to be able to come every time I want to!

PETER: Now hold up. There are some rules.

KEITH: Rules?

PETER: Yeah, and the most important one is that you can never do it while I am in the bedroom. If you do, I'll beat the shit out of you.

KEITH: Have you ever done it when I was in the room?

PETER: All the time, but that was different.

KEITH: How?

PETER: Because you didn't know what I was doing.

KEITH: True. I just thought you have bad dreams about ... running.

(KEITH's face suddenly falls as flat as a tire.)

KEITH: I just realized something. It couldn't have been the real thing.

PETER: Why not?

KEITH: Because I did try to do it again, and nothing happened.

PETER: Well, how long did you wait after the first time?

KEITH: About two whole minutes. ... Dammit.

(PETER laughs.)

KEITH: What's so funny?

PETER: Give yourself a break, little brother. Not even I can come every two minutes, and look at me. I'm a stud.

(KEITH lets out a guttural sound wreaked in angst.)

KEITH: I just wish there was some way to know for sure.

(KEITH grabs his plastic Wiffle baseball bat and flails it against the overgrown grass.)

KEITH: Shit! I've been imagining having my wet dream my whole life. Now maybe it's happened and I don't even know for sure. I mean, this is what I've been waiting 12 years for? C'mon! This sucks.

PETER: I wish I had some answers for you little man. I can tell you that I knew right away. I mean, you have to know. When all those funny things start happening to your body ... You can't mistake it.

KEITH: What things?

PETER (Taking a professorial tone): Well, it starts when your brain decides that it's time to come. You can be doing your homework, watching TV, whatever. But once your brain decides it's time, that's it. I mean, you can't concentrate on anything else until you do it. You can put it off for a while -- I try to think of old Mrs. Crabtree. That usually does the trick. But it doesn't work for long. It's got to happen. It's kind of like when you get a craving

for a Dilly Bar. You might not be able to score one right away, but that craving won't go away until you do.

KEITH: I know that feeling.

PETER: Same thing. Your brain won't ease up until you do it. So you might as well just do it.

KEITH (Fascinated): How often does that happen to you?

PETER: Every once in a while ... OK, all the time.

KEITH: Wow ... No wonder I haven't seen you all summer. So what happens next?

PETER: Well, once you actually get into it, eventually your body kind of takes things over from your brain.

KEITH: Say what?

PETER: It's hard to explain, but before you know it, your body starts doing things that it doesn't normally do, and it feels like you're, I dunno, just along for the joyride.

KEITH: What does that mean, "Your body starts doing things"?

PETER: Well, let me ask you a question. When you were beating off, did your butt start to tighten up?

KEITH Yeah.

PETER: And did you start to breathe really heavily?

KEITH: Yeah! But ... I thought it was because I was getting tired!

PETER: Wait a minute ... How long were you doing it?

KEITH: Not long ... Maybe two hours.

PETER: You were beating off for two hours?

KEITH: Is that too long?

PETER: It's sick!

(KEITH gets up and starts running toward the house.)

KEITH: I knew I shouldn't have said anything to you!

PETER: Stop.

(KEITH stops and looks back at his older brother vulnerably.)

PETER: For Chrissakes, Keith, didn't they tell you in catechism class whacking off will make your dick fall off?

KEITH: Do you think I'm that stupid, Peter?

PETER: Hell, maybe the nuns are right. If you whack off for two hours, maybe your dick will fall off.

KEITH (Flustered, ready to run): Don't say that!

PETER: No, wait up.

(PETER Catches up to KEITH.)

PETER: Relax, Keith. Now, it sounds like you pretty much just decided it was time to have your wet dream. Am I right?

KEITH: I'm 12. You had your wet dream when you were 12. You brag about it all the time. It's all anybody ever talks about. I'm sick of hearing everybody talking about whacking off. I want to whack off, too!

PETER: You know what I think, little brother?

KEITH: What?

PETER: I think your body got so sick of all that work you were making it do, it sent up that clear shit just to get you to stop.

KEITH: Fuck you!

PETER: I'm just having a little fun with you, bro. ... So do you want to know what really happens?

KEITH: Yes, Peter. That's all I'm asking.

PETER: OK, sit down. I'll tell you. When you are just about to come, you start to get this tingly feeling in the pit of your stomach, and it's like nothing you've ever felt before. And it gets bigger and bigger until you, you know, eject. And when that happens, well, for a few seconds you get to feel like you're doing a really cool free-fall off a 100-foot cliff. The bummer of it is, it's over in a snap. Now, tell me, Did you feel any of that?

KEITH Well, no. Not exactly. I dunno. Dammit!

(PETER now knows it his job to salvage something out of his brother's disappointment.)

PETER: Well, look at it this way. That clear shit may not have been come ... but it couldn't have been just pee, right?

KEITH: Right, no way it was pee.

PETER: So maybe it was a ... a dry run.

KEITH: A dry what?

PETER: A dry run ... Maybe your body was just getting ready for the real thing.

KEITH (Hopefully): You think so?

PETER: Why not?

KEITH: Yeah, maybe that was it ... a dry run!

(KEITH starts to move purposefully toward the door.)

PETER: Hey, where are you going so fast?

KEITH: I'm going to go see if I am ready for the real thing!

PETER: Hey, Keith?

(KEITH stops at the door and turns back)

KEITH: Yeah?

PETER: What do you say you let things happen in their own time?

KEITH: What else am I gonna do? It's all I can think about.

PETER: You know what I've been thinking all this time?

KEITH: What?

PETER: I've got this sudden craving for a Dilly Bar, and I'm afraid it's not going to go away until I get me one.

KEITH: Mmmm ... Dilly Bar.

(Now, all KEITH can think of is a Dilly Bar.)

PETER: Let's take a walk. I'm buying.

(KEITH's face lights up, and he follows PETER off.)

END OF PLAY