



44 SEX ACTS IN ONE WEEK



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foreword

BY ELEANOR WHITE

I'd like to start by contemplating the most prominent extinction event of the last decade. A species so abundant in the latter half of the 20th century that we didn't even notice its decline until it was already far too late to save it...

I am, of course, talking about the romantic comedy.

Do a quick Google search and the internet will gleefully inform you that the rom com is dead. The warm comfort blanket of a genre is no more, relegated to antiquity along with the western and the movie musical. Following a golden age from 1990-2009, the rom com just... petered out. Became tired. Dull. Not worthy of our consideration except to revile.

Is the death of the rom com even that lamentable? After all, its retrograde, incredibly sanitized, heteronormative sexual politics are, thankfully, no longer our dominant cultural narrative - or reality. But, before we consign it to the annals of history, I'd like to briefly reflect on what we are losing as a result. At their core, rom coms celebrate the coming together of two ordinary people. That's it. Rom coms state that the task of connecting with another human is the stuff of great importance. It's the basis for an entire story and it's a good use of our time and attention. After all, what could be more important than trying to understand another human being?

In 44 Sex Acts In One Week, David Finnigan perfectly grasps this key tenet of the rom com. He puts it to the test by setting it in a nightmarishly recognizably world of zero hours contracts, housing instability, and exploitative bosses. And, against this backdrop, David gives us a story that is, at its heart, about finding meaningful connection in a highly capitalist and transactional world. I've been lucky enough to read a number of iterations of this script, and the constant through every draft has been this sense of beauty in finding communion with another human being. Since

David and I first started speaking about this play, I've enjoyed seeing the play's focus broaden across time and space to take on questions of human responsibility, rewilding, the climate era, and what era might come after.

Of course, we can't talk about this play without talking about sex. And, the play's discussion and depiction of sex is one of multiplicity. It's frank, playful, messy, pleasurable, and endlessly varied. There isn't a right way of 'doing it', and 'it' certainly isn't limited to 44 acts that can be checked off a list. In 44 Sex Acts, we go on a wild ride through the endless diversity of intimacy. If there is one unifier to be found in all of it, it's that sex - and everything really - is best when we feel fully connected to others.

Thankfully, we've begun to see the green shoots of a new kind of rom com in recent years. These stories no longer feel like the pure escapism of old - rather, they're intrinsically connected to, and sometimes critical of, the society in which they unfold. 44 Sex Acts belongs to this new rom com era - David has given us a story that truly speaks to now, and where we might be headed. It takes our timeless need to connect with others and puts it into an incredibly timely context - it's a story of finding connection with yourself, with other people, with nature, with something larger, in a highly disconnected world.

And it's funny.

I hope you enjoy it.

Eleanor White

Dramaturg and Literary Manager, Traverse Theatre

44 Sex
Acts In
One Week



characters

FIVE PERFORMERS, WITH DOUBLING.

celina valderrama	female
alab delusa	male
remely cupal	female
kalil aquino	male
irene gamerman	female
malaine gutierrez	female
o_o	female

music

BEST THING ABOUT A ROM COM IS THE JAMS

(WHAT I WAS LISTENING TO IN THE WRITING)

HOT OPENING CREDITS MUSIC

The Bug:
Fall

SONGS TO RELUCTANTLY FALL IN LOVE TO

Alisha's Attic:
I Am, I Feel

Dead DJ Joke:
Turn Down For
Africa

IDER:
Wu Baby

Jamie Lidell
Do Yourself a
Faver

Danny L Harle:
1UL

Tweet:
Ooops (Oh My)
(Hudson Mohawke
remix)

Sharon Jones and
the Dap Kings:
Be Easy

Prince:
Gett off

Selena Gomez:
Good For You

HOT CLOSING CREDITS MUSIC

Fishing:
TLC Mix

Sophie B
Hawkins:
Damn I Wish I
Was Your Lover

Little Mix:
Touch

Powderfinger:
My Kinda Scene

Natasha
Bedingfield:
These Words

Romeo Santos:
Propuesta
Indecente

Kelela:
LMK

Labi Siffre:
I Got The

Sevdaliza:
Human Nature

Girls Aloud:
Biology

WATERS RISING

Skee Mask:
Soundboy ext

Djrum:
Waters Rising

Rone:
Pool

FaltyDL:
Infinite Sustain

MICHAEL BOLTON

Michael Bolton:
Said I Loved
You, But I Lied

Michael Bolton:
Can I Touch
You... There

Michael Bolton:
How Can We Be
Lovers

Michael Bolton:
How Am I
Supposed To Live
Without You?

Michael Bolton:
Said I Loved
You, But I Lied
(on repeat, 4eva)

First thing's first

o_o

Let's start this with the most human thing: breath.

We recognise heavy breathing straight away.

Demonstrates.

It could be exhaustion, crying, pleasure, pain. All of the above.

Fall.

Primitive Hominid Sex

On the savannas of east Africa, 1.7 million years ago. We hear (but don't see) Malaine narrate this story, which is acted out by the other members of the cast.

malaine

Dawn. On the savannas of East Africa, 1.7 million years ago. A female primate steps into the river to bathe, singing to herself in a wordless echolalia.

Behind her, silhouetted against an erupting volcano, is a male. Well muscled, thick lustrous fur, armed with a stone wedge.

As he tenderly pounds her from behind on the branch of a tree, the sound of her moans echoes across the savanna. Drawing to the scene another male.

As the first male climaxes and falls asleep, the second climbs the tree to take his place. Followed by the third, the fourth, the fifth... until she is satisfied. Her mating tree surrounded by comatose males like fallen leaves.

Jealousy does not exist for her. Her libido is free of civilisation's chains. She knows not sadness, nor pain. Everything is perfect, as evolution designed it to be.

And this could be you. Let's find out how.

Malaine - Sexy Ted Talk

MUSIC: Tweet - Oops (Oh My) (that Hudson Mohawke version)

Lights up - conference room vibes, and Malaine struts out on the stage dancing. She strips off her suit. Underneath she's wearing something 'seductive' but just, too much.

She grinds the lectern and sexes up any lecture theatre equipment that's been left around. It's painfully awkward.

malaine

Welcome everyone - there's coffee in the foyer but I said, I don't need coffee to WAKE THEM UP.

More awful sexy dancing.

You're going to die. And you don't want to go into that inky black night without having fucked - and been fucked - in every way it's possible to fuck.

The clock of your days is running down. The sand races through the neck of the hourglass, and no-one can tell you the day and the hour, but it's coming closer. And there is no touching, stroking, teasing, licking, sucking or grinding in the grave.

You were born for sex. Not pallid, listless fucking under the covers with

the lights out; no. Three and a half billion years of your ancestors didn't struggle, strive and evolve for you to get off as quickly as you can before rolling over and saying goodnight. You were born to fuck electric.

I'm Malaine Gutierrez, sex coach and educator. Great to see you here today, you've made it this far. That's already a big step, and let's hear it for you.

A round of applause for the audience!

Now I know the question you came here to ask: How do I be like you? How do I become Malaine Gutierrez?

Of course, why wouldn't you want that? I'm successful, I'm attractive. I live in Bali, on the beach with a private chef. Vice Magazine described me as a 'problematic sex genius'. I travel the world, I hang out with celebrities and influencers. I'm a pro-dominatrix, which is the highest level in BDSM. I lubricate money, and my cup, it runneth over.

How did I become this goddess? Simple. I live the way our ancestors lived - the way we are designed to live.

No processed food, I eat a paleo diet of raw red meat and seal fat. No manufactured cosmetics, I use traditional skincare treatments like

blood facials and leeches. And no
vanilla monogamous sex: I fuck wild
and dirty and free.

When you connect with your primal
sexual self, then the universe rewards
you. Money. Fame. Power. And it starts
right here when you buy my book: 'The
44 Sex Acts That Will Change Your
Life.'

SheSquad Offices

We're at the offices of SheSquad. Exposed brick walls, on-trend artwork, a staff of attractive young easily-exploited creatives.

o_o

Follow that sound of heavy breathing
in your mind's eye, through the city
past tall buildings, crowds of people
through a set of double glass doors
up the stairs, past the exposed brick
walls
past crowded tables in an open plan
office

and there it is
the sound of breathing
not pleasure, not pain
it's panic.

Celina Valderrama sits working on a laptop urgently typing, playing Alicia's Attic - I Am, I Feel on laptop speakers, talking simultaneously on the phone.

celina

...Datu if it's not in your account
then it's probably a glitch in the
banking service. Hackers. Probably
hackers. What if your whole identity's
been stolen? But you can't put this
on me, because I love paying rent,
it's the main thing I love to do. Datu
you can't evict me, please. I swear I

have the money. It will be with you by Friday. By Friday, I swear. Look I can't really talk right now, I'm in an office christmas party...

She rapidly searches online for office christmas party ambience sounds and brings the phone to the laptop.

...because the festive spirit is year-round, that's why - look, this has been real, Datu, it's always a pleasure, gotta go pull some crackers...

Hangs up just as Remely Cupal appears.

remely Celina Valderrama.

celina You alright, Remely?

remely I need your help. You know I was supposed to write that article covering the Charity Fun Run For Lyme Disease this weekend. Anyway I didn't think I'd be able to do a 10km run and write an article as well, so I bought some amphetamines off the dark web.

celina You bought speed on the internet?

remely Yes, and also, 2CB and ketamine because it was all heavily discounted. Anyway I've been on a really intense inner journey and learned some crucial

stuff about who I am in the universe, but also I didn't make it to the Fun Run or out of the house and I don't really know what Lyme Disease is, so I need you to give me an article to put my name on.

celina

Remely, this is like the tenth time.

remely

Celina you have so many articles that you don't even publish. You write so much, you don't do anything but write.

celina

Go on, what do you want?

Remely skims through Celina's unpublished back catalogue.

remely

Give me this one about selfies in warzones. What it is, Celina, you look like you've been slapped by a ghost.

celina

I'm getting evicted. I need cash, or else Datu's kicking me out.

remely

Your shithole warehouse? That's perfect. You know my sister's been sentenced to white collar prison, like this week, she needs someone to take over her lease. Nice spot, good views -

celina

Remely, I can't afford a mattress, let alone somewhere with a view. Look: I pitch Irene a good idea. She gives me a feature article. The money from the feature covers rent. It's under control.

Alab Delusa appears with a backpack.

alab Remely Cupal.

remely Christ, it's the mail boy.

alab Office Support Personnel, thank you Remely. Got the costumes for your 'Sexy Halloween Costumes Are Sexist' article. Tenth time you've written that piece, right?

remely As true today as it ever was.

alab Seems to me you want it both ways. You complain about sexualised outfits and the male gaze, and you accompany it with photos of girls dressed in salacious outfits.

remely It's a tactic, Alab. You catch people's eye, raise awareness of the problem, and that helps fix it.

Alab dumps the costumes on Remely's desk.

alab Well they're tasteful, despite your instructions. Oh, and if it isn't your friend, the social conscience clickbait princess. Do you mind getting up so I can sort the mail?

celina It's my desk, Alab, and I'm working here.

alab I believe it's our desk, Celina, and we have to share it.

celina I'm finishing something, Alab.

Alab drops the mail all over the desk and Celina's computer.

alab Sure, but now the mail is on the desk, so I guess you can finish it somewhere else.

Celina strikes a match.

celina Sure, but now I've lit a match, so if you want the mail to be burned to ash...

alab Jesus, Celina!

Alab grabs his pics back off the table.

alab You have fucking problems, Valderrama.

celina Why don't you crawl off and sign a petition about saving seagulls from choking on toothfloss?

remely Alab, why are these costumes slimy?

alab They're not slimy.

remely What is in that backpack?

alab Nothing. Some frogs.

remely Some frogs?

alab I'm looking after them for someone.

remely You're looking after some frogs? What does that even mean? Is that code?

alab I don't have to justify myself to you.

remely You terrible motherfucker! Come back here!

Irene Gamerman, the blog editor, sweeps in. She is ice cold, efficient and devastating.

irene Team. I don't have time to cock around today, I've just come from the wrap party for a reality TV series where the director producer and entire whole camera team is under 15 years old, I haven't had a wink. Celina, bring me my coffee and modafinil.

Irene stalks into her office. Celina follows her with a jacked-up coffee.

irene Shut the door. Celina, how long have you been at SheSquad?

celina Two years ten months?

irene And when did you start writing this?

Irene turns her computer screen around to show Celina a document.

irene Looks to me like a book manuscript. 'Pluralising Integrative Transitions in Cultural Decentralisation, by Celina Valderrama.' This is good stuff. Well researched, thoughtfully written.

celina Thank you. I'm thinking I might submit to a little academic press and maybe get it published -

irene I even highlighted a passage. 'Institutional power accumulates with the corrupt, not the qualified.' You think I'm corrupt, Celina?

celina It's a first draft.

irene Written on your SheSquad laptop, during your SheSquad hours.

celina But I don't... have SheSquad hours. Irene, you've been paying me by the article - I don't have a contract, I'm not on the payroll. I've written everything you told me to, I thought it'd be okay to -

irene Get out.

celina What?

irene Get out. I'd say you were fired, except you're right, you were never really hired, so just: get out.

celina Irene I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it... Please. I need this job, my landlord's going to evict me, I -

irene Delete it.

celina I'm sorry?

Irene passes the keyboard / trackpad to Celina.

irene Written on my computer, saved on my servers, it's my property. And I want it gone.

celina Irene I don't have my own copy. I've been working on this for months. There's hundreds of pages in here, I can't just -

irene Then get out.

Irene just stares at her. Celina slowly reaches out and deletes it.

irene Thin ice, Valderrama. SheSquad editorial meeting! Now!

Remely and Alab file in.

irene

Here are the analytics from the last seven days. Shout out to Remely for her piece last week on death row inmates using social media. We got no traction, no conversation, nothing. Waste of fucking time. What did I say, I said the word 'chattable', as in, I want things that are gonna generate clicks, and therefore, views, and therefore, revenue. Shut up. This week, I like feminism, I like Insta models who take pepper spray to the beach, I like wellness, I like outrage. Who's doing blackface? Call them out.

remely

No-one's doing blackface.

irene

Someone's always doing blackface. And I want one article attacking everything else we're doing for a lack of structural critique and being unfeminist. I want to call out everyone one at a time, and then I want to call us out for profiteering off call-out culture. If people love us I want them to click, if they hate us I want them to click. We're that snake that eats its own tail except every vertebrae on that snake is made of ad revenue. Remely, what've you got?

remely

The How To Guide for Sexting.

alab

Jesus fucken christ.

remely

You alright, Alab?

alab

Fine, just having a stroke. It's a great idea, Remely, carry on.

remely Digital Flirtation In 16 Steps: compose a sexy shot, seduce via sms, distract your man at work...

irene Good. Except keep bringing it back to revenge porn. Go ahead and sext: but those pics will be posted on a blog and your life will be over. Sex and fear, sex and fear, keep them ping-ponging between the two. Celina.

celina Okay Irene, so: I have this piece I'm working on about seed banks - conserving genetic diversity -

irene Shut up, I'm already bored.

celina Okay, that's fine. I've got this piece on school shooter drills in primary schools -

irene Yes, except: I don't care about your social activism non-fiction award-winning long-form podcast drivel. This week you're on the hairscopes.

celina What... is that?

irene It's a horoscope. But for hair. It's an idea I had in the shower. Now, the big feature article this week is going to be about this. Where's Alab with that package?

Alab hands Irene a package, she draws out a thick, heavy book.

remely 'The 44 Sex Acts That Will Change Your

Life'?

irene The publisher buys coke off the same girl as me. It's a coffee table book listing all the ways you can get fucked.

celina 'Connect with your primal nature through the power of kink, roleplay, and BDSM.'

irene Last gasp of the publishing industry now that adult colouring-in books are over, but guaranteed buzz. I want a 5000 word review by Friday: 'I tried all the sex in this book, and here's what I think.'

alab Irene people don't want to read about someone having too much sex. It's not news, it's not even gossip.

irene Alab you're still surprised that there are wheels on suitcases, you're not exactly in the fucking loop. Now who's writing this piece? It's a full commission and your pic in the byline. I hear the chirp of crickets.

celina I'll do it.

irene You, Celina, are not having a feature article. I'm not even sure I trust you with the hairoscopes.

celina I'll do all 44.

irene All 44 sex acts?

celina The whole thing. Everything in the book and 5,000 words on your desk this Friday.

irene

Alright, it's yours. Alab, get your bike. A child star's just overdosed on prescription meds, I need you at the press conference. I'm hearing they made her into a hologram, so she might announce her own death. I want photos of grieving parents trying to hug their dead hologram sprog and their arms passing through it like a ghost, it's the image for these troubled times. Now I've got a meeting at a sweat lodge with the head of a Pentecostal youth church in 35 minutes, that's enough sweet talk, all of you.

Alab and Irene head out of the office. Celina and Remely hang back.

celina

What? It'll be fine. Just a bit of research and a few thousand words.

remely

You don't have a partner. Who are you going to do this with?

celina

I'll arrange a thing. People have sex all the time, how hard can it be?

Ex-boyfriends!

Celina standing outside Ricardo's apartment, presses the buzzer.

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina Hey Ricardo! How are you? It's Celina.

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina Just in the neighbourhood. Just, in the area, thought I'd say hey.

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina I... got mugged. Held up by youths. So I thought, maybe I could use Ricardo's phone. Can I use your phone?

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina Oh they didn't take anything. They might've been practicing for a bigger robbery later on. But it was all pretty touch and go for a bit there! Anyway, how are you? You good?

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina Why bother the police? Just some teens being, you know, knife criminals. Look would you like to have sex with me?

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina I know I said I didn't want to hear from you, I don't want you in my life, it's over, but I was thinking, I miss you, and I just thought, maybe we could have sex 44 times between now and Friday?

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina It's got nothing to do with SheSquad! I mean, it does, but... look, I'm offering you a chance to get amongst this for five days. Help me out.

AUDIO: indistinct voice

celina Okay. Fair enough. Dammit.

Malaine - Jade Eggs

Back to the awful conference room!

malaine

A lot of people say to me, 'Malaine, why can't I just be myself? Why do I need to do all this extreme sex? Surely there's someone out there who'll love and accept me for who I am?'

You're beautiful. You're made of stardust. But you are not good enough.

The difference between us is, I am who I am, but you are not who you are. If you want to break out of the dark Prison of Vanilla and step into the Light of Erotic Fulfillment, you need to become someone else.

Mamsir, stand up. Hold this.

Malaine picks an audience member, pulls them up. Gives them a coconut tied to a string, gets them to hold it by the string, pinched between two fingers or dangling from one fingertip.

Then takes a second coconut, this one tied to a jade egg. Inserts the egg into her vajay and stands holding the coconut dangling between her legs.

(I mean, don't do this for real, for god's sake, it's the theatre)

Oh this? This is just me holding up a coconut with my pelvic floor muscles.

Malaine sends the audience member back to their seat, addresses the crowd.

No big deal for me, by the way, I can pop a jar of olives in there and twist the lid off just by squeezing. I grip life with my snatch and I do not let go.

Buying one of my gorgeous jade yoni egg kits complete with rose quartz lifting stones and a selenite cleansing disk at one of my 29 self-serve vaginal steaming kiosks nation-wide is not just about having a powerful pussy. It's not about being able to lift pot plants with your erection or a surfboard with your vagina, although I can.

Training this way is about developing sentient genitals that speak to you. A compass in between your legs that points you in the direction of your true path. I have trained my awareness to the point that my clunge talks to me and gives me advice. I'm never lonely. I'm never lonely.

Do you think our primitive ancestors were blocked like you're blocked, sitting around bitching on the internet, catching illnesses, grieving whenever someone they love dies in a

hotel room on holiday six years ago?
No. Every minute that they weren't
bringing down mammoths, they were up
each other. That's your birthright.

You don't - you don't - you don't - you
don't - you don't - you don't - you
don't - you don't - you don't -

Malaine glitches out and gets caught in a stuttering loop for a few seconds. As she gets stuck like this, there is the sound of water, wind, the splash of waves against a boat, the sound of gulls, the distant roar of a polar bear, other frightening animal noises.

And then just as abruptly, the scene shifts back to normal.

malaine

You don't exist yet. You're an unexposed photograph, developing in the slick wetness of your partner's juices. It's time to emerge from the darkroom, baby, let's see you become you.

Blacklisted by Gigolos

Celina's warehouse. It is cramped and mouldy and utterly unfit for human habitation. Celina has done her best with her few items of furniture but honestly it's pretty bleak.

Celina is on the phone, Remely sits nearby, slapping at the insects buzzing around her.

celina ...I don't need him for social events, I just need him to bone me for the next four days. He needs to be down with having his nipples clamped, being used as furniture, flavoured wax dripped on his ass, some light CBT - cock and ball torture, not cognitive behavioural therapy, although we'll probably both need some after this, hahahaha! - hello?

Celina hangs up.

celina No dice on Frank and Phil's House of Wang.

remely Little insect paradise you've got here, Celina - mosquitoes, ants... is that a wasp? Is that a scorpion riding a wasp?

celina Probably.

remely I can see why you don't want to leave. So she really deleted the whole thing?

celina Doesn't matter. That was a pipe dream.

remely You've been working every night til midnight on that manuscript. Celina, are you having a breakdown?

celina I'm fine, I'm just trying to find a gigolo that takes payment in installments.

remely Why don't you just fake it? 'I'm Celina Valderrama, I had lots of sex this week, highly recommend, buy this book.' Done.

celina Because if I ever publish something in an academic journal, I don't want people looking back at my old stuff and seeing anything dishonest.

remely I'm using an algorithm to write my articles, Celina, and you are killing yourself with this work ethic.

celina Remely, I've got a plan.

Celina shows Remely a folder stuffed with papers.

Look: 'One year from now: finished degree, secured job contract, submitted thesis to academic publisher, paid 6% of earnings into emergency health fund...'

remely Look at all this. Financial plans, career plans, fitness plans... Year two, year three... year 50? Celina, you've budgeted your tax returns for the next 50 years.

celina Adjusted for inflation, yeah.

remely You realise you can't control the future, right?

celina Then what am I supposed to do, just surrender and let the future roll right over me? Remely I'm going to

have the sex, write the review, pay my rent, get back on track. It's under control. Now, anything on the dating apps?

remely Yes, I am getting a dick pic RIGHT NOW.

celina Semi-erect gold! Quick, flirt with him.

remely 'THAT IS A GOOD PENIS, FRIEND.' Okay, he's thinking about that.

celina Now tell him to be at my address in 40 minutes with a sleeping bag and handcuffs.

remely '...bag and handcuffs.' Okay, he... I think he just deleted his account.

celina Fucking timewasters.

remely Look do you need a guy? Surely I can do some of these.

celina Have you seen how hetero this book is? You don't have a dick, I don't have a dick, and almost all these stupid acts need at least one.

remely There's never the right amount of dick, is there?

celina You know what, I could just go back to Irene and pitch her an even better sex article. 5,000 words on 'Why Even Have Sex?' Why don't we as a species switch to asexual reproduction? What if each of us just got pregnant - by ourselves - to ourselves - and gave birth to our own clone twin? We could get rid of sex altogether, and then we could all just be... friends. I'm screwed, aren't I?

Alab knocks on the door with pizza boxes.

remely Well, that's the pizza, anyway.

Remely opens the door.

alab You're fucking kidding me.

remely Jesus christ, you deliver pizzas too?
Celina, it's Alab fucking Delusa.

celina Wonderful.

alab Great, it's the clickbait sisters
clubhouse. Where do you want them?

celina Just put them on the floor.

alab Nice meth lab ambience - wait, what's
that?

celina What?

alab Under your sink, those mosquitoes.
That's river mud, isn't it? You must be
directly up against the river here.

celina Yes, Alab, I live under the bridge,
like a troll. Thank you, are you done?

alab This is incredible. This is a fully
functioning oligotrophic invertebrate
ecology. Celina listen, I'm looking
after some animals for a friend, I
need somewhere to keep them which is

cold and damp with access to insects.
I know you're gonna say no to this,
but -

celina No you can't keep your fucking frogs
here Alab, fuck off.

remely Alab, how would you like to earn 25% of
the fee for a major article commission
this week?

celina What? Oh no. Oh no, no, no.

remely Come on, you said, you don't need to
like the guy.

celina This is not a guy, this is straight
arrogance, this is like if a line of
coke snorted itself.

alab What are you talking about? Oh, no. No
fucking way. I wouldn't fuck Celina if
her vajay was on fire and my dick -
hang on -

celina If your dick was on fire and my vajay
was water.

alab That's what I mean.

celina Exactly that for me, but reversed.

remely Right, Celina, you can just go to your
other option which was: oh shit, you
don't have any other options. And of
course Alab doesn't need the money,
he's delivering pizzas on top of his
day job for the pure thrill of it.
Right?

Hostile pause.

alab I want 50% of the fee.

celina 30%.

alab 40%. And I can keep the frogs under
your sink.

celina Fucking hell.

Alab and Celina look at each other with loathing.

Malaine - Let's Glow

malaine

The stage is set. The pieces are in place. We're going to take a journey together to the highest peaks of pleasure.

Starting where you are - which is, metaphorically speaking, the carpark at the visitor's centre - we'll pass through the plains of group sex, over the cliffs of BDSM and into the jungles of anal. Our destination is somewhere you've never been before: yourself.

Get ready to ride, let's glow.

First Date

Alab arrives at Celina's warehouse with a bottle of wine. knocks on the door, Celina opens it.

celina You're 20 minutes late. We're on a countdown.

alab Hi. I brought wine.

celina That's not going to make this any less awkward, so don't bother.

alab Great, brilliant, you don't like wine.

celina No, I like wine, I just don't like you. Don't get your hopes up.

Celina takes the wine and walks inside. Alab follows.

alab 'Don't get your hopes up'. Wait, is this where it's happening? This looks like an operating table.

celina This is my desk. This is a job, for work, and so we are going to use the desk, like professionals.

alab Putting a towel over your desk is not professional.

celina My bed is for sleeping in, and occasionally for people I care about. Did you bring lube?

alab Yeah, I picked some up.

celina Alab this is KY jelly. This is what people fucked with during the Second World War.

alab It was cheap. It will do the job.

celina Couldn't you have just got the grease out of a deep fryer?

alab You didn't specify a brand.

celina You're an adult! Adults use proper lube! Now not only do I have to have you all up in me, I'm gonna have globs of cold snot squelching around there too.

alab You're really setting the mood, aren't you. Are we just gonna have the lights on like this? No music, nothing?

celina 'Number 1 of 44. Standing facing each other, he inserts his penis into her vagina. He rocks back and forwards while she stimulates her clitoris.' Nothing in there about lighting. Come on, stop stalling. Are you getting your dick out or not?

alab This might be the worse moment of my whole life.

The two of them stand facing each other. They undo their trousers (slightly).

celina You're not hard.

alab I am trying my level best.

celina Come on, I want to get this done with.
(to his penis.) Get hard! Get hard!
What do I have to do to make it hard?

alab Yelling at it's not helping.

celina STOP BEING SOFT, PENIS!

alab Maybe be quiet for a second.

Celina falls silent. Alab leans in for a kiss. Celina jerks away.

celina What was that? Don't.

alab Don't...? You mean we're gonna have sex
44 times and not kiss?

celina Kissing is for lovers, not work
colleagues.

Alab pulls away, zips up his trousers.

alab I'm sorry, I can't do this.

celina What are you doing?

alab It's not worth it. I can't... work with
you. I'm out.

*Alab walks out the front door into the street, he takes the
wine. Celina runs after him.*

celina Hey! Okay, I'm sorry. We can do it your way. Flowers and candles and a Michael Bolton soundtrack, whatever.

alab I don't need flowers and candles, just some... respect. Neither of us want to be here, we don't have to rub it in.

celina Alright. I'll be polite. Come back inside?

alab And can we fuck on the bed?

celina Sure. And can we drink some alcohol please?

alab Yeah, I think that'd be a good idea.

Celina takes the bottle off Alab and necks from it as they go inside.

This may be the moment for Michael Bolton's iconic 1993 hit Said I Loved You... But I Lied.

The Condom / Gigolos

I don't know how this scene works, but I trust you I trust you

The most scared and vulnerable part of me meets the most scared and vulnerable part of you, in the dark inside our skin. And in that dark the condom is a strange pale ghost between us.

And when we're done it carries our fingerprints. Your imprint on one side, mine on the other, a message we wrote together with flesh and fluids.

And then we throw it away. Except what I know now, what I should have always known, is that nothing is ever thrown away, because there is no away. We discard things, but they're never lost, never destroyed. We place them somewhere else, but they're still connected to us. There's a thread that links us to everything we've ever touched.

everything touches everything
we're connected to the crisis in
the most intimate ways

we drop the condom in the trash
a truck takes it to landfill
it sits in a garbage pile
the rain washes it down to the
river

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- Affectionate cuddling
- A Level - anal play
- All covered
- Around The World - rimming
- Bondage & Discipline
- BFE - Boyfriend Experience
- BL - body lick
- BR - body rub
- CBJ - covered blow job
- COB - cum on body
- Couples (MMF, FFM)
- DFK - deep French kissing
- Digit penetration and double digit penetration
- DC - Dinner companion

the river pulls it down to sea
 the currents drag it slowly into
 the huge whirlpool
 the oceanic garbage patch
 the slow turning column of plastic
 fragments visible from space

a thin shred of material we held
 between us for a few minutes
 will outlive us by 400 years
 we bought this so we didn't have to
 think about the future
 so we didn't have to worry about
 consequences
 and it will carry our trace for
 centuries
 transmitting the story of you and
 me and this moment
 to the ocean

the memory of this encounter
 degrading over the decades into
 tiny fragments
 making its way into the body of
 oysters and krill
 from there into the bodies of
 salmon and trout
 from there into the bodies of seals
 and sharks and whales

so from one angle, the story of
 our love affair is the story of
 how this chemical scrap of latex
 makes its way from the rubber
 tree into the body of the whale

- DT - Dirty talk
- DS - Doggy style
- Erotic sensual massage
- Fisting
- Five-0 - policeman roleplay
- Foot fetish
- FS - full service
- Happy Ending massage
- Incall - meet at your location
- Lazy down doggie
- Masturbation and mutual masturbation
- Multiple positions
- Overnight stays
- OVK - over the knee spanking
- Pegging
- Role play
- Sexy shower for 2
- Social escort
- Soixante-neuf - 69

18 Minutes Later

Celina's house, 18 minutes later. Celina is sitting on her bed taking notes, Alab is unloading six tropical frogs under the sink in Celina's room.

alab Javan goose frogs, meet Celina's insects.

celina Shut the cupboard door, quick!

alab Ahh!

Alab feels his butt.

celina Mosquito?

alab It's fine.

celina What's that scar on your throat? That looks painful.

alab Wolf-bite.

celina What's wolf-bite?

alab Bitten by a wolf.

celina Is that a euphemism, or...

alab That's: this is business, and that's none of your business.

celina Alright, fine. Standing up and missionary, tick. Two down, 42 to go, we have three days left. We have to pick up the pace.

alab Show me this book.

Alab flicks through the sex book.

celina I tell you, your weird corkscrew-shaped dick is having a workout between here and Friday.

alab 'Roleplay', 'Exhibitionism', 'Group Sex.' 'BDSM - or as we call it in the kink community, sexy fighting.' This woman is cracked.

celina Apparently she wrote it at this country estate where submissive dudes pay to be hunted naked through the woods by women on horseback.

alab Wait a second. Do we have to do every single one of these?

celina Yeah. Is there a problem?

alab Just that one of them... no. It's fine.

celina You sure?

alab Easy. Just business, right?

celina Right. Okay, I'm getting some sleep. You need to be back here at 7am, we got a busy day tomorrow.

Dawn by the highway

In a ditch by a highway, Kalil is digging a small grave. The sound of trucks swooping past, the first daylight brightening the sky. Alab approaches through the weeds.

alab Kalil! Hey, Kalil!

kalil Well if it isn't the fashion blog office boy. Making sure the influencers get their eyelash botox samples on time, Alab?

alab Kalil, I left you a message. I'm ready to join. What's the next mission? I'm in.

kalil Pass me that fox.

Alab gives Kalil a fox carcass, and Kalil reverently places it in the grave.

kalil You didn't deserve to be hit by a car, little brother. In your next life, come back as a goose and take down a passenger plane by flying through the engine.

Kalil begins to fill in the grave.

I got kids yapping at my heels all day wanting to do a mission, Alab. I need people with skills.

alab It's not my first time, man.

kalil Yeah I heard what happened in Scotland. We had a test for you.

alab They're fine.

kalil Those are rare frogs, Alab, if you've dropped them in a pond at the bottom of someone's garden, I'll -

Alab shows Kalil a photo on his phone.

alab They're fine.

kalil That mould, is that *Geotrichum candidum*? And what are those insects?

alab Just regular mosquitoes, man.

kalil That's very good, that's ideal. They're safe? Well, you might just turn out to be halfway useful, kid.

Alab's phone rings. In a second, Kalil has Alab in an armlock. He takes Alab's phone off him.

kalil You wearing a wire, motherfucker? Is that what this is?

alab No, it's just my phone - Kalil -

Kalil answers the phone. Celina is on the other end.

kalil Is this the police?

celina No, it's Celina from SheSquad. Is Alab there?

kalil Yeah, he's here.

celina Tell him, I'm ordering the toys now, but in the buttplugs, they only have Large and Extra Large. Do you know what size he'd prefer?

kalil I'm gonna guess... Large.

celina Thanks. Can you tell him hurry up? I need to do some things to his perineum.

Kalil hangs up and gives the phone back to Alab.

alab We cool?

kalil Yeah.

alab Am I in?

kalil We're doing something at the zoo this week. Be ready.

Dress Ups

Celina's house. There are costume items and sex toys laid out all over the bed and furniture. Celina is dressing in some kind of erotic attire, probably a sexy platypus costume. Alab is laying out sex toys on the bed.

celina Alright, vibrators. The rabbit, the dolphin, the clownfish, the air suction clit stimulator, and that Hitachi vibrator that runs off a car battery.

alab Check.

celina Okay so this is my plan. I think if we're smart, we can string them together, 1-2-3-4 and so on, for maximum speed and efficiency. We move from vulva licks to 69s to blindfolds to hair pulling to using the vibrator on my neck, bang bang bang bang. How much do you come?

alab What? Like how many spasms?

celina There's like four that vary on where you're supposed to ejaculate, and I think we can do them all together. Start by you coming on my stomach, then on my ass, then on your ass, then in your hair...

alab How am I supposed to ejaculate in my own hair?

celina Hmm, how far do you normally jizz?

alab Maybe this far?

celina Well maybe we need to turn you over mid-orgasm so your wang is here and your head is here, and then you can just come downwards in an arc on to your own head.

Alab tries getting into this weird handstand position.

alab I don't know if I can come upside down.

Celina quietly appreciating Alab's athleticism, collects herself.

celina Man I have to do three times as much dress-ups as you in this list, this is bullshit.

alab Well give me some of it, I'll wear some.

Celina gestures to the clothes.

alab I'm not wearing the leather gimp mask.

celina You actually have a really nice mouth. It'd be cute if that was all you could see of your face.

alab I can't tell if you're joking.
celina Gimp mask or French maid's outfit.
alab Fine.

Alab begins putting on an apron, lacy bonnet and feather duster.

celina Okay, let's get to it: Number 11. 'He blindfolds her, ties her hands together with soft rope, sits her in a chair and gives her cunnilingus.'
alab Top of the list of pussies I never wanted to lick.
celina Less talk more nibbling. 'While he gently laves her with his tongue, the couple listen to 90s hiphop and R&B.' Do you have a 90s hiphop tune you like?
alab That TLC song.
celina Waterfalls.
alab The one about not wanting a scrub.
celina You like No Scrubs more than Waterfalls?
alab It's a better song.
celina This is why we have no chemistry - you're wrong about everything.

(Actually the best TLC song is Ain't 2 Proud 2 Beg)

alab Can you shut up while I give you oral pleasure please. What do you like?

celina I like slow licks up the left outer labia. No strokes over the top of the mound. Rest your tongue flat on the hood of my clit but not the head. Drag tongue tip down the right outer labia, then short tongue thrust into the entrance of the vagina. Slowly up the left labia...

alab You have a routine?

celina ...I don't like surprises.

alab Never let your guard down, do you. Alright, where's the rope?

Alab starts binding Celina's wrists behind her back (with something soft).

celina Left wrist over the right. Do a reef knot so I can't pull free.

alab I got it.

celina And sit the knot tight just above my wrist, and then pull my hands back behind the chair -

alab Celina. You don't have to control every second. I got you. Just relax.

Alab blindfolds Celina gently but purposefully. He rests a hand on the back of her neck, and then slowly traces his fingers along her jaw. She rests her cheek into his hand and we can see the tension run out of her. It's tender and intimate.

Alab kneels between her legs, and slowly spreads her knees. A heated, vulnerable moment.

alab You okay?

celina ...yes.

Alab dips his head and begins to eat her out. A long, electric moment, and then, softly...

celina ♪ So no, I don't want your number
No, I don't want to give you mine... ♪

It's hard to give head while laughing, but Alab does his best.

celina ♪ No, I don't want no scrub
A scrub is a guy that can't get no
love from me
Hangin' out the passenger side
Of his best friend's ride
Trying to holla at me... ♪

Malaine - Bottom to Bottom

There's a deep rumble through the seminar space. Heavy breathing maybe, or an animal growl, but pitched way, way down to the point where it's like a subsonic rumble. It gradually ebbs over the first part of Malaine's speech.

malaine

You came here tonight because you're miserable, you're weak. Because no-one respects you. But the truth is, you chose to be this way. The universe wanted you to be powerful and triumphant, and you put up walls.

Sexual energy is life force. You stopped it from flowing, and that's where your problems started. All that stress and anxiety you're carrying around, that's the manifestation of your blocked sex drive.

Look at me - do you think this all happened by accident? I wasn't born like this, I made this happen. I'll tell you a secret: I used to be a real estate agent. I had a partner, monogamous relationship, we had sex twice a week, no frills. We were in love. It was nice, it was all we wanted. But people just... You know, death is always present, right? At any moment, you can feel its cold breath on the back of your neck.

Now hands up, has anyone heard of a field of research called Evolutionary Psychology? Great, could someone

Malaine continues to talk, silently, as the lighting shifts to become much darker, flickering lamplight.

o_o

This is sex coach Malaine Gutierrez, on her final book tour. A few minutes from now, she'll be dead.

What's exciting is that even as she's talking, her book has already made its way into the hands of this young couple. Malaine doesn't realise it, but they've already lit the fuse, knocked over the first domino, set the whole chain of events in action. And the world is going to be a very different place by the end of the week.

Malaine is about to be their first victim. But not the last. What you're seeing here is a world on the edge of change. That's exciting, right? That's a mood.

The glitch suddenly concludes, the sound and lights return to normal, and we are back in the conference room with Malaine.

malaine

...so we're gonna take a good hard look at anal sex, from top to bottom. Or, as they say, from bottom to bottom.

High Vis Anal

The next morning: an outdoor supplies store. From behind the shelves, furious snarls and hisses expressing Alab's pain and displeasure. A shop assistant approaches cautiously.

staff Can I help you?

Celina emerges from behind the shelves, dressed but wearing a strap-on dildo and harness.

celina Yes, I'm looking for a gas camping stove. I'm doing an expedition up Denali, as in, the highest mountain in North America. And really, at that height, staying hydrated is the most crucial thing, but at the same time, the boiling point of liquid lowers as the atmosphere thins out.

staff ...

celina What I'm saying is, right at the point where you most need a hot cup of tea, the tea itself is less hot!

staff ...they're over there.

celina Thank you.

The shop assistant leaves. Celina turns to where Alab is sitting, looking like a guy who's just had an intense experience.

celina Alab that mosquito bite on your ass has gotten worse. It's swollen right up.

alab That is a minor concern in terms of things wrong with my ass right now.

celina I was so tender!

alab Two stars, Celina. How about you, you okay?

celina You were not tender. But I'm an amazon warrior, and it was fine.

alab That was some A-grade ass sex. I was like a ghost in there, I was so gentle I might not have even been there.

celina No you were definitely there.

alab What do you even like, Celina?

celina I like normal things. What are normal people into?

alab I don't know, worrying about being normal? You liked sitting on my face while I ate you out.

celina I liked sitting on your face.

alab You liked the nipple clamps.

celina I a little bit liked the nipple clamps.

alab When I tied you up and called you names, you orgasmed all over the furniture.

celina Yeah I did, but... I don't know. I don't like being powerless.

alab I don't think you have to be in control to be powerful. When you surrender, when you submit, you have all the power. It's all about you, you can stop it any time, you call the shots. We pretend I'm in charge, that's the game - but we both know: power's at the bottom. I have as much as you let me have.

celina Maybe, I... Anyway, what about you, Alab? What's your thing?

alab I don't know. I think nature is sexy. Primal pure nature, like a lightning storm is sexy, or a wave crashing on you is sexy.

celina I don't think that's true.

alab What do you mean?

celina You liked it when I bit you. You liked it when I came all over you. You liked it when the vibrator broke in half and electrocuted us. I think you want to be turned on by pure nature because you're a good ethical conservationist, but really I think you like it when it's messy and contaminated and fucked.

alab That's not true, I -

celina Alab, it's all good. You can't control what you love.

The store assistant is back with the stoves!

staff So, your choice is between canister stoves and liquid fuel stoves.

celina Jesus how long have you been there?

staff Canisters are low maintenance while liquid fuel stoves offer greater stability on uneven ground -

celina Bring me that one.

staff Which one?

celina All of them, just all the stoves, giftwrapped, immediately. Now.

The staff member retreats again.

celina 22 down, 22 to go. Come on, grab your things. I need to drink some water, I've ejaculated so many times I think I'm clinically dehydrated.

alab You really put yourself through hell for this job, don't you?

celina I wrote a manuscript.

alab What?

celina A book manuscript. I thought, if I could stick it out long enough, Irene might give me a job contract. Then I could pay my rent while I try to publish it in a proper journal.

alab You want to be an academic?

celina I want to be a real writer.

alab I think you are a real writer.

celina Real writers write for academic journals, not trash blogs.

alab I don't think you need a degree to write something real. You just need to be honest.

celina Well it doesn't matter, anyway. Irene found my manuscript and deleted it. So, forget that dream.

alab No, don't forget that dream. Come on, what does the sex book say? 'Manifest the power of your fiery pussy.' What do you want? Say it.

celina I want to be a writer.

alab Go on.

celina I want to be a famous writer.

alab Yes.

celina I want to change the world.

alab Manifest it! Demand it!

celina I'm gonna change the world.

alab Yeah you fucking are.

celina I'm gonna get Irene to give me an actual job contract, I'm gonna publish my book, write things that make people's hair stand on end, and I'm going to live in a house with no insects or animals crawling in the walls, like an actual human being!

alab Yes!

celina What about you, Alab?

alab Celina I want to borrow your warehouse this week to carry out a major criminal act.

celina Yes you fucking can, Alab Delusa! Wait, what?

alab I'm sick of little activist stunts, I want to do something big.

celina ...okay. Yeah, fuck it. Go on, borrow the warehouse. Make nature scary. Be the animal activist you were born to be. The universe says YES.

alab Thank you, Celina!

celina Now you got someone to rope into the orgy tomorrow night, right?

alab ...sure.

Sixth Extinction / Fetish Ecology

o_o

it all started that week and it was
beautiful

the world came unstitched
the wild came back
and we welcomed it with joy and
gratitude

we saw the waters rise in the
subways
the eels fill the flooded tunnels
the jellyfish blooming in shallow
water

we saw the rain blow in the windows
and rot the walls

the squirrels and lizards chew
through the floorboards
the hawks nest in the abandoned
skyscrapers

the bears catching fish in old
canals

the dingoes hunting foxes on the
train tracks

we saw armadillos sleeping in old
gas pipes

turtles hatching in childrens'
playgrounds

baboons bathing in city fountains
redbelly black snakes breeding in
heating vents

cobwebs strung across doorways
leopards hanging sheep carcasses on
street signs

Military Gear,
headphones,
helmets

Pony play, cow
play, human
cats, human
parrots

Furries, toons,
werewolves,
plushies

Erotic Eating,
turkey men,
oral engulfment

Asphyxiation,
smoking fetish

Cars, gas pedal
pumping, stuck
in mud

Leg warmers,
angora
sweaters, Santa
suits

Shoes, doc
martens, fuzzy
slippers, clogs

Messy Fun,
mudlarking,
sploshing, pie
play

lions and wolves binging on herds
 of cattle

 and we sang and we danced and we
 celebrated
 when the floods overwhelmed the
 dams
 sent waters pouring downstream over
 the cities
 when the sharks swam up the flooded
 fields and dragged horses down
 into the water
 the wet sound of cracking bones

 we watched the oil tankers left
 uncrewed
 their hulls corroding, spilling oil
 into the sea

 we saw the petrochemical refineries
 collapsing
 burning butane, propane, gasoline,
 ethylene
 weeks of fire pouring chemicals
 into the sky

 we saw layers of soil drifted in on
 the wind
 moths fluttering in the unstreetlit
 dark

 we saw other humans surviving, here
 and there
 in little bands and tribes
 camping in the remains of cities
 hunted by wolves, hunted by tigers,
 hunted by bears, hunted by
 crocodiles, hunted by snakes

 and we were delighted by all of it
 it was like music it was like sex it
 was like falling in love
 the glory, the glory

saline injections,
 catheterisation,
 nurse uniforms

Body inflation,
 breast
 expansion,
 nose growth,
 bubblegum

Balloons, hot
 water bottles,
 inflatable
 boats, rubber
 clothes

Sacrilege,
 priests,
 nuns, demons,
 vampires

Embarrassment,
 public nudity,
 clothes
 ripping, human
 furniture

Explosions,
 breaking
 dishes, burst
 plastic bags,
 popping
 pimples, atomic
 bomb fantasies

Crushing,
 trampling,
 spanking,
 tickling

Haircuts, shaving,
 armpits

Surfing

Alab and Kalil dressed in wetsuits down by the river. Kalil is standing on the river's edge flicking through a copy of Malaine's book. Alab is on his belly, immersed in the river, fixing a steel plate over an outflow pipe with epoxy.

kalil This is wild, man. You've done all this in three days? Have you slept?

alab Can't sleep, too busy counting thrusts. Four deep, followed by eleven shallow, five deep, eight shallow...

kalil Do you have to do the thing where you hold yourself off from coming? I have this whole process where if I start getting close to orgasm when I don't want to be, I imagine those guys in that Red Hot Chilli Peppers band have walked into the room, takes me right back off the edge.

alab I've come so many times this week, my biggest fantasy is that one day I'll be allowed to stop orgasming.

kalil That's it, pull downwards towards the riverbed. Nearly there. You're really gonna do all 44? You're capable?

alab Why not?

kalil Well everyone's got something they can't do. Like I won't use toys in sex, in case she leaves me for her vibrator. They do that, the ladies. Everyone has a line.

alab No, man, I got it.

kalil What about number 41?

alab Yeah, that one.

kalil I would've thought, after the wolf thing...

alab It'll be fine. I won't think about it, and... I can do it.

kalil Alright, my turn.

Alab gets up, hands Kalil the epoxy. Kalil lies down in the water and continues to fit the steel plate over the pipe.

alab So look, Kalil, the zoo thing this week...

kalil We're going to break in and illegally feed the animals.

alab That's it?

kalil Give them some real food. None of this defrosted mice business, feed the lions some proper GM-free grassfed beef, you know?

alab Let me ask something. You still got that boat you used for the Tasmania job, right?

kalil Yeah, on the river.

alab Well then fuck breaking in and feeding the animals. Let's show some goddamn ambition. Here's my plan. On Thursday, you bring four trucks to the zoo,

ready to load. Can you get someone into the zoo's ops centre?

kalil

Easy, that's just a swipe card.

alab

All that person has to do is trigger the fire alarm. Now on any given day, about 60% of the animals are indoors in their enclosures. When the alarm goes, those animals get moved into secure travel pens ready to evacuate. That's when you guys arrive in fire service fatigues. It takes four minutes to get the animals in the pens, it takes the fire department 11 minutes to arrive. That gives you a seven minute window to load those animals on the trucks and get out.

kalil

And go where?

alab

That's where I come in. You're going to drive right into the city, down near the water. There's a warehouse that backs on to the river. No cameras, no cops. We load those animals through the warehouse right on to the boat.

kalil

And then?

alab

And then we take them home. Polar bears to the Arctic, cobras to India, tigers to Sumatra. Restore the motherfucking natural order.

kalil

That'll take years.

alab

Time to stop thinking small, man. Plug into that universal energy like our primitive ancestors.

kalil

You are fucking crazy, Alab Delusa. Alright, we're nearly there. Help me secure this last edge.

Alab and Kalil adjust the steel plate over the mouth of the pipe.

kalil We got 25 minutes before that chemical plant realises their outflow pipe is no longer pumping PCBs into the river. Alright, I'm in. What do you need to make this happen?

alab I got it sorted. But actually, maybe one favour. Some of the sex acts are for multiple partners...

kalil You need an extra cock in the mix?

alab Just a common or garden orgy. Tomorrow night?

kalil I got you.

Blood Transfusions

Irene's office. Irene is hooked up to a small drip - one end in her wrist, the other end attached to a blood bag hanging from a drone. Celina knocks on the door and enters.

celina Irene, I wanted to - oh shit, are you okay?

irene Valderrama, come in! Just getting my weekly infusion of fresh Type-0 negative delivered to me by drone, like it's 2017 all over again. You nailed your way through that book yet? I've taken on extra advertising, there's a whole Filipino plastic surgery chain that've booked ads just based on this article. They love the concept: so much sex, so little time. This is a new financial avenue for us, I'm trying to negotiate tie-in sponsorship terms for the Asian market without being taken for a ride, it's a hurricane of money. Except in south-east Asia, it would be referred to as a typhoon. Exciting times, Valderrama, do you feel the crackle of opportunity in the air?

celina Irene, I need... I need a job contract.

irene You what?

celina I need you to employ me properly, and give me an actual wage, because... because my vagina is a ball of light and I manifest the universe

through it. And if you can't give me a contract, then I can't finish the review.

irene Are you trying to hardball me, Valderrama?

celina I'm not, I just -

irene You literally walk into my office and start making demands. I could hire someone to kill you, you know that? I have the tab open in Chrome.

celina ...sorry.

irene Celina do you know what I found this morning, automatically backed up to my private drive?

celina My manuscript?

irene Much to my chagrin, as you can imagine. I was going to delete it, but then I thought, if Celina does a good job on the review, maybe I'll give it back to her. But based on this ultimatum I've just received, I guess you're not that fussed.

celina I am. I am fussed.

irene Are you? Are you going to write me the review?

celina ...yes.

irene Good. Now take this needle out of my arm. Don't look at me like that, it's just horse blood.

Celina unhappily removes the needle from Irene's veins, Irene bandages her forearm.

irene Seems like you found yourself a spine somewhere, Valderrama. I respect that. So: you give me that review, you get a job contract. Full benefits, the whole package. And then maybe I can speak with some of my academic publisher friends about your manuscript.

celina Thank you. Thank you, Irene.

irene Now I've got a champagne breakfast with nine Silicon Valley Facebook prison pioneers to talk about the future of open-incarceration prisons where convicts stay in their own homes wearing immobilising ankle bracelets rather than costing society millions every year to be housed in expensive facilities, so if you don't mind...

Celina exits - and finds Remely at her desk.

celina Remely, your sister's place - I'll take it.

remely Celina, they need someone who can pay.

celina Guess which motherfucker just got a job contract. I'll pay the deposit on Friday. I'm in.

Malaine - Waterfall of Orgasms

The conference room is starting to glitch more frequently, Malaine's colours are starting to run, she is artifacting like a badly downloaded file.

malaine

...you can't trust anyone to stick around. They say they'll be there forever, then next second, they're dead. Just like that. You go on holiday together to a resort on an island and they get bitten or stung by something and they go to the hotel room to lie down for an hour and then 48 hours later they're gone. And you're alone. And what if you can't handle it, what if you just unravel -

glitch

malaine

...the thing about orgies is, you can just go orgy to orgy for weeks, months, without paying rent, you can have a threesome or a fiveway and then afterwards you sleep on the couch or in the driveway, use their shower and their toothpaste and their wifi, and no-one even asks who you are, or checks your purse to make sure you haven't taken anything, it's a completely sustainable lifestyle -

glitch

malaine

- I feel good all the time, yes, I never cry, yes my life is a waterfall of orgasms, just, yes, orgasm, yes, orgasm, yes, orgasm, yes, I say yes -

glitch

o_o

I'm not saying everything that happened that week was good. I'm not saying Malaine deserved to die that night in the middle of her book tour. I'm not saying it's good that she got her throat torn out by a lynx in front of a crowd of people.

What I'm saying is, I'm grateful. That young couple, the writer and the activist, I'm grateful for what they did.

Yes, a lot of people died - but that was already going to happen. The way the world was back then, it was heading for disaster.

I know it's not easy - trust me, I know - but you have to fall in love with the new world, even while you grieve the old. You have to fall in love with the chaos and panic, you have to let it break over you like a wave.

glitch

malaine

- I'm okay I'm okay I yes I'm okay I
yes I say yes I'm okay I say yes I say
yes I say yes I say -

o_o

#23. Watch footage of yourself making
love.

*And another glitch, and this time it utterly destroys Malaine
- she is fragmented into dust, destroyed pixel by pixel, choking
as the seminar room stutters into darkness.*

The sound of the wind, the sound of water, darkness.

Orgy

Celina's warehouse. Celina and Remely are watching footage of Alab and Celina on a laptop.

- celina This is stupid, why do people watch porn of themselves?
- remely Maybe because it's beautiful to see yourself lost in pleasure? He does have a weird-shaped dick, it's true, but you could set your watch to those thrusts. Pound, pound, pound...
- celina I don't go to the movies to watch people do things I can do myself. If I watch porn I want to see someone getting a wristie while skydiving or something.
- remely Jesus, I'm getting bitten non-stop. Your mosquitoes are getting worse.
- celina Yeah, they seem to like the frogs.
- remely So are you enjoying this?
- celina I mean, moments. You know when they get that look in their eye like they could pick you up and throw you on the bed without breaking a sweat, but they don't, but they could?
- remely This is Alab Delusa, who's been stomping around the office for six months sneering at everyone. You're into him, aren't you?

celina

It's the book, Remely. I know it's crazy, but it's working. I've switched on to my primal self, and look: Irene is giving me a job contract, I'm gonna get my thesis back, I'm moving into a new apartment. Like Malaine says, you just gotta not give a shit and demand what you want.

Celina's phone rings.

celina

Like watch this. Datu, great to hear from you. How's it going, you sound stressed. Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, Datu. You're sure, no sign of that rent money? Why might that be, let me think... Wait, I know why: cause I didn't pay it.

Am I going to? No, sweetcheeks, I don't think I am. Because I am moving out, my friend, I'm moving to a real apartment, where the walls connect to the floor.

Back paying, are you kidding me? Datu, my ancesors didn't evolve over millions of years so I could backpay some dipshit. You wanna evict me, honeybuns, evict me.

Tomorrow? Fine. Bring your locksmith, I don't even give a shit.

remely

Uhh, Celina...

celina Wait - tomorrow? No, not tomorrow.
Next week. This weekend. Not tomorrow.
Not tomorrow, Datu -

Datu has hung up.

celina Shit. Uh. I'm okay to move into your
sister's place tomorrow, right?

remely Yeah, but didn't you tell Alab he
could...

Knock at the door.

celina It's fine.

remely But isn't he planning -

celina Remely, let me just check with my
inner goddess. It's fine. Okay?

remely Okay.

celina Just don't mention it to him.

Celina opens the door, Alab and Kalil enter.

celina Hey, welcome, come in. I'm Celina.

kalil Kalil.

remely I'm Remely Cupal, I'm a writer for SheSquad and I'm also here for the orgy.

alab Hi Remely.

remely Kalil, Celina tells me you're an activist who smuggles Tasmanian Devils to the Australian mainland.

celina Remely.

alab Celina.

kalil Alab.

remely I'm into it. I once smuggled 55 packets of Cyclobenzaprine into a nightclub to sell as ecstasy to teenagers, two of them nearly died.

kalil Look, Tasmanian Devils lived on the mainland as recently as 3,000 years ago, so they're evolved to fit that ecological niche -

remely Sorry I look like I'm listening, but I haven't had sex in ages and my adrenaline's going like crazy, so when you open your mouth all I hear is a distant buzzing.

celina Okay cool, well, thanks everyone for coming along. We've got a bit of choreography to work through. We start with two menages.

kalil Different kinds of sex sandwich?

remely I Am Okay To Be Double-Teamed.

celina Then we move on to two couples side by side. Opposite genders and then same genders.

kalil Wait, do I have to go down on Alab?

alab Like a two minute blowjob.

kalil You'd better've trimmed your fucking pubes, mate.

celina And then it's really a free-for-all omnidirectional gang bang.

kalil One question before we begin: your... lady garden has been through some intense activity this week, yeah?

celina Yes?

kalil Well, in my limited understanding, a woman's vulva is an ecology. A tidal pool, you know, constantly in flux with the phases of the moon, home to a delicate balance of microbiota, and if that ebb and flow were interrupted by a sudden spike in intercourse, could it knock that balance...

celina Are you asking if I have thrush?

alab She doesn't have thrush.

celina By some miracle I don't have thrush.

remely Bonkers UTI tho, I bet.

They start taking off their clothes.

remely Alab, what happened to your throat?

kalil He hasn't told you about Scotland?

celina

What happened?

kalil

Alab smuggled a pack of wolves into Scotland. All by himself. Way I heard it, he set them loose in the highlands west of Inverness, but then a farmer shot the alpha male in the shoulder. So Alab is trying to clean this bullet wound, but the wolf is panicking and in pain, and all of a sudden it just tackles him, throws him on his back and sinks its teeth into his throat.

Now in that situation, you got two options. You could shoot the wolf, in which case the wolf's dead. Or you could show signs of fear, in which case it'll tear your throat out, and you're dead.

celina

What did he do?

kalil

Alab?

alab

Nothing.

celina

Nothing?

alab

You just relax and let the wolf do its thing. Submit to the experience, smile like you're having a good time. The wolf is confused because you seem like you're enjoying it instead of fighting, so it gets confused and eventually lets you go.

celina

After how long?

alab

Three minutes?

celina

You let a wolf crush your throat in its jaws for three minutes without reacting?

kalil That's nothing compared to what he's brewed up for this week. They're gonna remember you after this, Alab Delusa, you're gonna change the world.

alab We should get into it.

celina Okay, #29: 'two males, one female, starting out lying on a bed, beginning with a kiss...'

MUSIC: Skee Mask - Soundboy Ext

Lights dim, the characters move together, bodies begin to touch. We hear sex noises begin, quietly at first, but then gradually building.

The characters all line up at microphones. We begin to get the sonic experience of the orgy.

If there's one moment in this whole show where the representation of sex should be subtle, tasteful, evocative, and y'know, sexy, it's here. That breath that catches in the throat, the moan that's just on the edge of hearing, the firm whispered instruction to move here, like this, like this... you get what I mean.

Audio effects on the voices continue, the sound gets deeper, more abstract and layered, breaths now become a deep roaring wind, a moan like an avalanche, flesh thumping into flesh now become tearing earthquakes.

A beat begins to rise in the mix, some kind of increasingly urgent pounding. Malaine's looping voice ('yes I say yes I say yes') joins the others in a tidal wave of ecstatic surrender.

yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes yes yes yes yes

yes yes yes yes yes

yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes yes yes

yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
yes

yes yes yes yes

yes yes

Deep Futures

And as the orgy climaxes, the lights flare up, the set breaks open and we finally see the space we're in. The lecture theatre where Malaine has been talking, the rooms where Alab and Celina's story has taken place, all of them exist within this larger space: the belly of a ship, below the waterline.

It's an old data farm - stacks of hard drives in rows, lit by torchlight - electric torches or lanterns or fire. We are in the deep future. The machinery is corroded and old, moss has grown over the electronics.

Or perhaps the lights cut out altogether, and this whole next sequence happens in total darkness.

We can hear animals everywhere now, rumbles and growls and snarls and hisses. We might see them, too, or at least glimpses - eyes shining in the dark, something moving up in the lighting rig, the flap of owl wings, the patchy fur of a gaunt polar bear. The sound of turtle shells bumping against the ship's hull echoes eerily.

Malaine is a hologram, weakly glitching and crackling. Beside her, dressed in ragged woollen clothes, is an old woman, o_o.

malaine

- I say yes I say yes I say yes I say
yes I say yes I say yes I say yes I
say yes I say yes I say yes I say yes
I say yes I say yes -

o_o

So you see me now, you see me now! All
muscles tense, all eyeballs wide and
staring. You breathe this damp sticky
air. This is where we are and it's
almost too beautiful to bear.

I came here after the cities flooded. I walked for a long time, until by accident I found this ship. An old data farm from the first decades of the century, 80 years old now and still afloat. You can see the stacks of hard drives covered in moss, the generators drowned in salt. I came down to the cargo hold below the waterline and I'm still here, all these years later.

You can hear the animals moving. Owl wings flapping, turtle shells bumping against the hull, snakes rustling in the walls. And you can see, sometimes, a glimpse of polar bear fur between the slats, the eyes shining in the dark. But we're careful, and we stay quiet.

Down here in the hard drives I found the last remaining recording of Malaine Gutierrez, from the night she died.

malaine

...after her funeral, it all went dark for me. I don't remember much from that time. I didn't eat, I didn't sleep. Real estate agent Malaine didn't make it, I had to leave her behind. That's when I became the goddess. I started fucking, you know, yes, anyone, yes non-stop constant fucking, yes and when you fuck hard enough, long enough, you don't feel anything, yes, no pain, no grief, yes, I say yes I say yes I say yes -

o_o

This is from a few moments before the lynx... (throat torn out gesture) We'll turn the volume down - not that anything's going to try and break in here, but... just in case.

o_o turns down Malaine's volume and she continues in silence.

o_o

People use words like 'collapse', 'breakdown' or 'massive casualties', but that's a very negative lens. What happened that week wasn't the end of the world. There is no end. There's no apocalypse. It was a transition, it was change.

Yes, a lot of people died. Friends, family, we all lost people. My lover was one of the first to go, I held their hand while they slipped away. It hurt. It still hurts.

But so many beautiful things happened too. We saw the politicians and CEOs vanish, like paper in a fire. We saw the wild come back. The trees crack through the pavement. The tides rising. The skyscrapers beginning to fall.

Yes, we live like feral animals. You lose a hand to a shark, you lose a child to a hyena. But this is the kind of creature we really are - sometimes we're predator, sometimes we're prey.

Back in the first decades of this century, humans were trying to be something we're not. We were trying to be untouchable, outside nature.

That young couple didn't cause the crisis. It's not their fault we have to sleep in caves and hunt fish with spears. The crisis began thousands of years ago when one species started getting out of hand. If anything, that young couple, they ended it.

24 hours before deadline. 35 sex acts complete.

BDSM

The sound of waves and surf builds up to a roar. The lights pulse, a slow strobe or a barely visible flicker. As o_o lists the acts, we see flashes of Alab and Celina in urgent, heated tableaux. Different sex acts, expressing different kinds of power play.

o_o

36. 37. 38. 39. 40.

Alab pushes Celina hard against the wall, spreads her legs, pulls her hair, bites her shoulder. They're genuinely both turned on, it's heated and urgent. It's on the verge of being out of control, as fierce and hungry and furious as sex ever gets.

(fwiw, this is one of the moments in this story where they do it right, even if accidentally. it's honest and hungry and a little scary, but they're checking in with each other with their bodies if not their words, and there may be pain, but it's all safe and he doesn't, for example, jerk her neck around or anything. It all depends on the physical vocabulary you've decided on for this show, but the feeling here is: electric.)

alab

More?

celina

More.

Alab spins her around and presses her up against the wall, their faces close.

celina Now choke me.

alab What?

celina #41: 'He puts his hands around her throat and constricts her breathing while they fuck.'

alab Okay.

Alab tries but can't bring himself to do it.

alab I... I can't.

celina I consent. I consent.

He tries again and can't.

alab I'm sorry. I can't, not even pretend.

celina All you have to do is put your hands around my throat and cut off my air, it's not a big thing.

alab I know. I thought I could, but... no.

celina Alab you can't come this far and then throw me under the bus. We are so close. For god's sake - man up and choke me.

alab Do you not see that I'm trying?

celina I'm sorry, it's just, I thought you said you could do the whole thing, so -

alab I thought I could...

celina We're on a countdown, Alab, we don't have time for -

Loud knocking at the door.

alab Who is that?

celina Maybe it's Kalil with the animals?

alab They're still at the zoo, they're not due for hours.

Datu's voice from the other side of the door.

datu Valderrama! It's Datu, open up!

celina It's my landlord.

alab What does he want?

celina I'm moving out.

alab When?

celina Sort of... now.

More banging.

datu I'm getting the locksmith, Celina!

alab You knew this was gonna happen. You let me plan this whole thing with Kalil and you didn't say anything.

celina I just, I thought we could get it all done before they got here... Alab if I'd told you, you wouldn't have stuck around. Look, I have a plan. We finish the sex, I write the review. You get 40% of the commission and I get my manuscript back and Irene helps me find a publisher...

alab Celina, Irene's not giving you your manuscript back. She's going to keep dangling it front of you to make you do what she says.

celina Trust me Alab, I've got it under control.

alab Celina, you're not in control of anything. You don't control the future, you don't control Irene, and you don't control me.

Alab grabs his things, pulls a flash drive from his bag.

alab It's your manuscript. I stole it off Irene's private drive. I was gonna giftwrap it, but... fuck it.

He throws her the flash drive and walks out.

Infrafauna

In the belly of the ship, deep future. The sound of animals, the flicker of lanternlight.

o_o

Truth is, we didn't know what we were doing.

I had plans, I had ambitions. Alab did too. We just lit the fuse, we didn't think about consequences.

I had other things on my mind. I was preoccupied. I'd fallen in love.

Dark Night of the Soul

Celina sits in the SheSquad office, reading her printed thesis. Remely is adding pictures to Celina's review.

remely Celina, it's great. It's detailed, it's dirty, you even got in the bit where I complained that Kalil's wang was too cold - we just need an ending, and we can hit publish. What is it?

celina The frogs are dead. They got some kind of amphibian disease. I fucked that up too.

remely Look, you did what you had to. He wasn't worth throwing your whole future over for. I mean, he was great, and I know he was great because that cock just kept on going, but he was a means to an end. You don't need him.

celina Actually Remely, I think I might.

remely Shit. Well then, yes, you blew it. But look on the bright side - you got your manuscript back! You're going to publish it in some academic journal and you can finally be a real writer.

celina Wait a minute - say that again?

remely I said you're finally going to write something real.

celina Someone told me you don't need a degree to write something real -

remely

I'm sorry?

celina

- you just need to be honest. Remely,
move over. I know how to finish the
review.

Celina starts typing.

Zoo Raid

On the street, Kalil pulls up in a truck. Leaps out as Alab walks to meet him.

kalil Alab, what's up? We're here, all four trucks. Clean sweep, man, zebras, hawks, tapirs, bears... You'd think it's the crocodiles that would give the most trouble, but it's the fucking hippos, those things are human hole punches, I swear. Open the warehouse, let's go.

alab Warehouse is locked.

kalil You what?

alab Celina got evicted. The landlord's in there now. I'm sorry, Kalil. Plan's off.

kalil So what are we supposed to do? Do you want us to take them back to the zoo and get a refund? You have screwed us, Alab, you have completely screwed us! We were trying to restore the natural order, you remember that? Return these animals to where they belong, not throw them all in the back of a truck and take them nowhere. This isn't pure primal nature, this is messy and contaminated and fucked.

alab That's right.

kalil What did you say? What are you smiling for?

alab There's no pure primal nature, Kalil.
 It doesn't exist, it never has.
 Nature's not beautiful, it's not pure,
 it's not separate from us. Nature is
 messy, it's contaminated, it's fucked.

kalil Alab, get away from those doors. What
 the fuck's the matter with you, man? I
 thought you loved nature.

alab I do. And you can't control what you
 love.

Kalil flees. Alab throws open the door of the trucks - and - and
-

Published Article!

Celina at her desk at SheSquad, Irene enters.

irene

Celina. Got a little present for you, it's a 180 peso gift voucher for a one-off skin whitening treatment at a Belo Plastic Surgery Clinic next time you're in Manila, and maybe more immediately relevant, a full-time work contract.

Irene hands Celina a bundle of paperwork.

irene

Fortnightly pay, sick leave, don't join a union or I'll fucking kill you. That's a joke, because legally I can't say that except as as a joke.

celina

I didn't do all 44.

irene

I'm well aware, but your article went properly crazy. Servers in meltdown, people love it or hate it, and if they hate it they're still sharing and commenting. Now you get some rest, cause next week you're writing a new feature, 'I Fucked Nine Of The Best Intimacy Bots On The Market And Here's Why They're Better Than A Real Partner.' Don't start thinking, by the way, that because you've had a successful story you're secure - you

are a speck of dust, Valderrama, and I can wipe you away like I wipe the sleep from my eyes - are you... what's the matter with you?

Celina is visibly turned on.

celina It just makes me wet when you threaten me, Irene. Keep going.

irene Um. Okay. So, about your manuscript - I know I said I'd give it to you if you finished the article, but funny thing, there was a fire at the server farm where our data is kept, they call it The Cloud, I call it Poorly Ventilated Hard Drives In India - but we'll get it back, maybe if you do a good job on your next article -

celina Irene, I've got the manuscript.

Celina holds up the flash drive Alab gave her, throws it to Irene.

celina I don't want it.

irene You don't... what?

celina I don't want to publish this. I just want to stay at SheSquad being exploited by you.

irene What did you just say? Valderrama if you dare -

celina Irene if you keep yelling at me I will orgasm all over your office furniture right now.

Irene legit does not know what to say to this.

celina I don't have to publish in academic journals to be a real writer, Irene. I saw those page view numbers. I'm can stay here and write what I want, and you'll publish it, because you need me.

irene Listen to me, you fucking -

celina Keep going, threaten me!

irene Valderrama I will eviscerate you -

celina Yessssssss...

Extremely restrained workplace orgasm.

irene ...

celina Irene you'll pay me what I'm worth, publish what I give you, and if you threaten me or abuse me, I will get off on it. Okay?

Possibly said while wiping off the seat with a tissue, whatever makes this more excruciating.

irene ...okay.

celina We'll pretend you're in charge, that's the game. But we both know: power's at the bottom. You have as much as I let you have. Off you go, now.

irene Um, look... I've got tea and scones with the credit card fraud squad, so I'll... bye.

Irene backs out awkwardly.

Aight motherfuckers, let's hear Celina's article!

Animals take the streets!

Alab opens the back of the truck, and the animals take the streets. It is wild and chaotic with animal sounds. (Alab's lines here are textural, running under and around Celina's rather than over.)

alab

And in one frightening rush: the animals take the streets.

celina

... which brings us to sex act #40 - which is as far as we got through the book. So I'm afraid I can't tell you SheSquad readers exactly what it's like to try 44 sex acts in one week. But here's what I do know:

celina

I always thought that I needed to have everything under control. I had a plan for my life, for my future, for the people around me, and I tried to make everything fit the plan.

This week I learned that it's never been under control. Not my life, not my future, and definitely not the people around me.

But I also learned that letting go of control

alab

hyenas rush the shopping malls

jaguars in banks

bear outside the mcdonalds

lobsters in the bus shelters

hawks swooping babies

coral snakes in the restaurant kitchen

bats in the garbage

wolves surrounding cars at the traffic lights

can be a lot of fun.
That sometimes, there's
more power in surrender
than in taking charge.

So here's my promise: I'm
going to stop trying
to control the future.
Instead, I'm going to
accept it. I'm going
to surrender and let
it roll right over me.
Whatever happens, even
if the future is chaos
and panic, I'm going to
welcome it with joy and
gratitude.

Someone told me this week
that real writers are
honest. The honest
truth is, I let that
person down. But Alab,
if you can forgive me,
I'll be waiting outside
the SheSquad offices
tonight.

We can light the fuse
together and change
the world. And whatever
happens after that,
we'll welcome it. We'll
hold hands and let it
break over us like a
wave.

It'll be like music like
sex like falling in love
the glory, the glory

sharks in basement
carparks

jellyfish in the food
court

hippopotamuses on bridges
foaming at the mouth

vultures circling the
rooftops

cassowaries stalking high
school playgrounds

seals crushing security
cameras in their jaws

stingrays on the wet
mattress

leopard in the baby's
bedroom

echidnas on the
supermarket floor

rhinos smashing trains

a lynx leaps up and tears
out a woman's throat

because nature was never
pristine, it was never
pure

it was never separate

it was always right here
with us

this terrible intimacy

Run For Your Love

Celina stands outside SheSquad. Animals swarm past her, the sounds and screams of insects, birds, fish, stampeding mammals, predators, all of it.

The sound mingles with the sound of the ship in the far future, where o_o is turning out her lamp. In a subtle costume reveal, we see that o_o's costume is actually an ancient, ragged version of Celina's outfit in this scene.

o_o

And we kept that promise. We welcomed everything, even when it hurt.

The empires collapsed, and everything humanity had taken from the wild, the wild took back.

We thought we could change the world, and we did. Alab released the animals on the streets and I wrote articles for the blog that made people's hair stand on end. But that's not what lit the fuse.

Truth is, all the animals Alab released were back in confinement within a day. And the articles I wrote never sparked any mass riots. One sex coach got got killed by a lynx, that's all.

It's the small things that lead to change. As small as: introducing some rare frogs to a population of mosquitoes. A tiny genetic mutation creates a new blood-borne pathogen. So small it doesn't even have a weight, just a contradiction in

the bloodstream. And it hops from a frog to a mosquito, and from the mosquito...

By the time we realised what was happening it had already happened. We had a few seconds to realise that our whole world was a fantasy - and then it all melted away.

Turns out we were never separate from nature. We were never in control. And it hurts to lose your place at the top. But also - there's a certain pleasure in surrender.

This is Celina Valderrama, writing for SheSquad, September 2089.

Alab appears on the street outside SheSquad - dressed in a suit, looking devastatingly crisp. Animals surging past him.

celina

We'll probably be sick of each other by this time next week.

alab

This is why we got no chemistry - you're wrong about everything.

They kiss.

*MUSIC: Fishing - TLC mix**

**yes this is a mashup of No Scrubs and Waterfalls and gosh it's good*

But as everyone steps up to take their applause, this horrible woman interrupts and hits pause on the music.

malaine

Please be sure to sign up for my mailing list members receive special youtube video shout outs and one on one emotional coaching and a special primer on how to cure cancer with reiki -

A lynx leaps up and tears out Malaine's throat.

And the music cuts back in and we're back to the bows, applause, animals. Credits roll and happy endings. Take care, everyone.

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CLUB HOUSE PRESENTS 44 SEX ACTS

Director:
Sheridan Harbridge

Producer:
Rebecca Massey

Lighting & Set Design:
Trent Suidgeest

Consultant Producer:
Colm O'Callaghan

Foley Director, Sound
Design & Composition:
Steve Toulmin

Cast:
Rebecca Massey
Keith Robinson
Emma Harvie
Priscilla Doueihy
Matt Hardie

Original Direction:
Kip Chapman



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With love,

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