

"Sexual Chocolate"

by

Don Nguyen

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21-37 33rd St, Apt #2D  
Astoria, NY 11105  
402-681-9786  
thenugespeaks@gmail.com

NAOMI

The first time I had sex? I think I was ten. Yeah, definitely ten. His name was Jerry Hannaford. He was my age. He put this strange thing in my hand and said it was a kiss from him. He said "unwrap it" so I did, and then he said "put it in your mouth." I put Jerry's kiss in my mouth and a bouquet of colors exploded under my eyelids.

(She has a moment)

Now, I've had many experiences in my life that came close to that feeling. Like tonguing Frankie Fromotino in the fifth grade, or getting stoned watching The Wall when I was seventeen. But you know what? Nothing came remotely close to that time when I put Jerry strange but delectable Hershey's kiss in my mouth. Afterwards, Jerry said to me "How come you never had chocolate before? Is your dad a dentist or something?" Jerry was quite perceptive for a ten year old. That's when I discovered...chocolate is sex. So yeah, I was ten years old when I had it. My first chocolate orgasm, thanks to Jerry Hannaford.

(Beat)

Since then I've had the sweetest affair with chocolate. It was the only thing I could count on in my life, even in my darkest moments.

(Beat)

Enter Burkett Williams. He had exquisite cocoa eyes and a Crest certified smile. The first time I saw him, he flashed his chompers at me in the checkout line at the college bookstore. That's where I worked and that's how my unbreakable love for chocolate met its match. We started dating and I was delighted to see that he supported my sweet toothed lifestyle, randomly bringing me chocolate out of the blue, for no reason at all. It was like having the best of both worlds, chocolate and Burkett rolled into one. My Churkett.

(Beat)

We were into our second year of dating and talking about marriage and kids. And that's when sweet slowly turned to sour.

(To Burkett)

Oh, but I thought you were hanging with the guys tomorrow night? Oh, Ok. Well, have fun.

(To us)

And I would pop a snickers bar into my mouth.

(To Burkett)

But you've known about meeting my parents for a month now. Fine, I'll make up some excuse. No, it's fine.

(To us)

And I would shave off the top layer of a twix bar with my tongue. I have a very strong tongue.

(To Burkett)

What, because your friends don't think I'm smart enough to understand? No, you go to your hoity-toity art lecture or book reading or whatever it is. Just go.

(more)

## NAOMI (CONTINUED)

(To us)

And crack goes a Cadbury.

(Beat)

One night he came home late, again, and I started my usual roll-over-in-bed-and-ignore-everything routine. But he stopped on his way to the kitchen and said to me...well, something grossly indecent and downright hideous. Six stabbing gut wrenching words that should never be said to a human being. "You should lay off the chocolate."

(Beat)

I took a deep breath. I thought about how my mother always taught me not to swear. I remember her saying "there is an abundance of colorful metaphors to use instead of resorting to the lower rung of swearing, which only shows a person's deficiencies in basic vocabulary and marks the breakdown of communication." Yeah, she said all that. I took my mother's wisdom to heart and simply said to Burkett...

(to Burkett)

Are you FUCKING mad? Give up chocolate? Don't you know how chocolate makes me feel, you FUCKER? You should. After all, it was you men who invented chocolate for the sole purpose of controlling us women. From the time those douche bag conquistadors stole cacao seeds from those poor unsuspecting Aztecs, to now, you men have delighted in the powers that chocolate has over us. Oh, are you surprised a high school drop out like me would know such a thing? You took what was once the pure and sacred sweets of an ancient civilization and concocted confectionery bullets aimed at the clitoris. My clitoris! And speaking of my clitoris, when you're on top of me poking around with your willie, I close my eyes and I think of another willie. WILLIE FUCKING WONKA. I think of him and his chocolate bunnies and chocolate squares and chocolate morsels. Chocolate FUCKING mountains even. I wish you were chocolate, but you're not even close. You are nothing but a piece of nougat. Which is fitting because you're both fluffy and self-centered. You, Burkett Williams, are a bastard-coated bastard with bastard filling. Now get the hell out of my life!

(She eats piece of chocolate)

And that was the day I gave up my man-nougat for a lifetime of sexual chocolate with the three loves of my life. Hershey, Godiva...and Jerry Hannaford.

(She winks)