

Games People Play

[Gay Party Music. RICHARD standing surveying the scene, can in hand. Enter PETER.]

PETER: Excuse me, do you mind if I encroach on your territory?

RICHARD: Not at all.

PETER: I mean, it wouldn't lead to unpredictable behaviour patterns?

RICHARD: Of course not. You're welcome.

PETER: I'd hate you to have to indulge in intra-specific aggression. PETER...

RICHARD: Richard... *[They shake hands]*

PETER: Well, that's got the subordination display over. *[Offers cigarette]* Phallic symbol?

RICHARD: No thanks, I'm giving up oral gratification.

PETER: Not all oral gratification, I hope.

RICHARD: Not as part of an assortative selective mating pattern.

PETER: Are you enjoying the pre-copulatory ritual?

RICHARD: Oh, yes. I always find regressive juvenile play-patterns so amusing.

[The music grows in volume.]

PETER: Would you like to share a courtship display pattern or two? *[He starts to dance.]*

RICHARD: No thanks. I'm too tired for contorted body postures.

RICHARD: Who's that over there?

PETER: Oh, that's the Archbishop of Canturbury. The largest of the primates, you know. But quite tame. I'm told he'll eat out of your hand. Though watch out if he turns a blue bottom towards you.

RICHARD: Oh, there's Catherine. I'm surprised to see her here. She finds it difficult to get away while she's rearing.

PETER: I thought she was partnered in a long-term mating strategy.

RICHARD: This is short-term mating. She's looking to extend her gene pool.

PETER: I was going to have a gene pool in the back garden... Oh look! There's Justin and Simon. They say they indulge in pseudo-copulation. Tell me, do you have a mate, or are you a lone predator?

RICHARD: Well, I was pair-bonded for a while. We had a modest little cage together in the Fulham Road but eventually he migrated. I guess we just weren't imprinted on each other.

PETER: That's a heavenly sexual signalling device you're wearing.

RICHARD: Oh, thank you. My mother knitted it.

PETER: Heavenly body odour signal too.

RICHARD: You know, you're really making me go ape.

PETER: Oh Richard, let us throw aside these furtive aide to side contacts, these static arm to arm embraces. Let this low-intensity side-to-side posture give way to a high intensity face-to-face horizontal posture. Man is an exploratory ape.

RICHARD: Not that exploratory, please. Careful, you're getting pre-ejaculate down your trousers.

PETER: That? No. I spilt my trifle. Oh Richard, the more you appease me, the more you arouse me. Give me but the social grooming invitation and I am yours.

[RICHARD carefully takes a tic out of his armpit, kills it, and offers it to PETER. PETER eats it.]

PETER: Lovely.

RICHARD: *[Suggestive]* There's plenty more where that came from.

PETER: Oh, Richard, this feels like the start of a monogamous pairing arrangement.

RICHARD: *[Qualifying it]* Socially monogamous, not sexually monogamous.

PETER: Of course. I'm not a jackass, you know

[They exit, grooming.]