

SIDE #1

Setting: We are privy to Rueben attempting insemination at home.

NARRATOR:

Phone is tossed to the bed. Cap of the cup is carefully unscrewed. REUBEN tips the cup and withdraws the semen into the syringe. Once it's up, a clumsy flurry of movements take place:

REUBEN tips himself back into bed, churning the blanket with his feet. There's a moment of mental debate, but then he just decides there's no time. He tents his underwear with one hand, slides his other hand with the syringe in, and then---it's awkward, it's uncomfortable for a second and then he pulls a hand out and starts shuffling for the lube.

He has to find it in the drawer by touch, and he has to get some in his palm with just one hand--a practiced skill, for sure, but never like this.

Okay. Lube retrieved, both hands go back into the underwear. Fingers first, and then the syringe can go in, and then he pushes the plunger down--and then it's done.

It only takes a second or two. But it feels like forever. We can see it in his face. REUBEN pulls the syringe out and drops it on the bed next to him. He bends his knees back to hold them to his torso.

Silence drifts in and settles with a little finality. And then, now that there's nothing left to do but wait for a while, REUBEN starts to cry.

He covers his face with his hand and sobs once, twice, and then realizes he has lube on his face now.

He tries to get it off with his hand, or maybe a pillow or a corner of the sheet.