

My First Asexual Time

Anish Nakahara

WPI: anakahara@wpi.edu

Personal: nakanishara@gmail.com

Phone: (808)-483-0096

[I do not tend to answer the phone if I do not recognize the number so please leave a message]

Characters

- Steven: An asexual trans boy. He's kind of a stereotypical punk boy; looks vaguely edgy but is sweet

Setting: Steven's bedroom

Synopsis: As Steven is getting ready for bed he reflects on an intimate night he spent with Emmett, a potential partner.

Additional information

- Asexual: Not experiencing sexual attraction to others. This is not the same as a low sex drive. Asexuality simply means that you do not feel sexual desires toward people you are interested in. Asexuality, as most identities do, exists on a spectrum, however, Steven is more of a "textbook" asexual in that he does not have the desire to have sex at all in addition to his lack of sexual attraction.
- Trans boy: Also called FTM, trans man, and/or transmasculine, someone who was assigned female at birth but identifies as male. Please note that the terms listed are not necessarily synonyms but merely similar identifiers.

Notes

- The paragraph that references genitalia may be omitted if the actor or director feel uncomfortable with it; this mention is not crucial but there to emphasize how awkward "the first time" can be
- It is preferable that Steven is played by a transmasculine actor

The scene opens on Steven sitting at his desk in his bedroom. His bed is made and there is a Raggedy Anne doll centered at the head of the bed. The only set pieces required are the bed, desk with chair, lamp, and bureau. The lamp is considered “on” when the stage lights are up. When the lamp is off, a spot should be on him. Steven is in his pajamas. They are simple; a white t-shirt and flannel pants type thing.

Steven: I think about that first night Emmett and I spent together a lot. I think about how, even though I don't really like the sensation of making out, I like making out with them. It doesn't feel any different than when I made out with other people. But this time I liked it. Or... almost like it. I think I'd like it a lot more if I knew what I was doing. But maybe that comes with practice.

I think about how they always asked if I was okay with what was happening— but not in a, “I wanna stop but I don't wanna be the one to say anything,” way. It wasn't even a, “I'm scared I'm gonna hurt you,” way. It was in a, “I'm enjoying this but I won't if you aren't,” way. (*see the doll*)

I think about how when they first came to my room they saw my Raggedy Ann doll. (*pick up the doll and place it inside the bureau*) How they asked about her and when I bashfully put her away they said, “I'm not judging you. If it makes you comfy then that's all that matters.”

I think about how, during that time, we were still talking— asking questions. Like, they asked me if I still got aroused despite being asexual. I told them I didn't know. Turns out I do. And when I moaned they said, “I think that's arousal,” with a soft smile. And when my dumbass replied, “I think I like it,” they kept smiling. They didn't laugh at me. They just smiled that goofy little reassuring smile.

I think about how they knew that I'm dysphoric about my chest (*crosses arms over chest and generally closes body language off*) and how that never came up that night but that stayed in their mind and they didn't touch there at all. I think about how there are other places they didn't touch because they knew I wasn't ready for that yet. (*relax body language*)

(laughs softly) I think about how my leg accidentally grazed their crotch, and when I apologized they said, “Did I say that was something to be sorry for? Cute people like you don’t touch my dick enough.” And I knew that when they said that they didn’t mean that I should strip them of their pants right there. I knew they meant that it’s okay.

I think about how they left at two in the morning and I said, “Ready to do the walk of shame?” And, smiling, they replied, “You think I’m ashamed of what I did here?” And, ““Walk of shame’ implies this is a one-time thing. And I very much want this to happen again.” *(turn off the lamp)* And it did.

I think about how not only I liked it but they did too. I think about how even though we didn’t have sex and we remained fully clothed and that I was completely clueless as to what I liked or what they liked... they were kind and happy. I think about how my first time with someone was such a good experience. My first time with Emmett made me feel good and, despite me having never done anything that close to intimacy before, I felt clean and light afterward. I felt giddy. I still feel giddy thinking about it.

I think about how safe my first time felt, and how a lot of people don’t share the same experience. Maybe even Emmett doesn’t. I think about how I consider this my first time being intimate and we didn’t even have sex. I think about how okay they were with that. I think about that a lot because that was the first time I understood what it was like to have someone who makes you feel better about yourself. When I was with them that night I never felt like I owed them anything or that I was burdening them with all my limits. I think about how I felt good. Really, really good. *(snuggle up under the blankets lying down)*

Blackout