Playing Nude

by Little Joe

"What!"

I couldn't believe my ears.

"I want you to put on a nudist play. People are bored with the predictable boring stuff they get every year. I want something new. I want something people will talk about for years to come."

Well they would talk about that right enough. It was the end of the year at On The Stage, the school for music, dance and drama that I had been attending since I left Uni. I had always wanted to go on the stage. I had tried for RADA and all those posh acting schools, but there are a hundred girls, even good looking girls like me, for every place. I think my oversize boobs and posh accent put them off. The fashion is all for skinny nowadays. Anyway I'd got a place in On The Stage, and it had been a good year. I had done well enough to get the job of organizing and directing the end of year production. Usually a mixture of playlets, song and dance, and here was Jacob, our new drama teacher, suggesting something very different. Not suggesting! Telling me! Why did it have to be me to do something that would be talked about for years to come?

I might have expected it though! Jacob had a reputation for that sort of thing as a director. His nude Lady Macbeth might not have been original, but a nude Eliza Doolittle certainly was!

Now I was going to have to break it to the others. They, or at least somebody, was going to have to go on that stage in the nude.

No big deal, you're thinking, actors are always appearing nude. Not at end of term productions they're not! Not at stage school productions they’re not! Not when the family has come to watch, not when your boyfriend’s parents are in the audience!

How was I going to break it to the others?

There were about twenty of us in the group, although only about ten would be cast in any play. The rest would do other jobs like lighting, stage moving, assistant stage manager and the like. I didn’t foresee a great clamour to take part!

“It’s like this guys,” I said, “Jacob, well he’s quite an original guy.”

“Yeah!” said Bill, “you mean like he wants us to do a nude My Fair Lady.”

“Well. Yes,” I said.

“That was supposed to be a joke,” said Bill open mouthed.

“Well, not My Fair lady exactly, but he does want a play about nudists.”

“What!”

“A play about nudists. That’s what he said.”

“What play about nudists? Are there any plays about nudists?”

“How should I know?” I was getting exasperated with them. It wasn’t my fault, “I think we have to find a play about nudists.”

“But that means we’ll have to go on the stage in the nude!” Rebecca looked horrified and I’m not surprised.

“I think that is a reasonable assumption,” I said, “We might have expected it knowing his reputation. Anyway,” I went on trying to be encouraging, "I don't see the problem. I'd get my tits out if I had to."

“Yeah, but you don’t,” said Rebecca rather pointedly, “You’re directing.”

“I don’t see the problem either,” said Clara, “you can count on me.”

Well I might have expected it. Knowing what Clara-with-the-giant-boobies was like. She was just the sort who would like to prance about on the stage in her birthday suit. But it did give me an idea. If we could find a play with just one nude girl in it, Clara could play the part and everybody would be happy. It was the task I gave to Tim. Tim was my boyfriend. Yes I know! Who’d have a boyfriend called Tim! But we’d almost grown up together. His parents were like aunt and uncle to me, and Tim was reliable. I appointed Tim as assistant director tasked with finding a play about nudists with one nude girl in it. If anybody could find it, Tim could.

It took him nearly week, but the darling boy found it. ‘A Normal Sort of Girl’ by little known northern playwright Arthur Dibbs was about a working class girl from Halifax who decided she wanted to be naked. All the time. It was all about the reactions of her friends and family to her nudity. The nudity was of course essential to the plot in an artistic way and not in any way salacious (according to Arthur Dibbs.) It didn’t look much good to me, but it fulfilled the requirement exactly. It was about nudists and it has one nude girl. We were ready to roll.

The casting didn’t take long. Nobody wanted the part of Doreen, the would be nudist, except Clara, although in some respects she wasn’t ideal. She struggled with the Yorkshire accent; on the other hand it was an explicit to the part that Doreen was blessed with an ample bosom (it was continually commented on in the text) and Clara fulfilled that requirement in abundance.

We sat down in a circle for the read through.

“Should I take my clothes off for this?” enquired Clara.

“It’s a read through dear. I don’t think that will be necessary,” Tim looked rather too disappointed for my liking.

“Right,” I said at the end of the morning, “we’ll have another read through tomorrow and after that we’ll start blocking. And I want everybody word perfect in their parts by the end of the week.”

The inevitable happened as soon as rehearsals started.

“Shall I take my clothes off now?” said Clara.

I couldn't have her taking her clothes off. It would ruin rehearsals.

"No Clara dear, it won't be necessary."

"But how do I get my motivation if I keep my clothes on?"

I was getting exasperated.

"You can worry about motivation when you've learned your lines and stop bumping into the furniture."

I'd already learned everybody's part, and couldn't understand why nobody else seemed to have learned theirs.

"You mean when I've learned my part I can take my clothes off."

"Yes. If you must," well it would encourage to get her lines learned at any rate!

Even Clara eventually got her lines learned. Three days later she got through the whole play without fluffing a line.

"All right Clara," I said, "You can take your clothes off tomorrow!"

For about the first time ever everybody turned up for rehearsal the following day. I don't know what it did for Clara's motivation, but it certainly buggered up everybody else.

She had the figure for the part, that was certain. A recurring theme of the play was the size of 'Doreen's' boobs - even bigger than mine and that's saying something. The problem was that Doreen was supposed to be hairy you know where and Clara was now quite visibly not.

"I know I know," said Clara, "I'll let it grow!"

Of course the rehearsal was mayhem. It was bound to be, but I thought it better to get it over with early on so that people will have settled down come the actual performance.

Clara didn't help.

"Clara darling," I said when we at lasr got to the end, "perhaps it would be sensible if you kept your legs together when you're sitting down. People in the front row will get a grandstand view of your fanny sitting like that."

"But that's the whole point luvvy," said Clara, "she is supposed to be not care about such things. It would spoil the whole motivation if it looked like I was shy abouit showing my..."

"Yes well. Just be careful will you."

Needless to say she wasn't careful; she paraded about sticking out her tits, sticking out her bum, really enjoying herself. She seemed to be happy with the idea of erforming starkers in front of an audience, and that w as allnthat mattered.

“Clara! Keep your legs together!” there were parents coming after all!

Eventually things settled down and we were able to make something out of the play. I don't suppose it was that bad. I mean I think I directed it quite well.

Jacob hadn't been involved. He'd been away directing some production of his own. He had, he said, a need to keep 'focussed' which meant he could not be arsed with our production I suppose.

Eventually however thje big day for our first night was approaching. The final dress rehearsal (Clara – do keep your legs together!) was going well when the bombshell arrived.

The terrible thing was that it was all my fault. How could I have been so stupid? Stupid, stupid, stupid!

It was a letter sent out by Jacob to the parents and relatives of the people taking part. A belated attempt to drum up business from wherever he was directing his play.

I realised as soon as I read the heading 'New Display'. He was talking about a new display of acting talent. He'd wanted a 'New Display' and I was putting on a 'Nudist Play'. I put my head in my hands and wept.

Clara freaked out. She had seemed so confident. But all she could say now was, "My parents have been invited! And they're not expecting this!” For the first time she seemed to be conscious of the fact she was stark naked. She vainly tried to cover her fanny with her hands, the fanny that she had been displaying with insouciance a few minutes earlier, and ran off to her changing room. I watched her bare bottom retreating in horror. What was I to do!

I looked round shamefacedly at the rest of the cast.

"Well we're going to have to do this play," said Tim, "too late to do anything else now! You'd better go and talk Clara round."

I nodded dumbly. I was going to look such a fool. Such a stupid, stupid fool! I made my way to Clara's dressing room. There was no Clara. There was no note. There was nothing. Clara had packed up and gone.

I could barely summon the courage to go back and tell the others. There would be no show. They weren't going to get a stage debut. The agents from the local theatre companies weren't going to see them.

"We have to go ahead anyway," said Tim, "we've decided."

"We can't," I said, "There’s no understudy. Where will I find a girl who knows the part and has a pair of oversized tits?"

Tim fidgetted, "We've been discussing that. There is somebody who knows the part."

"But does she have a really big pair of tits. We can't fake this you know. Her real tits are going to be on display."

"Oh yes," he said and I saw him glance down at my chest.

Realisation dawned.

"No!" I said, "No, no, not me! I don't know the part. My boobs aren't big enouigh."

"You keep telling us you know every part in the play and everybody can see how well endowed you are."

"No. Please. I can't. Tim please. My parents are coming. Your parents are coming. My God! The Bishop of Chichester is coming! Please!"

"You've got to Tina. You've let everybody down once. You can't let them down again."

"It's all right for you you're not going to have to get your tits out for the Bishop of Chichester. He's my godfather for God's sake!"

"But you said you'd get your tits out if you had to, you said!" Rebecca reminded me of my stupid statement when I'd first told them aboiut the nudist play.

"It’s not just my tits though is it?" I wailed, "It’s everything! Please! Don’t make me strip naked in front of my parents. In front of Tim’s parents. Please!" I was losing the argument. I knew it. They knew it. I was going to have to do it. I didn't have a choice!

"Charles is so looking forwards to seeing you," my father's voice was encouraging. I hadn't dared go out to greet my parents and had rung his mobile. My knees started trembling again at the words. Charles was the Bishop of Chichester. He was going to see me all right.

"Oh good," I croaked, "must dash. Have to get ready for the performance."

"Of course darling," he said, "break your neck."

"It's break a leg, Dad."

"Oh yes. Well break that as well," he rang off.

I stood in my dressing room, the 'star' dressing room, wearing my costume for the play - ie nothing. I was to be naked the entire play. I was trembling so much my knees were knocking. I shivered with nerves and my nipples stood out like bell pushes. I think that was nerves too.

I looked at my nude body and saw a short curvaceous dark haired girl with excessively large boobies. Why I had been blessed with those I'll never know. They started growing when I was thirteen and seemed to be growing still. It was not a fashionable figure in these days of the skinny model. I suddenly flushed and felt myself turn bright red at the realisation that not only were they going to be on display soon, but they were going to be the subject of much comment during the play. I looked down at my pubic area. It was hairy enough for the play and I blushed twice as red at the thought that my pubic hair would also soon be on view. I slipped on my robe and made my legs carry me towards the stage where the rising curtain was soon to display me in all my glory.

And so I stood there, slipped off my robes and waited for the horrible moment when the curtain would go up and the audience would find out exactly what was being newly displayed. The curtain went up. I tried to look anywhere but at the audience but I heard the gasp of astonishment. Then the words of the boy playing my father piped up:

“Fine pair of dumplings you’ve got their Doreen.”

As one the eyes of the audience fixed on my ‘dumplings’ and they collapsed in laughter. And so it went on through the evening.

“Going swimming Doreen, at least you won’t need water wings.”

“Is this where you attach the pump to blow them up then.”

This remark, clearly referring to my nipples, nearly brought the house down. I have big dark areolas, and my nipples were hard and erect, just right for fitting piece of rubber tubing on. They were laughing at Doreen’s predicament. My predicament! For the first time I dared to look at the audience. The Bishop of Chichester was convulsed with laughter. I felt myself get damp between the legs. Oh My God! I was getting turned on by being naked, in front of my parents, in front of the Bishop. I was going to have to emigrate after this.

Somehow I got through the play, but there were still the final torment to come. The party in the evening.

The Bishop was very graceful.

“A fine performance Tina,” he said, “just one little thing though. For tomorrow night’s performance I mean.”

“Yes Bishop,” I was so red you could have fried an egg on my forehead.

“When you’re sitting down facing the audience.”

“Yes Bishop.”

“Perhaps you should try and keep your legs together.”