

M **eet**
F **uck**
M **arry**
D **ivorce**
i
n
g

A play in four acts
By Margie Pignataro

Cast of Characters

Serial Killer—Casey Lampe
 a Libertine—Jackie Petrak
 Her Whore—Layla K.
 Waitress—Kirsten
 Man Cruising—Marshall

Curiosity—Becky Novak
 a UFO—Carlos Gutierrez

Janus—Brad Rothwell
 Livia—Layla K
 Fulvia—China Young
 Galla—Kirsten

Pan—John Hedges
 Mercury—Marshall

a Cello—John Hedges
 a Recorder—Becky Novak

Vampire—Casey Lampe
 Bobo—Courtney

Little Boy—Kyle Nichols
 Little Girl—Kirsten
 Woman in Furs—China Young

a Rose—Millie
 a Gardener—Minerva
 a bee—Lauren Ledesma

Beaver Cleaver (puppet)—Becky Novak
 Abe Lincoln (puppet)—Adam

a married couple—Minerva/China

a man with a vulva hand—Marshall
 His girlfriend—Layla

Marisa—Marisa
 Minerva—Minerva
 Carlos—Carlos
 Disturbia—Kyle Nichols

Man attacked by HIV—Kyle Nichols
 His girlfriend—Lauren

Dr. Sue—Millie
 Abel Camero—Adam
 Timmy—Carlos
 (Wetsy) Betsy—Lauren
 Billy—Kyle

Virgin Mary(s)—Jackie
 Angel Gabriel(s)—Marshall
 Jesus Christ—John

Two little boys who flash each other—Kyle
 and ???

Pregnant Woman—Lauren
 Her boyfriend—Adam

Two little girls attacked by a vampire—
 Kirsten and China

Ensemble Roles

various furred animals
 a mob of Romans
 Wood Nymphs
 a storm
 HIV
 assorted cocks
 The Air Orchestra (12-14 pieces)
 a chorus of Women in Furs
 Nuns
 Men and women who make out
 Club dancers
 Angels
 Demons
 Women attacked by the Vampire

The Drinking Party

Bloody Mary—China
 Stoli—Brad
 Gin and Tonic—Casey
 Pina Colada—Kirsten
 Sex on Ecstasy—Jackie
 Captain Morgan Rum—Marshall
 Absinthe—Kyle
 Adios Motherfucker 151—Millie
 Dirty Mexican—Minerva
 White Russian—Courtney
 Mudslide—Carlos
 Irish Car Bomb—John
 Sam Adams—Adam
 Pinot Noir—Marisa
 Cosmo—Layla
 Blonde Headed Slut—Lauren

The 120 Days of Sodom Puppet Spectacular

with The Marquis de Sade as Leatherhead

The Sacred Texts

कामसूत्र

The Kama Sutra

*101 Questions
Every Catholic Teen
Always Asks*

Steven Jay Gould's
The Book of Life

*Chicken Soup
for the
Chicken's Soul*

Author's Notes

In this play, I'm using several techniques that I'm in the process of developing. Approaching this script from a perspective of Realism, many of my characters will probably seem mad. They're not: I'm experimenting. Realistic writing is predicated on the idea that the play may be presented to a reader with little from the author in order to explain what is going on. After all, everyone is conversant with the rules of Realism—its own aesthetic philosophy believes that life in a raw form is self explanatory and recognizable. Non-traditional writing probably isn't in a safe enough position for an author to remain so distant. So, to assure that we're all on the same page, I'm explaining a few things. To emphasize: none of these characters are insane unless specifically described as such.

Collapse of time: Rather than allowing a character 40 pages to develop in a realistic time sequence, I've accordianed time. It's as if I've taken one or two lines from each of those realistic scenes and strung them together into one. Why? To center focus on the character, to speed up the action and not dwell on moments or other characters who are unimportant. To create a memory-like structure and skip across events. In Realism, scenes have an unspoken temporal integrity, as if all naturally expect for what transpires on stage would be in real time. Yet, Realism will compress time between scenes; we have moved beyond the Neoclassical belief in the need for Unity of Time over the course of a play (however one wants to define it), but demand that there be a Unity of Time within a scene. Fuck it.

Collapsed Characters: The man in the Serial Killer cruising scene at the end of Act I is a particular example of this—as is the Bee in Act II. One actor or multiple actors can play these roles and I leave it entirely up to the director to decide how best to handle this. If one actor is used, not only will this result in the Collapse of Time explained above, but the Collapse of Character. Rather than giving the SK multiple scenes to cruise men, or simple leaping to the last one Man that becomes the climatic moment the SK strikes, I have decided to use my time in different ways. I have created a kind of Everyman in order to emphasize the repetition of sameness and simultaneous uniqueness. Traditionally a change of actors warrants name, scene, and/or time changing. Fuck it. We live in an era of *Robot Chicken* and audiences can (and I believe want to) think faster than that.

Real Time Actor Switch: Repeated lines denote a suggested switch in actors. Scenes in which these switches occur happen within “real time,” unlike Collapsed Characters which happen simultaneously with Collapsed Time. Why am I doing this? To alter the flavor of a scene. To add a different dimension. To illustrate the complex, contradictory, inexplicable phenomena of human psychology. To challenge the concept that a characters are impenetrable, absolute, pure entities that are protected or trapped within one physical body. Traditionally actors have portrayed characters that have no names or personalities, that are purely functional; these characters also have an absolute body. Again, fuck it. Perhaps a personality and identity and body can be more fragmented/collaged/ensembled. That some people require a company of actors to portray them.

Kaleidoscope/Cubism: Both these names describe this technique. Kaleidoscopes see variations and changes in color patterns that come and go and, presumably or ideally, never repeat. Cubism, like cubist art, is an attempt to show all angles at once in a painting or sculpture. What this translates as in a scene is one in which characters shift between all possible permutations of emotions, feelings, situations, etc. The *Pieta* scene uses this. I could say that the entire structure of the play is this.

Verse: The dialogue is in free verse; every return is a shift in thought, position, or mindset.

Punctuation: Never arbitrary and always very purposeful. I think of punctuation marks like driving: colons speed up as one does when approaching a yellow light, semicolons make a right turn (or shift in thought) and periods are full fucking stops regardless of their position in a sentence. Commas are a breath. An absence of punctuation is not a mistake; language will “trail off” like smoke dissipating.

Also, this text is cuttable: do the whole thing or pick your favorite bits. I’m very flexible with this and encourage uniqueness in staging.

Bibliography

(the Sacred Texts are excerpts from books mentioned [with the exception of *Chicken Soup for the Chicken’s Soul*], but I have liberally added material from other texts when I felt it appropriate; below is a list of those additional texts)

The Futurist Manifesto

Chariots of the Gods

The Spaceships of Ezekiel

Bluntman and Chronic, Kevin Smith

The Search for Life on Other Planets, Bruce Jakosky

Brecht on Theatre, Bertolt Brecht

A Field Guide to Demons, Fairies, Fallen Angels, and Other Subversive Spirits, Carol K. Mack and Dinah Mack

500 Comic Book Villains, Mike Conroy

A Dictionary of Angels, including the fallen angels, Gustav Davidson

Fallen Angels...and Spirits of the Dark, Robert Masello

Thunderbolts, 123, “Running the Asylum, Part 2,” Christos N. Gage and Fernando Blanco

Beginning Your Marriage, Rev. Walter J. Imbierski and Rev. John L. Thomas, S.J.

The Writer’s Harbrace Handbook, Brief Second Edition, Texas Tech University Edition

How To Adapt Anything into a Screenplay, Richard Krevolin

Biopsychology, Third Edition, John P. J. Pinel

Orada Lelanuja, in conversation



Sandro Botticelli's *Annunciation*, 1489

Michaelangelo's *Pieta*, 1499.



ACT I: Mee

For this reason a man should fix his affections upon a girl who is of good family, whose parents are alive, and who is three years or more younger than himself. She should be born of a highly respectable family, possessed of wealth, well connected, and with many relations and friends. She should also be beautiful, of a good disposition, with lucky marks on her body, and with good hair, nails, teeth, ears, eyes and breasts, neither more nor less than they ought to be, and no one of them entirely wanting, and not troubled with a sickly body. The man should, of course, also possess these qualities himself.

(a UFO dances in, whirls and exits)

SETTING: Table set for dinner.

AT RISE: The SERIAL KILLER and BEAVER are having dinner.

BEAVER

Could you toss my salad?

No, don't touch my salad.

Can I be totally, completely honest with you?

SERIAL KILLER

I would appreciate that, please do.

BEAVER

I, uh, well, this is going to sound, you know, abrupt.

SERIAL KILLER

Go on.

BEAVER

And I'm not an abrupt person.

I have my moments.

I have my moments

when I seem to become someone different
you know get manic or emotional or really intense.

And then sometimes

I just don't feel like being in crowds

I just don't feel like being in crowds

and I just want to sit and drink wine

and talk, you know?

Just talk about philosophy and the meaning of it all
and how sometimes it seems like a bad dream of a
psychotic sadistic laissez faire god.

You know?

Life has changed and evolved through time. No other explanation will account for the sequence and variety of life forms preserved as fossils. All life is interrelated, in a pattern reaching back to the first life forms that appeared on Earth some 4 billion years ago.

Is there such a thing as the ideal person to date?

Let's face it, girls go for guys that are good looking, good athletes, totally popular with great cars.

Guys want good looking, fun loving, popular girls who make them feel important. No one person is ideal, but there are ideal traits.

Such as: considerate, honest, loyal, intelligent, kind, dependable, interesting and affectionate. If you've found someone with a good number of these qualities, you've found a winner!

In the end there are three things that last: everything lies in silence. Keep in close touch with what your competition is doing. If you continually give...

SERIAL KILLER

I think so.

BEAVER

Most of the time

Most of the time

I'm very subtle.

I'm very difficult to read.

I'm really good at poker because of it.

Am I making sense?

SERIAL KILLER

No really.

BEAVER

My best friend, Curiosity,
she says I never open up. You know,

I never tell people what I feel

and I need to be more aggressive.

I need to be more aggressive.

But I am aggressive:

I'm going to be really aggressive right now,

aggressive like I guy would be:

I like you.

I like you.

Wow: that was a lot.

Are you okay? Was it too much?

SERIAL KILLER

I'll survive.

BEAVER

I really like you.

Really.

SERIAL KILLER

I believe you.

BEAVER

No, I'm not trying to convince you

what I'm trying to say

what I'm trying to say

I get this vibe off you.

You know?

SERIAL KILLER

No.

BEAVER

This vibe that I make you feel uncomfortable.

Do I make you uncomfortable?

Do I?

Do I?

Tell me right now: wow, I am being aggressive!

Do it! Tell me, damn it!

SERIAL KILLER

You are being aggressive.

BEAVER

I'm sorry.

SERIAL KILLER

Your instincts are correct: I am uncomfortable.
You flatter me with your honesty and courage and admiration.

BEAVER

But.

SERIAL KILLER

But.

BEAVER

I don't date much.

SERIAL KILLER

May I be blunt?

BEAVER

Yes.

SERIAL KILLER

I like you as well.

But.

You are

You're an enormous vagina.

BEAVER

No more so than most girls!

SERIAL KILLER

I beg to differ.

BEAVER

How do you know?

SERIAL KILLER

Careful examination of several vaginas.

I can guarantee you that you are at least fifty times larger than most women.

BEAVER

You don't have to be mean.

SERIAL KILLER

I'm only stating a fact:

You are an enormous vagina.

BEAVER

For your information, I'm not a *vagina*

I have one, but what you *see* is Vulva.

My vagina is actually quite normal.

SERIAL KILLER

My apologies.

But that's really quite not the point.

Let me be completely honest:

I'm incapable of a relationship with a woman, with anyone,
unless I can wear her.

BEAVER
Wear?

SERIAL KILLER
Skin, faces, vaginas.
I usually wear vaginas.
They're easy to wear without attracting attention.

BEAVER
Wear where?

SERIAL KILLER
(looks at BEAVER)

BEAVER
Are you wearing one now?

SERIAL KILLER
No, I'm not.
That would be rude, being on a date with you.

BEAVER
I appreciate that.

SERIAL KILLER
You see my problem.

BEAVER
No.

SERIAL KILLER
I wouldn't know how to wear you.
You're so
I could wear you as a hat, but that's not sexy and quite out of my
norm.
I'm not into gigantic women like some men—

BEAVER
You could wear my vagina like any other woman's!
You're making excuses now.

SERIAL KILLER
I've never told anyone else this:
I don't want to hurt you, so I'll tell you something I've said aloud:

BEAVER
What?

SERIAL KILLER
I think I'm gay.

BEAVER
Not another.

SERIAL KILLER
Growing up, watching TV and movies,
it was always women who got dismembered and worn.
Not men.
Rarely men.

Believe me, those films in which men are worn,
 and there are few, I watched hundreds of times.
 Lately, more and more, I've started admitting
 I want to wear men.
 Please don't take this the wrong way,
 but you've shown me:
 I can't keep up this charade anymore.
 I want to wear men.
 I have to wear men or I can't be fulfilled,
 completely honest and me.
 Does that make sense?
 I'm sorry.

BEAVER

You don't even want to try?

SERIAL KILLER

It won't work.

You don't happen to have a brother, do you?

(The UFO enters, dancing, twinkling, twirling; it flies past the SERIAL KILLER, BEAVER, but neither notice; others wander on stage and fail to notice it, despite the UFO's attempts to attract attention; the attempts get fairly wild and still unsuccessful; then CURIOSITY enters and sees it)

CURIOSITY

Holy fuck.

I knew it.

I knew it.

We're so egomaniacal we can't allow ourselves to believe there may be other intelligent life in the universe!

Yes! Up yours, Humanity! You're a small fucking fish in an ocean of superior life!

Wait, I'm drunk right now.

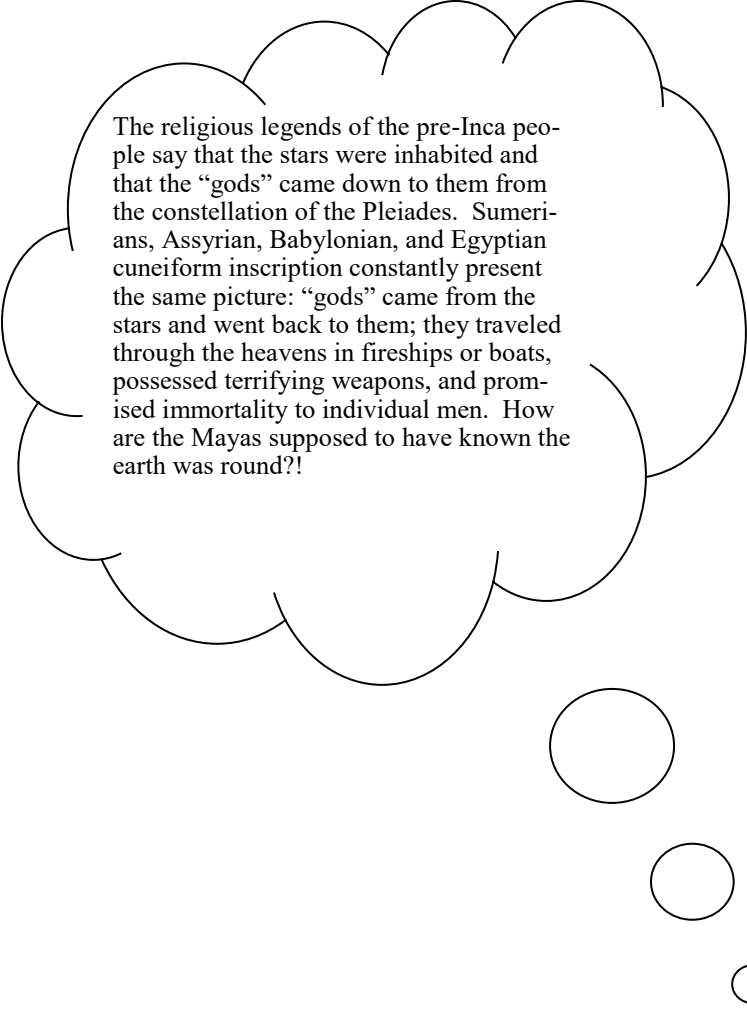
I believe in anything when I'm drunk.

Wait, am I drunk?

How much did I have to drink?

That Bloody Mary,
 the Grown Up Shirley Temple,
 the Stoli,

CURIOSITY (Cont.)



The religious legends of the pre-Inca people say that the “gods” came down to them from the constellation of the Pleiades. Sumerians, Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian cuneiform inscription constantly present the same picture: “gods” came from the stars and went back to them; they traveled through the heavens in fireships or boats, possessed terrifying weapons, and promised immortality to individual men. How are the Mayas supposed to have known the earth was round?!

a couple of Sam Adams,
 an Irish Car Bomb,
 (fuck, I shouldn't have had that)
 two Sex on Ecstasy shots,
 the Red Headed Slut,
 the Colorado Bulldog,
 then at the club that gigantic fruity thing with the
 umbrella and that fucking glow stick in it that I
 tried to eat,
 what else?
 Oh, the absinthe.
 You're the absinthe, aren't you?
 No, don't answer me! Don't talk to me!
 I don't want to know!
 It's better not explaining yourself, it's better to
 not know,
 it's better to have mystery!
 No, get away from me!
 Let me keep the Romance alive! Please!
 I'll remember you better,
 and with love,
 if I never really know you.
 Do you want me to love you or know you and
 get bored?!

Get further away,
 further,
 further,
 stop it, stay in your side of the sky.
 I know:
 can you make some kind of noise,
 like music of, I don't know, the vibrations of
 you moving through the atmosphere?
 I don't know I'm making this shit up!

(music from the UFO)

CURIOSITY

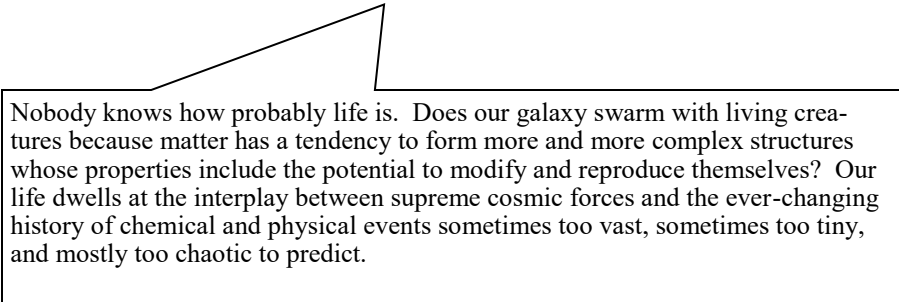
Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

I believe.

I want to believe.



Nobody knows how probably life is. Does our galaxy swarm with living creatures because matter has a tendency to form more and more complex structures whose properties include the potential to modify and reproduce themselves? Our life dwells at the interplay between supreme cosmic forces and the ever-changing history of chemical and physical events sometimes too vast, sometimes too tiny, and mostly too chaotic to predict.

SETTING: *Janus His Fall*

AT RISE: JANUS and LIVIA.

LIVIA

Excuse me, do you know what time it is?

JANUS

You're going to help me kill your husband.

LIVIA

I can't find my cell phone and I just can't think clearly today.

JANUS

Your husband is Drusus.
My brother, my best friend,
you're my sister and the most sacred,
most unobtainable of women in Rome.

LIVIA

No, my husband is Drusus.
I'm so bored, so frustrated, so horribly content,
you know what its like having everything you were promised,
by a husband you were just, like, eh, about at first.
Then he made me fear him,
and that's more powerful and binding than love.
Still,
I'm bored and frustrated and horribly content,
and the only thing that keeps me entertained
is have sex with my children's nurse.
Because it feels wrong and gross,
but it's something, you know, sometimes it's good to be wrong.

JANUS

I'm wrong all the time.
I'm the worst thing that'll ever happen to you.
I'm the worst thing that ever happened to me.
Kill your husband with me.

LIVIA

I don't know if I should.
I don't know if I like you.
I could be attracted to you if I concentrate a bit.
Do something mean,
that usually works for me.

JANUS

Physical or emotionally?

LIVIA

Emotionally will hurt too much.
Physically.

JANUS

(grabs her arm roughly and squeezes)

LIVIA

The causes of a woman rejecting the addresses of a man are as follows:

- Affection for her husband
- Desire of lawful progeny
- Want of opportunity
- Anger at being addressed by the man too familiarly
- Difference in rank of life
- Want of certainty on account of the man being devoted travelling
- Thinking that the man may be attached to some other person
- Fear of the man's not keeping his intentions secret
- Thinking that the man is too devoted to his friends, and has too great a regard for them
- The apprehension that he is not in earnest

Harder.
Harder.
I said Harder.

JANUS

I'm going to take Rome.
I'm going to make the Senate crawl
and every Roman citizen blow me.
Kill your husband with me.
Royal Lady,
Though I have lov'd you long, and with that height
Of zeal, and duty, (like the Fire, which more
It mounts it trembles) thinking nought could add
Unto the fervour, which your Eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your Wisdom, Judgment, Strength,
Quickness, and Will, to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
My self through rarified, and turn'd all Flame
In your affection: Such a Spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second,
To a poor flash, as *Drusus*; but to shine
Bright as the Moon among the lesser Lights,
And share the Sov'reignty of all the World.
Then *Livia* triumphs in her proper Sphear,
When she, and her *Janus* shall divide
The Name of *Cæsar*, and *Augusta's* Star
Be dimm'd with Glory of a brighter Beam:
When *Agrippina's* Fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce seen *Tiberius* borrows all
His little Light from us, whose folded Arms
Shall make one perfect Orb.
Do you fear me more than him?

LIVIA

More than Rome itself.
My fear and love of him
Left me at once.

JANUS

I must make
A rude departure, Lady. *Cæsar* sends
With all his haste both of Command and Prayer.
Be resolute in our Plot; you have my Soul,
As certain yours as it is my Bodies.
Prepare the Poyson,
As you may lay the subtil Operation
Upon some natural Disease of his.
Your Eunuch send to me. I kiss your Hands,
Glory of Ladies, and commend my Love
To your best Faith and Memory.

LIVIA

My Lord, wait wait, not yet, don't leave me yet.
But Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed,
my husband loves you not;
You know what I have told you: His designs
Are full of grudge and danger: we must use
More than a common speed.

JANUS
Excellent Lady,
How you do fire my Blood!

LIVIA
Well, you must go?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.
Is my Coach ready?

JANUS
It attends your Highness.
Say you'll kill him for me.

LIVIA
He's already dead.
(exits)

JANUS
If this be not Revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let *Aegyptian* Slaves,
Parthians, and Bare-foot *Hebrews* brand my Face,
And print my Body full of Injuries.
Thou lost thy self, Child *Drusus*, when thou thought'st
Thou could'st out-skip my Vengeance: or out-stand
The Power I had to crush thee into Air.
Thy Follies now shall taste what kind of Man
They have provok'd, and this thy Fathers House
Crack in the Flame of my incensed Rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.
Adultery? it is the lightest ill,
I will commit. A race of wicked Acts
Shall flow out of my Anger, and o're-spread
The Worlds wide Face, which no Posterity
Shall e're approve, nor yet keep silent: Things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel mark,
Thy Father would wish his; and shall (perhaps)
Carry the empty Name, but we the Prize.
On then my Soul, and start not in thy Course;
Though Heav'n drop Sulphur, and Hell belch out Fire,
Laugh at the idle Terrors: Tell proud *Jove*,
Between his Power and thine there is no odds:
'Twas only fear first in the World made Gods.

What's the difference between love and infatuation? Infatuation is usually based on a strong physical or sexual attraction. When you instantly fall in love with someone, you are probably infatuated. True love, in contrast with infatuation, is mature, stable, and rooted in reality.

SETTING: Woman in Furs.

By having intercourse with men courtesans obtain sexual pleasure, as well as their own maintenance. A courtesan, well dressed and wearing her ornaments, should sit or stand at the door of her house, and, without exposing herself too much, should look on the public road so as to be seen by the passers by, she being like an object on view for sale.

AT RISE: The WOMAN IN FURS enters. A parade of men and women enter opposite, looking at her as they walk past. Some admire her, but no one stops. Most of the men seem not only interested, but offended by her. Some look afraid. She seems unimpressed with all of them. A LITTLE BOY enters walks up to her and stares.

WOMAN IN FURS

You'll do.
Just barely.
But you'll do.

LITTLE BOY

What do I call you?

WOMAN IN FURS

How dare you speak to me?
Who do you think you are?
Bend over.
BEND OVER.

(LITTLE BOY bends over; she spans him)

WOMAN IN FURS

Don't speak to me unless I speak to you.
Call me Mistress.
You're pathetic and not worth my time,
but I'll enjoy humiliating you.
Come.

We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for woman. We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice.

(a UFO dances in, whirls and exits)

(two little BOYS come out; they flash each other and scream; they do this over and over and run out)

(the LIBERTINE and her WHORE)

LIBERTINE

Oh, there are plenty of people,
Who never misbehave save when passion spurs them to ill.
Later, the fire gone out of them,
Their now calm spirit peacefully returns to the path of virtue.

WHORE

Thus passing their life going from strife to error,
And error to remorse,
They end their days in such a way there is no telling
Just what roles they have enacted on earth.

LIBERTINE

Such persons must surely be miserable.

WHORE

Forever drifting, continually undecided,
Their entire life is spent detesting in the morning
What they did the evening before.
Certain to repent of the pleasures they taste, they take their delight in
fearing,

LIBERTINE

In such sort they become at once virtuous in crime

WHORE

And criminal in virtue.

LIBERTINE

My more solid character is a stranger to these contradictions.
I do my choosing without hesitation,
And as I am always sure to find pleasure in the choice I make,
Never does regret arise to dull its charm.

WHORE

You understand the emptiness and nullity of virtue.

LIBERTINE

I hate virtue, and never will I be seen resorting to it.
Through vice alone is man capable of experiencing this moral and
physical vibration
Which is the source of the most delicious voluptuousness.
So I give myself over to vice and am, therefore, a true Libertine.

(strangles the WHORE)

LIBERTINE (Cont.)

I hold religion's fantasies in contempt, being perfectly convinced that
the existence of a creator is a revolting
Is a
Is a revolting absurdity.
God help me,
Why isn't this fun anymore?

SETTING: A Rose.

AT RISE: A ROSE stands, growing from the ground. ROSE's thorns are knives she grips and swings at people as they pass over the stage. Sometimes someone stops to smell the ROSE and nearly gets stabbed.

ROSE

Fuck you Motherfucker!
I'll cut you! Take one of my petals!
I'll fuck your shit up, Fucker.
I'll gut you, I'll skin you alive!
Yeah, smell me you fucking perv,
you sick shit, you pathetic freak,
you wanna lick my stamen?!
Lick my pollen, bitch!
Yeah, you bitch, the one wearing
perfume that smells like my snatch!
Come stick your nose in me, dyke!

Natural selection was based on a set of simple propositions:

1. Organisms produce more offspring than can survive and reproduce.
2. The organisms that survive tend to be better adapted to local environments.
3. The characters of the parent appear in the offspring.
4. So generation by generation, hundreds of thousands of times over, the better-adapted lines will survive to pass on the features that give them advantage in local environments.

(a GARDENER comes in with pruning shears)

ROSE

Who the fuck are you, dickweed?

GARDENER

March brings breezes loud and shrill!
To the keen Gardener,
March is the last opportunity to prune back
unruly growth on your flowers.

ROSE

You touch me with that thing,
I'll fuckin cut you.
Come on, bring it, bitch.

GARDENER

Remove all weak, twiggy growth.

ROSE

Fuck you, meatwad.

GARDENER

Bush type roses should be pruned in the early spring when the leaf buds begin to swell, but before growth starts.

(GARDENER and ROSE fight; the GARDENER pricks her finger on the ROSE)

GARDENER

Ow!

Face your Fear of pruning roses!

Armed with pruning shears, a pair of heavy gloves and the basics for how to prune rose bushes, you can tackle the job with ease.

If fear of killing the rose haunts your every clip, rest assured that roses are forgiving plants that come back even when over-trimmed.

Uncontrolled roses grow into wild tangled messes of thorns and dead canes that look unattractive in the yard.

(GARDENER and ROSE struggle; the GARDENER manages to prune the ROSE and the ROSE lays screaming as if dying)

GARDENER

But pruned roses are healthier, rewarding your efforts with beautiful flowers from bud to full-blown bloom. Cutting back the bush promotes new growth, more blooms and larger blooms. With clipping shears in hand, start pruning roses and nip your fears in the bud.

ROSE

You fucking bitch!

I'll kill your children!

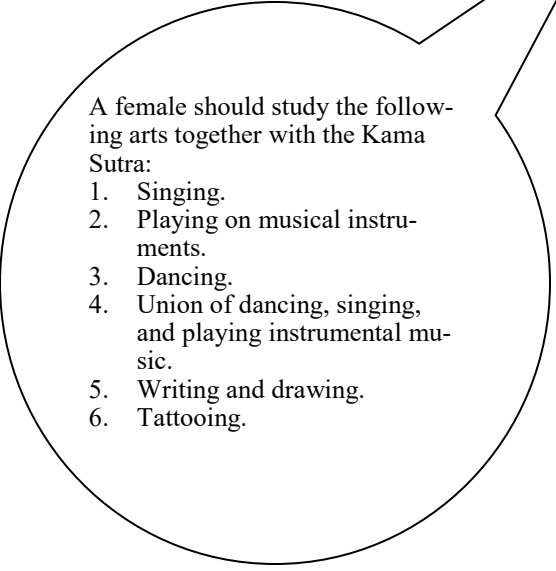
I'll kill your children and make you eat them!

You fucking cunt, come back here and try that again!

The Puppet Spectacular

DAY 1 of Sodom

The elderly rascal examined me with a phlegmatic glance, the kind of glance one encounters among habitual libertines, and which in an instant arrives at an infallible estimate of the object under scrutiny. "I have been told you have a fine ass...Lift your skirts." Not only did I offer a view of the treasure, but I moved it as near as possible to the connoisseur's nose. "The hole is very ample, very ample," says he, "appearances attest a furious sodomistical prostitution." "Alas, Monsieur," I concede, "we are living in an age when men are so capricious that in order to please them, one must indeed be prepared for virtually anything, and consent to it all." Whereupon I feel his mouth glue itself hermetically to my asshole, and his tongue strive to penetrate into the chasm; I seize my opportunity, and profiting from my situation, slide out, directly upon his probing tongue, I lay an egg which I have been holding in store for him for three days. As he receives it his fuck leaps, and he flings himself backward, shouting with joy, but without swallowing, and indeed without keeping the turd in his mouth for more than a second.



A female should study the following arts together with the Kama Sutra:

1. Singing.
2. Playing on musical instruments.
3. Dancing.
4. Union of dancing, singing, and playing instrumental music.
5. Writing and drawing.
6. Tattooing.

(Two LITTLE GIRLS enter. A man enters opposite. He stops and stares at them.)

LITTLE GIRLS
(as a hand clapping game)

Say, Say my playmate
Come out and play with me
and bring your dollies 3
climb up my apple tree
slide down my rain barrel
into my cellar door
and we'll be jolly friends
forever more - more - more !

Say, say oh playmate,
I cannot play with you.
My dolly has the flu,
Boohoo, hoohoo, hoo, hoo.
Ain't got no rain barrel,
Ain't got no cellar door.
But we'll be jolly friends,
Forever more, more, more, more, more.

(the man suddenly becomes a vampire and attacks the little girls)

(a CELLO playing; a RECORDER enters; the RECORDER stares)

CELLO
[Stop staring; I can't concentrate when I'm being watched.
If you want to say something, say it.]

RECORDER
[You're so beautiful I can't say,
I can't play,
I'm nonsense.]

CELLO
[What did you just say?]

RECORDER
[You're beautiful.]

CELLO
[What?]

RECORDER
[YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MUSIC I'VE EVER HEARD!]

CELLO
[I can't understand anything you're saying.]

RECORDER
[You can't? Nothing at all?]

I think I'm in love with you!!]

CELLO

[Do you know anything else other than the Star Wars theme?]

RECORDER

[The Star Wars theme?]

CELLO

[The Star Wars theme.

Do you know any other music?]

RECORDER

[Any other music.]

CELLO

[Any other music.]

RECORDER

[Any other music.]

CELLO/RECORDER

[Any other music.]

CELLO

[You're very young, aren't you?]

RECORDER

[You're very young, aren't you?]

CELLO

[And you're kinda shrill.]

RECORDER

[And you're kinda shrill.

But I think you're hot.]

CELLO

[I think you're hot, too.]

RECORDER

[I think you're hot, too.]

CELLO

[Want to get a drink with me?]

RECORDER

[Yes, I'll get a drink with you.]

CELLO

[Want to get high?]

RECORDER

[I so want to get high.

Want go home with me?]

CELLO

[Yes, I want go home with you.]

My parents give me grief over the music I listen to. They say that it is immoral. Can music be immoral?

Music is one of God's great gifts to us. Good music inspires, soothes, lightens our hearts, energizes, celebrates, evokes deep feelings, and lifts us to the heavens.

However, like any good gift from God, it can be perverted. Music is wrong or immoral when it produces bad fruit. Be wary of lovely rhythms and deductive beats. Ask yourself if the music you listen to:

Enflames your anger?

Encourages promiscuous sex?

Endorses escapism through drugs or alcohol?

Glamorizes a life of selfish materialism?

Approves of Satanism?

RECORDER

[Will you teach me something new?
I know nothing.
I've never played anything
Except the Star Wars theme song.]

CELLO

[I'll teach you how to sing.]

RECORDER

[Teach me how to sing.]

CELLO

[Let's get high.]

RECORDER

[And teach me how to sing.]

RECORDER/CELLO

[Let's get high.]

(a UFO dances in, whirls and exits)

(NUNS praying; a NOVICE, who will become the
LIBERTINE, kneels in the center of the group)

NUNS

We love Jesus.
We are his Grooms.
We lay awake in our beds
waiting for him to come to us,
to overcome his shyness,
and blushing consummate his love.
We love Jesus.
We are Mr. Jesus Christ.
In marriage, we are the husband,
we reject our femaleness
as we reject the world,
for Woman is the World
and Materialism and Flesh
and Sensuality and Passion.
We Love Jesus,
Our Blushing Bride.

NOVICE

I want to be Husband to Jesus.

NUNS

You must pray.

NOVICE

I reject my womanhood,
and the World, Materialism, Flesh,
Sensuality, and Passion.
I am a man now.

NUNS

What is your name now, Sir?

NOVICE

Jack.

NUNS

Welcome, Jack.

Take your bride to the bridal chamber.

Take him into your heart.

Lay your gentle Bride Jesus down
on the wedding bed in your heart.

NOVICE

I am a man now.

I marry Jesus

as a man now.

This doesn't feel like love.

NUNS

Love Jesus.

Be gentle.

Jesus needs tenderness.

NOVICE

I don't feel tender

or gentle.

I was a woman and that was tender and gentle.

Sort of.

I take Jesus as my bride

to the bed,

where I bend him over

and spread his flower,

plucking his petals

making him smell

his own sweet scent

on my fingers.

I chew his petals and spit them

in his mouth,

my palm pressed to his lips,

I feel him chew and choke

and I push his head on my dick

and come in the petals

in his mouth.

NUNS

Get out.

NOVICE

What did I do wrong?

NUNS

Get out, Libertine!

NOVICE

Aren't you supposed to teach me

how to love Jesus?!

So show me, Goddamn it!

NUNS

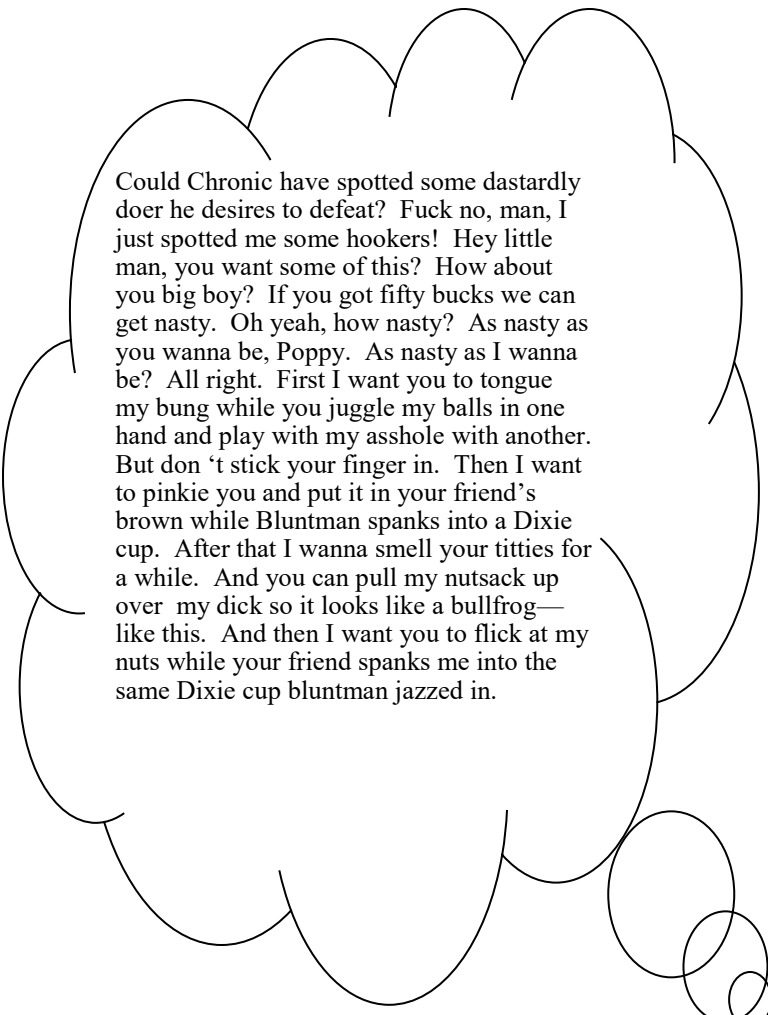
You must already know

the proper way

in your heart.

NOVICE

That's bullshit!



Could Chronic have spotted some dastardly doer he desires to defeat? Fuck no, man, I just spotted me some hookers! Hey little man, you want some of this? How about you big boy? If you got fifty bucks we can get nasty. Oh yeah, how nasty? As nasty as you wanna be, Poppy. As nasty as I wanna be? All right. First I want you to tongue my bung while you juggle my balls in one hand and play with my asshole with another. But don't stick your finger in. Then I want to pinkie you and put it in your friend's brown while Bluntman spans into a Dixie cup. After that I wanna smell your titties for a while. And you can pull my nutsack up over my dick so it looks like a bullfrog—like this. And then I want you to flick at my nuts while your friend spans me into the same Dixie cup bluntman jazzed in.

You made me a man!
You made me transform!

NUNS
We didn't make anything!
You are as you always were!

NOVICE
I was a woman who fucked in a normal, boring way!
Now I'm thinking about skull fucking Jesus and you say it's my fault!
Help me go back!

NUNS
You can't go back.
You've never left who you are!
Get out,
Libertine!

NOVICE
FUCK!

(the SERIAL KILLER enters one side, a MAN opposite; the MAN cruises the SERIAL KILLER)

MAN
You think it's going to rain?

SERIAL KILLER
Maybe.
I hope not.
I didn't bring an umbrella.

MAN
It's starting to rain.

SERIAL KILLER
Is it?

MAN
I felt a drop.

SERIAL KILLER
I didn't.

MAN
You can wait it out in my car.

Looks like it'll storm.

SERIAL KILLER
I can't. I have to go.

MAN
You come around here often?

SERIAL KILLER
You mean the rest stop?
I've never been here before.

MAN
Kinda dangerous being here this late.

SERIAL KILLER
I don't feel threatened.
Do you?

MAN
It's kind of a turn on.
Danger.
Knowing I could get robbed and killed,
or something.

SERIAL KILLER
Don't kiss me.
I'm running late.

MAN
Are you clean?

SERIAL KILLER
What?

MAN
Cut or uncut?

SERIAL KILLER
I've never done this before.

MAN
How big?

SERIAL KILLER
How big what?

MAN
Your dick.
Top or bottom.

SERIAL KILLER
You think it might rain?

MAN
What?
Fuck that, top or bottom?

SERIAL KILLER
Neither.

The five-stage model of the biology of behavior boils down to the single premise that all behavior is the product of interactions among three factors:

1. the organism's genetic endowment, which is a product of its evolution.
2. Its experience
3. Its perception of the current situation

Please consider this model carefully and consider its implications.

MAN
Why the fuck did you arrange a hook up then?

SERIAL KILLER
I've never done this before.

MAN
Fuck.
You married?

SERIAL KILLER
I hate women.

MAN
Okay.
Why don't we go to a hotel?

SERIAL KILLER
I don't like crowds.

MAN
No crowds in a hotel room.

SERIAL KILLER
I don't like light.

MAN
I'd like to watch you.

SERIAL KILLER
I don't want to be watched.
I don't want to see you.
I just want to feel you.
Feel what it's like inside you.
Appearances are distracting and deceiving.

MAN
You think I'm repulsive or something?
You saw my pic online.

SERIAL KILLER
I didn't believe it.
This doesn't have anything to do with you.

MAN
Look, forget it.
I'm going to go home and jerk off.

SERIAL KILLER
No, I have to do this now,
I can't take it anymore.
Give me your hands.

MAN
What?! Fuck you!

SERIAL KILLER
(pulls a knife)
Your hand.

Now.

MAN

(removes his hand and gives it to him)

SERIAL KILLER

(puts it on)

Yes,

yes, this what it all means.

MAN

Let me go.

Just let me go

and I won't tell anyone.

SERIAL KILLER

It is going to storm.

Your face.

Your face.

I've never killed a man before

don't think I won't

it may be killing part of myself

or maybe part of me is already dead.

Wearing this,

is like filling in the blanks.

(the MAN tries to run; the SERIAL KILLER grabs him and stabs him)

SERIAL KILLER

Why can't I love like everyone else?

(sounds of storm)

(a UFO dances in, whirls and exits)

END OF ACT I

Love is not sex. Love is not essentially mood or emotion. True love can exist even when lovers temporarily dislike each other. The goal of conjugal love is union. Lovers can touch one another in an interpenetrating glance which gives birth to a mysterious fusion of their souls. They become conscious of each other in a new and deeper way. The other in a way becomes the self. You become two in one flesh, two in one spirit—whereby you achieve unity or communion.

ACT II: Fuck-

(A storm, created by percussion instruments, actors on and backstage as well as members of the audience)

The very early Earth was not the calm Earth we know today. The early Earth must have been a much more dynamic place. Ongoing impacts perturbed the climate substantially, providing new gases to the atmosphere. The oceans were present by about 4 b.y.a., but it is likely that little or no continental material was present. Volcanism would have been much more active. Plate tectonics might not have been occurring, despite the more vigorous convection of the mantle. Atmospheric temperatures might have been substantially higher than today. Most importantly, the Earth of 4 b.y.a. probably contained no life, being much too chaotic as it churned and created and recreated itself into a stable, habitable, fertile place.

(AT THE PEAK OF THE STORM, SEVERAL ACTORS COME OUT AND SCREAM "COCK FIGHT!"; THE COCKS FIGHT UNTIL ONE FALLS, DEAD)

SEXUAL intercourse can be compared to a quarrel, on account of the contrarities of love and its tendency to dispute. The place of striking with passion is the body. Blows with the fist should be given on the back of the woman while she is sitting on the lap of the man, and she should give blows in return, abusing the man as if she were angry, and making the cooing and the weeping sounds. While the woman is engaged in congress the space between the breasts should be struck with the back of the hand, slowly at first, and then proportionately to the increasing excitement, until the end.

(SETTING: Sandro Botticelli's *Annunciation*)

GABRIEL
Listen to me.

MARY
no

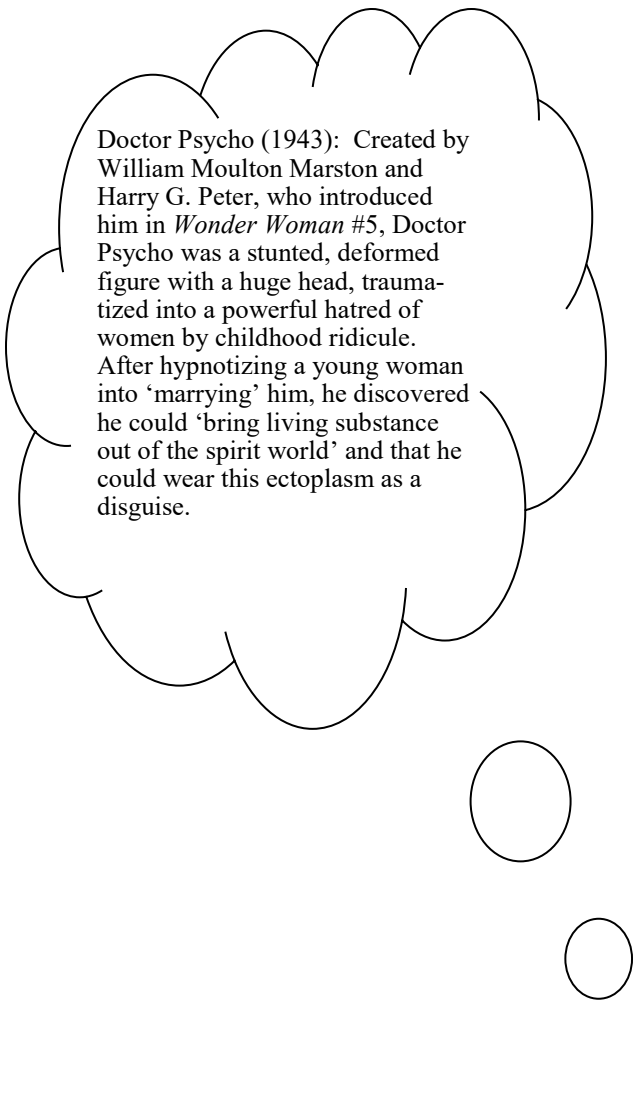
GABRIEL
Listen to me.
Listen to me.
Just listen to me.

MARY
You've made a mistake.

GABRIEL
Not possible.

MARY
This isn't happening.
Things do not
happen in this
What is *this* anyway.
This must be a

GABRIEL
Mary, I need you to concentrate.
GABRIEL (Cont.)
Or not.



Doctor Psycho (1943): Created by William Moulton Marston and Harry G. Peter, who introduced him in *Wonder Woman* #5, Doctor Psycho was a stunted, deformed figure with a huge head, traumatized into a powerful hatred of women by childhood ridicule. After hypnotizing a young woman into 'marrying' him, he discovered he could 'bring living substance out of the spirit world' and that he could wear this ectoplasm as a disguise.

It makes no difference.
We could talk it out,
rationalize the situation,
explain the reasons,
bring you onto our side
help you understand that this is necessary
and despite the horrors you'll experience
you will be a better person.

MARY

Person, pain, horror,
what's that inside me
what's going on inside me
the squiggling, wriggling,
fighting,
(screams in pain)
the piercing, the splintering,
the hot gush of swords, the hardness of blood,
what are you doing to me?
Make it stop, make it stop, make it stop,
what have I done to deserve this.
what are you doing to me?
haven't I been pure?

GABRIEL

The purest,
most delicate,
most crushable.
Do you know what's happening to you?

MARY

I shouldn't talk about it.
Are you doing it to me?

GABRIEL

Yes.
Am I hurting you?

MARY

CAN'T YOU TELL YOU'RE HURTING ME?

GABRIEL

But am I hurting you enough
to make you hate God?

MARY

You're getting pretty fucking close.
Am I bleeding,
am I dying,
what am I doing?

GABRIEL

Its not what you're doing,
A person who has been involved in a prior valid marriage is incapable of contracting another true and valid marriage while the first partner is alive. If either party has ever been in a marriage of any type previously, the parish priest should be consulted immediately so that the matter may be investigated and the party's freedom to marry may be ascertained.

GABRIEL (Cont.)

you're a vessel,
a chalice,
a grail,
it's what I'm pouring into you.
Don't you enjoy it a little,
even for a minute?

MARY

Why is it taking so long?

GABRIEL

I'm enjoying it.
I enjoy so little,
existence is so perfect,
then there's you,
the unexpected and fragile,
the delicate and unique,
I could obliterate you accidentally.
That's the most exciting possibility
I've ever experienced.

MARY

Please stop it soon.

GABRIEL

A little more.

MARY

I need it to stop.

GABRIEL

Soon.

MARY

I don't understand

GABRIEL

It's not about understanding.
Not yet
a little more
more
more
almost there
yes,
fuck, baby, yes.

MARY

Where
please no more
don't look at me.

GABRIEL

Name the baby Jesus.

MARY

Okay.

(HIV enters, appearing as snakes; a MAN enters opposite; HIV immediately attacks him [the attack can be sexual]; infecting him results in him adopting something of their snake-like appearance; after HIV exits, a WOMAN [or another MAN] enters, noticing nothing unusual about the MAN)

MAN
How many people have you slept with?

WOMAN
Um.
Give me a moment.
Um.
Hold on.
One, two, three, four...
Okay,
Uh, you're number twenty.

MAN
Have you ever been tested?
Twenty people and you've never been tested?
You need to get tested.

WOMAN
I'm fine.
I'm fine.
Most of the people I know were clean.

MAN
Do it.
I won't have sex with you until you do.

WOMAN
That's harsh.
That doesn't make sense.
We've been sleeping together for a month.

MAN
I won't bareback anymore.

WOMAN
How else will you come?
How else will you come?

MAN
I'll jerk off.

WOMAN
It's not the same.
How many people have you slept with?

MAN
A lot less than you.
Like, five.

WOMAN
Have you been tested?

MAN

AIDS seems so out of control. I'm worried about becoming infected. Should I be? What does the church teach about AIDS?
The church has taken some strong stands on the AIDS pandemic. First, the church advocates honest public discussion of the direct link between sexual activity and intravenous drug use and the transmission of HIV. Second, the church urges compassion for persons with AIDS. Persons with AIDS are not distant, unfamiliar people. We must embrace them with unconditional love. Compassion—love—toward persons infected with HIV is the only authentic gospel response. We must reject the idea that this illness is a direct punishment by God.

Yes. I'm clean.
How many have you barebacked with?

WOMAN
Let me think.
Let me think.
Six.
No, do you count anal?

MAN
Are you kidding?

WOMAN
Fine.
Ten.
But at least half I know had been tested
Or
I know they were clean.

MAN
How do you know they were clean?

WOMAN
They were married,
And hadn't slept with anyone else in years.

MAN
Get tested.

WOMAN
Okay.

MAN
Get tested.

WOMAN
Okay.
Stop freaking out.
Stop freaking out.

MAN
Have you scheduled it yet?

WOMAN
I keep forgetting. I will.

MAN
You promised.
Call.

WOMAN
I will.
I just keep forgetting.

MAN
Did you call for an appointment?

WOMAN
Appointment for what?
Oh, that.

I keep forgetting.
I keep forgetting.

MAN
Here's the phone.

WOMAN
I want to make an appointment for an STD culture.

MAN
And HIV test.

WOMAN
And an HIV test.

MAN
How many people have you slept with?

WOMAN
What times do you have for Tuesday?

MAN
Come here baby.

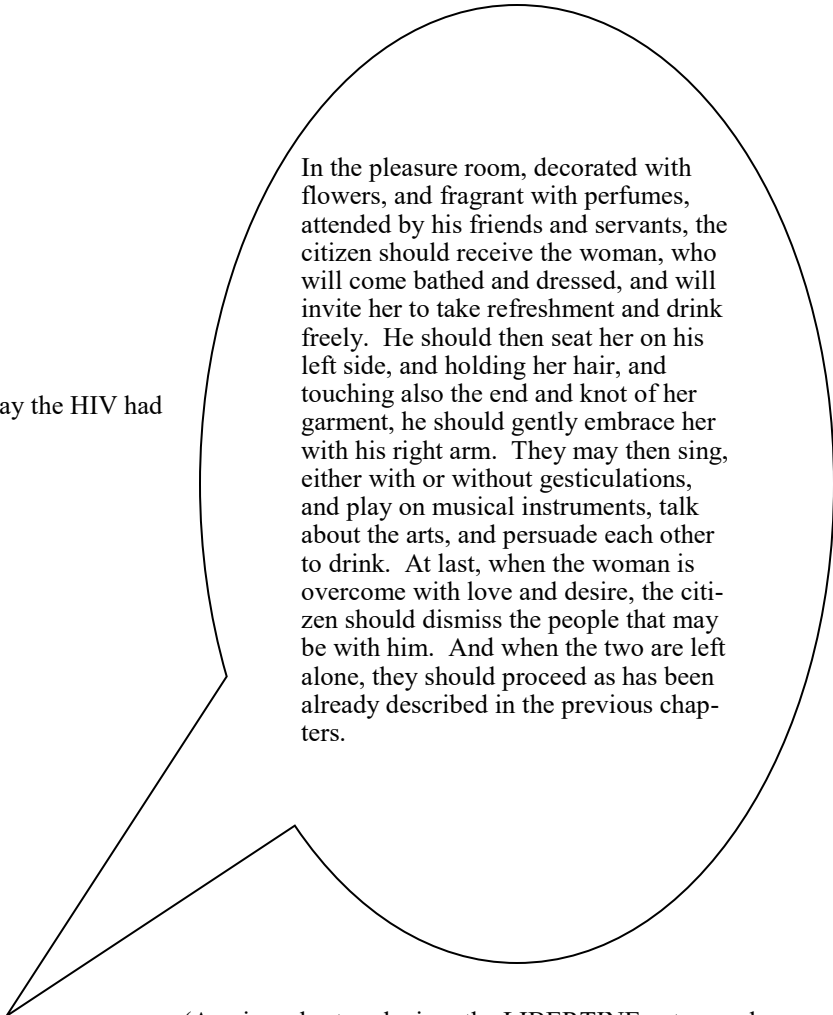
WOMAN
I'll take the 8:30.

MAN
Oh, baby, I want you so bad.

(MAN attacks the WOMAN, in the same way the HIV had attacked him; she screams)

WOMAN
Good bye.

(hangs up)



In the pleasure room, decorated with flowers, and fragrant with perfumes, attended by his friends and servants, the citizen should receive the woman, who will come bathed and dressed, and will invite her to take refreshment and drink freely. He should then seat her on his left side, and holding her hair, and touching also the end and knot of her garment, he should gently embrace her with his right arm. They may then sing, either with or without gesticulations, and play on musical instruments, talk about the arts, and persuade each other to drink. At last, when the woman is overcome with love and desire, the citizen should dismiss the people that may be with him. And when the two are left alone, they should proceed as has been already described in the previous chapters.

(An air orchestra playing; the LIBERTINE enters and moves through the players, admiring each; she finds the CELLO, running her hands over it; the entire orchestra reacts; she and the CELLO change places; she plays and the other players rise and play her)

LIBERTINE
Love, love, consume me...

(COCK FIGHT!)

The Puppet Spectacular

DAY 72 of Sodom

It is most difficult to fathom all the tortures man invents for himself in order to find, in the degradation they produce, or the agonies, these sparks of pleasure which age or satiety have made to grow faint in him. Hard it is to credit the assertion that one such gentleman of this sort, a person of sixty years and to a singular degree jaded by all the pleasures of lubricity, used only to be able to restore his senses to life by having the flames of a burning candle applied to every part of his body, and principally to the ones Nature has intended for those selfsame pleasures. He would have his thighs seared, his prick, his balls roasted, and above all else his asshole.

Another would have every hair on his ass plucked out one by one. Then, at the instant a conventional dribble of fuck announced the crisis' approach, a whore had, to give it the necessary encouragement, to drive the point of a scissors deep enough into each of his buttocks to draw a jet of blood. His ass was a maze of wounds and scars.

A third put his prick in the mouth of a whore and bade her bite it as hard as she could. And as she chewed his poor device, she was expected to lacerate his buttocks with an iron comb whose teeth were ground to sharp points. At the moment the whore sensed his prick ready to melt—a very faint, a barely perceptible erection would tell her so—she would spread his buttocks prodigiously wide, ease them close to a burning candle and she'd braise his asshole with it. 'Twas the burning sensation of that candle under his anus decided his emission; therewith she would redouble her bitings, and would soon find her mouth full.

(storm still)

How far can I go sexually?

Here are Positive Guidelines for Handling Sexually Tempting Situations:

1. Kiss only with the lips closed.
2. Don't touch another's "private parts." Beware of roaming hands. Don't allow someone to touch your private parts.
3. Keep your clothes on.
4. Stop immediately when genital feelings are aroused.
5. Stop immediately when you feel yourself losing control.

(BEAVER enters; ABE LINCOLN enters opposite)

ABE LINCOLN

Forescore and seven years ago.

BEAVER

Beat me.

Fuck me.

Call me a waitress.

(ABE LINCOLN punches BEAVER; BEAVER screams and squeals)

ABE LINCOLN

You're a filthy bitch, aren't you?

You're a dirty slut.

Tell me you're a dirty slut.

BEAVER

I'm a dirty slut.

ABE LINCOLN

Tell me you want it.

Beg me, you filthy cunt.

BEAVER

I want it.

Please, please let me have it.

(ABE LINCOLN fists BEAVER; she comes)

(COCK FIGHT)

SETTING: WUV Line for Kids!

(DR. SUE and ABEL CAMERO enter)

ABEL

And we're back. This is Wuv Line for Kids!

I'm here, Abel Camero with Dr. Sue Johansen from the Oxygen Channel ready to give advice

to all those kids with all your love problems.

No adults please.

1-888-Wuv-Line

That's 1-888-988-5463.

And kids, you don't need your parents' permission.

Should we take line one or three?

DR. SUE

What's the difference?

ABEL

Take a look.

You know who that is:

That's Wetsy Betsy.

What d'you think she shoved up her hoooha today?

DR. SUE

Take Line One.

ABEL

Line one: Timmy. How old are you, Timmy?

TIMMY

Uh...this many.

ABEL

Timmy, we can't see your fingers. This is radio.

DR. SUE

Count on your fingers, sweetheart.

TIMMY

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

DR. SUE

Seven years old! You're practically a man!

What do you want to talk about today, Timmy?

TIMMY

I I I I I I I

I was playing with my cousin
and and and and and and

ABEL

Cousin: boy or girl?

TIMMY

She's a girl.

ABEL

A straight kid.

(rings a cowbell or some sort of celebratory alarm
goes off)

We found another straight child in America!

DR. SUE

Go on, Timmy.

ABEL

That's three this year.

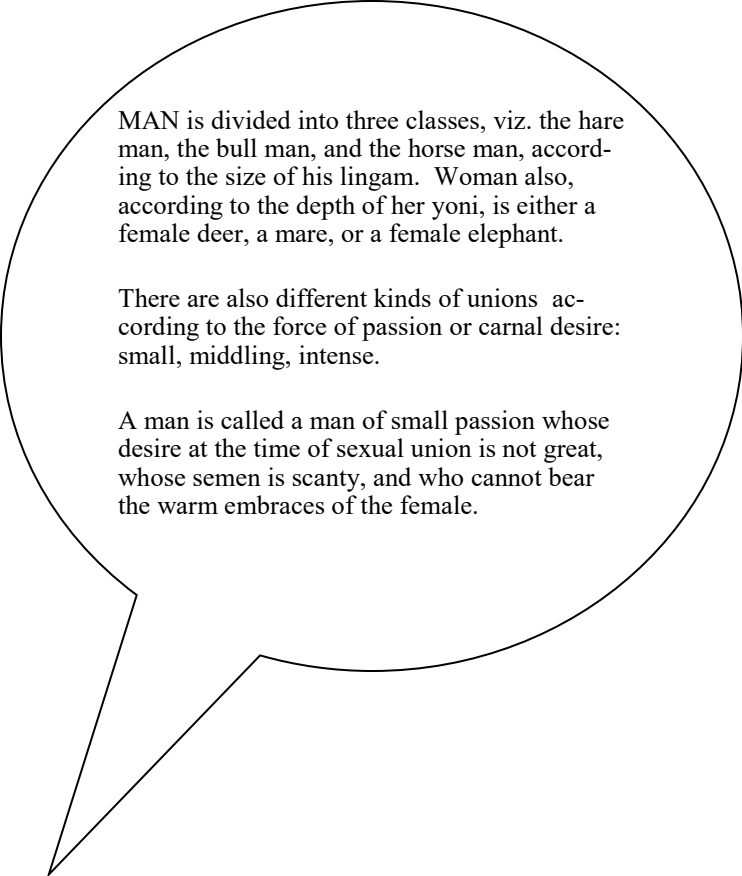
DR. SUE

Timmy, what did you with your cousin?

Did you kiss her?

TIMMY

I made her



MAN is divided into three classes, viz. the hare man, the bull man, and the horse man, according to the size of his lingam. Woman also, according to the depth of her yoni, is either a female deer, a mare, or a female elephant.

There are also different kinds of unions according to the force of passion or carnal desire: small, middling, intense.

A man is called a man of small passion whose desire at the time of sexual union is not great, whose semen is scanty, and who cannot bear the warm embraces of the female.

We were playing and
And and and and and
I made her take off her panties.

ABEL
Straight kid and already a date rapist.

DR. SUE
Shut up.

TIMMY
And then I took off my panties.

DR. SUE
You mean your underwear. Boys wear underwear.

TIMMY
I wear panties.

ABEL
Fuck.
(alarm of disappointment)
He's just in the closet.

DR. SUE
There are such things as straight cross dressers.
My first husband was.

ABEL
Is that the one you fucked with a strap on?

DR. SUE
And ben Waugh balls. Go on, Timmy.

TIMMY
I lost it inside her.

ABEL
You lost your penis inside her?

TIMMY
What's a penis?

DR. SUE
Your doodle.
Did you stick your doodle in her?

TIMMY
No, that's gross!
EUUUUWWWWWW!

ABEL
Definitely a fag.

TIMMY
It was a crayon.

ABEL

What color?

TIMMY
Black.

ABEL
You know what they say,
Once you have black you never go back.

DR. SUE
Timmy, is the crayon still inside her?

ABEL
Yeah, and I and I and I drew a cat and I want to
color it black.

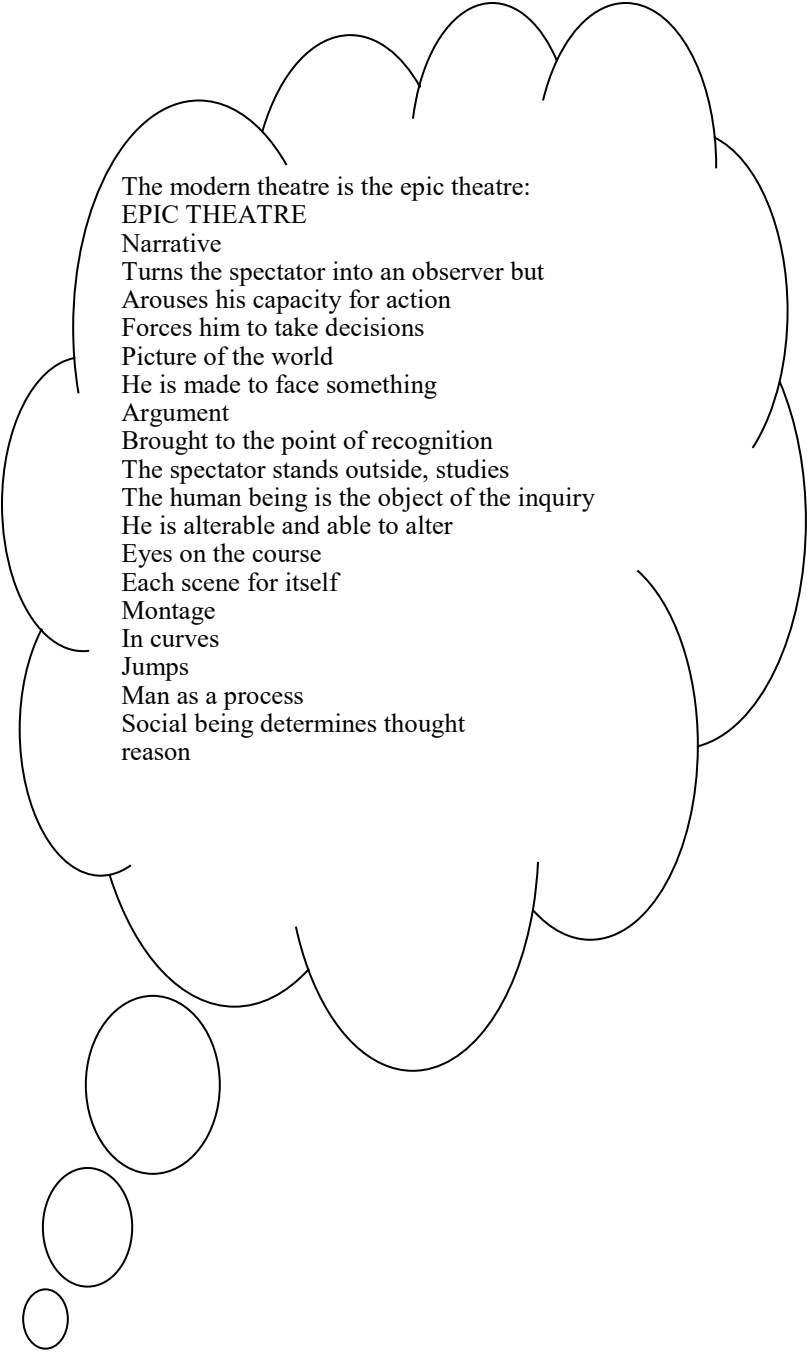
DR. SUE
Okay, Timmy,
This is what you need to do:
Get a good water-based lubricant
Not oil based, but water based—
There are lots of flavors for kids.
Get the lube and apply it to your fingers.

ABEL
No, listen, Timmy,
Forget your fingers.
That's unsanitary.
Go ask your Mom for some salad tongs.
Lube those up—

TIMMY
Mom, I need the salad tongs!
(voice fades off)

ABEL
Kids learn how to toss the salad so young these
days.

END OF SCENE



The modern theatre is the epic theatre:
EPIC THEATRE
Narrative
Turns the spectator into an observer but
Arouses his capacity for action
Forces him to take decisions
Picture of the world
He is made to face something
Argument
Brought to the point of recognition
The spectator stands outside, studies
The human being is the object of the inquiry
He is alterable and able to alter
Eyes on the course
Each scene for itself
Montage
In curves
Jumps
Man as a process
Social being determines thought
reason

(enter FULVIA and GALLA)

FULVIA

I love Janus.
 I hate that fucking prick.
 Let me know the very exact instance
 you receive word from him.
 If you let him in the house
 I'll strangle you
 With your entrails.
 He's with Livia.
 He's with the senate.
 He's a senator, he's taking power.
 What's he planning?
 I can't trust that fucking bastard.
 He'll have me tortured and raped and killed,
 He'll come for me and take me away.
 I know his plans, what are his plans?
 Would he be with me if I hadn't told him
 To go fuck himself?
 The fucking nerve of that prick
 PLAYING US BOTH.
 Does Livia know? Maybe she doesn't even know about me.
 I want to talk to her.
 I want to kill her.
 I want to cry with her.
 No one but Livia
 Understands
 No one loves Janus
 Except us.
 What are you laughing at?

GALLA

You; he's very persuasive.
 The senate dotes on him.
 The people can't get statues
 Erect fast enough.
 If you know what I mean.
 Here he comes, lo, and watch him strut!
 Like it's still his own house.
 Like you're still his fuck puppet.
 I think you still are.

FULVIA

Shut up, Galla!

(JANUS enters)

JANUS

Where are you, fair one, that conceal your self,
 And keep your Beauty within Locks and Bars here,
 Like a Fools Treasure?

FULVIA

True, she was a Fool,
 When first she shew'd it to a Thief.

JANUS

How, pretty sullenness!
 So harsh and short?

How do I resist someone who is pressuring me for sex?

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The best way to thwart any pressure for sex from a date is to prepare yourself ahead of time.

1. Know your standards: say No in your mind and heart to any activity beyond hand-holding, hugs, and light kisses.
2. Dress modestly.
3. Avoid sexually suggestive conversations.
4. Say No strongly and firmly if your date begins to pressure you.

FULVIA

The Fools Artillery, Sir.

JANUS

Then take my Gown off, for th' encounter.

FULVIA

Stay Sir.

I am not in the mood.

JANUS

I'll put you into't.

You think this becomes you? Slack this bended Brow;

And shoot less scorn: there is a Fortune coming

Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee thus,

And set thee aloft, to tread upon the Head

Of her own Statue here in *Rome*.

FULVIA

I wonder,

Who let this promiser in! Why he is so venturous,

To press thus to my Chamber, being forbidden,

Both by my self and Servants?

JANUS

How! This's handsome!

Hear me,

You over-act when you should under-do.

A little call your self again, and think.

If you do this to practise on me' or find

At what forc'd distance you can hold your Servant;

That' it be an artificial trick to enflame,

And fire me more, fearing my Love may need it,

As heretofore you ha' done: why, proceed.

FULVIA

You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd Tongue,

I' your rude Mouth, and favouring your self,

Un-manner'd Lord.

JANUS

How now!

FULVIA

It is your Title, Sir.

Who (since you ha' lost your own good Name, and know not

What to lose more) care not whose Honour you wound,

Or Fame you poyson with it. You should go

And vent your self i' the Region where you live,

Among the Suburb-brothels, Bawds, and Brokers,

Whither your broken Fortunes have design'd you.

[He offers to force her, and she draws her Knife.]

JANUS

Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see; and pluck

The Tragick Visor off. Come, Lady *Cypris*,

Know your own Vertues, quickly. I'll not be

Put to the wooing of you thus, a-fresh,

At every turn, for all the *Venus* in you.

FULVIA
Hold off your Ravishers Hands, I pierce your Heart else.

JANUS
Fulvia, you do know
The strengths you have upon me; do not use
Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bear
Almost until you break me.

FULVIA
I do know, Sir,
How well I know, Sir, how you can bear,
Who you bear, and how you've born me.

JANUS
Regret?

FULVIA
Never.

JANUS
Fare you well, dear Lady:
You will repent these moods, and ere't be long too.
I shall ha' you come about again.

FULVIA
Do you think so?

JANUS
Yes, and I know so.

FULVIA
By what Augury?

JANUS
By the fair Entrails of the Matrons Chests,
Gold, Pearl, and Jewels here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd:
And grieving miss.

FULVIA
Tut, all your promis'd Mountains,
And Seas, I am so stalely acquainted with ——

JANUS
But, when you see the universal Flood
Run by your Coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
Are sold for Slaves, their Wives for Bond-women,
Their Houses and fine Gardens given away,
And all their Goods, under the Spear at out-cry,
And you have none of this; so he left you. [exits]

FULVIA
Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not usual! something hangs on this
That I must win out of him.

JANUS
How now, melt you?

Is either partner ever allowed to refuse to have marital relations?
 In marriage, each spouse has an equal right to marital relations and an equal obligation to grant them when the partner makes a reasonable request. Frequent or continued refusal to have relations when the partner reasonably requests them is wrong.

FULVIA

Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness!

JANUS

I would have my Love
 Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
 Of her behaviour. By my lov'd Soul,
 I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
 More than mine own revenge, to make thee happy.

FULVIA

Shall I know your project?

JANUS

All

That I can think, sweet Love, or my Breast holds,
 I'll pour into thee.

FULVIA

What is your design then? Nay, answer me, your Plot;
 I pr'y thee tell me, *Janus*.

JANUS

When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
 Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
 A Lady is a fire: gentle, a light.

[She kisses and flatters him along still.]

FULVIA

Will you not tell me, what I ask you?

JANUS

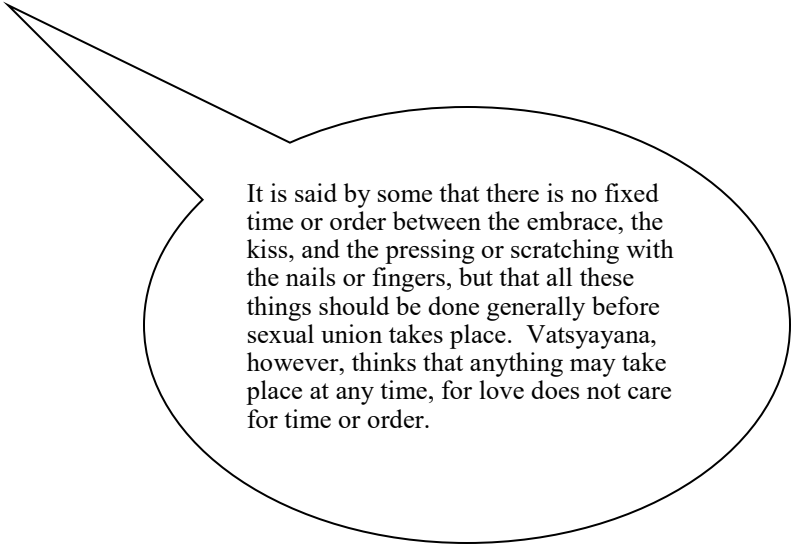
I'll tell thee, *Janus* shall now be Consul:
 But you will hear more shortly.

FULVIA

Nay, dear love ——

JANUS

I'll speak it in thine Arms, let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her Wealth will be our prize;
 By publick ruine, private Spirits must rise.

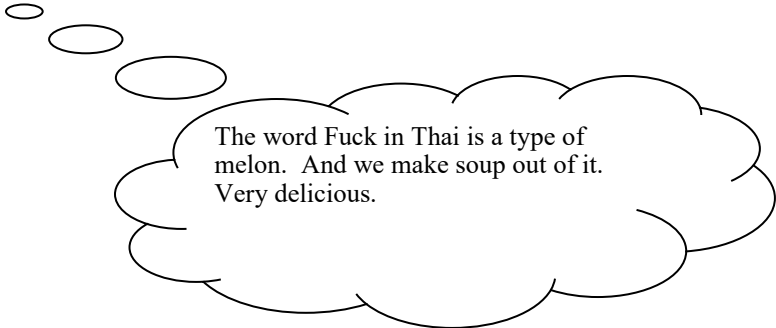


It is said by some that there is no fixed time or order between the embrace, the kiss, and the pressing or scratching with the nails or fingers, but that all these things should be done generally before sexual union takes place. Vatsyayana, however, thinks that anything may take place at any time, for love does not care for time or order.

(a MAN and WOMAN enter and make out; then a WOMAN enters and makes out with the WOMAN; another MAN enters and makes out with the MAN; groups of people make out with one another)

(two little BOYS come out; they flash each other and poke at one another's penis; and scream; they do this over and over and run out)

(storm still)



The word Fuck in Thai is a type of melon. And we make soup out of it. Very delicious.

(CURIOSITY enters, in a forest; MERCURY approaches)

MERCURY

You need to get the fuck out of here.

CURIOSITY

“Out of here”? Out of where?

MERCURY

The woods.

You need to go now.

CURIOSITY

These aren't woods.

I was walking to class.

I was driving to the grocery store—I'm out of tuna.

I was walking at the mall—

I'm looking for shoes.

I was on my way to church.

What woods are you talking about?

MERCURY

This abundance of nature—the rawness of life, naked and teem-

ing, The throbbing, pulsing hot blooded sap spurting

From trees onto our feet.

Didn't you notice the stickiness when you walk?

CURIOSITY

I thought that was a spilled icee.

MERCURY

You're too naïve to stay.

You need to leave right now.

Go on, I'll help you.

CURIOSITY

STOP IT.

How did I get here?

I wasn't looking for it.

MERCURY

You must have.

You can't get here without looking for it.

CURIOSITY

I don't know how I got in

So how can I get out?

Stop pushing me!

What is your problem?!

What's that music?

MERCURY

That's not music.

CURIOSITY

No, it is.

It has a rhythm.

That's music.

There is some debate about when the vertebrates ventured out of the water, and why they did it. The classical theory put forward in the 1950s was that fishes moved on to land in order to escape from drying pools. The simplest hypothesis is that the lobe-fins moved on to land in order to tap new resources: not only food, in the form of plants and small animals that were not being exploited by anything else, but also oxygen, vastly more plentiful in air than it is in water, if only they could absorb it safely.

MERCURY
Don't listen to that.

CURIOSITY
But I like it.
It's got a good beat.

MERCURY
That's nothing.
You need to go.

CURIOSITY
What's that smell?!
Is that rain?
It smells like
Yeager,
Black licorice,
Apple Pucker,
Grenadine,
It's raining all these things,
The air tastes,
Drunken.

MERCURY
Don't drink the air!

CURIOSITY
Okay, what's the worst that can happen if I don't leave?

MERCURY
Why the fuck do you keep asking questions?
Can't you take advice when it's offered?

CURIOSITY
Tell me.

MERCURY
If you don't leave
You'll lose your virginity.

CURIOSITY
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT—

MERCURY
I don't.
He does.

(PAN enters, followed by a band of WOOD NYMPHS bearing percussion instruments)

PAN
Father!
Don't get rid of her.
Play nice.

MERCURY
Personal responsibility.
That's all I've ever tried to teach you.
Do you realize the outcome of your actions—

PAN
Blah blah blah.

MERCURY
--that there are consequences to every action you take.

PAN
Dad, she heard me.

MERCURY
If you didn't play

PAN
Ladies should I stop playing?!

WOOD NYMPHS
NO!!!!

PAN
Should I make this innocent, lovely,
virgin go away?

CURIOSITY
Hey!

WOOD NYMPHS
NO!!!!!!

PAN
Make her feel welcome, Ladies.

(the WOOD NYMPHS make her feel welcome)

PAN
She heard me,
You heard me,
because,
why do you think you heard me?

CURIOSITY
I don't know.
I don't even know who you are.

PAN
I'm that impulse we all have,
deep down, when we're unhappy,
when we've had a bad day,
the gnawing rebelliousness,
the need for chaos,
the lust for abandon.
I destroy civilizations,
I abandon families,
I let children starve,
I spit on responsibility,
(it is our enemy).
I embrace the woods,
the warm, moist soil,
the flowing sap
which makes us all drunk

and debauched
and human.
I am Pan.
Who are you?

CURIOSITY
Who am I?
I don't know.
Wait, no, I do know.
I can't even think.
I do know.
I'm I'm I'm curious
and scared—you have a tail and horns.

PAN
You know what that means.

CURIOSITY
I'm thirsty and curious,
But I don't think I should be here.
You're right, I should go.

MERCURY
I'll help you out.

PAN
It's too late.

MERCURY
It's never too late.

PAN
She's heard the music.
She's tasted the air.
Even if she leaves, she'll come back.

MERCURY
Do you want to leave?

CURIOSITY
Yes.

MERCURY
Let's go.

(CURIOSITY and MERCURY exit; after a pause, CURIOSITY
returns alone)

CURIOSITY
I tried to stay away.
I had to come back.
I tried to forget about you
And go on with my life.
I had a boyfriend and we got engaged
And talked about having children.
We picked names,
But I kept hearing that music,
That music,
It pounded in my head
Night after night,

And I couldn't forget you.
 I had to come back.
 The pain deep down inside me
 Was too much.
 Does that make any sense?

PAN
 Does that make any sense, ladies?

(the WOOD NYMPHS play enthusiastically)

CURIOSITY
 What's that smell?

PAN
 Would you like a taste?

CURIOSITY
 Yes.
 No.
 No.
 Yes.
 Yes.
 No.

PAN
 Very well.

(storm; sound of rain; the WOOD NYMPHS begin drinking the air)

CURIOSITY
 It's so sweet.

PAN
 Drink.
 Deeply.

CURIOSITY
 No, I'm scared.
 No, I'm getting drunk.
 Drunk, tipsy.
 Don't let me go.
 Don't let me fall.
 I'm falling,
 Hold onto me

PAN
 I want to push you.

WOOD NYMPHS
 No! Jump! Jump! Jump!

PAN
 Take my hand.

WOOD NYMPHS
 Jump! Jump! Jump!

CURIOSITY
 What if I do something stupid?

PAN

Everything we do is stupid!
Nature is absurd fucking nonsense.
Let your heart beat
To the human drumming of lunacy.

(the WOOD NYMPHS drum; storm still: All EXIT)

(the woman who will become the WOMAN IN FURS enters)

WOMAN

It's only a part-time job, sweetheart, and we need the money.
I still want kids; how could you think I'd want a career more
than kids?

I'm not trying to stall. I thought you knew me better than
that.

Don't, please, not tonight, I have a headache,
I just set my hair, I'm on my period, one of the puppies in the
kennel died,
my favorite one just got adopted, not tonight, sweetheart,
I'm just not in the mood,
it's not you, it's me.

(various furred animals enter)

WOMAN (Cont.)

Come here, baby, come here, sweetie,
aren't you the most adorable beautiful thing!
Who do you love more than anyone?!

Who's your mommy, little darlings!

WOMAN (Cont.)

I'm going out for a drink

The employed young wife is such a commonplace fact on the American scene that some couples never give the question a second thought. However, there are factors to ponder. First, *the husband still has the moral and legal duty of supporting the family*. Second, *her working should not put any stress or strain on the developing relationship between the couple*. Third, *husbands and wives should agree that the wife's employment is temporary*. Her job should never be used as an excuse for *postponing pregnancy*.

with a couple people I work with.
 Of course men will be there,
 I work with men, but I work with women, too.
 Don't be disgusting, I'm not like that.
 You shouldn't talk like that, I'm a married woman.
 My husband will kill me.
 We're trying for a baby—but not lately.
 I shouldn't say that, I'm drunk, I never get drunk.
 I'm not drunk, I'm not like that, I'm just a little really happy
 cause I'm away from the house,
 who thought a house would be so much work to clean?!
 Maybe if I didn't have a husband living in it,
 and doing whatever he wanted because he owns it,
 I DIDN'T SAY THAT!
 I can't afford another drink.
 I give my paycheck to him—he represents our family
 and I'm working for the family, not myself.
 It's to remind myself that I'm not independent,
 I'm in a life of mutual dependency.
 What're you doing?
 No, it's okay.
 That feels...good...interesting...wow...
 No, I'm okay, I'll stop you if I...wow...
 I'll be home late, honey,
 I need to bathe the puppies.
 They're so dirty today for some reason.
 What're you doing?
 No, it's okay, but, no, it's okay, but I liked it more when...
 Could you,
 would you,
 no, no like that,
 like that.
 Don't stop.
 Don't, no, don't stop,
 Don't you fucking stop.
 What are you doing, bitch?
 Keep eating, keep licking,
 shove your face in there or I'll do it myself.
 Finger me, fuck me with your fingers,
 I'm going to be late, he's waiting up for me,
 Do it because I said so!
 I want a divorce.
 Fuck me harder,
 I want a promotion, I work harder than anyone,
 Fuck me harder,
 take off my shoes, bitch,
 what the fuck are you doing wearing clothes,
 strip.
 Shove that in my mouth, I want to suck you dry,
 you can keep the fucking house,
 I want my own place,
 I want to be in control over everything.
 Keep going, don't stop, oh fucking Jesus, don't stop,
 WOMAN (Cont.)
 I'm cold, I'm so cold now.
 I always get really really cold after I come hard.

(she skins the furred animals and wears their furs)

WOMAN (Cont.)

Not warm enough, I'll get warm soon, I just need more.
 There's more fur out there.
Did I tell you
you could stop fucking me?!

SETTING: WUV Line for Kids!

(DR. SUE and ABEL CAMERO enter)

ABEL

And we're back. This is Wuv Line for Kids!
 I'm here, Abel Camero with Dr. Sue Johansen from
 the Oxygen Channel ready to give advice
 to all those kids with all your love problems.
 No adults please.
 1-888-Wuv-Line
 That's 1-888-988-5463.
 And kids, you don't need your parents' permission.
 Can we take Wetsy Betsy now?
 Can we, please please please please please?

DR. SUE

Alright, but try to be nice to her this time.

ABEL

Betsy, you're 8 and you shoved something in your vagina!

BETSY

Hi, Abel!

ABEL

Betsy, you know the rules.
 You're only allowed to call in three times.

BETSY

I know, but

ABEL

And this is your fourth.

BETSY

I know, but I'm scared this time.

ABEL

More scared than when you lost a spoon in your hooha.

BETSY

Yeah, more scared.

DR. SUE

Are you bleeding this time?
 If you are, you need to go to a hospital immediately.

Is masturbation wrong?
 By definition, *masturbation* is the deliberate stimulation of the genital organs for solitary sexual pleasure. Note that a person who masturbates is concerned only with his or her needs. This behavior is wrong because God meant sexual activity to be relational.

BETSY
I'm not bleeding!
I lost my doll!

ABEL
We don't handle problems involving lost toys.

DR. SUE
Betsy, where did you lose your dolly?

BETSY
Up there.

DR. SUE
What kind of doll was it?

BETSY
Malibu Barbie.

ABEL
Such a dyke.
Did you manage to fit ALL OF Malibu Barbie inside yourself?
That's what, 9, 10 inches.
Almost as big as me.

BETSY
No, I didn't put all of her inside.
She's too big.

ABEL
Then how did you lose her?

BETSY
I lost her head in there.
I tried going feet first, but her toes pinched me in there.
So I put her in head first,
And that felt good because her hair is so soft,
But when I pulled her out,
Her head came off.
I want my Barbie back!

ABEL
You got head from Barbie?
When I was 8 I wanted Barbie to give me head.

DR. SUE
Have you felt around inside you for her hair that you can grab?

BETSY
No, there's nothing.

DR. SUE
Okay, here's what I want you to do.
Go sit on the toilet
And bear down.
You know, like you're going to pee or make poop.

ABEL
Poop out Barbie!

DR. SUE
Get on the toilet, Betsy.

BETSY
Okay, okay, hold on,
I'm there.

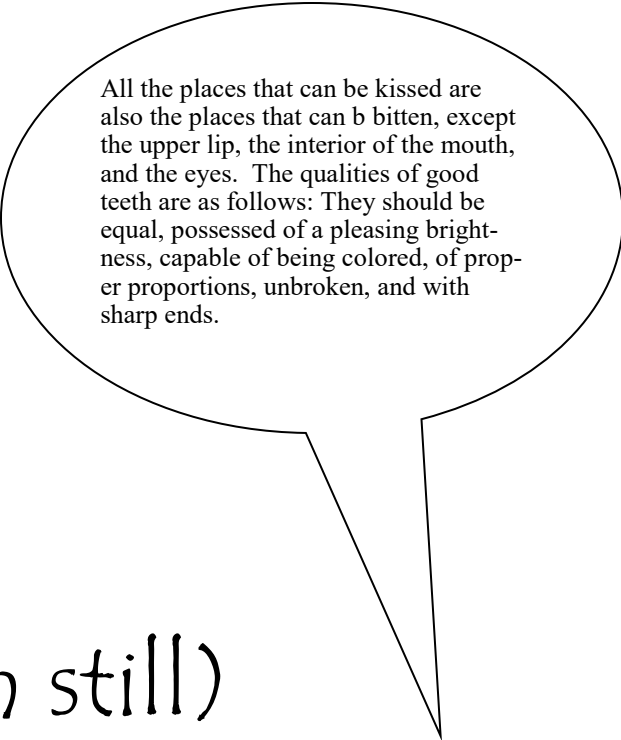
DR. SUE
Okay, push, Betsy.

BETSY
Mmmmmmmm,
I can feel it moving.

DR. SUE
Reach inside and see if you can grab it.

BETSY
Mmmmmm...

ABEL
We're going to have to go to a commercial.
But come back after the break and see if Betsy
managed to poop out Barbie.



All the places that can be kissed are also the places that can be bitten, except the upper lip, the interior of the mouth, and the eyes. The qualities of good teeth are as follows: They should be equal, possessed of a pleasing brightness, capable of being colored, of proper proportions, unbroken, and with sharp ends.

(storm still)

(VAMPIRE enters, along with assorted WOMEN)

VAMPIRE
Ask for it.

WOMEN
Please. Please.

VAMPIRE
Tell me your name.
(bites one woman; she bleeds as organ music)
I'm Betsy.

WOMEN
Please.

VAMPIRE
 Beg for it.
 (bites another woman)
 I'm Rose.

WOMEN
 Give it to me again.
 Take it all.
 Take it from me.

VAMPIRE
 (bites another woman)
 I'm Sue.

(the VAMPIRE goes through all the WOMEN, each bleeding and collapsing; after these few, the words become unimportant to understand; the blood-music growing and growing until it is all that can be heard)

(the ROSE, ranting and swinging blades though no one passes by)

ROSE
 Where are you, you fucking cowards?!
 Come on, try to smell my taint, you perverts!
 Stop hiding, cowards! Assholes!
 You fucking butt-munching,
 Donkey-raping, shit-eating,
 Piss-soaked, kiddie fuckers!
 Holy fucking Jesus I'm horny!
 WILL SOMEONE FUCK ME?!

(a BEE enters)

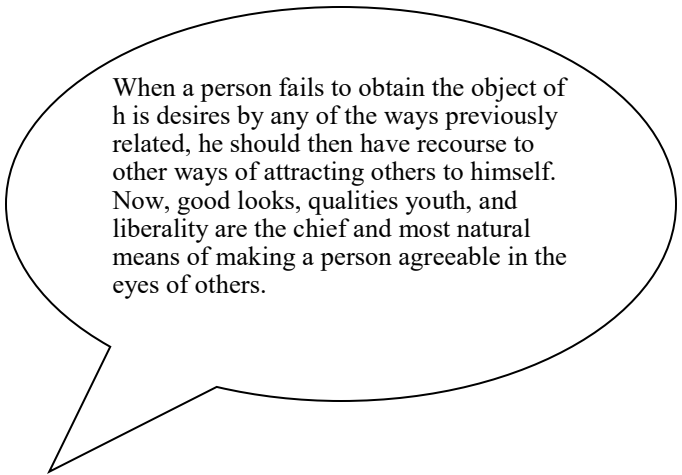
BEE
 Very nice: not my type.

ROSE
 Hey!

BEE
 Hey, what?
 What you gonna do?
 What you gonna do?
 Make me fuck you?
 You limp, pale, pedal fraying,
 Tight bud?

ROSE
 Come back:
 I liked that.
 Keep going!
 Talk dirty to me!

BEE
 Like to see you try to get me up, bitch.
 I don't find you attractive:



When a person fails to obtain the object of his desires by any of the ways previously related, he should then have recourse to other ways of attracting others to himself. Now, good looks, qualities youth, and liberality are the chief and most natural means of making a person agreeable in the eyes of others.

you're not the right shade of red.

ROSE

Wait til the sun goes down.

BEE

Fuck, you're tight!

Loosen up and let your juices flow.

ROSE

Maybe if you talk dirty to me.

BEE

Some other time.

ROSE

Hey, do you think I'm attractive?

BEE

I don't know.

ROSE

What don't you know? You are or you aren't.

BEE

I think I'm into daisies.

I think I'm into dandelions.

I think I prefer stinging little children.

ROSE

You fucking pervert.

BEE

I love roses:

Silky petals,

Sweet smelling

Rose pussy:

Especially young,

Tight little buds.

ROSE

You're standing in my sun.

BEE

You should never be in shadow.

It's wrong to hide your beauty.

ROSE

I've always thought so.

You're different than the others.

You have different coloring.

BEE

I'm not a drone.

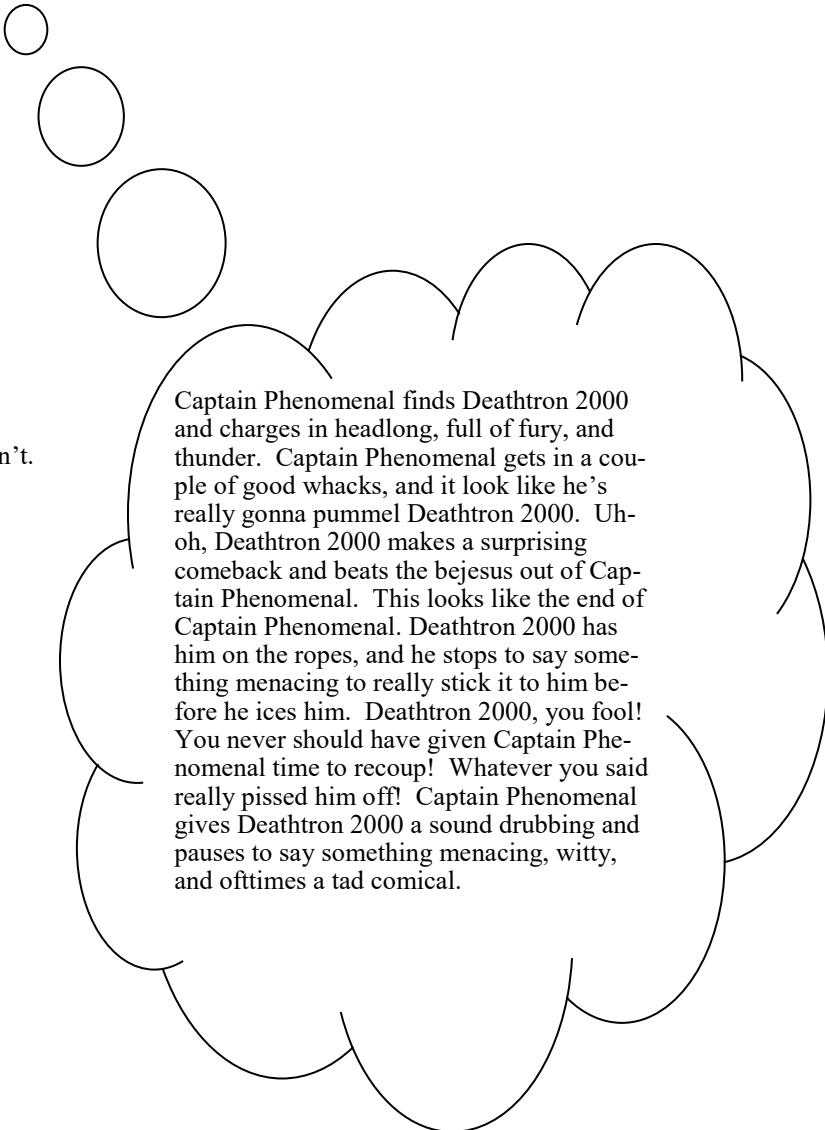
I'm a queen.

I'm looking for drones.

I figured I'd find plenty of drones hovering around

A rose as gorgeous as you.

ROSE



Captain Phenomenal finds Deathtron 2000 and charges in headlong, full of fury, and thunder. Captain Phenomenal gets in a couple of good whacks, and it look like he's really gonna pummel Deathtron 2000. Uh-oh, Deathtron 2000 makes a surprising comeback and beats the bejesus out of Captain Phenomenal. This looks like the end of Captain Phenomenal. Deathtron 2000 has him on the ropes, and he stops to say something menacing to really stick it to him before he ices him. Deathtron 2000, you fool! You never should have given Captain Phenomenal time to recoup! Whatever you said really pissed him off! Captain Phenomenal gives Deathtron 2000 a sound drubbing and pauses to say something menacing, witty, and oftentimes a tad comical.

What the fuck is a drone?

BEE

A slave.

A male slave.

ROSE

You're female then?

BEE

I still have a pretty large stinger.

You have a problem with that?

ROSE

You're not my type.

I'm not into that.

Try the pansies down the street.

(BEE exits)

ROSE

SOMEONE FUCK ME!

The males of many social species establish a stable hierarchy of social dominance through combative encounters with other males. In some species, these encounters often involve physical damage. Why is social dominance an important factor in evolution? The reason is that dominant males copulate more than nondominant males and thus are more effective in passing on their characteristics to future generations.

(the LITTLE BOY enters, dragged on stage by a leash with a dog collar by the WOMAN IN FURS)

WOMAN IN FURS

You're pathetic.

You're not worth my time.

Shut up.

Don't look at me.

(more WOMEN IN FURS enter, each with a whip; their furs suggest leopards, cats, cheetahs, etc.)

WOMEN IN FURS

You think you're good enough to be whipped?

Answer me.

Answer me.

Answer me.

You're pathetic.

You're disgusting.

You're dirty.

You're lovely and beautiful.

I despise you.

I adore you.

I hate you.

I want to vomit when I see you.

Answer me!

BOY
No.

WOMEN IN FURS
What are you?
What are you?
What are you?

BOY
Nothing.

WOMEN IN FURS
You're less than nothing.
You disgust me.
I hate you.

(they all whip him; then they toss aside the whips and
he's in ecstasy)

The ventromedial nucleus (VMN) of the hypothalamus contains circuits that are critical for female sexual behavior. Electrical stimulation of the VMN facilitates the sexual behavior of female rats, and the VMN lesions reduce it. Indeed, female rats with bilateral lesions of the VMN do not display lordosis, and they are likely to attack suitors who become too ardent.

caress him, purring and climbing all over him;

(the storm
draws to a close)

END OF ACT II

ACT III: Marry

(THE ACTORS COME OUT AND BEGIN BUILDING SOMETHING OUT OF LEGO, BUILDING BLOCKS, TINKER TOYS, ETC, PREFERABLY A BRIDGE OR BUILDING; THIS CAN BEGIN DURING INTERMISSION)

SETTING: Restaurant.

AT RISE: The SERIAL KILLER and the LIBERTINE are looking through menus.

SERIAL KILLER

When I kill women, I must destroy their flesh;
Grind it, pulverize it, do such violence it voids its existence.

LIBERTINE

Have you tried the lamb?
I love the flesh of the young.

SERIAL KILLER

There's always a joyful surprise
regarding the knife.
I'm old fashioned, superstitious:
I still believe in the integrity of the body.
I wonder why the women should fear a knife,
when their bodies should be able to resist it.
But they succumb: they always succumb.
It's always too easy.

LIBERTINE

The menu doesn't say if the lamb is male or female.
How can I eat it not knowing the sex?
Eating has become so complicated
As my tastes have grown so satiated.
Do you think I could order the lamb raw?

SERIAL KILLER

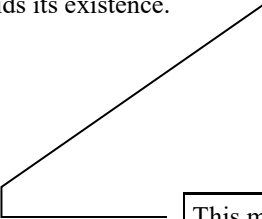
The surgeries I perform on the women
Are attempts to reconstruct or rewrite.

LIBERTINE

You work as a disappointed romantic:
A hopeful idealist, wanting to change women
Into something you can suffer, possibly tolerate,
And in your deepest, darkest hopes:
Enjoy.
What are you getting?

SERIAL KILLER

The fish.



This mutual inward molding of husband and wife; this determined effort to perfect each other...can be said to be the chief reason and purpose of matrimony—provided matrimony be looked at not in the restricted sense as instituted for the proper conception and education of a child, but more widely as the blending of life as a whole and mutual interchange and sharing thereof.

LIBERTINE
Again?

SERIAL KILLER
I like eating flesh with bones.

(WAITRESS approaches)

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

SERIAL KILLER
She's like the waitress I had last week.

LIBERTINE
The one you skinned?

SERIAL KILLER
And painted my garage with her blood.

LIBERTINE
She's cute. I don't think she's into you.

SERIAL KILLER
But she's into you?
She probably thinks you're a dyke.

LIBERTINE
Fuck you.

WAITRESS
I'll be back with your drinks.

SERIAL KILLER
I'll bake her breasts parmigiana,
With a pasta tossed with oil, asagio and sun dried tomatoes.

LIBERTINE
Not tonight, please.
I don't want to go home alone.
Can't we just hang out tonight?
Go to a movie?

SERIAL KILLER
You've never said such a thing before.
You've never asked me not to butcher.
You've never stood in my way.
What of the days you encouraged me?

LIBERTINE
My request could be seen as emotional, feminine:
LIBERTINE (Cont.)
A thing a girlfriend would demand of a boyfriend.
You could see my request as evidence that I need improvement:
Such as a lobotomy to remove pesky thoughts;
Maybe sear my heart with a red hot poker
To make it tough, impenetrable, strong,
Manly.

SERIAL KILLER

You're already manly.

LIBERTINE

I'm going to be a nun. I've decided.

SERIAL KILLER

Ghastly outfit,

But I'd appreciate the effort

To hide your body.

What possessed you with such a bizarre notion?

LIBERTINE

I'm tired.

I want to be good.

SERIAL KILLER

Good?

LIBERTINE

I want to live among good people.

SERIAL KILLER

Unlike your present life

When you live amongst people

Like me.

LIBERTINE

Yes.

I want love.

SERIAL KILLER

You have love.

You eat love as every meal.

LIBERTINE

I'm tired of love as an offering of

Flesh. When Eating and Love and Sex

Become so indistinguishable

I'm not sure what I'm doing with my mouth.

Love of God: that will be clean and good and clear.

I can't think.

SERIAL KILLER

I doubt you can pull it off.

I'll miss you.

LIBERTINE

Can I ask you something?

Why haven't you killed me?

SERIAL KILLER

Do what?

LIBERTINE

Why haven't you killed me before?

SERIAL KILLER

I have no idea.

I've never thought of it before.

LIBERTINE
 But I'm a woman.
 At some point, it must have occurred to you.

SERIAL KILLER
 You would think.
 Do you want me to murder you?

LIBERTINE
 Not especially.

SERIAL KILLER
 Then it doesn't matter.
 The conversation is irrelevant.

(the WAITRESS brings drinks; the SERIAL KILLER takes out a flask and adds rum to both drinks)

SERIAL KILLER
 I should've bought little umbrellas.
 Rum isn't the same without little colored umbrellas.

LIBERTINE
 I have little plastic swords.

(pulls swords out of her purse; they sword fight until the LIBERTINE deals a death blow to the SERIAL KILLER)

LIBERTINE
 The swords aren't used to their full potential
 unless they're speared with
 cherries and pineapples.
 Could we order cherries and pineapples?

SERIAL KILLER
 You think too much.
 Maybe I should give you a lobotomy.
 Would that make you happy?
 Would that make you feel more like a woman?

LIBERTINE
 Fuck you.
 The moon.
 Look at the moon:
 It's hypnotic in its naked fullness.

SERIAL KILLER
 It's pocked surface, it's ugliness seems so raw.

LIBERTINE/SERIAL KILLER
 Like flesh.

SERIAL KILLER
 That's why.

LIBERTINE
 Pardon?

SERIAL KILLER

We're too alike.
 I don't think about killing you
 Because I'm not suicidal.
 Going into the nunnery:
 Is that an act of suicide?

LIBERTINE
 Oh God, yes.

(ACTORS BUILDING; THEY CAN DO THIS DURING SCENES IF NECESSARY)

(a club scene: many people dancing; BOBO is dancing with random people; the VAMPIRE is watching her, coming up behind her; the people slowly part; the music changes and swells until the stage is evacuated)

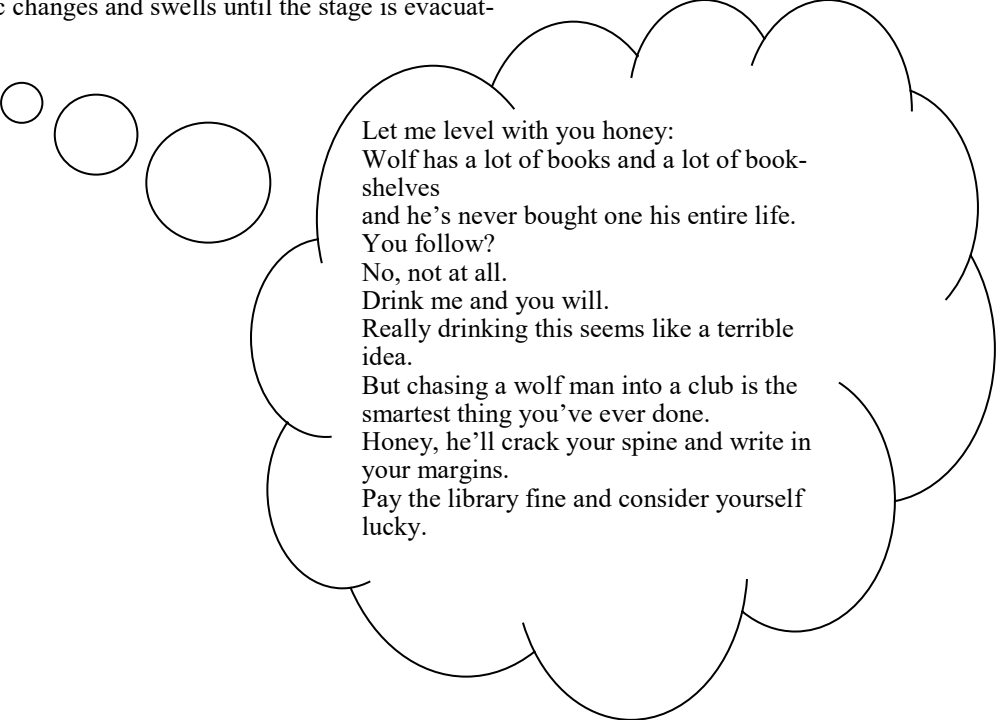
VAMPIRE
 What's your name?

BOBO
 What?
 Who is that?

VAMPIRE
 Tell me your name.

BOBO
 Bobo.
 Where are you?
 I can't see you
 Tell me your name.

VAMPIRE
 I don't have a name.
 Not yet.
 I'll have one soon.



Let me level with you honey:
 Wolf has a lot of books and a lot of bookshelves
 and he's never bought one his entire life.
 You follow?
 No, not at all.
 Drink me and you will.
 Really drinking this seems like a terrible idea.
 But chasing a wolf man into a club is the smartest thing you've ever done.
 Honey, he'll crack your spine and write in your margins.
 Pay the library fine and consider yourself lucky.

I'll have yours.
You have amazing eyes.

BOBO
You can't know that:
You haven't looked me in the eyes.

VAMPIRE
Shouldn't you be running right now?
Isn't this conversation odd enough
To seem threatening?

BOBO
Not yet.
We're getting there.
A couple more minutes maybe.
Depends how fast you work.

VAMPIRE
I think I want to keep you.
You're dangerous.

BOBO
I'm not. I'm completely not dangerous.
I'm scared. Dangerous people aren't scared.

VAMPIRE
Smart people are scared.
I'll hurt you,
But you'll heal.
After you've healed,
I'll hurt you again.
And again.
And again.
I won't be able to stop.
And you won't want me to.
In fact, I believe you'll begin to ask for it.
But not beg.
You're not the begging type.
If you're scared run for your life.
Only the dangerous hold their ground.
Standing still,
You're the greatest enemy I've ever had.
The greatest threat,
The only person strong enough
To kill me.
Because of that,
We'll never be apart.
We will belong to each other
Forever.

(VAMPIRE attacks BOBO; blood spurts [as organ music])

VAMPIRE
My name is Bobo.

BOBO
Who am I?

the VAMPIRE is feeding off BOBO; her blood trickles out as music)

VAMPIRE

Sometimes I wonder,

I think,

Bobo:

Why do you let this vampire feed?

(she tries to get away and he pulls her back and feeds again)

VAMPIRE

Week after week

He drains me.

Leaving me

Desperate and starving,

An empty minded animal,

Ravenous and selfish,

Destructive and—

(BOBO attempts to leave; he yanks her back)

VAMPIRE

I might as well be dead:

He's like pain,

Excruiciating yet comfortable,

And the moments when I can remember myself again,

When I'm me

And he isn't me,

When it all floods back,

When my blood floods back

And I feel warm again,

When I recognize my favorite color again,

And start craving a White Russian again,

BOBO

That's what I want,

That's what I enjoy.

Empty me

So I can have the pleasure

Of filling

Again and again.

(the VAMPIRE tries to leave and she yanks him back, making him feed)

BOBO

You're not done yet.

I'm still here.

Make me lost.

VAMPIRE
This can't last forever.

BOBO
It won't last forever.
I'll get too tired one day.
I'll want more one day.

VAMPIRE
I'll kill him one day.

(MAN and WOMAN heavy petting; the MAN has an enormous bag on his right hand, concealing what seems to be an enormous appendage; the WOMAN suddenly pulls away)

WOMAN
I want to see it.

MAN
See what?

WOMAN
(looks at him)

MAN
What?
I don't know what you're talking about.
I can't read your mind. We've had this conversation before.

WOMAN
Your hand.

MAN
No.

WOMAN
Please.

MAN
No.
Absolutely no.
We agreed—

WOMAN
That was—

MAN
We agreed.

WOMAN
--a long time ago.

MAN
No, no, no, no, we agreed.
You said you'd never ask and I'd never tell.

WOMAN

Come on, things were different then.

MAN

I never talk about it.

I never show anyone.

Especially women.

WOMAN

We didn't know each other.

We hadn't done anything.

After everything we've done—

And we've done a lot with a lot of people—

Why do you still want to keep it from me?

MAN

You're assuming way too much.

You're assuming that everything we did meant something.

WOMAN

Good night and fuck you.

MAN

We met at a party and said exactly 17 words to each other before you shoved your hand down my pants.

We got through three chapters of the Kama Sutra

before we knew each others' names.

In the first week I'd been places in you

Your doctor wouldn't go.

So don't give me that high and mighty

Romantic bullshit attitude

That it was all intimate and special.

WOMAN

Fair enough.

But we know each others' names now.

And we've spent every night together for three months.

Things have changed.

We're intimate now.

MAN

From your perspective.

WOMAN

This all still is meaningless?!

MAN

Not meaningless,

But not committed.

If I show you this I'm committed.

Way fucking committed.

And it's not about who you can and can't fuck or marriage or having kids.

It's more profound than that.

Do you understand?

WOMAN

Yes.

And if we can't do this,

If you can't,

I need to leave because
 You can't give me
 What I need.
 Then this becomes torture.

MA
 Fuck.
 I don't want you to go.

WOMAN
 I don't want to go.

MAN
 It's a disease.
 A genetic defect.
 A form of
 Elephantitis.
 My mother has it and my grandfather on my dad's side.
 So the chances of me getting it were really fucking high.
 But my parents had me anyway, knowing the risk.
 I love 'em but I can't forgive them for that.

WOMAN
 Can I see it?

MAN
 No, you can't prepare yourself.

WOMAN
 I won't think less of you.
 I won't think you're ugly or a freak.
 Sure it may startle me, I may stare,
 But I'll try not to.

MAN
 It's impossible to prepare yourself.

(MAN removes his bag; he has an enormous vulva on his hand)

WOMAN
 Holy fuck.

MAN
 You see now?

WOMAN
 Holy shit, yeah.
 Yeah, I'm not staring.
 I'm trying not to stare.
 Does it work?

MAN
 GOD DAMN IT!
 That's why I hate telling people!
 That's always the first fucking question!
 Does it work?
 What the fuck does that supposed to mean?
 Does it mean I'm not a man if it works?!

WOMAN
No!

MAN
You think I'm a woman now, don't you?!

WOMAN
No!
Well, yes!

MAN
Yes?!

WOMAN
You have a vulva on your hand!
That means that technically—

MAN
Technically I'm
I'm a hermaphrodite.
But I'm still a man.
My mom had a penis instead of a left hand,
Did that make her a man?

WOMAN
Honey, I don't know what any of this means?!
I think you'll go crazy if you try to label yourself.
Does it
Does it work?

MAN
Please don't touch it.

WOMAN
I'm sorry.

MAN
It's sensitive.

WOMAN
It does work.

MAN
What does it matter if it does?
Okay, ask your fucking questions!
Get your freak show curiosity out of the way.

WOMAN
I'm sorry, but you have to give me a little credit—

MAN
Just ask.

WOMAN
Do you
Is it a full
Do you have a vagina or is just the vulva?

MAN
Yeah.

WOMAN
Yeah what?
Yeah, you have a—

MAN
Yes, I have a vag!

WOMAN
I'm sorry.
I don't have to know anymore.
I don't care.
My curiosity is satisfied.
You wanna keep going?

(kisses him)

MAN
It's okay.
You can ask.
I don't mind.
We've gone this far.
We might as well go all the way.

WOMAN
Do you get periods?

MAN
Fuck, I hate that fucking question so much.
No I don't.

WOMAN
Do you get yeast infections?

MAN
Fucking horrible ones.
But if I douche once a week I'm okay.

WOMAN
Douche? I thought that dried you out.

MAN
Yeah, it does,
But if I use a vaginal moisturizer, I'm okay.

WOMAN
You probably don't get wet.

MAN
No, I get wet. I get really fucking wet when...

WOMAN
When what?

MAN
When I masturbate.

WOMAN
Can it come?
Can you have two orgasms?

Is frequent douching necessary?
 Douching is a matter of personal feminine hygiene. Check with your doctor as to frequency and type. It might be mentioned that douching after marital relations should be delayed for two hours, lest there be chance that the process of conception be interfered with. The fluid deposited in the body of the woman is a natural secretion and not harmful.

MAN
 At the same time.

WOMAN
 I want to see!

MAN
 No! No, I've never done that in front of anyone!

WOMAN
 Have you ever had someone go down on you?

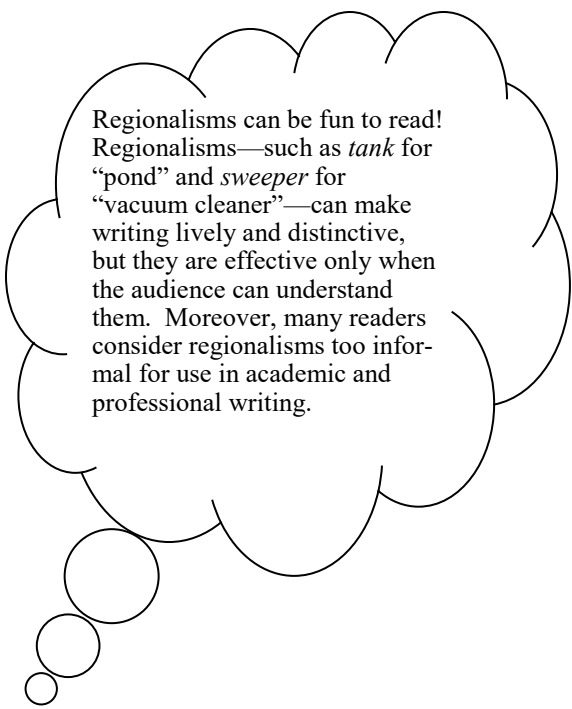
MAN
 I'm not answering that.

WOMAN
 You have.

MAN
 No.
 I haven't.
 All the girls I've been with haven't
 You know
 been bi or into it.
 I've had guys offer,
 and I beat the shit out of them.
 But it's always been a fantasy,
 I've just never been able to trust anyone enough
 To tell them.
 To expose myself like this.
 You know?

WOMAN
 I know.
 And I love you for trusting me.

(WOMAN goes down on the vulva)



Regionalisms can be fun to read!
Regionalisms—such as *tank* for
“pond” and *sweeper* for
“vacuum cleaner”—can make
writing lively and distinctive,
but they are effective only when
the audience can understand
them. Moreover, many readers
consider regionalisms too informal
for use in academic and
professional writing.

(ACTORS BUILD)

(WUV Line)

ABEL
And we're back to Wuv Line for Kids!
I'm here, Abel Camero with Dr. Sue.
Might I, say, you're looking especially hot tonight.

DR. SUE
Thank you.

ABEL
Will you answer a question and not get offended?

DR. SUE
I can't promise something like that.

ABEL
A woman your age,
And Dr. Sue, for you kids who don't know,
Dr. Sue is—
Well, if Dr. Sue was a wine,
she'd be an expensive vintage.
She's been around a while and
I'll bet given a few taste tests in her day.

DR. SUE

I still do.

ABEL

Bringing me to my question:
Are you a cougar?
I'll bet you don't bang anyone
Less than 30 years younger than you.
Am I right?

DR. SUE

I can't answer that.
A lady never brags.

ABEL

But that's such a fantasy of mine.
Just tell me this—you're seeing someone now, right?
What's the age difference?
Show me on fingers.

DR. SUE

I don't have enough fingers to show you.

ABEL

I'll be honest with you, Dr. Sue,
I've got a little chub right now.
1-888-Wuv-Line
That's 1-888-988-5463.
Billy: you're six and you want to get engaged.

BILLY

I love my boyfriend
And I want to have babies with him
And be with him forever and ever and ever.

DR. SUE

Billy, that's adorable.
What's your boyfriend's name?

BILLY

Ricky.
I don't know what to say to him to make him marry me.

DR. SUE

You can't make anyone marry you, Billy.

BILLY

But HE HAS TO MARRY ME!
I can't live without him!

ABEL

Great, Billy, you can't obsess over Ricky, okay?
That's not healthy.
If he says no to you, just let it go.
ABEL (Cont.)
You'll find some other boy to marry.

BILLY

NO! How DO I MAKE HIM MARRY ME!

ABEL

Give him a present.
That always buys love.

DR. SUE
Billy, it's typical when someone proposes
to give a ring.
Might I suggest a cock ring.
Now, you really don't need a special occasion
for a cock ring. They're great to give
any place or any time.

ABEL
I heard that Matel has come up with a series
Of cock rings for kids based on Transformers.
You can get Megatron—
He transforms from a cock ring to a gun
To a robot with a huge penis.
And Star Scream,
He transforms from a plane,
To a robot with a little penis,
To a douche bag, and then a
To a huge vagina that Megatron can fuck.

DR. SUE
What's important, Billy, is that you give him something
That shows him how much you love him.
It doesn't have to be expensive—

ABEL
It should be really fucking cool.

DR. SUE
It should be something special.

BILLY
I have a medal
That my Grandpa got in the army
When he was wounded
And saved a town
And killed Hitler.

DR. SUE
That's perfect.
Good luck, Billy.
Call us back and let us know what happened.

BILLY
Thank you!

(ACTORS BUILD)

(the CELLO and the RECORDER; they're playing the same tune; it goes well for a while, and then the RECORDER slips and plays Star Wars theme; the CELLO freaks out)

CELLO

[You're being lazy! You've done this millions of times!]

RECORDER

[Fuck you, not being lazy!

[I'm tired, I'm bloated, I'm hungry, and I don't feel like being pretty!

[I want to be the Star Wars theme!]

CELLO

[Can't you be something a little more artistic?!]

RECORDER

[No! Sometimes I want to be trashy and cheap!

[Why do you have to be such a snob sometimes?!]

CELLO

[Don't cry.]

RECORDER

[Don't tell me not to cry, you asshole!

[If I feel like crying I'll cry!]

CELLO

[I guess I can't do anything right,

[so I'll go over here and be an asshole and not bother you!]

RECORDER

[No.

[Don't go.

[I have to tell you something.

CELLO

[What?]

RECORDER

[I'm pregnant.]

CELLO

[No.]

RECORDER

[Yes.]

CELLO

[No, way!]

(long pause; the CELLO begins playing "Ode to Joy")

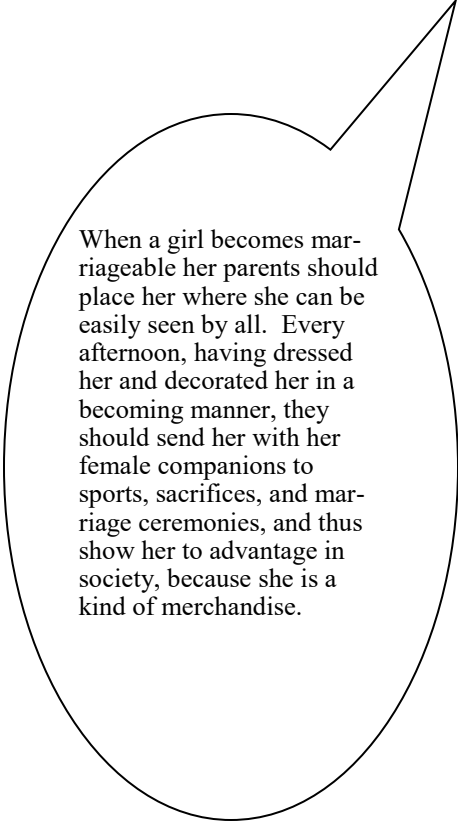
(the two little boys who flash each other enter; they stare for a long moment, then kiss)

The Puppet Spectacular

DAY 100 of Sodom

I recall the period when for more than six weeks our father absolutely forbade my sister to wash, requiring her, on the contrary, to keep herself in the rankest and most impure state she could contrive to be in; we had no inkling of our father's designs until one day there arrived a grog-blossomed old rake who, in a half-drunken and most uncouth tone, asked our father whether the whore was ready. "Oh, my goodness, you may be sure she is," our father replied. They are brought together, put in the room, I fly to the hole to watch; scarcely I am there than I see my naked sister astride a capacious bidet filled with champagne and there is a man, armed with a great sponge, busily washing her and carefully recovering every bit of dirt that rolls from her body.

It had been so long since she had cleaned any part of herself, for she had been strictly ordered not to wipe her behind, that the wine immediately took on a brown and dirty hue, and probably an odor which could not have been very agreeable. But the more the wine became corrupted by the filth streaming into it, the more delighted our libertine grew. He sipped a little, found it exquisite, provided himself with a glass and, filling it to the brim six or seven times, he down the putrid and disgusting wine in which he'd just finished washing a body laden for so long with impurities. When he had drunk his fill, he seized my sister, laid her down flat upon the bed, and upon her buttocks and well-opened hole, spewed floods of immodest semen brought to a boil by the unclean details of his unpleasant mania.



When a girl becomes marriageable her parents should place her where she can be easily seen by all. Every afternoon, having dressed her and decorated her in a becoming manner, they should send her with her female companions to sports, sacrifices, and marriage ceremonies, and thus show her to advantage in society, because she is a kind of merchandise.

(a HUSBAND [female?] and a WIFE)

WIFE

I got pregnant once in high school.
I was only fifteen.
I never told anyone.
Oh God, I've never forgiven myself.

HUSBAND

Is that why you're afraid of intimacy?

WIFE

I'm not afraid—
I'm disgusted.
It's so disgusting.
I keep telling myself that we're married now,
We're married now, so sex can be clean.
Sex is clean.

HUSBAND

It was clean before;
Marriage doesn't change it or purify.
What happened? Can you tell me?

WIFE

No, it's horrible.

HUSBAND

Were you raped?

WIFE

I wish!

HUSBAND

What?!

WIFE

It was worse than rape!

HUSBAND

What's worse than rape?!

WIFE

If it was rape, then I could blame someone else.
But I have no one to blame but myself.

HUSBAND

What are you talking about?!

WIFE

And I had an abortion!
Do you hate me?
Do you think I'm disgusting?!
Are you sorry you married me?!

HUSBAND

No, I could never—
You had an abortion?!
I don't understand. You?!

WIFE
I did it myself!

HUSBAND
Wait, this doesn't make sense!

WIFE
I'm going.
You can get an annulment—
We haven't had sex so it doesn't count.
The marriage isn't real yet.

HUSBAND
Okay, just tell me what happened.
We didn't just spent \$50,000 on a wedding
to get an annulment.
Tell me what happened.
How could wait until NOW to tell me about this?!
Okay, I need to calm down.
I need to breathe.
What happened?!

WIFE
I was scared.
I was scared.
I was scared you'd leave me or hate me
Or wouldn't want to marry me if you knew.

HUSBAND
Just tell me.

WIFE
Do you hate me because I'm not a virgin anymore?

HUSBAND
Tell me what happened.

WIFE
I was alone, in my bedroom.
I was fifteen.
And I...I touched myself
Down there
And
And
And
There was an earthquake—

HUSBAND
We don't have earthquakes here.

WIFE
No, it's a metaphor.
I had an earthquake
Down there.
And I knew,
It had happened.

HUSBAND
What had happened?

WIFE
Are you still drunk from the reception?

HUSBAND
No!

WIFE
Then why do you keep asking me stupid questions?
What don't you understand?
Isn't it obvious?

HUSBAND
No. I'm totally lost baby.
Maybe I am drunk.
What did you know had happened?

WIFE
The earthquake:
I was pregnant.
I did it myself.

HUSBAND
Wait.

WIFE
I did it myself.
So I knew I had to get rid of it myself.

HUSBAND
Wait: you touched yourself and got pregnant?

WIFE
Of course.

HUSBAND
You didn't have sex with someone?

WIFE
I did have sex with someone!
I had sex with myself!
Will you please take this seriously!

HUSBAND
Okay.
How did you abort it?

WIFE
I threw myself down some stairs.
That's how Scarlet O'Hara did it.
It wasn't a long flight,
But I got my—
You know—
The next day.
So it worked.
His name was Harmony.

HUSBAND
Who's name?

WIFE

The baby I killed.
 I knew the moment I had conceived
 It was a girl.
 My first Cabbage Patch Kid was named Harmony.
 Please don't hate me.
 I never told anyone else because I trust you.
 I could have slept around after that--
 I wasn't a virgin anymore.
 I was dirty and used and disgusting.
 And I never thought anyone else would want me.
 But then I met you
 And I could trust you,
 And you're such a beautiful, good person
 You've wanted me to be good for you.
 You've made me feel
 Like a virgin again.
 Like I'll be touched for the very first time.

HUSBAND
 Baby...

WIFE
 But if you want an annulment, if you hate me,
 We can call it off.
 I know I'm dirty,
 No matter how I feel.

HUSBAND
 You'll never be dirty to me.

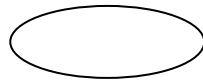
(enter JANUS; ROMANS enter with him, chanting "Janus Caesar! Janus Caesar!")

JANUS
 Swell, swell, my joys: and faint not to declare
 Your selves as ample as your Causes are.
 I did not live till now; this my first hower:
 Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
 But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and high,
 The World knows only two, that's *Rome* and I.
 My Roof receives me not; 'tis Air I tread:
 JANUS (Cont.)

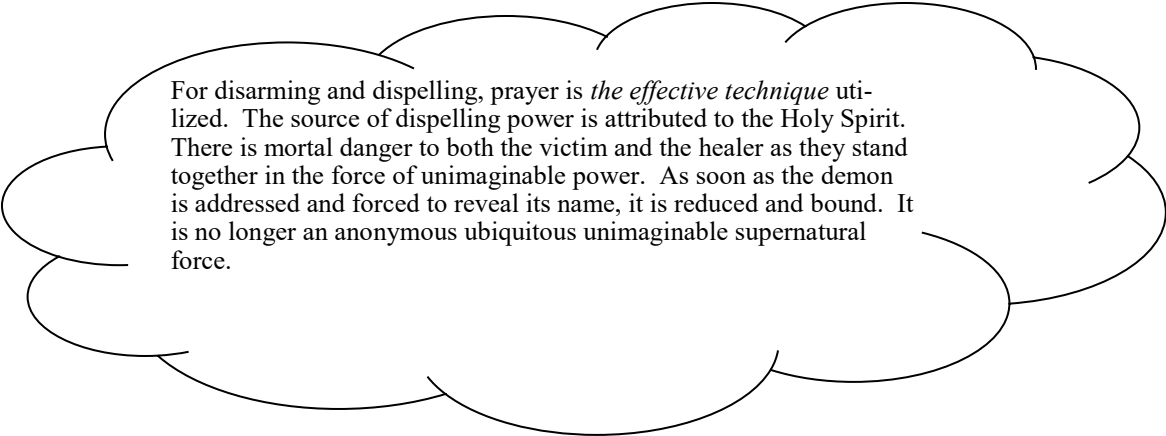
And, at each step, I feel my advanced Head
 Knock out a Star in Heav'n! Reard to this height,
 All my desires seem modest, poor and sleight,
 That did before sound impudent: 'Tis place,
 Not Blood, discerns the noble and the base.
 Is there not something more than to be *Caesar*?
 Must we rest there? It irks t'have come so far,
 To be so neer a stay.

(ROMANS chanting "Janus Caesar! Janus Caesar!"; a group drag out an enormous statue of JANUS; "smoke as from a furnace black and dreadful" comes out of the statue; the ROMAS shriek and pull at the statue, and remove the head; from the neck come "a great and monstrous serpent," one "extended, grown, fokul, spotted, venomous, ugly"; the ROMAS run off in a mad terrified mob; JANUS is dumbstruck)

JANUS
 O, the Fates!



(ACTORS BUILD, AND GET IN-
 TO A FIGHT, DESTROYING
 WHAT THEY'VE ACCOM-
 PLISHED)



For disarming and dispelling, prayer is *the effective technique* utilized. The source of dispelling power is attributed to the Holy Spirit. There is mortal danger to both the victim and the healer as they stand together in the force of unimaginable power. As soon as the demon is addressed and forced to reveal its name, it is reduced and bound. It is no longer an anonymous ubiquitous unimaginable supernatural force.

End of ACT III

ACT IV: Divorce



(ANGELS and DEMONS enter; they battle until the ANGELS cast the DEMONS down into hell)

(a MAN and WOMAN are making out, pulling off clothes, on the verge of having sex)

MAN
I love you baby.

WOMAN
I love you, baby.

MAN
I love you so much.
I want you so badly.

WOMAN
Baby,
Baby,
I need to tell you—

MAN
What?

WOMAN
Your baby.
Inside me.
I'm serious.

MAN
(rises up; stares at her; starts beating on her stomach)
Get out!
Out you bastard!
You son of a whore!
GET OUT!!! Where the fuck's the vacuum?!

Phases of the Human Menstrual Cycle:

1. in response to an increase of follicle-stimulating hormone, ovarian follicles begin to grow around individual egg cells.
2. The follicles release estrogens
3. The estrogens stimulate the hypothalamus to increase the release of luteinizing hormone and follicle stimulating hormone
4. In response to the luteinizing hormone surge, one of the follicles ruptures and releases its ovum
5. The ruptured follicle develops begins to release progesterone and prepare the lining of the uterus for the implantation of a fertilized ovum.
6. Meanwhile, the ovum is moved into the fallopian tube. If it is not fertilized, the hormone levels fall and the walls of the uterus are sloughed off as menstrual flow and the cycle begins once again.

(SERIAL KILLER drinking and watching a TV; the LIBERTINE enters)

LIBERTINE

There's been a miracle:
I've found love that is clean.
It wasn't where I expected.
Things never are.
I wasn't looking
And I found it.
They found me.
We found each other.

SERIAL KILLER

What?

LIBERTINE

I found God,
Not any Biblical creature,
But the force in nature
That creates.
That is Creation.
Why aren't you paying attention to me?

SERIAL KILLER

They found me.
Look:
The Slaughterhouse.
That reporter calls my home
The Slaughterhouse.
Have you heard of anything more condescending?!

LIBERTINE

What happened?!

SERIAL KILLER

I got a tip online.
A fan who understands
my aesthetic sensibilities
had heard a rumor.
Told me to get out fast.
That anonymous fan saved me.

LIBERTINE

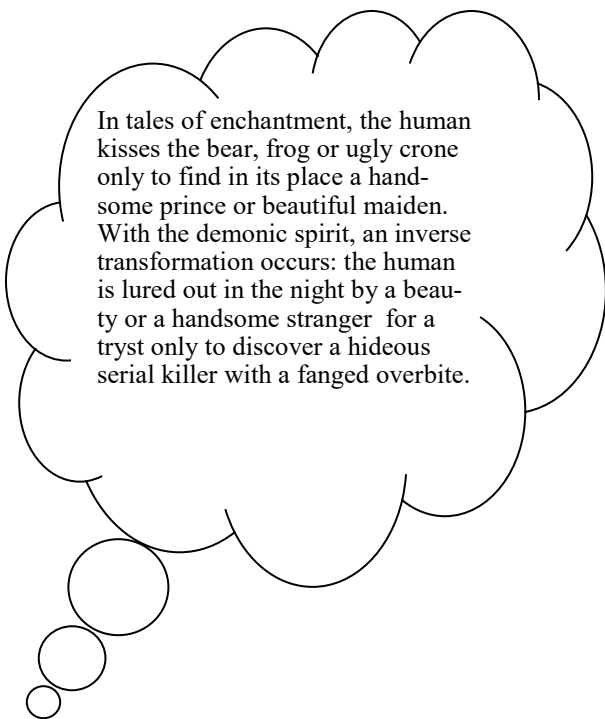
And was probably the person who tipped off the police.

SERIAL KILLER

At this point, it's moot.
The Slaughterhouse:
As if I was butchering pigs to make hot dogs.
That's horribly insulting to the women,
To my works of art,
To all that I've spent my life doing.
I've been flipping channels,
Desperate for more bits of information.

SERIAL KILLER (Cont.)

There things in my basement and garage—
I have to know when they find them—
I have to know.
I think I'll vomit when they find them.



In tales of enchantment, the human
kisses the bear, frog or ugly crone
only to find in its place a hand-
some prince or beautiful maiden.
With the demonic spirit, an inverse
transformation occurs: the human
is lured out in the night by a beau-
ty or a handsome stranger for a
tryst only to discover a hideous
serial killer with a fanged overbite.

I have to know
 What they'll say about me,
 How they'll condemn me.
 It's consuming all of TV.
 It's vile.
 Police going in and out of my house,
 Carrying body bags or other smaller bags
 With "hazardous waste" painted across the front.
 The despicable cretins.
 Look at that:
 Men in contamination suits are going into my basement.
 They're going to find it.

LIBERTINE
 They aren't showing anything of the inside of your house.
 It must be too gruesome
 Even for prime time.

SERIAL KILLER
 Gruesome?! Is that what you think of me?!

LIBERTINE
 It's what they think of you.

SERIAL KILLER
 At least my home was clean,
 Not like that bloody pit you and the Countess kept
 During your Golden Years.
 At least I washed my walls and didn't
 Let appendages rot in mayonnaise jars in the fridge.

LIBERTINE
 Let me get you another drink.
 How will they ever
 Sort through all the bodies and pieces of bodies.
 Do you have any idea how many there are?

SERIAL KILLER
 It's tacky to keep track,
 Like some sort of teenage slut
 Who measures her attractiveness
 By notches in her bedpost.

LIBERTINE
 Mango rum?

SERIAL KILLER
 Passion fruit.
 Pictures have already made it online.
 Things I wanted to bring but didn't have time.

SERIAL KILLER (Cont.)
 My favorite pieces.
 My best work:
 They emptied the freezer
 And spread it all over the floor
 Like pornography.
 All my things.
 My private, personal beauty.
 Taking pictures and then burying my life:
 That's what they're doing,

And condemning me as a madman,
A sadist, a psychopath!
What the fuck do they know about
The ontological relationship between
Psychopathology and art,
Not to mention the unique
American Character.

LIBERTINE

When you talk like this you always lose me.

SERIAL KILLER

Then go
Because I only feel like
Talking like this.
How else am I supposed to process this
Unless I analyze it?!

LIBERTINE

I have a present for you.
Something I think will make you feel better.
I was going to give it to my orchestra—

SERIAL KILLER

Your what?!

LIBERTINE

My new love.
It's not important.
It's silly, really.
Stay here.

(the LIBERTINE exits, then returns dragging the cut ROSE
behind her)

SERIAL KILLER

That's the most beautiful
Gift I've ever been given
By anyone.
You do understand me.

LIBERTINE

We should put her in water before she begins to wilt.

(ANGELS and DEMONS fight)

(two little boys who have flashed one another, poked each other, and kissed enter; one little boy attempts to hug the other; the other roughly, violently rejects him, storming off)

(SETTING: Michelangelo's *Pieta*)

(JESUS has just been pulled down from the cross and lays across an enormous MARY; this should probably work best with multiple MARYs who come together to support JESUS)

MARY

This isn't happening.
 This isn't happening.
 This isn't happening.
 This isn't happening.
 Why did you do it?
 It's not your fault.
 It's all your fault.
 You wouldn't leave me if you loved me.
 You're running away from me.
 You're afraid of me.
 I'm afraid of you.
 Is it because we fought?
 Because I wanted you to stop?
 I pushed you too hard.
 I demanded too much.
 You're too young to be doing work like this.
 This is the only work you're suited for.
 It has to happen.
 You made it happen.
 I wish it hadn't happened.

JESUS

I love you.

MARY

What does that mean?
 When I'm holding you're bleeding,
 Pierced, tortured body,
 So beautiful and strong,
 So perfect and healthy,
 On the verge of death,
 On the verge of orgasm,
 As your muscles tighten,
 As your chest rises and falls quickly
 In my lap.
 Don't talk to me if you're dead.
 Don't tease me when I want you alive.
 MARY (Cont.)
 The pain of you dying,
 I ache for you,

Wanting you so desperately
 Wanting to hope,
 I hate you,
 I could never hate you.
 You always do this to me.
 You self absorbed, selfish asshole.
 Why did I bear you?
 Why did I fuck Gabriel?
 Why did Gabriel rape me?
 Why did I enjoy it while it horrified me?
 I don't understand.

JESUS
 Kiss me.

MARY
 How?
 As your mother,
 Lover,
 Sister,
 Bride,
 Brother,
 Father?

JESUS
 Yes.
 You're everything.

MARY
 You look so alive,
 Your body is perfect.
 Even in death.
 I smell you rot.
 It's like roses.
 I taste your sweat,
 You're still sweating,
 It's like blood.
 My young son,
 My young husband,
 You were going to carry me to the bridal bed,
 I'm not to carry you,
 Only I'm strong enough to hold you.
 Can we still consummate our marriage,
 In your cradle,
 To the manger,
 To my womb,
 From where you crawled,
 From where I ripped you,
 Please come back,
 Please, my baby.

JESUS
 Kiss me.

MARY
 (kisses him)

JESUS
 I can't feel you.

I want more.
 I need more.
 You know how.
 All of you,
 In my tomb,
 In my bed,
 In my crib,
 Have me,
 Change me,
 Bury me,
 Do it all
 At this point
 Only everything
 Can be done.

(they kiss)

MARY
 You taste like death,
 Like my womb,
 Like my wetness
 Dried around the edges of your lips,
 As if you just buried your face in me,
 As if I just gave birth to you.
 Lover of mine,
 Son of mine,
 Good bye.

(the ROSE, once again screaming; the LIBERTINE enters)

ROSE
 No, get the fuck away pervert!
 I have standards!
 I know I'm not the fluffiest,
 I'm not the tightest,
 I'm not the reddest or smell the prettiest,
 But you will fucking respect me and not touch me!

LIBERTINE
 You look like a mouth.
 You look like sex.
 Here comes the sun.

ROSE
 Here comes the sun.
 I feel it
 Fill me, heat me

ROSE (Cont.)
 I'm opening.
 I can't stop it.
 Don't look at me.
 No, okay, look at me.
 Fuck, this feels good,
 It's a new goddamn world.
 Come closer, it's okay,
 I want you to see.
 I know it's beautiful,
 And I smell different.

LIBERTINE
 You do.
 You're divine.

ROSE
 The world has been blurry.
 I know because I can see now.
 I've been too rough and mean,
 Too narrow-minded.
 I'd like you to smell me.
 I think you want to.
 I want you to be the first.
 You can touch me if you want.

(the LIBERTINE smells the ROSE; the ROSE signs)

ROSE
 This is ecstasy.

(the LIBERTINE takes out a knife and cuts the ROSE away from her bush, killing her; she smells the ROSE again, and smiles, dragging her off stage)

(BOBO with her hand to her neck; the blood is a soft, background trickle)

BOBO
 I'm out of my fucking mind.
 What am I doing?!
 The blood won't stop.
 Where is he, why hasn't he called yet,
 Why can't I stop thinking about him,
 I need to knock this shit off.
 Jesus Christ, I know better than this.
 The blood won't stop.
 It's not his fault,
 How can it be his fault,
 I keep offering myself,
 I call him,
 I hunt him,
 I force myself on him,
 I force myself on him,
 The blood won't stop.
 I should see a doctor,
 I should have my head examined.
 The blood won't stop.

Contusions are closed –head injuries that involve damage to the cerebral circulatory system. Such damage produces internal hemorrhaging, which results in a hematoma. A hematoma is a localized collection of clotted blood in an organ or tissue—in other words, a bruise. Contusions from closed-head injuries or other structural damage, the diagnosis is concussion. It is commonly assumed that concussions entail a temporary disruption of normal cerebral function with no long-term damage. Punch-drunken syndrome is the psychological disturbances that result from repeated concussions.

It's coming hotter,
 And faster,
 Trickling through my fingers,
 God that feels so sensual,
 So amazing,
 What am I doing?!
 Why am I throwing myself into the fire like this?!

(CURIOSITY enters)

CURIOSITY
 What's the matter with you?
 You look like shit.

BOBO
 What's the worst thing that can happen to a person?

CURIOSITY
 The worst?
 Real or imaginary?

BOBO
 They're the same thing.
 Imaginary is only an exaggeration of the real.
 The real is only a gesture of a nightmare.
 What's your worst fear?

CURIOSITY
 I don't know.
 Boredom.
 Apathy.
 Not caring about anything.
 Not wanting to know anything.
 What's wrong with your neck?

BOBO
 I had the worst thing happen to me—
 And the greatest.
 That's how it works.
 You can't have the best without the worst.
 The best is the worst.
 The best will kill you.
 The worst will save you.
 The worst is what you want more than anything.

CURIOSITY
 Let me see your neck.

(CURIOSITY pulls BOBO's hand back; a violent spurt of blood)

CURIOSITY
 You need a hospital.

BOBO
 No.

CURIOSITY
 Are you nuts?!
 You're gushing blood!

BOBO

Really? I hadn't noticed.

CURIOSITY

I'm taking you to the hospital.

BOBO

I tried that.

They sent me home.

CURIOSITY

Why?

How could they send you home?

BOBO

They couldn't find anything wrong.

CURIOSITY

You have blood gushing for your fucking neck.

BOBO

I forget myself, too.

They were happy to commit me,

As if I'm simply losing my mind

And that would cure me.

But when I hold the blood in

I can remember.

CURIOSITY

Let me bandage you.

Do you have any iodine?

BOBO

Infection is the least of my worries.

I'm bleeding to death.

CURIOSITY

The fuck you are.

Hold still.

(attempts to bandage her)

Hold still! I'll strangle you if I tie this wrong.

BOBO

I have to keep moving.

Do you believe in

CURIOSITY

In what?

BOBO

It's the worst thing:

Bleeding to death.

It makes me restless

And I want to catch all the blood

I'm slipping away and losing myself

And weakening.

I'm so weak, but I'm so restless,

I can't stop moving.

CURIOSITY

I'll sit on you if you don't hold fucking still!

BOBO

All right.

CURIOSITY

Help me:

Hold this here while I tape it.

BOBO

Can you hear the blood gushing?

I listen to it at night.

At first it was like listening to a flood.

And I had nightmares of cities flooding,

Of floating down streets with corpses,

Looking across a lake of lamp posts and crowns of buildings.

Now the water is my blood

And the lake I stare across

Has my head and fingers bobbing in the ripples.

CURIOSITY

You're deranged.

You need orange juice.

That's what I get when I give blood.

And a cookie.

You need sugar and energy.

BOBO

It's not working.

CURIOSITY

It's not working.

It's not holding.

It should hold.

BOBO

I know.

CURIOSITY

I have a gross idea:

I'll sew you up.

BOBO

I haven't tried that.

It'll be interesting and gruesome.

CURIOSITY

Let me look at it.

What did this to you?!

Was it a person or an animal?

BOBO

You don't want to know.

Do you believe in

CURIOSITY

How many times did this happen?

How many times were you bitten?

BOBO

It's tacky to keep track,
Like some sort of teenage slut
Who measures her attractiveness
By notches in her bedpost.

CURIOSITY

Do you want a drink before we start sewing?
Stoli?
An adios Motherfucker 151?

BOBO

A Bloody Mary.
I'm kidding:
Just do it.
I doubt it will hurt.
I don't feel much of anything anymore.
The more blood I lose the less I feel.
The more I lose of myself the less I feel.

(CURIOSITY pulls away the cloth; blood spurts violently)

CURIOSITY

Oh my god.
How is it getting worse?
How are you bleeding more?

BOBO

I think he's coming.

CURIOSITY

Who?

BOBO

I bleed more when he comes.
Really, who would have thought I would
Have so much blood in me.
I think I'll have to hit bottom eventually,
But it keeps coming and coming.

(the VAMPIRE enters; grabs CURIOSITY from behind)

BOBO

Leave her alone.
She's not a part of this.

VAMPIRE

Fresh blood.
I'm hungry today.

BOBO

I'm not enough for you.

VAMPIRE

There's no such thing as enough.
Stop struggling,
It won't take long.
You'll enjoy it
Just like Bobo.
Why don't you taste Bobo first?

Just to give you an idea for what you're in for.
Bobo,
Let her suck your blood from your fingers.

BOBO
She's not like that.
She's not interested in this.

VAMPIRE
Everyone is.

BOBO
No, she has drive and energy.
I never did.
I realize that now.
Let her go.
Give her to me.
Do it.

(VAMPIRE gives CURIOSITY to BOBO)

BOBO
Curiosity,
Run for your life.
Now.

(CURIOSITY runs out)

BOBO
I'll get her later.
After I'm done with you.

(BOBO attacks the VAMPIRE and drains him)

BOBO
You taste like death,
Like my wetness
Dried around the edges of your lips,
As if you just buried your face in me,
As if I just gave birth to you.

(END OF SCENE)

(ANGELS and DEMONS battle)

The Puppet Spectacular

DAY 120 of Sodom

The Whore reminds her listeners that henceforth the tales shall be those of an exclusively murderous character. Thus, her listeners will be able to see how an example of simple libertinage, rectified and elaborated by an unmannerly and unprincipled individual, may lead straight to murder.

The libertine's first passion is for beastility, his second is to sew the girl into an untanned donkey's skin, her head protruding; he feeds and cares for her until the animal's skin shrinks and crushes her to death.

The gentleman liked to throttle his partner while embuggering her, slipping a black silk cord about her neck and strangling her while discharging; this delight, he insists, is one of the most exquisite a libertine can procure himself.

He used to adore burning gunpowder in the cunt, but has since improved his passion: he attaches a slender but attractive girl to a large rocket, the fuse is ignited, the rocket ascends, then returns to earth with the girl still attached.

He enjoyed watching a woman bear a child; he murders it immediately it emerges from the womb and within full view of the mother, and does so while feigning to caress it.

First a finger-twister, he currently breaks all her limbs, tears out her tongue, gouges out her eyes, and leaves her thus to live, diminishing her sustenance day by day.

His latest passion is to impale a girl upon the point of a sharp pickaxe introduced into her cunt; there she sits, as if upon a horse, he ties a cannon ball to each of her legs, the pick works deeper, and she is left to her own devices and a slow death.

He rips the intestines from a young boy and a young girl, puts the boy's into the girl, inserts the girl's into the boy's body, stitches up the incisions, ties them back to back to a pillar which supports them both, and he watches them perish.

After having sheared off a boy's prick and balls, using a red-hot iron he hollows out a cunt in the place formerly occupied by his genitals; the iron makes the hole and cauterizes simultaneously; he fucks the patient's new orifice and strangles him with his own hands upon discharging.

(a ROMAN MOB enters, carrying JANUS on their shoulders; they enacting the violence they describe)

ROMAN MOB

But had *Janus* thriv'd
In his design, and prosperously opprest
The old *Tiberius* then in that same minute,
These very Raskals, that now rage like *Furies*,
Would have proclaim'd *Janus* Emperor.
Sentence by the *Senate*,
To lose his Head;

 which was no sooner off,
But that, and th' unfortunate Trunk were seiz'd
By the rude multitude;

 who not content
With what the forward Justice of the State,
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb.

 A thousand Heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices,
Employ'd at once in several acts of Malice!

Old Men not staid with Age,
 Virgins with Shame,
Late Wives with loss of Husbands,
 Mothers of Children,
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their Cruelty!

These mounting at his Head,
 these at his Face,
These digging out his Eyes,
 those with his Brains
Sprinkling themselves,
 their houses and their friends;

Others are met, have ravish'd thence an Arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;

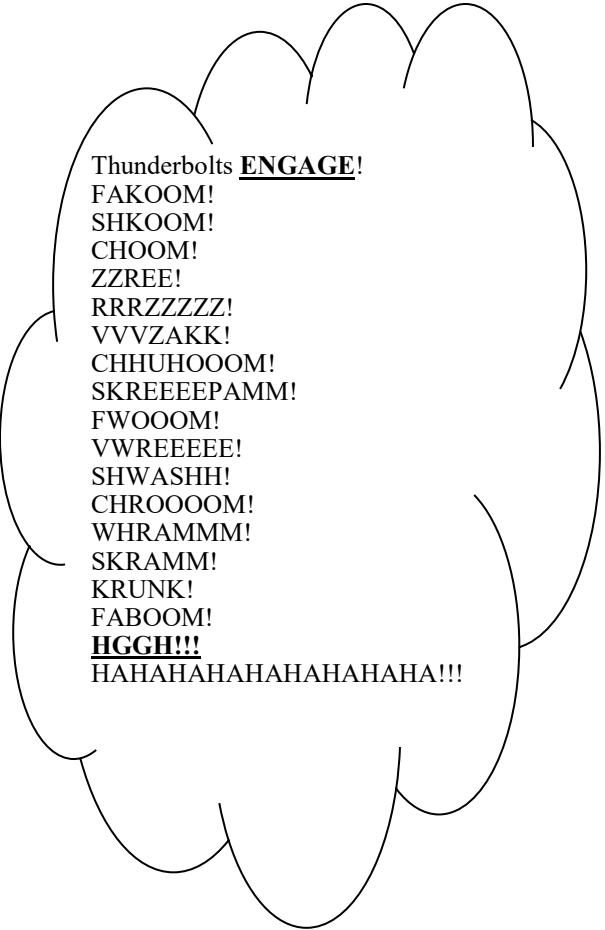
These with a thigh,
 this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet,
 these fingers,
 and these toes;

That hath his liver,
 he his heart:
 there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!

What cannot oft be done, is now o're-done.

The whole, and all of what was great *Janus*,
And next to *Cæsar*, did possess the world,

Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no Grave;
Each little dust covers a little part:
So lies he no where, and yet often buried!



Thunderbolts **ENGAGE!**
FAKOOM!
SHKOOM!
CHOOM!
ZZREE!
RRRZZZZZ!
VVVZAKK!
CHHUHOOOM!
SKREEEEPAMM!
FWOOOM!
VWREEEEE!
SHWASHH!
CHROOOOM!
WHRAMMM!
SKRAMM!
KRUNK!
FABOOM!
HGGH!!!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

(ANGELS and DEMONS battle)

(MARISA, MINERVA and CARLOS are at a restaurant)

MARISA
What time is it?

MINERVA
I just told you.

CARLOS
It's getting late.
How long have we been here?

MINERVA
What time is it?

MARISA
What?
I don't know. That's why I asked you.

MINERVA
You didn't ask me.
What were we talking about?

CARLOS
Where's our waitress?
I'm starving. I'm so hungry I could eat my hand.
Has anyone even come to our table?

MARISA
We already ate.

MINERVA
Are you kidding?

MARISA
Are you kidding?
What about these plates?

MINERVA
They were here when we sat down.
They must be understaffed not to have cleaned up.
Fuck, I hate waiting tables.

CARLOS
It's the worst fucking job in the world.

MARISA
I think I want to go home.

MINERVA
But we just got here.

MARISA

I'm not hungry.

CARLOS
What time is it?

MARISA
I don't know. Can we please go?

CARLOS
What's wrong with you?
We haven't gotten our check yet.

MINERVA
You wanna run out on a check?
After everything we just ordered?

CARLOS
Our waiter will get fired for that.

MARISA
I thought you just said we hadn't ordered yet.

MINERVA
Are you high?
You just ate that omelet! Don't you remember?!

MARISA
I'm really not feeling well.

MINERVA
And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven,

CARLOS
Clothed with a cloud and his feet as pillars of fire.

MARISA
What?

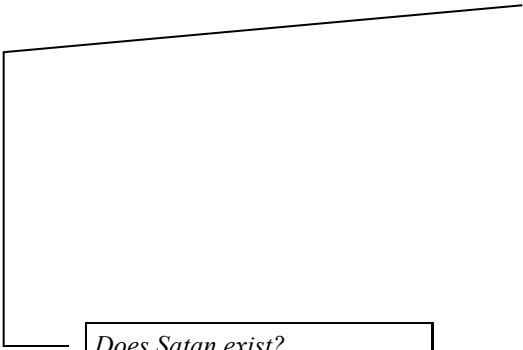
MINERVA
Los (Lucifer?),
The agent of divine providence,
The laborer of ages.

CARLOS
Since his fall 6,000 years ago
He has been trying to give form to the world.

MINERVA
I am that shadowy prophet who,
6,000 years ago,
Fell from my station in the eternal bosom.

MARISA
What the fuck are you talking about?
You're not making sense? Why are you talking about an-
gels?!

MINERVA
Andras had the body of a winged angel, but the head of an
owl.



Does Satan exist?
Satan does indeed exist.

He rode a black wolf.

MARISA
Stop it.

CARLOS
Shax rendered his victims blind and deaf.

MINERVA
Sabnak caused mortals' bodies to decay.

CARLOS
Three demons controlled the dead.
Murmur took charge of the soul,
Bifrons and Bune moved bodies from grave to grave.

MARISA
Stop fucking with me, it's not funny!

MINERVA
Zepar entered the minds of women,
And drove them to madness.

CARLOS
Zepar entered the minds of women,
And drove them to madness.

MINERVA/CARLOS
Zepar entered the minds of women,
And drove them to madness.
What time is it?

MARISA
I don't have my fucking cell phone! I don't know!

MINERVA
Here it is.

CARLOS
I think you're hungry. We should order.

MINERVA
We need to get the check, we're running late.

CARLOS
What is thy name?

MINERVA
My name is legion, for we are many.

CARLOS
What is thy name?

MINERVA
My name is legion, for we are many.
Are you going to eat that?

CARLOS
Where's the waiter?
Isn't anyone going to help us?

MINERVA/CARLOS
 Bum bum bee dum
 bum bum bee dum bum

MARISA
 Gabriel
 God is my strength
 He is the angel of annunciation, resurrection,
 Mercy, vengeance, revelation,
 Death.
 Gabriel dealt death and destruction
 To the sinful cities of the plain,
 Gabriel came in unto her,
 Gabriel came in unto her,
 She had found favor with the lord,
 She would conceive in her womb,
 She had found favor with the lord
 In her womb, her womb was the lord,
 The favor was the lord in her womb,
 Gabriel received favors in her womb from the lord.

MINERVA
 What the fuck is the matter with you?

CARLOS
 Waiter,
 Can we get some water?

MINERVA/CARLOS
 Bum bum bee dum
 bum bum bee dum bum

MARISA
 (screams)

(DISTURBIA enters, and dances)

(ANGELS and DEMONS battle)

The Drinking Party

Drinking Party

Grown Up Shirley Temple Gin and Tonic

The G&T tells GUST that she's the first to arrive at the Drinking Party of Aggression: a party designed to freak out/scare/push the buttons of all involved. She's a little pissed off that she's been invited and will be victim to such a thing, but he promises she won't suffer too much--she's there to cause great suffering. She refuses to play Aggressively--she'll stay and drink but not cause suffering: that's wrong. G&T assures her she won't be able to help herself.

There's one rule: whenever he rings a bell, everyone has to take a drink. [this is totally up to G&T when this happens throughout the scene, and this rule is repeated whenever anyone enters]

Cosmo Stoli

GUST tells G&T she so wants to fight STOLI.

STOLI and COSMO enter opposite and look shocked that the other is there. They are incredibly suspicious of one another, as if they expect to be stabbed in the back if they drop their guard for one minute. STOLI accuses G&T of trying to fuck with his mind for inviting them and tries to leave, only to run into...

White Russian Bloody Mary

WR and STOLI start conversing/arguing in a fake Russian language.

BM to GUST and makes a snide comment about the fact that Shirley Temple has grown up; G&T makes snide comments back to BM.

Captain Morgan

CAPT enters and immediately tries to sword fight with GUST--a kind of swashbuckling from Errol Flynn movies. She fights back, pushes him off, threatening to kill him if he doesn't leave her alone.

Pina Colada Pinot Noir

BM freaks out and goes to G&T, demanding to know why PC was invited, she never would have come if she'd been invited, and he tells her to suck it up.

Snotty tension between PC and PN with WR and COSMO, though GUST is happy to see them.

WR pulls a knife on STOLI. He immediately pulls a knife, which causes COSMO to pull a gun and CAPT jumps in, just to jump in. GUST jumps in as well and G&T tells everyone to calm down, that the party hasn't even begun.

There's a massive explosion heard offstage. Everyone screams and hits the ground.

Irish Car Bomb Sam Adams

ICB and SA rush in with guns, drunk and screaming for everyone to stay down.

STOLI pulls a gun, then WR, etc. until everyone has a weapon on someone else.

G&T fires a gun in the air and tells everyone to chill the fuck out: half the party hasn't arrived yet. Maybe everyone should try to make polite conversation--there will be time later to hurt each other.

Sex on Ecstasy

SOE enters and everyone screams her name in a Cheers/Norm way. SOE precedes to comment on everyone in the room in some bitchy/slutty fashion.

Blonde Headed Slut

Mudslide

BHS and MUD enter completely wasted and staggering. BHS is hardly comprehensible. She goes to people and asks if they had slept together, that they seem familiar in some way, maybe they had sex in a past life, etc.

MUD runs to CAPT and screams that he had killed his father (or mother, cat, canary, etc.) and attempts to strangle him. This erupts into another weapon-pulling moment; BHS is totally oblivious and is still trying to figure out who she slept with.

Absinthe

AB enters and everyone is dumbstruck, not sure how to interpret him. Several ask who the fuck he is, and does anyone know him. A huge debate as to how they know him at all.

Dirty Mexican

Adios Motherfucker 151

They sneak in like ninjas, while the debate over AB occurs. With something like Arab screams they jump out and attack, leaping onto people's backs. This causes all hell to break loose and everyone eventually kills each other.

Except for G&T who ends, ringing the bell and taking a drink.