

THE BIG TABLE

BY

ADAM MARTIN

JULY 2000



Adam Martin
140 W Wilson E-9
Costa Mesa CA 92627
949-646-8761
martinx66@hotmail.com

THE BIG TABLE
Mean Spirited Sketch Satire
by
Adam Martin
© July, 2000

CAST OF 8

FEMALE

JANE

FANNY

ACTRESS

MALE

DICK

ACTOR

AUTHOR

DR. NO

THEATER EXPERT

RADIOHEAD

Guy with CD player head enters,
plays Oingo Boingo's "Nothing Bad
Ever Happens to Me", gives out
candy, or just wanders through,
or just rides through on a bicycle,
circling the theater, in and out
of the entrances.

DICK'S APARTMENT

LIGHTS UP, we hear the sound
of a shower, guy turns the shower
off, enters in robe, hair wet,
dries his hair with his towel,
turns on radio, **I'd Really Love
to See You Tonight** plays, he gets
all starry eyed, turns up a picture
of a JANE he dotes on. He puts
on his pants, he's getting ready for
a date. Just some guy getting ready
for a big date to romantic music.
He picks up his cell phone,
dials, and in the most annoying
luvy duvy tone says...

DICK

I love youuu... I love youuu...

He hangs up, all luvy duvy and
cutesy over the message he just
left on the JANE's machine. He
sits at the mirror, combs his hair,
splashes on the aftershave, just
can't resist, picks up his cell
phone. He's overdoing it, some JANE
he can't leave alone, a serial
caller, he's killed romance before
with this irritating, needy, simpy, behavior, and he'll
kill
again.

DICK

I love youuu... I love youuu...

He puts his shirt and pants on,
puts on a stupid coat, stupid tie,
exits for a moment, enters with
flowers, can't resist as he's
on his way out.

DICK

I love youuu... I love youuu...

He exits. And that's the whole scene,
just some guy getting out of the
shower, getting dressed, harassing a
JANE he dotes on in the most annoying,
infantile way, and he exits, all to the sound of the song
"I'd Really Love to See You Tonight." The song, for now,
just says it all. **Music fades, and**
just as DICK is on his way out, he
is cut off by ACTOR (CAMACHO)...

SAILORS

ACTOR (CAMACHO), a big manly sailor
enters the barracks with his knapsack,
throws it aside, grabs a weight, does
a few arm curls.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Ahoy, matey.

DICK

Can I help you?

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

I'm gonna be bunking with you.

DICK

Well, I don't see how. This is my apartment and I'm late
for a date with the most beautiful girl in the world.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

The name's CAMACHO. You shippin' in or shippin' out?

DICK

Shippin' out.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

On the Nimitz?

DICK

The Nimitz? What is this? World War Two?

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Something like that. Guess we'll be fighting the war together.

(pours himself a cup
of coffee)

Yep. All a sailor really needs is a good cup of coffee and a big strappin' man after a hard day on the docks.

DICK

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

You married?

DICK

No. You?

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Nope.

Cannons go off.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Ah, the sound of cannons. Nothing quite like it on a night like this.

(beat)

You ever wear a dress?

DICK

Look, I really have to get going. My girl is waiting for me.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Suit yourself.

The GABYBOY PIXIE enters in tutu, wings,
sprinkles glitter over the sailors,
leaves.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

What's the matter, Dick? Feeling a little... lonely?

DICK

No! Must stay manly! Must get to Jane's apartment before it's too late!

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Let me give you a lift.

DICK

No! You stay away from me! Just stay away!

DICK scurries offstage as ACTOR (CAMACHO) pursues him.

JANE'S APARTMENT

JANE lies in bed. JANE starts moaning. She lets out a monstrous climax, wakes, sits up. The phone rings, the message machine answers.

JANE

(On machine)

Hi, I'm not in. Leave a message.

We hear a simpy, really bad message from the guy that adores the JANE. It's the serial lover, that same damn song playing in the background.

JANE

Oh my god! It's that fuckin' song!

DICK

(Message)

I lovve youuu. I love youuu. I'm gonna keep calling you and telling you I love you, unless you pick up the phone and tell me that you love me too. I love youuu. I love youuu. I think about you when I play this song. I'll put the song to the phone so you can think about it all day. I lovve youuu. I lovve youuu...

JANE picks up the phone.

JANE

Will you stop fuckin' calling me and leaving stupid messages! I don't love you. I don't even want to go out with you!

Guy pops up from behind the couch with cell phone.

DICK

I love youuu. I love youuu. I'll always love youuu. No matter where you are, I love youuu.

JANE

How did you get in here?

DICK

I slept behind the couch. I just wanted to be near you. I didn't touch you all night, just to show you how I respect you.

(Pours out his heart with a little verse from song)

Hello, yeah it's been awhile... not much, how about you?

(stops singing)

I've got two tickets to Knott's Berry Farm. We could hold hands and go on the rides together.

JANE

Out! Out! Or I'm calling the police! Just get out!

DICK

I don't get it. You're not dating anybody, and everybody else is dating, and getting married, and having children. If you're not dating anybody, and you don't want to date me, how can you be so happy, and have these, these, spontaneous orgasms?

JANE

It's none of your business. Get away from me! Let me live my life in peace! I have laundry to do, and all sorts of errands to run and I just don't want to be bothered!

DICK

But, I love you. I love you! If you loved me everything would work out. We could have a long, lasting, caring, tender relationship, cuddle by the fire, and do crazy, silly things, like go rent a cabin, take long walks in the woods, and make chocolate Sundays and fall asleep to Barry Manilow.

JANE

Look, can't we just be friends?

DICK

I knew you would use that line on me. All girls use that line on guys. And I already know what to say. Often times, best friends, make the best lovers.

JANE

No they don't. They get divorced just as often as people who aren't friends before they're lovers.

DICK

I'm not falling for that either.

JANE

All right. That does it.

JANE pulls out a shoebox.

JANE

You leave me no choice but to remove the dreaded female flash cards.

DICK

No matter. I know of this shoe box all women carry with them. These dreaded flash cards are merely an obstacle that my undying love will easily see through, and then you'll know once and for all, that I am destined to be your one and only soul mate.

(Pours out a little more verse,
speaks in the cell phone)

I'm not sure why I called. I guess I really just wanted to talk to you...

JANE

You sure about that?

DICK

Fire when ready.

JANE

(Reads first flash card)

I love you... but I'm not in love with you.

(The guy just withers, weeps, can't thing of what to say, goes to the door)

DICK

Just tell me one thing. How is it that you never date anyone, never go to parties, never play any of the games, and still shoot down the one person who offers you everything?

JANE

I can't tell you that. It's just none of your business. And why should I be telling you. You broke into my fuckin' apartment, slept behind the couch, and woke me from a great night's sleep with your faggy, little, pussy, candyass, kissy-poo-poo, I love you message. Get out! Get out!

Guy sobs, leaves.

JANE gets out from under the covers, goes through a series of basic day to day routines, hums to herself, goes behind a partition, tosses her robe aside, enters in jeans, shirt, looks in mirror, puts on a dab of make up, pulls out some laundry change, gets her laundry basket, puts her clothes in it, just a seemingly long boring scene of someone going through the motions, and then **the payoff**. She yanks off her bed sheet, and the object of her stimulus is clear. The AUTHOR pokes his head up from a hole in the mattress, the source of her pleasure, looks out at the audience.

AUTHOR

Hi!

JANE pats his head, exits with her laundry.

AUTHOR

And welcome to the big table!

Lights fade as AUTHOR keeps flicking his tongue at the audience.

WAITING FOR GODZILLA I

Theme music from **Godzilla** plays in the background. All the voices are pre-taped, like in badly dubbed Godzilla movie, and they all wear Chinese eyes glasses. DICK enters as a scientist, or labcoat, wearing a labcoat, clipboard. ACTOR plays a soldier, army helmet and rifle.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Godzilla will be here. He'll be here. He's coming. Just around the corner. Just because you can't see him, doesn't mean he's not coming. He'll be here.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Wait! Someone's coming!

JANE enters with her laundry, sets it down, takes a big swig of booze from a bottle, lies on the couch, suddenly drunk, moans.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

What's the matter with her doctor?

DICK (LABCOAT)

She has nightmares about Godzilla. But, he never comes. Never appears. But, he's always there. He'll be here.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Well, I've been waiting for Godzilla for quite some time, and I haven't seen anything.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Then why did you stay behind?

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Because I believe you. Godzilla will be here. The rest of the Army took their ball and went home. But, I think they're wrong. Godzilla will be here. He'll be here.

JANE

Ohhhhhh... I just want to get married.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

What's she blabbering about?

DICK (LABCOAT)

She wants to get married. We've been living together for ten years and she wants to get married. As soon as Godzilla gets here, we'll get married. Believe me, we'll get married. And she'll stop drinking, because we'll be married, and she'll stop having nightmares about Godzilla. Yeah, he'll be here. Godzilla we'll be here.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

I thought about getting married. Haven't met the right person yet.

DICK (LABCOAT)

You'll meet the right person. She's there. Somewhere out in the world. She's there. You just have to be patient. She'll be there.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Yeah, but I'm still waiting for Godzilla. Just once, just once, I'd like to see Godzilla. I've never seen Godzilla. Just heard stories about him in the barracks. Stories. Stories. Yep, just stories. I wanted to see for myself if Godzilla actually exists.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Oh, he exists. You can depend on that. He'll be here. He'll be here. And when he gets here, it's gonna be a fight to the finish. Just the three of us. The only people left in Japan waiting for Godzilla. He'll be here.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Did you actually see Godzilla pick up that train full of people and hurl it into a skyscraper. We're talking about a lot of innocent people killed needlessly. Besides, that's why were all here. You told the army it was Godzilla. So, at least you know he exists.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Well, I didn't actually see Godzilla hurl that train full of people into the skyscraper. But, you can be sure of one thing. That was Godzilla. That was Godzilla.

JANE

No! It's not true! It's not true!

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

What's she blabbering about?

DICK (LABCOAT)

Godzilla.

JANE

Godzilla is one of the good monsters. He defends Japan. I know it. I know it in my heart. He didn't kill those people. I saw it with my own eyes.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Well, then who killed those people?

JANE

Ghidra. The three headed monster.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Ghidra? I've never heard any stories about a monster like that.

DICK (LABCOAT)

And you may never hear any stories like that again. She saw the whole thing. But, she was drinking. I can't be sure if she was telling the truth. You see, we've been living together for ten years. If you can call it that. I spend most of my time here on this mountain, inside the laboratory, mixing chemicals and doing research on this dinosaur egg.

(holds up a cracked egg)

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Looks like it hatched.

DICK (LABCOAT)

No. She threw it at me. We had a fight. A horrible fight. And now I'll never know what was inside of this strange egg. My fiancée hates it here. Too isolated. Maybe that's why she started drinking. Maybe that's why she goes to downtown Tokyo and gets drunk. To be with her friends. She probably met another man for all I know. But, I've got to know what was inside this egg. maybe that's why I'm waiting for Godzilla. So, he'll lay another one, and I can do more research.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

He'll be here. Godzilla will be here.

DICK (LABCOAT)

That's what I'm hoping for. And we'll get married. She'll see that it was all worth it, and we'll get married, and you'll meet somebody. You'll meet somebody. You just have to be patient.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

You're right. I have to be patient. I guess that's why I'm here, waiting for Godzilla. Say, what about other witnesses. People who saw the monster throw the train into the skyscraper.

DICK (LABCOAT)

I didn't hear anything on the radio.

JANE

You never listen to the radio! You never listen to me! You never listen to anyone!

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Wow, things are getting a bit heated in here. Maybe I outta step out and have a cigarette.

DICK (LABCOAT)

I don't know about that. Godzilla will be here any minute.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Yeah, that's true. Don't wanna miss that.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Neither do I.

JANE

He's not coming! He's not coming! Let's just get married!

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

Brother, you've got a handful.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Godzilla will be here. He'll be here.

ACTOR (SOLDIER) and ACTOR (SOLDIER)
exit.

JANE goes through her laundry, starts
to fold it.

MOVIE THEATER I

We are inside a movie theater.
James Bond Music plays as the movie starts. FANNY, the eternal frumpy annoying movie goer who annoys everyone while people are trying to watch the movie, enters with a box of Twizzle Sticks, keeps crinkling the cellophane.

JANE looks towards the movie screen, realizes she is watching a movie in a theater.

JANE exits momentarily, re-enters with a box of popcorn,, sits in front of FANNY, starts watching the movie.

JANE

Hey, I didn't pay ten bucks to hear you crinkle the cellophane on your Twizzle Sticks!

FANNY rudely keeps crinkling the cellophane on her Twizzle sticks. Then she goes for the M&M's, keeps dropping them on the floor, annoying JANE.

JANE

(Illustrating with piece of popcorn)
Hey, when you eat M&M's? Put in mouth? See? Put in mouth. Not on floor.

FANNY drops M&M's on floor on purpose to annoy the JANE further. Then FANNY starts in with the obligatory think-out-loud homage that always ensues with stupid patrons, and she has an annoying sort of back east drawl.

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

Oh, I just love that Sean Connery. I'll bet you a steak dinna' he's just as good a kissa' as he was back then.

JANE

Shhhh!

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

I just love a man in a tux who carries a gun. Oh, I tell ya' that Sean Connery. He's somethin' else.

JANE

Oh my gawwd!

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

And that Ursula Andress. In my day I had a figure just like her...

JANE dumps her popcorn on FANNY's head. But, she's so annoying and caught up in what she's saying, she keeps right on talking out loud in the movie theater.

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

I tell ya, if I wasn't married, I woulda moved to Hollywood and gone after Sean myself. And he's so smawt! Oh, I tell ya. A man who's good looking and smawt, now that's the man for me!

JANE

Shut up! Shut up!

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

Hey, it's a free country honey. I can talk as loud for as long as I want. You don't like it, go to another movie theata'.

JANE

That does it. I'm getting the usher.

JANE goes to door way,
speaks to the ACTOR playing an
usher.

JANE

(To offstage usher, pointing to JANE)

Excuse me. Excuse me. There's this lady in the front row who eats like a pig and won't shut up. Can you do something about that, please? I just want to watch the movie!

ACTOR (USHER)

Do you want us to eject her?

JANE

Yes! She's disturbing everyone else!

ACTOR (USHER)

You'll have to be patient. We can't do anything right now.

JANE

Why not?

ACTOR (USHER)

It's really up to Dr. No to decide. We don't want to disappoint him.

JANE

I don't get it it. Dr. No is the villain in the movie. That's just a movie.

ACTOR (USHER)

(Emphatically)

We don't want to disappoint him.

JANE

(Frustrated)

Ohhhhh!

JANE goes back to her seat.
What follows is a scene in the
movie JANE and FANNY are watching,
played out in front of the two girls.

DR. NO I

JOE, playing Dr. No enters, sits
in his chair, petting a fake cat
attached to his forearm. DICK,
playing a henchman, enters.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

Dr. No. You wanted to see me? Have I failed you in some way?

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

I failed to kill James Bond. I know.

JOE (DR. NO)

You failed to kill James Bond twenty times. But, as you know, I am capable of generosity, even though everyone knows I just go on to kill people later on, in the most horrible and systematic way possible.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

You spoke of generosity?

JOE (DR. NO)

Yes. And not often. As you are well aware, you are a special case. As to why I didn't hire my top assassin to kill Bond, well, it's never in the plot. I only hire assassins plucked from my Special Olympics team.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

You are generous, Dr. No.

JOE (DR. NO)

Yes, and you are no exception. There are those who know how to use explosives, but are confined to a wheelchair.

(beat)

Everytime we try to blow up Bond, an innocent bystander is hit in the face with some spare part, like the wheel, or one of the braces for your feet.

(beat)

There are those who are adept at the art of the poison blow dart, but can't go anywhere without an oxygen tank, because they suffer from emphysema.

(beat)

Others know just where to place a sniper's bullet, but suffer from schizophrenia, only to suddenly drop everything and buy a brand new Mercedes, skidding in circles around Monaco at four in the morning, convinced they're Abe Lincoln or Jesus.

(beat)

Some of my Special Olympics Assassins are so mentally inept, that when ordered to pour poison in Bond's ear, they put their shoes between two pieces of bread and try to eat it like a sandwich.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

You are most generous Dr. No.

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

How can I make it up to you.

JOE (DR. NO)

Go to the table.

DICK goes to the table. There is a plastic container, inside, a cheap rubber Tarantula, nearby some forceps.

JOE (DR. NO)

Pick it up with the forceps.

DICK does so.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

A Tarantula? You want me to kill Bond with a Tarantula?

JOE (DR. NO)

Yes. One of the most effective ways to kill somebody. Jiggle it around to make the poison more deadly if need be.

DICK does so, annoyed.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

So, you got all bent out of shape because I failed to kill James Bond, and now you summon me to your lair to try again by killing Bond with this stupid little Tarantula? I mean of all the ways to kill James Bond, this has got to be the most unreliable. Even if the Tarantula did bite him, the bite isn't fatal. He'd probably just get a big welt. Wouldn't it make more sense to just shoot him in the back of the head?

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

How is it you were able to build an empire of evil when you can't even kill people properly? What do you do all day when you're not sitting in that chair stroking your pussycat? Raise Tarantulas and fantasize about all sorts of ineffective ways to kill people? If you take a close look as to why Bond never gets killed, it's because the methods you implement are so stupid!

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

No. You disappoint me. Why does it take you so long to kill people?

JOE (DR. NO)

You are not pleased with my methods. That much is obvious. I will allow another method. One that is much more effective. Go to the drawer.

DICK goes to the drawer, removes
a small paper packet.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

Ah! Poison! What is it cyanide? You finally got it right, Dr. No. Go to the casino and slip it in Bond's drink when he is distracted.

JOE (DR. NO)

It isn't cyanide. It's something far more effective in the world of Bond lore. They're rattlesnake eggs. When Bond is at the casino, I want you to slip into his apartment and put them under his bed. All you have to do is add water and they will hatch and kill Bond.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

Yeah, in six months.

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me. Bond will be staying at the hotel for seven months. This installment of Bond films moves painfully slow. Six months should be ample time for the rattlesnakes to hatch and reach full maturity under his bed, and then they will suddenly bite him on the neck, the night before he checks out.

DICK (HENCHMAN)

Very well, Dr. No. I'll see you in six months.

JOE and DICK exit.

MOVIE THEATER II

The movie has cut out for now. FANNY gets restless.

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

How do you like that? The movie cut out.

JANE

The film probably snapped on the projector.

FANNY (AUDIENCE)

Well, I'm going to the ticket booth to get my money back!

JANE

I'm not going to stop you.

FANNY leaves in a huff. JANE's cell phone goes off.

JANE

Hello?

It's him! DICK on the other end.

DICK (O.S.)

I looove you! I looove you! I'm in the lobby!

JANE

Holy shit! Will you stop stalking me, you freak?!

DICK (O.S.)

Jane! It's Dick! I'm dying! I'm dying in the hospital! I'm sorry for all the things I've done to you! If only

HOSPITAL I

Dust in The Wind

plays in the background.

The DICK takes his place,
lies under a blanket on the bed
prop. The scene is played with
utmost seriousness. After all,
a man is dying. The guy
starts goin' nuts from the depressing
music.

DICK

Doctor! Doctor! I'm dying of AIDS to Dust In The Wind! I
knew death would be horrible! But, this? Doctor? Doctor?
Just turn off the Kansas! Gawd, somebody turn of Kansas!
Put on Steve Miller! Or Joe Walsh! Anything but Kansas!

ACTRESS, playing a doctor
enters with her chart, basic
attire.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

We've done everything we can.

DICK

But, I'm dying of AIDS in a really bad AIDS play set in
the eighties, when it was all the rage to do plays about
AIDS, and stage really depressing, gut-wrenching, heavy
handed scenes with people dying in hospitals, as if real
life isn't depressing enough.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Does it bother you that Dust in The Wind is playing on the
radio? I could have the orderly change the station. Maybe
put on some classical music. Help you sleep through the
night. It's my job to make you as comfortable as possible.

DICK

I wish there were more doctors like you. They say on the
news that by the year two thousand, the entire human race
will be infected with AIDS, and possibly on the verge of
extinction.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

That's actually very accurate. But, we must be brave.

Wherein we are subjected to the
heaping of the cheesy sentiment.

DICK

Doctor, I just want to say, that if I am going to die in a really bad AIDS play in the eighties, I just want to say... I loved Jane. But, somehow I've lost her. If only I could see her one more time.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

You will. The best I can do now is bring in a priest. Perhaps, your faith could become my faith.

DICK

Yes. Maybe that's the answer. The gift of faith in a really bad AIDS play.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

I will summon the priest.

DICK

Doctor, I couldn't help but noticing. But, haven't I seen you play an alien in a really bad Godzilla movie?

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

I don't do film work anymore. I found it to be childish. I decided to get my M.D. and give back to the community. Like I'm doing now.

DICK

Gosh. What an After School Special this all is.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

I'll summon the priest.

ACTRESS exits. Priest enters,
played by AUTHOR.

AUTHOR (PRIEST)

My son. You are in grave pain.

DICK

Just tell me one thing. Will faith see me through?

AUTHOR (PRIEST)

My son, I have good news. And I have bad news. The bad news is, you don't have long to live.

DICK

And the good news?

AUTHOR (PRIEST)

You know the nurse that bathes you every morning?

DICK

Yes?

AUTHOR (PRIEST)

Well, I finally fucked her!

AUTHOR laughs, exits. DICK starts going into convulsions. ACTRESS and JANE, dressed as a nurse, enter.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Nurse. Administer twenty cc's of morphine, on the double.

JANE goes to DICK, breaks his fingers on his hidden hand. We hear them crack.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

No. Twenty cc's of morphine!

JANE

Oh. I thought you said break his fingers.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Hurry.

JANE exits. ACTRESS whips out a gameboy, plays while the patient writhes in pain. JANE finally enters with a syringe.

JANE

Twenty cc's of morphine.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

And not a moment too soon!

ACTRESS injects herself, JANE injects herself. They both get high as a kite, prance around the room, exit.

JANE/ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Wooooooo! Wooooo! Wooooooooooooo! Weeeeeeeeeeee!

DICK

Jane! Jane! Wait! I just want to hold your hand!

THEATER EXPERT

Suddenly, there is the
sound of a **car pulling up and crashing.**

THEATER EXPERT, offstage, bonks
into some metal trashcans, and as he
does, rolls with them onstage, just
fuckin' drunk and disheveled, holding
onto a bottle in a bag. He goes to DICK

THEATER EXPERT

(Just fucking drunk, thick British
accent)

Give us a kiss, luv.

DICK

Get away from me!

JANE enters, goes towards the two

DICK

Jane! You came back to me! You came back!

JANE

No, I came back to see the theater expert. He lives right
down the hall from me.

THEATER EXPERT

(Just fucking drunk, thick British
accent)

Give us a kiss, luv.

THEATER EXPERT paws JANE.

JANE

No, Theater Expert! Stop!

THEATER EXPERT

Well, then what do you want from the theater expert, of all things, and so on and so on, and so forth?

JANE

Maybe you can tell me what's happening? One minute I was in my apartment doing my laundry, and now this! I just appear in situations at random, playing different characters, and I get no explanation. Is that what theater is?

THEATER EXPERT

Theater, is, well, it's, the, oldest profession, it's, well, it's something to be cherished, with memories, and there's laughs, and there's lights, and a stage, and lots of actors, and directors, and scripts, and script changes, and music, and well, lots of, well, rambling, and going on about all sorts of subjects, some of which, well, and just getting a JANE and you know doing the

(makes screwing gesture with his
finger)

you know doing lots of that, and never really knowing why your with this JANE or that JANE, and then well, doing it some more

(makes screwing gesture with his
finger)

and, giving a lecture to students, who just well, sort of nod off, and writing all sorts of essays, having to do all sorts of research, and never really knowing if your committing statutory rape from one minor to the next, and all that sort of thing, and there's the rejection, and being invited to come and speak in America of all places, America, land of the free, home of the brave, and going to the bar to order a drink, you know, really, going to the bar to order a drink...

DICK

There's a bar down the street.

THEATER EXPERT

Thank you dear boy. I think I'll be getting on then...

THEATER EXPERT stumbles out, JANE
follows.

JANE

Theater Expert, wait! I want to know more!

JANE exits.

DICK

Jane! Wait! What about me? Do you like Kansas?

PTERODACTYL BOY

Hotel California plays on the Muzak.
We are in Fuckin' Chicken, and everyday
fast food joint.

PTERODACTYL BOY goes the
register, not knowing what
to do with himself, trying to
work the register and squawking,
because he can't figure out how
it works.

It's his first day on the job, and
he's received little if any training.
His appearance consists of a cheap
outfit, his head is fitted with
a head piece that comes to a point
like a pterodactyl, and he has small
functionless wings under his arms.

CUSTOMER comes to the register and
addresses PTERODACTYL BOY.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Hi. I ordered bucket of fuckin' Chicken with a hunka shit.
The chicken is undercooked and you forgot my hunka shit.

PTERODACTYL BOY squawks, flaps his
wings. The thing with PTERODACTYL BOY
is that no matter how bad the situation,
he's so inept, all he can do is stand
there and squawk.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

So, you could just give me a new bucket of fuckin' chicken
and give me a free hunka shit?

PTERODACTYL BOY squawks.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Look, forget it. Just go into your little register and
give a refund.

PTERODACTYL BOY tries to work the

register, it's no use, he just squawks.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

All right. Go get your manager. This is ridiculous. I've been coming to Fuckin' Chicken for years, and they always cook it just right, and they never forget to include my hunka shit. Where is he? Service! Service!

(Pounds on the table)

DICK, enters as the manager, trying to call JANE on his cell phone.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

(To DICK)

Hey! Are you the manager?

DICK

Yes. I guess so.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

I want my money back. But, this, this, creature doesn't even know how to work the register.

DICK

He's a Pterodactyl. They don't learn as quickly as others.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Well, why did you hire him?

DICK

Fuckin' Chicken is an equal opportunity employer. And that goes for Pterodactyl people.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Fine. just put your little finger on the button, open the register and give me my money back.

DICK

I'm afraid it's not that simple. You'll have to fill out a form.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

(Removes a cell phone that looks rock like)

I don't want to fill out a form. I want my money back. I've got calls to make on my rock phone.

DICK

Look, I don't want to lose you as a valued customer. Why don't I give you a free hunka shit, and will whip up a new bucket of Fuckin' Chicken for you at no cost.

DICK removes a big piece of foil,
unwraps it to reveal a big brown
mound of turd.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

That's the other thing that bothers me. Your hunka shit has gone downhill. It's full of preservatives.

DICK

This hunka shit is all natural. Why do you think we hired the Pterodactyl Boy?

PTERODACTYL BOY squawks.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Well, all right. But, hurry up. I've got some important calls to make, and I'm workin' on an empty stomach. And one more thing. Why is it that every time I come in here, Hotel California is the only song playing on the muzak station?

DICK

Well, it's the only song on the muzak station. I have no say in the music selection. But, the customers like to eat to the long guitar solo.

DICK and JOE exit. AUTHOR
takes a seat at The Big Table,
wears a smoking jacket, places
a palm sized recorder around his neck.
ACTOR plays the Devil.
Frightening Opera Music plays.

THE BIG TABLE

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

You are most certainly in Hell, sir! and you've been confined to the Big Table, where the biggest sinners sit for all eternity. You've squandered away your talent on pranks, zingers, rimshots, commenting, bad acting, breaking form, being self centered, deserting your theater friends in their time of need, smoking way, wayyy too much, ingesting excessive, and I mean excessive doses of caffeine, writing long drawn out intellectual monologues that give the audience nothing but a headache. You're not married. You've gotten bored with every JANE you've ever dated, changed the last digit on your phone number. What do you have to say for yourself?

AUTHOR

(Goes to speak)

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

Silence!

AUTHOR

(Goes to speak)

ACTOR (DEVIL)

Silence! I said, silence! Now, you have but one chance to redeem yourself if you are to be allowed entrance into the pearly gates. But, it won't be easy. You've been accused of writing, staging, and acting in plays that are devoid of compassion towards your fellow human being. If you can stage one scene that shows one element of genuine compassion that can move the audience, and it must be completely original, and unique to your own sense of theater, you will be admitted into Heaven. How do you respond, oh man at the big table?

AUTHOR turns on tape recorder.
Everything he says is recorded, and
he just mouths the words, or else
sits there with a dumb look on his
face

AUTHOR

(Recording)

Well, I did have this idea for a scene. It's about a couple who can't make ends meet during the depression, and things get so bad, that at the end of the scene, the man is dying, and so his wife takes him to a woman who is breast feeding her child, but instead of breast feeding her child, the woman lets the man drink the milk from her breast and he lives.

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

That sounds a little like Grapes of Wrath. One of the most compelling dramatic scenes, not only in literature, but in cinema. Did you lift that from Steinbeck?

AUTHOR pauses tape recorder.

AUTHOR

(Shrugs, Spoken)

Mmmmm... I dunno.

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

And one more thing. What is that tape recorder for?

AUTHOR

(Recording)

Well, I thought it might be a nice touch, since I have been confined for all eternity to The Big Table. I recorded everything I was going to say beforehand, so I wouldn't have to rehearse. You know, I could just show up, be in a play, play the part, sit in front of an audience, get all sorts of attention, get my thrills, and it would be the same everytime. Now, one might say that's cheating. That I'm not a true actor, or true performer, which is all perfectly valid. But, the opposite is also valid. I mean you have serious drama which is rehearsed down to the moment. But who's to say that no matter what you do in life, all of it, in some way, shape, or form is recorded, only to be played back. I mean, isn't that what happiness is after all, recording it and playing it back? I mean, if I didn't record all this and actually went through the trouble to rehearse it and perform it live, well that creates a problem. Isn't this live? Isn't this recording real? Isn't it after all, my persona being played back. Or let's say I rehearsed this very monologue and fumbled a line, and that changed the entire meter and presence, it's still my persona playing itself back...

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

Silence!

AUTHOR

(Recording)

I mean, isn't that why we listen to records? To listen to the same recordings the same way everytime, to get the same feeling of elation that only that recording, played back in that particular way can allow? I mean, we spend our lives trying to record these personas, and play them back. So, why not just record it and play it back?

ACTOR enters, pissed off, kicks over some fake plants, props, just having a big fit because the AUTHOR won't shut up.

ACTOR (DEVIL)

Silence! I said, silence! Silence! Silence! Silence!
Silence! Silence! Mother fucking-fucking-mother fucking-fucking silence! Silence! Silence! Silence! Fuck! When I say silence, I mean silence! Just fucking shut the fuck up when I say silence! Silence!!

AUTHOR turns off tape recorder.

AUTHOR

Okay, okay. I'll take theatre seriously. I have a scene for you. And I'd just like to say, that what you are about to see will demonstrate once and for all that I am worthy of deep, caring, sensitive, human compassion.

ACTOR (DEVIL)

Good. It's about time.

AUTHOR and DEVIL exit.

THE MAGNIFICENT DICK!

The theme from **S.W.A.T** kicks in,
and we have no idea what we're in for.

Stagehands wheel in a magic table
that reads, "Dick, the
Magnificent!", played by DICK.

The table is a simple rectangle with wheels and an open back to store props.

Instead of a touching scene, we are presented with an atrocious, absolutely sarcastic, bad magic review with Dick the Magnificent and his female assistant.

Dick and his assistant JANE enter, stand at opposing sides of the magic table, wearing cheesy magic attire.

TRICK #1: They remove a jar of cocaine, lay lines on the table, take big snorts, turn to the audience.

DICK/JANE

Thank you!

TRICK #2: Thank you removes his gloves one by one, shows his bare hands to the audience, to show that they are in fact, his real hands! He grabs the assistants big tits, big stuffed ones, she slaps him, he goes flying back into a wall of boxes. Both rush to the side of the table.

DICK/JANE

Thank you!

TRICK #3: Dick grabs the assistant, kisses her, pulls her down behind the table. (a ball is stuffed under her dress). The two reemerge and she is suddenly pregnant!

DICK/JANE

Thank you!

TRICK #4: Thank you taps the assistant's stomach with his wand, she groans, ducks down a little. (at the same time, she takes the ball out of her dress, puts it back in the table, Dick grabs a doll that looks like a baby) Thank You holds up the doll, the assistant is suddenly slim again!

DICK/JANE

Thank you!

TRICK #5: The dreaded Snickers Trick. Dick holds up a snickers bar, opens it, chews, for all the audience to see, goes to the side, spreads his legs, does a big strain, his hands at his back waist to reach the second Snickers bar (assistant lets a wopee cushion go from behind the table). A Snickers bar with the wrapper falls from between Dick's legs. He holds it up for the audience to see.

DICK/JANE

And it's back in the wrapper!

(Beat)

Thank You!

(Beat)

But wait! There's more!

DICK/JANE

A fifteen minute intermission! Thank You!

Dick waves his wand and the characters for the next scene come on under the spell of his wand.
DICK and JANE exit.

INTERMISSION

BIG TABLE 2

AUTHOR is hurled back onstage
by stagehands, he careens into
a wall of boxes.

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

You promised a moving scene! And you deliver this, this,
this shit! You most certainly will stay in Hell for all
eternity!

AUTHOR

One more chance. One more chance!

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

No. You will never enter into Heaven.

AUTHOR

Not even to the next level of Hell? Towards purgatory?

ACTOR (DEVIL) (O.S.)

Well, I still want to see the scene with the guy sucking
on the woman's tit. All right. I will allow it.

AUTHOR

Good. The scene I meant to do is finally ready. I guess I
wasn't taking theater seriously. But, now I do. I've seen
the light.

PTERODACTYLY BOY II

AUTHOR as Customer remains
where he is. JANE enters,
sits across from him.

JANE

Wow, is that one of those cell phones?

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Sure is, baby. Oh, I'm sorry, I can't talk much. I have to
make some really important phone calls.

JANE

Oh, and you do it in public at Fuckin' Chicken. How
romantic.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Sorry, baby. Can't talk. My calls are more important. But, if you want to wait around for twenty minutes, we'll chat then.

JANE

Wow, and you're a total asshole. When your done, you have to give me your phone number!

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Sure, baby. Now if you don't mind..

JANE

Oh, don't me interrupt you.

AUTHOR dials on his rock phone.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

(Talking on cell phone)

Hello, mom? Is dad there? No, I was just calling to see what you guys were doing this weekend. Maybe I could come over for lunch. Dad finish that new sundeck? Does he need any help? Oh, it is finished? Yeah, well the reason I called, was because I felt bad about Thanksgiving dinner last week. Yeah, I noticed there were a lot of dirty dishes in the sink after we ate, and I was just wondering if you wanted me to drop by and give you a hand. Oh, you washed everything already? Anything break? Need any new dishes? Glasses? Are you missing any silverware? I could drop by Sears and pick something out for you?

(Beat)

Oh, before I go, did dad put weather stripping on the sundeck? You know, the rain will rot the wood without it. He doesn't need any help? He's almost done? How much does he have to do? I could come over and... Oh yeah, that isn't much. By the time I get there he'll probably be finished.

(Beat)

What am I doing? Not much. I went to a party last night. Had a pretty good time. It was a blast. Oh, you wouldn't believe it. There were two people at the party wearing the same jacket. I mean what are the chances of two people wearing the same jacket at a party? It was hilarrious! Oh, yeah, I was cracking up about it for hours. Well, I guess you had to be there. What's on TV? Oh, don't let me hold you up, okay, bye.

AUTHOR hangs up, looks over at the JANE with self important pride.

JANE

Wow, and your life is totally shallow. I think I want to mate with you and populate the world with more people like you!

PTERODACTYL BOY goes to AUTHOR, places a fresh bucket of chicken on the table, keeps staring at the cell phone, fascinated by it.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Sure, sure, oh, gotta make another call.

(Talking on cell phone)

Hello, mom? Yeah, I forgot to wish you and dad a happy anniversary. Oh, that was last year? Lemme check my planner...

AUTHOR hangs up. PTERODACTYL BOY just won't go away, squawking at the rock phone.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

What's with you, freak?

DICK enters.

DICK

You're cell phone. He likes your rock phone.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

Well, tell him to get his own.

DICK

I don't think you understand. He likes your cell phone. We've tried to give Pterodactyl Boy a cell phone so we can contact him in his nest, and he just wouldn't bite. Pardon the pun. He likes your cell phone.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

I'm not giving him my cell phone.

PTERODACTYL BOY goes into a squawking fit.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

All right! All right! Here! Take it!

CUSTOMER gives PTERODACTYL BOY the cell phone. All he ends up doing

is squawking with glee, and banging the phone on the counter.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

(To JANE)

Now, you were talking about doing some mating?

JANE

Yeah, we could go back to my place.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

I'll drive.

JANE

Oh, there's no need. I live right behind the house connected to Fuckin' Chicken.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

The house behind Fuckin' Chicken? Do you work here?

JANE

Yeah. My husband and I own the joint. And Pterodactyl Boy is our son.

AUTHOR (CUSTOMER)

What the...?

DICK, JANE, and PTERODACTYL BOY surround the AUTHOR and squawk violently. AUTHOR high tails it out of there.

JANE

Well, Dick. I quit. I'm gonna go mate with that loser on the cell phone.

DICK

But, what about our son? Our wonderful son?

JANE

Hose him off. I'm outta here.

JANE exits.

DICK

Jane! Wait! I love you? Aren't you proud of Fuckin' Chicken?

DR. NO II

JOE, playing Dr. No enters behind
DICK takes a seat, chuckles to himself,
strokes his cat. ACTOR, playing James
Bond enters, shoots DICK. DICK falls
back offstage.

JOE (DR. NO)

Mr. Bond. I've been expecting you.

ACTOR (BOND)

Well, you have to look no further, Dr. No.

JOE (DR. NO)

You've killed my most reliable Dick. This is a travesty.

ACTOR (BOND)

And now I'm going to kill you.

JOE (DR. NO)

I don't think so Mr. Bond. You see, we're going to stand
around in this scene and go back and forth about my evil
scheme to take over the world, and why it won't work, and
what I should have done to fine tune my operation, and why
it took you so long to get here, and how you could have
gotten here sooner had you not slept with several women
who you weren't going to stay with anyways.
You see Mr. Bond, we're going to stand around
in this scene for so long that the condensation
will moisten the gunpowder in your bullets, rendering your
gun ineffective.

ACTOR goes to fire gun. Nothing happens

ACTOR (BOND)

Well, I suppose you're going to try to kill me.

JOE (DR. NO)

You don't seem to understand Mr. Bond. I already have!

JOE laughs maniacally, removes
a device with a button.

ACTOR (BOND)

Oh yes. The old man-eating shark beneath the retractable
floorboard trick!

JOE (DR. NO)

No, Mr. Bond. Donkey Kong on the Gameboy. You see, before I do away with a secret agent, I like to play a few rounds to see if I can get Mario to jump all the barrels.

ACTOR (BOND)

Well, then if you don't mind. I'm going to do my taxes.

JOE (DR. NO)

As you wish Mr. Bond.

JANE enters, sits with Bond, removes some documents, they go over them, ad lib whispers, showing Bond how much he owes and so forth, he signs some papers, she gets up and leaves.

JANE

Bond! What the hell is happening to me?

ACTOR (BOND)

I can't tell you everything. Just keep doing my taxes, if you want to get out of here, alive.

JANE

All right... Well, everything is in order Mr. Bond. Guess I'll be going.

JOE (DR. NO)

Where do you think you're going my dear?

JANE

To file James Bond's taxes with the IRS. May I go?

JOE (DR. NO)

Oh certainly. But, use the other exit. I think you'll find it much more convenient.

JANE crosses to the other exit. She screams offstage as if something terrible has happened to her.

ACTOR (BOND)

(To DR. NO)

You fiend!

(beat)

Now, you were going to kill me.

JOE (DR. NO)

Yes, Mr. Bond. But, you may be surprised to know that I believe in a fair fight.

ACTOR (BOND)

What do you have in mind?

JOE removes a small slip of paper.

JOE (DR. NO)

Do you see this slip of paper? I'm going to make a bird with Origami. If you can get to the door before I complete the several folds that comprise the bird, you may live.

ACTOR (BOND)

Too easy.

JOE (DR. NO)

Fine. Then I will bake chocolate chip cookies. I have all the necessary ingredients in the kitchen. If you can make it to the door before I cook a dozen, I will let you live. However, I would like you to sample the cookie dough before I put them in the oven.

ACTOR and JOE exit. FANNY enters, takes a seat. Bond Music plays. JANE enters, looking puzzled, she sits behind FANNY

MOVIE THEATER III

FANNY

Oh, I tell ya, that Bond. He outsmarts the bad guy every time. You know I got all the Bond films on video, and I just can't get enough of that Sean Connery. I tell ya, he's somethin' else.

JANE

Shhh! Be quiet! Stop talking! Just watch the movie.

FANNY

Hey, I told you before honey, it's a free country. I can sit here and talk if I want, and if I want to crinkle the cellophane on my Twizzle Sticks, that's my business.

JANE holds up a big white sign that reads in big black letters "SHUT THE

FUCK UP!" indicates the words with her finger.

JANE

Shut... The Fuck... Up!!

FANNY

I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna just keep talkin' about Sean Connery. Wooo! You go boy.

JANE

Oh, great. Another white woman who uses black colloquialisms. All right. All right. I'll leave you fuckin' bitch.

JANE goes to rise. JOE as Dr. No suddenly enters, places his hand on JANE's shoulder, gently forces her back down.

JOE (DR. NO)

(To JANE)

Sit down.

JOE goes to FANNY

JOE (DR. NO)

(To FANNY)

You disappoint me.

FANNY

Dr. No? How did you get outside the movie screen?

JOE (DR. NO)

That is of no importance. You've done nothing but talk throughout the movie, and it's always the same. Asking stupid questions about the plot, when the next scene explains what you need to know about the plot anyways. Trying to be the center of attention in the movie theater because you have such an inferiority complex, that you have no other means but to distract all the audience members. You only magnify your social ineptitude, your lack of couth, polish, and refinement by performing this little tirade. I may not be able to deal with Bond effectively in the movie Dr. No. But, believe me, when it comes to people who won't shut up in the movie theater, it is quite the contrary.

FANNY

I'm not leaving this movie theater. I paid my money. I'm just as important as anyone else. People should pay as much attention to me as they do movie stars. So, I'm not leaving. And I'm not shuttin' up!

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

AUTHOR as usher enters, whispers in JOE's ear, exits.

JOE (DR. NO)

My dear. The usher informs me that Sean Connery is in the lobby and wants to meet you.

FANNY

Really? Me?

JOE (DR. NO)

He'll be waiting.

JANE gets up, goes to the door. Bond appears, grabs her, turns her towards Dr. No, but pulls her out of view, backstage, so she is out of sight. Dr. No removes a Lysol can, puts a lighter to it, and sprays in the direction of FANNY's face, as if blowtorching her in the face. We hear her scream.

JOE (DR. NO)

A lighter and a can of can of Lysol. Cheap. But, effective.

HOSPITAL II

DICK lies down on the hospital bed. ACTRESS, playing the doctor enters, gets out a small penlight, looks over the DICK's tonsils, drops the penlight in the patient's mouth.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Oh, geez. God, I'm sorry.

DICK

Doctor, I'm hallucinating.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

I know. I know. Unfortunately, that's how the later stages of the AIDS virus affects the victim, as if people who suffered from syphilis, before there was a cure, suffered less from ensuing madness, because no one ever wrote a bad play about it in the eighteen eighties, but I won't get into that.

DICK

You mentioned an antidote.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Don't worry. It's on it's way.

DICK

Oh, thank you doctor! Thank you!

JANE, playing the nurse enters, with a vile.

DICK

Jane! Is it the antidote?

JANE (NURSE)

No, it's a sample of the most deadly strain of the AIDS virus, known as XML.

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Why did you bring it in here? The man needs the antidote.

JANE stumbles, spills the XML virus all over DICK.

JANE (NURSE)

Oh my god! I'm sorry!

DICK

Oh, what's the use? Perhaps I'll just die faster!

ACTRESS (DOCTOR)

Actually, you won't. The XML virus doesn't actually kill the host. Rather, it regenerates dead brain tissue and turns the victim into the living dead.

JANE (NURSE)

Much like the priest.

AUTHOR, playing priest enters, his face paled, eyes wide open, like a zombie. He takes a bite out of the DICK's arm.

DICK

Ahhh! What kind of hospital is this? What kind of play is this?

JANE, ACTRESS, and AUTHOR exit.
DICK dies. Under the covers, he puts on big monster glove hands. He comes back to life with monster hands, exits in a zombie fashion (will tie into intro to Sailors)

DICK

Jannnnne! Must find Jannnnne!

DICK exits

JANE'S APARTMENT II

JANE enters with a bag of groceries. the bag reads "VONS". She lies down on the couch, trying to get some rest. There is a knock at the door. JANE thinks it's DICK, goes to the door with a blunt object. She opens the door to see FANNY and ACTRESS as they are in real life.

FANNY

Hi, Jane.

JANE

Oh, it's you. I thought it was that stalker.

ACTRESS

Where going downtown to shoot some pool. Wanna come with us?

JANE

No. I just saw the weirdest play. Some guy is in Hell and he's supposed to prove to the Devil that he's full of compassion, and then it just spiraled into this crazy--it just went into outer space.

FANNY

Guess Dick gave up on you.

ACTRESS

Does he know about your special mattress?

JANE

No. He doesn't know about my special mattress. I guess if everyone had one, no one would try to date each other. I don't want to go out tonight. I'm too exhausted. Why don't we have breakfast tomorrow morning.

FANNY

Works for me.

ACTRESS

See you tomorrow.

JANE

Bye.

JANE lies down on the couch, begins to fall asleep. DANCING QUEEN occurs mostly offstage, it's an altercation that occurs at the market next to JANE's apartment. The whole scene is about how she will never get any rest. We focus on JANE as she tries desperately to sleep, covering her head with pillows, and reacting intuitively to the argument outside.

DANCING FANNY (OFFSTAGE)

Dancing Queen sounds off
from offstage.

ACTOR

Get out of the fuckin' car, right now!

FANNY

No! No!

ACTOR

Unlock this door! Unlock this door right now!

FANNY

No! No! Leave me alone! I'm not getting out of the car!

ACTOR

God dammit! Everybody's waiting for the ribbon to be cut for the new supermarket! You will christen this Vons if it's the last thing I make you do!

FANNY

Fuck you! That fuckin' store sucks! I'll never shop there! Their prices are too high!

ACTOR

There's people waiting for you to do your little dance! The boss is there with his kids! The DJ's cranking the song for godsake!

FANNY

This is worse than being a magician's assistant!

She snorts some lines with a straw.

ACTOR

That does it!

AUTHOR

Someone call Triple A?

ACTOR

Yes, I did.

AUTHOR

Flat tire?

ACTOR

No! This fuckin' bitch locked herself in the car, and she has to cut the ribbon to the new supermarket! You've probably seen her picture in the Daily Pilot.

AUTHOR

What's the Daily Pilot?

FANNY

I just want to get married and settle down! I want a back
yarrrrrrdmmmmmwaaaaaa!

ACTOR

She's hysterical.

FANNY

No, I'm not! You promised me your dot com company would
make me famous, and all I do is cut the ribbons at
supermarkets! And all you do is stare at other JANES!

ACTOR

And all you do is coke!

FANNY

Coke! You call this coke! This fuckin' shit you mix with
powdered sugar and caffeine pills! I can't even get real
drugs anymore!

ACTOR

Stage fright.

AUTHOR

You want me to unlock the door?

ACTOR

Yes! I want you to Jimmy it, now!

AUTHOR

You got your card? Triple A card? I need to see your
membership card. You are a Triple A member aren't you?

ACTOR

Here's my card.

AUTHOR

Uhhhh, this is expired.

ACTOR

How much will it cost to get this stupid bitch out of the
car?

AUTHOR

I dunno. Double.

ACTOR

Fine. Then do it.

AUTHOR

You got a credit card?

FANNY

You might as well give it to him! He doesn't have any cash! His wages are being garnished because of a child he had with another woman, and he doesn't even call her! And she lives right down the streeeeeeetmmmmmmwaaaaa...

AUTHOR

That's pretty sad, fella. You got your Visa?

ACTOR

Yes. Here's my Visa.

AUTHOR

Hmmm. It's not coming up. Did you tamper with the magnetic strip? That's illegal you know.

ACTOR

I've had it so long, it just wore out.

AUTHOR

Never seen that before.

ACTOR

Can you just enter the number manually?

AUTHOR

Sure. Are you Gina Barnes?

ACTOR

No, she's Gina Barnes.

AUTHOR

Well, she's gonna have to sign for it.

ACTOR

Good. Get her outta the fuckin' car, and she can sign for it.

AUTHOR

Well, the door's locked.

ACTOR

Then pry it open for godsake!

AUTHOR

I'll get the Jimmy. That's funny. Oh shit. My keys are in the truck.

ACTOR

How do you know that? You didn't even check your pockets or go to the truck?

AUTHOR

You know I've been doin' this for so long, I can just stand here and know exactly where I fucked up. Believe me, I totally fucked up. Locked my keys in the car.

ACTOR

Then Jimmy the door to your tow truck.

AUTHOR

Well, the Jimmy's in the truck.

ACTOR

You have a spare set of keys?

AUTHOR

Yeah. There in the truck.

ACTOR

Well, what the fuck good are you Triple AAA people?

AUTHOR

I dunno.

ACTOR

Fuck it!

Man kicks the door.

ACTOR

Open! Open! Open the fuckin' door!

Queen kicks open the door, rushes through JANE's apartment

ACTOR

You gotta help me. I'm just an actor. I'm even listed in the credits as "Actor!"

JANE

Get out of my apartment! Out! Out!

FANNY enters as the QUEEN with a huge pair of scissors, gets the blades around ACTOR's neck. They fumble offstage as he grabs the blades, tries to pry them loose, they exit.

JANE

I'm losing my mind! I've got to get out of here!

Gathers her things, opens the closet theater expert stumbles out.

THEATER EXPERT

Give us a kiss, luv!

JANE

Theater Expert! What are you doing in my closet!

THEATER EXPERT

This isn't the bloody bar? All these apartments look the same you know? Didn't mean to startle you. If only I could find the bloody bar. But, that's always the hard part.

(beat)

You know, trying to make it to the bloody bar, just getting to the bar, just trying to keep your balance and keep things in perspective, you know, taking in all sorts of information, life experience, knocking things over, like learning to ride a bike all over again, and the bar is closed for the evening, and looking around to see if no one is watching, and when the coast is clear...

(Stumbles behind JANE's bar)

going behind the bar, taking a bottle and pouring yourself a shot of the most expensive brandy, really, that's what theater is, something like that, somewhere, somehow, really, and not knowing where the hell you are in some foreign country, no one speaks your language, and it's all sort of turning into purple spots, trying to pick up a bird sitting around, who probably has no education to speak of. And sort of just stares at you aghast, like your some sort of well... theater expert, you know, sort of like, a ritual thing really, and she gets up and leaves and calls the authorities and they finally come, and there was ample time to escape, but the whole matter, the whole idea, of, well, leaving, going somewhere else...

JANE

Well, then just go somewhere else!

THEATER EXPERT

Yes, it's all sort of absurd, and then there's the hangover, and waking up in jail, isn't that what theater is after all, some sort of peculiar hangover, never really knowing how your senses are, well it's like building with clay, yes, clay, I would say clay, molding with clay, without the proper identification...

(Removes a childish sculpture made of school clay, a woman with really big boobees)

and making sculptures of women with really big boobees, and so on and so forth, and, and...

(starts choking on his thick accent)

Gadzooks! I'm choking on my accent!

JANE grabs THEATER EXPERT, hurls him out of her apartment. He can be heard toppling into metal trashcans. AUTHOR enters from other entrance, tape recorder around his neck, sits in JANE's apartment.

AUTHOR (Recorded)

I guess what I'm trying to say is that this whole scene is just an excuse for me to sit at a table and not do any work, a wish fulfillment fantasy in three dimensional space and time, and isn't that what all performers aspire to? To do something in real time without effort? Or if they can't do that, to manufacture a persona that gives the illusion that they can. To record it and play it back. Hasn't everyone you've ever met tried to pull that one on you at some point in time? And I mean everyone you've ever known. Not just your friends, but your very own family? The very people who actually brought you into this world?

ACTOR playing DEVIL in silly outfit with pitchfork, kicks the shit out of a fake plastic plant, or prop boxes, goes off, ad libs as he goes, really throwing a big hissy fit, like a little kid.

ACTOR (DEVIL)

(Draw it out if need be)

Silence! I said, silence! Silence! Silence! Silence!
Silence! Silence! Mother fucking-fucking-mother fucking-fucking silence! Silence! Silence! Silence! Fuck! When I

say silence, I mean silence! Just fucking shut the fuck up when I say silence! Silence!!

ACTOR yanks the recorder from AUTHOR's neck.

ACTOR (DEVIL)

Enough of your stupid rant! Enough! you have but one chance, one scene, to prove you are worthy of entering into the bliss of the afterlife. We have reviewed your submission of the scene with the guy sucking the woman's tit, and you may proceed. Are you ready?

Without the recorder, AUTHOR stands, formally turns to the audience, seemingly apologetic.

AUTHOR

Yes. It's a very touching scene, and I swear to you, I did not steal it from Steinbeck. I just need a few moments to give my actors notes, to make sure they hit their cues, and so on. And I'd just like to say, that what you are about to see will demonstrate once and for all that I am worthy of deep, caring, sensitive, human compassion.

JANE

Both of you! Out! Out!

JANE grabs AUTHOR and ACTOR, hurls them offstage. DICK suddenly enters with flowers.

DICK

(Singing)

Dreamweaver! I believe you can get me through the night!

JANE

Out! Out!

JANE kicks DICK in the balls, hurls him offstage.

JANE

Oh, my god. The Big Table is haunting me. Do these things actually happen? Is there any truth to it? I'm just going to move out of Costa Mesa. There's nothing here for me anymore.

There is a tinkling sound. JANE opens

the door to see Dr. No taking a leak,
water spurting from his pants.

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me.

JANE slams the door on him.

JANE

Dr. No!

JOE (DR. NO) (O.S.)

It's no use. You cannot escape the Big Table. Now, if you
will give me a moment to finish my tinkle, and zip my
zipper...

(Screams in pain)

Ahhhh!

JANE

What happened?

JOE (DR. NO) (O.S.)

I seem to have gotten my penis stuck in my zipper. You
see, I don't wear underwear. They're of no use to me. I
should have known better.

JANE

There's some tweezers in the medicine cabinet.

JOE (DR. NO) (O.S.)

Thank you. You are most kind.

(Removes his penis from zipper
offstage, screams in pain)

Ahhhh!

JANE

Did you get your penis unstuck?

JOE (DR. NO) (O.S.)

It would seem so.

JANE

Is your little Dr. No all right?

JOE (DR. NO) (O.S.)

It would appear so. I'll sterilize the tweezers with this
rubbing alcohol. Rest assured, my penis has been

sterilized several times. But, I will take the necessary precautions. That ought to do it.

Dr. No enters.

JANE

Is everything okay?

JOE (DR. NO)

Let us not speak of my penis. Let's talk about you.

JANE

What's there to talk about? I suppose your just going to kill me.

JOE (DR. NO)

You disappoint me. I had something more interesting in mind. I saw you in the audience, and though I don't believe in love at first sight, I think it's time that the world knows that Dr. No does have friends too. Why not come away with me to my underwater palace? I'd like to do a magic show under the sea, and I need a lovely assistant. The Dr. No Follies. Besides, how can I turn a profit if I'm always killing my investors?

JANE

What about my special mattress?

JOE (DR. NO)

Where do you think those special mattresses are manufactured?

The two laugh, exit together.

SAILORS II

DICK enters.

DICK

Jane? Jane? Where are you?

ACTOR, playing CAMACHO enters.

CAMACHO (ACTOR)

Ahoy, matey.

DICK

No! Not again!

ACTOR (CAMACHO) does arm curls
with a small dumbbell.

CAMACHO (ACTOR)

What's the matter sugar? I'm just a sailor doing arm
curls.

DICK

Have you seen Jane? The girl that lives in this
apartment?

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Nope. Don't see many girls in these barracks.

DICK

These are not barracks! This is the apartment of the girl
I love!

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

Suit yourself.

AUTHOR, playing Admiral enters.
DICK and ACTOR (CAMACHO) salute.

AUTHOR (ADMIRAL)

Gentlemen, at ease. I appreciate the twenty-one gun
salute. As you know, we set sail tomorrow to do battle
with the Germans. The German is your enemy, and must be
decimated at all costs.

CAMACHO (ACTOR)

We're aware of that, Admiral. That's why I joined the
American Navy.

DICK

Do you doubt our abilities, sir? Is that why you're
paying us this visit?

AUTHOR (ADMIRAL)

No. Intelligence has reported that the Germans have a
secret weapon.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

A bomb?

AUTHOR (ADMIRAL)

The Gayboy Pixie. We're not yet sure if it is a he or a she. But, what we do know is that this pixie often strikes just before a fleet sets sail. The Gayboy Pixie typically sneaks into barracks and sprinkles glitter on sailors in their sleep, trying to turn them into something less than masculine. It wears tights, has wings, and prances around like a ballerina. I was wondering if you'd seen anything within the last hour?

CAMACHO (ACTOR)

No. No one here except us.

AUTHOR (ADMIRAL)

Now, I want you to take all the general precautions. If you pop a boner cool it down with a fan or ice cubes. I've already fought down the monster several times myself. Always remember. The German is your enemy, and he'll stop at nothing to turn this Navy into a helpless bunch of boa struttin' dancin' girls who'd wear their BVD's backwards so other guys could play butt darts and get a bulls eye every time. Before you know it we'd all be turned to fanny pirates in high heels, hitting each other with purses over the last tube of lipstick in a beauty parlor. No, men. These are not manly things. Not manly in the slightest.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)

But, the one thing they aren't counting on, is the American Navy.

Nutcracker plays. ACTRESS playing GAYBOY PIXIE enters, Douses ACTOR and ADMIRAL with pixie dust, exits. DICK steps back to the door, about to escape. ACTOR and ADMIRAL flank him, pause for a moment.

DICK

(Nervous)

Those German's sure are smart.

ACTOR (CAMACHO)/AUTHOR (ADMIRAL)

Get those pants off!

ACTOR and ADMIRAL lunge for DICK's pants, yank him offstage.

WAITING FOR GODZILLA II

ACTOR playing SOLDIER, enters
takes a seat, still waiting for Godzilla.
Moments later, DICK enters.

DICK (LABCOAT)
Godzilla will be here. He'll be here.

FANNY, playing MYSTERIAN enters with dumb
space outfit, ray gun, evil laughter.

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)
Get back. Everyone get back!

ACTOR (SOLDIER)
What's the big idea, brother?

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)
I want everyone to get back. I need my space. So, just get
back. If people are standing too close, I get real jittery,
more jittery than I am now, so just get back. Get back.
And stay back. I've been waiting in flying saucer all
afternoon for Godzilla. I can't take it anymore. Where is
he?

DICK (LABCOAT)
Godzilla will be here. He'll be here.

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)
What did you do to that egg?

DICK (LABCOAT)
My fiancée threw it at me from across the room. We had a
fight. We've been living together for ten years. She wants
to get married. Married.

ACTOR (SOLDIER)
Married. I'll never meet anyone to marry. Married. All the
good ones are taken. Married. Married. I'll never get
married. Children. Children. Married and then children.
Too heavy. Just too heavy.

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)
And there's the reason we Mysterians want to take over the
Earth and populate it with our species. We don't feel
sorry for ourselves. Every Mysterian pulls his weight, and
every Mysterian is expendable. And we reproduce asexually,

so there's never any of this primitive business of feeling sorry for yourself. Now, that I have you at gunpoint, I will allow our supreme commander to scan your memories and make a full report to our species, so that we never make the same piddly mistakes that you do. But, you've damaged the egg that Godzilla has laid. One thing you can be sure of. Godzilla isn't coming.

DICK/ACTOR

(Indignant)

Oh, Godzilla will be here! He'll be here!

JANE suddenly enters.

JANE

No! No! He won't be here! The Mysterian is right! Even if he's evil and wants to exterminate the human species! He won't be here! He won't be here!

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)

What a sad lot you humans are. A pathetic stupid little mish mash of genetic stew all wrapped up in self important episodes that go nowhere. You don't deserve to live on this planet or any other. You can't even build a flying saucer. And now that Godzilla won't be here, there's no point in turning Ghidra, our national monster, loose on Godzilla.

JANE

Now, do you see? There is a Ghidra! There is a three headed monster! He exists! I may have been drunk in downtown Tokyo! But, I did see a three headed monster!

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)

Shut up!

ACTRESS pistol whips JANE,
knocks her out.

DICK (LABCOAT)

Hey, that's my fiancée!

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)

Your fiancée! You've been promising to marry her for ten years and look where it's gotten you! Nowhere! Well, I'm going back to my ship to wait for Ghidra. As we speak, he's just destroyed your space station. And he'll be here!

DICK/ACTOR

No, Godzilla will be here first!

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)

No, Ghidra!

DICK/ACTOR

No, Godzilla!

ACTRESS (MYSTERIAN)

Ghidra!

DICK/ACTOR

Godzilla!

DICK/ACTOR/ACTRESS

(Big fuck you match)

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

ACTRESS storms out.

JANE

I can't wait any longer! I can't take it anymore!

JANE runs out, screams, the sound of breaking glass. ACTOR goes to see what the trouble is, returns, looking grim.

DICK (LABCOAT)

What was it?

ACTOR (SOLDIER)

The window. She went through the window. You're not gettin' married, fella. Don't look. It's better that we wait for Godzilla. He'll be here. I'm afraid it's true. Godzilla will never show. I'm going back to headquarters.

ACTOR exits.

DICK

No! He'll be here. Godzilla will be here. Any moment now. Godzilla will be here...

Godzilla music plays. DICK goes towards the music.

DICK

Godzilla! You're here! I knew you'd come! I knew it! I always believed in you!

Big Godzilla foot smashes DICK
to death.

LIGHTS OUT

END OF PLAY