SEX a.k.a. Wieners and Boobs (1st ed.)
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Cast of Characters

DONIELLO
OLD TIMER
TAD THEATERMAN
DEPUTY FLANG
SHERIFF JONES
SHERIFF JACK GREENBERG
SHEILA
MAYOR DEPARDIEU
HILLARY
GERARD
CHRIS
ROB
FREDDY
TEMP
BROCK
ACE
HUMPER
MADAME TUSO
ROBERTO
THUNDERBOY
PENIS PANTS
DONNA
TAD'S MOM
TAD'S DAD
TAD'S GRANDPA
TAD'S YOUNGER BROTHER
MUSICIAN

AUDIENCE PLANTS
LADY, KID, BUSINESS MAN, WOMAN, GUYS, and other TOWNSPEOPLE
THE WEEMS GANG
MESSENGER
REAL ESTATE SALESMEN
A CHICKEN

Acknowledgements

SEX a.k.a. Wieners and Boobs was originally produced at the HERE Arts Center in New York City in July of 1998, with the following cast:

Doniello / Sheila .....Zak Orth
Old Timer .....Todd Holoubek
Tad Theaterman / Rob .....Joe Lo Truglio
Sheriff Jack / Chris.....David Wain
Deputy Flang / Mayor / Freddy .....Michael Showalter
Hillary .....Nina Hellman
Gerard / Brock .....Ian Helfer
Madam Tuso / Ace / Tad's Mom .....Shari Albert
Musician .....Peter Salett

Authors' Note

The spirit of *SEX a.k.a. Wieners and Boobs* should very much be like young kids doing a show for their parents and friends in the living room. Silly, fun, and self-amusing.

Because the scene transitions are quick and there are many of them, sets and props were kept very simple. Slides of different locations—an office, a town street, a living room, etc.—projected on a white sheet were used to quickly clue the audience in on where the scene took place.

There are many small, one- or two-line roles in the play. These should be divvied up among the ensemble according to logistics, not necesarily with regard to gender. We suggest, for purposes of chemistry and the hurried, fun energy of an amateur show, that the cast is not increased to merely fill tiny roles. It's best to keep it at 10 or less.

The "Musician" should be a competent guitarist. Besides being able to transition the scenes smoothly, he / she must compose short, original themes for different characters. Again, just an identifiable "riff" is all that's necessary. *SEX a.k.a. Wieners and Boobs* is score-heavy, as well as reliant on previously recorded sound / music.

SEX A.K.A. WIENERS AND BOOBS
by Joe Lo Truglio, Michael Showalter, and David Wain

(Empty stage. Three chairs and a table in the background. House lights are up. Music comes down slightly. DONIELLO *walks on stage.)*

DONIELLO. Hi everyone, I'm Doniello, the Artistic Director here at the _____ theater. Thanks for braving this terrible storm to make it to our show tonight.

A word about how this play came to be. It all started one week ago, when the show originally scheduled for this run here at _____ was cancelled last minute. At that point, I, Doniello, immediately called Joe Lo Truglio, Michael Showalter and David Wain, some guys I had met in New York, who I knew had nothing much to do. Four days ago the trio were already hard at work writing the script, and we are proud to present to you the final result of their nearly week-long journey, "Sex, also known as Wieners and Boobs." Which was originally titled "The Life and Good Times of Jesus Christ's Silly Penis." A few other little things we'd like to call to your attention. First of all, as you probably have heard, tonight's performance will include a scene from David Mamet's *(He pronounces it "mam-AY's")* classic play, Glengarry Glen Ross. Secondly, there will be a strobe light used in tonight's show. So those of you who suffer from trench mouth or dropsy will have to turn 360 degrees during those sequences. Also, at a certain point there will be some audience participation, so if any of you out there in the audience all of a sudden feel some ener-gi thrown your way—someone's pointing at you asking for something—just take that ener-gi, make it your own, and give it right back, whatever they're asking for. All in the spirit of fun! In fact, I'm going to get the ball rolling right now! I need anyone in the audience to yell out the name of a famous celebrity, living or dead, and this celebrity will be incorporated into our story.

*(*DONIELLO *gets the name from an audience member.)*

Perfect! I totally want to fuck you! So watch for that later on in the show. Another announcement: one of the cast couldn't make it tonight, so they had to get a last-minute replacement for a small role. So we have someone making a little bit of a theatrical debut. First time ever on stage, we're very excited for them. Can't tell you who it is—

(He starts smiling, pointing to himself.)

But we're very excited for him, and we hope you are, too. So go easy on him.

Lastly, and perhaps most exciting of all, the cast has graciously offered their valuable time to have a Q&A session about the play immediately following the show. Now, due to scheduling concerns far too complicated to get into here, we're going to have to have the Q&A before the show. So without further ado, please say hello and give a warm welcome to the cast of "SEX also known as Wieners and Boobs!"

(The whole cast comes out with backpacks, coffee, etc., as if the show's completely over.)

I just want to start off by saying that tonight's show was truly amazing and I'm sure everyone's got a lot of questions about it. So who has the first question?

AUDIENCE PERSON #1. Was what *(ACTOR #1)* did in the hot dog scene a deliberate tip of the hat to Molière?

(Whole cast laughs uproariously, saying the actor's name. ACTOR #1 *hides in faux shame.)*

ACTOR #2. I think we should let the criminal have his day in court here.

ACTOR #1. Okay—the Molière thing. *(To* ACTOR #2*:)*, I'm gonna kill you!…I'm glad you caught that…but didn't he pull it off?

ACTOR #2. Well it was handed to me on a silver platter!

*(*ACTOR #2 *cups his hands together and bows to* ACTOR #1.*)*

ACTOR #1. Stop, don't! But to answer the question, it's no secret that I'm an insane Molière buff. Guilty as charged! So the answer is a bona fide 'Yes.'

DONIELLO. Any other questions?

AUDIENCE PERSON #2. This is a question for *(ACTOR #3)*. As an actor, how did you prepare to play a character with such a severe drinking problem?

ACTOR #3. Well I really think my character, Charles, is a freak, you know? The interesting part for me is *finding* that ever-elusive middle ground. That's a great, great question.

ACTOR #4. *(ACTOR #3)*, I'd just like to say that you were great tonight.

ALL. Yeah. Really great. Nice job.

AUDIENCE PERSON #3. This question is for anyone on the panel. I just want to know how you guys got started. I'm thinking about going into acting, preferably theater, but I'm willing to do film to pay the rent.

(Cast laughs again.)

ACTOR #5. I'd like to answer that question if I could. I was born into the stage. My mom was the Follow Spot Operator at Seattle Rep, and I literally fell out of her womb onto the stage. Luckily, the umbilical chord was still attached and acted like a bungee chord. I was immediately cast as Malvolio in Twelfth Night. Anyway, it was one of my first exposures to the Bard, who I'll go on record as saying is a killer playwright. He's up there with the greats.

DONIELLO. Well I think that's it. A big thank you to the cast, and we'll begin the show in a moment.

(House lights come up, music plays, stools are cleared. After a minute, the music stops and the house lights go down to almost black. In the darkness, a chair and table are placed center stage. An OLD TIMER *(white hair, glasses, pipe) sits on the chair, and opens a newspaper, waiting for the lights to come up. A stagehand brings out a small vase and puts it on the table. Another stagehand puts a box of Kleenex on the table. A* WOMAN *comes out and stands with her*

back to the table. After a beat, all is cleared offstage in reverse order, leaving an empty stage. The OLD TIMER *storyteller enters as lights come up.*

Music: Old Timer Theme.)

OLD TIMER. Well, well! We got quite a posse out there tonight! Howdy folks, my name is Yukon Tim, and I'm gonna tell ya' a little story. But first, I gotta put a little sassparilla in my teeth, a little tobacky between m'lip n'gum, an' a photo of my dead wife, Richard, against my chest to light a fire in my heart. Alright, let me hear y'all say "Yeah!" if yer ready! Now c'mon, I thought you Yankees knew how to make noise! Let me hear ya say, "Yeah!" Now just the fellas, y'all say "Yeah!" Now let me hear the ladies! Now, fellas, are you gonna let them gals get away wit that??

Alright, now let me hear you say, "Oooooh Yeeeah!" Let me hear you say, "OOOOH Yeeeeah! I like to paaaaaarty!" That was all right! Now before I speak my piece, let me remind you that we got a scene from Glengarry Glen Ross on the way. Alright, then. Listen, close. Not too long ago, in a little old one-horse town called Teaneck, New Jersey, there was a mean ol' sucker named Tad…

(He looks around, thinking hard, stalling until a name dawns on him...)

Theater…Tad…Theater…man. Tad Theaterman! And Tad Theaterman ruled this little shangri-la called Teaneck with an iron fist! And no one dared question Tad's authority. Not the mayor, not the Sheriff, not even the Weems Gang. We'll get to them later. Now, sure as my word, that Tad Theaterman was a meeeeeeean SON-OF-A-GUN!

(Lights change. Teaneck Main Street. TAD THEATERMAN *enters, talking on a banana like it's a phone.*

Music: Tad's Theme.

Note: After each bad joke, the actor should "rimshot" them in his own silly, stylized way. Examples from original production given.)

TAD. I'm a mean son-of-a-gun, Greg! I'm meaner than you could possibly imagine! I'm Meaner than Peter the Meter Reader! I'm so

mean that when I sit around the house, I sit around the house, literally!

(He spasms.)

Whoops! What happened, Greg? Who's zoomin' who? I'm so *mean* that I'm the one who punches Sean Penn in the face!

(He spasms again, dunking into an imaginary basketball net.)

Ooh, Gee-awd—Sa-lam Dunk!! I'm so *mean* that I've gotta jump to trip! HIT THE DECK!!

(He drops to the floor.)

I'm so *mean* that I swam half across the English Channel, got tired and then swam back…Whoap!

(He shimmies across the stage, hand fluttering behind his back, spinning.)

Hey! Like this…I'm a peacock on a Sit N'Spin! Oh! One more thing, Greg. This is kind of funny. You're fired!

(He throws the phone (banana) very delicately to a stagehand. THEATERMAN *starts walking in place then turns a corner. A* LADY *runs up to him.)*

LADY. Morning, Mr. Theaterman. Weather's lookin' good today!

TAD. Fuck you in your face!

(He pushes her head away. A KID *comes up to him.)*

KID. *(Holding out a pile of papers:)* Morning paper, Mr. Theaterman?

TAD. Eat my ass with a spoon, you tool!

(He punches the KID *in the face, and continues walking. A* BUSINESS MAN *approaches.)*

BUSINESS MAN. Mr. Theaterman, I'm organizing a charity event for the local children and I wanted to know if we could get the support of you and the many businesses you own?

TAD. Come here. I wanna tell you a little secret.

BUSINESS MAN. What?

TAD. Just come here I wanna tell you something.

BUSINESS MAN. Uh…

(The BUSINESS MAN *comes closer and* THEATERMAN *grabs him, pushes his head down, and farts on it. The* BUSINESS MAN *runs away screaming.)*

TAD. Now run along and go tell everybody what just happened here! People better remember that as long as Teaneck is the land of hookers and gigolos and wieners and boobs, then I'm the pimp! If anyone has a problem with that, they'll have to deal with ME and my ASSHOLE WAYS!

(Music: Tad's Theme.

Lights up: Sheriff's Office. Old SHERIFF JONES *is there. He takes off his star and hangs up his holster and wipes away a tear.* DEPUTY FLANG *comes in.)*

DEPUTY FLANG. We sure are going to miss you here in Teaneck, Sheriff Jones.

SHERIFF JONES. Well Deputy Flang, I been Sheriff in this town for a lot of years. Tad Theaterman's done come along and taken away all my power as Sheriff. It's time for me to pass the *ba*ton. Is it *ba*ton or ba*ton?*

DEPUTY FLANG. I think it's ba*ton*.

SHERIFF JONES. You always knew how to assign the accent to the correct syllable, Flang.

DEPUTY FLANG. Well I did have that Linguistics degree from Hofstra.

SHERIFF JONES. You went to Hofstra? Did you know Alan Feldman?

DEPUTY FLANG. We've been through this a hundred times already, Sheriff. He was a senior when I was a freshman. We knew each other, but—

SHERIFF JONES. I went to high school with him. Okay, well Flang, I'm gonna get going now. Be good to the new Sheriff. And oh, the wheat thrasher's being delivered at three. Could you sign for it?

DEPUTY FLANG. Sure.

*(*SHERIFF JONES *leaves. Knock on the door.)*

DEPUTY FLANG. Yes, come in.

(A WOMAN *enters.)*

WOMAN. Excuse me, is this the Teaneck Sheriff's Office?

DEPUTY FLANG. It ain't Lou's Nude World of Naked People, so it must be. What can I do you for?

WOMAN. I'm your new Sheriff.

DEPUTY FLANG. Hubba hubba!

(Action freezes. Lights change, ACTOR #1 *comes out.)*

ACTOR #1. Stop, stop. I'm very sorry. Of course, she's not really the Sheriff. It was a joke. There's no way that that woman—or any woman for that matter—would be a Sheriff. We'll start that scene again.

(Lights change back. Knock on the door.)

DEPUTY FLANG. Yes, come in.

*(*JACK—*Actor #1 now suddenly in a Sheriff's outfit—enters.)*

JACK. Is this the Teaneck Sheriff's Department?

DEPUTY FLANG. It ain't Lou's Nude World of Naked People, so it must be. What can I do you for?

JACK. My name is Jack Greenberg. I'm the new Sheriff.

(Music: Sex, Wieners, Boobs Theme.

Opening Dance. The cast marches out in a line and chants "SEX WIENERS BOOBS" repeatedly, until they fall into crouching, fetal positions or "pods."

Town Hall. Lights up on town meeting scene. Lots of hubub.)

MAYOR. Quiet! Quiet down. Quiet down everyone. Now I, Mayor Gerard Depardieu, not the famous French film actor and star of "Green Card," but mayor of this town that coincidentally has the same name, would like to introduce all of you to your new Sheriff. He's here all the way from his old post in the Far East. Five ten, from Brandeis University, Sheriff Jack Greenberg!

(Only the MAYOR *claps.)*

JACK. Thank you. Thank you very much, Mr. Mayor. I've noticed that there's a lot of illegal activity in this town, specifically in the sex trade. Now I'm talking about hookers & gigolos. And I'm gonna put a stop to it—

(The townsfolk hubub.)

MAYOR. Quiet down, quiet down! Now listen, we're all good people, fine folk! Jack and I had a chance to talk, and he knows that we are all *very* appreciative of the economic contributions that Tad Theaterman made to this town, and by golly, we're not going to put a stop to it!

ALL. Yeah!

JACK. Now wait a second! What about the law? What about right and wrong? What about the Constitution?

WOMAN. Will you or won't you be closing the beaches?

JACK. Yes, we will be closing the beaches.

MAYOR. Only for 24 hours. Only for 24 hours.

JACK. Are none of you willing to stand up to Theaterman? I need some deputies. He's only one man.

GUY 1. He's not just one man. He's got a brother.

JACK. So two men. No big deal.

GUY 2. No—it's more like five guys. He's got some partners.

JACK. Fine. Either way, I need help. Who's with me?

GUY 2. Actually, it's more like twenty guys. He's got people working for him.

JACK. Whatever it is. I don't care if it's a thousand guys.

GUY 1. It's not a thousand. There aren't even a thousand people in this town. *(To* GUY 2*:)* He's so stupid.

JACK. Okay, how many guys is it? How many guys does Theaterman have?

GUY 1 & GUY 2. Four. Four guys.

JACK. This is ridiculous! I need deputies. Who's gonna help me?

TOWNSPERSON. What happened to Deputy Flang?

MAYOR. I didn't want to get into this now, but Deputy Flang is no longer with us. His boobs got caught in a wheat thrasher, and now he's dead.

(Stunned silence.)

QUIET! Quiet down.

JACK. Who's going to be my deputy when I take down Theaterman?

TOWNSPERSON. This is an outrage!

GUY. We want a new Sheriff!

TOWNSPERSON. Jack Greenberg sucks!

(Everyone riots in place.)

OLD WOMAN. I can't believe what I'm hearing here, listen to yourselves, this man's trying to…

GUY 1. Shut up Mom!

*(*GUY 1 *runs over, punches* OLD WOMAN.*)*

GUY 2. Hey Greenberg! If you're so concerned about women's rights, what about men's rights, did ya ever think of that?

JACK. Now you don't do that!

TOWNSPERSON. Yeah! You're not Jack Greenberg. You're Jack-me-off Green-turd.

GUY 1. Yeah, 'cause you pick boogers out of your nose, you fat shit!

JACK. I do not!

WOMAN. Will you or won't you be closing the beaches?

JACK. Yes, we will be closing the beaches.

MAYOR. Only for 24 hours. Only for 24 hours. We're not even sure if it was a real shark attack.

GUY. *(Richard Dreyfuss impression from* Jaws*:)* Mayor Depardieu, what we are dealing with here is a perfect engine, an eating machine. It's a miracle of evolution. All this machine does is swim and eat and make little sharks, and that's all!

JACK. Ladies and Gentlemen. I certainly hope some of you will search your souls and support me in my lone quest for justice.

(Everyone gets up and leaves except for JACK *and a woman,* HILLARY CARLSON. JACK *looks defeated.)*

HILLARY. Hey. Hey…

(No response from JACK.*)*

HILLARY. HEY! Never mind them. They get that way sometimes.

JACK. It just sucks, you know? No one wants to be my deputies. They're all calling me names. I mean, Jack-me-off Green-turd? That's not my name! My name is Jack Greenberg. Hey…I don't believe I got your name yet.

HILLARY. It's Hillary. Hillary Carlson.

(Music: Hillary & Jack Theme)

JACK. Hillary! What a beautiful name! It rolls off the tongue like an ocean breeze. Hillary, Hillary, Hillary!

HILLARY. Wow. You're not like all the others, are you?

*(*JACK *and* HILLARY *share a moment of conciliation.)*

JACK. Hillary, I'm looking for a place to put my penis…

HILLARY. You mean like, in my vagina, maybe…

JACK and HILLARY. Maybe.

(Strobe light starts.

Music: "Manhattan Skyline" plays.

JACK *and* HILLARY *have sex in every position humanly possible, in the course of 15 seconds. Strobe ends. Empty stage. Lights up.*

Music: Old Timer Theme.

OLD TIMER *walks onto the stage.)*

OLD TIMER. Well, looks like Sheriff Greenberg got his work cut out for him. And if I'm not mistakin', he's takin' quite a shining to Ms. Hillary! But that Ms. Hillary, she's got a little secret of her own, by the name of her *husband,* Gerard Depardieu. Not to be confused with the mayor or the famous French film actor. While you're watching this next scene, kindly notice how Gerard's drinking problem comes into play!

(Hillary and Gerard's apartment. Lights up on GERARD. HILLARY *enters.)*

HILLARY. What??

GERARD. Nothing. How are you? How was your day?

HILLARY. Gerard, don't start. Not now. Not today.

GERARD. You've been with someone haven't you?

HILLARY. I don't want to talk about—

GERARD. Is it Tosh?

HILLARY. Gerard—

GERARD. IT'S TOSH, ISN'T IT??

HILLARY. No, it's not Tosh. It's…I want out of this marriage.

GERARD. You've made that perfectly clear!

HILLARY. Made what perfectly clear?! I'm just trying to do what's right!

GERARD. Did Tosh put you up to this?

HILLARY. No! Tosh has nothing to with this.

(They stare silently at each other.)

PLEASE LET ME FINISH! I thought matrimony was holy. About to have and to hold and trust and love and 'til death do us part! What happened to that, Gerard? What happened to you? I met someone today, okay? I met someone! And I like him! I like him Gerard, okay? And I porked him. And I don't want to be made to feel guilty about that just because I'm married to you!

GERARD. Well that's a real pretty speech, Hillary. But unfortunately, last time I checked, we live on Planet Earth.

HILLARY. Oh! Real good, Gerard! Bring up how we all live on Planet Earth!

GERARD. We *do* live on Planet Earth.

HILLARY. Once again, you're always right!

GERARD. No I'm not always right, but I do know that we live on Planet Earth!

HILLARY. Fine, Gerard. You win. We live on Planet Earth, are you happy now?

GERARD. No I'm not happy! You're saying you want a divorce!

HILLARY. Yes!

GERARD. Hillary, I know you feel like we've already covered this, but how can you possibly deny that WE LIVE ON PLANET EARTH??

HILLARY. I can't! But that doesn't mean that we do!

GERARD. But we do! We obviously do!

HILLARY. Why, Gerard? Why are you so certain?

GERARD. Because we can't breathe the air on other planets! Earth's atmosphere is the only planet in the galaxy where we can breathe without a space suit!

HILLARY. Do you know that for a fact? Have you been to the other planets, Gerard? I don't recall you taking any trips to Mars, Gerard! When was the last time you were on Mars?

GERARD. A month ago, Hillary, a month ago. In fact, NASA is preparing to send me and my team up there again—for the *third time!* You know that! I'm an astronaut! Everyone knows that!

HILLARY. Can't you think for yourself, Gerard?? Do you always need other people to agree with you before you believe what you say is true?

GERARD. I have no idea what you're talking about.

HILLARY. I want a lover who is his own person! Not some cog in the machine!

GERARD. How dare you call me a cog! I have worked my whole life not to be a cog!

(Beat.)

HILLARY. Cog.

GERARD. Don't!

HILLARY. Cog!

GERARD. Don't you say it! Don't you say it to me, Hillary!

HILLARY. COG! COG! COG! You're a cog, Gerard! I found your birth certificate! It's true! You're a cog!

GERARD. No way! You're lying! You're saying this to upset me!

HILLARY. It's right here, Gerard!

(She pulls out a piece of paper.)

I have your Birth Certificate right here. The "COG BOX" is checked!

GERARD. Get out of here, woman! GO! And don't come back!

HILLARY. Good bye, Gerard. Have a nice life.

(She runs off.)

GERARD. What?!? What just happened? What'd I do?

(Actor breaks character, then exits. Empty stage.

Music: Old Timer Theme.)

OLD TIMER. Looks like Hillary and Gee-ard are on the rocks. That's as clear as pumpkin pie on a crisp autumn summer. *(Farts.)* Now—what do you say we meet some of the young folks of this town who's got opinions of their own about the goings-on of the grown-ups in Teaneck. They hang out on Old Canyon Rock, overlooking the southside. Ssssh. I think hear 'em now!

(Old Canyon Rock.

Music: Kids' Theme.

Three kids—CHRIS, ROB, FREDDY—*scamper on stage, twisting and kicking in an odd, enthusiastic dance.* FREDDY *and* ROB *settle around an ol' fishin' hole.* CHRIS *stares at the stars.)*

CHRIS. I hate Teaneck. I wanna get out of this town. It's terrible here.

FREDDY and ROB. Terrible!

FREDDY. Actually, I kinda like it.

ROB. Yeah, where else is it so easy to get a hooker?

CHRIS. Isn't that a bad thing?

ROB. Now you look me straight in the eye and tell me you don't like wieners or boobs.

CHRIS. I like 'em, but…sometimes I think there's more to life than just hookers.

FREDDY. That's true, there is. Like wieners.

ROB. And boobs!

FREDDY. And gigolos!

CHRIS. You guys ever think that maybe there's some place somewhere else? Somewhere far off, where people do different things?

FREDDY. Like what, Chris?

CHRIS. I don't know, go to whorehouses.

FREDDY. Well that's what we do here.

CHRIS. Don't twist my words.

ROB. You're just jealous 'cause you got a C minus on your gigolo test.

CHRIS. I did that to piss off my dad, I don't wanna talk about it!

ROB. I remember my daddy used to take me down here when I was a little junebug. We'd go flyfishing, we'd catch us a lil' whipperwill an'a crittercrawler. Then we'd cook it up with a porkbelly an'a wheatgrass an'a lemon nut with a slipsack flapjack, eeeh—fuck it!

FREDDY. I remember when my daddy take me down here when I was a little tadpole. I was only a lil' ol' ball. Tiny lil' ball. He come down, we'd come down here with the pepperpot an'a peppermill, whip up a lil' crawdad poppycock, eeeeh—fuck it!

CHRIS. Well I never, never had a dad take me down here, make a fire, sittin' around butternut squash hap how numbnut numbnut—eeh, fuck it! I'm just saying maybe we should clean up this town.

FREDDY. You mean like with a sponge?

CHRIS. No.

ROB. You mean like with soap?

CHRIS. No.

FREDDY. Oh. You mean like with a sponge?

CHRIS. No, I mean maybe we should get up and go down to that new Jew sheriff's office and give him some help.

FREDDY. Help him with his homework?

CHRIS. No!

ROB. You mean like with chores around the house and such?

CHRIS. No!

FREDDY. You mean like…with a sponge?

(Music: Kids' Theme.

They huddle together and smile weirdly at each other for a few moments as we slowly fade to black. Lights up on Sheriff's Office. HILLARY *enters. A* TEMP *is typing at Sheriff Greenberg's desk.)*

HILLARY. Excuse me, is this the Sheriff Jack Greenberg's office?

TEMP. Yes it is.

HILLARY. Are you the deputy?

TEMP. No, Deputy Flang is dead. He got his boobs caught in the wheat thrasher. I'm temping for him. The Sheriff went down to the Chaps Café to get some beans and doggies.

HILLARY. Do you know when he'll be back?

TEMP. Well lemme see, goes down there, gets the beans, one two three, one, one two, gets doggies, wash it down, belly wash…I'd say about five minutes.

HILLARY. Will you give him a message for me?

TEMP. Do I look like a walking notepad to you?

HILLARY. No. I mean, maybe you're…you might be a little big boned, but I'm sure you'll find someone to share your life with.

TEMP. Whatever.

HILLARY. Listen, could you please give him a message for me? You see, I just left my husband this morning and Jack is important to me even though I just met him this morning and I just…if I don't…oh! I'm so flustered! I just—

TEMP. Lady—

HILLARY. Please can you just—

TEMP. Lady, lady!

HILLARY. If you can just help me!

TEMP. Lady, hey hey, I would *love* to help you. But you see, I've got my *own* problems.

(He smiles and goes out the door.)

HILLARY. Now I'm really alone.

(She comes downstage into a spotlight. She turns right, left, genuinely confused.)

I don't where to turn.

(Lights down.

Music (Transition): Sex, Wieners, Boobs Theme.

Lights up on Sheriff's Office, a half-hour later. JACK *sits at his desk. A hurried knock.* MAYOR DEPARDIEU *enters.)*

MAYOR. Jack?

JACK. Yes, Mr. Mayor, what can I do for you?

MAYOR. We need to talk, Jack. Weeeell, there's still this silly little rumor runnin' around town that you're still planning on taking on Tad Theaterman. Now I've told the folks it's not true. It's not true, is it Jack?

JACK. Well I hate to disappoint you, Mr. Mayor, but it is true. As long as I'm Sheriff in this town, it's my job and my duty—

MAYOR. Ewww, you said doody…

JACK. Hee, hee…I know, I did… "Responsibility" maybe would be better…hee, hee… It's my *responsibility* to uphold the law in this town and that's what I'm gonna do.

MAYOR. And I applaud that, Jack. I just wish you'd spend your time picking on criminals OTHER than Tad Theaterman.

JACK. Well, Mr. Mayor, I'm not aware of any criminals in Teaneck besides Tad Theaterman.

MAYOR. For one thing, there's the Teaneck Marauder.

JACK. Really? Tell me about him.

MAYOR. Well he marauds his victim with a very strange instrument. He kills his victims with a _____.

*(*MAYOR *looks to audience to fill in the blank. Whatever they yell out, the actors improvise a few lines about how he kills with that object, then…)*

And, Jack, there is one other group you should be aware of. The Weems Gang!

(Hoots, hollers, and yells from offstage.)

That's them! I'm getting out of here!

*(*MAYOR *exits quickly. Note:* MAYOR *should exit on opposite side that the Weems Gang enters. The Weems Gang, crazy hillbillies (or not), enter one at a time.)*

JOE WEEMS. Wahoo!! I'm Joe Weems!

(Note: Actors can use real first names.)

WEEMS #1. And I'm _____ Weems!

WEEMS #2. And I'm _____ Weems!

WEEMS #3. And I'm _____ Weems!

*(*DONIELLO*, the Artistic Director, enters dressed as we last saw him.)*

DONIELLO. And I'm Doniello Weems!

(The actor playing the MAYOR *comes out in his own lame "Weems" costume. He makes up a Weems name.)*

MAYOR. And I'm _____ Weems!

ALL. And we're the Weems Gang!

JOE WEEMS. Where's Sheriff Jones?

JACK. He's retired! I'm the new Sheriff and I'm not puttin' up with hooligans like you!

*(*JACK *makes a threatening motion. They scamper off, screaming.)*

Man, there's some strange characters in this town. But you know what…I like it here!

*(*JACK *smiles and exits. Lights down.*

Music: Old Timer Theme.

Lights up on an empty stage. OLD TIMER *enters.)*

OLD TIMER. In truth, those Weems boys would never hurt a fly. Sheriff Jack scared the bejesus out of them, and they were never heard from again in Teaneck. Rumor has it, they settled down somewhere in California—

MUSICIAN / BAND MEMBER. Sausalito.

OLD TIMER. Ayuh…and sometime later, they dilated Joe Weems's anus, all crawled inside, and floated away. Good luck, boys!

(He waves above.)

Now, let's peek in at Tad Theaterman's headquarters, where I'm sure he's making his plans for Sheriff Jack.

*(*OLD TIMER *exits.*

Tad's Headquarters. TAD *marches out, stomping, swinging his arms, and begins a non-verbal chant of nonsense words. He is joined by* BROCK, *then* ACE *and* HUMPER, *also chanting. As they chant, the foursome perform a simple, choreographed dance. At a certain point, the nonsense words turn into real words.)*

ALL. We are the bad guys, Teaneck is our lair!
We kill the good guys, we don't really care!
Shibby-de-bop-de-boop-de-boo! Shibby-de-bop-de-borg!

(A MESSENGER *wearing a headband in a 1980s-type outfit rushes in, out of breath.)*

MESSENGER. Sheriff Jack is coming! What are you going to do??

ALL. We'll smush 'im with our feet. Our smelly, smelly feet!
We'll squoosh 'im with our paws. Our squishy, squishy paws!
We'll bonk 'im with our fists. Our fisty, fisty fists!

TAD. I'll take that guy! I'll make him cry! I'll…do, uh…uh…some other silly nonsense bullshit.

(His crew stop, confused. They were really enjoying the song and dance.)

HUMPER. Boss?

TAD. What? Huh? I'm sorry…

*(*TAD *jumps back into it.)*

We'll bonk 'im with our fist! Our fisty, fisty— Fuck it! I cannot do the song tonight. I can't, it's just not happening. Can we take five? Go down to the lounge. Play some Ms. Pac-Man, grab a Sprite. I'm sorry guys.

ACE. You okay, Boss?

TAD. Yeah, yeah, sure. I got a lot on my mind…

(They exit. TAD *brings a chair downstage as he broods, disappointed about the rehearsal.)*

Dammit! Okay, okay. I just gotta let it go.

(Music Cue: "Tuesday's Gone" / Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Lights down. TAD *sits in spotlight.)*

Nineteen sixty-eight. Berkeley. I was stoned out of my mind on something they called "Uncle Talmud's Lemonade." She was there, passing out leaflets. I don't know what for. Could have been Save the Trees. Save the Whales. Save ourselves. 'Course, that's what we didn't know at the time. That's a whole other bowl of pasta.

She was there. Sheila Abbadonzio. My own little Miss Universe. Sheila. Sheila had a way of sneaking her finger up her nose, picking a good one, and wiping it on her pants before anyone got a glimpse of anything. But I saw it. I liked what I saw. She had this cute little pink purse, blonde hair, and this deep, raspy voice that just…just lifted my balls to a three-part harmony. Maybe that was too much information. Maybe not. Maybe you like that kind of thing. Truth is, I loved her and we got married two weeks later.

Today…today Sheila left me. And, uh, *why* doesn't matter, just that she's gone. I was gonna tell the guys about it—you know, Brock, Ace, and Humper—but they'd razz me about it. I'm Tad Theaterman remember? I'm a tough guy! I'm a mean guy! I employ hundreds of hookers and gigolos, I sell wieners and boobs, I own this town! Weeeeell, maybe. But that's about all I own now.

So Sheila…wherever you are…

(He picks his nose and flicks a booger skyward.)

That's for you, sweetheart.

(Music cue: Sex Theme riff.

Full lights up. JACK *storms onstage.* TAD *jumps up, hurling his chair out from under him.)*

JACK. Alright, Theaterman. Party's over!

TAD. Well if it isn't Captain America! Where's your little dog, Thunder Mutt? I'm sorry, Jack, I didn't mean that. What's up?

JACK. Tad Theaterman, you are under arrest for suspicion of employing hundreds of hookers and gigolos! Let's go!

TAD. Jack, you have no proof.

JACK. No proof, huh? No proof?

(He steps threateningly.)

Okay Theaterman, you win Round One, but I must warn you: I expect to win no less than four of the next seven rounds. Now, including the round you just won, that'll yield you three rounds to my FIVE!

(Beat.)

TAD. So you're talking about eight rounds.

JACK. Total of eight rounds, yes.

TAD. Listen, Jack, I've been depressed about something, so I'm going out of town to visit my parents. When I come back to Teaneck, if you're still here…I'm gonna kill you.

(They stare each other down, then turn away from each other, moving downstage as…

Music cue: Guitar. Note: Following sung to the tune of Peter Salett's "Lately, Maybe.")

TAD. Have I finally met my match?

JACK. Have I finally met my match?

TAD. Ho ho! I'm gonna wring him 'round the neck.

JACK. I gonna send him straight to heck!

(At this point, the available cast has grouped around the MUSICIAN *to provide a chorus.)*

ALL. At the Showdown!

JACK. I'm fighting for my life!

ALL. At the Showdown!

TAD. I'm doing it for my wife!

ALL. At the Showdown!

TAD and JACK. *(Sotto:)* Who will survive…the fight.

(They exit. Beat. MUSICIAN *gives a three-count and everyone busts back into the chorus jubulantly. It's the big, dramatic, self-involved musical finale.* TAD *and* JACK *march back in, singing their hearts out.)*

ALL. Showdown!

TAD. Ooooh I own this town, I need this town!

ALL. Showdown!

JACK. Ooooh let me find that inner strength!

ALL. Showdown!

TAD and JACK. *(Sotto:)* Who will survive…the fight.

(They give each other a peck on the lips and exit. Lights half fade. Lights up full on empty stage.

Music: Old Timer Theme.

OLD TIMER *enters.)*

OLD TIMER. Well, looks like Sheriff Jack's in a *bit* of a checkmate. 'Course you can't really be in a bit of checkmate. You're either in checkmate or you're not. It's like being preggers. You can't be a little bit pregnant. Either you got a bun in the oven or you don't. But you *don't* bake half a loaf of bread! Speaking of balls, whaddya say we go down to the Teaneck Brothel and meet some of these whores and gigolos we've heard so much about—as Sheriff Jack goes undercover to rustle up some proof.

(*Brothel. Lights up on* MADAME TUSO *combing her hair in the mirror.* JACK, *wearing a fake mustache, enters and addresses the audience.)*

JACK. Here's what I'm going to do. I've affected this disguise in order to trick the lowlife scum of the brothel into thinking I'm one

of them. They're not going to know I'm the Sheriff, and all I have to do to keep this ruse alive is to pretend I'm some kind of average john looking for sex. Watch, I'll show you.

(He walks off, then right back on stage.)

JACK. Is this the Teaneck Brothel?

MADAME TUSO. We're closed. Come back in ten minutes.

(He exits. MADAME TUSO *pulls out a photograph and stares at it.)*

Ahh Roberto. So young, so innocent. If only you knew what I've been through these last 26 years. I'll never forget the year we met. We were both sophomores at Kent State. Those were happier, freer times…

(Flashback to Kent State.

Music cue: "For What It's Worth"…plays for a few seconds.

Red lights up on the entire cast, in '60s garb, in a semi-circle daisy chain. Lights up normal. Back to MADAME TUSO.*)*

We were in love, Roberto. Two kids, not a care in the world. I was happier than I could've ever imagined, and yet, next year…next year was even better.

(Flashback to Kent State.

Music cue: "For What it's Worth."

The entire cast in a daisy chain facing the other direction. Lights up normal.)

Then that fateful day. The last day I ever saw you.

(Flashback. Lights up on ROBERTO, *smoking a cigarette.* YOUNG TUSO*—same actress dressed as a student—runs in.)*

YOUNG TUSO. Roberto, I looked all over for you. How long have you been here?

ROBERTO. A couple of hours.

YOUNG TUSO. I got your note.

ROBERTO. Then you know that I'm off to Grad School next week.

YOUNG TUSO. I'm coming with you.

ROBERTO. I don't think that's such a good idea, Justine.

YOUNG TUSO. But…why? I thought…don't you love me?

ROBERTO. You know I do, baby. But…but…it wasn't supposed to happen like this.

YOUNG TUSO. What is it, Roberto? Did you meet someone else? Is it that little bimbo from your protest group?

ROBERTO. No. I just never planned—

YOUNG TUSO. What? Am I too smart for you Roberto? Would you rather I just roll over like a dog? Should I bark, and, and woof? Would that make you happy. Because I can woof! Woof! Woof!

(She sobs, still woofing.)

I love you Roberto! Please don't leave me. I want you with me always!

ROBERTO. You don't understand, Justine. I never intended to fall in love. *(His voice becoming more machine-like:)* That doesn't correspond with my programming…you see Justine, my real name isn't "Roberto." It's XL-485730784 and I am a surveillance robot. Not supposed to get involved. But I love you. Does not compute. Does not compute…

*(*ROBERTO *short-circuits, starts spazzing and jerking.*

Music cue: Breakdancing rap.

Roberto starts popping, doing "robot dance moves." He's very good. Lights up on brothel.)

MADAME TUSO. All those years ago, yes. Now I'm the Madame of Tad Theaterman's biggest House of Hookers and Gigilos!

*(*JACK *knocks on the door, still in disguise.)*

JACK. Is this the Teaneck Brothel?

*(*MADAME TUSO *checks her watch and gathers herself together.)*

MADAME TUSO. Sure, come on in. I don't recognize you, stranger. What can I do you for?

JACK. Yeah, well, uh, I'm here to fuck a whore.

MADAME TUSO. Hold on there, Simba, we got plenty of time. What kind of a thing're'ya interested in Mr…?

JACK. The name's Jack…ah…Jack-o-Lantern. Now, tell me Madam, where da bitches at?

*(*MADAME TUSO *lets out a surprised laugh.)*

I axed you where da bitches at.

MADAME TUSO. Of course, let me introduce you to some of our employees—

JACK. You mean hookers and gigolos?

MADAME TUSO. Exactly first of all, meet our premiere gigolo, Thunderboy!

*(*THUNDERBOY *enters. He is a porno star.)*

THUNDERBOY. Oooh. Yeah. It's hot in here.

JACK. Should we open a window?

THUNDERBOY. Nooooo! I like it hot. I'm Thunderboy, and I want to take you out on a date. You. Me. And a bottle of wine. I want you to see me in my underwear.

JACK. I don't understand.

THUNDERBOY. I want to show you what I look like with my underwear on. I'm Thunderboy.

JACK. Maybe I should meet somebody else.

*(*THUNDERBOY *exits.)*

MADAME TUSO. And if a gigolo is more your style, may I present, Penis Pants.

*(*PENIS PANTS *enters. He's an ordinary, punch-in, punch-out nine-to-fiver.)*

PENIS PANTS. Hi, how are you?

JACK. So what's your specialty?

PENIS PANTS. No real specialty—I'll do whatever you need. I'll suck a dick, I'll suck cock, I'll suck penis. I'll fuck a pussy, I'll fuck a vagina, whatever, you know, whatever it is. I'll fuck ass, I'll fuck a butt, somebody's butt, my butt, just regular stuff. Hey, you know, I'll suck a pussy, whatever it is. I'll suck ass, or butt, whatever. I'll fist, uh, I'll fist ass, I'll fist pussy, whatever you need. I'll do pretty much whatever, you know. I'll fuck from the front, in the ass, doggy, whatever.

JACK. So, will you suck cock?

PENIS PANTS. Sure, yeah! I'll suck cock. I'll suck penis. I'll suck a dog's penis. I'll suck my dog's penis. I'll go home tonight and suck my dog Rover's penis for a while. In fact, I gotta get home. Did you want me to suck anything?

JACK. I'm fine.

PENIS PANTS. Okay, buddy. I'll see ya'.

*(*PENIS PANTS *exits.)*

JACK. Tell me honey, do you have any female hookers?

MADAME TUSO. Why of course! Meet Donna Jackson. Donna!

*(*DONNA JACKSON*, a guy in drag, enters in a wig and a robe.)*

DONNA. How ya doin'?

MADAME TUSO. Donna will keep you entertained all night.

JACK. How will you do that, Donna?

DONNA. Well, I like to tell jokes, and riff on things.

JACK. Like what, for example?

DONNA. I like to riff on current events, things in the news, popular culture, anything really.

JACK. Huh. Maybe somebody could throw out a suggestion.

(He gestures to the audience, and gets a specific thing. DONNA *makes up a joke using the suggestion.)*

Thank you, Donna. I think I have a pretty good idea of what you're about.

*(*DONNA *exits.)*

JACK. Madam Tuso, these guys are great, but maybe there's—

MADAME TUSO. Fine! New girl! Get down here!

*(*HILLARY *enters.)*

JACK. Hillary!!!

MADAME TUSO. You know her name?

JACK. No! I didn't say Hillary. I said Hillary.

(He buries his head.)

MADAME TUSO. Hmm. Suspicious. I'll let you go this time, but if you so much as bark the wrong way. You're out.

*(*JACK*, in soliloquy and spotlight, addresses the audience.)*

JACK. I have what I want now! Proof of Theaterman's gigolos and hookers that would surely put him behind bars! But then again, Hillary would have to go to jail, too. Which is a problem for me because I think I'm falling in love with her. And I can't have the woman of my dreams living in some jail cell up the river. Ohh—I'm gonna barf. Get me a barf bag, I'm gonna boot.

(Spotlight on HILLARY*.)*

HILLARY. Oh grievous day! I don't want to be a hooker! I don't want to be skull-fucked by this stranger! I only came here because I had nowhere else to go! Madame Tuso brought me into her home with open arms. She gave me a roof over my head, bread, some pretty good red wine. Mutton. I can't go through with it. And yet, there's something about this Mr. O'Lantern I can trust. A twinkle in his eye.

*(*JACK *and* HILLARY *go up to the room. Lights fade as Hillary Theme plays.*

Lights up hard, fast on a sales office. This is not actually the real scene from Glengarry Glen Ross, *which would require getting permission. It should be played straight, at a brisk pace. The transition into the scene should be as quick and seamless as possible.* SHELLY LEVINE *enters.)*

LEVINE. Get a pen. Get a pen…get a pen! I did it! I sold the mother-fucker. Get the pen and write me on the list. I'm going to the Bahamas! Write me on the list, Williamson! Get your stupid pen. Twelve condos. River Creek…

RHOMA. You? Twelve River Creek?

LEVINE. Damn right. You want to celebrate? Who wants to get a drink, on me?

(Slaps papers on Williamson's desk.)

Thirty fucking thousand dollars, and five Gs for me, John.

(Pause.)

On shit leads from fucking mail order lists.

WILLIAMSEN. Who?

LEVINE. *(Pointing to contract:)* Take a look. Roger and Nancy Blumberg. *(Looking around:)* What's the deal?

ARONOW. Shit. I tried to get them on Valley Stream.

*(*LEVINE *looks around.)*

LEVINE. What's the deal?

WILLIAMSEN. We had a break-in.

RHOMA. Twelve condos?

LEVINE. Yep.

RHOMA. Levine…!

LEVINE. Look, you know, I'm hot again…

ARONOW. Good job.

LEVINE. Thanks, George.

*(*BEYLAN's *head sticks into the room; calls out, "Aronow."* ARONOW *enters the side room.)*

LEVINE. Williamson, do me a favor, will you tell Mitch…?

RHOMA. No telephone, we were robbed…

LEVINE. Huh…?

BEYLAN. Aronow…

RHOMA. Everything's gone, the typewriters, the phones, all our customer lists…

LEVINE. Bu…bu…but…?

ARONOW. It was a break-in.

(Goes into the inner room.)

LEVINE. *(Pause.)* A break-in??

RHOMA. In the middle of the night.

LEVINE. The lists are gone?

RHOMA. Yep.

*(*MASS *enters from the interrogation.)*

MASS. Stupid fuck.

RHOMA. Couldn't take the heat?

MASS. That cop's got no business—there's no talking to these people…

RHOMA. You selling out?

MASS. Shut it, Ricky. I'm done. I'm done for the day. I'm not selling shit. That asshole cop…

RHOMA. Listen to what happened to Levine…

MASS. Screw Levine.

RHOMA. River Creek—twelve condos.

MASS. Stupid cop, where does he get off—it wasn't my fault—I didn't break in…

RHOMA. Are you listening?

MASS. Yeah, he sold some product.

RHOMA. Twelve condos. River Creek.

MASS. *(To* LEVINE*:)* You? Today?

LEVINE. That's right.

(Pause.)

MASS. Fuck off.

RHOMA. You know who?

MASS. Today…

LEVINE. Today.

RHOMA. You know who?

MASS. Today, earler…?

RHOMA. Nancy and what's his name Blumberg.

MASS. Your sale?

LEVINE. Thirty grand.

(Pause.)

MASS. They never buy anything…

LEVINE. Not true. I gave them the whole routine. *(To* RHOMA*:)* This is what I said…

MASS. Look, I'm not interested in your tales from the trench…

RHOMA. Come on Mass…

LEVINE. "This is an investment in you"—see?—"an investment…"?

MASS. *(To* WILLIAMSEN*:)* Where are the lists? I'm hitting the road… I'm leaving…

LEVINE. "…an investment in you…"

MASS. Forget it, forget the whole thing, I'm done.

LEVINE. "Nancy, Roger…an investment in you—I'm shit…"

RHOMA. There are no lists…

MASS. No lists?

RHOMA. Stolen…

MASS. Look they're worthless anyway, the whole deal is…

LEVINE. "…You see your friends, you think 'he's got it all, and what do I have'…"

MASS. Fuck.

LEVINE. "'When do I get my chance…?'"

MASS. What about the paperwork…?

RHOMA. Why the fuck would you want to know…?

LEVINE. "Nancy, if I was your own brother…"

MASS. …what the fuck are you trying to say…?

LEVINE. Please, I'm trying to give you all a feel for…

*(*ARONOW *pokes his head out.)*

ARONOW. We need a glass of water…?

MASS. What's happening?

(Pause.)

ARONOW. It's okay.

MASS. Yeah?

ARONOW. If you're going to the hall, we can use some water.

LEVINE. "I can give you…" *(To* RHOMA*:)* What? What?

MASS. What the fuck are you trying to say?

LEVINE. "You have the chance…this is your chance…"

MASS. Ricky…? You think I'm not affected by this too?

(Pause.)

LEVINE. Then we're in the family room, looking at the kid's photos.

MASS. What are you implying?

RHOMA. I'm implying, Dave, that you haven't sold anything in weeks, you pressure me to respond here…

(Pause.)

So, you know, what do you have to get robbed, that sort of thing.

MASS. You can really be an asshole, Ricky, has anyone ever told you…?

LEVINE. Rick, I'm finishing the story, I was with them…

MASS. Quiet!

(Pause.)

Ricky. You can be a real asshole… *(To* LEVINE*:)* And this fucking story about your big sale…? *(To* RHOMA*:)* You harping on me? On my sales? If I did that to you you'd never let it go…

(Pause.)

You'd be on me forever—and rightfully so.

RHOMA. Who said "Screw Shelly"?

MASS. "Screw Shelly"? "Screw Shelly"? What the fuck? Kid gloves…? You're so fucked up, Rick, you sell a few units, suddenly you're the king of the jungle?

LEVINE. Dave…

MASS. …Quiet! This is ridiculous…I have to come here…have this fucking cop saying this shit to me…then to be accused of…because you've been selling some units lately…this is fucking…

RHOMA. Oh—Dave did I embarrass you—I owe you an apology.

MASS. You're the top of the heap, huh? Top banana and everything's yours to…

RHOMA. Oh and I can't take two seconds to say something halfway nice to a friend who's had some troubles? Screw you, Dave,

you never shut up when you make a big sale, we hear about it every day. How incredible you are, everyone follow my lead, let me show you the ropes. Your friend gets a break, and all you do is spit venom, what a fuck you are.

MASS. You're supposed to be my friend? You're supposed to… You know what, you have no idea. You're a fuck. You're a sad—you suck, you know that. You all suck. Fuck off.

RHOMA. What are you signing off here?

MASS. I'm leaving.

RHOMA. Your sign-off and "good night"?

MASS. I'm leaving town. I'm heading to the country.

RHOMA. Have fun.

MASS. *(Simultaneously with "fun":)* And fuck off. Fuck off everyone. Fuck you all.

(Blackout. Empty stage.

Music: Old Timer Theme.

Lights up. OLD TIMER *enters.)*

OLD TIMER. Well where were we? Tad Theaterman's out of town for the night. Jack's in disguise at the whorehouse stuck in a room with Hillary. Hillary doesn't realize that her John is really a Jack.

(He walks off. Hillary's boudoir. JACK *and* HILLARY *get up to the room.)*

HILLARY. So, this is my boudoir. It's not much to look at.

JACK. I think it's a great boudoir. It really is. Very nice. Real neat. It's very…uh…Crate & Barrel meets stinky whore.

HILLARY. So I guess you want to screw.

JACK. Uh, yeah. I guess so.

HILLARY. So, for starters, you wanna whip your dick out and I'll suck it?

JACK. I suppose, if that's what we have to do.

*(*HILLARY *kneels and unzips his pants. She pulls a real-looking dildo out of his pants. She gets up, flustered.)*

HILLARY. I can't go through with it. Mr. O'Lantern…I just want you to know that, well, hookin' ain't my bag. One day I want to open a 99 cent shop, though.

JACK. *(Forgetting his disguised voice:)* I'm so glad to hear that—*(Clears his throat:)* —that you're not a female hooker.

HILLARY. Mr. O'Lantern, are you sure we haven't met before? You remind me of someone.

JACK. Uhh, really? Who?

HILLARY. I'm shot to heck if I know.

JACK. Well, I'm just a regular old nincompoop lookin' for a place to put my penis.

*(*HILLARY *is hit by a realization.*

Music: Jack & Hillary Theme.)

HILLARY. What was that you said??

JACK. What?

HILLARY. Just then! When you said you're looking for a place to put your penis. The voice, the timbre, it sounded so familiar!

*(*JACK *takes off his mustache.)*

JACK. I can't hide it any more! This isn't a real mustache! This isn't my real wee-wee!

(He tosses the dildo to a stagehand.)

It's me! Sherick Jaff Greenberg!

HILLARY. Oh, Jaff!

(They hug. Break. Hug again.)

Promise me you'll take me away from all this!

JACK. I will, Hillary, I will!

*(*JACK *kneels down.)*

In fact, will you mar—

(She covers his mouth.)

HILLARY. Ssh! You big dick! I got to pee!

(She hurries off. Crossfade to other side of stage. OLD TIMER *waddles out in his underwear.)*

OLD TIMER. Meanwhile, out of town, at Tad Theatreman's parents' brunch…

(Tad's parents' house. The brunch. A table is set with three chairs. TAD'S MOM *enters.)*

TAD'S MOM. Okay, everyone, brunch is served. Sit down.

(The family, DAD, GRANDPA, *and* TAD'S YOUNGER BROTHER, *enter.* MOM *and* YOUNGER BROTHER *stand around the small table, the rest sit.)*

DAD. So Tad, how's Teaneck?

TAD. Teaneck's Teaneck.

(They laugh.)

Same old, same old…

(More laughter, some claps.)

Same shit, different day!

(Huge laughter. TAD's *killing them.)*

TAD'S MOM. You shouldn't swear in the house…but you're so damn funny!

GRANDPA. Can I try one?

TAD'S MOM. Sure, Pops!

GRANDPA. I'm Grandpa Theaterman!

(Riotous laughter.)

YOUNGER BROTHER. My turn?

TAD'S MOM. Go ahead!

YOUNGER BROTHER. I think I'm hooked on drugs!

(Laughter.)

No, I really am! This is a cry for help!

(More laughter.)

DAD. Okay I'll do one!

TAD'S MOM. Go ahead, honey.

DAD. Uh…same old same old.

(Silence. The family is in shock.)

TAD'S MOM. *(In tears:)* I'm sorry you had to see that, Tad. Excuse me for a second.

(She exits. Beat. Then, the gross sound of TAD'S MOM *puking off-stage. She reenters.)*

Does everyone have enough peas?

GRANDPA. I love peas!

(Laughter.)

DAD. I love Ps, but I love Qs & Rs better!

(Again, stunned silence.)

TAD'S MOM. Excuse me.

(She leaves again. Bigger grosser puking sounds. Farting too. She enters again.)

So…

GRANDPA. Megan, you make the best goddamn brunches!

(Still, a depressing silence envelopes them.)

YOUNGER BROTHER. What the fuck is wrong with this family? Mom just bee-arfed. She bee-arfed and she fee-arted. Twice. And we just sat here like nothing happened. That's not normal! In most families, when somebody bee-arfs, they talk about it. And when somebody fee-arts, they talk about it!

DAD. Sit down, son!

YOUNGER BROTHER. There's no chairs! I want to be in a family where it's okay to barf. And to fart. I'll be in my room if Tanner calls.

(He exits. Beat. As a rural melody plays, the family crowds together and freezes, posing for a photo. The OLD TIMER *enters, and joins the group shot.)*

OLD TIMER. Seems Tad has some mighty weird folks, don't he?

(He separates from them. As he continues, the family, still huddled together and posing, gets up and shuffles en masse offstage.)

It could explain his illegal tendencies. Now I'm not a strict Freudian but…you know what I mean. There's something going on in that house.

(The THEATERMANS *are finally off.)*

Now! If you're anything like I am…and I suspect you are, you're probably wondering what became of our lovebirds, Jack and Hillary?

(Hillary's boudoir. Crossfade, lights back up. JACK*, still kneeling.* HILLARY *enters.)*

HILLARY. Sorry it took so long, Jack. Turns out I had to poop, too.

JACK. Marry me, Hillary.

HILLARY. I'll marry you Jack. But first you have to promise that you'll hang up your badge on a hook, and leave Tad Theaterman alone. You'll never win. He had bad parents. It's suicide.

JACK. I have to face Theaterman! And if you can't accept that, I don't know what I'll do.

HILLARY. He's gonna kill you dead, Jack. And I don't want to be there to see it!

(Music: The Rolling Stones, "No Expectation."

JACK *pushes* HILLARY *back like in a "Trust Game" and she is caught by a person in a T-shirt that says "DILEMMA." A choreographed dance with* JACK, HILLARY, *and three* T-SHIRT

DANCERS*: "Love," "Justice," "Dilemma";* HILLARY *and* JACK *have shirts that say "Hillary"; "Jack."*

Empty stage. OLD TIMER *enters.)*

OLD TIMER. Well, at this point, everything's getting crazy! Jimmy's stuck in the barn with God knows who. And Mama, well I think she just up and decided that she don't like Poppy no more. And Jimmy, Jimmy's still stuck in the barn. But I found out who he's stuck there with. It's Sandy Alexander. And Heddy Larue. The two shoemakers on Penny Lane! Whoa! Forgot to take that wasp's nest out of my pocket! But don't worry, these wasps don't sting. They tickle. Woo hoo, ha ha!

(Lights up on Old Canyon Rock.

Music: Kids' Theme.

CHRIS, FREDDY, *and* ROB *dance on in their odd way, twisting and kicking. They finally settle as* FREDDY *and* ROB *sit downstage, splashing in the ol' watering hole.* CHRIS *keeps his distance.)*

ROB. Whew! This water's great!

FREDDY. Yup! Come on in, Chris!

CHRIS. Naw, you guys go ahead. I've got swimmer's ear.

FREDDY. Alright, suit yourself.

ROB. Sure is a good day to soak your wiener.

FREDDY. You don't want to soak it for too long, it'll get pruny. Now, Chris, come on and yank dem britches off and get inside this crick!

CHRIS. No, no! Leave me alone with my thoughts.

FREDDY. You still thinking about that Sheriff?

CHRIS. Well he needs our help.

FREDDY. You mean like with a sponge?

CHRIS. No.

ROB. Hey I know what we could do! We can go back to Mama's pantry an' put some butter in the pot, cook it up with a lil' pig feet

an'a pork fatty, lil' peppermint, lil' poppycock, pepperpot wicker what kick it—whoa! heeey what time—fuck it!

FREDDY. Yeah, that's a good idea. We can go into the kitchen and get the big pan. Then we can get the Pam, and hit the pan with the Pam. Then make that sound—ssssssshhhtt! It'd be all like—psshhhht! Uh, wait. Hold on. Weee-OOOOH, FUCK IT!!

CHRIS. No, no, no! Goddammit, no!

(At this point, ROB *says the "famous celebrity name" Doniello took from the audience at the start of the play.)*

ROB. What in the name of _____ is your problem???

CHRIS. I'll tell you what my problem is! Tad Theaterman is my dad, okay! He's my father! He raised me since I was a kid! He'd hold me close to his wiener, sittin' round the campfire, breakin' the daaawg an' the marshmella an' the sah-moooores, an' killin' Mama an' sittin' arooound an' breakin' it doooown—ah, *fuck it!*

*(*ROB *and* FREDDY *get up to join* CHRIS.*)*

FREDDY. You're Chris Theaterman. I can't believe I never made the connection.

(Music cue: Kids' Theme.

They all start smiling coyly at each other for a while. Slowly fade to black. Lights up on empty stage.

Music: Old Timer Theme)

OLD TIMER. Well, I sure hope Sheriff Jack is a quick thinker, because Tad and his gang are coming to get 'im! If I was Sheriff, I'd be on the first plane out of town.

(He approaches an audience member. Note: This should be a plant, but doesn't have to be.)

Howdy ma'am. I was wondering if I could get your opinion on the topic at hand. I'm going to ask you a question, and I want you to hold onto your answer. Because it's important that you register your vote with the Voting Committee. Here goes: If you were the Sheriff, would you stay and fight Tad Theatreman? Hold onto your answer.

(He turns, pulls his pants down. He's wearing underwear. On one cheek: YES, on the other, NO.)

Now register your vote.

(The person registers their vote.)

Whoa! Hey, that was alriiiight!! *(Looking offstage:)* Here they come!

(He scurries off.

Music: A two-note riff of Tad's Theme.

Country road. TAD *and the* GANG *enter and, without any urgency or menace whatsoever, slowly walk across the stage. Very slowly. This should take a solid minute and a half.*

Sheriff's Office.

Music: Sex Theme.

HILLARY *enters.)*

JACK. Hillary!

HILLARY. I'm getting on the next choo-choo, Jack. Unless you change your mind.

JACK. I can't change my mind. I'm facing Theatreman—

TRAIN VOICE. *(Offstage:)* All aboard! Train goin' to Cooperstown! Baseball Hall of Fame.

HILLARY. Goodbye! I'll be on the choo-choo if you need me, Jack!

TRAIN VOICE. *(Faster, less clear:)* Come on! Choo-choo's leaving! Let's go! Baseball Hall of Fame!

HILLARY. *(In tears:)* Goodbye, my love!

TRAIN VOICE. *(Complete gibberish.)*

HILLARY. Oooooh!

(She leaves, devastated. GERARD*, her husband, bursts in.)*

GERARD. Hillary! *(To* JACK*:)* Have you seen my wife?

JACK. What's her name?

GERARD. Hillary Depardieu.

JACK. Don't know her.

GERARD. What about her maiden name, Hillary Carlson?

JACK. Hillary Carlson! That's my fiancée!

*(*GERARD *takes a swig of his whiskey.)*

GERARD. Your fiancée, huh?? Take this!

(He bangs JACK's *head on the table three times in a very obvious, very safe stage combat way.)*

And this! And a little bit of that!

JACK. Hold it, Gerard! I'm not your enemy. Your enemy's right there, in your left hand. It's the whiskey, Gerard. That's the enemy! Put down the whiskey, Gerard. You can do it, I know you can!

GERARD. I…I… Oh, you're right! I can't no longer pretend that you're wrong. This whiskey sucks. It sucks like a chicken.

(A CHICKEN *peeks onto the stage from behind a flat or curtain.)*

JACK. Now that you're off the drink, will you be my deputy?

GERARD. Tell me one thing, and I'll give you an answer. Do you love her?

JACK. Yes I do.

GERARD. Do you love me?

JACK. On the fence. So…will you be my deputy?

GERARD. On the fence.

(They sneer at each other. GERARD *swipes his whiskey, and exits. The* MAYOR *rushes in, startling* JACK.*)*

MAYOR. Jack! You can't fight Theaterman, Jack! Too strong.

JACK. Then I guess you won't be my deputy.

MAYOR. Not a chance.

JACK. You won't be my deputy.

MAYOR. I don't think so.

JACK. You won't help me fight Tad Theaterman.

MAYOR. Not this time.

(The actors improv back and forth this general disagreement, quickly and futilely, until the MAYOR *leaves.* DONIELLO *peeks in.)*

DONIELLO. Hey Jack?

JACK. Who's that?

DONIELLO. Jack, it's me, Doniello. The Artistic Director of The _____ Theater. Can I come and talk to you for a second?

JACK. Sure. Is everything okay?

DONIELLO. Yes! I'm just…yes!

(He grabs a chair and sits next to JACK.*)*

Hi!

JACK. Hello, how are you?

DONIELLO. I'm great, I'm great. This is such a kick!

JACK. Well, I'm very glad you could fill in so last minute. What's…what's on your mind?

DONIELLO. Oh! Well, I had a question for you. Um, how are you feeling about the big showdown that's coming up between you and Theater Man?

JACK. Honestly, I'm scared. He's coming into town with his whole gang. I don't have a single deputy, and I think he's going to kill me.

DONIELLO. Sure. But how do you, *(Full name of actor playing Jack)*, feel about the showdown?

JACK. Well, having rehearsed it, I know what's going to happen. I'm not scared at all.

DONIELLO. Actually, that brings up an interesting question: are we on book right now?

JACK. Yes. In fact, this little bit here is probably one of the more tightly scripted and rehearsed scenes in the play.

DONIELLO. Really? Because—

JACK. Every little moment, little instinct—

DONIELLO. Well it feels—

JACK. Ah! See? That? That moment there? Every little thing. The overlapping, even—

DONIELLO. It seems so extemporaneous.

JACK. No, this is rehearsed. This line is rehearsed. All this—

DONIELLO. But not—

JACK. Yes that.

DONIELLO. But not what I'm saying now—

JACK. Yes all of it.

DONIELLO. OH MY GOD, THIS IS TOTALLY FREAKING OUT MY MIND!

JACK. Have you ever read that book, "Ways of Seeing" by John Berger?!?

DONIELLO. No! Have you read "Illusions" with Richard Bach???

JACK. No, but I really, really want to!

(An "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!" NEWSBOY *peeks in.)*

NEWSBOY. Theaterman's coming back to town! I see him! I see him!

JACK. Excuse me, Doniello. I have an appointment with Fate.

DONIELLO. Oh she's great. I cut my sister's hair.

*(*JACK *exits.* DONIELLO *smiles, enjoying centerstage.* OLD TIMER *ambles in, stops, checks the lay of the land. He sips his tall glass of lemonade out of a straw. Finally…)*

OLD TIMER. Hey, Doniello.

DONIELLO. Hey, Old Timer.

(Nice long beat. OLD TIMER *sips.)*

OLD TIMER. This seat taken?

DONIELLO. No, have a seat.

*(*OLD TIMER *sits, taking his time. Long pause. He sips. He offers his glass.)*

OLD TIMER. Peach nectar?

*(*DONIELLO *takes the drink, tries to sip. He molests the straw with his tongue. He can't quite get it. He gives it back, having failed his sip attempt. Long pause. They wait. Finally, from the wings…)*

ACTOR. *(Whispering, cueing from offstage:)* May God bless—

OLD TIMER. May God bless…

(Nothing. Doesn't ring a bell.)

ACTOR. Jack Greenberg.

OLD TIMER. Jack Greenberg!

(Still nothing.)

ACTOR. And may God save Teaneck, New Jersey.

OLD TIMER. And may God save Teaneck, New Jersey.

(Blackout.

Music: Sex Theme.

Lights up on Teaneck Main Street. JACK *and* TAD *and the Gang (*BROCK, HUMPER, ACE*) enter from opposite sides.* JACK *and* TAD *move center to face each other.)*

TAD. Well, well, well. Sheriff Jack's gonna be a heeee-ro.

JACK. I'm no hero, Theaterman. There's nothing heroic about killing a man.

TAD. Ouch Jack, that hurts. Kill him boys!

(Lights down. Strobe light. Slow motion. In grand fashion, JACK *shoots and kills* HUMPER *and* BROCK. *They exit, leaving* TAD *and* ACE *to fight* JACK. *Strobe off. Lights up.)*

TAD. Jack! You just killed two of my best men! Ace!

*(*ACE *starts after him with the silly nonsense dance from earlier.)*

ACE. My squishy, squishy paws!

(Immediately, JACK *cowers in fear.)*

JACK. Okay you win. I give—

(Suddenly GERARD, *the husband, appears.)*

GERARD. Not so fast!

(Lights down. Strobe on. GERARD *hurls the whiskey bottle at* ACE. *It flies in slo-mo, as it's carried through the air by an* ACTOR *dressed in black.)*

TAD. Oh no! He's throwing the thing just in time and it's flying right at Ace and it's just too quick and look!—it's going to hit—oh no!

(The bottle conks ACE *on the head. He dies and exits.)*

—it hit Ace and now he's dead and I'm all alone and the damn thing is coming back to the guy like a frickin' boomerang and who knew?—they still make those fuckin' whiskey bottle boomerangs—oh no oh no!

(Strobe off. Lights up.)

GERARD. I knew this would come in handy one day!

JACK. Gerard!

*(*GERARD *helps* JACK *up.)*

GERARD. Call me Deputy Gerard.

JACK. Okay, *Deputy* Gerard! I could get used to that.

(He gives GERARD *a quick peck on the cheek.* TAD *holds his gun at* JACK.*)*

TAD. Get used to my sweet piece in your face!

FREDDY. *(Offstage:)* HOLD IT!

*(*FREDDY *enters, staying near the side. Note: In the original production, the actor playing Tad also played Rob. And the actor playing Jack also played Chris. Hence, the following set-up/joke.)*

TAD. Freddy!

FREDDY. That's right! And I'm here with Rob, and your own son, Chris!

*(*CHRIS' *voice is heard on a tape recorder backstage.)*

CHRIS. *(OffstageV.O. on tape:)* I hate you, Dad! I'm here with Freddy and Rob in support of Sheriff Greenberg.

TAD. I'm sorry for being a bad father, Chris.

CHRIS. *(OffstageV.O.:)* No, you're not sorry.

TAD. Yes. I am.

CHRIS. *(OffstageV.O.:)* No, you're not.

TAD. Yes I am, Chris.

CHRIS. *(OffstageV.O.:)* No. You're not.

TAD. Yes I am! Now come out here where I can see you!

CHRIS. I can't do that, Dad. It's not possible right now. I'm standing here with Rob, right behind Freddy.

(Beat.)

TAD. Hold on, Chris. I need to take care of a little business. Say your prayers, Jack.

*(*FREDDY *exits.* TAD *walks over to* JACK *with his gun. Suddenly,* HILLARY *comes out, holding a gun!)*

HILLARY. Drop it!

TAD. Isn't that cute, little miss muffet, comin' in off her tuffet…and along comes a spider, me, Tad Theaterman…

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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