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Atrocious Traditions

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First Printing, 2011

Printed in U.S.A.

*Also Available From
Original Works Publishing*

Baby Boom
by Lia Romeo

1 Male, 2 Females

Synopsis: Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the perfect couple... except for the baby they desperately want but are unable to have. When a machine gun dressed in baby clothes shows up on their doorstep, they decide to live it and raise it as their own. But it proves to be more difficult than they expected.

Fetal Pig
by Dennis Bush

1 Female, 1 Male

Synopsis: FETAL PIG is a provocative mix of intense drama and twisted comedy that explores a coupling that some might describe as sadomasochistic; others may call it familiar. After five years with her boyfriend, Emma wants things to be different. She loves Mark in the same way you can love a beautiful pair of shoes, even though it hurts like hell to wear them. But love – or lust – isn't enough. Control is fleeting and victimization is a dance that requires a partner. The stage is literally set for Emma to turn the tables. Whether or not she has what it takes will be unveiled right here, right now.

ATROCIOUS TRADITIONS

Two One Acts

By Erica Griffin

INBRED

Short Scenario: CATCH (30's), an aspiring musician, is playing in a cover band in Boulder City, Nevada. When a strange but beautiful, and very drunk young groupie named ALICE (20's) brings him home with her, to an off-road shack near the base of the Hoover Dam, Catch suddenly finds himself caught in a strange reality... a reality where a mentally retarded girl named DAPHNE (20's) is routinely abused by her sister Alice in order to make sense of their parents incestuous love affair and double suicide. Catch faces his own insecurities as his passion for Alice fizzles and his compassion for Daphne grows.

TIME: The Present. Night.

PLACE: Alice and Daphne's run down shack near the base of the Hoover Dam.

INTACT

Short Scenario: MAVIS (40's), an artist, has almost finished her nude portrait of RIOT (20's), a model, in her Las Vegas garage/art studio, but has run into a problem now that he has disrobed completely. When she calls LYLE (20's), her son who works in the costume shop at UNLV, in for a second opinion, Lyle is instantly attracted to Riot. Of course Lyle hasn't taken his meds, and when Mavis wants to go out and celebrate with Riot, Lyle's attraction takes fatal turn... he comes up with an artistic solution of his own.

TIME: The Present. Night.

PLACE: Mavis and Lyle's run down garage/art studio, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

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INBRED

ALICE 20's, a groupie
CATCH 30's, a musician
DAPHNE 20's, Alice's inbred sister

INBRED was originally produced as BRED in March 2009 at the Katherine Gianacis Park for the Arts in Las Vegas, NV. It was produced by Joey Kantor. Set and lighting design was by Kirby Brownell. Stage Manager was Mvnte July. It was directed by Geo Nikols with the following cast:

ALICE Melanie Ash
CATCH Ernie Curcio
DAPHNE Saffron Mazzia

The role of **DAPHNE** was played by Erica Griffin in the closing weekend.

INBRED

(LIGHTS UP: We are in a small living room in bad repair. A disgusting hide-a-bed sits center, in couch mode, with a red blanket on it. Strange finger paintings are taped to the walls. Offstage is a bathroom and bedroom, which are probably just as dilapidated.)

MUSIC: Heavy “butt rock” music fills the air. A jangling of keys and drunken laughter, and ALICE and CATCH tumble in. Alice is a lithe young woman, with a weird kind of hungry madness in her big child-like eyes. She is dressed in the skimpy clothes and make up of a groupie, and is very, very inebriated. CATCH is a muscular man in a tight shirt and worn jeans. He carries a guitar, and is not quite as drunk as Alice. He has a look of half arousal/ half alarm as he enters her living room.)

*(*Note: When a “/” appears in the dialogue, it indicates the beginning of the next line, as an overlap.)*

ALICE: Here we are! Ta da!

CATCH: Ta da! Here YOU are.

(They kiss, madly.)

CATCH: I’m just going... put this down here.

(CATCH puts down his guitar carefully, as Alice kisses him and starts undressing him.)

ALICE: Here you are, here I am.

CATCH: Alice...

ALICE: A hundred percent proof Alice with a 99% chance of inebriation.

CATCH: Inebriation.

(He sees a finger painting.)

CATCH: Do you have a kid?

ALICE: Do I LOOK old enough to have a kid?! Now kiss me!

(ALICE throws him down on the couch.)

CATCH: Oh! Careful, I have a bad back! On the couch? OK.

ALICE: Don't stop kissin' me!

CATCH: I'm/ not.

ALICE: Ever!

CATCH: Ever?

ALICE: Ever. Ever. Kiss me 'til we both stop breathin'. I want to die like this.

CATCH: You want to die on the couch?

ALICE: It's a hide-a-bed. Ah! Your mouth! Gawd, I love your mouth!

CATCH: Mmmmm.

ALICE: I can't believe I'm kissin' your/ mouth.

CATCH: Oh come on, don't go tripping on ME now.

ALICE: I'm not trippin'/? on you.

CATCH: I'm just a normal guy. With a guitar.

ALICE: Whatever! Kiss me, Rock Star.

CATCH: Normal guy... I do covers.

ALICE: Mmmm. Wouldn't it be nice if kisses kept us breathin'? No need for food. No need to for water. Just breath and saliva. Bread and butter. Kisses spread on top of more kisses.

CATCH: I kinda like food.

ALICE: Well you wouldn't need it. You could eat me. Eat me. Eat my face. Chew on my cheek. Go ahead.

CATCH: What? No...

ALICE: My tongue in your mouth! Just bite down! Chew swallow. I'm yours. I'll keep you alive.

CATCH: I'm not going to eat your/ tongue.

ALICE: Oh gawd! Tonight was dope! I loved watchin' you!

CATCH: It's a living.

ALICE: You are the most amazin' performer.

CATCH: Yeah?

ALICE: Granted, I was pretty trashed at the top of your set- but yeah! Amazin'.

CATCH: We were a bag of suck.

ALICE: Your band! We haven't had a good band like yours up in Boulder City since God made dirt.

CATCH: Yeah? It was a good gig, I guess.

ALICE: God made dirt, right? I love Godfuck. You fuckin' rock. Godfuck is gonna be the best band out of Vegas, way better than the Killers. The Killers are fuckin' crop dusters. They're just fartin' their way along the grocery store aisles of life.

CATCH: What-now?

ALICE: And people are whiffin' 'em as they go by and sayin' "Oh their farts smell like fresh roses", or bread, or somethin'. Risin' yeast.

CATCH: Yeast?

ALICE: But you guys don't pass gas. You make music. Real music.

CATCH: Well, we cover other people who make real/ music.

ALICE: Three hours straight! You're a ma-chine. You know what?
This is best night of my life.

CATCH: ...?

ALICE: I'm so glad you're here. Right now. On my hide-a-bed. It's
thinks it's so sneaky, hidin' a bed in itself like that. But it's oh so
convenient...

CATCH: Well, here I am!

*(They kiss. It gets deeper. Catch just begins to respond when Alice sits
up.)*

ALICE: It must be cool to live as you please. To wake up in one place
and have no idea if you'll ever wake up there again. Wish I could do
that.

CATCH: It's not really like that, so far. Tonight's cool, though.

ALICE: In the middle of nowhere, Boulder City! Ha! When you
could've gotten a ride back with the rest of your band... you're here
with me... totally stranded!

CATCH: I'm pretty shit-faced.

ALICE: Me too.

CATCH: Anyway, you said you could take me to Vegas tomorrow.

ALICE: Of course I can. No problem, no problem. Back to that tastin'
menu. Let me try to guess what you were drinkin' onstage tonight.

(They kiss. He pulls away.)

CATCH: Well?

ALICE: Jack and coke.

(He touches his nose.)

CATCH: Buzz buzz.

ALICE: Bet you've never had a groupie like me before.

CATCH: Not in Boulder City. *(Pause.)* Not anywhere, really.

ALICE: Nice.

CATCH: Boulder City kinda gives me the willies though, for some reason. When we drove in, the manicured lawns with grass, all those antique stores, I don't know. Think I heard the twilight zone theme playing. *(Pause.)* Did you just call yourself a groupie?

ALICE: Yeah. So?

CATCH: Groupie. What a word. That doesn't bother you, huh?

ALICE: No way. Proud of it. I plan to write an explicit description of our night together in my online groupie forum tomorrow.

CATCH: Really?

ALICE: Of course not. I don't get internet down here, are you crazy? Look around.

CATCH: I haven't actually had that many gigs, you know. I'm pretty new to this lifestyle.

ALICE: Excuse me, I have to eat your kiss again.

(She kisses him.)

CATCH: Anyway, I had my eye on you all night.

ALICE: What! You did not!

CATCH: Oh yeah. You got a hot little/ body.

ALICE: I do not.

CATCH: You do.

ALICE: I'm boney.

CATCH: Hot, boney, whatever, you turn me on.

ALICE: It's my metabolism. I'm always hungry.

CATCH: Dancing around in front of the platform. I'm singing our metal version of Hotel California, and you've made it a performance art piece. I think I skipped a verse tonight. Watching you.

ALICE: I'm sure no one noticed.

CATCH: That body of yours. Genetic art. That's what you are. Everyone's parents are artists, when you think about it.

ALICE: My parents are dead.

CATCH: Oh. *(Pause.)* Sorry.

ALICE: It's OK. Tell me more about/ my body.

CATCH: Your body. The way you wag it. God! I think it's time you put it on me.

ALICE: Yeah? OK!

(ALICE jumps on top of him.)

CATCH: Oh god, not so hard. I'm fucking drunk. Oop. I'm going to puke.

ALICE: What?

CATCH: Don't move. Don't move, oh, god, get off, I'm going to puke.

ALICE: Go ahead, puke. Puke here, in my hands. I'll drink it up.

(Pause, as Catch looks up at Alice.)

CATCH: What? That's not helping.

ALICE: Sorry.

CATCH: (*Nauseous.*)...!

ALICE: You OK?

CATCH: Why did you even say that?

ALICE: Say what?

CATCH: You would drink my puke?

ALICE: I dunno... that's how much I want you. That's all.

CATCH: ...?

ALICE: What? I'm just bein' honest.

CATCH: It must have been the ride here. I got carsick.

ALICE: Carsickness!

CATCH: It was a little/ unnerving.

ALICE: Oh shut up, you had a seat belt/ on.

CATCH: I don't even know where I am.

ALICE: Hello? Past Boulder City, stupid. What, do you have, carco-
lepsy?

CATCH: Where did you take me again? This is your place?

ALICE: My place.

(She goes to kiss him again.)

CATCH: You live in a shack? Stop.

ALICE: Stop?

CATCH: I'm really sick.

ALICE: Anyway, it's not a shack. Do you want some water?

CATCH: No.

ALICE: Beer?

CATCH: Uh, no. Where's the bathroom?

ALICE: Down the hall. At the end. There should be a nite lite in the socket, glowin'. It's a seashell.

CATCH: No, no... yeah. I think it's passed.

ALICE: Yeah, I guess it kind of looks like a shack in here. Rustic. Little off the hinges. A little East Jesus.

CATCH: East Jesus?

ALICE: You know, way the fuck out there.

CATCH: How far from Boulder City are we, exactly?

ALICE: Far enough. *(Pause.)* We're way the fuck out there.

CATCH: I seem to recall a really long insane drive after the gig. We're talking Mr. Toad style. *(Pause.)* How old are you, anyway? How long have you been/ driving?

ALICE: Want some Pepto Bismal? I have some in the fridge. It's kinda crusty, but it's still bright Mattel pink, so it's prolly still/ good.

CATCH: No, that's OK.

ALICE: So. Want to fuck now?

CATCH: You're funny.

ALICE: I want to nibble on your ears. Nibble nibble nibble. Cupcake ears.

CATCH: Whoa. You're weirding me out again.

ALICE: Gawd, I just can't stop tastin' you.

CATCH: Alice. Sorry. I'm just/ not –

ALICE: Everybody nibbles on everybody. We all want to consume each other... it's perfectly natural, isn't it? I mean, you see a cute little baby, and you say, "Oh, I just want to eat you!" Mamas are always nibbling on their baby's toes and fingers. They can't help it. Lover's nibble on each other's toes and fingers. They can't help it either, it's like an urge. Some sort of subconscious cannibalistic urge.

CATCH: Huh, I never/ thought about that.

ALICE: Like I heard once that this one old guy in Japan ate his lover when she died and got released out of prison because it was viewed as like this ultimate romantic gesture... can you imagine that? He loved her so much, he missed her so much, he wanted her to be inside of him, his cells, and his organs forever.

CATCH: Wow, that's pretty fucked/ up.

ALICE: Let's eat each other.

CATCH: Let's what?

ALICE: I mean, not all the way, let's just taste each other. Let me taste your cock.

CATCH: Wha-? Are you serious?

ALICE: It's perfectly natural. (*Pause.*) I just want to suck on you. Swallow your stuff like a fuckin' milkshake.

CATCH: You do?

ALICE: YES! I told you, I'm always hungry!

CATCH: You like that, huh?

ALICE: Love it more than you do, proolly!

CATCH: Huh.

ALICE: Shirley at the bar told me that you would have a delicious cock.

CATCH: Who's Shirley?

ALICE: Let me taste it.

CATCH: Wow. Really? Just like that?

(She starts to run her fingers down his legs.)

ALICE: I'm a gropey groupie. Let me run my flesh forks all over it, stuff you into my mouth. Gobble you right up.

CATCH: You're insane, aren't you?

ALICE: Prolly. I just want you in me one end or the other.

CATCH: That's weird. But hot too. Come here, I'll feed you, why not.

(They kiss furiously, and she takes his pants down. DAPHNE enters. There is something different about DAPHNE. She walks stiffly, her face has no expression. She is obviously more than a few crayons short of a box. DAPHNE stands, awkwardly for a moment, watching.)

ALICE: This is heaven's cafe. Right here. This is the best night of my life.

CATCH: Yeah.

ALICE: I could die down here. I could die with your cock in my mouth.

CATCH: That wouldn't concern the cops one bit.

ALICE: Mmmmmm.

(DAPHNE steps toward them.)

DAPHNE: YEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOo.

CATCH: WHAT THE FUCK!

ALICE: Oh shit.

DAPHNE: YEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOo.

ALICE: DAPHNE! What are you doin' out here!

CATCH: What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck! Where are my pants where are my pants!

DAPHNE: YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAay.

ALICE: GO TO YOUR FUCKIN' ROOM, DAPH!

DAPHNE: NAAAAAAAAAh.

CATCH: Pants pants pants on, zipper up. Good. Yep. Front door.

ALICE: Don't go, Catch. Don't go, it's OK.

DAPHNE: OOOOOOOOOOKAAAAAAAAAy.

ALICE: Look what you did. You scared my date. You see? You see why I don't have a fuckin' boyfriend?

DAPHNE: SOOOOOOOOORRRRRREEEEEEEEEy.

CATCH: Yeah, thanks for supporting Godfuck. Thanks for coming to our show. Yeah. Alice, right? I gotta go. I'll... I'll see you some other time... maybe. Yeah. I think we have another gig here next-

ALICE: Catch, this is my sister, Daphne.

CATCH: Sister?

ALICE: I didn't think she'd be awake. She can sleep through the apocalypse. I'm sorry.

DAPHNE. GO. BACK. TO. BED.

(DAPHNE shakes her head. She "walks" across the room toward CATCH.)

DAPHNE: DAAAAAAAAAAAAfney.

CATCH: Whoa whoa whoa.

ALICE: It's OK. She just wants to hug you.

CATCH: Um.

ALICE: She won't hurt you, gawd, she's fuckin' retarded.

CATCH: What's wrong with her anyway?

ALICE: Don't ask me that. Cause if you ask me that, I have to explain all of it and I really could live the rest of my pathetic life without havin' to explain what the fuck is wrong with my sister to anyone ever again. Comprende amigo? Just hug her so she'll go back to bed and we can get back to our sexual cannibalism.

CATCH: OK then. Um, hello, Daphne.

(They hug. DAPHNE laughs, it's startling and strange, like a child's laugh.)

CATCH: My name is Catch. I'm sorry we woke you up. Those are... nice pajamas. Uh.

(CATCH looks at ALICE for help. He doesn't get any.)

DAPHNE: CAAAAAAAAAAAAATCh.

(DAPHNE laughs.)

ALICE: OK, Sissy. Back to bed.

DAPHNE: DAFFEY.

CATCH: That's a nice/ name.

ALICE: It's from Scooby Doo.

CATCH: Thought it sounded familiar.

ALICE: My parents named us both after cartoon characters.

CATCH: Are you sure it wasn't after Greek mythology?

ALICE: They were stupid juveniles. Junk food and cereal and cartoons.
Brains made out of cardboard.

CATCH: Cause, isn't that the original Daphne? The nymph that got turned into a tree while she was running away from Apollo?

ALICE: Nope. Pretty sure it was Scooby Doo. *(Pause.)* She got turned into a *tree*?

CATCH: A laurel tree. Yeah.

ALICE: For running away?

CATCH: Better that than to get fucked by a God. Apparently.

ALICE: Well, anyway, we all know where Alice came from. My mom's favorite Disney movie.

CATCH: Actually, it was a book first.

ALICE: Whatever, smarty pants. Anyway, down the rabbit hole and all that shit. *(Pause.)* Alice was runnin' away too.

CATCH: No, I think she was just lost.

ALICE: *(Pause, as she glares at him.)* Well, I think that concludes story time this evenin'. OK, DAPH. SCOOT.

DAPHNE: NO NO NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO NEEEEEEEEEEEEEW.

ALICE: DAPHNE, GODDAMNIT.

CATCH: She can stay.

ALICE: WHAT?

CATCH: Let her stay, come on.

ALICE: She is not gonna to ruin the best fuckin' night of my life. Not again. Not this time.

CATCH: Wow.

DAPHNE: WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOw!

CATCH: WOW! Yeah! She can understand me, huh?

ALICE: No.

CATCH: She can, though.

DAPHNE: Catcha Catcha Catcha!

CATCH: See? She said my name.

ALICE: Oh, Goddamnit, you fuckin' moron. She's got pasta for brains. Mushy pasta that's been in the pot too long. Got boiled to long and is all stuck together. I SAID GO TO BED! GO GO GO! YOU FUCKIN' COCKBLOCKER!

(ALICE pushes DAPHNE, she resists, and then trips and falls on the ground.)

DAPHNE: YEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOw!

ALICE: Oh fuck.

CATCH: Are you OK? Is she OK? Jesus, Alice.

ALICE: Welcome to my nightmare. GET UP.

CATCH: Alice, come on.

ALICE: Get up and GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE, YOU FUCKIN' retarded life-ruiner. Want me to call Grammy? Huh? Huh?

DAPHNE: NOOOOOOOOo!

ALICE: I will. I'll call Grammy. Tell her you're not bein' a good girl.

INTACT

RIOT 20's, a nude model
MAVIS 40's, an artist
LYLE 20's, Mavis' intact son

INTACT was originally produced as *THAT ATROCIOUS TRADITION* in October 2011 at Theatre7 in Las Vegas, NV. It was produced by Brave Theatrics as part of Fearophilia. It was directed by Troy Heard. Lyle's ruffs were designed by Lee Myers. The cast was as follows:

RIOT Jason Nino
MAVIS Rosalie Miletich-Ellis
LYLE Gus Langley

INTACT

(The stage is dark. MUSIC: A radio version of CATCH's song from INBRED, if performed back to back.)

MAVIS: Well, Riot, it's that time. Drop Trou, buddy.

RIOT: Yes Ma'am!

(SOUND: MAVIS furiously whacking her paintbrush dry against the bottom of her easel.)

(LIGHTS UP. We are in a run-down garage/art studio. A grungy hide-a-bed faces upstage and serves as a model platform. Strange finger paintings are taped to the walls.

MAVIS, an artist, is bending over upstage, furiously whacking her paintbrush dry against the bottom of her easel. She is a perfectionist, although her voice is gentle, and her clothes and hair untidy. Next to her feet is a sizable can of turpentine.

RIOT, a model, faces upstage. He is a good natured and charming young man, but being nervous, he talks quickly to compensate. As the lights come up, RIOT is pulling his underwear down. He sits on the top part of the hide-a-bed/sofa, so his back is to the audience, and resumes a previous pose: the red blanket behind his bum and one knee bent. His face is in profile.

MAVIS finishes her whacking and stands before RIOT. She stares at his crotch. She is horrified. She is amused. She is confused. Then, she is horrified again. RIOT, who can't see her except in profile, clears his throat uncomfortably. MAVIS puts the paintbrush in her teeth and walks around RIOT, looking at different angles, none to her liking. RIOT senses something horribly amiss, but can't move. MAVIS stares again, totally at a loss. After a lengthy pause, RIOT clears his throat again.)

*(*Note: When a "/" appears in the dialogue, it indicates the beginning of the next line, as an overlap.)*

RIOT: Is everything OK?

MAVIS: (*Startled, with paintbrush in teeth.*) Hnnnnn?

RIOT: I said, is everything/ OK?

MAVIS: (*With paintbrush in teeth.*) HNNN.

(*Another pause, she is still staring at his crotch.*)

RIOT: You seem a little... is something wrong? With my...?

MAVIS: (*With paintbrush in teeth.*) Hnnnnnn?

RIOT: My, *you-know*...you're looking at my, *you-know*... aren't you? I can tell! I can tell you're looking at it! Call it a nude model sixth sense... I can just tell these things! Ha. Ha ha!

MAVIS: (*Takes the paintbrush out of her mouth.*) You mean your cock?

RIOT: Ha, ha, yep! That's what I meant/ *you-know*!

MAVIS: Please. Don't move.

RIOT: Sorry.

MAVIS: Even a millimeter.

(*She puts the paintbrush in her teeth and stares.*)

MAVIS: Hn. Hnnnnnnnnnn.

RIOT: You know, and forgive me for noticing, but all this time, all these sessions, I've never seen you stop painting. You're always furious back there, painting away like an evil Bob Ross, paint flying everywhere, or else you're whacking your brush like its freakin' chow time on the ranch! COME AND GET IT!! (*Laughs. Pause.*) Have you hit a block? A *you-know* block? Ha ha. (*Pause.*) Do you want me to change positions/ or something?

MAVIS: (*With paintbrush in teeth.*) No. Don't Noov.

RIOT: Sorry. (*Pause.*) I can talk though, right?

MAVIS: (*With paintbrush in teeth.*) If you must.

(*MAVIS crosses to his other side and stares, trying to figure something out.*)

RIOT: Good. Cause I would probably go crazy if I couldn't talk. I mean, my thoughts seem to be getting really loud in my head right now. Really amplified. It's strange how amped they are. You can't hear 'em, can you? (*Pause.*) No, of course not. Ha ha.

MAVIS: (*Taking the brush out of her mouth.*) Could you move your leg a little more.... "Eh"?

RIOT: Like this?

MAVIS: More "Eh".

(*He adjusts.*)

RIOT: You've probably seen a lot of *you-knows*, haven't you?

MAVIS: (*Looking up at his face for the first time.*) Excuse me?

RIOT: I mean you're an artist! Artists see *you-knows*! It's just goes with the job, an occupational hazard, right? Or perk, depending how you feel about it. Ha ha! (*Pause.*) You're quite a good one at that, artist, I mean, I've seen your website and stuff.

MAVIS: Yeah?

RIOT: Although I didn't see any of these... finger paintings on your site.

MAVIS: Those aren't mine.

RIOT: Oh. OK. (*Pause.*) Yeah. I looked you up after I saw the ad in the student union. Your headshot surprised me, I have to admit.

MAVIS: Ah? Well, I do need to update/ it.

RIOT: And I thought, now *that* is a sexy older woman.

MAVIS: Oh! (Flattered.) *Thanks...*

RIOT: I would love to sit naked in a room with her.

MAVIS: That's cute.

RIOT: Gah, listen to me, I can't seem to stop talking, I'm sorry. I'm sure you hear it all the time.

MAVIS: No, actually. It's been ages.

RIOT: Well you are. Hot, I mean.

(MAVIS looks back at his crotch. RIOT has gotten a wee bit excited.)

MAVIS: Hey, I said, don't move!

RIOT: Oops. *(Chants, to make his hard-on go away.)* Ice-water, ice-water, ice-water. Anyway, I really needed the money, and there weren't a lot of jobs on that board for over ten dollars an hour. I thought, how hard can it be to sit still? I said HARD, ha ha. *(Pause.)* So, don't worry about me, ha ha, you can be stumped as long as you like, as long as my, *you-know*, is on the clock, ha ha! *(Pause, he gathers courage.)* Maybe I could even take you out, later.

(MAVIS puts the brush behind her ear. She sits next to him, puts her hand on his leg. He stiffens, but doesn't move.)

MAVIS: It's not that I'm stumped, Riot.

RIOT: Well, it's not that I'M stumped/ I know *that* much.

MAVIS: No, no, you have a magnificent cock... *(Quickly, sotto voce.)* For the most part. *(Pause.)* Now we've come to the end, and I've just hit a... hitch, is all.

RIOT: A hitch.

MAVIS: Hold on.

(MAVIS calls offstage so loudly that it startles RIOT.)

MAVIS: LYLE!!

LYLE: (*Offstage.*) What, Ma?

MAVIS: I need a second opinion! (*To Riot.*) My son, Lyle. He sews costumes at UNLV. (*Calls offstage.*) LYLE!

LYLE: (*Offstage.*) I'm coming, Ma!

RIOT: I didn't know you had a son.

MAVIS: Oh, yeah. He's been busy on a show, you know. (*Pause.*) Let's just hope he's taken his meds today.

(*MAVIS laughs a bit much, then stops.*)

RIOT: What's wrong with him?

MAVIS: You know, I haven't been out in ages! Maybe it WOULD be fun/ to go out.

(*LYLE enters. He is a heavy guy dressed in black; black hair, black nails. He looks like he suffers from "Post Modern Depression". He has a bored, monotone, but slightly effeminate, voice. He is also a perfectionist, but in a more aggressive way than his Ma.*)

LYLE: What's up, Ma?

MAVIS: Lyle Sugar-Kitty! Tell Mama- what show are you working on again?

LYLE: You don't know it, Ma.

MAVIS: Oh, try me. (*To Riot.*) I was theatrical in my day.

(*LYLE notices RIOT and walks closer to him like a moth toward a flame.*)

LYLE: You've never heard of it. Trust me. Now, what do you want?

MAVIS: Is it Anne Frank?

LYLE: No, Ma. And who is THIS yummy specimen?

MAVIS: Little Shop? No wait; don't tell me...The Vagina Monologues! (*To Riot.*) They do that every year.

LYLE: (*Exploding.*) It's a restoration comedy from 18th century England!

MAVIS: That's right.

LYLE: (*To Riot.*) We have to build every single costume. From scratch. And believe me, the budget is way too low for that kind of artistry. I'm knee deep in ruffs right now. I'm Lyle.

MAVIS: My son, Lyle! He used to love painting, didn't you, Sugar-Butt? I've kept every single one, no matter how... this one's a portrait of me. I think.

RIOT: Oh, I see.

MAVIS: And now he sews things. Isn't he so talented?

LYLE: Tal-en-ted! And Bus-Y! So, what. Do. You. WANT, MA?

MAVIS: I need a second opinion. A fresh set of/ eyes.

LYLE: Oh! I'm not too busy for THAT.

RIOT: A fresh set of eyes, of course, that's four eyeballs staring at my, *you-know*.

LYLE: Six, if you count our third eyes.

MAVIS: Did I mention he sews costumes at/ UNLV?

LYLE: I'm just a second hand. Do all the tedious stuff. Ruff maker on this show. You know the white accordion things that go around your neck and wrists? That's me.

MAVIS: This is Riot, Sugar-Lump. Riot, Lyle.

LYLE: So, you're my Ma's model, huh?

RIOT: No, I just like sitting around naked in stranger's garages/ ha, ha.

(Lyle laughs, which is a weird sound, as he's monotone, but he's attracted to Riot so he can't help it.)

LYLE: NAKED BOYS SITTING!

RIOT: *(Laughing.)* What?

(They both laugh. It escalates.)

LYLE: *(Laughing.)* Riot? That's a pretty angry name.

RIOT: *(Laughing.)* I know!

LYLE: *(Laughing.)* Are you an angry person, brother?

RIOT: *(Laughing.)* Not REALLY!

LYLE: *(Laughing.)* So then, did your Ma hate you or what?

(RIOT stops laughing. LYLE laughs hysterically for a moment.)

MAVIS: Lyle, Sugar-Bear, look at his cock.

LYLE: Cock time!

MAVIS: Wait. *(To Riot.)* Hold still, won't you? Ice water.

RIOT: Totally not moving.

MAVIS: *(To Lyle.)* Now.

(LYLE looks at RIOT's "you-know".)

LYLE: OH!

(LYLE puts his finger between his teeth. He is horrified. He is amused. He is confused. Then, he is horrified again.)

MAVIS: I know, right?

(MAVIS puts the brush between her teeth. LYLE and MAVIS stare at RIOT's "you-know" together, both contemplating it.)

LYLE: Hnnnnnn.

MAVIS: Hnnnnnnnnnn.

RIOT: What?

MAVIS: You see what I/ nean?

LYLE: I see what you nean.

(MAVIS takes the brush out of her mouth.)

MAVIS: Should we get a third opinion?

RIOT: A THIRD/ OPINION?!

(LYLE takes his finger out of his mouth.)

LYLE: No, no, it's not totally insurmountable.

MAVIS: No?

LYLE: It's an easy fix.

(LYLE whispers in MAVIS' ear. MAVIS reacts, her eyes getting wider, an old excitement returning.)

MAVIS: Yes! Of course! Of course!

RIOT: What is the problem?!

MAVIS: *(Big, theatrical.)* Once more, into the breach, dear friends!

(MAVIS returns behind the painting, dabs paint on her brush and paints furiously, like an evil Bob Ross.)

LYLE: So, you won't be needing me, any longer...

(LYLE looks quickly at RIOT.)

LYLE: I'll just be leaving then. Sewing to do. Bye.

(LYLE exits quickly.)

RIOT: Wait! Come back! *(Pause. He doesn't return.)* What was all that about? *(Pause.)* um. Hello? Mavis?

MAVIS: Leg. "Eh."

RIOT: Like this?

MAVIS: Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, EH. Hold it.

RIOT: OK. *(Pause.)* I had no idea you had a son in college. You're so young. *(Pause.)* My mom was like in her 40's when she had me. *(Pause.)* Well, you've clearly been inspired. That's good. I'm glad my, *you-know* can finally inspire you. That was/ really-

(LYLE enters with one of his ruffs on and walks over to RIOT.)

LYLE: See this? This is a ruff.

RIOT: What?

LYLE: What I've been working on. This one is really starched. It was one of the first ones I made. It's horrible. You can see a couple mistakes here, places where I cut too deeply into the fabric.

RIOT: Can't really see it...

(LYLE brings it closer.)

LYLE: See here?

RIOT: Oh, yeah! Well, that's not too bad... gives it character.

LYLE: I dunno about that.

RIOT: Well, I'm sure your mistakes won't show from the stage.

LYLE: They better not. I would be horrified. Absolutely horrified. Then I'd have to go to the Freakin' Frog and get drunk on Raspberry Framboise. And that would be a really bad idea with all the medication I'm on, but that's what I'd have to do. *(Pause.)* You look like you could use a drink.

RIOT: Yeah, yeah, I could probably use several drinks.

LYLE: Water? Lemonade? No, I'm just kidding about the lemonade. Do we look like the kind of people who would have lemonade? Brother, please.

RIOT: Water would be fine. But I can't really drink anything at the moment. I'm/ sorta-

LYLE: *(Shortly.)* Right. Well, I just wanted to show you my ruff. Sorry to intrude.

(He turns to go.)

RIOT: Wait, you don't have to go.

(He stops.)

RIOT: Your mom's in one of her art trances. She can go for hours without talking. See? Hey, Mavis.

MAVIS: Hnnn.

RIOT: See, she responds, but she's not really here.

LYLE: Tell me something I don't/ know.

MAVIS: I can hear every word, people.

LYLE: I have to finish two more of these before dinner.

RIOT: Well, bring 'em in here, why don't you.

LYLE: Really?

RIOT: Sure, sure, why not? I could use the conversation.