DRAMATIS PERSONAE:
AGNES
VALERIE
RODNEY
OWEN
JANE FONDA / JANE

Acknowledgement: The section of the play where the women throw themselves onto the ground in choreographed fits is an edited excerpt from Charles L. Mee’s play BIG LOVE.

A stroke (/) marks the point of interruption in overlapping dialogue. When the stroke is not immediately followed by text, the next line should occur on the last syllable of the word before the slash— not an overlap but a concise interruption

PROLOGUE

VALERIE and AGNES appear in the darkness, face-forward, in single lights. Bon Jovi’s "You Give Love A Bad Name" is playing faintly in the background. A fellow croons along dismally and drunkenly with the song.

Val?

Yeah?

I’m a little drunk.

You drink too much.

What state are we in?

You're a dumbass.

We've done this a lot.
I know.

AGNES

We're gonna run out of states.

VALERIE

Dumbass SUPREME. We still have Colorado, Delaware, Michigan, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas, Ohio, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina

AGNES

Then we'll get caught. Or something. I don't want... um...

VALERIE

I thought we didn't care if we got caught.

AGNES

We just... wanna keep going for as long as we can. Because we fucking HATE THEM ALL. Okay. Not just the ones with bombs in their trunks.

VALERIE

That's right.

AGNES

And we hate fucking people telling us how to act.

Right.

VALERIE

About our bodies.

AGNES

Right.

VALERIE

And the internet.

Sure.

VALERIE

And the radio. I'm hungry.

AGNES

You're always hungry.

VALERIE

The food sucks here. And there's none left.

AGNES

You have a problem.
AGNES
If there was more food I wouldn't be drunk because I would of eaten enough and the food would be absorbing the vodka. When you wanna go over?

VALERIE
When he finishes his karaoke song.

AGNES
Right on.
(beat, tone change)
Sometimes I think you love me too much.

A long beat.

VALERIE
Delete delete delete delete delete delete delete.

End of Prologue.

Lights up.

VALERIE and AGNES stumble into a posh hotel room in fur coats. AGNES is wearing a bonnet and VALERIE a straw hat. Beneath their coats their outfits are outrageously skimpy.

Something feels very fake about the whole set-up… perhaps the set is too vivid, perhaps everyone is a little too enthusiastic.

The acting in the following seen should be completely and artificially over-the-top intense. Lots of volume.

AGNES
Where is he you fucking lost him / already

VALERIE
He was right behind you don't freak on me

He's mine Val

AGNES

VALERIE
Where's the minibar… ROCK!

VALERIE goes to the mini fridge.

AGNES
HE'S MINE / VALERIE

VALERIE

Shhhhh.

AGNES tosses herself on the bed and begins bouncing. VALERIE cannot open the mini fridge.

AGNES

I’m the ‘ho here. Just remember that. This bed smells like starch and marinated ass… I like hotels I like hotels I like hotels

VALERIE

Locked? Fuck…

RODNEY stumbles in behind them. He is red-faced and wears a tie and a sombrero.

RODNEY

Wasted!

AGNES

Wasted!

RODNEY falls on the bed on top of AGNES.

RODNEY

This place is decent…

AGNES

My uncle works for the chain.

They begin to kiss.

VALERIE

Hey. HEY. Hey Agnes. Show him your new dance, you slutty whore.

AGNES

I made up a dance.

RODNEY

Go on.

VALERIE

Slutty little whore.

AGNES

I don't have a name yet for it.

RODNEY
Do they have whiskey?

VALERIE

I can't get the fucker open…

VALERIE kicks at the mini-bar furiously. It swings open. She begins rooting inside.

AGNES

You aren't watching…

VALERIE

Go.

AGNES does a complicated hip-hop move. RODNEY applauds.

VALERIE (cont.)

She made it for Howard Stern.

AGNES

Shut UP.

VALERIE

She thinks if she can get on the air, he'll ask her to dance.

AGNES

Most people think he's gross but he's got these ice blue eyes, that's why he wears sunglasses all the time.

VALERIE pulls out a digital camera and begins shooting pictures of the room.

AGNES (cont.)

You're like psycho with that shit.

VALERIE

.... for the blog…

VALERIE aims the camera at AGNES. AGNES giggles and begins to strip.

RODNEY

You girls aren't really sisters, are you…

AGNES

We came out of the same womb…

RODNEY

You're wild. You are wild.
VALERIE
Are you two ready to kick it or will I stand here like a douchebag?

AGNES begins to take off her bonnet.

RODNEY
Leave the bonnet on.

AGNES and RODNEY begin to maul each other. VALERIE lights a cigarette and watches.

AGNES
She's letting me have you first, she NEVER does that

RODNEY
(to VALERIE)

Come here…

I'm fine

I paid for both…

AGNES

Come on Val…

I'm thirsty… I'm going outside for a / diet coke

RODNEY
Do not leave the fucking room.

A beat. VALERIE reaches into her purse and pulls out a gun.

RODNEY (cont.)

Wait.

VALERIE shoots RODNEY in the head. Blood hits the wall and the floor

AGNES
GROSS. Gross gross gross get him off me…

VALERIE helps get RODNEY off AGNES. They roll him onto the floor.

AGNES
You're kind of harsh sometimes. Get one for the blog.
VALERIE shoots a picture of the dead RODNEY.

AGNES (cont.)

Should I get in it too?

VALERIE

Yeah… pose a little.

AGNES starts to remove the bonnet.

VALERIE (cont.)

Keep the fucking bonnet on.

VALERIE begins snapping photos of AGNES in various poses with the dead RODNEY.

AGNES

I hate fat people. There were SO MANY fat people tonight. The women all wore dainty little boots with little toothpick heels and they had fucking ENORMOUS cankles… And the FUCKING HATS!! What's the point of a hat party, even?

VALERIE

It wasn't a hat party, dumbass. It was a benefit.

AGNES

I've been to benefits where they didn't bring out a barrel of hats. Who the fuck gave those right-wing fucks the idea they'd have more fun with hats on their fat fucking heads? Hey. Jesus had a beard, right?

VALERIE

Yeah.

AGNES

I pictured him clean-shaven for a second. I wish we had gotten there before all the food got eaten… I want new breasts, do you think we can buy me some?

VALERIE

You don't need them anymore.

AGNES

I may have quit stripping but I still like my body to look slammin’…

VALERIE

Make him talk.

AGNES grabs hold of RODNEY's bottom lip.
AGNES
"Fetus fetus fetus holy fucking shit I love that fetus and Jesus loves the fetus too, and just remember it ain’t where life begins but where LOVE begins…"

You could have let me fuck him first, Val. I was getting wet and everything...

VALERIE
He’s a lousy lay…

AGNES
You can't tell by just looking at him

VALERIE
He’s got a cashew dick. Look.

AGNES checks it out.

AGNES
… How did you know?

VALERIE
I did him in the bathroom while you were on the buffet table.

AGNES
You wouldn’t.

VALERIE
Who asked you to get up on the goddamn buffet table, Agnes? Who asked you to do that?

AGNES
I had something to say.

VALERIE
You make an ass of yourself when you stand on a buffet table. You make like you have no self-respect. That is tedious and it's UGLY.

AGNES
Just because I don't have a blog doesn't mean I don't have something to say.

VALERIE
And no one heard you over the Quiet Riot. And you could slipped and fallen, like that time on your garage door.

They stare at each other a moment. Something subtle changes in VALERE.

She opens her computer and begins to type furiously. AGNES does not hear her speak.

VALERIE
Words words words. Come on, sucka. This gal is a real beeyotch. BITCH SUPREME. Talkin’ shit about her manifesto…. ridding the world of shitbags trying to jam their laws into her uterus..Lots of fucks. Fuck fuck fuck. What else… OH! She’s a secret dyke! HA, YES!!! Wants to get her freak on with Agnes! But wait, they’re sisters. Think on this, come back to it later. Maybe she should be more angry, or like. Oh, and super hot. A super-hot angry dyke. She’s a HATER. RAAAR! YEAH!! LIKE AN ANIMAL!!

VALERIE springs up from her chair.

Where are you going?

AGNES (cont.)

DIET COKE!

VALERIE

From where?

AGNES

VENDING MACHINE!

VALERIE

Get me a seltzer please.

AGNES

IF THEY DON’T HAVE?

AGNES

Diet coke.

AGNES leaves. AGNES manipulates RODNEY’s mouth again.

AGNES (cont.)

"She smelled like grilled cheese and mustard."

Man I’m hungry. Wonder if they do room service here. But wait! I don’t eat. I am a crazy skinny obsessed monster. AND, I spend my days and nights plotting on how to be a skinnier version of myself… Also, I have a lot of sex with men who aren’t my boyfriend. Sometimes my boyfriend loves me too much, and that makes me go apeshit with other guys. Maybe I’m afraid of commitment. Maybe that’s why I hate on these dudes. At any rate, I have no self respect. Awesome.

AGNES straddles RODNEY’s leg and begins humping it.

VALERIE returns with two diet cokes.

AGNES

Val… do the other leg…
Uh-uh.

Come on…

I'm drinking my diet coke.

VALERIE connects her camera to the computer. AGNES grabs RODNEY’s bottom lip again as she humps.

“I like really skinny girls. How’d you get so fucking skinny….”

Starving myself and drinking water and longboarding my face off… I can't wait 'til summer… my metabolism speeds up in the summer… I'd burn more calories during sex if it took me longer to get off…

Than take longer…

AGNES

I… can't…

AGNES climaxes. VALERIE hands AGNES a diet coke.

The ice machine was broken. Hundred-fifty a room, you’d think you could… wait a second.

(tone change)
RAR! HUNDRED-FIFTY A ROOM, YOU’D THINK YOU COULD GET SOME FUCKING ICE!

Complain to the management.

AGNES

VALERIE picks up the phone and dials zero.

HI… YEAH, THE ICE MACHINE ISN'T WORKING, COCKWEED! … NO, JUST HALF A BUCKET IS FINE… THANKS, COCKWEED.

She hangs up.

HE’LL BE RIGHT UP!

VALERIE (cont.)
AGNES
You didn't call / him

VALERIE
(re: her computer)
ROCKNESS!! THEY HAVE WIFI!
(typing)
Rockness, bitches… I'm the Rockness Monster…

AGNES is bored.

I should piss the bed. Dare me?

AGNES jumps on the bed and drops his pants.

AGNES (cont.)
Dare me, quick! 'Cause even if you don't I'll still do it…

VALERIE
I dare you.

AGNES tries to pee.

AGNES
Pee, pee….. Sssssss… argh, performance anxiety!!! Wait… there's a trickle…

AGNES pees in the bed.

AGNES (cont.)
I'M PEEING IN THE BED! I'M PEEING IN THE BED! HOW FUCKING AWESOME IS THAT?

VALERIE
Completely.

Beat. AGNES is bored again.

AGNES
You think there's a piano here?

VALERIE
No.

AGNES
I love to play the piano. I dream of dinner parties and fancy linens, I dream of myself playing piano beautifully afterwards, like a recital, with everyone applauding. So classy.

A beat. Subtle change.
AGNES
Shit. I'm not at all classy. I'm a skanky 'ho. I secretly think it would make me like, elegant if I could play like, really really well.

That's deep. And messed up.

How the fuck am I gonna pull that off?

More on this later.

VALERIE
Shit. You’re not at all classy. You’re a skanky 'ho. You secretly think it would make you like, elegant if you could play like, really really well.

In the following, underlined words are spoken by both women.

AGNES
Do they get Howard Stern in Mississippi?

VALERIE
I AM SO FUCKING SICK OF HEARING ABOUT HOWARD FUCKING STERN!! Too angry? Too angry?

AGNES
Oh damn. He's on Sirius. I need satellite to get him. Do I have Satellite?

VALERIE
You are dumber than a bag of dumb, Agnes. You should have the word DUMBASS tattooed across your forehead so when dudes fuck you they won't think they're fucking the smart out of you.

(tone change)

That's really harsh. Agnes isn't retarded, or. She's just like, manipulative. I'm losing it

AGNES
I'm not retarded. I'm just manipulative. My dumbness is like, a cover. I'm conflicted, therefore I hide behind stupidity. Ooh, folksy. Work that. Hey Valerie. When you were fucking my husband, did he talk about God at all?

VALERIE
Which time?

AGNES
The last time.

VALERIE says nothing a moment. AGNES grabs her own bottom lip.

AGNES (cont.)
:"No Agnes. He was talking about you."
No Agnes. He was talking about you.

Okay.

Okay. Wait. No. Who was fucking who’s / husband?

Who was fucking who’s husband?

I’m losing it. I gotta change it up. Okay, let’s get SUBTEXTY. The STAKES HAVE BEEN RAISED!

AGNES and VALERIE become a bad Pinter play.

What did you think of the DJ?

Beat.

He was all right.

Beat.

I love 80's rock.

Beat.

Do you?

As an answer, AGNES jumps up on top of the bed and begins singing "Still of the Night" by Whitesnake, and miming David Coverdale from the video. This is an act of aggression, but it is super sexy.

In the still of the night I hear the wolf howl honey
Sniffin’ around yer daw
In the still of the night I feel my heart feelin’ heavay
Tellin’ me I godda have mo-wore

She mimes a guitar. VALERIE watches her.
AGNES (cont.)

Remember in the video, the guitar solo, it gets all smoky he's like shadowy and silhouettey and on his knees, and he whips out a fucking BOW, like for a violin, and starts BOWING his guitar on his knees and practically humping the guitar… I would get off to that like twice an hour.

VALERIE

You are so pretty.

(beat)

FUCK! Damnit, Agnes! You see what you do? "Wah, you're so pretty, wah…" Like a cancer. Bulldog, where's the bulldog? KEEP THE FUCKING BULLDOG!

VALERIE barks like a rabid dog.

Is it working?

AGNES

I don't know.

Can I do something?

AGNES

Hit me in the face. Get me angry, get me all riled up.

Fist or palm?

AGNES

Fist. No, palm.

AGNES hits VALERIE in the face.

VALERIE (cont.)

Again.

AGNES hits VALERIE in the face.

VALERIE (cont.)

Try to get your ring into it.

AGNES turns her ring around on her finger and smacks VALERIE again.

VALERIE (cont.)

Am I bleeding?

AGNES

No.
One more.

VALERIE

AGNES hits VALERIE in the face.

Okay.

VALERIE

You mad?

AGNES

Yeah.

VALERIE

Furious?

AGNES

Yeah, yeah. Thanks.

VALERIE

AGNES hits VALERIE in the face again.

Enough!

VALERIE (cont.)

Hit me back!

AGNES

Later… I need to ride this out…

VALERIE

AGNES sulks on the bed. VALERIE is about to type.

VALERIE (cont.)

Kick it, homes… smack that juicy groove…

She types nothing. A beat. Forlorn.

I’m lost.

An uber-chipper JANE FONDA enters, dressed in leg warmers and a headband. She begins doing aerobics for us.

VALERIE (cont.)

Jane Fonda… thank god.

JANE FONDA

My workout is designed to build strength, develop flexibility and increase endurance. To
get the full benefit from the workout you must do it with me from beginning to end without stopping. It is this vigorous and sustained use of your entire body that will not only tone your muscles but will burn up calories, improve your circulation, eliminate toxins and strengthen your heart and lungs. The basis of the workout is the repetition of certain movements that use a single muscle group against the resistance of your own body weight.

You see how excellent I am? An inspiration. Generations of women look up to me. Do I inspire fear in you? I shouldn’t. Glow glow glow, sparkle like a star. I am not someone who dominates. I am frank and dignified. I am sincere. I have loads of confidence, except when I feel abused, and then I simply raise my chin and take it. THAT’S a real woman. THAT’S heroic. And I have a kickin’ bod.

JANE FONDA begins doing an aerobics routine to the following song, which is “Pretty Baby” by Kay Starr.

JANE FONDA (cont.)

Everybody loves a baby
That's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
And I'd like to be your sister, brother
Dad and mother too,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby.

Won't you come and let me rock you
In my cradle of love,
We'll cuddle all the time.
Oh, I want a Lovin' Baby
And it might as well be you,
Pretty Baby of mine!

She does an aerobics-ey soft shoe.
VALERIE and AGNES join her on the soft shoe, then they all sing together.

JANE FONDA, AGNES, and VALERIE

Everybody loves a baby
That's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty Baby, (whistle) Pretty Baby;
And I'd like to be your family
Aunts and uncles, cousins too
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby.

Won't you come and let me rock you
In my cradle of love,
We'll cuddle all a' the time.
I want a baby and I'm countin' on you
You're my honey
You are my Daddy
That's why it's gotta be you!

They finish the song and aerobicize themselves off-stage.

The stage is bare for quite a while.

JANE FONDA escorts RODNEY and OWEN in, as though they were two dapper paramours. They are young, scruffy, your typical thirty-something slackers. One is wearing a bonnet and the other a straw hat.

Thank you, Jane.

Thank you, Jane.

They tip their hats to JANE FONDA.

JANE FONDA nods and exits. Lights change.

This scene is identical in tone to the previous hotel scene; fake, vivid, incredibly loud.

Where is she you fucking lost her / already

She was right behind you don't freak on me

She's mine Owen

Where's the minibar... rock.

She's mine / OWEN

Shhhh.

RODNEY tosses himself on the bed and begins bouncing.
RODNEY
This bed smells like starch and marinated ass… I like hotels I like hotels I like hotels

OWEN
Okay, this is better. Feeling it now, feeling it. I'm here, The Rod is here, we are IN THE MOTHERFUCKIN' HIZZY. Now let's DO THIS THING.

OWEN cannot open the mini fridge.

Locked? Jesus…

AGNES stumbles in behind them. She is red-faced and wears a gown and a sombrero.

AGNES
Wasted!

RODNEY
Wasted!

AGNES falls on the bed on top of RODNEY.

This place is decent…

AGNES
My uncle works for the chain.

RODNEY
They begin to kiss.

OWEN
Whoa. That feels really shitty, watching them do that.
(to Rodney)

Hey. HEY. Hey RODNEY. Show her your new dance.

RODNEY
I made up a dance.

AGNES
Go on.

RODNEY
I don't have a name yet for it.

AGNES
Do they have whiskey?

OWEN
I can't get it open…
OWEN kicks at the mini-bar furiously. It swings open. He begins rooting inside.

RODNEY
You aren't watching...

OWEN
Go.

RODNEY does a complicated hip-hop move. AGNES applauds.

OWEN (cont.)
He made it for Howard Stern.

RODNEY
Shut UP, dude.

RODNEY grabs AGNES by the hair. She does not react.

OWEN
He thinks if he can get on the air, he'll ask him to dance.

RODNEY
Most people think he's gross but he's got these ice blue eyes, that's why he wears sunglasses all the time.

RODNEY shoves AGNES onto the bed and presses his knee into her back, still holding her hair, and begins to tear off her clothes.

Again, she does not react. As a matter of fact, it seems to have a calming, pleasant effect on her.

OWEN pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He begins lighting them one by one and putting them out on AGNES's body.

RODNEY (cont.)
You're like psycho with that shit.

OWEN
.... for the blog...

AGNES
You guys aren't really brothers, are you...

RODNEY
We came out of the same womb…

AGNES
You’re wild. You are wild.

OWEN
Are you two ready to kick it or will I stand here like a douchebag?

RODNEY begins to take off his bonnet.

AGNES
Leave the bonnet on.

RODNEY begins to tie AGNES up in the style of Abu Ghraib. He places a pillowcase over her head and attaches electric wires to her hands.

RODNEY
He’s letting me have you first, he NEVER does that

He shocks her five times, and each time she lets out a shout of delight.

OWEN
Sweet. That’s some subversive shit right there. That is CONTROVERSIAL. But that’s the point, right? When you hit a nerve? POLARIZING. Some people just don’t have the stomach for social commentary. They want butterflies and Bambi. Well fuck ‘em. Right? Not my audience. I’m not the man with the lullaby, my friends. I’m the man with the MACHETE. A fugitive. Slicing down your tidy little forests. Everything that makes you feel safe? Shing. The lies you tell yourself? Shing. Truth to power. Burn it down, bitches.

AGNES
(to OWEN)

Come here…

I'm fine

AGNES
I paid for both…

RODNEY
Come on Owen…

OWEN
I'm thirsty… I'm going outside for a / diet coke

AGNES
Do not leave the fucking room.
A beat. OWEN reaches into his coat and pulls out a gun.

AGNES (cont.)
Wait.

OWEN shoots AGNES in the face. Then he pulls a machete from his coat and hacks at her.

OWEN
Shing! Taste the blade! Skeeerrrrr-umptious!

Then he pulls a sledgehammer from the closet and begins slamming it into her. Blood hits the wall.

OWEN (cont.)
Rahg! World smells a whole lot better without your reeking hole…

He is finally done.

Sweet Jesus that felt good.

GROSS.

RODNEY

But maybe a little much.

GROSS gross gross get her off me…

RODNEY

OWEN helps get AGNES off RODNEY. They roll her onto the floor.

I may cut the sledgehammer.

RODNEY
You’re kind of harsh sometimes. Get one for the blog.

OWEN poses with his cigarette in his mouth, one hand in a thumbs up, and the other pointing to AGNES’s genitals.

RODNEY (cont.)
Should I get in it too?
Yeah… pose a little.

ODEN

RODNEY starts to remove the bonnet.

OWEN (cont.)

Keep the fucking bonnet on.

RODNEY pretends to be raping AGNES's body.

OWEN (cont.)

Hoo-hoo! Beauteous.

RODNEY

I want a new dick, do you think we can buy me one?

OWEN

You don't need one anymore.

RODNEY

I may have quit raping but I still like my body to look slammin’…

OWEN

Make her talk.

Lights change. AGNES pops up. She looks gorgeous, all bloody and angelic in her gown.

OWEN looks at her longingly.

AGNES

(slowly, seductively)
The table is set with gleaming silver, and everyone is wearing suits and gowns. I'm in one of those academy award jobbies, all long and shimmery. Everyone has just dined on pheasant and mints, and now they are sipping Turkish coffee. And then someone says, 'Agnes, shall you play us a sonata?' And I say, 'if you insist.' And then I move toward the piano in my gown and place my long fingers on the keys, and I begin to play. And all the guests close their eyes and lean into one another. As though they have been dreaming of this moment.

OWEN inhales deeply, intoxicated.

OWEN

(with longing)

I can smell your hair…

AGNES drops back down again.

OWEN
THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!!

Please check samuelfrench.com for the published version.

Thank you for reading!