

**THAT PRETTY PRETTY;  
OR, THE RAPE PLAY**  
by Sheila Callaghan

**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? AGNES

Yeah? VALERIE

I'm a little drunk. AGNES

You drink too much. VALERIE

What state are we in? AGNES

You're a dumbass. VALERIE

We've done this a lot. AGNES

VALERIE

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.

VALERIE

Right.

AGNES

About our bodies.

VALERIE

Right.

AGNES

And the internet.

VALERIE

Sure.

AGNES

And the radio. I'm hungry.

VALERIE

You're always hungry.

AGNES

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

VALERIE

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

AGNES

He's mine Val

VALERIE

Where's the minibar... ROCK!

VALERIE goes to the mini fridge.

AGNES

HE'S MINE / VALERIE

Shhhh.

VALERIE

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

I'm the 'ho here. Just remember that. I like hotels I like hotels I like hotels

AGNES

This bed smells like starch and marinated ass...

VALERIE

Locked? Fuck...

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

Wasted!

RODNEY

Wasted!

AGNES

RODNEY falls on the bed on top of AGNES.

This place is decent...

RODNEY

My uncle works for the chain.

AGNES

They begin to kiss.

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

VALERIE

I made up a dance.

AGNES

Go on.

RODNEY

Slutty little whore.

VALERIE

I don't have a name yet for it.

AGNES

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...

VALERIE

I'm fine

RODNEY

I paid for both...

AGNES

Come on Val...

VALERIE

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 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 VALERIE.

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.

AGNES (cont.)

Where are you going?

VALERIE

DIET COKE!

AGNES

From where?

VALERIE

VENDING MACHINE!

AGNES

Get me a seltzer please.

VALERIE

IF THEY DON'T HAVE?

AGNES

Diet coke.

VALERIE 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. VALERIE

Come on... AGNES

I'm drinking my diet coke. VALERIE

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

AGNES  
"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... VALERIE

I... can't... AGNES

AGNES climaxes. VALERIE hands AGNES a diet coke.

VALERIE  
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.

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

She hangs up.

VALERIE (cont.)  
HE'LL BE RIGHT UP!

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..... Ssssss... 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.

How the fuck am I gonna pull that off?

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."

VALERIE  
No Agnes. He was talking about you.

AGNES  
Okay.

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

AGNES  
Who was fucking who's husband?

VALERIE  
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.

AGNES  
What did you think of the DJ?

Beat.

VALERIE  
He was all right.

Beat.

AGNES  
I love 80's rock.

Beat.

VALERIE  
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.

AGNES (cont.)  
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 silhouetted 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! Damn it, 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.

AGNES

Is it working?

VALERIE

I don't know.

AGNES

Can I do something?

VALERIE

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

AGNES

Fist or palm?

VALERIE

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.

OWEN

Thank you, Jane.

RODNEY

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

RODNEY

She was right behind you don't freak on me

OWEN

She's mine Owen

RODNEY

Where's the minibar... rock.

OWEN (cont.)

OWEN goes to the mini fridge.

SHE'S MINE / OWEN

RODNEY

Shhhh.

OWEN

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.

OWEN (cont.)

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.

AGNES

This place is decent...

RODNEY

My uncle works for the chain.

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...

OWEN

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! Skeeee-rumptious!

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.

OWEN (cont.)

Sweet Jesus that felt good.

RODNEY

GROSS.

OWEN

But maybe a little much.

RODNEY

Gross gross gross get her off me...

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

OWEN

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?

OWEN

Yeah... pose a little.

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](http://samuelfrench.com)  
for the published version.**

**Thank you for reading!**