

T H E L O S T V E G A S S E R I E S

Including:

HOW NOT TO GET SCREWED
THE GREATEST LOVE WEE KIRK
O' THE HEATHER THE
LIBERACE MUSEUM AWAY IN A
MANGER LION TONGUE

by

Julie JensenScene IHOW NOT TO GET SCREWED*(Lights up on Vegas parking lot.)**(Then there's the suggestion of a truck, very tall, stage left.)**(OUR GIRL enters, disheveled, angry and hot. She throws a change apron on the ground.)**(Please note: Underscored lines indicate narration.)*

OUR GIRL

I'm standing in the middle of the parking lot in Vegas. The heat's popping off the pavement and these big cocktail waitresses made out of plaster are twirling around the light poles. I'm looking up their big plaster skirts, saying, "I gotta get out of here, I have got to get out of here." And up drives this guy, this little guy I knew

from grade school. Little guy with a twitch. He's driving this huge double-tiered cattle rig, fully loaded. You can smell the thing before you see it. Says he's on his way to Barstow.

(Lights up on the truck.)

SHORT GUY

I'm on my way to Barstow. Barstow and beyond.

OUR GIRL

I'm on my way the same place. Emphasis on the beyond.

So I climb on into his rig.

(She does. SHORT GUY is a wellworn guy in his thirties. A bit scary and proud of it.) (He pulls out. Pause.)

He don't seem to recognize me. So I pretend I don't recognize him. Says he owns the rig.

SHORT GUY You know, I own this rig.

OUR GIRL You own the rig?

SHORT GUY I own everything in the rig.

OUR GIRL You own everything in this rig.

SHORT GUY I own it all.

OUR GIRL You own that

half-eaten Big Mac on the dashboard and that pile of dirty clothes at my feet?

SHORT GUY I

own it all.

OUR GIRL

And you own that naked mermaid hanging off your mirror that smells like coconut. You own her. You own a stack of dirty magazines hidden up under your seat. You own them!

SHORT GUY I

own 'em all.

OUR GIRL

You own that silly-ass sign that says, "Truckers do it in over drive." You own that. You own a coffee cup shaped like woman's tit. You own that. And you're getting ready to buy yourself a set of mud flaps with silver bathing beauties that reflect in the dark. Then you'll own them!

(Pause.)

I own a Harley, he says.

SHORT GUY I own

two Harleys and a dirt bike.

OUR GIRL

How about them two tiers of stinking cattle behind us? You own them, too?

SHORT GUY I

own 'em all.

OUR GIRL

Well, you got your life defined by the pleasure principle. I can sure tell that. Except I am having trouble breathing in here. Between the cow shit behind and the

coconut up front, they ain't no air left for breathing!

I toss him a grin and stick my feet up on the dashboard. There's forty ways to cool these guys off. This here's only one.

(Pause. The sound of the truck motor droning.)

Get your feet off my truck, he says.

SHORT GUY

Get your dirty feet off my truck.

OUR GIRL

I get my feet off his *dirty* truck and adjust a little fan on the dashboard so it blows the coconut mermaid into my face.

(She does. Pause. He eyes her with a cocky sureness.)

He's got this silly-ass grin on his face.

SHORT GUY

Open up them curtains behind you.

OUR GIRL

I already seen the bed you got up there.

SHORT GUY You ain't seen this bed.

OUR GIRL

I seen that bed. I seen every bed in every rig there is.

SHORT GUY

You ain't seen a bed with black satin sheets.

OUR GIRL

I seen a bed with leopard sheets, made out real leather.

SHORT GUY

You ain't seen a cab lined with smoked-glass mirrors.

OUR GIRL

I seen a cab lined with white rubber fur.

SHORT GUY

You ain't seen a cab with air-cooled water bed.

OUR GIRL

I seen a cab with a gin-filled water bed you could drink from with a straw. I seen a cab with three inflatable women for mattresses. I seen a cab with a whole row of electrical implements, all plugged in. You wanna hear more!

I grin and stuff my feet up under the dashboard. See, there's forty ways to cool these guys off. This here's only one.

(Pause.)

You never seen no leather sheets, he says.

SHORT GUY Listen here.

OUR GIRL Yeah.

SHORT GUY They ain't no such thing as leather sheets.

OUR GIRL

Course they ain't. I just made it up. But where you think I got the idea?

I grin at him, lean back, and pretend to be asleep.

(She does. She opens one eye.)

See, there's forty ways to cool these guys off. This here's only one.

*(The sound of a droning motor.
She's back to sleep. He checks her
a time or two.)*

SHORT GUY Wait
a minute here.

(He pokes her.)

I didn't pick you up to sleep.

OUR GIRL
I know. You picked me up to screw. And if
I don't do that, I gotta talk.

SHORT GUY That's
right.

OUR GIRL
There's only one thing wrong.

SHORT GUY There's
nothing wrong.

OUR GIRL
There's something wrong all right. I
remember you from the fifth grade.

SHORT GUY You
don't remember me.

OUR GIRL
You smelled like a boiling chicken, and you
couldn't dance worth a shit. I remember you
from fifth grade.

SHORT GUY You
was never in the fifth grade.

OUR GIRL

You used to twitch when you had to read out loud. You didn't know your multiplication tables. And you used to fart everyday after lunch. I remember you from fifth grade. So if it's all the same to you, I think I'll sleep.

I toss him a grin and fold my arms like somebody in prayer.

(She does.)

See, there's forty ways to cool these guys off. This here's just one more.

(Pause. The sound of a droning motor. SHORT GUY eyes her a time or two. He's pissed. He twitches. He pulls his truck off to the side of the road.

The sound of the droning motor stops. He nudges her. She sits up with a start.)

When I open my eyes, the truck's parked up next to this Godforsaken desert cemetery. He looks at me like he's got an answer from Jesus.

SHORT GUY Get
out of the rig.

OUR GIRL What
the hell for?

SHORT GUY
I'm gonna lay some roses on my mother's
grave.

OUR GIRL You
ain't got no roses.

SHORT GUY I don't

need no roses. I don't need no stinking roses.

OUR GIRL

You got a clever way of talking, but your mother ain't buried here.

SHORT GUY My

mother's buried here, all right.

OUR GIRL

They ain't a thing out there. A tree, a broken fence, half a dozen tilted markers, a lot of burning dirt. Your mother ain't buried here.

SHORT GUY

Everyone's mother is buried here. Get on out of the truck.

OUR GIRL

I get on out of the truck.

(She does.)

The road's a skillet. The cows are shifting in the heat. He moves on over to a grave marked Marilyn Monroe.

(He moves quickly around the front of the truck, picks her up by the elbow and moves her center stage.)

SHORT GUY All

right, lay down.

OUR GIRL What

for?

SHORT GUY I'm gonna

have you on my mother's grave!

OUR GIRL

I give a little laugh.

I been had a thousand times before, and every time it was on someone's mother's grave.

(He pushes her down.)

And you know something else? Your mother ain't no Marilyn Monroe.

SHORT GUY Everybody's mother is Marilyn Monroe.

OUR GIRL

And he pushes me back on the grave of Marilyn Monroe.

(He pushes her back with his boot and holds her there. She begins to panic.)

Listen to me, them cattle can't stand in the sun very long. You'll kill em all, you don't keep moving.

SHORT GUY Talk dirty if you're gonna talk at all.

OUR GIRL I don't talk dirty.

SHORT GUY Well then, don't talk at all. Let me handle this.

OUR GIRL

And he unbuttons his shirt.

SHORT GUY Take off your shirt.

OUR GIRL

I unbutton my shirt.

(She does.)

SHORT GUY You know
what's gonna happen to you now?

OUR GIRL
(With a forced bluster.) Probably nothing.

SHORT GUY
You know every thing that's gonna happen to
you.

OUR GIRL
That's cuz everything already happened to me
once before or more!

*(Slowly now. The rest of the scene
moves like a dream.)*

Then he takes off his shirt. He smells like
a boiling chicken.

SHORT GUY
Now do whatever I do. Take off your
clothes.

OUR GIRL
And he unzips his fly. I'm leaning back
against the burning dirt.

SHORT GUY Do
everything I do.

OUR GIRL
And he moves in front of the sun. Casts a
shadow on me and on the grave of Marilyn
Monroe.

You look just like the Marlboro Man.
Standing up against the sun. You look just
like him.

"Fuck the Marlboro Man," he says.

SHORT GUY I

fucked the Marlboro Man.

OUR GIRL

You look just like the Marlboro Man. Taller than the sun. Casting long shadows over the earth. You look just like the Marlboro Man. You look just like him.

(Her mood changes. She goes for the kill.)

Ex-cept you got that little dick. The littlest dick I ever seen. The same little dick you had in fifth grade. I woulda done it with you back in the fifth grade, but I couldn't find it. You remember that? We was behind the coal pile next to the furnace room. You tied my arm up, and you told me I had to let you do it. I already done it with four others. It wasn't no difference to me. Then you took off your shirt and you unzipped your pants. But it wasn't no where to be found. You had the littlest dick in the whole damn school back then. And it don't look to me like it grew one bit since!

He looks at me like a stunned cow. Then he turns his back and fidgets with something. Like he's getting a knife from his pocket. Pretty soon something splashes on my leg.

(He does. It does.)

He turns around, like someone who's made a magic trick.

SHORT GUY

How's that for a perfect shot?

(She dabs the spot on her leg.)

OUR GIRL

This ain't it. This ain't it at all. You got yourself a squirt gun out here in the desert.

SHORT GUY

Get on back in the rig. I don't want them cattle to die on me.

OUR GIRL

Who taught you to screw like that? Your mother, Marilyn Monroe, or me?

SHORT GUY Listen

here, I own all that.

OUR GIRL

And he waves his arm across the horizon of the truck.

You own all that but you never had me on your mother's grave.

SHORT GUY

I had you both. And what the hell did you ever own?

OUR GIRL

A past! And you never had me on the grave of Marilyn Monroe.

SHORT GUY I

had you. I had you all.

OUR GIRL

And he walks on over to the rig. He grabs the coconut mermaid out of the cab.

(He does.)

SHORT GUY Take

this.

(He shoves the mermaid at her. She takes it.)

Now you own something.

OUR GIRL

And he climbs back in his rig.

(He does.)

I'm standing there holding a naked mermaid in front of a desert cemetery. I walk on over to the grave marked Marilyn Monroe. And I put the mermaid on the grave and lay back down.

(Pause. A sigh.)

I hear the truck start up, grind a gear, and drive off.

(Sound of truck disappearing in the distance.)

When I open my eyes. I'm looking up the skirt of Marilyn Monroe. It's pure white, blowing up in the wind. She's squeaking and laughing and trying to hold it down.

(She imitates the voice of Marilyn Monroe.)

There's many ways to cool these guys off.

(She does a Marilyn Monroe squeak.)

But you always have to pay for it.

(Another squeak. She sits up.)

And you know, she's right. There ain't no such thing as a free ride if you're gonna tell the truth.

(She lays back down. Lights dim.)

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