

WARSAW'S REVENGE

Dramatis Personae:

- A MAN, the writer
- JUDY (SHE), early twenties
- JUDY'S MALE FRIEND (HE), mid-twenties

Note: While the playwright describes people in cars, the director should feel free to simulate vehicles via simple chairs facing stage front. Actors will enter, upstage center, and “drive” to their chairs.

Setting: Beachfront parking lot, facing the sea.

We HEAR Ornette Coleman's “Lonely Woman.”

Lights up.

A MAN sits in his MINI Cooper convertible, writing on a legal pad while grooving to the saxophone piece.

A PORSCHE convertible, hip hop music blaring, pulls in next to the Mini Cooper S, in the space to its left, stage left. The top is down.

Rather than battle with the hip-hop song, the man in the MINI Cooper S turns off “Lonely Woman.”

The Porsche driver, Judy, talks animatedly to her male passenger. The passenger snaps off the music.

SHE: --pills, morphine, or an accidental right turn on a left hand bend?

HE: A climbing accident in Switzerland?

SHE: No maiming. You know how I feel about my body.

HE: That eliminates guns and razors.

SHE: A rectal suppository filled with heroin.

The MINI Cooper S man sinks down in his seat, covertly taking down what the couple is saying.

HE: How apropos, seeing as how life's fucked you in the ass.

SHE: You'd have to insert it. I can't stand to touch myself down there! That saxophone bastard! Infecting me with his pus-filled prick! You shit, you introduced me to him...

HE: Here we go...

SHE: “I know this brilliant jazz musician. He's witty, he's literate. *You gotta meet 'im.*”

HE: He was a step up from Kaptain Konan and his Fists of Fury.

SHE: You fixed me up with him, too.

HE: You said you wanted a Dominating Man after a wuss like me. After they perp walked Kaptain Konan, you wanted a Sensitive *Artiste*.

SHE: That slimy bastard. He says, "I didn't know I was dripping. I didn't know it was HERPES."

HE: Stop. He's my friend.

SHE: Oh, a sudden burst of integrity, huh?

HE: All right. Just make it juicy.

SHE: If it hadn't-a been juicy I wouldn't be in this mess. I shoulda known by the fungus in his shower, by the crust around his asshole, by the smegma 'round his foreskin. By the blister on the tip. Like some glass-eyed worm.

HE: Crust?

SHE: Yeah, he'd say, "You like it there. Do me too." So I'd inch down his lint-filled crack and this disgusting cement mixture'd congeal around my fingers. I'd lunge for the sink and soak my hand in boiling water and ammonia. He'd say, "Whatsamatter? Bourgeois hang-ups? Anal retentive? C'mon, live a little! I ain't hung-up, don't care who you sleep with, I want a free relationship--" Yeah, just like the one he had down in Texas with that Mexican nurse, the one who gave him the disease in the first place. A FUCKING NURSE! He's such a swinger, claims he doesn't care who I hang out with, and THEN HE BRANDS ME FOR LIFE WITH HIS COCK! A-n-d-r-e, spelled out in little red blisters between my legs!

HE: He told me he was gonna tell you.

SHE: Yeah, "Just one more free fuck before I slap on the protection."

HE: Andre Kapinski worshiped you. He even shaved his beard. I told him, "Judy doesn't like guys with beards," and in the middle of, "Hell, I don't change for no chick," he says, "Really?" Remember how he courted you? Two kinds of wine and a handful of flowers.

SHE: I was worth at least two cows, a pig and a goat. Like back in Poland.

HE: He washed his pants and ironed 'em. Shined his shoes.

SHE: Yeah, those pointed ones, and the shiny knee-high skintight socks. Like a Polack's version of a Chicago pimp.

HE: He's a jazz man! Admit it! You told me how passionately he blew--

SHE: He blew my life! I oughtta move to a herpes colony off Dutch Guiana and live like a hermit nun, passing notes through the bars.

HE: Must be painful.

SHE: You seen me walk lately? Like a cowgirl with hemorrhoids? You know what the cervical cancer rate is with herpes victims? If I get an attack while I'm pregnant, my baby's head'll be bigger than a bowling ball!

HE: You're milking it, Judy. Write a book.

SHE: *VD for Swingers. Herpes and the Single Girl. The Pus Report. Blisters for Sisters.*

HE (whispering): Hey. That guy in the next car. He's taking notes!

Black out.

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