

Silly Sally  
A Play in Three Dimensions

By

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Based on  
Silly Sally  
a short story by Thomas Riccio

ACT I

Scene 1

*An empty stage, save for a rectangular wooden table with one wooden chair center. On the table is an old-fashioned broadcast microphone and a small television. Jerry sits at the table; his arms and hands are shackled to the table at the wrist, short heavy chains lagged securely to the tabletop, just enough slack to keep his hands out of trouble. Jerry faces out, behind and above him a large video screen. The television faces Jerry. Jerry always speaks outward, even when interacting with the video. He speaks into the microphone. He is alone in the light of the television, shadowy.*

JERRY

My mom said when I was born the doctor hit me a little too hard and ever since then I could never relax, never concentrate. I developed this twitch with my right eye. They called me hyperactive, ADD, dyslexic...possibly borderline personality disorder. I was nervous all the time, I couldn't sit down, had to run around the yard chasing the dog, Skippy. The cat, Fluffy, would hide. I couldn't watch TV or go to the movies because I couldn't sit down. I had a pacing problem, and then the twitching thing. So I read books. Standing up, walking around. I didn't want to be a factory worker like my dad, he worked in a tool and dye factory and carried his sandwiches and Twinkies to work in a silver lunch box. I wanted to be a smart intellectual that wrote books and talked smart at cocktail parties to people with long stem wine glasses and big vocabularies. When I was twelve I discovered masturbation. It didn't help my nervousness. Maybe a little. Really it just got me more anxious about women. I wanted to masturbate all the time. They tried medication but it made me drool all over my shirt. I decided I needed discipline and signed up for the US Army, they sent me to foreign lands with strange looking people that talked funny. I met a girl in Korea who smiled shyly and bowed a lot. She invited me up to her apartment with the promise of sucking my dick. She made me take my shoes off. She made green tea and served rice cakes and told me to take my pants off. When I did she pulled out a knife and took all my money and stabbed me in the eye. The point went in to the reptilian part of my brain and I was lobotomized from the history of civilization. I think I died and went to hell. I met the devil, he had a farmer's pitch fork, a really nice guy in a blue polyester suit like a car salesman. He put his arm around my shoulder. It was a little warm. He said what happened to me was by no means fair, and he

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JERRY (cont'd)

sat me down in a green Lazy Boy recliner. I thought he was my friend, but when he cranked me back to relax it wasn't a Lazy Boy at all but an electric chair and my hair went on end, my ears smoked, sparks came out of my eyeballs.

(He pauses)

But it helped my nervous condition. I don't twitch anywhere near as much as I use to. I feel much better.

(He pauses. Then, quite chipper)

I really feel like this is an electrifying time to live in!

*The screen flickers. Deep in its black center, a rip appears, spewing bright light.*

JERRY

It was after I got fried by the devil that the Mutated He-Man Muscle Monkey first showed up.

*More rips, more bright light. Something crawls through the hole, lime green and hairy. It walks purposefully forward, growing larger and more distinct: eyeballs on tentacles, a long snout meant for rooting, boar's teeth and that flowy, lime green hair.*

JERRY

I call him Muka.

MUKA

(hands on hips)

Wazzup.

JERRY

Muka's got my back. I don't know what I'd do without him.

MUKA

Let's do this.

*Muka disappears in a poof; black again. In the distance, a spot of color, flying forward, spinning. Muka on a rainbow disk, something...an aura? by his side.*

MUKA

WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

*Muka screams and laughs in delight, the aura bright and flashing color as the disk bounces off the edges of the screen.*

JERRY

(remembering, loving a once-known joy)

Muka and me on a disk, spinning in space, flying like

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JERRY (cont'd)

a kite in Technicolor places, dancing and bouncing along the edges of the great dark unknown.

*Suddenly all is gone, replaced by Jerry's mother in disturbing close-up, snarls and sneers and a large mole with three hairs growing from it.*

MOM

You're worthless! You'll never amount to anything!

JERRY

My mom.

MOM

You smoke too much marijuana and drink too much beer and talk pornography in your sleep! Who's this Muka, another one of your homosexual friends?

*Dad replaces her, dirty t-shirt and dingy tighty-whities.*

DAD

You're never gonna amount to anything!

JERRY

And my dad.

DAD

*((scratching his balls))*  
You're a bum! There goes my son, the bum!

*He punctuates this last with a wet fart. Mom reappears.*

MOM

You don't appreciate all that we've given you!

JERRY

You're bitter.

MOM

BITTER?! You ungrateful little shit! You try living the life I have and see how you feel! You have no idea how much your father and I have sacrificed for you, we've done all we can for you and your brothers and you can't even see it! You can't or you WON'T!

*Jerry raises his hands as high as the chains will allow and slams them down on the table. Mom disappears. Black again.*

*After a moment, Muka pops onto the screen, lounging.*

MUKA

Ain't she a cunt?

*Jerry relaxes. Muka moves to the upper right of the screen and peels it back, revealing images born from Jerry's mind.*

JERRY

The city I live in is a tomb, the people are walking dead. The garbage stinks like shit, waiting to be taken to the city dump where it will rot in a hole for ten thousand years. Prostitutes on corners wearing white vinyl go-go boots up to their thighs and rabbit fur coats.

*The images settle on John, best described as clinging fast to the concept and fashion of grunge rock. We see Jerry's POV.*

JERRY

So my buddy John and me smoke a lotta pot and listen to rock to keep our minds off how bored we are.

*John hands Jerry a joint, then blows him a kiss.*

JERRY

Sometimes we thought about unnatural acts together, but neither of us knew how to be gay.

JOHN

(points)

Look!

*Jerry's POV pans up, following John's finger to a tall billboard, then zooms quickly close. An almost naked young woman holds a bottle of whiskey, insinuating if you drink the whiskey, girls like her will fuck you. Muka clings to a corner of the billboard with one hand, strokes a purple hardon with the other.*

JOHN

Damn! She makes my dick hard.

*Jerry stares at the billboard.*

JERRY

I watched the girl of eighteen from the pages of a fashion magazine with fascination, wondering if she could ever see me for me. But she ambushed me, cut off my arms and legs, my head without giving me time to scream. I felt blessed and cursed.

*Muka begins to convulse in orgasm, painting the young woman's billboard breasts with a jet of fluorescent orange jism. He loses his grip and drops with a yelp off the screen. The billboard girl winks.*

JERRY  
John?

JOHN  
What?

JERRY  
Sometimes I wish I was someone else instead.

JOHN  
I wish I could have nothing at all in my head.

JERRY  
John, the girl on the billboard amputated me.

JOHN  
(after a moment)  
Dude, you're high.

*Jerry returns his gaze to the beauty on the billboard. Flourescent jism drips.*

JERRY  
I felt almost certain the girl on the billboard winked at me. But maybe it was my twitch, or my Korean stab wound. I started to feel sorry for myself. Me and John were two sad zombies staring up at the suntan whiskey girl like she was a beacon in the night. It made me feel like buying a gun and starting a war. But I wanted to know what I'd be fighting for.

*Jerry looks at John.*

JERRY  
Want a pepperoni?

JOHN  
(coyly)  
Mmmm, pepperoni?

JERRY  
Pizza. Pepperoni pizza. Are you a repressed homosexual? Maybe you should go blow somebody.

JOHN  
Let's go to Joe Peeps! I like Joe Peeps cause he wears coke bottle glasses that make it look like he's swimming. And he makes good pizza.

JERRY  
You're a fucking idiot.

*Muka appears with a poof, excited at the prospect of pepperoni pizza. He leads them through the streets, life on fast forward.*

JERRY

Maybe it was subconscious, maybe habit.

*They slam to a halt in front of a house.*

JERRY

We ended up in front of an old girlfriend's house, looking through her window, watching her out-of-control dancing.

*Sally dances with wild abandon in her living room. She is a tall, dark haired beauty with big dark eyes. She is at once magical and terrifying.*

JERRY

I was paralyzed with fear. I wanted...but didn't want to see Silly Sally. It seemed every time I talked to her I said the wrong thing. It didn't always use to be that way.

*The image of dancing Sally wavers and changes to a bright sunny field, a moment from the past. Jerry and Sally, a picnic...a movie in his mind, we see Jerry with her.*

JERRY

Silly Sally and me used to talk all the time, late into the night. We'd sit in a dark room to make it intimate.

*In the movie...*

JERRY

Sally, I can hardly wait for the day when you say "I do."

SALLY

That's so sweet, Jerry.

JERRY

Love is like flying a kite, you never want to let go.

SALLY

That's so sweet, Jerry.

JERRY

My darling Sally, we're following our dreams, just like they do in the Hollywood pictures.

SALLY

Jerry, life is wonderful with you. You are my soul mate and make me want to have another baby with you. We're coming into our own, Jerry, can you feel it? Let's go home, to my room...Mama ain't gonna mind.

*Throughout the next, Jerry and Sally make love in her bedroom, Hollywood movie style.*

JERRY

Things were going perfectly for a long time. We went to Chinese restaurants, watched TV, went to the movies. I bought her things, nice dresses, makeup, anything she wanted, I could deny her nothing. She had a way about her, that little girl sexy look, I just couldn't say no. Her daughter, Kathy, even started calling me Daddy, we felt like a family. I finally had something to live for.

*Sally is on top, orgasms. Rolls off and sits on the side of the bed.*

JERRY

Little did I know then Sally was a woman living in the shadows of her past, and she was comfortable in those shadows, tortured by ghosts and demons.

*Sally lights a cigarette. Her face has become dark, cloudy.*

JERRY

Little by little them demons started showing their ugly little heads, their claws reaching out trying to grab me.

*In the movie...*

SALLY

Get out.

JERRY

What?

SALLY

Get the fuck out.

*She stands abruptly, as if being near him makes her sick. She moves to the foot of the bed, faces him defiantly. On stage...*

JERRY

Those demons made her say and do crazy things, she was nice one minute, then accusing me of fucking other women, of not loving her enough.

*In the movie...*

JERRY

But baby, what did I do?

SALLY

You make me wanna puke.

JERRY

Oh Sally, don't, I love you, that's crazy talk!

SALLY

Don't call me crazy, DON'T YOU FUCKING CALL ME CRAZY!

JERRY

(crawling to her)  
Please, baby, please...

SALLY

Don't fucking come near me! Listen, Jerry, listen to me.

JERRY

What, Sally, what?

SALLY

(coldly)  
I tried to masturbate thinking of you. It didn't work. Get the fuck out.

*Jerry starts to get up, dazed.*

SALLY

Wait...you got any money? I need some money, I gotta baby and a mama to take care of.

*The image shatters back to the now, Jerry's POV, Sally still dancing.*

JERRY

Of course I gave her money, all I had in my wallet. She stopped taking my calls after that. She was my royalty, my queen. Now she's only my dream. I may act like an idiot but inside I'm an ocean of love trying to find a way out. That's why she's Silly Sally, silly for throwing away my love and loyalty until the day I die.

*Suddenly John lurches forward and bangs on the door.*

JERRY

(a frantic whisper)  
What the fuck are you doing?

JOHN

What you're too much of a pussy to do yourself.

*Sally throws open the door and stares, frozen, pissed. After moment, she turns and goes back in, but leaves the door open. John smiles and nods an "I told you so" as he follows Sally inside. Jerry hesitates, then approaches the doorway. He is astonished to see Muka lounging on the back of the couch.*

*Sally continues dancing, the music loud and obnoxious, taking slugs from a bottle of cheap red wine.*

SALLY

Take me to the crazy house!!

*Sally comes right into Jerry's face.*

SALLY

I'm taking the hair of the dog!

*Muka likes this and does backflips on the couch. The song ends and Sally goes to the stereo to choose another.*

JERRY

Sally, why did you bust my balloon, we were going places together, weren't we?

SALLY

I thought you were going to be somebody, but you're a nobody, just another fucking pothead.

JERRY

But you're the one crazy on drugs and wine!

*The next song pounds, Sally dances with wild anger.*

SALLY

I'm not a druggy drunk, I'm drinking to ease the pain, drinking my way through things. Drinking makes me smarter!

JERRY

I'm worried for you Sally.

SALLY

Fuck you! You messed up my life so much I have to medicate!

*She gets within inches of Jerry's face, a close-up of the anger, the seething demons.*

SALLY

Did you brag to your friends that you fucked me in the ass? You're a fag, John's your fag boyfriend and you're afraid to admit it!

*Sally dances away. John lights a joint.*

JERRY

I wasn't offended. All I could think about was how much her breath stank. Silly Sally danced like a stripper, massaging her breasts and licking her lips to make me horny. It was working.

*Sally stumbles, slams her shin into the coffee table, letting loose a string of curses. Jerry moves toward her.*

SALLY

Stay away from me, I don't need your help!

JERRY

I'm really worried for you!

SALLY

Fuck you fuck you fuck you fuck you.

JERRY

Why are you so upset?

JOHN

Where's your kid?

*Sally stops dead. She turns off the stereo, moves close to John who cowers.*

SALLY

What do you care, are you the fucking father?

JOHN

I, uh... no I...

SALLY

Hey, John, give me some money, I want to go out with my friend Jessica, the night is young and you two are sooo BORING!

*Sally grabs the joint from John and takes a long hit.*

JERRY

Silly Sally and me used to party together, until she became obsessive and compulsive. When she blew out the smoke I saw whatever sense she had left float into the air. She thought she was happy. I just think she didn't know any better.

*Sally drinks more from the bottle, spilling the red wine down the front of her tight white t-shirt. She doesn't care. She dances again, this time to no music, the effects of the wine and pot showing.*

JERRY

Hey, how about we go to the diner tomorrow?

SALLY

Tomorrow doesn't look good for me.

*She staggers.*

SALLY

I'm seeing double.

*She pukes into an empty fruit bowl.*

SALLY

This is my life. This is what you made me do. I used to love you so much, and this is what you turned me into. This is how I cope day to day without hope. Are you happy?

*The image shifts, loses color.*

JERRY

Every color in that room at that moment seemed to fade to gray. She had no idea. How much I loved her, how much she was my world.

Sally, you know you can always count on me to be your friend, no matter what?

SALLY

You wanted us to be like Doris Day and Rock Hudson. That ain't me.

*The color slams back in.*

SALLY

I gotta get out of here, give me ten dollars, huh? I need some action in my blood!

JERRY

You wanted to be a somebody, Sally, what happened?

SALLY

Fuck you again.

*Sally's mom appears in a doorway, spaced out and smiling like everything's Christmas. A romance novel in her hand, a faded and worn bathrobe, blue fuzzy slippers.*

SALLY'S MOM

Is there a bottle for the baby?

SALLY

In the fridge, mama.

SALLY'S MOM

Do you like the Phantom of the Opera? I just saw it at the picture show.

SALLY

Mama, that was weeks ago! Get the baby milk and go back to your room. Did you take your medicine?

SALLY'S MOM

Don't talk to me like that! You're high again. You think you can boss me around, but I'm not gonna take it. One day there'll be no one here to clear your head, no one to talk you out of your crazy thoughts. I'm tired of being here telling you the last words you just said. I've got better things and places to be. Watch it young lady or I'm gonna take that baby and go and you'll be all alone!

*She seems to notice Jerry for the first time.*

SALLY'S MOM

Are you recording this?

JERRY

No ma'am.

SALLY'S MOM

One day she's gonna sober up and owe you a big fat apology!

*She goes into the kitchen.*

JERRY

She's right.

SALLY

Fuck you.

JERRY

Silly Sally, if I had my own way you and me would be together right now!

SALLY

I don't want to be your girl, you're just a party crasher!

*Sally turns the music back on and returns to dancing.*

SALLY

I have sinned, we're all going to hell! We're all wicked people, all I'm doing is having a little fun, doing what I please, thank you very much! It makes me happy! Who cares if I steal, manipulate men, they manipulated me. Fuck my father! Men use me. What do I have to show for all those guys I fucked and sucked? It's a wicked evil world. I don't believe in god, but I DO believe in hell and we're heading there, getting closer every day!

JERRY

You paint yourself up but you can't hide your drunk face, dope droopy eyes, your skin decay...you're getting old before my eyes.

SALLY

I should punch you in the face!

*Instead she dances.*

JERRY

I had no idea how things had come to such a sorry state. In that very living room only a year before we were snuggled up on that couch and she was telling me how I was her "special someone" and how she wanted to marry me. I thought she had moved beyond the temptation of other men and her adolescent party phase. And I believed her when she said...

*The image of Sally dancing dissolves into Sally of a year ago, close-up, beautiful.*

SALLY

I'm a mother and I have responsibilities. I want nothing more than a home and security, I'm so tired of running and struggling. I want to be a homebody and boring. I want to be yours and you to be mine.

*The beauty melts into the ravage of now, close-up.*

SALLY

You're a dangerous crazy fuck! I don't trust you.

*She backs away, wary.*

JERRY

Sally, this moment here just reminded me of when we first met, do you remember? Right here on this sofa, you gave me a hand job.

SALLY

I'm not interested in your bullshit! How responsible you are, what a great life we would have together!

JERRY

I can tell you're angry. Sally...

SALLY

I got love for you, Jerry, I really do. I'm just too fucking lazy to give it to you.

*She slaps Jerry hard across the face, knocking him to the ground.*

JOHN

Ouch!

MUKA

That had to hurt!

*Sally's mom appears from the kitchen with the baby bottle, looking like she experienced a religious revelation. She clutches her romance novel tightly against her bosom like it was the holy book.*

SALLY

Mama, what the hell are you on? Are you all right?

SALLY'S MOM

I saw a figure, it was reflected in the toaster, it was distorted but I could make it out.

SALLY

Mama, don't start talking crazy again, I don't like it.

JOHN

What'd you see in the toaster?

*Sally's mom takes a deep breath. She stares ahead, a million miles away. She channels.*

SALLY'S MOM

There was a big guy and I could see he had a big idea. In his hands he worked with this putty and worked it around until it became the world. He held it like it was a basketball and looked at it like something was missing, then he waved his hand and the world was full of people. He threw that world as far as he could into the darkness and it went into orbit. But then the big man remembered something and ran after the world, he remembered people were going to be wicked so he waved his hand again and his son Jesus appeared on that world and the big man whispered that Jesus had to do something special. "Tell the truth, Jesus," is what he said. And Jesus nodded and smiled and told the truth like it was never told before. "I am here, sent by the big man to tell the truth." Jesus was like a super hero, but not everybody thought he was a hero, some people were jealous and wanted him dead. So they beat him up and took everything he had and hung him up on a cross and looked at him telling jokes, playing poker, dancing strip teases and making faces at him. But Jesus was happy, he just smiled at them and it was a happy ending. "Is this what you wanted, big man?" Jesus said as he looked up to the sky. And the big man looked down at the world and smiled and nodded, "Yes, you have done well. People are wicked and stupid but now they have known your love." And because of that we are here today.

*She comes back to the here and now.*

SALLY'S MOM

That's what I saw in the reflection of the toaster just now. Now I'd best be getting to bed, I'm a little tired.

*She turns and wanders out of the room, followed by Muka, entranced.*

JOHN

I want to see that toaster!

SALLY

You guys need to leave.

JOHN

Shit, that toaster may be a miracle right there in that kitchen!

*Sally will have none of it, shoos them toward the door. She lands her gaze hard on Jerry, her face serious.*

SALLY

I want some space to think about us. Thank you and good night!

*She slams the door in their faces.*

JERRY

I love you so much still, Silly Sally!

SALLY

(through the door)  
Day late and a dollar short!

*Jerry stares for a long moment at the door.*

JOHN

Wanna go to the park, smoke one?

JERRY

Yeah, ok.

*They set out through the dark streets, life in fast forward again.*

JERRY

Walking those dark streets with John felt like two lonely wolves without a pack. But I was satisfied. She was angry and that meant she still loved me.

*They slam to a stop at a park picnic table. They sit across from each other, John lights a joint.*

JOHN

So what really happened between you two, I thought you had something sweet going.

*Jerry takes a long hit off the joint, slowly exhales with a cough.*

JERRY

We were making marriage plans. Until one day this basketball player with big ears came by and took her to the video arcade. The whole time we were kissing and making wedding plans and holding hands she was sneaking around with this big eared fuck named Pete. But I didn't know, I didn't suspect anything cause I loved and trusted her. Then one night I had a dream, Silly Sally was playing the guitar in the pawn shop and a big eared guy behind the counter was videotaping her every move. I could see she was in love again. That dream freaked me out so bad I went to the all night diner and sat under the florescent glare and watched the waitresses go by. Their big butts going rump rump rump made me feel better. By the time the sun came up the ashtray was full of butts and I was all jittery from three pots of coffee. That sunlight was all too real when I left the diner. I decided I'd give her another chance, I went over to her house and I was going to knock but something caught my eye through the window. Guess what I saw? Silly Sally and big eared fucker Pete on the floor looking like a white pasty-skinned wrestling match.

*Another hit off the joint. Another exhale and cough.*

JERRY

Sometimes you just gotta move on, John. Lord I wish I could.

*John is silent, contemplating. He has an epiphany.*

JOHN

What a great idea for a movie! You could sell it to Hollywood! I can see everything like it was right now...movie of the week, maybe a mini series...or a game show! You could make some money off that shit, dude.

*Jerry in shocked silence.*

JERRY

Seriously? John, that was from my heart. Don't you hear me crying inside? This is NOT a fucking game show! I'm a shattered man, I don't have any friends except you. I'm so lonesome I get dressed looking at myself in the mirror for company. Listen and learn,

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JERRY (cont'd)

John, cause this shit can happen to you if you don't watch out. I'm like a pathetic lonely little monkey in a cage, jacking off till someone throws me a peanut or a piece of smushed banana. I'm that monkey just hoping for Silly Sally to come look at me, give me a little attention. Did you hear what she said just before she slammed the door?

JOHN

I think it was "fuck you."

JERRY

No, John, it was "I need a little space to think about US!"

JOHN

So?

JERRY

She said US! You know what that means?

JOHN

What?

JERRY

It means there's still a chance, a glimmer of hope for "US!"

JOHN

Jerry, man, you really need to move on with your life.

*Jerry's bubble, burst.*

JERRY

No, man, NO! I'm DEVOTED! And I'm gonna prove it to Silly Sally, a word of kindness, softness in her eye, that's all I need right now. Because I'm sensitive and aware and understanding. What are you smiling at? Fucker. I know I'm still her little monkey, damn it. But I'm putting my heart and contradictions out there, seeing if she'll bust my heartstrings. You don't know how it feels to be Silly Sally's little monkey, waiting for her to come by your cage just to take a look and say hello!

JOHN

It's like a movie!

JERRY

Shut the fuck up, John! This is important!

JOHN

Cut the shit, Jerry, you've done the same thing to women! Sold your love for free room and board. Silly Sally is just surviving the best she

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JOHN (cont'd)  
can...doing the same, looking for love with big ears. Doing and saying whatever it takes. She don't know it's lies and manipulation, she's just surviving like life taught her.

*Jerry absorbs this.*

JOHN  
Remember when I bought a car just so I could get a girl in the back seat? Looking for love, that's all it was. That's all anybody does anything for, looking for love, getting a piece of ass and then you die. I met a girl in a bar the night I bought that Buick LeSabre. Marylou. She didn't have anything else to do, so we got into the back seat just like I imagined, the power of positive thinking, and she took her clothes off. I took mine off, and we were fidgeting and fiddling, all naked and ready to begin, ya know put the round peg in the round hole. But instead I put her bra on, and her panties. I didn't know I was going to do it...I liked the way they felt, all little red frilly lace. I was looking for love. Not in the back seat of the Buick LeSabre, but in myself. And that night with Marylou I found it.

*Pause.*

JERRY  
Shit.

*Another pause.*

JERRY  
I never knew. I know Marylou, what'd she say?

JOHN  
"DON'T RIP MY PANTIES!!!"

*A moment...than they burst into laughter.*

JERRY  
John, I feel like I just crawled into a casket and somebody shut the lid. It's dark and all I can feel is the satin upholstery. It's quiet. Secure. Dead.

JOHN  
Hey man. Take a moment. Close your eyes.

JERRY  
OK.

*The image goes black.*

JOHN  
Breathe deep. OK, now what do you see?

JERRY

I'm high on mountaintop overlooking far and wide a valley filled with shopping malls and houses.

JOHN

Wow, that's cool! What else?

JERRY

I walk into a store and there's a clown handing out balloons. His name is Spanky, he has a red nose and big feet. People are buying up everything in the store, their arms are full of clothes and small appliances and sex toys. The people are all fighting and punching and slapping. Spanky the clown cashes a woman's paycheck, he whips out a big wad of cash and peels off bills like a bigshot. When she turns around all delighted and ready to shop, Spanky stabs her in the back. She shakes and shivers on the floor, trying to scream but nothing comes out of her mouth but a small baby's arm, reaching desperately.

JOHN

OK, enough, man, shit that's weird. Open your eyes!

*The image opens...they are no longer in the park, they are across the street from a bar and grill.*

JOHN

Jerry, man, you ok? That was some heavy shit.

JERRY

John, it's goodbye to the lonely hearts club, man. I've made my resolve, Silly Sally and me wouldn't have worked out anyway. I deserve better, someone more appropriate to my social and intellectual status. I need to find a nice girl to be sweet on and be my understanding lover and not a cow. I'm heading out west for a much needed change of scenery. All the pretty girls are out west anyways.

JOHN

Jerry, you're one heck of a man.

JERRY

Thanks buddy.

JOHN

Ya know, I was hoping to at least cop a feel tonight.

JERRY

You're not my type.

JOHN

Not you...

*He points across the street. A bubbly big-bosomed blonde walks down the sidewalk toward the entrance of the bar.*

JERRY

There she was...Meaty Margaret. A little chunky but a pretty face and full of fun. Probably had stretch marks like she'd been grilled all up and down her plump butt. But big bouncy titties to die for. She was going to work at the grill, we waved and yelled but she didn't say anything, just stopped and stared. I remembered she had bad eyesight.

*Jerry and John cross the street and follow Meaty Margaret into the bar.*

JERRY

I used to like her a lot but I didn't know how to express myself, so I drew her pictures. She didn't like them, said they were filthy, nasty and perverted. She worked for the city parks and recreation, wore an orange jumpsuit and chewed bubblegum and I fell in love with her.

*They slip into a booth.*

JERRY

She used to have dark hair, but now it's blonde. I still like her, but I can't love her...though she sure looked good in that orange jumpsuit.

*A tall, big nosed girl walks by the booth.*

JOHN

Hey baby, you want a sandwich?

BIG NOSED GIRL

What?

JOHN

You want a sandwich?

BIG NOSED GIRL

OK. Can I sit with you guys?

JOHN

Yeah, sure.

BIG NOSED GIRL

How about two sandwiches?

JOHN

You must be real hungry!

BIG NOSED GIRL

No, I got a girlfriend over there.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Oh, OK, sure, go get her.

*Big Nose skips away happily to get her friend.*

JERRY

How do you do it, man?

JOHN

It's primordial. Provide food. We are the hunters. Everyone must eat, I just see of they look hungry. You can see it in their eyes.

*Big Nose makes her way across the bar with a skinny little girl in tow. She has a hard face that looks like a cocked gun.*

JOHN

You take the skinny one, Jerry, I like em big.

JERRY

I'm afraid of her, John. She might shoot me or at least cut me with her razor blade eyes

JOHN

Jerry, look at this situation that is presenting itself. Do you want to get laid? What are you afraid of?

JERRY

I'm afraid of a lot of things. Castration. Being a fool. Becoming a monkey again like I am with Silly Sally. I'm wounded and I don't know if I'll ever recover. It's post-traumatic stress, man...I've been to Nam.

*Muka appears on the by the jukebox, dancing a jig.*

JOHN

Jerry, time is money in the casino of life!

*The girls arrive at the table.*

BIG NOSED GIRL

Where's the sandwiches?

JOHN

What kind do you want? Ham and cheese?

BIG NOSED GIRL

Sure, yeah, with extra pickles.

*The skinny girl feels for a place to sit. She sits next to Jerry. Big Nose sits next to John.*

JERRY

Hey, are you blind?

BETTY

I am. Is that OK?

JERRY

No. I mean yeah, that's fine if you want to be blind.

*She smiles, amused.*

BETTY

You have a cute voice.

*Jerry is charmed, flattered.*

JERRY

Well, thanks.

*She giggles.*

JERRY

You seem so amused! Um, what's your name?

BETTY

Betty.

JERRY

I'm Jerry. Nice to meet you. Blind Betty.

*Another giggle.*

JERRY

There you go, all amused again.

*Betty puts her head on his shoulder.*

BETTY

When I cry no one understands, so I stay amused. You don't know how much being amused hurts. You don't know what it's like to live in black dirt twenty-four seven.

*She lifts her head and looks toward Jerry.*

BETTY

I used to be happy. I used to watch the sunrise, and see my dog wag his tail.

JOHN

Hey, let's order those sandwiches, and see what's on the jukebox.

*John and Big Nose get up and leave Jerry and Betty alone. They are silent.*

JERRY

I didn't feel I had to say anything because she knew exactly what I was feeling and what I wanted, extrasensory. She was spooky. Whenever I feel that with a person I usually ask them to lunch. when I though that I felt her story, the volume turned up loud.

*Betty looks toward Jerry.*

BETTY

Mister?

JERRY

Yes?

BETTY

I don't want to poke around your trash, but I feel something uneasy with you.

*Jerry zooms into Betty's blind eyes, dark as the cosmos.*

JERRY

Her words lifted me and took me to outer space where I became a satellite watching the reactions on her face. I could see a picture of us in the red vinyl booth and I felt I could say as much as I pleased but not as much as I wanted. She was a little girl I was falling in love with, but I had no idea who she was.

BETTY

Mister...

*Betty's face zooms back into view.*

BETTY

Where did you go?

JERRY

That's amazing...you're blind! You're blind, you can't see but you see everything! That's amazing, incredible...how do you do that?

BETTY

I was born naturally in a warm tub of water in Russia, and right now I'm going back to that place I used to call home in the Ural mountains. Are you that little boy I fell in love with when I was a girl and could see clearly?

*She takes Jerry's face in her hands.*

BETTY

Let your satellite orbit close. Come in for a landing.

JERRY

You're right. I have forgotten how to love myself.

*Betty's face melts into a soaring image of her Ural Mountains...rolling hills, winding rivers, majestic trees against a blue sky with pillow clouds.*

BETTY

God is the artist that painted that pretty picture.

*Betty's face returns.*

JERRY

I know I'm such a weird guy that you can never take me seriously. Do you think I'm a monkey?

*Betty feels the features of Jerry's face.*

BETTY

You can get sex plenty, a cute guy like you. You probably have all sorts of nice girls interested in you. You can get it anywhere and get your fill. But there is always a price.

*She puts her hand on his knee, runs it up to his crotch and feels him.*

BETTY

Mister, you don't have to be nice to me. I can feel you really care about somebody else. I know who it is.

*A waitress brings two sandwiches and two beers.*

BETTY

I wanna dance...you wanna dance?

JERRY

I do.

*Muka picks a song on the jukebox as Jerry guides Betty out to the dance floor. They dance, Betty occasionally bumps into people...but she laughs, having too much fun. As the song ends she hugs Jerry close, then kisses him, long and hard. They part, still dancing slow, lost in each other.*

JERRY

You're one hell of a dancer there, young lady.

BETTY

I've been up and down, Jerry, more down though. It's hard not to be when you're always knocking into things, and you get horny and have no idea what a guy looks like. Some fellas treat me rude and crude, but

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)

not you. It's not often I'm treated any good. I know what love is, Jerry, and how precious it is since I lost my sight.

JERRY

You're right, Betty, when you get down to the nitty gritty of life it's all about how you look. You don't look or smell pretty, nobody wants to look at you, they don't want you around. I mean, look at me...

*Betty giggles.*

JERRY

Oh, sorry, I guess you can't. People say I look odd, look sloppy. But you look so pretty right now, Betty.

*They kiss again.*

JERRY

I've been depressed about another woman, Betty, and tonight I saw her and it got me all agitated again. I've been feeling so pessimistic about life and women that all I wanted to do was sit at home and watch the toilet flush. You know it's fascinating the way it swirls around, there's a certain freedom in it. Jesus, I'm sorry, I'm talking too much.

BETTY

I like the sound of your voice, Jerry.

JERRY

You think you can ever take a weird guy like me seriously?

*Betty stops, pushes Jerry to arm's length, her face slack.*

JERRY

Betty, you ok?

*She looks toward his voice, and smiles brilliantly.*

BETTY

Jerry, I need you to take me in your arms, hold me tight and swirl me around as fast as you can!

JERRY

OK!

*A lively swing song blasts from the jukebox as Jerry holds Betty tight and begins to swirl her around, faster and faster, the neon lights of the bar blending together in streaks of*

*florescent color. Betty laughs and laughs. Jerry begins laughing with her, standing up from the table, straining against his shackles. The music grows louder, blending with Betty and Jerry's laughter. Suddenly the television explodes in a shower of sparks as Jerry's shackles release and fall to the table with a clatter. At the same time the swirling image on the screen explodes into a million bits of color that fade away into blackness. The stage is pitch black.*

*After a long moment.*

JERRY

Hello? Where am I?

*With a poof, Muka appears, lounging in the lower left of the screen, his lime green hair in sharp contrast to the darkness. Jerry is silhouetted against the screen, standing on the table and facing the screen.*

JERRY

MUKA!

MUKA

Jerry, my man...

BETTY

*(in darkness, unseen)*

Yes, Muka is here. He has been watching over you, Jerry.

JERRY

Are you an angel? Is this heaven?

*Betty's face slowly fades into the screen, relieving the blackness in an extreme close-up, Jerry's silhouette fitting perfectly between her eyes. She is no longer blind, and a colorful ever-changing aura surrounds her perfect features.*

BETTY

All of the planets are in perfect alignment with our sun. Their combined gravitational pulls are together working on the sun to cause a tremendous pressure within the solar system. This is having a profound effect upon your Earth.

JERRY

You mean...you're not from Earth?

BETTY

Not in the way you understand. The body of the woman you are talking to is Betty. She was a good person

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)

who died many years ago. She was able to let go, and to see us, like you see us now. She loved deeply. You love deeply as well, Jerry, and love is our vibration, it is the essence of what we share.

JERRY

Wow, this is the burst of another universe! I'm so happy all of a sudden after being so sad! And all this time I thought the butt wipes ruled the world! I love you, Betty!

BETTY

After walking so many lonely miles, Jerry, you have found a friend.

JERRY

And Muka is one of your kind?

BETTY

Muka was sent to guide and protect you until your moment of realization.

JERRY

And all this time I though I was crazy, and wasting my time. Lying on the floor thinking about Sally and how she didn't want to be my girl and maybe I was wasting my time. Now everything is going to be all right, right Betty?

BETTY

You must know, Jerry, that Sally was once one of our kind, from our sacred vibration dimension of love. She was sent to teach you...and to learn from you. But she got confused, she let the anger and hatred so abundant in your world affect her in ways we never imagined possible. Now she is like a tom cat, wandering the world looking for her heart of love.

JERRY

My poor Sally!

BETTY

You must give her time to find her way back in her own way. for now she must care for the dead of her past.

JERRY

But I know in my heart Sally will care for me again. I dream that she'll lay me in a real fancy coffin and comb my hair, put make-up on me and put marbles in my eyes.

BETTY

Jerry, your love is greater than Sally. You must understand love through the lessons Sally has taught,

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(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)

and you must bring your understanding of the vibrational manifestations of love to your Earth. This is your purpose, Jerry, and to put it simply, you must get the job done. You live on a world with many lonely places and sad faces without love. It is unsustainable, Jerry, and the universe does not suffer the unsustainable gladly. Do not ignore the prophetic warning I am imparting. Do you understand?

JERRY

Yes, Betty...I must touch as many lives with the lessons of love I've been given.

BETTY

Yes.

JERRY

(after a moment)

Betty...can you be my seeing eye dog, cause I feel blind!

BETTY

You're going to make it, Jerry, you'll be fine.

JERRY

Yes...yes, I will.

BETTY

It's time to be reborn, Jerry. Now, step into that coffin.

*Betty's aura glows brighter and achingly colorful, it's intensity enveloping Jerry until it explodes into whiteness, then settles into dark.*

*Curtain.*