

Sex Sex Sex

by  
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WOODROW

(In black)

SEX! SEX! SEX!

Lights up on Woodrow. He stands in front of a door, over which a neon sign flickers "PEEPLAND". Or at least "PEPL ND". Dancing neon women gyrate in the window.

Woodrow is in his 40s. He wears a dirty jacket, red ear-flap hat, and weeks of unchecked beard stands in the doorway, clutching flyers.

WOODROW

Step right up, baby, step right up! See what you want to see! See what you dreaming about! You know it's true and you know you do!

Unseen men pass by Woodrow, as he busks for their attention.

WOODROW

Right on inside, just ten bucks. Sex! Sex! Sex! Ten bucks cover, baby! You know you want, you know we got it! Come on now, come on.

The unseen men move on.

WOODROW

Oh, come on now, my brothers, don't be shy, don't be shy! Sex! Sex! Sex! Say it now, say it with me, it feels good to say it! It feels GOOD to say! All you's got to do is peep, baby! Someone else doing all the work, you just got to peep! What's a peep anyway? 'Peep'! How short is that, now, baby?

A beat.

WOODROW

Come on, now, all it is is a short little peep, you can't get in trouble with the baby Jesus for a peep! The missus can't get up in your face for a peep! A few seconds in all the minutes filling up your little lives! Live a little, now! Ten bucks now!

More unseen men, ignoring Woodrow.

WOODROW

Come on, now, brother man! Sex! Sex! Sex! Just inside! Women how you want them! You know you thinking about it, baby, and there's nothing wrong with it, nothing at all!

It's nature, man, nature's calling! The good calling! Come on, all y'all want to see what I got in there waiting! All y'all do! It's a fact! A natural fact! Only ones of you ain't interested by what I got inside are the faggots, and that ain't all y'all! That ain't all y'all! That's just like one in ten of y'all, one in ten of y'all smoke the cock, the other nine lick the trim! Statistics ain't lying, baby, not about that! Not about that! If ten of y'alls walk past, then nine of y'alls should walk right on inside, that's statistics! Nine of y'all should march right on in, and the one who don't just has to wait for the next group of ten!

A beat.

WOODROW

Oh, don't be looking at me like that, don't be looking at me like that, man! There's nothing wrong with it! I got what you want, why you got to deny the want? Nothing wrong with the want, man! Nothin t'all wrong with the want!

A beat.

WOODROW

Five bucks. Come on, y'all, five bucks gets you all you want and more!

A beat.

WOODROW

Y'all got problems. Five bucks gets you what you think about all day! All day! You rather think about it than have it? You rather ponder than relish! Y'all what's wrong with the world, all y'all! Afraid to step outside your little minds! Not me, baby! Not me! I can't wait to go inside, all I want is y'all to come with me! Share the wealth! Share the joy, camaraderie, the brotherhood, man! The brotherhood! Y'all no different deep down, no different!

A beat.

WOODROW

You think about it all day! I know you do! I know you want it! You know how I know? Cause I'm one of you! One of you, goddamn it! You're head is my head! You think about it cause you want it, and you want how you want it, not how they give it! On your terms, baby, yours, not all conditional! Not tit for tat, this for that! You want it how you want it! That's what I'm giving! I got it how you want it! How you want it! Five bucks, baby! Sex! Sex! Sex!

Woodrow stops to catch his breath.

WOODROW

No cover charge, OK! Come on! This is the stuff, baby! Don't let it go to waste! Don't let it go to waste! Come on, ain't all of y'all cocksuckers! Come on, man!

A beat.

WOODROW

Not one of you? Not one of you willing to be a man tonight! To see what's in the backs of your minds? One of y'all must, come on, one of y'all must! I ain't the only one, I'm telling you that right now, I ain't the only one wants to see what's behind that door! I ain't the only one, y'all hear! I! AIN'T! ALONE! I AIN'T!

Woodrow slides to the ground.

WOODROW

Pussies.

He rises. Collects himself. Walks through the door.

Lights up inside the strip club.

Strippers lie bound, gagged, and disemboweled on the stage, blood-soaked legs splayed open to the empty chairs. A bartender lies next to the register, his head crushed in by the bloody bat on the floor next to him.

WOODROW

I ain't alone.

Woodrow disappears into the back room.

WOODROW (OFFSTAGE)

SEX. SEX. SEX.

From offstage, a single GUNSHOT.

Black.