

WAITER, WAITER

BY

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PRODUCTION NOTES

WAITER, WAITER takes place in two different parts of a restaurant at the end of the night. Both parts have their own distinctive style and feel, yet both have great impact upon the other, much like two planets colliding. However, in their own way, the spirit of each part should be somewhere on the knife-edge of reality and nightmare

Part One (*WAITER, WAITER*) is in the front of the restaurant, where social masks are held onto like life-jackets on a sinking ship. Dean and Margo must hold onto their smiles as if their lives depended on it. When they do momentarily put their masks aside, their entire world dangles by a thread. It is important not to mistake their passionate articulation for unattached, cerebral distance.

Whereas the style of Part One is based in restraint, the style of Part Two (*PEOPLE PEOPLE*) is one of quickly spreading chaos, like a wild party turning bad. Social masks slip off, revealing the scars underneath. At times, a collective spirit takes hold of the group and whips the waiters into a frenzy, only to drop them like an eagle dropping its catch into the momentary security of its aerie.

A fast pace is necessary: bing bang boom. THERE IS NO INTERMISSION.

In Part Two, each scene should get progressively tighter; each "chant" lifts them to a more heightened place, so by the end, the animal transmutations are a matter of course. But it is vitally important to the spirit of the play that we start on an aggressively "party" feeling that the waiters fight to maintain; the harshness of the language must be tempered with a buoyant joviality. I believe Mary Poppins said it best when she said, "Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, the medicine go down, the medicine go down...."

A minor note of sociological interest: The Eskimos hunt Polar Bears by inserting steel coils in hunks of beef, leaving the meat for the bears to find. The bear eats the meat, swallows the coil, which ultimately explodes in the bear's intestines, and kills the bear.

All in the name of survival.

CHARACTERS

DEAN: late thirties, well-oiled, upper management, bought a condo in the 80's; has put on a lot of weight. One might call him fat. Witty, intelligent, successful, completely crippled emotionally; sexually abused as a child. Has gained weight to desexualize himself. Loves his wife, Margo.

MARGO: early forties, well-oiled, upper management, bought a condo in the 80's; has always been suspiciously underweight. Killer wit, fast brain, powerful; takes care of things. Ovulating; wants to have a baby tonight. Within the hour. Loves her husband, Dean.

FANG: "Evil Queen"--works in an art gallery in the day, very with it, ahead of the trend, not too good looking, but makes his awkward looks appear chic--creates walls of confusion, puts people off balance so they can't get too close--very conspiratorial, works people against others, lives by chaos--too cool to live. Sharp tongue, sharp tooth.

WHIP: Actor--handsome African-American, appearance very important, hates himself and expresses it through sexual pursuits--sculpted body, likes rough sex.

FRED: Over-sexed, apparently affable--likes everybody, a typical bartender with a baseball cap--also a cock tease, essentially a penis on two legs. Rocky's lover, likes hard fast sex, like calisthenics--likes to be worshipped for his masculinity.

ROCKY: Blowzy, foul-mouthed bartender, one of the boys, crass, acts with her dick--wears funky variation on the required uniform. An Iron Maiden.

MIMI: Dancer turned would-be actress--obsessed with herself--impressed with TV work--Crystal's lover.

CRYSTAL: African-American, singer, pot-head, alcoholic, over-eater. Obsessed with making the most money--gets high from the start--waiting around to see what the others have made.

BETTY: Last night of training, a little scared but has waited tables before--just graduated, naive but adaptive, wants to be part of the group, is fresh and ready to go. Not yet contaminated by life.

DIVA: Burnt out, head waitress. Can't do it anymore--hates Betty because she was like her and now she is not--the steaming acid in her bloodstream is about to explode. One table too many. Tonight she smiles her last smile.

PART ONE

(Waiter, Waiter)

Darkness.

From far away, we hear the clinking of glasses and silverware--the noisy chatter of MEDIUM COOL, a popular restaurant in the Flatiron District. Hip, blue neon lights line the walls of the main room. The noise grows in volume; we hear snatches of customers ordering food, yelling "Waiter," laughing, talking.

[Note: This is a loud, trendy restaurant, run by the newest Chef du Jour. The atmosphere of the place is calculatedly sexy and hip. The waiters wear tight black jeans and cool, blue shirts that show off their bodies, making the connection between waiting tables and prostitution enticingly clear.]

As the noise rumbles to a climax, it is suddenly replaced with the opening blare of Judy Garland's GET HAPPY.

A light comes up on DIVA, the head waitress, slamming down two bowls of coffee in front of DEAN and MARGO, the last customers in the restaurant. BETTY, the new girl training with Diva, tries to stay out of the way while gently placing a small sliver of cake on the table.

Dean and Margo are aghast at Diva's harsh service, who turns and zooms away from the table. Betty uses a napkin to sop up some of the spilt coffee, and backs away from the couple, joining Diva at the bus-station along the back wall. Diva pulls out an unlit cigarette, fingers it, plays with it, wants it badly.

Dean and Margo turn back to their coffee and desert. Celebrating their 20th anniversary, they are a well-oiled couple using Prada leather and an army of credit cards to mask the Inner Hell of their lives.

Trapped in a co-op they bought years ago but can't seem to unload, they are specimens of the upper middle management breed, using plastic credit to create an existence for themselves they can barely keep up with each month. They use their Platinum Cards as life-jackets, but they are sinking nonetheless.

A huge mirror hangs behind them on the back wall, separating the front of the restaurant from the back room where the waiters cash out for the evening.

One by one, the other waiters pass by Diva on their way to the back of the restaurant where they will tabulate their cash reports.

CRYSTAL passes by holding her apron, her report, a salad and a glass of wine. She looks at the table, looks at Diva; they both shake their heads. With sympathy for Diva who is stuck with the last table of the night, Crystal says:

CRYSTAL

Get it, girl--

Crystal exits for the back.

WHIP crosses through with a cocktail; he shakes his head about the table. Trying to cheer her up, he snaps his fingers and says:

WHIP

Spike it, baby--

Whip exits for the back.

Checking her watch, Diva hands all her other checks to Betty, and instructs her to start the cash report in the back. After a brief hesitation, Betty exits for the back. Diva waits.

From the front bar come FRED and ROCKY, laughing. Fred carries the cash tray from the register; Rocky, still in her Shooter Ammo Belt, carries two long necked beers in one hand. Seeing the table and looking at Diva's face, they immediately size up the situation and try to bolster her with an Us-Against-Them Attitude:

FRED

Fuck it--(he and Diva High Five)

ROCKY

Suck it--(she and Diva High Five)

Laughing, they head for the back of the restaurant.

Diva stares at her watch.

MIMI, the pretty hostess, crosses by with a Daiquiri. Appraising the situation, she approaches Diva unseen, who is still staring at her watch. Intimidated by the Head Waitress, Mimi tries to show some esprit de corps exasperation:

MIMI

Fuck me, right?

Diva stares at Mimi until she withers away into the back of the restaurant.

Finally, FANG crosses through with his apron and two drinks on a tray. He looks at his watch and gives Diva a look of Waiter Horror. Desperately trying to stave off her explosion, Diva and Fang share an official smile. Fang rips the unlit cig out of Diva's mouth, and says:

FANG

Caching caching!

Fang gestures that the shot of Rebel Yell on his tray is waiting for Diva in the back, and exits.

As the song ends, Diva gives up and joins her peers in the back.

Dean and Margo are now alone.

DEAN

(smoking) Well, Margo, I for one have had a wonderful evening--

MARGO

So have I, Dean, so have I. All my life I've waited for this evening to arrive and now here it is, practically over.

DEAN

Thank God for Disney, absolute saviors of the American musical theatre.

MARGO

Only they could think of turning *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* into--

MARGO/DEAN

(singing) *U.F.O.HI.O--*

DEAN

They spent 4.5 million on a real spaceship.

MARGO

Makes the film look like a movie.

DEAN

Aliens in G-Strings. Astronomers in dance belts.

MARGO

Glenn Close as Richard Dreyfuss.

DEAN

Lines around the block

MARGO

An endless carpet of music.

DEAN

I'm absolutely numb!

MARGO

Three times better than THE LION KING.

DEAN

When the entire set lifted off the stage and exploded up through the roof--

MARGO

The high point of the theatrical season.

DEAN

The biggest piece of shit in years.

MARGO

But at least we saw it.

DEAN

At \$450 a pop, those tickets were worth sucking up to that Nazi ticket broker for his big third row mezzanine anniversary special.

MARGO

(setting up a familiar mantra) Sweetbread, if something is worth it—

DEAN

(finishing her sentence) It's expensive.

MARGO

The higher the cost—

DEAN

The greater the reward.

MARGO

It 's a basic law of nature.

DEAN

And Broadway.

MARGO

Precisely.

DEAN

You know, I didn't think I was going to make it, this city turns into a massive blood clot when you have to get somewhere.

MARGO

This city still has far too many people.

DEAN

And it doesn't have to. In Ireland, they eat the poor.

MARGO

Maureen O'Hara had such pretty hair.

DEAN

I'm so tired of this goddamn homeless thing. You can hardly walk down the street anymore without tripping over the shattered remains of someone's life. Couldn't they have listened to Guiliani and moved to Florida? It's so nice down there.

MARGO

Remember Bag Ladies, Dean. They were nice.

DEAN

You'll never guess what happened on the subway this morning--

MARGO

Fire bomb?

DEAN

Nope.

MARGO

Nerve gas?

DEAN

A panhandler with one leg fell in between the cars as we were pulling into Wall Street--

MARGO

How horrible, were you very late--

DEAN

Not very, but his whole spine was snapped and spun around. He lived a few minutes completely twisted like a human pretzel, then he died.

MARGO

New York can be such a hard place to live.

DEAN

But it really is the center of the universe.

MARGO

Especially if you're a Muslim Fundamentalist hopped up on goofballs looking to make a statement with a plane.

DEAN

Happy Anniversary, darling.

MARGO

Happy Anniversary, darling. Sweetface, let's get the check. I have a surprise for you at home.

DEAN

Let's enjoy tonight as long as we can, shall we dear?

MARGO

But the weather, honey, I want to get home before it hits.

A rumble of thunder.

DEAN

Margo, please, my Jumbo-decaf. Here, have this last teeny bite of Death by Chocolate.

MARGO

Go for it babe.

DEAN

Actually, I'm debating getting a second dessert in honor of the occasion. These portions are so small, so niggardly, I need something just a little bit more. Perhaps some Tiramisu--

MARGO

Deeeeeaaaaaan--

DEAN

Come on, honey-dew, it's been six months on that Atkins diet. I need some carbs.

MARGO

But you've done so well. Not only have you taken off those nasty three and half pounds, you've kept them off, too. That's the hard part.

DEAN

I couldn't have done it without your support, dear-tongue.

MARGO

(sincerely, and barely able to hold back her private agenda) We're here for each other, Thumper.

DEAN

I almost feel like we're ready to really start living now.

MARGO

I can feel it in the air.

DEAN

My little angel hair--

MARGO

Honey bear--

DEAN

Cupcake--

MARGO

Drool cup--

DEAN

Hairball--

MARGO

Sofa bed--

Diva enters, puts the check down in between them.

DIVA

How is everything, folks--

DEAN

Everything is great, right love--

MARGO

Great.

DIVA

That's great.

DEAN

Great.

MARGO

Great.

DIVA

Great.

I bet you're an actress, right? **DEAN**

Wrong. **DIVA**

Most waiters are. **MARGO**

I'm not. **DIVA**

Well, what do you do in real life? **DEAN**

I wait tables. **DIVA**

Oh. **DEAN**

It's quick, easy money, right? **MARGO**

Uh huh. **DIVA**

So I think I'll-- **DEAN**

I study voice. **DIVA**

See-- **DEAN**

I used to. **DIVA**

And-- **MARGO**

I stopped. **DIVA**

We love this restaurant. We're coming back. **DEAN**

Oh goody. **DIVA**

The truffle oil-- **DEAN**

MARGO

The Angel Hair with Lobster—

DEAN

The fine drizzle of pan-roasted Northeastern Pistachio essence on just about everything.

MARGO

And the largest mirror in Manhattan!

DEAN

We know the owner.

MARGO

Is Rocco here tonight?

DIVA

Roger. No.

MARGO

No, Rocco. We know him.

DIVA

Okay.

DEAN

We're old friends.

DIVA

Well, then, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind doing me just a little favor--

DEAN

And what would that be--

DIVA

Well, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind paying the check, that way I could do up my cash report, and then you two can sit here until I guess the cows come home.

MARGO

Sounds good to me--

DEAN

Don't rush us now, I was thinking about ordering something else--

DIVA

Uh huh.

MARGO

It's a special night.

DIVA

You know what though, I forgot to tell you, the kitchen is closed.

DEAN

Oh please don't tell me that.

DIVA

Sorry. They all went home. It's a long train ride back to Astoria, if you che habla my espanol.

DEAN

Now that just puts me right off--

MARGO

Let's go Dean--

DEAN

Well goddamnit, how about some Sambuca, some B&B, some fortified wine perhaps--Margo--

MARGO

If it will help, Dean--

DEAN

It couldn't hurt, Margo--

MARGO

Then let's shoot 'em back and saddle up!

DIVA

Uhm the bar is closed too.

MARGO

Excuse me, how can it be closed, we never got last call.

DIVA

Sorry. My fault. But the bar is closed.

DEAN

Did we tell you this was a special evening--

MARGO

She doesn't care, Dean. *(to Diva)* I used to work in a restaurant.

DEAN

Well, I care goddamnit.

DIVA

Uhm did you want to pay the check or shall I come right back--

DEAN

Actually, I'd like some more decaf please. Some jumbo double decaf.

DIVA

More decaf.

DEAN

(with as much self-satisfied graciousness as he can muster) Please.

Well now guess what. **DIVA**

What. **DEAN**

I turned off the machine and dumped all the coffee. **DIVA**

So turn it back on and make a fresh pot. **DEAN**

It takes two minutes. **MARGO**

She used to work in a restaurant. **DEAN**

I've already wiped it down-- **DIVA**

Look, indulge us, it's our 20th anniversary, we'll make it worth your while-- **DEAN**

Uh huh-- **DIVA**

Slight pause.

MARGO
(intervening on Dean's behalf) Just do it!

Fine. **DIVA**

There you go. **DEAN**

And make sure it's decaf-- **MARGO**

DEAN
(spelling it out for her) You take care of us, we'll take care of you--

DIVA
(with a big smile, eager to get rid of them) Whatever you say.

I'll send it back if it's not decaf. **MARGO**

Thank you. **DEAN**

I can tell the difference. **MARGO**

DEAN

Thank you.

Diva grabs the two coffee cups from the table and marches back to the coffee machine at the bus station. During the scene, she makes a fresh pot of coffee, placing the cups directly under the dripping coffee.

While she waits, she goes to the thermostat on the wall and lowers the setting as far as it will go.

DEAN/MARGO

Idiot.

MARGO

Trying to give attitude to people like us.

DEAN

Real people with Platinum Cards.

MARGO

And expense accounts.

DEAN

And 3,000 dollar monthly payments.

MARGO

(with pride) And a lifestyle we're barely able to maintain.

DEAN

Who does she think she is anyway--

WAITERS

(Off-stage) ANGEL HAIR WITH LOBSTER!

MARGO

Well, it is getting late, Dean. The clock is ticking.

DEAN

You only live once, honey.

MARGO

But I have a surprise for you when we get home, sweet-face.

DEAN

And I for you, dear-lip.

MARGO

I do so love you, my love.

DEAN

It's a special night, isn't it darling--

MARGO

It's a magical night humming with fabulous portent, darling--

A low rumble of thunder.

DEAN

Actually, it's a low pressure system up from the Gulf Stream.

MARGO

You're such a romantic.

DEAN

I definitely want something else, just to put a capper on the evening. I'm sure she can scrounge up something back there. Some parfait, a chocolate trifle maybe. Are you sure you don't want something else?

MARGO

Why Dean, you talked me into it--

DEAN

That's the spirit. What'll it be?

MARGO

A boy or a girl, Dean.

DEAN

But Margo, they're not on the menu.

They both laugh, he more than she. They smile through-out the following.

MARGO

Ah Dean, how wrong you are. You see, according to my psychotherapist, my gynecologist and Madame Jeanette at Psychic Friends Network, children are most definitely on tonight's menu.

DEAN

But I'm a vegetarian, dear.

MARGO

You're a fat, obsessive workaholic with a small penis, dear--

DEAN

Ouch!

MARGO

But you are my husband and tonight is the night I shall finally conceive.

DEAN

Margo, please, let's not go there--

MARGO

How can I make you understand the intractable tug of a woman's womb, Dean, the cellular legacy of history and blood pounding away like the raging surf on the shores of fecundity--

DEAN

Spare me the agony of your needs, Margo, I'm having too good a time.

MARGO

Dean, darling, when we got married you said you wanted children.

DEAN

When we got married, I was ready.

MARGO

Well, now I'm ready.

DEAN

Well, now I'm not.

MARGO

Maybe I'm crazy, but don't your very molecules rattle for reproduction with a certain mammalian frenzy--

DEAN

You already live a full and happy life, Margo, don't push it.

MARGO

I don't want a full and happy life, Dean, I want a child.

DEAN

Can't you settle for dinner and a show like everybody else?

MARGO

The clock is ticking, Dean--

DEAN

Sweetness, I mean this with all the love in my heart when I say that you are a withered old hag whose fallopian potential is but a distant memory.

MARGO

Ouch.

DEAN

(as if to the audience) Thank you, thank you very much.

MARGO

According to my doctor, I'm right on the cusp.

DEAN

Dovebar, your dust covered pelvis would crack into a thousand tiny pieces if you tried to pass so much as an olive through it.

MARGO

Not if we do it tonight, Dean, before it's too late.

DEAN

(a bit raw) Twelve years ago--eight--Margo, last year it wasn't too late, but you were too busy climbing your ladder and scraping your uterus and throwing my seed back in my face. You've had plenty of chances and now all I can give you is my love and my disgust.

Putting on her best Baby-Talk, Fuck-Me Smile:

MARGO

Dean, sweetiepie sugar lick, don't make me beg for this--

DEAN

Margo, darling nipple-tongue, I said I didn't want any.

MARGO

I'm your wife, Blini, I don't care what you want.

DEAN

Then do it yourself, Oh Holy Mother Goddess.

MARGO

Don't put ideas into my head, Thou Immense Ball of Skin.

DEAN

Don't call me that, You Stick-like Crone.

MARGO

(smiling) Jiggle-tits.

DEAN

(smiling) Poodle-breath.

MARGO

Bovino.

DEAN

Sow.

MARGO

Fatso.

DEAN

Bitch.

MARGO

Pencil dick.

DEAN

Leather pussy.

Having placed a metal coffee pot with a large red "D" under the still dripping coffee, Diva slams the two new cups down in front of them. [Note: if the coffee machine is too slow, Diva can cut the coffee with either hot tap water or old coffee sitting in a cold pot.]

DIVA

Here you go.

MARGO

(guarding her new outfit from possible coffee drops) Goddamnit, watch out. My new Vera Kaamasa-uki.

Dean knocks a spoon off the table so Diva can pick it up. She kneels, fetching the spoon.

Sorry. **DIVA**

And you're sure that's decaf. **DEAN**

I'm sure it's decaf. **DIVA**

And if I'm up half the night-- **DEAN**

How can you be sure it's decaf. **MARGO**

Because I used the *special* coffee pot with the big red D for Decaf on it, that's how I can be sure it's decaf. **DIVA**

Don't goddamn patronize me. **MARGO**

I'm not patronizing you. **DIVA**

Yes you are and stop disagreeing with me. **MARGO**

Fine. **DIVA**

It's our 20th wedding anniversary damn it-- **DEAN**

I used to work in a restaurant-- **MARGO**

So I've heard. **DIVA**

I know about good service. **MARGO**

It's been a long night. **DIVA**

Rumble of thunder.

Do you think you might be ready to pay the check now?

Dean and Margo deliberately sit back and take their time, controlling the moment, transferring their anger to the waitress.

In a minute. **DEAN**

MARGO

Don't rush us.

DEAN

Bring me some more Half and Half. Some *fresh* Half and Half.

DIVA

(under her breath; as much to herself as it is to Dean) Please.

DEAN

Excuse me?

DIVA

I think we're out.

MARGO

Well do you think you could check for us--

DEAN

If it's not too much trouble--

DIVA

It's in the back.

DEAN

THEN GO IN THE BACK AND CHECK WILL YOU PLEASE DO ME THAT FAVOR PLEASE!!

DIVA

(smiling) Why surely.

She grabs the empty creamer from the table and pounds off into the back of the restaurant.

DEAN

I mean, is it us?

From off-stage, we hear the sound of a ceramic creamer shattering against the wall.

MARGO

I don't think so, dear.

DEAN

(sipping coffee) Well, despite the diseased karma of our surly little Food Service Engineer, this coffee is absolutely wonderful.

MARGO

It can never take the place of a child, Dean.

DEAN

Couldn't we just buy a dog and poke it with sticks, Margo?

MARGO

Damn you Dean, don't you want more out of life than the dysfunctional scars of a normal childhood?

WAITERS

(off-stage) I WANNA GO TO ARUBA!

DEAN

You married a complicated man, darling.

MARGO

I'd divorce your tired ass in a second, darling, if it didn't mean having to start the whole miserable cycle all over again with another maladjusted bastard whose sole interest was in destroying my life.

DEAN

I do so love eating out.

Whip crosses through to change his clothes. His unbuttoned shirt reveals a muscular torso. He stops to admire himself in the largest mirror in New York City.

DEAN

(about Whip) Oh, look dear, another Model Slash Actor admiring himself in the largest mirror in New York City.

MARGO

Dean, that waiter has a wash-board stomach, but then again, you have a full washer and dryer, don't you?

DEAN

They all do, Margo. It's that genetic survival-of-the-fittest plantation thing.

MARGO

That chest, those legs, those firm, lovely buttocks.

DEAN

I'm sure his butt must get quite a workout.

MARGO

Another waiter with an 8X10 who couldn't get a job in a Dog Act,

DEAN

Over-compensating with steroids for talent he just don't have.

Whip exits.

MARGO

Well, I suppose it's better than blaming all your failures on a few foggy fragments of childhood sexual abuse, right?

DEAN

Margo, all you want is some passive marionette whose penis is controlled by the tide of your whims.

WAITERS

(off-stage) YES!

MARGO

What I want is a man strong enough to father my child.

DEAN

Your ovaries are filled with napalm, sweetness, the entire Red Chinese Army couldn't conceive with you.

Mimi passes through and exits to the front bar.

MARGO

(chanting, closing her eyes) You can't hurt me, you can't hurt me, you can't hurt me--*(she takes a big cleansing breath, lets it out, smiles)*. You can't hurt me, Dean, because tonight between 1:04 and 2:15, whether you like it or not, the planets will align, my chemicals will balance, and as God is my witness, I will conceive.

DEAN

Are you blind, Margo? The endless wars, the staggering national debt, the racial tension, the suicide bombers blowing themselves up in the name of God? Margo, you carry a gas mask in your Hermes bag, just in case. It's not the same world we grew up in.

MARGO

I don't care about the world, Dean, I care about me.

DEAN

Yes, my love, and I care about me.

MARGO

Then we're agreed, yes?

DEAN

No.

MARGO

No?

DEAN

Yes, You see, Margo, unlike Hamlet, I have leapt off the precipice of inertia down onto the jagged rocks of decisive action. I have finally decided to help myself.

MARGO

You haven't helped yourself for 20 years, Dean, except perhaps to the Haagen Das.

DEAN

Oh, thou false and callow harlot, the last laugh will most surely be upon thine own head.

MARGO

(looking at the check) Can the Ye Olde English, Dean, what are you trying to tell me?

DEAN

It's very simple, dear. This afternoon, I had a vasectomy.

A long, low rumble of thunder. Flouting all taboo, Dean lights up a cig in the empty restaurant.

DEAN

I wonder if she's coming with that cream.

MARGO

Dean.

DEAN

Margo.

MARGO

I'm--

DEAN

Yes?

MARGO

I'm non-plussed, Dean.

DEAN

Drink your decaf.

MARGO

You pathetic flaccid waste of hanging flesh.

DEAN

Great. You act as if I put no thought whatsoever into this.

MARGO

And you act as if I had planned on being irrevocably cheated out of the joyful pain of motherhood.

DEAN

Did I attack you three abortions ago for the selfish flushing of your womb, when I got down on my knees and begged you, I begged you to keep that baby because I was young enough and stupid enough to think we were actually ready to raise a child? I cried my eyes out when you got rid of that first one, but I'm just the sperm bank, right, what I want doesn't enter into the question.

Mimi crosses back through with a tray of drinks.

MARGO

Keep your weak-chinned little maw shut, darling, a woman's body is her own domain. You men want to keep us quarantined within the narrow boundaries of your sexist backlash, but I have news for you, bub, it is my God given right to choose exactly when and where I want the walls of my vagina expanded to ghastly new dimensions.

DEAN

Yes and it is *my* God given right to choose to not participate in an endless cycle of pain and despair.

Mimi exits.

Chicken! **MARGO**

Vulture! **DEAN**

Misogynist. **MARGO**

Whore. **DEAN**

Excrement. **MARGO**

Dominatrix **DEAN**

Puke-eating eunuch. **MARGO**

Castrating bitch. **DEAN**

Suddenly, Diva is at the table. Tense smiles all around.

We're out of cream. **DIVA**

We certainly are. **MARGO**

I'm sorry, but there's no smoking in the restaurant. **DIVA**

Dean smokes defiantly. Diva smiles, looks around, and whips out an ashtray from her apron. Anything to get this night over with.

DIVA
(referring to the check) Shall I take this for you now--

MARGO
We're in the middle of a conversation--

DIVA
Yes, I understand that, but I need to do up my cash report.

MARGO
We're not here for you, you're here for us.

DIVA
Gee, thanks for clearing that up.

MARGO

Listen, I will not accept this goddamn condescending attitude from some drool-covered, maggot-brained coma baby wallowing in the failed pipe-dreams of her petty little non-existent career.

DEAN

Where's the manager?

DIVA

(smiling) He's dead.

DEAN

Excuse me?

DIVA

I killed him.

MARGO

Are you trying to be funny? She's trying to be funny.

DEAN

They can shut you down for that.

MARGO

You'll be out of a job.

DEAN

A hateful blot of incompetent servility.

MARGO

Old and bitter before your time.

DEAN

Out on the street.

MARGO

A homeless little white girl peddling her pussy on the Number Two train in five minutes flat.

DEAN

See what happens when you don't get your Masters?

MARGO

No wonder so many waiters are alcoholics.

DEAN

And suicidal--

MARGO

You're going to die in this restaurant, a dried-out, chewed-up, run-down, odor-spewing, shit-sucking husk of what you could have been--

WAITERS

(off-stage) SPIKE IT! *(laughter)*

DIVA

I'll be around if you need me.

Dropping her smile as she turns from them, Diva puts all the chairs up on the other tables around Dean and Margo.

A low rumble of thunder.

MARGO

Well, now, it's over isn't it.

DEAN

Dinner, Margo?

MARGO

Us, Dean.

DEAN

Is that the best you can do--

MARGO

I never thought I'd say this Dean.

DEAN

What's that, Margo.

MARGO

(holding back a sob) You win.

WAITERS (OFF-STAGE)

SHE SAID IT!!

DEAN

The thrill of victory, the agony of defeat.

MARGO

You've razed our future like Sherman marching to the sea.

DEAN

20 years is a long time.

MARGO

20 years is a second.

DEAN

It's getting cold in here.

MARGO

The thermostat. She's freezing us out. An old waiter's trick.

DEAN

I suppose it's time to go.

MARGO

Go where? Home? Oh God, Dean--*(she puts her credit card on the check)*

DEAN

It's on me. (*he puts his credit card on the check*) Where's that idiot waitress--

MARGO

You've cheated me of what's mine and all I'm left with is a big fat incomplete future filled with you.

DEAN

Well, so did you. We could have had a 4th grader by now.

MARGO

You're not who I married. You're not who I fell in love with.

DEAN

Guess what, Margo, we're fluorocarbons. We change.

MARGO

You've hidden whatever identity you might once have had far beneath a mountain of empty Dorito bags.

DEAN

Knock off the fat jokes already.

MARGO

You mangled the one chance we had of joining the great chain of history--

DEAN

The only chain we are part of is the great Food Chain, Margo, we are all of us nothing but bait, waiting to be beaten down and chewed up and spit back into the sewer and molested in our cribs by mothers and fathers who are too damaged themselves to know the harm they're inflicting.--(*standing and yelling for Diva*) Waitress, can you take the goddamn check please, we're in a hurry--

DIVA

(*at the table instantly*) No problem.

MARGO

Split it right down the middle.

DIVA

Whatever you say.

MARGO

Just hurry up.

Diva goes to the AMEX machine to process the cards.

MARGO

I wanted to have a child, now, when I could do it justice. I wanted to buy it shoes. I wanted to burp it.

DEAN

Sorry if the memories of me lying frozen in bed being fondled and stroked have put a sudden damper on the legendary joys of Parenthood.

MARGO

You might have grown passed the limitations of your history.

DEAN

Maybe I no longer want to sacrifice the time remaining to me for some nameless little six pound eight ounce sponge waiting to soak up my last few moments of life--

MARGO

You're so pathetic, Dean, like a frog pinned into a wax-tray twitching at every half-remembered poke of the scalpel--

DEAN

You just don't get it--

MARGO

You think you're special because you were abused. We were all abused. I was raped. I was bulimic. I ran down 88 flights of stairs when that plane hit the building. I made it out just as the tower fell to the ground. And on top of all that, I didn't go to the fucking Prom, Dean. These are rites of passage we all go through.

DEAN

These are not rites of passage, Margo, these are mutilations.

MARGO

You're surrounded by millions of survivors who at least are *trying*--

DEAN

All our friends are recovering from something, aren't they company enough for you?

MARGO

We make new friends every three years, I'm tired of our friends.

DEAN

You can't have everything.

MARGO

(desperate) I don't want to be 75 years old with no one to complicate my existence other than you. I want to open my legs and see the future gush out of me in a wave of blood--I want to wash it and feed it and put it to sleep and yell at it and wake it up and send it to school and watch her take over a corporation and have her own child and take my own life one step further. But all I'm left with are the fading screams of someone waiting to be born. I'm stuck, frozen in time. Alone. With you.

Rumble of thunder.

Diva puts the check and vouchers down on the middle of the table; places a pen in front of both Dean and Margo. She stands at the table, waiting.

DIVA

Right down the middle.

DEAN

Thank you.

MARGO

Thank you.

Pause. Diva does not move. They stare holes in Diva's skull until she gets the message.

Snapping on her last bit of patience, she walks around and around the table in a wide circumference, trying her subtle/unsubtle best to make them leave. Dean and Margo ignore their pens.

DEAN

I think about those babies we might have had, the children we didn't want. And sometimes I wonder if they would have liked me. As a person, I mean. I wonder if they would have been proud of me, if they would have loved me unconditionally. Or if they would have abandoned me, the way we abandoned them. I wanted so badly to be a father back then. I thought we could change the world.

Whip crosses back in a sexy outfit, stops at the entrance to the back; he watches Diva circle the table.

MARGO

(hold up her coffee cup, trying to get Diva's attention) Our child might have been the one who would turn the world into someplace resembling someplace you might actually want to live--

WAITERS

WISCONSIN!!

Whip exits.

DEAN

We teach them what we know. We teach them how to hate.

MARGO

We would have been different--*(to Diva)* EXCUSE ME BUT ARE YOU BLIND I WANT A SPLASH MORE DECAF BEFORE I LEAVE PLEASE NOW!!

Diva stops, looks, gets the coffee, pours it.

Our children would have been filled with love because they could have learned from our mistakes.

DEAN

Our children would have been little meat pies waiting to be devoured by some carnivorous relative in the Great Family of Man.

Diva exits with the coffee pot, muttering curses to herself.

Dean and Margo both take out pocket calculators, go over the check as they continue.

MARGO

We survived AIDS, we survived Clinton, we survived September 11th, we deserve to bring a child into the world, goddamnit--

WAITERS

(Off-stage B-Movie Scream) AAAARRRRRRRRR!!!

DEAN

And what happens if while teaching my own son to urinate like a man my hand as big as his head shatters his life forever because I won't be thinking about him in that moment, I'll only be thinking of what I know. What happens when my finger accidentally slides up inside his tiny ass or my mouth accidentally wraps around his five year old penis because that's what I grew up with and he grows up hating himself and spending the rest of his life trying to recover from my "love" while turning into a major fuckup just like his old man? That is our legacy, Margo. We are cannibals. We eat our young..

MARGO

Only now we'll never get the chance.

Dean is shaken by his own words. Can this nihilism be his only destiny? Margo squeezes his hand. Then lets go.

Mimi and Betty race to the bathroom, holding Betty's burned arm. Betty is in a great deal of pain.

MARGO

Children don't just grow up, Dean. They have to be raised. We choose what we teach them. It's our choice.

DEAN

Children are so small, they're so easy to break.

MARGO

You just have to be sure you don't drop them, Dean.

DEAN

We've spun out of control, Margo. It's time to stop.

Rumble of thunder.

Whip leans into the room, spies on Dean and Margo, laughs to himself, and disappears to rejoin the other waiters.

MARGO

We missed our chance to give something back to the world other than recycled catfood containers. All we have is what we already have. *(beat)* Is what we already have is what we already have is what we already have is what we already have.

DEAN

(takes the calculator, goes over the check) If we hurry, perhaps we can still rent a movie.

MARGO

The machine is broken.

DEAN

The world is too dangerous to live in Margo. The future lies in virtual simulation.

MARGO

I feel like such an idiot.

WAITERS

(off-stage derisive laughter) Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

DEAN

Another party we're not invited to.

MARGO

They're laughing at us, Dean. We're the enemy.

DEAN

It's time to go.

He puts his coat on.

Mimi crosses back and exits quickly.

WAITERS

(off-stage) YES!!!!!!

DEAN

I mean can you imagine trying to answer all the questions about taking drugs or why so many people hate the United States or how come the high school kids came in with trench coats and Uzis and killed everyone in home room? How do you answer questions like that?

MARGO

It could have been fun, Dean.

DEAN

(trying to see the possibility) Perhaps.

Margo signs her voucher.

Mimi crosses back across the room, privately and silently telling off her friends.

MARGO

I can't go on like this.

DEAN

Neither can I.

WAITERS

(off-stage) OLAY!!

Mimi crosses back and exits with eight Heinekens.

MARGO

(with great urgency) What happens if we really are meat pies, trapped in separate cages, growling at each other, waiting to be devoured. If all there is is pain and despair and suffering and struggle, then what's the point of living? What's the point, Dean?

DEAN

Good question. I wish I knew the answer.

MARGO

The answer is there is no point. There is no fucking point.

DEAN

I know.

MARGO

I need more than myself.

DEAN

I need to change.

MARGO

I'm so fucking empty--

She sobs. Knocks the silverware off the table.

Betty comes out of the bathroom, holding a cold wet towel around her arm. She stands against the wall, waiting for the customers to leave. Dean signs the credit card voucher .

DEAN

Margo, stop--

MARGO

What's the fucking point--

DEAN

I have a surprise for you--

MARGO

No, Dean, I can't--

DEAN

I was kidding, Margo.

Suddenly, Margo stops; looks at Dean.

MARGO

I'm sorry?

DEAN

I was kidding.

MARGO

You were kidding?

DEAN

I'm sorry.

MARGO

Are you lying to me?

DEAN

I was playing devil's advocate, Margo.

MARGO

You're not lying to me.

DEAN

I feel like we're at a much healthier place now than when we walked in here tonight. I feel like we're really ready to start living.

MARGO

You're telling me the truth.

DEAN

Happy Anniversary, darling.

Margo throws a glass of water in Dean's face.

Loud rumble of thunder.

MARGO

You fucking pig!

DEAN

Oh, now you don't want to play anymore--

MARGO

This is not a game, Dean, this is our lives. I can't go on like this--

DEAN

I'm telling you I'm ready to try--

MARGO

It's not just about a baby--

DEAN

I'm talking about us--

MARGO

Sniping at each other, ripping into waiters, eating out every night because there's nothing but a couch and a TIVO waiting at home--

DEAN

We'll re-decorate, order Chinese--

MARGO

We're turning into monsters--

DEAN

But don't you see, we don't have to anymore--

MARGO

What's the goddamn point of living like animals--

DEAN

You said it yourself, we can choose to change the rules of the game, Margo, together, you and me.

MARGO

Everything I liked about you has become poison, I've turned into a fucking witch--

DEAN

But I still love you--

MARGO

Don't love me, don't settle for this because I can't anymore--

DEAN

Neither can I!

MARGO

I fucking hate you Dean and you're the only one I really love--

DEAN

Let's get out of this Hellhole--

A huge rumble of thunder, blast of lightning.

MARGO

Our lives mean nothing--

DEAN

We're still alive, Margo, that counts for something--

MARGO

We're the walking dead--

DEAN

We'll take a cab--

Blast of thunder.

MARGO

I hope it's the end of the world--

DEAN

Where's my umbrella--

MARGO

Wash it all away, make a clean fucking start--

DEAN

I love you, Margo-- (*kisses her*)

MARGO

(*pushes away from him*) Don't fucking touch me--

DEAN

Margo, please--

MARGO

Jesus Christ, I love you too--

DEAN

Darling--

MARGO

But it's not enough. This is not enough--

She runs out into the breaking storm.

DEAN

Margo, wait—

He runs out into the storm after her.

Betty goes to the table, reaches for the check and vouchers. She looks at the check. Gasps.

As she lifts her head, a huge blast of thunder and lightning shatters the mirrored wall behind her. The stage splits open as the table and chairs pull away from each other.

A rumbling Waiter Chant mixes with the thunder as the back room slides into place and we go back in time to the top of the play.

End of Part One.

PART TWO
(PEOPLE, PEOPLE)

Loud blasts of thunder.

In the darkness, we hear a rumbling Waiter chant that gradually builds into a buoyant round of very with-it, happy-peppy voices. As the chant builds, the back room of the restaurant moves forward as we go back to the top of the play, on the other side of the mirror.

CRYSTAL

Get it--

WHIP

Spike it--

FRED

Suck it--

ROCKY

Fuck it--

MIMI

Fuck me--

DIVA

Fuck you--

BETTY

Oh Christ--

FANG

Caching caching--

This repeats faster and faster, mixing with the sound of adding machines until it whips into a joyful frenzy--on Fang's final "caching caching" the lights blast on; we see a large round table, a smaller deuce, lots of chairs--the back room of the restaurant. [Note: the back waiter room is in direct opposition to the sleek, neat dining room: boxes, broken tables, cutlery—it's a pit.]

Rumble of thunder. The waiters laugh.

The waiters are doing their closing cash reports--calculators, adding machines, money spread out in front of them, lots of cigarettes, beer, wine, cocktails proliferate the tables--

At the big round table sit: Fang--doing cash report; Whip--finishing up report and third cocktail; Rocky--lounging, drinking, waiting for Fred to finish the cash report; Fred--struggling through a cash report.

At the deuce sit: Betty--struggling with the report; Diva--training Betty, at the end of her patience; she downs a shot of whiskey.

At a second deuce sit: Mimi--sipping her second daiquiri, resting; Crystal--a glass of wine in front of her, rolling a joint.

DIVA

Jesus Mary and fucking Joseph--

BETTY

I know, I'm sorry--

DIVA

Here, try and figure it out, I'll be right back--

BETTY

I know--

DIVA

I'll be right back--

BETTY

No I know I mean I know--

DIVA

Jesus Christ I'll be right back--*(she slams the table, stalks off into the restaurant)*

FANG

(to Betty) She'll be right back.

BETTY

I know.

ROCKY

Diva's having a hard night--

FANG

Oh would that I were--

FANG, ROCKY

Caching caching--

WHIP

Spike it girls--

CRYSTAL

She's burnt out--

MIMI

I know I--

BETTY

Oh I know--

MIMI

--but I also am myself dead on my own two feet so I know how she feels let me tell you--

Oh please do--
FANG

Oh fuck me.
MIMI

Thank you no.
FANG

Spike it--
WHIP

Caching caching--
WHIP, FANG

Girls I am trying to concentrate thanks very much--
FRED

Don't try too hard Fred honey you'll pull a groin muscle--
FANG

Oooooooooooooooooo--
ROCKY

Girlfriend--
FANG

Cream cheese--
WHIP

Yo Rock--(*passes joint to Rocky*)
CRYSTAL

Awesome girlfriend--
ROCKY

(*to Betty*) Betty?
CRYSTAL

Betty.
BETTY

From Wisconsin right--
CRYSTAL

Crystal?
BETTY

Help yourself, love, pure tobacco.
CRYSTAL

Oh, I know.
BETTY

MIMI

Right.

CRYSTAL

Pussycat thank you--

MIMI

I'm not saying a word honey let's go--

CRYSTAL

Sweetie, I'm relaxing--

BETTY

I thought you were a singer--

FANG

No, she's relaxing.

CRYSTAL

Actually different brands are actually good for the vocal chords, like a charcoal filter cleaning out the impurities, it's a proven fact which I read somewhere--

ROCKY

I read it somewhere too--

FRED

Yeah I remember that--

ROCKY

Yeah--

FANG

Yeah--

WHIP

Yeah--

MIMI

I used to smoke--

FANG

But only when she was on fire--

WHIP

Oh my God, smoked fish--

CRYSTAL

Don't be gross, Whip.

MIMI

Fuck me alright both of you--

FANG

Sister we are merely pulling your shapely gam that's all--

MIMI

I'm tired ok I have to get up early to shoot some under five tomorrow I don't need fish comments I need sleep--

WHIP

So go so what's stopping you so go already--

MIMI

(ala Crystal) I'm relaxing--*(sips her drink)*

CRYSTAL

Whip, chill out please--

ROCKY

Yeah, Whip, chill.

MIMI

Really.

BETTY

(about the cash report) Oh Christ--

FANG

Betty right--

BETTY

Yeah--

FANG

Betty from Wisconsin right--

BETTY

I must have an accent or something.

FANG

Betty from Wisconsin, let Fang love give you some free sisterly advice--do not let that Diva slit get to you, she is nothing but a motherfucking burnt out whore who should have been put to sleep years ago with a silver bullet through the head, motherfucking bitch on wheels--

ROCKY

She didn't used to be--

FRED

Had nice tits too but no more--

CRYSTAL

I hate working with her now--

WHIP

She's burnt out--

MIMI

I think she hates me.

FRED

Fuck her then she's passed her prime--

MIMI

We should put her out of our misery.

CRYSTAL

Hello--

ROCKY

Bullet through the head--

FANG

Glue factory--

ROCKY

Dog food--

FANG, ROCKY, WHIP, MIMI

ANGEL HAIR WITH LOBSTER--

CRYSTAL

Get it girls--

WHIP

(wrapping up his cash report) Hello Mary and sister wants a new pair of shoes--

FANG

Fabuloso what did you make my love--

CRYSTAL

Did you hit the C note--

WHIP

One fifty three darlings--

FANG

Caching caching how very fabulous for who for you--

MIMI

Hello--

CRYSTAL

You did that in R, that's great--

WHIP

Talent will out, girlfriend--

CRYSTAL

I made two twenty seven in the Garden--

MIMI

Oh my God you guys I had a great--

FANG

Fuck you--

WHIP

Get lost--

CRYSTAL

It's true but I always make good money back there--

MIMI

I had a great audition this morning--

FRED

Did you use your diaphragm Meem--

MIMI

Fuck me Fred--

BETTY

Oh, are you an actress too?

FANG

Uh oh--

MIMI

Actually, I am--

FANG

Here it comes.

Rumble of thunder.

During the next section, the other waiters, used to Mimi, have fun at her expense, which is something Mimi secretly likes.

BETTY

Really that's so funny because I--

MIMI

I mean it was just a call-back really, two week replacement understudy alternates but they didn't like my belt, which is fine by me because I would hate to have to sing and smile and pretend I like what I'm doing every night just to pay the rent--Actually, do you watch the soaps, I do a lot of under-five work, you know, face in the crowd stuff, but at least I'm a working actress.

BETTY

That's great--

FANG

Crystella--

CRYSTAL

Sweetheart, be a good pussycat and get me another drinky--

MIMI

Ok, then let's go--

CRYSTAL

No problem.

BETTY

Have you done much in the city?

ROCKY

Oh fuck--

MIMI

Well, actually, yes I have--

FANG

Nice try--

CRYSTAL

Sorry--

MIMI

Last March, I was Nina in *THE SEAGULL*, but that was just a showcase, and before I left the Academy three years ago, I did work on Juliet, Blanche Dubois, Maggie the Cat, Ophelia, Viola in *TWELFTH NIGHT*, Lizzie Borden, Medea, Jocasta, and I even did Hamlet in a transvestite experimental piece that took place in a huge vibrating vagina.

BETTY

Oh.

MIMI

I've been studying with this truly wonderful teacher down town who specializes in expressing the pain of the child within through a series of Alpha 5-to-1 bio-energetic feedback relaxation exercises as a way to really tap into a preconscious level of honesty that gets covered up by a lot of 8x10 bullshit, you know, a lot of primal scream work--(*she emits tiny grunt examples*)

CRYSTAL

Anyone else thirsty--

MIMI

Actually, I had kind of a minor break-through today in class, I was working on Stanley Kowalski from *STREETCAR*, you know--I mean this teacher really encourages cross-gender experimentation, and as I primal screamed my way through the Napoleonic Code speech, I could feel a major chakra open wide and all this primal pain screamed out from the bottom of my uterus--

CRYSTAL

Sweetiepie--

MIMI

--and suddenly I realized one of the reasons I am a lesbian is probably due in part to like this need to love myself because I think I was molested by my father at least I'm pretty sure I was when I was three, but of course there's also the fact that women just plain turn me on if you know what I mean--

FANG

Shut up shut up--

MIMI

My special talents include belching, figure skating, accents--especially Yorkshire and Serbo-Croatian--driving a stick-shift and giving really really good head. *(pause)*

BETTY

Uh huh.

MIMI

No, I'm kidding, I always say that to break the ice with casting directors.

BETTY

Oh.

FANG

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, she may be a brain-dead little brownie in a pony tail, but she's *our* brain-dead little brownie in a pony tail, goddamnit!

MIMI

I am not brain-dead.

CRYSTAL

Come here to mama--*(she kisses Mimi)*

BETTY

Uhm that's great, I mean maybe I could study with your teacher--

FRED

Yo Meem, *I'll* teach you all about primal screaming, right Rock--

ROCKY

Fuckin' A.

MIMI

Oh fuck me, Fred--

FRED

Wait til I count my money, sweetheart--

FANG

...days later...

CRYSTAL

Next week we learn the alphabet Freddie--

Cream cheese-- **WHIP**

(to Crystal) Fucking dyke-- **FRED**

Oh that's nice-- **MIMI**

Fucking breeder-- **WHIP**

Thank you, love-- **CRYSTAL**

Sisterhood is powerful-- **FANG**

ROCKY
Fredhead you just pay attention to your massive self, Rocky will protect you from the deviant homosexuals, never worry never fear--

Rumble of thunder.

Diva storms in, smashes a coffee creamer against the wall.

Lovey what on Earth-- **FANG**

Fucking Jew assholes won't fucking leave-- **DIVA**

Oh my people my people-- **MIMI**

I got sat with them all night in the Garden but I did ok-- **CRYSTAL**

Fucking busloads up at the front bar, right Rock-- **FRED**

Fucking Manischevitz convention-- **ROCKY**

Fucking bussing them in from Long Island right-- **FRED**

Fuckin A-- **ROCKY**

DIVA
Fucking motherfuckers the only table left in the fucking restaurant, I ask them twice pay the bill so I can go home they say they want more coffee don't rush them they'll make it worth my while we all know what that means I've only been here 14 hours I am PMS'd out and my fucking feet are

bleeding but I can't say anything I'll be fired God forbid so I've got to wait out these motherfucking Jewbag asshole motherfuckers--

FANG

(singing) They will know we are Christians by our love by our love--

WAITERS(except Betty and Diva)

Yes they'll know we are Christians by our love--

DIVA

Fuck you all--*(big smile)*--and have a nice day--*(she sits by Betty, checking her progress)*

FANG

Caching caching--

ROCKY

Come on Fred darling how we doing here--

FRED

I'm almost finished alright cool out I'm a fucking bartender I'm not a computer--

FANG

NO!

ROCKY

I coulda done it, I don't mind--

FRED

But I do you always do it I am doing it tonight chill out be patient go change your fucking tampon or something--

CRYSTAL

Fred, you pig--

MIMI

You make me sick--

FRED

Meem what you need is my Private Stock Rich N' Creamy Protein Shake.

ROCKY

With a cherry on top.

MIMI

I may vomit--

FANG

Well tell me something new Barbara Bulimic--

MIMI

Fuck me ok--

WHIP

Yo Mimowitz, stop whining already--

MIMI

I mean I just--

FANG

Hey Whippy what's a JAP's favorite wine?

FANG,WHIP, FRED, ROCKY

I wanna go to Aruba!!

CRYSTAL

Can we please be nice to each other here--

FANG

No.

CRYSTAL

Okay. Just asking.

ROCKY

(caressing Fred from behind) Fred Honey all this talk is making Rocky very very hungry--

FRED

So go eat something--

ROCKY

But Fredbone, Rocky needs a nice, hefty 9 inch uncut Italian hero to satisfy her ravenous female appetite--

FRED

Oooooo Genoa Salami--

ROCKY

Head cheese--

CRYSTAL

Rocky--

FANG

(ala "Rocky Horror") Ugghhh--

CRYSTAL

("with great drama") Please please you go too far--

ROCKY

Dear God No!

Whip takes his money and drink to get changed and drop his money in the safe. Like a paperback heroine, Fang throws himself at Whip's feet.

FANG

Whip honey take me away from all this breeder degradation to a finer, a gentler land filled with tall strapping well endowed Zulu Warriors--

WHIP

Not tonight honey I got a headache (*pushes him off-balance so that Fang lands indecorously on his butt; Whip exits.*)

MIMI

Ooooooo cream cheese--

FANG

Positive fucking asshole.

CRYSTAL

Well hello Fang--

FANG

I didn't say that—

FRED

What do you mean, positive—

ROCKY

Fred, focus.

MIMI

(*getting up*) I'll be right back--

ROCKY

Yo, Meem, get us a round--

MIMI

Everybody?

ALL

YES!!!

MIMI

I live to serve. (*exits for drinks*)

Rumble of thunder.

DIVA

I just don't know I mean Betty you know you're supposed to go on the floor tomorrow--

BETTY

I know--

DIVA

Yeah well I don't--

BETTY

I just need time to get the hang of this--

Yeah I know but I don't know-- **DIVA**

I know but no really I can do this-- **BETTY**

I don't know-- **DIVA**

No, I know-- **BETTY**

I don't know-- **DIVA**

No I know-- **BETTY**

DIVA
Stop fucking saying No I know ok--don't fucking work my nerves I am not
in the mood for this--Jesus Mary and Joseph all I want is a fucking bath and
to be left alone--

No I know-- **BETTY**

(to Betty) Girlfriend, NO!! **FANG**

DIVA
Ok, one more time ok and try to absorb it this time ok--

Right ok-- **BETTY**

Right-- **DIVA**

Ok-- **BETTY**

Right-- **DIVA**

Ok-- **BETTY**

I may have to kill you. **DIVA**

Ok. I mean right. **BETTY**

DIVA

After you enter all your checks you take the computer print out, you double check all your entries with a checkmark, you circle your food total, your beverage total, your tax total, you add food and beverage, that's the gross--

FANG

She ain't kiddin, honey, you tried the Angel Lob?

DIVA

Fang, down--you take the gross you times it 8 percent to get the government total because by law we are obligated to report 8 percent lucky us so we get the 8 percent and work from that--

BETTY

Right--

DIVA

Just listen ok--

During the following, Fang, Rocky, and Crystal add a confusing layer of sound, mumbling numbers and rattling on the adding machines--just for the chaotic fun of it.

DIVA

So you get the 8 percent and multiply times 5 percent which is tip-out for service bar, dealing with the same 8 percent, multiply it times 12 percent for the busboys, and 13 percent Sunday through Thursday and 15 percent Friday and Saturday for the Runners because there is one extra runner on the weekends--now on the tip-out envelopes you mark your government tip-out which is computed from the government total or 8 percent aforementioned and then double it for the actual tip-out because we are only declaring 8 percent but in reality are making 15 percent so we tip out on that--however, tip the service bar a few bucks over because he speaks English, the runners round up to the dollar because they are Chinese and do good work, and the busboys under tip to your heart's delight because they are a bunch of illegal aliens from Mexico City with no green cards who should be fired because they're stupid--Ok, you got it I hope you got it because this is your last night of training and then you are on your own--

BETTY

Yeah.

DIVA

Yeah.

BETTY

Yeah.

DIVA

Great. I'm so happy for you. It should be a breeze right but let me tell you, have a nice time working with these motherfucking assholes I'm sure you'll fit right in--

BETTY

Hey I don't deserve that--

DIVA

Yeah, I'm sorry but you motherfucking guys don't help any you know, I mean she's fucking slow enough, she's from fucking Wisconsin, you don't help with all this bullshit fucking Christ I don't know why I am still here, I should have my head examined, I'm going to check on the Tribe, I'll be right back--

She blows passed Mimi entering with a tray of drinks.

MIMI

Diva you want--no, I guess not thanks anyway Meem--*(she passes out the drinks)*

CRYSTAL

She's got to chill out--

FANG

Fuck her--

ROCKY

Fucking cunt--

MIMI

This is my last one I have to get to sleep I've got under five tomorrow--

FANG

Fabulous tell us all about it!!

MIMI

I'm a working actress thank you--

CRYSTAL

(taking) I made 227 in the Garden--

FANG

You did?!?

MIMI

I have to get up at 5--

ROCKY

You do?!?

FRED

Ok Rock we're almost there--

ROCKY

How'd we do--

CRYSTAL

What'd you make--

FRED

I don't know yet--

FANG

Maybe Betty can help you Fred, Betty from Wisconsin--

FRED

So, Betty from Wisconsin, you're a dancer right--

Rumble of thunder.

FANG

Oh my do I hear the rush of engorging blood--

BETTY

I move well--

CRYSTAL

Don't take Diva too seriously she used to be nice--

FANG

Yeah back when the Earth was still cooling--

ROCKY, MIMI,CRYSTAL

Spike it!

BETTY

Oh, she doesn't scare me, I know her type, I just want to do a good job, that's all, I mean it's natural to feel dumb on a new job, I've been waiting tables since high school, I just need to adjust, but let me tell you, New York is a wild place, I mean I just moved here, it's a big shock, I mean I'm from Wisconsin--

FANG

You are?!?

BETTY

Yes I am, the dairy state and proud of it--I mean let's be honest, no one really wants to wait tables, but it's perfect if you want to act, I mean no work to bring home, flexible hours, fast money and constantly surrounded by people, if you think about it, each table is like an audience you have to please, you have to put on a happy face and like them and that's kind of like acting isn't it--

FANG

(to Rocky and Crystal) When did we start hiring the handicapped?

BETTY

I guess I'm waiting tables while I wait for my big break, I mean I'm waiting in lots of ways you know so I might as well help other people have a good time--

ROCKY

Please don't let her say it--

BETTY

I guess I'm just a people person.

FANG, ROCKY, MIMI, CRYSTAL
SHE SAID IT!!!!!!

BETTY

Oh come on deep down you have to be, I mean why else do it unless you like people I mean deep down somewhere you have to--

FANG

Luckily I'm an extremely shallow person.

BETTY

Oh, I doubt that--

ROCKY

He's extremely shallow.

FANG

Thank you love--

BETTY

Well either way I bet you have your moments I mean we are all mammals, there are some basic similarities common to all of us--

CRYSTAL

So when did you graduate college?

BETTY

Last month.

FANG

Spike it girl.

MIMI, ROCKY

Caching caching--

CRYSTAL

Thank you love.

BETTY

I mean what goes around comes around I always say, so yes, I try to make my customers have a nice time because we are all people and that's why they're here--

ROCKY

They're here so they can take their bad day out on us.

CRYSTAL

Hallelujah.

BETTY

And those poor Homeless people in the subways with the cardboard and shopping bags, it's so awful I feel so bad because I look at them and say thank God it's not me because it could be I say thank God it's not me, I mean I would just hate that--

ROCKY

That would be horrible, right Fang--

FANG

I'm sorry, is Mother Teresa still talking about the Family of Man?

MIMI

But she's right, Fang--

FANG

So?

MIMI

So-

CRYSTAL

So where are you living--

BETTY

Oh, I'm staying in my brother's loft while he's away in California--

FANG

His loft--

ROCKY

(to Betty) Fuck you--

BETTY

It's only for a year until he comes back unless he decides to stay out there in which case I could have his place which would be really really great--

FRED

Fucking A.

ROCKY

Don't talk Fred, tabulate.

FANG

Uhuh and how much to you pay if I may be so bold--

MIMI

It's none of his business, love.

CRYSTAL

Fang down--

BETTY

It 's ok , that's the first thing everybody asks me--Chip pays most of it, and I pay the rest plus utilities--

FANG

Uhuh which comes to--

Rumble of thunder.

BETTY

About 275 a month--

FANG

Caching caching, Hello Betty from where--

ALL

WISCONSIN!!!

Whip enters, changed into even shorter shorts and a razor-slit T-shirt, ready for action.

WHIP

(staring off into the restaurant) What's wrong with Diva--

FANG

She's nuts what do you think--

WHIP

She's walking laps around the floor like she's autistic or something just staring at that table of Wops--

FANG

Jews.

WHIP

What's the diff--

CRYSTAL

Hello--

MIMI

(to Betty) Lovey, about what you said, I got to tell you I carry a roll of nickels for the subway just so I have some change for the Homeless--

BETTY

That's a great idea--

MIMI

I can't take the guilt--

BETTY

Well those poor people--

MIMI

I feel responsible I know it's stupid--

BETTY

We owe it to each other to help as much as possible I mean what goes around comes around--

FANG

Hello Betty Boomerang--

BETTY

No come on--

FANG

Oh, sweetheart, I am merely riding you side-saddle. If the truth be known, I would have to confess that I actually know what you're talking about, because , are you sitting, I do volunteer work over at St. Vincent's—

WHIP

She's a candy striper.

FANG

Thank you, love. You know, Meals on Wheels kinda sorta thing.

ROCKY

Fang, no, you're HUMAN--

FANG

Only every other Tuesday morning.

ROCKY

Thank God--

MIMI

I just feel so guilty because I have money and stuff--

CRYSTAL

No one can make you feel guilt but yourself, Mimi.

ROCKY

Fuckin' A.

CRYSTAL

I mean right?

WHIP

Face it Meem, you feel guilty because you're white--

MIMI

Yes, I am I am white and I feel guilty about that I do--

BETTY

But I mean come on, that doesn't matter--

FANG

Betty from Wisconsin, Mimi clicks along on what you call half a cylinder--

MIMI

Fuck me Fang--

FANG

Mimi, love, I'd rather suck the mucous from a dog's nostril til his skull caves in.

WHIP

Spike it girl--

MIMI

Oh fuck me you misogynist homo.

ROCKY

You tell 'em, Meem--

CRYSTAL

I made 227, I work for my money--

BETTY

But they can't--

CRYSTAL

I don't care, I work too hard to worry about the homeless, we are ultimately responsible for ourselves and nobody else, I read that somewhere--

FRED

Yeah me too.

FANG

You know if you're interested, I can get you the phone number, that is if you're interested--

WHIP

(massaging Rocky's neck) She's not interested in that be real--

FANG

She might be interested we need all the help we can get--

MIMI

And you know, the nickel roll is also good because at night I hold it in my fist like a black-jack so I can knock out some teeth if some guy starts grabbing my tits--

BETTY

Well this is New York I guess--

WHIP

Walking around with 175 bucks in your pocket at 2 in the morning can get a little hairy, I mean I'm a big boy so it's ok but guys like Fang or you girls--

FANG

Fuck you--

WHIP

What, I meant that in a good way--

CRYSTAL

I made 227 I'm taking a cab, why take chances, right, as long as I save the receipts--

MIMI

So let's go then.

CRYSTAL

So go already alright--

MIMI

I don't want to get caught in the goddamn rain, okay?

CRYSTAL

Stop whining honey--

MIMI

I am not fucking whining alright? I have to get up early--

FANG

"I'm a working actress!"

BETTY

There's just so many of them, I mean you can't just look away--

CRYSTAL

You'll get over it--

FANG

I'll get you the number--

MIMI

You'll learn, once you've been raped.

FANG

Uh huh. Well, anywho--

WHIP

You almost done there Fred or what--

FRED

Very close Whippy why--

ROCKY

Yeah why--

WHIP

Cause I want to suck his dick, ok, Rocky, fuck off--

ROCKY

You can suck my dick while you're at it--

FANG

You can eat my pussy--

CRYSTAL

You make me sick--

MIMI

I may vomit--

FANG

My big hairy mud-pussy!!!

BETTY

(*about the report*) Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no Christ--

Instantly, the waiters, while remaining where they are, leap into a state of sexual euphoria bordering on possession--the lighting reflects the suddenly heightened chant which continues on a building loop--

CRYSTAL

Get it--

WHIP

Spike it--

FRED

Suck it--

ROCKY

Fuck it--

MIMI

Fuck me--

BETTY

Oh Christ--

CRYSTAL

Get it--

WHIP

Spike it--

FRED

Suck it--

ROCKY

Fuck it--

MIMI

Fuck me--

BETTY

Oh Christ--

CRYSTAL

Get it--

WHIP

Spike it--

FRED

Suck it--

Fuck it-- **ROCKY**

Fuck me-- **MIMI**

Oh Christ-- **BETTY**

Caching caching-- **FANG**

The possession is broken with Diva's angry entrance--everything back to usual.

ROUND TWO

DIVA
Fucking motherfucking asshole cuntlicking cocksucking motherfucking
asshole Jewbag fucking asshole motherfuckers--

FANG
And the Winner of this year's Miss Congeniality goes to--

DIVA
Fuck you too Fang I don't need it--

FANG
Lighten up girl before your demure self explodes--

WHIP
Diva goes Super Nova--

ROCKY
Diva goes Meltdown--

FRED
Diva goes on a fucking Reign of Terror--

CRYSTAL
Hundreds slaughtered--

MIMI
My God can no one stop her--

They all scream in horror.

DIVA
You guys I said Fuck You--

She slams the coffee pot on the table, coffee splashes onto Betty, burning her; she screams.

Oh fuck--
DIVA

Jesus Christ what are you doing--
BETTY

I'm sorry--
DIVA

That's hot thanks alot--
BETTY

Are you ok--
CRYSTAL

Oh my God--
MIMI

I'm fine thanks a lot--
BETTY

Come to the bathroom--
MIMI

Thanks alot--
BETTY

Come on I'll come--
MIMI

BETTY
(to Diva) Maybe you should practice a little self-control--

DIVA
Maybe you should look for another job.

BETTY
Maybe you should try and be nice.

DIVA
Maybe you should lick my pussy.

MIMI
Come with me.

BETTY
(to Diva) You're a real sweetheart.

They go off to the bathroom. Silence.

DIVA
(sits, eyes shut, breathing) What I said I was sorry--

CRYSTAL
Once.

It wasn't that hot. **DIVA**

Plus it was decaf. **FANG**

Oh well then-- **WHIP**

It was decaf-- **ROCKY**

Right? **FANG**

Hello-- **ROCKY**

I'm dying in this fucking place. **DIVA**

They still won't leave? **CRYSTAL**

They wanted more coffee-- **DIVA**

Fuck them-- **CRYSTAL**

How dare they-- **FANG**

Fuck you I want to go home ok they don't need more fucking coffee at this hour of the fucking night--I can't do this anymore-- **DIVA**

(passing Diva a joint) Here-- **CRYSTAL**

No, I stopped last week-- **DIVA**

Well that's why you're so tense, Deev-- **CRYSTAL**

I'm not tense. **DIVA**

Here, let me see if I have any valium left-- **CRYSTAL**

I don't want any. **DIVA**

CRYSTAL

Just one love, to take the edge off--

DIVA

I'm not fucking tense, alright, I don't need your fucking valium.

CRYSTAL

Sorry love my mistake. (*she takes the Valium*)

FANG

Oh my God, Diva's drying out--

WHIP

Well, Christ rose from the dead--

ROCKY

So can Diva.

DIVA

Fuck you what are they doing--

Rumble of thunder.

WHIP

(*looking into the restaurant*) They're looking at the check--

DIVA

Great.

WHIP

Diva--

DIVA

What--

WHIP

They got pocket calculators—

The Waiters explode in laughter.

DIVA

Fucking Jews I fucking hate them--

FANG

Oh honey come on it's not that bad, at least they can count right--

CRYSTAL

I made 227 in the Garden--

DIVA

Get the fuck out--

CRYSTAL

I always do good back there--

FANG

Sweetheart, I had a six top with spots tonight--the check came to 325--

WHIP

Ten percent--

FANG

To the fucking penny.

WHIP

Oh my people my people--(*massages Fred's neck*)

CRYSTAL

They don't know any better--

FRED

"I'll have a Courvoursier an Diet Pesi--"

ROCKY

"No, may dat a Pinya Colada, you may dat?"

DIVA

Fucking nigger ten percent I can't stand it anymore--

WHIP

It's their way of getting back at the white man for all those years of slavery.

FRED

Well I didn't do it--

FANG

Well at least they're not hello Valvoline Hispaniolas from the Bronx with 12 dollars burning a hole in their pocket trying to figure out how the rich white Americanos do it--

WHIP

Meeda oiyay--

FANG

Hello meeda *oivay* I say and pass the Oil of what?--

ALL

Olay!!

FANG

Hello.

CRYSTAL

Pardon mois, but there is nothing worse than the French on a budget, the way they look at me when I'm opening the wine--

WHIP

Oh my God talk about pretentious--

CRYSTAL

And condescending and lousy fucking tippers.

ROCKY

And sexist.

CRYSTAL

And sexist.

WHIP

And uncut.

FANG

Well what do you expect from lowly amphibians--

ROCKY

Anal warts.

FANG

Hello.

WHIP

Eurotrash is Eurotrash.

ROCKY

I am so fucking tired of chic assholes dressed up for some big fucking existential funeral spouting political bullshit that we're the real terrorists, but still find time to take pictures of Ground Zero.

WHIP

I hear any fucking accent, I want to slap on an automatic 17% and take my chances with management--

ALL

(making buzzer sound) Automatic Termination.

ROCKY

It's all such bullshit.

FANG

And you can't say anything--

CRYSTAL

They just claim ignorance, I go to a foreign country, first thing I find out is how to tip the waiter--

ROCKY

They should tell you that at customs--

CRYSTAL

And they don't.

ROCKY

And they don't.

WHIP

The Lesbian subculture is just as fucking bad, Crystalina--

CRYSTAL

Everyone's got a chip on her shoulder.

WHIP

Fucking dykes hate anyone with a dick.

CRYSTAL

I make no excuses.

FANG

Oh my God, Rocky, what's the difference between a bulldyke and a killer whale--

ROCKY

What--

FANG

Forty pounds and a flannel shirt.

Thunder and lightning.

CRYSTAL

Ah very funny.

ROCKY

Spike it girl--

CRYSTAL

God I just love the solidarity of the Gay Community--

FANG

Oh lighten up girl, you'll live longer.

FRED

(about the massage) Whip baby you can do that all night long oh yes you can--

ROCKY

Just save his other head for me, Whippy--

WHIP

Fucking Christ, Fred, a little tense or what--

CRYSTAL

Very funny.

FANG

Is that why you can't ejaculate, Fred--

ROCKY

Oh he can ejaculate Fang honey, oh yes he can--

FANG

Oh can he now.

ROCKY

Oh yes he can, just like Mt. Vesuvius, baby.

CRYSTAL

Don't tell me to light up--

FANG

Oh, have a drink honey--

FRED

Wow you got some fucking grip there baby--

WHIP

I work out five days a week, Fred--

FANG

He jerks off five times a day Fred--

WHIP

No, Fang, unlike you, I prefer to share myself with someone other than myself, I mean why starve when you can go to a free all night buffet--

FANG

Excuse me, Whip my love, but I think I can get whatever homo I may so choose and as it so happens I simply do not so choose—

WHIP

Good thing, cause no one's gonna go with you anyway.

FANG

You can keep your bare-backing cum-swallowing buffets to yourself, I'm what you call a board certified, genuine Grade A USDA HIV Negative gourmet--better safe than sorry hello--

WHIP

Bullshit, right Fred--

FRED

Fuckin' A--

ROCKY

Come on Fred count the fucking money I want to go home--

DIVA

(looking out to the table) Fucking bullshit--

CRYSTAL

Did you make money or what--

DIVA

I have no fucking idea.

I did ok tonight-- **CRYSTAL**

Yeah I know-- **DIVA**

I made 227 in the Garden-- **CRYSTAL**

Fucking great-- **DIVA**

As long as you got rubbers you're ok-- **WHIP**

Fuckin' A. **FRED**

Oh please how can you keep going down there Whip, I mean how can you live with yourself-- **FANG**

Where-- **ROCKY**

You going again tonight-- **FRED**

I was thinking about it-- **WHIP**

Were you-- **FRED**

Want to cum, you little piece of white trash you-- **WHIP**

Ooooooo love to brown sugar-- **FRED**

Where-- **ROCKY**

Some jerk-off club down on 14th-- **FANG**

Stop it-- **CRYSTAL**

Fred you stupid fuck-- **ROCKY**

I'm kidding-- **FRED**

ROCKY

You better be fucking kidding--

CRYSTAL

You guys are too gross for words.

WHIP

He came with me last month when you were out of town surprise surprise surprise--

FRED

Thanks Whip--

ROCKY

You stupid fuck--

FRED

He's kidding Rock--

ROCKY

Fuck you--*(to Whip)* and fuck you too fucking motherfucking asshole--

FANG

He thinks he's got a free pass because he takes few dozen pills every day --

ROCKY

Great--

DIVA

I'm going to snap--

CRYSTAL

I made 227 tonight--

Mimi enters from the bathroom.

MIMI

She's ok, I took care of it--

DIVA

Fucking Christ--

FANG

Meem get me a beer--

MIMI

Fuck me ok what do I look like--

FANG

The finely boned and delicately beautiful great Sapphic hope of the Yiddish Theatre.

MIMI

Yeah, fuck you too Fang, anybody else?

ALL

YES.

MIMI

I live to serve. (*gets another round*)

CRYSTAL

How much did you guys make there tonight, Fred--

FANG

Have a good night, Crystal?

CRYSTAL

227--

FANG

That's great!

CRYSTAL

Yeah it's ok but I always do good back there--

DIVA

Fuck--

ROCKY

Fred, fucking finish so we can get out of here--

WHIP

But Fred the boys are expecting us--

FRED

Dream on Whippy--

WHIP

Are you wearing that smelly old jock again Fred, the one with the portrait of Marilyn on the crotch, it was a big hit last time--

ROCKY

Fred--

FRED

He seen it in the locker-room Rocky don't go nuts on my I'm trying to finish--

ROCKY

Fucking Christ you taking it up the ass all this time I'm gonna fucking kill you--

WHIP

Nobody's talking barebacking, Rock, no no no no, this club's all about masturbation they even have plastic drop cloths on the floor, it's all highly safe and sanitary--

CRYSTAL

You cocksuckers make me sick, why can't you just grow up and stop acting out like a bunch of oversexed 3 year olds--

FANG

Excuse me, Queen of Sheba [or Miss Nancy Reagan] speaks from the comfortable throne of judgment—

CRYSTAL

I do not I just don't need to experience his irresponsible sex life in full detail, I am just not interested in hearing about how he's fucking up the world with all his bad choices--

FANG

So go home, we fought hard for the freedom to do as we like, and even he's got the right to express himself as he sees fit--

CRYSTAL

And I have the right not to hear about it.

FANG

Then go the fuck home.

CRYSTAL

I will go home when I am ready. Do not tell me what to do.

WHIP

(singing) I am woman hear me roar--

FANG

Well you are disgusting Whip and pathetic, especially in your delicate condition--

WHIP

You're jealous Fang and everybody knows it--

FANG

Pardon me Miss Ross but of what--

ROCKY

Fred let me fucking do it--

FRED

Fine fucking fine--

He pushes away from the table, slides backwards in his chair. Rocky takes over the cash report. Whip removes Fred's shirt and continues the massage.

Thunder.

FRED

You got great fucking hands there, Whip.

WHIP

I bet you say that to all the boys.

FRED

Here, right side corner of the trap--

WHIP

Yes suh, massuh suh--

ROCKY

Fuck you Fred you are really pushing me--

FRED

What I'm getting a massage, Rock, goddamn chill out--

ROCKY

Fuck you--

WHIP

Chill out Rock--

FRED

That's great Whip baby you are the God of Massage--

WHIP

Worship at my feet Fred go ahead--

CRYSTAL

You guys have no fuckin' class--

ROCKY

Put your shirt back on willya--

FRED

I'll do what I like, Rock--

FANG

And what exactly do you like, Fred, the free world is listening--

FRED

A nice tight 12 year old pussy among other things--

ROCKY

Fred shut up--

CRYSTAL

You are disgusting, you stupid fucking pig--

FANG

You're a real man, ainya Freddie--

ROCKY

Just do me a favor Fred and don't bend over ok--

Mimi returns with 8 beers.

MIMI

All I could get was 8 Heinions so I don't want to hear it--

CRYSTAL

I hate beer--

MIMI

So don't drink it everything else was locked up--

CRYSTAL

But I'm thirsty, I worked hard tonight--

MIMI

Then get off your ass and get it yourself--

CRYSTAL

Oh just give me a Heinie--

FANG

(wrapping up his report) Caching caching--

ROCKY

What'd you make--

CRYSTAL

How'd you do--

WHIP

How'd you do--

CRYSTAL

What'd you make, Fang--

FANG

239 and change hello and thank you all so very much for this lovely award--

Big rumble of thunder.

CRYSTAL

Fuck you--

FANG

239 my love and I don't know how I'll spend it all--

CRYSTAL

Jesus Fucking Christ--

ROCKY

Get over it--

CRYSTAL

But I had such a good night--

WHIP

His was better--

FANG

You do love me--

WHIP

Not quite.

CRYSTAL

I hate the fucking Garden.

DIVA

Fuck--

MIMI

I am going to have such a headache--

DIVA

Fuck--

FANG

Don't go down there tonight love--

DIVA

Fuck--

WHIP

What do you say Fred darling--

DIVA

Fuck--

ROCKY

Don't fuck with me, Fred--

DIVA

Fuck--

FRED

Don't you fuck with me, Rock--

DIVA

Fuck fuck fuck fuck--

Betty enters, shirt sleeves rolled up, a cold wet towel on her arm. She carries the final check and completed American Express voucher.

BETTY

(gives Diva the check) Here. They're gone.

DIVA

(snatching it) Thank fucking Christ--*(stares at it)*

CRYSTAL

Hallelujah--

WHIP

Thank you--

DIVA

I can't fucking believe this--(*she runs off to the table*)

FANG

Oh my God don't tell me--

CRYSTAL

Didn't they double the tax--

MIMI

Ten percent?

BETTY

No--

FANG

No--

BETTY

No--

FANG

No what Betty from Wisconsin, fucking speak--

BETTY

No they didn't leave her anything--

WHIP

Oh my God--

CRYSTAL

They fucking stiffed her--

FANG

Stop it--

BETTY

They didn't leave her anything--

MIMI

I'm getting out of here, come on--

CRYSTAL

At least she wasn't in the fucking Garden all night--

DIVA

(*running back in*) Did you see any money on the table--

BETTY

No.

DIVA

Did you look underneath--

Yes. There was nothing. **BETTY**

Did you fucking throw it out by mistake-- **DIVA**

Of course not— **BETTY**

Did you take it? (*to the other waiters*) This fucking bitch took my money— **DIVA**

I did not! **BETTY**

You didn't see any money-- **DIVA**

I said no-- **BETTY**

Don't fucking work me girl, I'm in no mood-- **DIVA**

I don't care-- **BETTY**

Fuck you come with me we'll both look-- **DIVA**

NO! **BETTY**

Yo Deev chill-- **ROCKY**

She's new-- **MIMI**

Yeah cut her some slack already-- **FRED**

Really love-- **WHIP**

Right?-- **CRYSTAL**

Now Diva what did I tell you about Zen-- **FANG**

You losers stay out of my way or I'll kill every last one of you fucking motherfuckers-- **DIVA**

Thunder and lightning.

Diva storms off to inspect the table. The lights hit the waiters in bands of strident light as a dark wind whips around them--

They arc like dogs straining at the leash--the chorus is painful and full of dangerous percussion. bodies filled with wild tension, grabbing their chairs and tables, trying to contain the anarchy exploding in their bodies.

Get it-- **CRYSTAL**

Spike it-- **WHIP**

Suck it-- **FRED**

Fuck it-- **ROCKY**

Fuck me-- **MIMI**

Get it-- **CRYSTAL**

Spike it-- **WHIP**

Suck it-- **FRED**

Fuck it-- **ROCKY**

Fuck me-- **MIMI**

Get it-- **CRYSTAL**

Spike it-- **WHIP**

Suck it-- **FRED**

Fuck it-- **ROCKY**

Fuck me-- **MIMI**

FANG

Caching caching--

On Fang's line and Diva's entrance, lights back to normal, waiters back to what they were doing.

DIVA

Fuck you fuck you fuck you fuck you--

MIMI

I'm getting out of here--

CRYSTAL

It's not fucking fair--

BETTY

It's not my fault--

FANG

Give her a break Deev--

DIVA

Fuck you asshole stay out of it--

FANG

Suck my dick cunt--

DIVA

Keep dreaming cocksucker--come with me--(*drags Betty off with her*)

FANG

(*calling after her*) You are one major major cunt--

MIMI

I'm leaving--you coming?

CRYSTAL

Why do I always get stuck in the fucking Garden?

MIMI

Get over it Crystal--

CRYSTAL

I hate this fucking job. --

MIMI

Alright already come on let's go--

CRYSTAL

But I only made 227--(*weeps*)

MIMI

Jesus--(*consoles Crystal but not without impatience*)

FRED

Check her out--

WHIP

A mind is a terrible thing to waste--

MIMI

(to Whip) Can you please stop--

Whip plays with Fred's nipples.

ROCKY

(wrapping up report) Ok I'm finished--228 each--

CRYSTAL

228?!?

ROCKY

Fifty!

Crystal weeps harder.

MIMI

Oh fuck me--

ROCKY

Here asshole--*(turns around to give Fred his money, sees Whip squeezing Fred's nipples)* Oh that's just great--

FRED

What--

ROCKY

Why don't you just borrow his butt-plug too--

FRED

What--

ROCKY

So go with him I don't give a fuck here's your money don't come home tonight--

MIMI

You tell him Rock--

WHIP

She's just getting her period Fred--

CRYSTAL

I hate this fucking job--

FRED

Cool out on the nips Whip--

WHIP

(massaging Fred's pecs) Aw Fred, she'll chill out, you know women--

MIMI

I know--

FRED

Ok Whip that's fine you can stop--

WHIP

Don't be a cocktease Fred--

ROCKY

You make me fucking puke--

CRYSTAL

Why me--

FRED

Who--

MIMI

I know--

ROCKY

Both of you--

CRYSTAL

(weeping) You don't know shit--

ROCKY

You make me sick, fucking queer motherfucker don't even bother coming home--

MIMI

Let's go--

FRED

Rock I am not queer--

WHIP

You just haven't found the right man yet lovey--*(squeezes Fred's nipples)*

MIMI

Come on--

FRED

I said stop--*(grabs Whip's fingers, twists them until Whip is on his knees, Fred standing over him)*

MIMI

Knock it off already you assholes--

FANG

Now Whip now suck him off, the element of surprise--

I said stop--
FRED

Stop it--
MIMI

(in pain) Fucking asshole--
WHIP

Break his fucking fingers, Fred--
ROCKY

Rocky, please--
MIMI

Thank God he never masturbates by his lonesome--
FANG

Stop?
FRED

Yes Fred fuck you--*(Fred lets go, Whip lands in pain)* Fucking asshole--
WHIP

Can we please fucking leave--
MIMI

(to Whip) What do you expect--
FANG

I was kidding Rock--
FRED

Bullshit you loved it if I wasn't here you'd be packing it up his asshole in a second—
ROCKY

I'm not packing it up anyone's asshole but your's Rock—
FRED

Shut up!
ROCKY

Whip love, Fred is so far inside the fucking closet, wild uncircumcised horses could not drag him out--
FANG

Fuck--
MIMI

My fucking fingers Fred--
WHIP

FANG

Baby, I told you not to fuck with breeders, he's a fucking homophobic fascist asshole, but of course, that's everything you like in a man, isn't it--

MIMI

Honey for the last fucking time, come on--

CRYSTAL

Get off my fucking back--

MIMI

Get off your fucking ass--

WHIP

Stupid motherfucker--

FANG

So fine honey go pump some more iron, stuff yourself with more pills and go meet some nice fucking Neanderthal with a baseball bat and a hideous secret he can never tell anyone, not anyone--

ROCKY

Fuck you--

WHIP

Fucking loser--

FANG

Fucking asshole, wind up with your tiny brains splattered into a puddle by some psycho closet case from New Jersey out for a night on the town--

CRYSTAL

I hate my fucking life--

MIMI

You think I'm so fucking happy--

FRED

I was kidding Rock--

ROCKY

I'm leaving--

FRED

Fine let's go--

MIMI

Wake the fuck up--

WHIP

(up, recovered) You have fucked with me for the last time, asshole--

FRED

Don't make me laugh, Mary, what are you going to do--

Don't fucking push me, Fred--
WHIP

(*to Whip*) Kick his ass motherfucker--
FANG

Fuck all of you--
ROCKY

Rocky, you're not helping here--
MIMI

Shut the fuck up--
ROCKY

Oh that's great Rocky thank you--
MIMI

Just stay out of it--
ROCKY

Fuck you--
MIMI

I'm fucking outta here--
ROCKY

Rock wait--
FRED

You're a fucking loser, Fred--
ROCKY

I hate the fuckin' garden--
CRYSTAL

Come home, go to bed and get the fuck over it--
MIMI

But I only made 227--
CRYSTAL

What do you want, you're an alcoholic drug addict over-eater on seven
different 12 step programs, get a fucking life already--
MIMI

Thanks a lot--
CRYSTAL

Rock come on--
FRED

Fucking loser--
WHIP

FRED

(to Whip) Fuck off. *(to Rocky)* I'm not a loser, Rock--

CRYSTAL

You're supposed to love me--

ROCKY

You're a fucking loser--

MIMI

I don't have any energy for you--

CRYSTAL

Thanks a lot--

FRED

I love you Rock--

ROCKY

I can't trust you, Fred--

MIMI

I'm a working actress and I want to go fucking home--*(touches Crystal's shoulder)*

FANG

(to Whip and Fred) You losers are all talk--

CRYSTAL

Don't fucking touch me--

MIMI

Oh Jesus Fucking Christ--

FRED

Don't pay attention to him, Rock, he's just a fucking Mary--

ROCKY

And what are you--

FRED

What's that mean--

WHIP

He's a fucking loser--

ROCKY

It means how many little boys you been fucking up the ass while I been somewhat faithful these past six months--

CRYSTAL

You have some fucking Jew nerve--

FRED

Rock--

MIMI

Get over your fat fucking self alright--

FRED

I am not queer--

FANG

Well God forbid--

CRYSTAL

I am not fat--

ROCKY

I mean great you go off doing who knows what with I don't know who and you pop me full of fucking AIDS man no fucking way I don't need that shit--

FANG

Don't be a jerk, Rocky--

ROCKY

Fang no offense, but you lay down with dogs you are gonna get back up with fleas--

FANG

You fucking asshole--

ROCKY

Listen, if Whip and his little fuck buddies want to kill themselves off with contaminated cum, fine, me, I like you guys, you're fun and all, but you can keep your plague away from me—

WHIP

Fuck you—

ROCKY

(about Whip) What, there's not enough bullshit in my life, now I have to worry about if I'm gonna get sick because he has no self-control? What's the difference between him pumping normal, innocent people with his disease, and those fucking Al Queda assholes ramming a plane into the side of a building? At least they believed in something more than their own cocks.

FANG

Oh an enlightened cunt I see--

MIMI

Hey shut up alright--

CRYSTAL

Fang, goddamnit--

ROCKY

Fuck you Fang--

But you might get AIDS--
FANG

Let's fucking go--
MIMI

Fuck you, I worked hard tonight--
CRYSTAL

Fuck you, okay?
ROCKY

Change the fucking record already--
MIMI

You know what I mean--
ROCKY

Yes I do. Cocktails. Lesions. Nightsweats. Diarrhea. Death.
FANG

Oh fuck off--
ROCKY

Excuse me, sweetheart?
CRYSTAL

Come on, Rock honey, let's go--
FRED

Oh fucking what--
MIMI

You're a fucking asshole, Fred--
WHIP

And you're a dick--
FRED

A perfect match!
FANG

Are you saying I'm a loser--
CRYSTAL

I'm not done with you, fucking closet case--
WHIP

Fuck you faggot--
FRED

I am so tired of your fucking homo tongue--
ROCKY

MIMI

Does it really matter what I say to you--

FANG

What's the matter fishwife can't keep up--

CRYSTAL

You're the fucking loser, darling, not me--

MIMI

Have another fucking drink, darling--

ROCKY

Fucking faggot--

WHIP

Come on Fred tell her you like my hole better than hers--

FRED

In your fucking dreams boy--

ROCKY

You are so fucking one level--

CRYSTAL

Fuck you--

MIMI

Fuck you--

FANG

And you are nonexistent, you fuck, a big black hole that starts deep down between your legs--

MIMI

Fang, shut the fuck up--

CRYSTAL

Fuck you Fang--

ROCKY

You wish you had one--

FANG

At least I'd keep it clean--

ROCKY

Yeah with Liquid Plumber--

WHIP

She's just a fucking gash, Fred--

CRYSTAL

(to Whip) Shut your fucking mouth faggot--

FRED

You're asking for it, motherfucker--

FANG

Fucking breeders are all the same, judge and condemn, you're all so fucking almighty holy--

ROCKY

You act like the world owes you something--

FRED

Go ahead, AIDS boy, start something--(*pushes Whip*)

ROCKY

The world owes you nothing Mary--

WHIP

Don't push me, Fred, I'm not your fucking fish--

CRYSTAL

I'll fucking lay you out motherfucker--(*she lunges for Whip, who repels her with disdain*)

MIMI

(*going to Crystal*) Jesus Fucking Christ--

FANG

Pull your lungs out through your fucking hole--

FRED

Oh please don't hurt me, fucking nigger--

WHIP

Don't make me fucking kill you, guinea fuck--

FANG

(*to Whip*) Knock his fucking teeth out honey--

MIMI

(*to Crystal*) Can we please get the fuck out of here--

CRYSTAL

Don't fucking touch me--

MIMI

Then fuck me ok--

CRYSTAL

No fuck you--

Thunder builds through the following:

The lights hit them at harsh angles, mixing glare and darkness, intimating an inner battlefield. This chant builds like a cyclone, transforming to wolves barking. Wolf sounds

transmute directly from the spoken words--the waiters, in fact, are straining in their skins, inches from explosion.

Fuck you-- **WHIP**

No fuck you-- **FRED**

Fuck you-- **ROCKY**

No fuck you-- **FANG**

No fuck you-- **WHIP**

No fuck you-- **FRED**

Fuck you-- **CRYSTAL**

Fuck you-- **MIMI**

Fuck you-- **ROCKY**

Fuck you-- **FANG**

Fuck you-- **WHIP**

Fuck you-- **FRED**

Fuck you-- **CRYSTAL**

Fuck you-- **MIMI**

Fuck you-- **ROCKY**

Fuck you-- **FANG**

Fuck you-- **WHIP**

Fuck you--	FRED
Fuck you--	CRYSTAL
Fuck you--	MIMI
<i>(barks like a wolf)</i> Arf--	FRED
Fuck you--	WHIP
Arf--	CRYSTAL
Arf--	FRED
Fuck you--	MIMI
Fuck you--	ROCKY
Arf--	FANG
Arf--	WHIP
Arf--	CRYSTAL
Arf--	MIMI
Arf--	ROCKY
Arf--	FANG

All the waiters bark madly.

This builds to the bursting point, wolves foaming at the mouth, snapping at each other.

Huge blast of thunder and lighting.

Betty screams from off-stage; Diva throws her back on-stage, over a table. Betty lands on the ground, stunned.

Thunder and lighting dance as all Hell literally breaks loose.

The scene explodes, the barking waiters immediately grab ring-side seats to watch the fight. ["Arf" denotes a barking sound, rather than the word 'arf' itself.]

Arf--
FANG

Fuck her--
MIMI

Cunt--
CRYSTAL

Arf--
ROCKY

Fucking cock-sucking arf arf arf--
FRED

They all bark for blood, snapping at Betty.

Thunder.

DIVA
(circling Betty) I want my fucking tip.

BETTY
They didn't leave you any--

DIVA
You're fucking lying to me--*(smashes Betty across the face; the Waiters bark in chorus: CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT)*

BETTY
I don't have it--

DIVA
How can I do my fucking job when I have to train assholes like you--

BETTY
I didn't do it--

DIVA
Fucking cunt can't even add up the cash report she wants to work here--

BETTY
I can I just did it look it's perfect--

DIVA
I don't give a fuck I want my fucking money--

BETTY
There was no tip--

DIVA

Fuck you--*(she knocks Betty to the floor, the Waiters bark in chorus:
CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT)*

Thunder and lightning.

The dogs lunge for Betty, who barely evades their teeth.

BETTY

Stop it, you're crazy--

DIVA

And you're a fucking dead bitch if you don't give me my fucking money--

BETTY

They left you nothing because that's what you deserved--

DIVA

(kicking chairs out of her way) Excuse me--

BETTY

(backing away) I would have done the same--

DIVA

Pardon me--

BETTY

All you did was pout and slam plates down and condescend, these people have lives you know, all they wanted was a nice time and all you gave them was lousy service and a bullshit attitude--*(Waiters bark: CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT)*

DIVA

Fuck you Betty from Wisconsin--they were fucking Hebrew All-National assholes, you don't come into a restaurant 20 minutes before they close and expect a good time--fucking Jews do it all the time, talk about attitude, don't make me puke--

BETTY

You hate it so much maybe it's time you got a job in a bank--*(Waiters bark: CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT)*

Thunder.

DIVA

Fuck you ignorant fucking cunt don't you fucking even try to tell me what to do fucking asshole from Wisconsin—

Diva grabs Betty's hair, slams her head into a table.

One of the dogs goes for Betty's ankle, biting her. Betty screams, and with her free foot, slams the dog in the face. The dog yelps and backs away to the corner.

Betty rises, limping.

BETTY

(to Diva) You're a fucking animal--

DIVA

Fucking motherfucker--*(she whips out her corkscrew flashes it at Betty's eyes, who barely avoids it--the Waiters bark: CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT)*

Thunder.

BETTY

You're nuts--

DIVA

(stalking her with the corkscrew) No Betty I'm tired that's all, I'm tired of all this bullshit, these are not people, these are fucking inferior losers that have to eat and because they have money I have to serve them with a smile when all I really want to do is carve the flesh from their fucking skulls when I'm taking their orders I'm thinking of new ways for them to die--I'm thinking how much damage I can do with my pen like in the eye socket or up the pussy or in the ear one simple push and pop their tiny fucking brains out--*(she swipes and cuts Betty's arm the Waiters bark: CUNT DICK SUCK COCK CUNT--they continue barking through Diva's speech)*

Thunder and lightning.

The dogs snap at Betty. She swipes her fist at them, hitting one on the snout. they back off.

DIVA

One more fucking nigger runs my ass off getting frozen drinks for 10 percent, I will do something drastic and if it's not the nigger tip then I get some pair of queens terrified of my cunt so they act superior because I'm just a waitress which means I have no dick and no brains and no Net Worth, if I had my way I'd be the one at the end of a baseball bat in the back of an alley pounding their faggot skulls into fucking meat sauce--

BETTY

Fucking stop--

DIVA

Fuck you and fuck them and fuck those Jews from Long Island with the nail polish and the fucking Platinum Card and the attitude and who gives a fuck a Jew is a Jew is a Jew, I'd like to pop them in the microwave for 60 seconds and serve them over rice--*(cuts Betty again)*

Thunder.

The Waiters tilt their heads back and howl.

BETTY

You're a fucking Nazi, you can't talk about people like that--

DIVA

Don't fucking talk to me about people I've seen millions of them in my happy little food service career and I am not impressed. It would make me

so happy just to dance in the blood of my asshole customers I took lessons
yes I did Betty and all I want is to shuffle-ball-chain in their motherfucking
blood--they all deserve a nice violent death starting with you Betty my love--
give me my fucking money you fucking little motherfucker--

Diva swipes again, Betty dodges, grabs the metal coffee pot, smashes it into Diva's head.

Thunder and lightning explode.

Diva falls. Betty pounces on Diva, pounding away with the coffee pot.

*The barking Waiters crowd around like wolves surrounding the kill--they bark in ecstatic
symphony to the brutal action in front of them.*

*Suddenly, as it hits a climax, the barking stops. Stillness. The lights resume their normal
restaurant flavor.*

Judy Garland sings GET HAPPY.

*One by one, the Waiters take their time, regrouping to their familiar places on stage,
sipping beers, smoking, very post-coital. Ready to rejoin the world, their smiles back in
place.*

*Betty rises, covered with blood. She stands immobile, her apron splattered with Diva's
blood.*

Fang goes to Betty, gently takes away the coffee pot.

FANG

Thank God it was decaf.

He picks up the corkscrew, goes to Betty, hands it to her ceremoniously.

Slowly, Betty looks at the corkscrew in her hand. She is trembling.

FANG

(raising Betty's arm in victory) Put this woman on motherfucking nights!

WAITERS

(toasting her) Caching caching!!

They all pound back their beers.

*Trembling, Betty drops the corkscrew. It falls from her bloody hands. On a sob, she
whispers:*

BETTY

No.

Drops to her knees. Weeping while the others enjoy their beer.

Blackout.

The End