

LOT
(A Witness Making)

A white circular room. Highceilingd flourescentlit.

A window backcenter high on wall, making it clear THE ROOM IS BELOW STREETLEVEL. Half cardboarded up, MUH in stencil on right remaining pane; leaves fall; peoplelegs pass.

UPCENTER a stainlesssteel SLAUGHTER TABLE.
a SYRINGE RECEPTICLE.

MID-DOWNLEFT a woodenslat CRATE 4_ ' high x 5'sq spraystenciled PILLOWS.

DOWNCENTER a doctors cabinet below window.

MIDUPRIGHT a DOOR, three metalsteps parallel to wall rise to meet it.
DOWN from DOOR a steel SINK.

STRINGER & POKE wear labcoats & pants & shoes. Name tags on coat chestpockets.

JERABETH wears a brownbeigeblack fur coat & black turtleneck & black pants & black boots.

CHILD wears a white dressinggown, and has fantastically dishevelled black hair, like a Japanese ghost.

STRINGER's, JERABETH's, and POKE's faces, in descending order, can be seen peering through the slightly opened door.

CHILD stands UPCENTER.

Dim LIGHT until break.

THE ROOM IS STREWN WITH DOZENS, PERHAPS A HUNDRED, LIVE CATS.

CHILD

When I return
I shall look.
This will be done.
All this will be done.
And then I will come back.

The law requires two to mourn.
One to weep.
And one to sing.

I will return.
I will look.
And I will sing.

(Turns, climbs into and disappears inside PILLOW box.)

STRINGER's, POKE's, & JERABETH's faces are disappeared by the closing of the DOOR. *A pause.*

STRINGER enters, assumes a posture for opening tableau: left hand on cats neck, right hand w/syringe held up to the light. *Another pause.*
Then the BREAK with the lights.

STRINGER

UGGHWAHH! Five C Cees. A headstone. You fucking cunt! Poke. Nice you come back. Here. Pillow this.

POKE

Stringer! Lo lo lo lo lo! You white piece of shit. Half a turkey and swiss?

STRINGER

Poke! Ketch! You pale face motherfucker. No thanks. A HEADSTONE! Another headstone man. Set it the fuck up. And pillow that cunt.

POKE

Sold the gun and kept the trigger
Broke the book and stole back nigger

STRINGER

Ah a little mewszick.

POKE

Boon day. Looka all these cunts.

STRINGER

Skies the limit Poke.

POKE

Heres yer headstone, doktor. Nothin up there you white bastard.

STRINGER

Why thank you.

POKE

Its all a afterimage on a cozmick retina, doktor.

STRINGER

Why Poke, you dont say.

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo.

STRINGER

UGGHWAHH!
PILLOW THIS CUNT!
ANOTHER HEADSTONE!

POKE

HEADSTONE!

STRINGER

Oh. Now here's a beauty. Look at the intelligence in the eyes. The persinallitee — .
Perfectly healthy. Radient even. Shine in the eyes, light on the coat. Cunt signed?

POKE

All signed.

STRINGER

Whats her news?

POKE

News is its that Jerabeth woman again.

STRINGER

Again? This is five this year. What is it? She hump the reseats? The bitch. Close to the
killer in her she like to get?

POKE

She did kind of. Confide in me this morning. When she's going out.

STRINGER

And what Poke? What about this cunt?

POKE

Its not the cunt itself, Stringer. Its the whole thing. The ride up, the signing, the empty box on the ride back. Tears her up. Thats why. Tears her up. She loves em. She says the cunts she brings here all ate the same time she did.

STRINGER

Look at this. UGGHWAHH! I fucked it. Do it again. Another headstone!

POKE

HEADSTONE!

STRINGER

Ate what?

POKE

All ate the same time she did. That all the cunts she brings here have a piece of her life in them. So its a kind of sacrificial reverential act. Some fucking way. Like the old barbers. A stress reliever. Sow she deals. Lo lo lo lo lo.

STRINGER

Well cunt. Here. Hows this for love? Relieve yr fucking stress?
THIS IS THE HUMANE SOCIETY!
PILLOW THIS CUNT!

POKE

Stringer you white piece of shit.

STRINGER

You pale plected mother fucker Poke. You blank blanched bland blueyed bastard. A HEADSTONE! Headstone. A round for these, my friends! The cunts! THE FUCKING CUNTS!

POKE

Comin right up, doktor. Hippocratic. And we's aims to pleez.

STRINGER

Pillow this.

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo.
Per-lunk. Two. Pillowed.

STRINGER

Another headstone, Poke.

POKE

On the way, Stringer. On the fuckunting way.

Stringer.

STRINGER

Poke?

POKE

This cunt not dying Stringer.

STRINGER

No. No it wouldnt be. It really wouldnt be Poke. Leave it.

POKE

Leave it?

STRINGER

LEAVE IT! Jus leave it. Let it drown.

POKE

Stringer —

STRINGER

FUCK! That bitch. Think I'ma goddam stress reliever? A fucking hypo full a valium? Headstone. Wheres it?

POKE

Here Stringer, here.

STRINGER

Every time she unwind some cunts got to die? Whats that? That bitch!

POKE

Stringer —

STRINGER

No Poke. Not that cunt. It'll add up. Some way.

POKE

Whatre we —

STRINGER

LET IT DROWN! THE CUNT! Let it drown with its relieved kin. Bitch! Nothin 'll let us go. Nothin!

POKE

What? What?

STRINGER

You white son of a bitch. Nothin will. None of us. Never!

POKE

Stringer you sure you dont want this sandwich?

STRINGER

Headstone. Caller. Teller it wont die.

POKE

Stringer —

STRINGER

DO IT! Caller an teller it wont die. This aint cosmetics! Shit!

POKE

Headstone.

STRINGER

UGGHWHAH! CUNT!

My third fall here. This aint a service for the living Poke. Thats not it.

POKE

Yeah. I —

STRINGER

Caller.

POKE

Okay. I'ma caller Stringer.

STRINGER

Do it. Thank you. You whitetrash cuntkiller.

POKE

Cuntkiller. Yes'm. You can feedem, you can affordem t'die. Best compassion money can buy.

STRINGER

Wait Poke. Before you step up another headstone, sir. And pillow this.

POKE

Got it. Two. Headstone, doktor. And I shall return.
Lo lo lo lo lo.

STRINGER

My third fall.

Ah. Cunt. Nice cunt. There. Shhh. Nice nice cunt.

Not everyone can deal with just a window on the sky.
Sure, sure. Share the wealth.
There. Thats nice. Good cunt. Listen. Int this great?
I jus got this double jack. Here.
Where, O ver the. Uhhnnup high. Theres a uhnnnat I heard of uhnnin a lull a by.
STAY!
Where dananananananah dadanananananadada na naah.
Da nadanadanadana nnnadanadanada nanann nllll find me.
SOMEEmmmm mmver nnain bo. Good girl. Here. Now we go.
Nnver the ain bo why nnno I cant I.
Pill. O
Shit.
The dreams the thing. Wherein will snatch the power of the king.
Squeeziz balls too.
Poke. Fucksee?
Yep. I like Judy.
Can I just say something? Can I just say something?
Just fill my own headstone.
Poke! Took you long enough. Rebound there. I missed that cunt.

POKE

Stringer.

STRINGER

Cmon Poke. Skies still the limit.

POKE

This is Jerabeth. Jerabeth Relain.

STRINGER

Poke you know no —

JERABETH

I want my cat back.

They got your tongue? I want my cat back.

STRINGER

Thanks Poke. Thank you sir.

See that box? Yr cunt – yr CAT is in there. All groomed.

JERABETH

Mister Grant here said I changed my mind in time.

POKE

Stringer I didnt have to call —

STRINGER

SHUT UP!

Jerabeth Relain? Fine. Shoulder deep go fish. Catfish. You know. They predict earthquakes. Should be the warmest of the cold. Just in case you cant remember its face.

JERABETH

Mister Hallser —

STRINGER

HALLSY. DOCTOR Benjamin Hallsy. And I dont care. Take it and go. A headstone Poke. Set it up.

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo. Miss Relain —

STRINGER

Poke! A HEADSTONE MAN. Work! We got work! Miss Relain can unpillow herself.

JERABETH

Its fine Mister Grant.

STRINGER

See its fine Poke! Its so fine! The big turneround!
Two minutes to cunt midnight the city pants fer the lights tdim!
And Miss Jerabeth Relains heart flits and swerns like some trash novel by the highway
curb. Shill make it! Her hearts signed by the cuntking himself reprieve! Clemency! Kk
– Kk – What the fucks that word? Good Christ Ive got to take a shit! Sa play! Sa movie!
No how it ends! Jerabeth Relains empty cuntcarrier in gobo light by the pillow box! You
think the heart changes?! You think the credits really roll?
A HEADSTONE POKE! A FUCKUNTING HEADSTONE! Maybe even one fr Miss
Jerabeth Relain!

JERABETH

Doctor Hallsy doesnt look at me when his mouth it speaks of me. And you Mister Grant
watch the windowpeople passing by. I dont mind reaching in to that box. So many
pieces of my heart have ended there. And I dont think this is a play. These poor animals
are real. I wonder if the good doctor remembers.

STRINGER

Miss Relains throatiness reminds me of the madams usedta call my house seen if my wife
was available to work.

JERABETH

I take that as a high compliment Doctor. Selfemployed women sounds to me. And they
probably even gave your wife. A name.

STRINGER

MISTER GRANT. A HEADSTONE SIR. SET IT THE FUCK UP.

JERABETH

I think its the good doctor and you, Mister Grant, whom take this all to be a play.

POKE

Thats no how true.

JERABETH

It is tho, Mister Grant. You call them cunts, you turn them in to pillows, you even play basketball with the carcasses. And you think five c-cees of strychnine in the game are called headstones. An I just walked in. A walkman with two headphones by the slaughter table. Whos playing?

POKE

Miss Relain. If this is a game or a play the cats are still kilt. No how no other end. The words look in. Its how play goes on. The pass through the dead end. Yr the wunnu turneround.

JERABETH

Yes. I did. I turned around.

POKE

An from what you toll me outside —

STRINGER

O outside! OUTside. A fuckunting lot seemsr happen here this OUT side. WE NOT OUTSIDE.

Smell. SMELL?

You both. Poke doctor Grant. Gobologht Relain.

This what the OUTside smells like INSIDE my cunts. Whatit WAITS tsmell.

This round roomsa bellybutton drain aall the noses holes ut walk on feet sniff to. Sthat secret sniff.

Why else would you work here Poke? Illeviation of suffering resumè cunt shit. Sis smell. Stay outta that cabinet Miss Relain. You would kindly.

JERABETH

I do notice the lovely flower paintings in the room outside Doctor Hallsy. I adore them.

STRINGER

Mmmm. Poke. I hear Miss Relain hear exactly what I just say. Does she Poke? She Poke she want a job? And Pokes maybe too? So wheres the headstone Doctor Grant? Much illeviation the procured, sir. Take yr eyes outta that window and procure, sir. Yr standing. Now move. Lot our guest a vision of leviation. A look IN side. Getr in th game. For shedid turneround.

Thank you, man. And continue.

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo.

STRINGER

Miss Gobo.

Ask Doctor Grant wherefor his refrain.

He dont speak much but he CAN talk WHILE he fills headstones.

JERABETH

Doctor Grant?

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo.

Well. Took me awhile to fill out where my little song come from. Lo lo lo lo lo. I never had it till I got here.

What dyou hear?

JERABETH

A low whirring.

All the cats purring.

POKE

Yup.

That songs that are machines plugged in. The cunts are are machine. Zlong as the machines making its song, were working. I guess I took a piece of the machine inside.

Thats how it goes, isnt it? Swallow what yr moneys covered in.

Lo lo lo lo lo.

STRINGER

PLEASE. Stay outta that cabinet, Gobo.

POKE

Wasnt I think no I dont think was the smell, Stringer.

I know it is for you.

But very could be well the song. Very could be well.

STRINGER

Pause here Poke. Lets go. So we reap. So lets so. Graba fresh bag under the stairs.

Miss Relain. Would you care to help feed and water?

Good. Jus pour a line cross the floor.

After dump the pond plate in the sink and refill.

Easy. And thank you, Miss.

JERABETH

Doctor Hallsy.

STRINGER

Stringer, Gobo. Youkin call me Stringer.

JERABETH

Why?

STRINGER

Im the one who ties it all up. All together. O yes.
Een my wifes here somewhere. In no mistake.
My wife an th window an Poke an you too.
In no mistake.

JERABETH

Wow this is heavy.

POKE

Be careful Jerabeth. Sallot. The waters heavy too.

STRINGER

What Gobo? Backa the pillow box needs a sweep Poke.

JERABETH

I did turn around.

STRINGER

You did.

JERABETH

And I want my cat back.

STRINGER

Yes?

JERABETH

GOOD GOD!

POKE

Stringer! Couldnt you wait till she left?

STRINGER

Were INside, Poke. No secrets here. An I toll you I had to take a shit.

JERABETH

Your shitting on my cat!

STRINGER

Im shitting. Hnnnn. On a lot of. Ahhk. Cunts. This is where. Hnnnn. I. Uuuup.
Shit.

JERABETH

O my God.

STRINGER

Not here, Gobo.

Uuuuk.

Unless you smell him. Zthat his? Hnnnn. Smell?

Ahhhh.

Indian food last night. Kills me evry time.

Im done.

JERABETH

YOU'RE AN ANIMAL!

STRINGER

Miss Gobo: I am a DOCTOR.

JERABETH

THE SMELLS YOU! ITS YOU! YOUR SMELLING YOUR SELF!

POKE

Lo lo lo lo lo.

JERABETH

Low? Low? You STAY HERE? Mister Grant you stand this stay here and work here?

WHY? WHY?!

POKE

Dont spill th water Miss Relain. Itll mush the foods.

JERABETH

GOD!

POKE

I jus dont mind, Miss Relain. That natural. Waste is waste.

STRINGER

Whats yr money cover Gobo?

Whats the songa yr machine?

Whats all this noise yr making come from?

Why you turneround?

Dyou een still rmember? It has bina long, long time, Miss Relain. Seen fact this here Ive wiped with is your name meaning yr cunts deatht. Yr NAME means that INside, Gobo.

What you do in dont ownz tricky bcause heres INsides here. Did you know that death was INside yr name? Znot the cunts namesre on headstones here, Jerabeth Gobo. Stha namesa those who do em. Who signem out an signem OFF.

Theyve bin five headstones inscribed Jerabeth Relain this yearn this plot. Whoer you walking around? An what dyou REALLY call yrself? Do you een still remember? Youer INSIDE when you turnderound. Do you remember? Remember why? Couldyou please shut the water. Cant stand when its left to run. Let HER do it, Poke. She turned it on.

JERABETH

I just. Want.

POKE

Jerabeth Ill clean it up fer you. No problem.

STRINGER

You wont Poke. You really wont.

POKE

Stringer. I want this done. I know I want a stop to this.

STRINGER

No Poke. This isnt done. Maybe you dont know. Miss Relain does.

POKE

Miss Relain. Yr cats not dead but it wont live. Stringer Ima clean it and give it —

STRINGER

You WONT Poke. Ask Miss Relain. Tellim Gobo.

JERABETH

Put down the broom, Doctor Grant. Theres no reason for vilence.

STRINGER

Here, Jerabeth.

JERABETH

Whats in it?

STRINGER

No tape. I call it the music a th spears.
Shall we?

(They dance.)

POKE

Clook. Clook. Clook.
By my window I came tlearn her legs.
An then I thoughts me shes come to see.
You guys were the excuse. And shed never need tknowa this, and Stringers mud.

Im coming in.

Aaaaah uh ah.

Clook. Clook. Clook.

Seems could could very be well stha songs caused her turneround t here, guys. You guys know. Whena some person confides tyou it means yr in their way. Confide tget rida ya.

Could very be well.

Clook. Clook. Clook.

My mates, feelzizif shes stoln my song.

I int need now tclean yrself up, now. My. Pillowed myself.

Miss Relains name cull fulla headstones, sweet, cling, clook.

Crrrrrrr.

Hrrrrrrr.

Crrrrrrr.

In Im going now, guys.

I can do that.

His eyes fullta his window, tears mingle with excrement upon his.

Who, he thinks.

Which?

Lo lo lo lo lo.

JERABETH

AHHHHH!!

POKE

STOP DANCING!

JERABETH

HE STUCK ME!

POKE

CUNT!

STRINGER

This dint happen. DO YOU UNNERSTAN? This dint happen.

JERABETH

LET GO OF ME!

STRINGER

AHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHH!!

POKE

A HEADSTONE, WINDOW!

You dont shout at my window, Stringer. You dont.

JERABETH

I never called yr wife, Doctor Hallsy.

STRINGER

Zbin a long, time, Gobo.
An you did turneround.

POKE

Wasa empty. Jerabeth empty. No headstone. Zjust air.