

WRITING SAMPLE

HEAD

A Play in Two Acts

by

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CHARACTERS

JOE

A 1940's type cop.

FRANK

A 1940's type cop.

SEX FARCE

A Femme Fatale and Burnt out Human.

TIME

Present.

SET

Street scene. Everything is gray, black or white, as if watching a 1940's Film Noir.

A cityscape (but can be just black behind the street) with a low white street lamp glowing directly down on the scene creating a black abyss surrounding the unlit areas.

Crime scene. Yellow Tape blocking off access. Cracks in the road. Curb and a drain stuffed with garbage in it. Dead Center Stage is a black body bag with gray trim outlining the bag. It has a large heap, or bump in the middle that we clearly see. It rests on an angle, from Up Stage Left to Down Stage Right.

A Soundtrack or sound effects from a 1940's type Film Noir might be used. This would need to be explored and done tastefully so as not to dominate the dialogue. If done well, it could add to comic moments, as well as truly frightening moments.

ACT I

AT RISE

In the dark we hear and see two matches strike, then see the flames well up, and two cigarette tips being illuminated simultaneously as someone sucks hard on the butts. We watch the lit cigarette tips move down in exact unison, as they rest their arms at their sides, then back up to their mouths. It goes on through Sex Farce's monologue, that plays throughout the theater.

SEX FARCE'S VOICE

(negative, depressed, angry,
disgusted, in a rhythm
but never yelling)

It was a city on the edge of nowhere, felt like a hobo seeking a cupcake in a sea of dog shit, a place easy to become nauseated in, even easier to die in, a breeding ground for malignant greed, the kind that stinks like a backed-up cesspool on the fourth of July, a landscape controlled by the filthy-rich hiding behind half-cracked window shades, the light spitting across their eyes as they poke their peekers at the street below fearful of the pitch-forks in their fed-up victims hands looking up for revenge, the steamy hot tango of femme fatales wearing bras that strangulate their tits, girdles that damage livers, collagen-treated lips that look jackhammered after a kiss, where wheelers and dealers, hustlers and bustlers, schemers and screamers grab for the gold like psychotic piranhas that haven't eaten for a week, yeah - you heard me right - it ain't a pretty picture, 'cause here, in No-Where-Land, people worship propaganda, blonde in a bottle is a sport, deception is worshipped like the Popes Poop on eBay - it's that kinda town - and in that town, there was a murder today, in a side alley just before the cliff of doom, where fate meets destiny and destiny shits all over history. Johnny Jones, yes, that Johnny Jones, our Johnny Jones, the great Johnny Jones - Media Magnate, Political Super Star, Game Show Host, Radio Podcast King, Self-proclaimed Psychopath, All-Time Two-Faced Creep, was found stiffer than an overdosed Viagra-driven hard-on - but it gets worse - Johnny's not just another stiff, he wasn't brutally murdered like normal people, his body was mutilated, his body parts found in various parts of the city; thirteen locations found on a note scribble at the crime scene - but no worries - two of No-Where-Land's

(MORE)

SEX FARCE'S VOICE (*CONT'D*)

best Dicks, Sleuthhounds, Shadow-Tailers, Tracer-Trackers, Street Saviors, Morality-Maniacs - AKA - COPS - are hot on the case right now sniffin' out justice and the truth like a bloodhound whiffing month-old panties from a poverty-stricken prostitute with perspiration problems - and they're gonna crack the case wide open like an egg dropped from a SkyScraper! Yeah, they found 13 parts of Johnny's body an' bagged 'em. But there's a problem.

(pause)

...They're still lookin' for his head.

We hear a light switch and the loud buzz of electricity surging, as a street lamp glows illuminating two men standing over a body bag center stage.

We meet two detectives in gray trench coats and black Dick Tracy hats standing over the body bag and smoking, smoke from the butts are circling their heads like a fog in the above lamp post light.

They speak in a 1940's or 50's TV Detective Show rhythm - like the old DRAGNET series, in a monotone with occasional bursts of emotion - but back to monotone control. As the play develops, this drops off a bit more into the emotional, rather than the controlled, static cadence of the above.

They both take a simultaneous drag of their cigarette, still looking at the body bag. Their heads raise up. Look at one another. No emotion. Eyebrows raise up ending in a wince. Then they both look down again.

Joe starts nodding disgustedly.

Frank starts shaking his head, disgustedly.

JOE

(looking at the body bag
nodding)

Homicide.

FRANK
(looking at the body bag
shaking his head)
How can we be sure?

JOE
Been chopped to bits.

FRANK
Never judge a book...

JOE
...It's obvious, Frank.

FRANK
Accident, Joe?

JOE
Not possible.

FRANK
Why's that?

JOE
Definitely murder.

FRANK
Suicide?

JOE
Out of the question.

FRANK
How can we be sure?

JOE
It's evident.

FRANK
How so, Joe?

JOE
For one thing, Frank, if he had the butcher cleaver and
cut off his arm, how would he cut off his other arm?

FRANK
Legs?

JOE
How do ya figure?

FRANK
Hold the cleaver in his feet, did it to himself that way.

Impossible. JOE

Nothin's impos...? FRANK

...Not a chance. JOE

...I remember seein' a woman born no arms... FRANK

...No way... JOE

..could wash dishes with her feet... FRANK

...didn't happen... JOE

...amazing shit I swear to God... FRANK

...nada... JOE

...what people can do if they put their heads to it.... FRANK

...Or their feet..? JOE

...Tasteless joke given what we're lookin' at. FRANK

Humor is all I got left given what we're lookin' at. JOE

Pause. Both take a drag of their
cigarettes in perfect unison looking
at the body bag. Lower their hands.
Exhale together.

A LITTLE LATER.

Lights start to come up slowly
revealing the Lamp Post up stage
center. Leaning against it and
moving sensually on the post, behind
the corpse, is a woman in full color.

Meet "SEX FARCE".

She appears to be a beautiful blonde woman with long, wavy hair mid-back, about forty-five years old, wearing a bright red dress, just down past her knees, black high-heel shiny shoes, a black waste-band, and a long black shiny cigarette holder, with a white newly lit cigarette in it. She takes a long drag, and blows the smoke up into the street lamp light. Then turns her head looking right at the audience and smiles a dastardly smirk, raises and lowers her eyebrows twice flirtatiously, daringly. Then, without moving her head, runs her tongue around her lips sensuously.

SEX FARCE
(seductively)

Hi there.

Joe and Frank just stare.

She smiles too long.

Pause.

FRANK
You seein' what I'm seein' Joe? Or has it just been too long a day?

JOE
How'd she get past the crime scene blockade?

FRANK
Who cares.

The white light from the street lamp shines down on her.

SEX FARCE
Hi there, handsome-s. I like this lamp post. So...Phallic. And the amber light... The AMBER light!

The white light turns amber.

SEX FARCE
...the smoke rising up into it - so symbolic donchya think, Johnny. Like a metaphor even.

(MORE)

SEX FARCE (CONT'D)

Romantic - like meeting your lover in a dark alley on a warm spring night, both horny beyond your wildest animal imaginations, wanting, needing, the lust?

FRANK

Names Fran...

JOE

...I'm Jo...

SEX FARCE

...Hiya Johnny...

JOE

...Detective Joe is enough for you - where did you come from? This is a crime scene. I'll have to ask you to leave.

SEX FARCE

Maybe I'm the only one that can tell you where his head is, Johnny.

Pause.

Joe walks near her upstage, Frank backs off and watches. Sex Farce remains swooning, smiling, and smoking against the lamp post. She laughs a little sick laugh.

FRANK

There's no Johnny here. What's your name, honey?

SEX FARCE

Honey-Pie 'cause I'm so sweet.

JOE

Don't play me. What's your real name.

SEX FARCE

Sex Farce's my stage name. Do you like that name? Call me Sex for short. All the worlds a stage, Johnny. We merely victims. 'Cept me.

JOE

You know where this corpses head is?

SEX FARCE

No one ever did.

Short pause. Joe looks her over.

JOE

What about you?

SEX FARCE

Slow down, Johnny, you'll move a lot faster.

JOE

Did you know this man?

SEX FARCE

Even when his head was on his body and he was talking to you, it was a complete mystery where his head was - even when you thought you knew him, whoever and whatever you thought he was, he wasn't. No matter what he said, you couldn't trust it.

JOE

What was your relationship to him?

SEX FARCE

You'll never figure this out. It's above your heads.

(cracks up)

Sorry, Johnny just slipped out but a good one donchya think? Huh? Whaddya say we get outta here, buy some drinks - my treat, Johnny?

JOE

(drawing boxes in the air)

I'm on duty, mam. And married. Separated. Almost divorced. I live alone. But still. The paper's are not signed. I abide by the rules.

FRANK

I'll get a drink with her.

JOE

(whispering to Frank)

She's clearly a criminal playing you.

Frank's eyes are stuck on her, mouth agape.

JOE

Frank?

FRANK

(snapping out of it)

Uh Yeah? Yeah. Right. Understood.

JOE

(to Sex Farce)

What was your relationship to this man or I would you rather go downtown...

FRANK

...You're scarin' her.

SEX FARCE

Yea Copper, ya making me shake in my panties. Ya such a bad boy aren't you, Johnny?

JOE

Names Joe, this here's Frank.

SEX FARCE

Men who don't know who they are. Who are mirrors up to their masters. I call Johnny. So, fellas, I'm gonna call ya Johnny and Johnny. Or Johnny, for short.

JOE

Avoiding the question...

SEX FARCE

...I have a perfect figure - that's why he liked me. And this long luxurious blonde hair. And these thick, red lips. Do you like my lips, Johnny?

FRANK

I like ya lips...

JOE

FRANK!

Frank straightens himself out.

JOE

We'll need your real name miss. Frank call security.

FRANK

(staring, lustful whisper)

When?

JOE

Now.

FRANK

Sounds to me like she might know something - I say stay with her. Let 'er talk herself into prison.

SEX FARCE

Yeah, good idea - who knows, Johnny - I might know somethin' - somethin' important - and tell ya so I can end up in prison.

JOE

Where did you come from - one second nothing, next second you're immersed into a crime scene.

SEX FARCE

I'm an illusionist. Sorta. Can't ever tell you my secrets though. Make ya look over here, but I'm really over there. Make ya wet with lust, without touching you, but if ya knew me, Johnny, ya dick'd cringe an' run a million miles away.

(cracks up)

JOE

What was your relationship to this murder victim laying right in front of you.

SEX FARCE

It was all in his imagination.

JOE

What was?

SEX FARCE

Nothing. That was his problem.

JOE

Mam, spinning around my questions in circles will end you in the slammer. You seem unaffected by its obvious grotesque and highly abnormal violent end of this victim - look at his remains. You're laughing and giggling and flirting with us. What was your relationship to this man?

Joe watches her carefully, Frank is drooling. She walks over to the body parts, laid out in their juxtaposed positions, and looks down on it, then spits on the corpse.

A LITTLE LATER.

*Frank left to get donuts and coffee,
and Joe is left alone with Sex Farce.*

SEX FARCE

I want to make you feel good - like eatin' a donut.

They both stare at one another, she moves in gently, sexually flirtatious movements.

JOE

Did he betray you, lie to you, make promises he had no intention of keeping?

SEX FARCE

Who doesn't betray someone. Who doesn't betray themselves. Betrayals are everywhere. It's a staple of the human spirit. See a better rainbow, lust for it. Just need a little temptation, know what I mean, Johnny? And everything you thought was secure goes to shit.

JOE

Were you in love with him?

SEX FARCE

As soon as somethin' feels good, we go blind. Ain't that right? Call it love. Love this, love that, love whatever make's ya little pee pee rise for a second? We got funny definitions for things we don't understand.

JOE

I've had enough dodging, gettin' off subject, diverting from facts to subliminal sexual suggestions as a means of confusing the questions. Do you understand what I want?

SEX FARCE

Oh do I, Johnny.

JOE

I DON'T WANT THAT.

SEX FARCE

Yes you do. For long deep hot sweaty abandoned hours in a dark room where no one can see, or ever know...ya desperate for the kind of freedom ya feel when ya luxuriate in the anti-social - 'cause you're sooooo social. The confines of all ya rules, all the restrictions - and all them sacrifices got ya what - I heard you - divorced, lost ya soul - it's like livin' in a box. Anti-social turns you on don't it, baby? "Cause being naughty is a form of freedom from the machine - know what I mean? Step outta the light, into the dark - somewhere you can experience the raw primitive animal you are deep inside within the machine, that needs to live - keep it legal. Just not moral. I can keep a secret better than the lock on a bank safe. For a price.

JOE

Tell me more about your relationship to this corpse, and how you killed him. Did you do it in that dark motel room? Did you lose control letting out your primal beast?

SEX FARCE

I was jus' tellin' ya about my little ol' dream - I don't know what you're thinkin' - in that dirty, filthy, imaginative little male mind of yours - I'm just standing here. You can't accuse me of something like that without proof. What proof do you got to say a thing like that to a nice homegrown girl like me?

JOE

My 30-year coppin' gut.

SEX FARCE

An' to think I got all dressed up for you. And you're all the way over there. Commere. I won't bite. Too hard.

JOE

No you didn't get dressed up for me.

SEX FARCE

I'm everything that's wrong with you.

JOE

What does that mean?

SEX FARCE

I'm not who I appear to be. If I took off this costume, you'd puke.

JOE

Who appears to be who they are?

SEX FARCE

Might be that no one is who they say they are.

JOE

Might be they think they're one thing when they're really another.

SEX FARCE

Might be until they meet someone that lights the fire that's been hidden for much much too long.

JOE

Might be they are both the primitive and the sophisticated, and they make a choice to keep their lives stable, rather than dismembered.

SEX FARCE

Might be they been struggling so long doin' without, that when something special comes along, they surrender.

JOE

Might be you use sex to obtain something else. Then realize you're the one been used. Someone used your beauty, used your mind, used your heart, used your life, took your soul and spit it out!

SEX FARCE

(sudden anger)

Might be I'm a big fat fake, Johnny - that's what I'm tellin' ya. Because I want. I need. It ain't my fault. My hair is brown. I liked it brown but it didn't get the punch outta life that my blond-in-a-bottle hair got me. That's the truth like it or not.

JOE

That all you got? Blond-in-a-Bottle?!

SEX FARCE

There's more underneath appearances. That's what I'm tellin' ya. Words. Make up. They cover up the truth.

JOE

Like what for instance?

SEX FARCE

What we think we see, what we think we believe, when we're told something it could be complete fabrication but sometimes you can't tell the difference? Look closer.

She's right in front of him, both standing in profile to the audience. She stares at him.

JOE

Dodging the questions. Again.

SEX FARCE

This is lipstick, not the color of my lips. But you don't care when lookin' at these gorgeous lips now do ya. Speak to something in you, deep, that wants to kiss them and you don't even know why.

JOE

I don't care about the color of your lips.

SEX FARCE

We all have some sorta mask, Johnny - what's yours?

JOE

I DON'T CARE WHAT MINE IS.

SEX FARCE

Gettin' angry 'cause you want me, but ya can't admit it.

JOE

I WANT THE TRUTH.

SEX FARCE

Escape the chaos through questions, law, order - fightin' crime - think you're the people's hero saving them from the creeps like this that would cut out their liver and eat it as much as look at ya? That your thing? Ain't my thing.

JOE

WHAT'S YOUR THING?

SEX FARCE

LIPSTICK.

JOE

Did you...

SEX FARCE

...I have a girdle on.

JOE

...Was he...

She takes his hands and puts them on her hips, then moves them up and down the side of her leg by her butt. Joe plays along.

A LITTLE LATER.

Frank is in the audience searching for the head. Joe and Sex farce down stage center looking out at the audience. Joe holds the audience at gunpoint as he suspects them all.

FRANK

(while searching under seats, the ceiling, walls, etc.)

I remember hoping. Wanting to feel hopeful about everything. That's what this feels like. Finding some meaning and hope in it - but there isn't any - it's a catastrophe laying at our feet.

I remember, behaving, to pretend we were happy. To feel safe. Wantin' to feel loved when we didn't feel loved. Pretending to be sincere while being insincere with one another. Using each other for some need, and believing it was sharing something. One need to the next. One lie to the next. But things changed when you looked closer. Underneath the thoughts. Inside your own head. And heart. To feel what you truly felt. Think what you truly thought. Terrifying to see or hear or feel the truth - it's so alien to living on Earth. We fabricate too many things and it blinds you. Something you're looking for could be right at your feet, and you'd not see it.

SEX FARCE

That's all he did. That's all any of 'em did. That's all you do, too. That's all I do. We're all full of it, I tell ya.

(spits on the corpse)

JOE

(to Sex Farce's spitting)

KNOCK THAT OFF IT'S DISGUSTING AND YOU'RE MAKING A MESS.

(to Frank)

FRANK I CAN'T HOLD THIS GUN UP MUCH LONGER. IF I LET IT DOWN WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'LL DO. WE'RE IN A DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT.

Frank is shining his flashlight by his feet, then down under an aisle of chairs from behind them. He kneels down behind the rear aisle, we cannot see him.

FRANK

THERE'S NOTHING HERE I TELL YOU IT'S GONE IT'S JUST - WAIT. HOLD ON. WHAT? NO. CAN'T BE. COULD IT BE. LOOKS LIKE. NO. YES. NO. YES. MAYYYYYBEEEEEE...

He pops up fast.

FRANK

...HOLY SHIT I FOUND IT!!!

Joe drops his gun to his side looking out, mouth agape. Sex Farce stands next to Joe down stage center, both looking out terrified.

Frank walks fast back to the stage holding the head by the hair above his head level.

The Head swings side to side.

As Frank walks up the steps holding the dead head, Sex Farce puts her hands over her mouth, Joe winces in disgust and holds the head at gunpoint backing away from it. Frank grabs a barricade and pulls it center stage right in the middle of the body parts and puts the dead head on it. The head looks out eyes open, mouth agape, as if he is seeing the last moment of his life. Around him are his other parts in juxtaposed, sharp, unnatural, painful angles.

THE HEAD stares right at the audience.

It's terrifyingly real, like a grotesque Halloween Mask of a once handsome face.

His hair is blond and red and brown and green and purple stripes and sticks up, and out in a mess, as if he was electrocuted wearing a clown wig. There is blood around his torn up neck, and splattered on his face. His eyes are bulging out of his head, wide open, eyebrows high up, and his mouth is wide open, as if seeing his murderer inflicting the final blow in grotesque terror, facial muscles twisted making it appear monstrous.

It's a terrifying thing to look at but at the same time, comical in a very sad, awkward way. A pin-spot illuminates the head and it appears to be "glowing".

All three move slowly around the head, looking at it. They're appalled.

SEX FARCE

That's him.

JOE

Are you sure?

SEX FARCE

That's what his insides looked like if they were on his face.

FRANK

How would you know what his insides looked like that's ridiculous.

SEX FARCE

Intuition. Can feel people's thoughts. Like feelin' ya gut, know what I mean, Johnny?

FRANK

NO ONE FEELS AS BAD AS THIS GUY LOOKS.

SEX FARCE

That's what I been telling you all night, Johnny. I'm just a sweet little bunny rabbit stuck in the middle of insanity. A victim. Like you. Like the audience. Of this creep. Look at him.

FRANK

Why don't I believe anything you say lady.

SEX FARCE

BECAUSE...

She tears off her wig.

SEX FARCE

(lower man's voice)

...I'M NOT A LADY...

End Of writing sample