

Worlds Of Fun

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CHARACTERS

Phil -- M, 18-30. The boss's adopted son.

Nina -- F, 25-30. The new concierge.

GM -- M, 40-60. The boss.

Clarissa -- F, 40-50. The boss's wife.

Tony -- M, 20-30. A prostitute.

Bob Vance -- M, 40-50. Crusty head of maintenance.

Seamus 1 -- M, 18-40. Irish bully.

Seamus 2 -- M, 18-40. Irish bully.

Lucy -- F, 18-30. A lifer in this business.

Chief -- M, 40-60. Head of security.

Pickle Ray -- M, 18-30. Genuine creeper.

Celestina -- F, 18-30. Doomed prostitute.

Marian -- F, 18-30. Employee.

Guests -- various, as needed.

ACT ONE

The Worlds Of Fun Hotel.

Lucy appears and shrieks.

She's being chased by a monster.

Then Marian and Celestina appear and shriek.

They're chased by a Sultan, brandishing a whip.

Then Tony appears as Chewbacca and bellows.

He's chased by a Storm Trooper.

The players run in and out of doors, on and off-stage, switching arrangements so that the chasers become the chased, or the various groupings become mixed up.

Nina passes through, confused, and is jostled from every side.

At last the Monster comes back in carrying Lucy in his arms.

The Sultan returns dragging Marian and Celestina in a net.

Tony is taken hostage by the Storm Trooper.

They disappear in various directions. And sounds of ecstatic lovemaking begin.

Phil walks on.

The happy grunts and squeals turn instantly to one loud disappointed moan.

Phil's like what happened what did I do?

And maybe one little voice right at the end goes I swear this never happens to me.

Then we're in GM's office.

GM

Can you imagine? Here I am, lying on my belly, nude, with sweet little bird hands skimming my ample flesh. I'm cheddar cheese melting over a plate of nachos, secure in the perfection, the order, the impermeability of what I've built. And then I hear my idiot son skeezed out our former governor and CEO of the fastest-growing Christian publishing house since Paul of G.D. Tarsus. The man has a private army that could take over Canada before they'd half a second to saddle their mooses. And you sent him running with some gibberish about titty-screwing the Little Mermaid. Can you imagine that?

PHIL

You must be pretty disappointed.

GM

Don't imagine it. Don't burn off your limited resources trying to conjure this scenario because here it stands before you. How's it look?

PHIL

I'm sorry, Dad.

GM

For Pete's sake, you invertebrate, what the heck got into you?

PHIL

I wanted to make his stay a personal and memorable experience.

GM

Don't mouth that junk at me. I mean don't you know your limitations? Don't you remember when you had a crush on Ms. Whitney's little porker of a daughter?

PHIL

Suzie.

GM

Unimportant. I said, ok, if you like her so much, why don't you try having a talk with her? She looks like she won't say no to dinner. And what happened?

PHIL

She didn't like me.

GM

Didn't like you? You drooled after that chocodile for two weeks, and after five minutes in a room with you, she comes screaming out like a refugee from a modern art museum. Had to comp the whole visit.

PHIL

I think in retrospect we weren't right for each other, but her rejection only frees us both to pursue the people we're meant to love.

GM rubs his head, softens a bit.

GM

OK. Jesus. Here it is, son: I can't have you and that melon of yours looming in front of the guests. It's nothing personal, but you're ugly as shark-chum and you've got all the social appeal of a third nipple. Is that good for business?

PHIL

Sounds like a real needs-improvement.

GM

God knows what possessed me, letting you try Bellman.

PHIL

Thank you for the opportunity, Dad.

GM

Put yourself in a guest's shoe. You're trying to enter a world of enchantment, a personal fantasy that in no way resembles the at-times-God-forgive-me-less-than-entirely-satisfactory-world in which you have labored mightily and without complaint to attain the scratch to fund this aforementioned fantasy. Do you want some panda-skinned yokel yammering about the intimate details of your imminent sexual experience?

PHIL

Gosh, no. I wouldn't like that.

GM

Darn right you wouldn't.

PHIL

I was pushy, maybe?

GM

And loudmouthed.

PHIL

I should just greet them warmly and offer them a bath while I unpack their bags.

GM

You should stay away from them entirely. You're going back to Housekeeping. Overnight shift, so you can't disturb them with your unaccountable visage and your need to leer at the women's buttocks.

Pause.

GM

You could be more grateful, you know. You want to try your luck out there? They clean their teeth with dipsticks like you.

PHIL

I'm so sorry, Dad. Please don't make me go outside. I'll go back to Housekeeping. I'll do overnight. Thank you. Thank you.

GM

You're welcome.

PHIL

I know I screwed this one up big time.

GM

At least you admit it.

PHIL

It's a real black eye, employee-of-the-quarter-wise.

GM

Plenty of time to make it up.

PHIL

But I was thinking.

GM

Uh-huh?

PHIL

You remember how I said I wanted to be in Engineering?

GM

Don't get me started on that.

PHIL

I know they're under-staffed since the Dooper broke his leg on the Planet of Women.

GM

They're making do.

PHIL

And, and, if you think about it, I have seniority.

GM

Who told you that? Who told you to say that?

PHIL

No one.

GM

That black-hearted lush. You've been saying you want to be Engineering since you were five years old and decided you liked the blue shirt. Have you lifted a hammer since then? Have you developed a trade? Must I fill in the answers for you?

PHIL

I've practiced in my room.

GM

How about if I give you a blue shirt, and you can *wear* it in your room? Does that sound fair?

PHIL

I want to apply for the job in Engineering. I believe I have the skills and the attitude necessary to succeed, and pursuing dreams is an important part of self-maximilazation.

GM

God bless it! Scout's honor, son, I am not a heartbreaker, nor a ballbuster, but you ask me a thing I cannot do. This is a meritocracy, do you understand the concept? The best shall go forth. You earn what you deserve by the sweat of your brow, and boy you're no more a mechanic or handyman than I am Mickey Mouse's red suspender shorts. For me to promote you would send absolutely the wrong message. That kind of nepotism...I know it's a big word, but it's what separates us from the beasts and the vile Orientals. I cannot be seen to show you favor in the slightest. Get off that chair, while I'm on the subject. The fact that you are not my blood kin is immaterial. It's the perception. God forbid my wife adopt an infant capable of proving himself among men in the workplace. No, I would never have singled you out, it comes to that.

If it were down to me, you'd be in the Ewok suit at age three like the rest. You don't like it? You're out on the street with a BLT and shoe-shine kit faster than piss hits the pavement. But your mother's a soft woman.

PHIL

She sure is.

GM

What's that?

PHIL

I love Mom.

GM

You may love her, but I pay her bills. She's a drunk who takes advantage of my respect for the sacred institution of marriage. Do I sometimes long for the days when it was acceptable for a man to administer manual correction within the confines of his own home and castle? You bet I do. But do I bow to the dictates of the time I live in? And how! That's survival. That's the way to build something. Now you're gonna bow to my dictates and make yourself scarce in the daylight hours. I want to see an invisible man pushing a maid-cart.

Phil almost points out the paradox.

GM

What?

PHIL

Nothing.

GM

Of course, I might reconsider the whole blue shirt issue if you had some way of demonstrating your special value as an employee.

PHIL

Tony taught me how to eat a pussy.

GM

How is that any use to me?

PHIL

Because of. I didn't think about it.

GM

But that's good you've got your ears open. Maybe you've heard other things.

PHIL

I don't know, Dad. People don't like it when I tell on them.

GM

C'mon. You're my eyes and ears out there. If people are doing things they're not supposed to, those people are not your friends. They're hurting the company. And if they're hurting the company, they're hurting me, and you, and your mom.

PHIL

Charity isn't pregnant.

GM

She's not?

PHIL

She thought she was, and she told Anaia, and one of the Seamuses thought it was his, but she got a test and she wasn't really after all.

GM

That's too bad.

PHIL

And...remember when Mr. Mittens went missing from the Kitten Korner?

GM

Who's Mr. Mittens?

PHIL

One of the kittens.

GM

Ah.

PHIL

It turns out Maid Marian adopted him, and he stays in her room now. I saw her showing a picture to Lucy, and he looks really happy there. Can he stay?

GM

What else?

PHIL

Can Maid Marian keep Mr. Mittens? Because if she can, maybe I could keep --

GM

What else?

PHIL

I don't know.

GM

In my head is a little sideshow horse race. You point the water pistol, you give me enough juice, and I'll go all the way to the end of the track for you. And you know if you get to the end of that track, you get a prize. Do you see what's hanging up there, the top of the tent, above all those horses?

PHIL

This is a metaphor?

GM

It's a blue shirt, with your name stitched on it.

PHIL

How do I get it?

GM

You have to give me all the juice.

Pause, as Phil figures this out.

PHIL

Celestina's been giving it to Mr. Wendelbaum freeskies. He sneaks presents to her in the Sultan's Palace, and she says she's gonna run away with him.

GM

How long has this been going on?

PHIL

I don't know.

GM hits the intercom.

GM

Bring me Celestina.

PHIL

I think they're in love.

GM

The whores are not in love. If I teach you nothing else, hear me on that. Love is another one of their tricks. And that goes for most of the non-whores, too.

She's got her claws around his green little heart, and she's gonna shred it and lay out all that juicy muscle until she's made herself a ladder.

PHIL

Gross, Dad.

GM

What's gross is she can't climb that ladder without stepping right on our heads. Be quiet.

Celestina enters.

CELESTINA

Hey, boss.

GM

How's tricks, honey?

CELESTINA

Kind of a cluster in the Wild West. Little Andy got hold of a genuine plague-blanket --

GM

-- Great news, Mr. Wendelbaum's decided to extend his stay.

CELESTINA

Oh.

GM

I know you're a particular favorite of his.

CELESTINA

I guess we get along good.

GM

So do you think maybe you could ask him to fork over the money he owes for shaking the sheets with you?

Celestina is stunned.

GM

Because on the other hand, he could fuck you once here, on my property, right in front of me for every free fuck you gave him at your little rodent nest. He could pay me for every one of em. And he could do it all right in a row. You've violated service value number seven, in addition to the employee code of respect, which I personally hold sacred, and this would be your just punishment.

He's an older man, you say -- what if he can't maintain wood, you say? You ever try to get the toothpaste back in the little squeeze-bottle? When that's done, you would go with the Fog, and you'd gather up those presents he gave you, and you'd bring half of it right back here to me -- that's half the value now, not half the presents, feel free to ask a Seamus if you need appraisals made -- and you would drop it all right here at my feet. I will remove my right shoe and my right sock, and you will be permitted to kiss the end of each of my toes by way benediction, after which you are free to go with that hairy-assed kike wherever he wants to take you, if he can still stand the sight of you or even the thought of having to rub the raw nub of his dick against you ever again.

Beat.

GM

Go get lubed up. You've got a big night.

Celestina starts to exit.

GM

And if you see Chief tell him thanks for the intel.

Celestina is gone.

GM crosses to a jar and counts out four quarters then drops them in.

GM

See, I did you a little favor there.

PHIL

Jeez.

GM

Oh, don't worry about her. She knew the risk. So, a happy little horsey tells me you have earned the grand prize.

PHIL

I get to apply for Engineering?

GM

You get to shadow Engineering, on a trial basis. You may only do so on your off-hours --

PHIL

May I --

GM

-- You may not wear the shirt, you must ask permission of whomever you are working with on the day, and you must be extra special certain not to disrupt them in their tasks, nor to interact with guests in any way. I repeat, if I find you have engaged with one of the guests, I will have you play the ass-end of the Fuck Dragon until you breathe flaming ejaculate.

He drops two more quarters in the jar to punctuate his profanity.

PHIL

Wow. Can I start tomorrow?

GM

On your off-hours.

PHIL

Wow. Wow. Thank you, boss.

GM

Thank yourself. You're the one who earned it. That is good, solid company care.

PHIL

Do I get house credit?

GM

My goodness, I didn't realize I raised such greedy little milksucker. Did you want house credit, or did you want to wear the blue?

PHIL

Blue. Blue. Thank you, Dad. I love you.

GM

Love you, too, son.