

Howard
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THE CHILD IN ALL OF US

A FLEA-BAG HOTEL. BABS, IN HER NIGHTGOWN, STRANGLES PATTIE WITH A LEATHER BELT. PATTIE DIES, HER NAKED BODY GOES LIMP. BENNY IS OFF STAGE IN THE BATHROOM.

BENNY: You know I can't have both Pattie and you for a wife, Babs, but I can make yuh both happy. I got enough jism to fill up both yer mouths, yuh love canals, ear canals...even the Jesus-eatin' Suez Canal!

BENNY ENTERS FROM THE BATHROOM LAUGHING, WIPING SHAVE CREAM OFF HIS CHIN.

BABS: You're gonna marry me, Benny!

BENNY: My God!

BABS JUMPS OFF THE BED AND TRIES TO GRAB A LAMP TO THROW AT BENNY IF HE MOVES IN ON HER... BUT THE LAMP IS BOLTED TO THE TABLE. SHE SEARCHES FOR AND FINDS THE ROOM KEY. SHE FLAILS IT LIKE A KNIFE.

BABS: You didn't love her, Benny! You love me!

BENNY: Hell, I don't love no one but Jack Daniels!

BABS: Then why'd you marry her, huh? I'm prettier! Almost made the May Queen in the eighth grade! What's she got I ain't, Benny?

BENNY: Well, for starters...she's got bigger boom-bahs.

BABS: Well, she ain't got nothin' but a sore throat now!

BENNY: I knew yooz bad luck from the evil glintin' in your eye.

BABS: Not evil! Passion. I loved ya most, Benny. I knew you were a man packed to satisfy me. I wanted only you from the start.

BENNY: Hell, then. Why didn't you say so?

BABS: I'm shy.

BENNY: Well little Pattie sure wunt.

BABS: Kiss me, Benny. Seal our love.

BENNY: Yuh gotta put down the room key first, darlin'.

BABS: Anything for you, baby-man. Anythin' at all to lick off those ripe red luscious lips poutin' from yuh face!

BENNY: Well, c'mon!

BABS THROWS THE KEY IN THE AIR AND RACES TO BENNY. THEY EMBRACE AND HE IMMEDIATELY GRABS HER HAIR AND PULLS IT BACK TO CONTROL HER.

BENNY: Fuckin' asshole slut! Always goddam in the way between me and Pattie! I'll kick yuh ass tuh hell and I don't give no five-cent shit if they gimme the chair for it!

BABS: She was in our way, Benny! I love you, honey!

BENNY: Shuddup! She was bearin' my child, you piece of gerbil crap! Run away to be with me and get the piss away from you, shithead! I told huh we couldn't raise a baby plus you...one cryin' infant's enough!

BABS: I'll give yuh babies, Benny! I'll shoot 'em out like Pop-Tarts! Gimme a chance, honey. Let me spread my legs and massage yuh sausage stick!

BENNY: I bet you got knives waiting inside yuh pussy to slice my sausage into little cocktail weenies! I wouldn't screw you for all the beer in Wisconsin!

BABS: Yuh hurtin' me, Benny.

BENNY: Good! A little more hurt, huh?

BENNY RAPS HER FOREHEAD ON THE WALL.

BENNY: There! A little plywood meetin' yuh nose! Pattie liked it, and now so do you!

BABS: I can't see anything...

BENNY: I'll describe it for yuh! This is the doorknob.

BENNY SMASHES HER AGAINST THE DOORKNOB.

BENNY: This is the window.

BENNY PUSHES HER FACE THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BENNY: And this is my mouth!

BENNY TURNS HER BLOODY FACE TO HIS AND SPITS ON HER. HE LETS HER GO AND DROPS HER ON THE BED WITH PATTIE. BENNY STANDS THERE GASPING FOR BREATH. HE GOES TO PATTIE AND LAYS BESIDE HER. HE KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK AND RESTS HIS PALM ON HER ABDOMEN.

BENNY: We coulda had it all, baby. Jus' the two of us. That's all I ever asked.

BLACKOUT.