

HEADSTRONG
by
George Sapio

HEADSTRONG

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HEADSTRONG

*Dedicated to Professor Ron Starmer for daring me to write this.
You had no idea what you were starting, did you?*

*And—as always—eternal thanks to Maura, whose love and support go
above and beyond anything in the rational plane.*

HEADSTRONG

HEADSTRONG was first performed at Tompkins Cortland Community College, May 1994. Directed by the author.

HEADSTRONG was produced by the Kitchen Theatre, Ithaca, NY., May 2000. Directed by Stephanie Farhood.

The cast:

Norman Miller..... Norm Johnson
Mixie Miller Heather Tait
Ted Jeffrey Woodard
Lisa Connaway..... Siouxsie Grady

Time: The present

Place: Greater Athens

Notes:

Slashes (/) in a line indicate where the next actor begins speaking.

The character of Lisa Connaway may be cast as a male. Change the name to “Lee Connaway” and change pronouns where needed.

Norman writes on a typewriter. Yes, he’s that pretentious.

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ACT 1
SCENE 1

Living room. NORMAN sitting at typewriter. He is breathing heavily, post-physical exertion, and very happy. MIXIE enters with grocery bag.

NORMAN. Perfect timing, Mixie!

MIXIE. Norman? What are you doing home?

NORMAN. Cementing the legacy, Mix. I have just this very minute finished penning yet another classic. Wanna read it?

MIXIE. Oh god. They fired you on the first day?

NORMAN. Of course not!

MIXIE. Norman...why...are...you...home?

NORMAN. Well, I came home for lunch...

MIXIE. Aww, shit.

NORMAN. But I had this great idea this morning! Mixie, it was brilliance!

MIXIE. Norman...

NORMAN. I came home to just...start it...and I guess I forgot to go back. Didn't even realize till now.

MIXIE. You left for lunch and didn't go back. On your first day.

NORMAN. This was important! A new story, Mixie! Come on, let me read it to you.

MIXIE. You left a brand-new job on the first day to come home and write another of those worthless fantasies.

NORMAN. Worthless?

MIXIE. Yes, Norman. Worthless. Just like all the hundreds of others you've wasted your life—and mine—writing. Worthless!

NORMAN. I sense you're angry.

MIXIE. I left work early today and stopped at the supermarket and got all your favorite foods because I wanted to cook your favorite meal to congratulate you on your first day at work.

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NORMAN. Mixie, I'm sorry. I really am. But please...read the story, Mixie, just / read it.

MIXIE. You're sick. You need help. Your stories are just a reflection of you, Norman. Worthless.

NORMAN. My work is not worthless!!

MIXIE. Worthless. Without value. Without merit. I hate you, Norman. I hate every second I've spent in your presence. I hate what I let you do to me all these years.

NORMAN. Okay, okay. I get it. After a hard day at the diner, you're afraid of a culture overload. That must be it.

MIXIE. Don't you dare belittle me, Norman.

NORMAN. You're right. That was unfair. / I'm sorry.

MIXIE. Remember Mixie shuffling off at 5:30 am? And what I shuffle *there* are patty melts, cheeseburgers, coffee, chicken and biscuits, sausage and biscuits, chicken fried steak, more coffee please, scrambled eggs, hard boiled eggs, eggs over, hey honey can I get another refill here, order of fries, order of onion rings, wow babe nice skirt. So stick it, Norman.

NORMAN. Why don't you want to read it?

MIXIE. Oh, god. You just don't listen.

NORMAN. I hear everything you say, Mixie. Everything. Come on, read it.

MIXIE. Why start something you can't finish?

NORMAN. Look at us! Are we the very same couple that once stood on Bohack's Bridge in a raging rainstorm and did the hokey-pokey?

MIXIE. Norman, in case you've forgotten, you almost hokey-poked me right off the railing of that bridge. You came and I almost went.

NORMAN. Oh, come on. We were grinning about that one for months.

MIXIE. Until you took that beautiful memory and used it in one of those worthless stories of yours. Your whole worthless collection of short stories is composed of what should have been loving, private remembrances...

NORMAN. Largely sexual...

MIXIE. ...that have ended up as cheap...pap...

NORMAN. I will not descend to smear tactics.

MIXIE. Rubbish, histrionic slop. Melodramatic...spilth!

NORMAN. "Spilth." Wow. Good one, Mix.

HEADSTRONG

MIXIE. Nothing but cheap fodder for those asinine stories you write! And who do you think you're kidding with "largely sexual"? There was never anything large about our sex, Norman. When we had sex. When you were still able.

NORMAN. Our sex life didn't go downhill until you started doubting.

MIXIE. Doubting what? Your eventual recognition as a world-famous author of elevated boner tales? It's been fifteen years. Not one sale. Not one.

NORMAN. "Hokey-Pokey on Bohack's Bridge" almost sold.

MIXIE. Ferchrissake, Norman, it was turned down by *MegaTits Monthly*. Nobody wants to publish your stories because nobody knows what the hell they are. You start off with really great ideas, nice character development, good, solid plots...and then you throw in these unbelievably explicit sexual passages. Total turnaround. People think you're a serious intellectual until the characters start spoo-ing all over each other.

NORMAN. Women don't spoo.

MIXIE. That's right. Forgive me. They "convulse spastically" while "riding the turgid jackhammer of ecstasy."

NORMAN. Wow! Mixie, that was one of my best metaphors!

MIXIE. It's crap, Norman. A waste of time, imagination, paper, and postage stamps. Crap. That's the reason for that huge stack of rejection slips in your drawer, in case you haven't figured it out. Nobody wants anything to do with your stories—not even you, Mr. One Asinine Pseudonym After Another. What's the latest?

NORMAN. Milo Black.

MIXIE. "Milo Black." Give me a break. What was it last month? Oh, yeah: "Jeremy Quartermain." And my favorite: "Rex Stilton." "King Cheese!" You've been out of work for six months and all I hear is "Fear not, my gossamer whippoowill, Fate will soon arrive with our golden chariot." There's a huge stack of bills over there that we can't pay. Now, please, to keep me from cutting your throat: Get a job!

NORMAN. Faithless trollop.

MIXIE. Oh jeez, Norman. At least call me a fucking bitch like a normal husband.

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NORMAN. There was a time when we were actually in love. Not just me. Both of us. Remember?

MIXIE. Yes, Norman. I do remember. And it was beautiful. But it's ancient history. It doesn't exist anymore.

NORMAN. Yes, it does, Mixie. Right here in these pages.

MIXIE. It exists only in the reeking, fetid cracks of the rectum you call your creative mind.

NORMAN. One day you'll see. You will be the greatest muse of all time.

MIXIE. I used to believe that, Norman. God help me, I really did. With all my heart. But I can't anymore.

NORMAN. Can't you just trust me one last time?

MIXIE. No!

NORMAN. Why?

MIXIE. Because you're insane. Dashing madly down Bats-in-the-Belfry Boulevard...and you're trying to take me with you.

NORMAN. I am making you immortal!

MIXIE. You've made me homicidal!

NORMAN. "It is the faithless who know love's tragedies." Oscar Wilde.

MIXIE. Jeezus, give it up. I stopped buying that crap a long time ago.

NORMAN. Wednesday was "a long time ago"? May I remind you that parts of your panties are still wedged in the bread machine?

MIXIE. And what good did it do me? Your dough refused to stay risen.

NORMAN. I know, Mixie. Believe me, I know. But it's about to change—

MIXIE. Save it, Norman.

NORMAN. "All to no end save beauty, the eternal." William Carlos / Williams.

MIXIE. That's a repeat. You're getting stale.

NORMAN. So what? You still love it.

MIXIE. I hate it, Norman. Hate it.

NORMAN. You love it. You used to read it all the time. Now all you do is bury your nose in trashy novels.

MIXIE. And what should I read, Norman? Shakespeare? This is not sixteenth-century England. This is Greater Athens, population two thousand four hundred. Norman, listen to me. You write pornography.

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Yet you scoff at me for reading trashy novels. And you don't even understand why I do!

NORMAN. So why don't you tell me, then?

MIXIE. Because I don't like that poetic crap you drool over. Everybody's supposed to worship that unintelligible shit, right? Well, I may not have a Ph.D. in something as universally popular and eminently useful as Medieval Poetry, but I'm not stupid. We don't need middle freakin' English. We need passion!

NORMAN. We have passion!

MIXIE. Fine! We have passion! We need sex! Bed-shattering screaming mad monkey sex!

NORMAN. Mixie...

MIXIE. I wanna get laid, Norman. I want you to prove you can still love me.

NORMAN. You know I do!

MIXIE. No. No, I don't. Not physically. I need you as a physical lover, Norman.

NORMAN. Thy body is all vice, thy mind all untrue—

MIXIE. You get all wound up and I can see it, Norman. I can see it right through your pants.

NORMAN. ...Johnson.

MIXIE. But get close to me and it shrivels up. Why, Norman?

NORMAN. I love you, Mixie.

MIXIE. Do you really? Then save our marriage. Save my sanity. You wanna know how?

NORMAN. How?

MIXIE. Stop writing.

NORMAN. Are you out of your mind?

MIXIE. Stop writing. Put it down. Forget about it. Let it go, Norman. Stop wasting your time.

NORMAN. I'd rather you did cut my throat.

MIXIE. Because that's where it's all goes, doesn't it? All your energy. All your lust. It all ends up on paper and filed into your desk drawers. File your pornographic inspiration into my drawers instead.

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NORMAN. Stop calling it pornography, you...shrew! That's you, Mix—a shrew. And I never got shrew'd until I met you. Now I'm shriven. I'm making you immortal, Mixie. I'm making you the ultimate literary icon of love and lust, and you don't even realize it. And just because there's sex in my work doesn't mean it's pornographic.

MIXIE. Oh, is that what you're writing, Norman? Fuck books for people who think? "Inquiring minds want to hump?" Listen to me. Things die. People, dreams. They all die. And when they die, they stay that way. Forever. The person I was...died. *We* died. Dammit, Norman, we killed each other years ago. We just haven't stopped throwing dirt on the graves.

NORMAN. Some things, Mixie, you can't kill. They're just not made to die. Mixie...hang on...please! I am going to surprise you. Something miraculous.

MIXIE. The only miracle that's gonna happen around here, Norman, is if your dick returns from the dead.

NORMAN. "She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods." Milton.

MIXIE. Forget it. It's not gonna work.

NORMAN. "I wonder by my troth, what thou and I did till we lov'd? Were we not weaned until then? But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?" John Donne.

MIXIE. Stop!

NORMAN. I can't!

MIXIE. Don't do this to me, Norman!

NORMAN. Usually it's "Do it to me, Norman, talk to me while you do it!" Now it's "Don't, Norman, don't talk to me." What happened, Mix? Suddenly decide you don't like talking dirty?

MIXIE. You know I love it, Norman! Come on, get dirty. Be verbally vile!

NORMAN. You're a slut!

MIXIE. Yes, yes, I am, Norman! Come on!

NORMAN. A whore, a cheap floozy!

MIXIE. Back it up, Norman, follow it through...

NORMAN. You are an emasculating bitch! A testicle-butcherer meretrix!

MIXIE. Oh God, yes! More!

NORMAN. I despise you to hell, you vicious tramp!

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MIXIE. I hate your stinking guts, you insufferable boor! *(They embrace. In their enthusiasm they fall behind the couch, her cries emanating. All that is seen are their legs and feet protruding from behind the couch. Lights fade to black. The noises continue. Technical note: It is important that the first male moans not occur until full black.)*

SCENE 2

(No break in action. Lights stay black for fifteen seconds while the pair couples enthusiastically. Then lights fade up slowly. The sex continues to a cacophonous climax. MIXIE is the first to stand up. Her hair is askew, she breathes deeply, a sweaty smile of deepest gratification on her face. She turns, looks down at her partner, then kicks his boots.)

MIXIE. Get up. *(TED—not Norman—gets up, out of breath, adjusting his trousers. He is wearing a leather biker’s jacket.)*

TED. Omigod...think I lost a vertebra...

MIXIE. What time is it?

TED. Around five, I think. When’s he coming back?

MIXIE. Who cares? He said he was going out for a beer. That means at least a dozen. He needs to drown the memory of his dysfunction.

TED. I ain’t worried. I can handle him.

MIXIE. I know you can. I just...

TED. You just what?

MIXIE. Nothing, Ted. Nothing.

TED. I hate it when you do that. Y’know, we, I mean the two of us, we’re really, really good together. *(Mixie crosses away.)*

TED. Gee, lemme guess. Don’t talk, right? *(Beat.)* Think we got time for another?

MIXIE. Jesus, Ted, this is not a job. Don’t worry about putting in overtime.

TED. Yeah, but it would be a great job. Damn, Mixie, I could do you for a living.

MIXIE. “Good men starve for want of impudence.”

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TED. What?

MIXIE. Just something that Norman would say. Well actually, Norman just repeats it. Dryden.

TED. What?

MIXIE. The guy who said it first. Norman always adds the original guy's name after the quote to show how smart he is.

TED. Hey! I got one! "Shaken, not stirred."

MIXIE. Oh, good Lord. Ted, would you please get a grip? *(Ted and Mixie stare at each other angrily, then simultaneously, they both relent.)*

MIXIE. Did you bring the...?

TED. Uh-huh. *(He pulls out a gun.)*

MIXIE. Whoa! Tell me it isn't loaded.

TED. Things moved kinda fast when I got here, y'know. *(Mixie takes the gun.)*

MIXIE. Next time tell me it's in there, okay? Might spice it up a bit if I knew.

TED. Be careful with that, OK? *(Pulls things out of his jacket pockets.)* I also brought a knife, some rope, a bottle of sleeping pills, a razor, a wrench...

MIXIE. What were you planning to do? Kill his reincarnation?

TED. Just wanted to be prepared. If you want, *I'll* do it.

MIXIE. Nuh-unh. He's *my* husband. *I'll* kill him.

TED. Okay, okay. When do you wanna do it?

MIXIE. Tonight.

TED. Tonight?! Mixie! No! You gotta plan these things. It might be better if you just leave. I could take you somewhere...

MIXIE. Where would you take me? Away from all this? Where, Ted? Where could you take me that I might...forget Norman? Some tropical paradise? Paris in the springtime? *(Puts down gun on edge of desk.)* Do you have a secret savings account tucked away? Some untold fortune?

TED. Oh yeah, I'm rolling in cash, Mixie. I'm just a mechanic because I like grease.

MIXIE. Then stop being stupid.

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TED. Look, what the hell is the deal here? I'm helping you commit a murder! I am putting everything I have—my freedom, my life, even—on the line because I am helping you kill your husband. I think you owe me some respect for this.

MIXIE. Why *are* you here, Ted?

TED. You know damn well why I'm here—you called me.

MIXIE. I don't mean for the free sex, Ted. That, you can get anytime. You know why I call sometimes and I'm out of breath? It's because I've just read one of Norman's stories—that I tell him I would never read because it's trash—and I get all hot and bothered. You know—you've read them, too, and you know what kind of effect it's had on us. He may write pornography, but it's really, really good.

Norman and I ran for years on his imagination. I've lost more knickers to Norman's lust than I can even count. Screaming sex, someone-call-the-cops-it-sounds-like-a-murder sex.

But somewhere along the line, Norman began putting more and more into his work and less and less...into me. That situation deteriorated until Norman reached complete incapability. He blames me. Says it's because I doubt him. Past couple of years, he would be right.

So, ever since that wonderful afternoon when you gave me a lift when my car wouldn't start in front of the Stop 'n' Pop I call you to come let the steam out. No, Ted. The question is this: Why are you helping me murder my husband? This is not an errand you're running. This is ending a person's life. So why, Ted? Is it because you're madly in love with me?

TED. Are you saying that I can't be in love with you? (*He puts the knife down on the couch.*)

MIXIE. Are you saying you are?

TED. No. But I'm not saying I'm not. I want to know why all of a sudden you want to know. Why it's now an issue. Not to mention a possibility.

MIXIE. Ted? Are you in love with me?

TED. Do you want me to be?

MIXIE. Oh, God. No, Ted, No, I don't.

TED. Why not?

MIXIE. Jesus, Ted! Just answer the damn question—are you in love with me??

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TED. Yes.

MIXIE. (*Stunned.*) Great. Ted?

TED. Yeah?

MIXIE. Just how long have you been in love with me? Ted?

TED. Third grade.

MIXIE. Third—? Aaaaaggh! You *cannot* have been in love with me since the third grade, you idiot!

TED. I have been in love with you since the third grade. That's the truth, Mixie.

MIXIE. Oh, Ted, no.

TED. It never occurred to you, did it?

MIXIE. No. It didn't. I'm sorry.

TED. I know it didn't. Because it never occurred to you to think about loving me, did it? I'm just here, right? The backup. The working penis. You call, I come. But is it so unthinkable that I could feel this way?

MIXIE. Ted...

TED. There's not a whole lot to me, I know that. I never finished high school. I can't recite poetry, I'm not a Ph.D. But I'm not stupid, Mixie. Ever since that first time I saw you, way back in Mrs. Duffy's class, it's been the same. I can't help it, and I don't want to. But that's my problem, not yours, and I'll find a way to work it out. But I'm really worried about you. This marriage you're in is driving you crazy. You're about to lose it big time and, for whatever reason I don't know, you won't leave him. And I don't want to live without you. (*Beat.*) Why else would I help you kill your husband? Can you think of a better reason?

MIXIE. No.

TED. All these years that we hadn't seen each other, and I never forgot you. Never. And then like magic you walk back into my life and it's all as fresh as the first day. You're the light of my life, Mixie.

MIXIE. Ted...please...let me explain a few things here. I'm not in love with you. I probably never will love you. I do need you, however, and you've been there when I've called. And I am very grateful. But it's not what you think. I love Norman. With all my heart.

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I wasn't planning to fall in love with him. He had a four-point-oh grade average. He was voted not "Most Likely to Succeed," but "Most Likely to Become Legendary." Handsome, charming, witty, clever; the most brilliant senior in the entire class. He was the worst thing that ever happened to me. He recited hours and hours of poetry to me—completely from memory—sent me flowers, wrote me letters every single day. I was completely overwhelmed. Norman became everything. And he still is. I hate myself for it. Today was his first day at a new job. I left work early, went shopping for things for his favorite meal because I wanted to congratulate him...and he came home at lunch to write another of his lousy goddamn stories and never went back! And he believes he did the right thing, that his stupid story was worth more than his new job. Ted, we're broke. I can't support us. And he doesn't care. I can't just leave him, Ted. I have to kill him.

TED. Mixie, just walk out. Grab my hand—right now—and let's go.

MIXIE. I can't!

TED. Give me one good reason why.

MIXIE. Because he'll always be there. He'll be breathing, cursing, quoting, getting the last word in every single time, making everyone around him despise his arrogant, superior attitude. He'll be right here, in this house, brushing his teeth or typing or sitting in his stupid chair reading who knows what. And *I'll know it*, Ted. Every second of every day. He'll be haunting me by being alive, so he *has* to be dead. Then I'll *have* to move on. I won't be able to live until he dies, Ted. He has to die. He must die.

TED. God, I love it when your breasts heave! (*They grab each other roughly, kissing, rubbing, until they fall backwards onto the couch. Norman enters. He sees the legs sticking over the end of the couch. He considers the thrashing for a second, then tiptoes over and peers over the top of the couch. The knife is immediately to his right, but he doesn't notice it.*)

NORMAN. Hey, kids!

MIXIE. Norman, I...

NORMAN. Wait a minute. Hold it. I can figure this out. "Norman, I'm fucking a gorilla on your couch."

TED. Oh, that's very clever.

HEADSTRONG

NORMAN. You got a name, Magilla?

TED. Up yours.

NORMAN. Hmmm, really?

MIXIE. Norman—

NORMAN. Did you think I didn't know? Come on, Mixie, how could I not know? *(Norman turns away; Mixie quickly hides knife under couch cushion.)*

NORMAN. Look, ya gotta figure that a guy can't...y'know... perform certain husbandly duties—I assume she told you all about that, right, Up Yours? By the way, does that prefrontal ridge really keep the rain out of your eyes?

TED. I'm gonna hit him, Mixie.

NORMAN. We met fifteen years ago. You should have seen us. We used to make love all the time. Those days I dreamt the dreams of an exhausted satyr. By the way, that's the mythical animal, not the Jewish ritual. Do you want to hear the story of how I first saw her?

TED. Mixie, he's nuts.

NORMAN. It was a morning, early springtime. There was a thick fog coming off the water. I always walked there and imagined I was at the rocky coast of some barren country, great ghostly ships coming out of the distance, laden with men armed for battle. I was walking Puck, my Yorkshire terrier...

MIXIE. You loathe small dogs, Norman. He calls them "drop-kick dogs."

NORMAN. And what better dog for someone given to hyperbole? So there we were: me, tracing the nonexistent footprints of forgotten men, and my faithful Puck wheezing for breath, his pitifully short legs scrambling to keep up. He stopped, sniffed the air, and took off, yipping and yapping for all his microscopic lungs were worth. I followed him right down to the water's edge. And do you know what I found? I found this young, shy, virginal girl dressed in a diaphanous white toga, staring out over the water, into the fog.

MIXIE. Oh, God, Norman! Please!

TED. Gotta admit, it sounds hot.

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NORMAN. I approached, stricken by her radiant beauty. I got close—this close—and I looked into her eyes. And in that second, Norman Miller, as he had been, died on that cruel, gentle shore. And the only thing that was left? Just some man, doomed to follow those eyes of endless beauty forever.

TED. Sounds like one of your trashy stories.

NORMAN. You showed him my stories.

MIXIE. Yes.

NORMAN. And what did you think of them?

TED. Boring.

NORMAN. Really? Too bad. Maybe you don't realize that this kind of writing appeals not just to the intellect, but to the inner soul as well. Y'know what? Don't sweat it. We met in an elevator. We got stuck for four hours, hanging by a thin cable, never knowing if we would see the next dawn or plummet thirteen stories to our deaths. We decided to fall in love right there, because we didn't want to die alone.

TED. Mixie...?

NORMAN. We met in Rome. No, no, no—Paris. I helped her change a flat tire on the Champs-Élysée. We bumped shopping carts at the Piggly Wiggly. We both stared in rapt wonder at the same Matisse at the Museum of Modern Art.

MIXIE. Stop it, Norman! Stop it!

NORMAN. Let me tell you something, you perambulating effigy of a human soul. Whatever Mixie may think or feel or tell you, she's mine. You'll never take her away from me. Never. You may fuck her, that's all well and good, but I...I truly make love to her.

TED. What a load of crap! Lemme ask you, mister romance, you think you're so hot? Which of us gives her what she needs? You or me? Far as I can tell, the only thing you give her is a mindfuck.

NORMAN. Whoa, whoa! Peace, good ticklebrain! I agree there's a difference. Unfortunately, you miss it completely.

TED. Oh, really? Well then, your pompousness, enlighten me.

NORMAN. Let's say you see a woman that moves you—you see her suddenly and without warning. You see her face, her body, her eyes—eyes that make your heart stop with their electric beauty. You wonder what is

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behind all that, what is deep inside of her. What goes through your mind? Do you admire her form? Of course you do. But what do you say? This is what I say. (*He crosses to Mixie.*) “Have ye beheld, with much delight, a red rose peeping through a white? Or else a cherry, double graced, within a lily, center-placed? Or ever marked the pretty beam a strawberry shows, half drowned in cream?” Robert Herrick. (*Bends, kisses her hand, lets it go. Mixie is transfixed, her hand stays in the air.*)

NORMAN. So, Up Yours, do you know what I just told her? “Great boobs, babe.” *That* is the difference, you simmering, de-evolutional bog-stew.

TED. Oh, I’m *so* impressed. You’re nothing but a phony. All you do is take other people’s emotions and words and use them as your own. You don’t have anything honest in you at all. Nothing original. You’re just a lousy plagiarizer!

NORMAN. That’s not the point!

TED. Yes, it is! Nothing is yours!

NORMAN. So, what are you telling me? If the words aren’t mine, they don’t count? It’s the sentiment behind them, the emotion, the lifeblood inside the words that moves the soul. It’s when you look at someone you love, love with all your heart, and you think of the eloquent, beautiful images that someone else has said—that’s what makes the difference. It’s verbal grace, sexual respect, and spiritual sensitivity, you blithering dolt.

TED. Go to hell!

NORMAN. Without a doubt I shall. But no fire of hell will match Mixie’s lust. I have her soul and her heart. Only I will ever have it. I know it and, more importantly, she knows it. Pork her all you want, you reptilian stiffy—pork away! But know that wherever you go, she will take me along. Every time you touch her, taste her, enter her body, she’ll wish it were me. Always has, always will. You’re nothing more than a vacuous, beer-swilling dildo. (*Ted crosses to Norman’s desk and picks up the gun. Norman attacks him; they struggle. Mixie grabs the knife from under the couch cushion.*)

MIXIE. Norman! I’m coming!

NORMAN. You are??? (*Ted slugs Norman. Norman spins to his right,*

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runs into knife in Mixie's hand. He falls behind the couch. Mixie screams, then faints. The lights fade slowly.)

END OF ACT 1

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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