

PATRICK KENNEDY THEATRE MACHINE IN ASSOCIATION WITH BAKEHOUSE THEATRE CO. PRESENT

PARADISE HOTEL

RICHARD
FOREMAN

DIRECTED & DESIGNED BY

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KENNEDY**

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EQUIVALENT OF A
DROPPED JAW"**

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PARADISE HOTEL

by Richard Foreman

Originally produced by
The Ontological-Hysteric Theater
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Australian Premiere
Patrick Kennedy Theatre Machine
KXT On Broadway, Sydney, Australia
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Directed and designed by Patrick Kennedy
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CHARACTERS

JULIA JACOBSON *A lady of more elegance than the others*

TOMMY TUTTLE *A tough guy*

KEN PUSSY PUSS *A nervous type*

TONY TURBO

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

VOICE *Over the loudspeaker*

HOTEL GUESTS *Five or more extras, dressed as potential hotel guests*

A large dark room, walls covered with a multitude of tied-back fringed drapes and curtains, punctuated by small paintings of amorous scenes, painted targets, and clusters of gold-leafed cupids—a complex mélange, muted in shadows. Chandeliers and, incongruously, hanging industrial lights provide dim illumination. A giant frosted lightbulb also hangs low into the room. Two tables are upside down on the floor. Along the walls hang many coats and bathrobes, some with aged human skulls peeking over the collar. Music is heard— a tiny fragment of twenties jazz with a decidedly tart flavor, repeating again and again—and a complex web of such bittersweet music underlies the entire play, forty or fifty tiny riffs, each one looped so it repeats and repeats every two seconds or so—sometimes surging into deafening climax, and otherwise underscoring the dialogue—fading just for brief moments to isolate a few words or a sentence or two in sudden silence.

In addition, the dialogue is continually underscored and punctuated by a series of high-pitched pings, cymbal crashes, drum thuds, and deep resonating gongs. On occasion, the lights flash—as if in a cosmic thunderclap of sexual energy—and all cry out and hold their eyes. In addition, throughout the play, as the music rises, a loud "Wheee!" of excitement is heard over the loudspeakers, and the extras jump up and down in tremendous glee.

As the play begins, one of these music loops rises in volume, and a nasal male voice sings, "I'm happy, you're happy, I'm happy, you're happy," but that singing is overpowered by other music, as the entire cast runs onstage—principals and an equal number of extras (all dressed as potential hotel guests)—to dance in line in front of the footlights: a frantic Charleston, but with their faces frozen in anxiety—and GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM, with a superior air, prances before them, waving a baton.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Over the music) Well, hello everybody. Swing and sway the old-fashioned way!

(Then a deep, powerful VOICE interrupts over the loudspeaker, and the music stops.)

VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen—attention, please!

(The cast stops dancing; there is a flash of light and a loud gong, which makes everyone whirl in pain from the noise—then recover and run offstage—but GIZA shouts after them, "Get the fuck back in here," and they reverse direction to reform their line as the music rises again and a "Wheee!" of excitement is heard over the loudspeakers. They again dance. But immediately the VOICE is heard, interrupting the music, and again they run offstage. Now the stage remains empty.)

VOICE

This play Paradise Hotel must be preceded by an announcement that may well prove disturbing to certain members of this audience—

(TONY TURBO, always anticipating the worst, peeks out from behind an arch, a worried expression on his face.)

But while no one desires to offend, this risk must be taken. All audiences must now be informed that this play, Paradise Hotel is not, in fact, Paradise Hotel, but is, in truth, a much more disturbing, and possibly illegal, play entitled—"Hotel Fuck"!

(Music rises and GIZA runs out, the music lowers and GIZA smiles at the audience and whispers, "Hello there!")

We do apologize, ladies and gentlemen—but rather than being disturbed at this revelation, we urge you, please, redirect your understandable distress—towards an even more potent threat—posed—by yet a third— much LESS provocatively titled play, entitled "Hotel Beautiful Roses".

This third play threatens to replace, in the near future, the much more provocatively titled "Hotel Fuck"—which is now filling the stage in front of your very eyes—

(Everyone returns and dances in line, worried looks on their faces.)

—trying desperately to hold on to its proper and genuine self—in the face of such terrible adversity—forever and forever and forever—HOTEL FUCK! HOTEL FUCK!

TONY TURBO

(The music is loud now, and he shouts over it to quiet things down) Do you know what this means, everybody? It means we're in big trouble, all of us—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

What kind of trouble, Tony Turbo?

TONY TURBO

Look, definitions of trouble are elusive, agreed? Let's try to experience this—emotionally.

JULIA JACOBSON

(A lady of more elegance than the others) But—I don't feel emotional.

TOMMY TUTTLE

(A tough guy) Me neither. I don't feel emotional, so fuck you.

TONY TURBO

(Taken aback for a moment, then recovers) Well. Fuck you.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(A nervous type) Well, fuck YOU, Tony Turbo!

(Everyone surrounds TONY, poking at him and laughing as the music rises, and most of them quickly leave the room.)

TONY TURBO

(Still wobbling from the attack) Are they all blind, for Christ's sake?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Maybe.

TONY TURBO

Hey, what about these terrible "sexual emotions" that victimize every fucking one of us?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Lurking in the background) Oh my God— you're right, Tony Turbo. *(Turns to call to the next room.)* Come back, listen to this everybody, come back!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

This is no big revelation, Tony Turbo. We're all victims of sexual emotion. We have no control over ourselves—so what's the difference?

TONY TURBO

The difference is—try!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Entering, buttoning up his fly) Try what, Turbo?

TONY TURBO

Let's try having a little control over our sexual emotions—

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh come on, that's not possible!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Entering) Here's what I say, fellas. If control is impossible . . . let's pack up those sexual emotions that are getting us in such big trouble and head straight for the Hotel Fuck!

JULIA JACOBSON

(From the rear, where she has been lurking) Okay, boys—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Whirling in surprise and embarrassment) Oh-oh! There's a lady in the room, fellas!

JULIA JACOBSON

—what will we do when we get to the Hotel Fuck?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Hesitates, then blurts out) Fuck our brains out, possibly!

(They all laugh, as the singing tape rises: "I'm happy, you're happy, I'm happy, you're happy")

JULIA JACOBSON

Wait a minute. I don't understand what you're saying. Can't we fuck right here, boys? Where we are?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh, Julia Jacobson is so naive—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Excuse me, lady. What I've heard is—it's much better fucking if you're inside the real Hotel Fuck.

JULIA JACOBSON

But why?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Irritated) Why? It's better, that's all!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Then it's settled, isn't it?

TONY TURBO

I hope so.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Ready, boys?

TURBO AND KEN PUSSY

Yeah!

(They all run to small cranks on the walls, or on thin pillars that surround the room, and start revolving the cranks to the music in a way that suggests sexual anticipation.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

We're all headed to the Hotel Fuck, sooner or later.

JULIA JACOBSON

Okay. I agree with Tommy Tuttle in principle. But instead of just talking about it, how do we get to the Hotel Fuck?

(A loud gong signals the return of the singing — "I'm happy, you're happy, I'm happy, you're happy"—and GIZA enters with a large dildo, striped black and gold, protruding from his pants.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

That's where I can be of assistance, ladies.

(One of the extra guests runs a taut string from the wall to the tip of his dildo. These taut strings which occur throughout the play are facilitated by hidden fishing reels with an automatic rewind mechanism built into the reel.)

I will point my significantly erect member towards the public bus stop, where we can all catch the number thirteen bus straight to the Hotel Fuck itself.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(As all the others enter) He's right! I remember a bus stop right around the corner—let's go, everybody—let's go to the Hotel Fuck!

(All but GIZA run out excitedly, but somehow smash into the walls and fall back with a crash to the floor as the tape rises: "I'm happy, you're happy, I'm happy, you're happy...")

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Is there a problem, Julia Jacobson?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Rising from the floor) Hmmm, no problem—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Yes, there is a problem, Julia Jacobson, can you deal with the fact that the Hotel Fuck itself threatens a voluntary self-transformation into that boring, boring, boring rival play—"Hotel Beautiful Roses"?

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh my GOD, that does sound like a boring play!

TONY TURBO

(Running in, wearing a dress and a bonnet) Be reassured, dear friends! I, Tony Turbo, promise—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Interrupting) Why are you wearing that dress?

TONY TURBO

(Stops, worried, thinks—) Well, it's my party dress. *(Whirls once, then readdresses the serious matter at hand.)* And I promise that this play, "Hotel Fuck," will never be allowed to become some less desirable play—including that terrible one called "Beautiful Roses". This will not happen!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Running into the room, waving a pistol) What the fuck—can I believe what I'm hearing about a rival hotel?

(The other guests scream and try to take cover.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh SHIT! Tommy Tuttle heard everything!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Yes, I did, Julia Jacobson.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Put down that gun!

TOMMY TUTTLE

And I am very, very upset that the play "Hotel Fuck" could EVER turn into an insipid play like "Beautiful Roses." I am so fucking upset at this possibility that I think—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

What do you think, Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

I think I'm going to shoot myself in the head.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Shoot yourself in the head for a hotel, Tommy Tuttle? That's really not necessary.

TOMMY TUTTLE

However, that's exactly what I'm going to do,

(He puts the gun to his forehead and pulls the trigger— but nothing happens.)

Hey, are there any fucking bullets in this gun? I don't think so.

TONY TURBO

(Entering, waving his own gun around, as the others again scream and take cover)

That's because—I took all the bullets for myself.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Every fucking bullet?

TONY TURBO

Every fucking bullet, because I need every fucking bullet for myself!

(Places his own gun to his forehead.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Tony Turbo is a selfish bitch who takes every fucking bullet for himself!

TONY TURBO

(Gasps with a shock of self-recognition) Maybe —I am selfish.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Entering with yet another gun) Here, Tommy Tuttle—try this substitute gun, with lots of bullets.

TONY TURBO

(Irritated) Where did THAT come from?

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Taking the offered gun) Selfish bitches—

(As music rises, he slaps JULIA JACOBSON and puts the new gun to his forehead.)

—this one's mine!

(He again pulls the trigger, but this time there is a shot, and he falls to the floor as the singing rises: "I'm happy, you're happy, I'm happy, you're happy...")

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh, what an unfortunate accident—but this is unclear to me. Did this happen because Tommy Tuttle could no longer stand living in a world of selfish bitches like Tony Turbo? Or did this happen because this play was about to turn into that boring play, "Hotel Beautiful Roses"?

(TOMMY TUTTLE suddenly twitches and rises up—all the others gasp and fall to the floor around him in shock.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh this is fuck fuck fuck – that is an amazing resurrection.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Did that happen by itself, Tommy Tuttle? Or did you receive help from higher sources?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

What the fuck are higher sources?

JULIA JACOBSON

(As all kneel in reverence) I don't think he'll tell us that.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Well, all I have to say is, thank God I'm not fucking dead permanently.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Running to TOMMY TUTTLE, brushing him off) Right. What really matters is, now we don't have to change plans, and with renewed enthusiasm, we can head straight for the Hotel Fuck.

(TOMMY TUTTLE tries to pull away.)

Oh, I know, an apparent miracle is always a little unsettling—

TONY TURBO

It sure is—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

—but as soon as we get to the Hotel Fuck, all is forgotten and forgiven, right?

(A crash, and in a moment of loud music, everyone but TOMMY TUTTLE manages to clump together in a giant, undulating bug.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Wait one good goddamn fucking minute, please! Why do I feel like I'm already inside the Hotel Fuck?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Breaking away from the group.) What you claim is impossible, Tommy Tuttle, we still haven't taken the bus.

TONY TURBO

There's the bus.

(They all run a few steps to the imagined bus, then stop in confusion.)

Where's the bus?

(A gong sounds as the lights flash, and they all whirl, holding their eyes.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

No problem! We're gonna perk up fast, because where are we headed, bus or no bus? Straight to the Hotel Fuck, right?—bye-bye, everybody!

(The music rises as cheers are heard over the speakers, and all run from the room except KEN PUSSY PUSS, who has become entangled in a string from one of the pillars, which is pulled taut to his groin. He freezes, and the music stops.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh, this is terrible. For some reason I'm stuck in one place. Could it be my memories are a problem? They are all one hundred percent sex memories, of course.

(TOMMY TUTTLE enters, holding a stick with a white ball on one end.)

Except—what the hell makes me nervous about the possibility that I have FORGOTTEN lots of those important sex memories? That must be the explanation, right?

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Mocking him) Right.

(He takes his stick and reaches up to make contact with the giant lightbulb, producing a flash of light as the music rises and all the women, including JULIA JACOBSON, tumble into the room holding aloft threatening badminton rackets.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Listen, up till now, I'm certain I was full to the brim, me, with such great sex memories—so it's understandable I'm a little worried, because what do I have left—

(The women swing their rackets with a swish, and KEN PUSSY PUSS screams and protects his crotch.)

—if I've lost all my sex memories?

JULIA JACOBSON

I don't have that problem—because me, I have three—

(Another swing from the women, and a scream from KEN PUSSY PUSS.)

—or four—

(Another swing.)

—wonderful sex memories that I can remember.

TOMMY TUTTLE

I'll bet you do—Selfish Polish or something— bitch.

(He again hits the light with his stick, producing a flash and a surge of music as all whirl in pain.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Those sex memories get me in lots of trouble, that's for sure!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Sure—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh sure!

TOMMY TUTTLE

—and Julia Jacobson is so confident about every one of her fucking sex memories.

JULIA JACOBSON

Well, certainly more self confident than Mr. "Might-As-Well-Shoot-Myself-in-the-Head" Tommy Tom Tuttle.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Okay, that's the difference between us—I'm a human being who's not convinced of anything one hundred percent—which is why occasionally I have to shoot myself in the head.

JULIA JACOBSON

Okay, but this time, instead of shooting ourselves in the head again and AGAIN—

(Now KEN PUSSY PUSS has the stick and hits the bulb, with similar results.)

—can we please go to the Hotel Fuck?

TOMMY TUTTLE

That's the idea, lady.

JULIA JACOBSON

So I can get deliciously fucked by the two of you at one time?

(She has positioned herself inside one of the upsidedown tables, with her bare legs up in the air, provocatively revealing her panties. Three other women come and stretch taut strings to the point between JULIA JACOBSON's legs.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Hesitates, confronted with this tableau) The two of us at once? No way, lady.

TOMMY TUTTLE

That is not possible.

JULIA JACOBSON

Why the fuck not?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Listen, it doesn't mean we wouldn't like to fuck you individually—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

—as an individual thing—absolutely.

TOMMY TUTTLE

We do find Julia Jacobson absolutely fuckable.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

But fucking you simultaneously, that's something we could not permit ourselves.

JULIA JACOBSON

Why not, please?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Now come on—you figure it out, lady!

JULIA JACOBSON

I can't figure that out.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(As he and TOMMY TUTTLE embrace, buddy-style) Fucking you simultaneously is one thing bosom buddies do not share, Julia Jacobson. This is appropriately compartmentalized.

TOMMY TUTTLE

That's a fucking necessary precaution!

JULIA JACOBSON

But it's such a drag!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh Jesus—if we both fuck you at once—it's obvious. Mixed-up fucking like that, we could end up losing our individual body orientation.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(*Pulling away from TOMMY TUTTLE*) Hey!—I almost did that.

JULIA JACOBSON

(*Rising as the tableau dissolves*) But that would be so BEAUTIFUL—!

TOMMY TUTTLE

No, that would be one rotten stinking idea!

JULIA JACOBSON

(*Knocking him down with a karate chop*) Okay, I've lost interest in both of you stinky guys at once!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(*As JULIA JACOBSON turns her back and exits*) Selfish, selfish, selfish, what a selfish world!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(*Entering with his big dildo, which is immediately carried off by one of the women*) You gentlemen realize, of course—there is never immediate resolution to a complex web of superimposed appetites.

(*Other girls are lined up behind him and begin wiggling to the music.*)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Giza von Goldenheim is right, Tom Tuttle— here we are like two assholes waiting for something big to happen that never happens to me. *(Looks at the girls shaking their asses.)* Is that dancing? Stop dancing. Stop dancing. Stop dancing!

(The music rises as the girl who has taken GIZA's big dildo returns now with it strapped onto her body in the appropriate place. She dances across the stage to the loud music, using a whip to lash the dildo as if she were urging on a racehorse. With each whip, the others scream and twitch violently. As she disappears, GIZA recovers.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Such things happen, gentlemen—more than any of us would like to imagine. Guess where?

(The girl with the dildo reappears, holding aloft two large tickets.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

What's that?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Two bus tickets to Hotel Fuck.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Wait a minute—real bus tickets?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Hotel tickets, maybe—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

It's the same thing. Special hotel, special bus.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh yeah? Well—I never fucked on a public bus.

(The girls scream delightedly and surround TOMMY TUTTLE.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Shocked) Do people do that?

TOMMY TUTTLE

But just in case, I'm gonna need a few more tickets.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Grabbing the tickets away) Oh selfish, selfish Tommy Tuttle—

(All the others are entering.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

How many tickets do we propose for the inexhaustible Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Ten, twenty, a hundred maybe—!

TONY TURBO

(Gliding in from the rear) Plus! One more very big ticket for me, please?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Why not? A hundred and one tickets for the Hotel Fuck. Because if you don't have enough tickets, you don't get as many fucks.

(The music stops. JULIA JACOBSON pushes forward.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh my God! Better not to live in a world of such selfishness.

(She has a gun, which she brings to her forehead to shoot herself.)

Wait a minute, how do I know there are bullets in this thing?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Oh? You want bullets?

JULIA JACOBSON

Of course. I have a right to my own bullets!

TONY TURBO

Selfish, selfish Julia Jacobson.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Stunned by the accusation) I suppose I am.

(She turns to the others, who wave threatening fingers at her.)

Do you suppose I really, truly am?

(She again lifts the gun, shoots herself in the ear, and falls to the floor. The others bend over to look and, as the music rises, break into cheers. Then TOMMY TUTTLE runs forward and takes the gun.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Excitedly, doing a little dance, gun to his head) Now it's my turn!

(He shoots himself and falls. More cheers as KEN PUSSY PUSS runs forward to take the gun.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

That was pretty good. But now it's my turn.

(He beats his chest like an excited gorilla, shoots himself, and falls as the others cheer. TONY TURBO runs forward.)

TONY TURBO

Now it's finally my turn.

(He shoots himself, all cheer and start dancing to the music, including those on the floor who rise to join the dance.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Amidst the swirling dancers) My God, is this the way things are supposed to happen, boys and girls? We all start twirling like fairies in firelight—all the most ravishing people, totally on fire, ravishing people ready to die for such—RAVISHING people—I do hope against hope against hope!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

My God, I realize this could all be true, except—one most beautiful person is the person I am trying to imagine for myself—!

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh do tell us Ken Ken Kitty Kat—which is the most beautiful person imaginable to little Kitty Ken Kitty Puss Puss Puss—

(The music rises, and we hear the VOICE demanding, "Let's do that again, please!")

ALL

(Singing to the music) Hey, ho, let's go—

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Stepping forward with a hand mike) —That's the way they dance in France.

ALL

Hey, ho, let's go—

TOMMY TUTTLE

—Wearing tight and shiny pants.

ALL

Hey, ho, let's go—

(After each sung phrase, a few fall to the floor.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

—Watch them wiggle. Watch them prance.

ALL

Hey, ho, let's go—

TOMMY TUTTLE

—Thoroughbreds with no real chance.

(By now, everybody except JULIA JACOBSON is on the floor. She steps through the field of bodies.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh shit—why does everybody keep falling to the floor like dead people?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Hey lady—cut the crap- We're on the floor trying to get fucked.

TONY TURBO

(As everybody rises) But first, let's decide who is the most beautiful, okay?

TOMMY TUTTLE

(As JULIA JACOBSON whirls to the music) The most beautiful—is the lady inside the Hotel Fuck

TONY TURBO

Guess again, smart-ass—as of yet, nobody's found out how to get inside the fucking front door of the fucking Hotel Fuck!

JULIA JACOBSON

Ohh!—big-time mistake!

GIZA AND KEN

Knock, knock, knock!

(The music stops.)

TONY TURBO

(Complaining) Hey, listen, lady—I've been damn well trying!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Maybe Tony Turbo hasn't been KNOCKING the proper way.

VOICE

Let's do that again, please?

(The music is rising, and three girls with big three-footlong, striped dildos appear and dance across the room, quickly disappearing.)

TONY TURBO

(Shocked) Nobody here knocks more than I knock.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

But exactly how hard does Tony Turbo knock, when he knocks?

(Music rises again as the three girls with dildos make another pass through the room as TONY, GIZA, and KEN pull a string taut from one of the pillars—doing a highkick accompaniment—but tumbling back onto each other as a telephone is heard ringing.)

TONY TURBO

HELLO! Is this the phone call I been waiting for my whole fucking life?

VOICE

I don't know about that, Tony Turbo—but I CAN tell you the Hotel Fuck is now ready to receive visitors. And rooms are now available for the whole world inside the Hotel Fuck. The really big—Hotel Fuck!

(The music again becomes very loud as a baggage cart appears, loaded with suitcases, on top of which sits a small model of the Hotel Fuck. The girls jump up and down, cheering, as TONY TURBO approaches the little hotel.)

TONY TURBO

This may be a problem, everybody. The Hotel Fuck is ready to receive millions of visitors, but I can never believe the entire Hotel Fuck fits into this relatively tiny apparatus.

(TONY TURBO has the little hotel placed over his head and shoulders as the VOICE intones—"Let's do that again, please." The girls and KEN PUSSY PUSS line up behind him and cross the stage in a conga line behind the hotel-covered TONY TURBO. TOMMY TUTTLE appears in a rabbit hat and hops about excitedly carrying his big stick and munching on a carrot. As the line crosses the stage, TONY TURBO momentarily lifts one side of the little hotel and calls out.)

TONY TURBO

Hey! How is this possible? I don't see how everybody can fit in here.

(He disappears inside again as the music surges and they reach the side of the room, then all collapse against one another, running themselves between the legs as GIZA runs into the room, talking into a telephone receiver and massaging himself between the legs with an oversize white handkerchief.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Oh my goodness—Mr. "Look-on-the-Dark-Side" may turn out to be right after all— because—sorry to report at this time—oh, oh—we are previously occupied with—oh, guess what happened— just a little—ohhh!

(As he collapses in orgasm, TOMMY TUTTLE hits the lightbulb with his stick. Accompanied by a flash of light, the loud music changes radically as girls run off carrying the little hotel; then the music softens.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Okay, something happened downstairs, you little bunny rabbits, a little un-premeditated, but I say we shouldn't feel wiped out about this, because we are still in control of our major emotions.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Which are the major emotions, Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

All we need is a mental adjustment.

(He swings his stick, and the others duck.)

POW! Let's imagine—being inside the Hotel Fuck right now. What would that be like?

(A gong sounds, and as the VOICE intones—"It is now: Twelve o'clock Hotel Fuck Time," a baggage cart enters with suitcases, against which stands a partially naked woman \[JULIA JACOBSON\] with her head covered in a black hood.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Jesus Christ—who is this beautiful, almost naked, lady arriving coincidentally with all of our crappy baggage?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

My God—don't you recognize her, Tommy Tuttle? It's the beautiful woman from the Hotel Fuck.

TOMMY TUTTLE

This is close to impossible. We better verify this—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

I don't think we should touch her physically.

TOMMY TUTTLE

It's time to touch somebody physically!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(As JULIA JACOBSON slowly crosses the room and disappears down a brightly lit corridor) That might be necessary, gentlemen. Because if nobody does no touching, and if nobody does no rubbing up against, and if nobody does no licking and fucking and sucking—then there will be no touching, evidently. No fucking, evidently. No refucking, multifucking—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Remember what that beautiful woman said to us?

TOMMY TUTTLE

We don't want to remember.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

It's interesting to remember such things!

(He grasps TOMMY TUTTLE's stick and hits the lightbulb; bright lights and a gong make them whirl in pain.)

She wanted to fuck, only with multiple partners—me and Tommy Tuttle, specifically,

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Sounds quite radical, boys,

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh yes—she's a radical selfish bitch. We were looking her straight in the eye when she said that.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

No kidding?

(Behind them, two large white disks have appeared, one above the other, forming a sort of solid figure eight, behind which someone is hiding.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

What the fuck is that?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I think it's a warning, gentlemen.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Warning what in particular?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Let's put it this way—

TONY TURBO

(Interrupting) No, I'll handle this. (Holds a large drumstick and prepares to hit the lower disk, as if hitting a gong.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Brandishing the light-stick) I wanna help.

(Still in his rabbit hat, he takes a little hop, and he and TONY TURBO both prepare to strike the disk. But before they can do so, a loud gong sounds.)

—What the hell was that?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

OK, Tony Turbo, it's time.

TONY TURBO

Time for everybody to get undressed?

(One of the disks has rolled off, and the other, held by someone to cover the upper half of the body, advances downstage with a pair of naked legs showing beneath.)

VOICE

Let's do that again, please!

(Another gong sounds, and the disk is taken away by a girl, revealing JULIA JACOBSON behind it, with her skirt tucked up into her belt.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Here's a better idea.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Are you sure it's better?

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Indicating JULIA JACOBSON and TONY TURBO, still in his skirt and bonnet, as he will remain until the end of the play) Yes I am. Because we leave these two beautiful bitches alone in this room, and then they just work everything out between themselves—you know— EVERYTHING?

(Everyone but TONY TURBO and JULIA JACOBSON leave the room.)

TONY TURBO

Hey—Don't leave me alone with this bitch!

JULIA JACOBSON

(Wrapping TONY TURBO in a strip of fabric) I never would have guessed it, Tony Turbo, but you must be one of those two beautiful bitches everybody seems so worked up about. So tell me—are you fuckable like I'm fuckable?

TONY TURBO

You know I don't like talking to myself.

JULIA JACOBSON

Of course—

(She pulls the fabric, making TONY TURBO spin free, he staggers to a wall.)

—Because that would be one BAD conversation.

TONY TURBO

Just like this conversation,

JULIA JACOBSON

Notice? My table is well spread, bitch. How about yours?

TONY TURBO

My table is well spread, bitch. Read my mind to find out about it—

JULIA JACOBSON

Not much of a turn-on, bitch. *(She starts to exit.)*

So read MY mind first, and come up with something more interesting?

(She ducks offstage, then whirls back with a large sledgehammer, which she crashes onto TONY TURBO's foot. As he howls in pain, KEN PUSSY PUSS runs on with a sledgehammer, yelling "Sledgehammer" as TONY TURBO grabs it from him and waves it in the air.)

TONY TURBO

How's this for interesting, bitch!

(He slams JULIA JACOBSON'S foot; she howls in pain.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

If Tony Turbo could really read minds, bitch, total catastrophe!

JULIA AND TONY TURBO: Right now, bitch. Right now!

(They each smash a sledgehammer on the other's foot.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Enters, excited, holding a sledgehammer) God damn it! Look at this big bopstick, everybody! Does this mean we're inside the fucking Hotel Fuck right fucking NOW?

JULIA JACOBSON

Of course we are in the fucking Hotel Fuck for as far back as I can remember, fuckhead!

(New music rises, and she cocks her head to listen.)

What a crazy song—

(Now they all have sledgehammers, and they line up and sing and dance—manipulating their sledgehammers—while the other guests jump up and down excitedly.)

ALL

If you like your baby, like you like no babies. If you like your baby, like you like no babies. If you like your baby, like you like no babies. If you like your baby, like you like no babies.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Wait a minute, please—how did we get to the Hotel Fuck without even riding the number thirteen bus?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

That answer should be obvious. Everybody can read everybody else's mind.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

You mean even ME—?

(Suddenly, he bumps into TONY TURBO by accident and whirls away, now with the end of a string in his hand, the other end pulled taut by TONY TURBO.)

I hope not quite—

TONY TURBO

Nobody reads my mind past page one!

(A web of additional strings are pulled by guests to various foreheads.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Ducking the strings) Tony Turbo's mind . . .

TONY TURBO

No!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Ken Pussy Puss Pussy's mind—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

No!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Julia Jacobson's mind—which I am reading right this minute by the way.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Holding her forehead where the string makes contact) I don't think so, please—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

—Because Julia Jacobson is riding on a fucking bus.

JULIA JACOBSON

Stop reading my mind, Giza von Goldenheim, because I have private memories—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I know that, sweetie, because when you're riding that fucking BUS—the destination is obvious.

JULIA JACOBSON

Wrong, Giza von Goldenheim—your own fucking memory is reading itself in a mirror.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Totally true. Of course.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Quiet, as TONY TURBO crosses so that the string he holds, with KEN PUSSY PUSS on the other end, captures JULIA JACOBSON around the neck. She pulls against it gently, as if to choke herself, leaning forward like the figurehead on the prow of an ancient sailing ship.) Could I be alone, please?—My head visits strange neighborhoods when I read minds—and sometimes it hurts—

(The music—now classical piano and violin music— rises.)

It hurts. It hurts. It hurts.

(The music stops.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Make sure that pain is accurate, my dear. Because it COULD be somebody else's life story.

JULIA JACOBSON

That makes it hurt even more and more and more and more.

(The music has returned, ever changing.)

Pull harder, boys, harder, much harder!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Whispering as he strains to tighten the string against which JULIA JACOBSON'S neck is pulling) My God, Tony Turbo, this girl really knows what she's doing.

JULIA JACOBSON

Of course, because what I'm really GOOD at—is reading the mind of little Giza von Geek—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Upset, regressing to his childhood self) No!

JULIA JACOBSON

...Goldenheim! All alone and scared on the big bus all alone downtown
where one tiny little boy is looking out the window of the great big bus—

(She is chasing him around pillars, into shadowy corners.)

—at the houses that go zipping by—zip! And the big apartment houses zipping by—zip,
zip! And the windows in all those big houses, zip—zip—zip—what's behind those
windows where the pretty curtains are pulled tight?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I know what's behind those windows, God damn it—

(He pushes her to the other side of the stage.)

JULIA JACOBSON

Of course he does, because all those big grown-up people are hiding
right behind those windows—is that possible?

(The music is rising, and she runs to revolve one of the cranks.)

Are they fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking!

*(Deafening music and a loud gong make her fall away from the crank, but she recovers and
returns as the music shifts and is quieter.)*

Sun comes up, daddies go to Daddy's office. Sun goes down, Mommies are making
dinner, Sun comes up again—bye-bye!

Off to the factory to do big jobs—but my God, when the sun goes down again—back to
fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking!

*(The music again becomes deafening as many guests run in holding small red curtains in front of
their faces. JULIA JACOBSON whirls away from the cranks, and the music quiets down.)*

Is this right? Can this possibly be happening?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

*(His face appears above one of the red curtains, but he has grown a large protuberant
nose and is disguised in a bushy black beard. His voice is suddenly hoarse with age
and degeneracy) A little sweetie pie is riding on the bus—*

JULIA JACOBSON

No she's not!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Riding on the bus, when cute little curtains blow open for just a minute—

(He runs to a crank and starts revolving it, and the people with red curtains run to the wall and, still hiding their faces, start to massage themselves between the legs.)

And behind cute little curtains, oh my God—the whole world is fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking—

(The music becomes deafening, a gong rings out, the music changes, and JULIA JACOBSON sings operatically and defiantly—)

JULIA JACOBSON

—I have more important things to think about!

(She dances out of the room.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Of course—there are other things to look at when she's riding on the bus. There are houses with cute little curtains, and big tall buildings made of dirty redbrick—

(He runs to the people against the wall, touching and tickling them.)

And bridges with shiny cars that are green and red and purple, and big thick books for smart people with shiny black hair, and old people with soft gray hair, and important people with big tummies...

(JULIA JACOBSON has returned, and upon seeing GIZA touching the others, she is overcome with frustrated desire and throws herself upside down inside one of the upside-down tables and starts touching herself in front of GIZA.)

—and mothers and fathers and fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking!

(The music is deafening. GIZA staggers forward as it quiets down.)

—Oh my God, let an old man catch his breath for all that fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking and fucking!

(The music changes, and he is suddenly standing over her and waving his fists like an old-fashioned minister preaching hellfire and damnation.)

And fucking and fucking and fucking!

(A gong rings and, as the music changes again, all but GIZA and JULIA JACOBSON run from the room. GIZA changes back into a degenerate old man licking his lips and slobbering loudly at JULIA JACOBSON. Then he dashes off and immediately returns with

a large bouquet of red roses, which he thrusts on the stunned JULIA JACOBSON. Once more he slobbers loudly, then runs from the room. She starts to dash after him, as if to get rid of the flowers, then turns back in a daze and looks at the flowers,)

JULIA JACOBSON

(Horried) What am I holding in my arms? This isn't something I should be holding in my arms.

TONY TURBO

(Running into the room with the others, grabbing the flowers away from her) Bitch!

JULIA JACOBSON

I'm sorry!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Hey! You must be totally nuts, Julia Jacobson.

JULIA JACOBSON

I'm sorry, I must be crazy—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

This is the Hotel Fuck!—Not the Hotel you-know-what-we-don't-want-to-say-it!

JULIA JACOBSON

Really?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Really!

JULIA JACOBSON

Say "Hotel Fuck" again, convince me—

(A guest comes whirling into the room, carrying more roses.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Running to attack the roses) The Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck!

(Another comes and zips the flowers on top of a six-foot-tall pedestal, where they are immediately hidden by a small white panel carried by another guest running in.)

Hey! What happened to the flowers?

JULIA JACOBSON

—My God, I am imagining such an incredible alternative reality!

TONY TURBO

Why's the selfish bitch holding her head?

JULIA JACOBSON

(As a guest runs with a string to her forehead) I'm holding my head because I feel—so much PRESSURE!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Of course, because the Hotel Fuck stands in for everything totally OPPOSITE to the Hotel Beautiful Roses—

TONY TURBO

Don't even mention that name!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh, the name must be spoken! Because there is a real suspicion in my head that Julia Jacobson has led us in a totally wrong direction—straight into the Hotel Beautiful Roses.

TONY TURBO AND GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM: No such thing! No that's impossible!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Racing into room, carrying a big bunch of roses) Who did this?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Aghast) I'm sorry.

(She grabs them to hide behind her back. Other guests bring her more flowers, and more, and she spins dizzily, trying to get rid of them.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

You better be sorry!

JULIA JACOBSON

I'm sorry!

TONY TURBO

Prove it!

ALL

Prove it!

JULIA JACOBSON

(Trying to organize her defense) Look—

TONY TURBO

Bitch!

JULIA JACOBSON

Can a sneaky, stinky idea—

(She holds her head and swoons to the floor as guests run in rear, carrying an assortment of white disks and panels which they vibrate in the air—as if to stand in for JULIA JACOBSON's turbulent unconscious bad ideas.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Screaming above the music) Oh my God she fell down!

(A gong rings. GIZA is frantic.)

Oh my God—get up, Julia Jacobson! Try! Try!

JULIA JACOBSON

(Struggling to her feet) Look, can a sneaky, stinky idea which is not being thought by anybody on

(She runs to the side and grabs a string, then runs back, holding it taut to her forehead, center stage in front of the quivering white shapes.)

Can such an unwelcome idea be said to exist in a human brain?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Sad to say it's possible. Pulling us towards very naughty places.

TONY TURBO

Naughty? Then we are obviously still inside the Hotel Fuck.

(A guest runs in with a covered tray, topped by a little statue of a naked lady, and TONY TURBO's eyes light up.)

Well, am I right?

(The tray is uncovered, revealing a mass of additional roses. Everyone screams in horror.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Rushing forward) Don't think about roses! Think about the one thing that's gonna be PROTECTION against ROSES!!!

(He is attacking the guest with the roses, and they somehow end up on another pedestal, again immediately covered with a small white screen held in front. TOMMY TUTTLE, chasing the flowers, tumbles back onto the floor at the shock of the white screen.)

—Hey! What happened to those flowers? All we should think, from this moment on, is Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck!

JULIA JACOBSON

I agree—Hotel Fuck. C'mon boys, Hotel Fuck!

ALL

(Lifting their fists for the battle) Hotel Fuck. Right!

(They all charge forward and crash into the wall of the hotel. They fall back in pain and regroup around one of the tables and sing, bellowing together—)

Hotel Fuck!

(Fists in the air, which plunge down and hit themselves in the groin, at which they howl in pain, but then recover to bellow again to the loud music—)

Hotel Fuck!

(The process is repeated—but this time as they bellow "Hotel Fuck!, " the music fades and someone appears rear, hiding behind a giant bouquet of roses lifted in the air. Instead of hitting themselves in the groin, they are overcome with the need to sneeze from the powerful fragrance. They all sneeze powerfully and whirl to see the roses. There is a stunned silence, Then TOMMY TUTTLE screams in terror and runs from the room. The others turn to one another, upset.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(As TOMMY TUTTLE reappears from another entrance) Look, there he is!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Breathing heavily) A goddamn door!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

What door?

TONY TURBO

I don't see a door.

TOMMY TUTTLE

—A fucking door is opening in my brain— because all my fucking clothes are on fire? With ROSES! *(Grabs the big bunch of roses and clutches them to his body.)* With blood pouring from a hundred holes in my body where those roses HURT me! I mean—they really HURT me! How is this possible—my fucking teeth slicing my tongue like pieces of raw meat—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Sad to say, that's what the human body is, tongues included—raw meat, Tommy Tuttle.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Raw meat, huh? And what is my poor raw tired-out asshole that shits out a million dried-up words and words and words—

(He dashes across the room, holding the rose aloft as the other guests surround him and the music rises. As the mass of people and roses whirl in place, TOMMY TUTTLE escapes the melee, and the others speed the roses from the room. The music is quiet now.)

—piled up like shit under this giant rosebush—until my whole body is one giant turd, of one great big sticky flower.

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh, just uguh-h-

TOMMY TUTTLE

I'm sorry, but I think it was necessary for me to have that powerful visionary experience. Because now—being Tiger Tommy Tuttle—I am hearing with my own two ears what a certain dangerous Hotel called "Beautiful Roses" is whispering into the back door of my skull,

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Question. Roses powerful enough to make people a little bit topsy-turvy?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Topsy-turvy? Not me, buddy!

(The music rises, and KEN PUSSY PUSS whirls into the room covered with roses, including even a crown of roses on his head. The others run from the room at the sight, then creep back in slowly. TOMMY TUTTLE is now wearing a red bellboy hat.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Giddy, eyes spinning in his head) Look at me, look at me, look at me! *(Pause.)* Festooned with roses, am I not?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Enough roses to feed the fucking toilets till Christmas !

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Coming down from his high) Okay, okay, I won't insist my own flowers take precedence—though I do hope you won't treat them badly.

JULIA JACOBSON

We'll stuff them into one great big giant rosebush.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Why not, please? At certain critical moments, the human nervous system itself—flips into emergency mode—emergency mode!

ALL

(Scream and run to the walls) Help!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Calmly) But that's okay, Because if roses turn into human beings, then human beings counterwise start smelling like roses, until that wonderful stench gets so overpoweringly powerful, that first one human being—

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Rubbing his crotch, he runs to a crank) That's me!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

And then another human being—

TONY TURBO

(Rubbing himself) That's me!*(Runs to a crank.)*

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

And then another and another, all screaming through the tops of heads—that now, now, now is the appropriate moment to stop talking like normal human beings! To click into a much more appropriate mode.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Ohhhhh—this is it, please!

(There is a gong, and the other guests appear, ready to fly into action.)

Well, let's get the furniture arranged for some serious fucking.

TOMMY TUTTLE

(As the furniture is rearranged) What's your problem? It's fucking! Not furniture—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Listen, Tuttle, fucking without good furniture means bad fucking.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Furniture isn't important for fucking.

JULIA JACOBSON

Hey! Are you people crazy?

TOMMY TUTTLE

You too, lady!

JULIA JACOBSON

Hey, what do you fuck on, fuckhead—or shouldn't I ask?

TOMMY TUTTLE

(As a gong rings and the tape loop is heard singing "I'm happy, you're happy. I'm happy, you're happy") C'mon, ask me, ask Tuttle what he fucks on, Tuttle will tell you!

(A conga line follows TOMMY TUTTLE out of the room, but TONY TURBO spins off and falls onto one of the tables.)

JULIA JACOBSON

(Quietly) It's to be expected around here. Instead of delightful sofas with soft pillows, these pathetic assholes make do with hard, ugly tables. Ya?

(She has placed a little target on TONY TURBO'S behind, his collapsed position on the table making that possible. One of the guests runs in with a little bow and arrow, wearing a red bellboy hat, and takes aim, Cupidlike, at TONY TURBO'S bottom.)

TONY TURBO

(After a pause, head still down, ass up) Well? What the fuck is everybody waiting for? I plop myself down on this table in order to support myself while being penetrated. So c'mon. goddamn it! Come on!

(The others run into the room and then, seeing the presented tableau, retreat a bit.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

You go first, Tommy Tuttle.

TOMMY TUTTLE

I'm not going first, you go first!

TONY TURBO

(Shouting from his prone position) You don't know what's involved here? *(Straightens up, and now appears ready to cry.)* My possible happiness is involved here, that's all. That's the one little, teenie, weenie, tiny, itzy, bitzy—

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh, c'mon now Is this the Hotel Fuck or the Hotel Fuck You?

TONY TURBO

You say that, but you don't care. You don't really care.

(The singing is heard again—"I'm happy, you're happy. I'm happy, you're happy." All look offstage and see something!)

—Oh my God.

(A totally transformed GIZA enters, on high cothurni making him a foot taller than he is, dressed like Louis XIV, embroidered coat with lace, a tall white wig topped with a tiny crown. He is holding an eightfoot-long staff, and controlling on a leash a big black-and-gold-striped dildo that emerges from his pants. Someone else holds a big white disk up behind his head, like a giant halo.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Well, hello there, everybody! After a glorious reign of fucking on demand—what I need now, ladies and gentlemen, is for you to bring a fucking chair so I can set down my tired fucking ass.

TONY TURBO

We have chairs, Your Majesty.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Lifting a golden chair) Like this one!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

But please sit on us. We're human people

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I don't sit on people. What I do with people? – I fuck people.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

You hear that, fellas? Fuck people. Like us!

(The singing of "I'm happy, you're happy" rises, and all but GIZA do a frantic Charleston, lifting their arms and shouting, "We fuck people! We fuck people!" A gong stops the music, which shifts to a happier tune.)

It must be that we zip tick-tock backwards in time, because for hundreds of years it's true the Hotel Fuck has been very important to civilized society.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Congratulations! But who amongst us is scared shitless to utter the name of a hotel even more civilized?

(Someone has rolled into the room a cart loaded with vases stuffed with roses, and the others attack it.)

TONY TURBO

Will somebody get those fucking ROSES outta here once and for all!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Over the hubbub) I still want my fucking chair just because I'm so much bigger than the rest of you and I get tired when I—*(Sees JULIA JACOBSON, who is acting girlishly in his presence.)* Well, hello there little one.

JULIA JACOBSON

Do you like roses, Your Majesty?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Roses? Well, I uh . . . er . . .

JULIA JACOBSON

Fucking can always be better with better decoration. Am I right?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

The evidence is standing before you, my dear. *(Pounds the floor with his staff and calls out)* More freshcut flowers for better fucking. Flowers for fucking, flowers for fucking!

TONY TURBO

(As guests enter wearing rose hats, carrying flower boxes) Oh. Shit!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Maybe it's true! If there were a just few more roses—you know—for the ambiance?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Any MORE ambiance—this fucking hotel turns over in its grave for us to jump in and FUCK this, this, this play about a Hotel Up-its-fucking-rear-end!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Sorry—You can't fuck a play, darling.

ALL

Oh?

(The music rises, and all form a line, dance, and sing.)

La, la, la, la Do, re, mi, fa In a Hotel, Jack and Jill fell On their fannies That's the plan
he's Found a big hole That's the real goal In a Hotel Do, re, mi, fa La, la, la, la

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Come to think of it, you can't fuck hotels, even. This is tragic, in a way.

JULIA JACOBSON

You know what I think? It's too bad there aren't enough cute little roses in the Hotel Fuck so it could simultaneously be the Hotel Beautiful Roses.

(Others object.)

Yes! Yes! Because if it were more beautiful, then everybody would feel so good—they'd start FUCKING all over the place.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Wait a minute—everything Julia Jacobson says makes me think to myself—which of two rival hotels—

TONY TURBO

(Interrupting as JULIA JACOBSON jumps on a table upside down and waves naked legs in the air invitingly) —THIS Hotel, Ken Puss-Puss.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

But wait a minute—how do we know this hotel isn't behind our backs—

(He has backed into the table, and JULIA JACOBSON captures him in her legs.)

TOMMY TUTTLE AND TONY TURBO

Behind our backs!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Screaming and pulling free) Turning into that rival hotel—!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

You want proof, baby boy?

(He lifts his staff like a thunderbolt as lights flash and a loud gong rings.)

—Follow the leader, because this big bitch is always in heat!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Now wait just a minute, Giza von Geek!

VOICE

Let's do that again, please!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Something's weird with Goldenheimer—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Look at those great big giant dirty feet!

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh my God—those big dirty feet covered in dirty muck.

(They are all examining GIZA 's dirty cathorni; overcome with disgust, they fall back on the floor and roll away from him.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Yeah, fucking dirty shoes.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I understand completely. But to properly apportion one's justifiable disgust, cast those same suspicious eyes down to your own filthy footwear, my little partners-in-sticky-stuff.

TONY TURBO

(As they examine their own shoes) What kind of dirty degenerates are we? Whatever we do, people— don't lick 'em!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Oh, please, please, gentlemen—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Maybe we LIKE them—a little bit mucky?

TOMMY TUTTLE

No we do NOT! Either we each clean up privately, or we're gonna have to choose partners—

(A guest pulls a rope that rings a bell, and the others scream out in fear and trepidation— "Partners? Partners!?"—as others run forward with big brushes at the end of long handles— first hitting TONY TURBO and KEN PUSSY PUSS and TOMMY TUTTLE, forcing them to bend down and watch as they go to work very aggressively on their shoes. A loud VOICE on tape screams over the excitement—"I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it!" GIZA presides from on high, shaking rhythmically as others work on his big shoes.)

BOYS

Lick 'em, lick 'em, lick 'em!

TOMMY TUTTLE

These shoes need a lot of work, I guess.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Get a load of that! SOME people like sticking their asses up in the air for no reason what-soever.

TONY TURBO

(Popping up) That's not the reason!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Bend back down like the rest of us, Turbo! Bend over!

TONY TURBO

That's not a problem!

(He turns to see JULIA JACOBSON, poised near the bell rope.)

But I got somebody else in mind to do dirty work down below.

JULIA JACOBSON

Not right now I'm afraid.

(She rings the bell.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Bellboy please!

(A gong rings and everybody scatters.)

Let's have official bellboys to do a better job on these filthy shoes!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(On all fours, searching under furniture) If I remember, there is shoe polish here someplace—

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Kicking KEN PUSSY PUSS) Finding new ways to use old shoes—why not? I bet you like that,

KEN PUSSY PUSS

No, I don't like that, Tommy Tuttle!

(One guest in a bellboy hat is following TOMMY TUTTLE carrying a large dirty sack, with a rigid circular opening on top, and it keeps nudging up against TOMMY TUTTLE.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Hey! What's with this irritating sack following me around the room!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

I beg your pardon sir, that's my dirty giant garbage eighteenth-century shoe sack.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Yeah, that's a genuine eighteenth-century shoe sack?

TONY TURBO

Get it outta here!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Not yet.

(Other guests come strutting through the room with little targets attached to their ankles and circle around through the scene, stepping to the eccentric music.)

As a kind of group activity in the wonderful Hotel Fuck, you will all step with dirty shoes inside this giant shoe sack. Where once inside—

(TOMMY TUTTLE, TONY TURBO, and KEN PUSSY PUSS shout their objections.)

—you will all take a giant collective step in the direction of your choice,

(He turns and storms from the room.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Hey, I hope he's not kiddin' about this?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

No, we are left alone with one smelly garbage sack, Tommy Tuttle, which we are all supposed to climb into like a barrel of dirty monkeys.

JULIA JACOBSON

Well, I think I can handle this, boys?

(She steps into the sack, the music rises, and there is a loud cheer as the other guests jump up and down excitedly.)

Oh my God, this thing stinks!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh yeah? Well I'd like to verify that for myself, thank you very much.*(Steps into the sack.)*

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Hey, I don't want to be left out of this daredevil stuff, please!

(He tries to get inside but fails. The music rises, the others dance, and JULIA JACOBSON and TOMMY TUTTLE start shaking inside the sack.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Okay. I don't like to say this—but this Hotel Fuck garbage sack is getting really smelly—

TONY TURBO

(Dancing with a big stick.) Yeah!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

That is the truth, Tommy Tuttle—

TOMMY TUTTLE

Plus—my feet that are inside this garbage sack—

TONY TURBO

Yeah!

TOMMY TUTTLE

—are starting to swell up or something—

TONY TURBO

Yeah!

TOMMY TUTTLE

'Cause it really hurts!

TONY TURBO

Yeah!

TOMMY TUTTLE

It hurts!

TONY TURBO

Yeah!

TOMMY TUTTLE

It hurts!

(The music has become deafening, and TONY TURBO reaches up to the big lightbulb with his stick. As he touches it there is a flash of light and everyone recoils in pain as the music cuts and the VOICE is heard amidst silence—)

VOICE

Let's do that again, please!

(The music returns, and the guests begin doing high kicks with their target-covered feet.)

TOMMY TUTTLE AND JULIA JACOBSON: (In spasms inside the sack) It hurts! It hurts! It hurts!

(GIZA explodes into the scene, no longer dressed as Louis XIV, but now with his black beard and carrying two big clubs with which he starts beating those inside the sack as the guests kick higher and the music grows deafening and the lights fade to black. The music stops suddenly. There is a gong, and the lights come up on a dim nighttime scene as everyone runs from the stage and TONY TURBO explodes in from the side, carrying two suitcases—stumbling and falling to the floor, cursing.)

TONY TURBO

(Getting back on his feet, all alone in the darkened room) Why am I always arriving too late to finish things that could only begin if they weren't fucked up by a lot of beginners? Loaded down with heavy baggage that probably doesn't even belong to me! Hello, please!

VOICE

Just one minute, Tony Turbo. Hotels may effect one's outward behavior, but they must never be allowed to interfere with that personal sense of self that protects even you, Tony Turbo, against a world that resists your pathetic pleas for true and lasting happiness,

TONY TURBO

(Defiant, lifting a fist)

—Guess who's come to visit? Stuffed to the brim With raucous rumbles Of rectoid ruckus? It's ME—ME! All-boy in his runt The way I likes it best!

(GIZA has snuck into the room, in the shadows at the side, wearing a red bellboy hat and carrying suitcases.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Hello there!

(TONY TURBO whirls, fists up to fight.)

No, no, no—before the expected affectionate greeting, Sir Tony, tell me—which do you find more upsetting? My personality, or my bellboy hat?

TONY TURBO

Well, your personality stinks,

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Pauses to consider) Okay. I apologize for my personality. But I'll never apologize for my hat.

(Everyone else has gradually appeared behind GIZA, each carrying two suitcases.)

TONY TURBO

(Sarcastically) Look everybody, one remarkable bellboy hat.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Well—

(He comes to TONY TURBO and recites a limerick.)

Dressed like a bellboy, Red hat on my head
Though I carefully take off that hat Before
snuggling into somebody's bed.

(Leans forward and whispers.) Okay? (Rapidly tiptoes from the room.)

TONY TURBO

I bet that fucking bellboy is getting fucked a lot more than the rest of us
are fucking.

JULIA JACOBSON

This is one fucking bellboy with an attitude problem.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Popping in again) Excuse me, I heard that, but—*(Another limerick)*

A bellboy's agenda Can never be known. Though its depths can be fathomed
Through lunges and twitches Expressing its hunger For fabulous bitches.

(He pops out of the room again.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

I bet that lucky bellboy is getting fucked a lot more than the rest of us are
fucking.

TONY TURBO

Plus, now we have to carry our own heavy baggage.

JULIA JACOBSON

Wait a minute. How do we remember which is our own baggage if they
all look the same?

*(As the music rises, all the suitcases lift into the air and clump together as everyone shuffles
center stage, as if bewitched by their suitcases—crying out in fear—)*

ALL

Help, help!

TOMMY TUTTLE

Everybody let go! Drop them, drop them!

(All the suitcases come crashing down.)

Jesus, look at all those suitcases.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

All that dirty baggage on the floor, do we still think "bellboys have more fun"? -or is it just that fucking red hat?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Suddenly runs back into the room, wearing only his bellboy hat and a large stuffed diaper) Ready for a surprise, please? *(Poses like a muscle man as the others shrink back in disgust.)* Bellboys remain bellboys, even when a uniform gets lost in the dirty laundry.

JULIA JACOBSON

I don't like looking at naked bellboys, and I don't like thinking about dirty laundry!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Twirling and posing) And sometimes, sometimes!—that famous baggage just happens to be private bellboy baggage—

(As the others exit with bags, he picks up two suitcases and rubs them against his body.)

—the allure of fine leather against muscles that stress and strain.

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh, shut up that know-it-all bellboy!

BOYS

Right!

(They chase him from the room as a VOICE comes over the loudspeakers.)

VOICE

Julia Jacobson, paging paging Julia Jacobson—

JULIA JACOBSON

God damn it! I don't like being identified in public—

(She whirls and sees someone holding a tray with a folded piece of paper on it.)

Oh my God—am I getting a private message right in the middle of the Hotel Fuck?

VOICE

Ken Pussy Puss, paging Ken Puss Pussy—

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Running onstage as someone else enters with a second tray and message) Fuck! I'm getting a message here in the Hotel Fuck too—how come ME, of all people?

JULIA JACOBSON

I'm getting a message here in the middle of the Hotel Fuck.

(They both read and crumple their messages.)

I am really, truly, getting a crazy message—

VOICE

Paging Tom Tom Tommy Tuttle. Tom Tom Tommy Tuttle—paging Tom Tom Tommy Tuttle. Tom Tom Tommy Tuttle—

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Entering and overlapping the VOICE, a new message is delivered to him) This is my fucking message, huh? Sooner or later I knew I'd be getting a fucking message.

TONY TURBO

(Grabbing TOMMY TUTTLE's message) No, I got a message—me! Me!

(They all start shouting, "I got a message. me—me! I got a message!" as the music rises, and GIZA is heard shouting offstage.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Outta the way, everybody, I got a big package here!

(He rushes onstage, his head peeking over a large cutout, heavily decorated heart he is carrying—with a message scrawled on the front: "Guess where I've been?" Upon sight of this apparition the others cover their eyes in fear and whirl, screaming out, "one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine-ten!" Then GIZA croaks in a gravel voice.)

Ah, words from the whirlwind, my friends—

(All again scream and count to ten, whirling.)

Words, words, words, from the whirlwind of the world on fire!!

(The music rises, and two guests carry in a large folded letter sealed with a heart. As GIZA leaves the stage with the heart, they open the letter revealing the message "I used to love you!" It rocks back and forth to the loud music; and the others scream, and lifting some of the drapery, start to erase on blackboards that are scattered about on the walls half-bidden by the drapes. The music is overcome by a loud nasal VOICE singing, "Never kissed a girl, never kissed a girl, never kissed a girl.")

ALL

(As they erase) Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck—*(The singing fades.)*

TONY TURBO

Hey, wait a minute, what kind of message is that? One single word, over and over and over?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Four words: I-used-to-love-oh fuck! Five words.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh, fuck you.

JULIA JACOBSON

I don't think I'm satisfied if I just get one word over and over.

TOMMY TUTTLE

What's the matter with you people? What's the fucking problem?

JULIA JACOBSON

Ah, now that we've finally made it here in the goddamned Hotel Fuck, Tuttle Titty hasn't got a problem?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Watch that language, bitch.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Has entered with two hats, one on top of the other, and a covered tray, and is dancing about the room) Remember me? Hotel—? Now what the hell was the name of that hotel? "Majestic Splendid... Fuck?"

TOMMY TUTTLE

(As the others laugh and dance) —Because I'm the one fucking person in this hotel without problem.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Well, congratulations, Tommy Tuttle.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Fucking congratulations is right.

TONY TURBO

Congratulations for what?

TOMMY TUTTLE

For getting the dope on all those fucking messages in the Hotel Fuck.

(Another girl arrives with a paper on a tray, and he tosses away her message.)

So, fuck you.

JULIA JACOBSON

Now wait a minute. Does Tommy Tuttle believe, all of a sudden, for no logical reason, that the Hotel Fuck is speaking to him personally?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Yeah. Maybe.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

A hotel speaking like a person?

TONY TURBO

That's impossible.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

As impossible as this?

(He whisks the cover off the tray to reveal a crown,) It's not a hotel, maybe, but it's here for the taking.)*

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(As TOMMY TUTTLE seizes the crown) Careful, Tommy Tuttle. Nobody said that belongs to you.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Oh yeah? Well, who do you think was getting all those messages personally?

(Guests run in holding little red curtains in front of their faces, and form a ceremonial line behind TOMMY TUTTLE.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

A certain hotel must think so. *(Puts the crown on his head, over his bellboy hat.)*
Follow the leader!

(He runs from the room and the others chase him—he comes back from another door and the red curtains revolve as he pushes through to the front of the stage.)

Where did everybody go?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Following him through the curtains) Okay, is the Hotel Fuck still speaking personally to Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Hey, maybe it is.

(A jazzy riff, like a fanfare, makes the curtains part, revealing TONY TURBO, KEN PUSSY PUSS and GIZA, linking arms and leaning forward towards TOMMY TUTTLE.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Mockingly) Well, hello there, Your Highness.

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Still holding the crown on top of his hat) Watch that hiney stuff, Geekheimer.

JULIA JACOBSON

And what does the Hotel Fuck say to Tommy Tuttle when the Hotel Fuck speaks personally to Tommy Tuttle?

TOMMY TUTTLE

That's a little hard to explain.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Exasperated) Fuck fuck fuck fuck—

TOMMY TUTTLE

It's more complicated than fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

JULIA JACOBSON

No! It's not complicated—because after all this time if the Hotel Fuck were saying something, it wouldn't be saying something to Tommy Tuttle—it's ME!

(She explodes in jealous rage as the others back off and exit, and the red curtains start shaking like crazy, and then she also runs off.)

ME! ME! ME! ME! The Hotel Fuck is speaking to me! Me personally!

TONY TURBO

(Peeking in at a doorway) Oh sure, and if we believe that, at this late date, we believe the big sign at the end of the corridor that says "Break down this heavy door and get to lick my lollipop till lunch time!"

(He stops, realizes the opportunity is still there—and hurries off excitedly.)

JULIA JACOBSON

(After a pause) Okay. Something's wrong. Now that twenty-seven assholes are not babbling all at once, I no longer know if I still believe that something like a hotel—the Hotel Fuck in particular—

(She runs to the side and pulls a string from the wall taut to her forehead, center stage, as others enter and hold up white disks as the evocation of secret "Hotel Fuck" sources of energy.)

Can a hotel as crazy as the Hotel Fuck—talk to me!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Entering as others run in repositioning furniture) I don't know what you think you're listening to, bitch, except a lotta furniture and other stuff—getting moved around the Hotel Fuck.

JULIA JACOBSON

Listen, don't blame me if I'm the one person making an effort around here.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Grabbing the string from her and returning it to the wall) Everybody stop TALKING!

(Music stops, there is silence.)

Now—crazy as this may seem—before running from this hotel screaming and tearing one another's hair out by the roots—

(The others silently twist from imagined pain of hair being pulled, and run out of the room.)

—we all listen to secret messages from the Hotel Fuck.

(He looks about the deserted room. He goes and puts his ear to the wall.)

Like this.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Sneaking back into the room) What's he doing?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Returning, along with TOMMY TUTTLE and TONY TURBO.) This is crazy.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Do it.

(All but JULIA JACOBSON join GIZA in listening to the walls.)

JULIA JACOBSON

No.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Do it.

JULIA JACOBSON

No.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Do it!

JULIA JACOBSON

No!

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Bellowing) DO IT!!!!

JULIA JACOBSON

(She to goes to listen, then turns away) Oh, this is crazy.

Hey—?

(A phone rings in the distance.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Looking up, wondering) Yeah. I hear the telephone.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Be patient, Tommy Tuttle.

(There is a deafening gong, then Loud Voices chanting to a musical "WE'RE HERE! WE'RE HERE! WE'RE HERE!" Another gong silences the chant, but the others have all jumped clear of the walls, stunned.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(As soft music busily oscillates in the background) Well? What more does it take to convince this collection of Hotel Fuck assholes that this hotel is definitely, now—speaking for itself?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Worried) Speaking for itself? But what does it say? It's just a hotel.

VOICE

(Booming out) Here I am! Oh, here I am!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Scared) Guess what. I'm outta here right now!

(All but JULIA JACOBSON run from the room, yelling, "Me too!")

JULIA JACOBSON

(All alone comes downstage) Okay, now I'm listening all by myself.

VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, the Hotel Fuck is ready to receive visitors.

(A gong, and the music gets louder.)

The really big Hotel Fuck, the really big Hotel Fuck.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Pacing angrily) Big Hotel Fuck? This is not enough for me—and that makes me so frustrated—

(She runs to a table and rips off one of its legs. Then she throws it on the floor and starts stamping on it in rage, as the music crests, then fades low.)

TONY TURBO

(As the men peek back into the room) Trying to cause trouble with the furniture, bitch?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Controlling herself with steely calm) Trouble? Not me, boys. I was just treating this extra table leg the way I dream of treating a couple of missing penises. You know what I mean?

(All the men are now seen to be carrying table legs.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Somebody using a table leg for a penis— there's a prescribed punishment.

JULIA JACOBSON

What kind of punishment?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

I don't know, but I can imagine some bad kinds.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Pause) Funny, but I can no longer imagine what to do with my extra table leg.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Now that you mention it—I don't know what to do with my table leg either.

TONY TURBO

I've got a table leg—but what the fuck do I do with it?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Guess what, geniuses. Having a table leg instead of a penis, that's a problem.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Very upset) That's not my problem, because I don't have a penis problem!

TOMMY TUTTLE

If this isn't a penis problem, fuckhead, then what the hell kind of problem is it, huh?

VOICE

(As several white screens are carried across the stage to make a white wall at one side.)
Here I am! Oh, here I am!

TOMMY TUTTLE

I'll tell you problems! Once upon a time—this is a problem—I wanted to fuck somebody so bad.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

My God, Tommy—I have the same problem!

TOMMY TUTTLE

No! You don't have the same problem. Me—I wanted to fuck somebody so bad—

JULIA JACOBSON

(Peeking out from behind one of the screens) That's okay, Tommy Tuttle. You can fuck me later.

TOMMY TUTTLE

When? When is later?

JULIA JACOBSON

(Peeking from behind a second screen) Just later.

TOMMY TUTTLE

But when? When? When? When is later!

JULIA JACOBSON

Not right now, I'm afraid.

(The screens are now recrossing the stage like a little train to chugging music, and JULIA follows them, exiting as the screens reposition themselves behind a table.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

Not right now? Not right now? *(Races across to start revolving one of the cranks.)*
No! Right now! Right now! Right now!

VOICE

LATER, PLEASE! MUCH LATER!

(A gong sends TOMMY TUTTLE running from the room and charging back in from another door as the music crests. He is hurled against a wall as the music softens.)

TOMMY TUTTLE

I wanted to fuck somebody so bad. And it kept on not happening and not happening and not happening and not happening! And in total frustration, I threw myself onto my empty bed with a feeling—that's it, if I'm not getting fucked, then I give up I give up forever.

(The music rises and he shouts—)

That's it for me!

(He goes and throws himself onto a table as the white screens come forward and surround the table. The music softens to a soprano voice sustaining one clear note, and TOMMY TUTTLE slowly appears, standing on the table, looking out over the enclosure of the white screens.)

But at that moment of giving up forever—Jesus! As if a switch had been thrown at the bottom of my consciousness—as if giving up all hope of sexual fulfillment—I'd suddenly fallen into an ocean of white light, where, painlessly, I was burned empty of all anxiety and suffering.

(Someone wearing an "Old Man" mask appears from behind the table—as if a white-bearded and ancient God were approaching. He holds a pure white ball between his hands and lifts it up towards TOMMY TUTTLE.)

And this total emptiness. Sheer bliss inside everything that had kept me heretofore in turmoil. And this was accompanied by a feeling of joy and light and happiness. Happiness that had no equal in my entire fucking life.

(He takes the globe from the Old Man, and the white screens quietly drift away, gathering behind the table.)

But then, alas—that wonderful feeling started to go away, and I slept a little.

(The music has changed—a faint jazzy dance tune is heard.)

And when I woke up, I could remember having had that heavenly experience I remembered. But I could no longer remember—what did it REALLY FEEL like?

(The Old Man takes the ball back and carries it away, and TOMMY TUTTLE is back on the floor.)

This I could no longer remember. So okay. Once again, I try it—I give up!

(He throws himself back onto the table, and the jazzy tune gets louder. He springs up from the table, and the music softens.)

It didn't work! No white light, no happiness.

(He gives it one more try, throwing himself onto the table and screaming over music once again, loud—)

I give up, I give up, I give up!

(The screens part and TONY TURBO is revealed, charging forward with a large dildo strapped to his dress, whipping it with all his might as he charges around the room.)

TONY TURBO

Back to the real world I'm afraid—!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Rising from the table) Wait a minute—I give up! I give up!

(The others whirl into the room, GIZA and JULIA JACOBSON dancing a frantic waltz, as the VOICE cries out—)

VOICE

Oh never never again, oh never never again, oh never never again!

(TOMMY TUTTLE has been blindfolded by a group of guests. A large white disk halo is held behind his head.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Oh, never again, my friend?

TOMMY TUTTLE

Never again.

(The guests lean forward to touch him, one kissing him on the cheek.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Bowing in mock seriousness) Well hello there, Mr. "Hole" in the Hotel Fuck!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Blindfolded still) No, no, no, the pleasure is all mine, Madam—"Hole" in the Hotel Fuck.

JULIA JACOBSON

Okay, you pathetic bundle of beanbags without balls. What this lady thinks with her head screwed on tight like a good fuck in the rumble seat of a revved up refurbished roadster! What she thinks is this.

(She runs to crash into a side wall. The music cuts. She staggers back and calls out artificially—invitingly—)

Owww!

(The others look at one another, then all run and crash into walls, and are thrown to the floor by the impact.)

Don't you get it?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(As everyone staggers back to their feet, holding their heads in pain) Yeah, we get it.

JULIA JACOBSON

Oh, I know what you're thinking about me.

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

You know what we're thinking about Julia Jacobson?

JULIA JACOBSON

And I know what you're thinking about the Hotel Fuck

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

You know what we're thinking about the Hotel Fuck?

JULIA JACOBSON

Don't think that! And never, never, never think that—about the Hotel Fuck!

(She races out of the room angrily, and GIZA pulls the bell rope to produce a loud "boing"—at which JULIA JACOBSON runs back into the room and screams—)

Why did you ring that bell behind my back?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Shrugging) I don't know why I rang that bell behind your back.

JULIA JACOBSON

I know why! I know why!*(Grabs one of the detached table legs and starts whirling it like a furious propeller attached to her crotch.)* Because there is a brandnew kind of understanding that a thing like a hotel can have of people outside of a hotel who are thinking about fucking, fucking, fucking!

(Women strut across the stage, little baby dolls perched on their heads, but baby dolls with skulls instead of normal baby heads.)

What kind of understanding can a stupid GIRL like ME!—have of the fucking Hotel Fuck?

TONY TURBO

—between a human girl and a hotel believe me everybody—

(The baby dolls fly from the women's heads to perch onto TONY TURBO's big dildo, to a "whee!" of excitement over the loudspeakers.)

—there is no possible. So bye-bye!

(He waves and dances off with dildos and dolls as JULIA JACOBSON seizes a sledgehammer and runs towards them.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh! Don't hit the babies!

TOMMY TUTTLE

(Grabbing the sledgehammer from JULIA JACOBSON) WRONG! WRONG!
WRONG! Julia Jacobson. Some things are wrong, no matter how many
times you try making them right! *(Turns to the others.)* Am I right?

GIZA AND KEN PUSSY PUSS: Maybe.

(TOMMY TUTTLE touches the lightbulb with the sledgehammer. There is a flash, and all recoil in pain.)

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Oh please! I think this. I think we should reconsider the Hotel Beautiful
Roses.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Roses of DEATH my friend! Death roses—

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

(Dancing to piano music) Hotel Pie in the Sky? Hotel Turn Your Back on
Tomorrow? Hotel Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me? Because who wants to
get fucked after all?

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Don't I want to get fucked?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Oh, you've been fucked, my friend, so let's dance.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(As the music rises) No dancing!

(A gong; they all stagger, and the music shifts.)

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

Why not? Hotel Fuck!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

Hotel Fuck? Hotel "Help Me." Hotel Help Me! Hotel Help Me! Help me!
Help me!

(KEN PUSSY PUSS keeps screaming "Help me," and the others turn to him mockingly and dance around him, taunting him, imitating his "Help me, help me, help me!" A gong interrupts, and the music gets even louder as the others run in and throw KEN PUSSY PUSS against a wall and then line up behind him, pressing him flat against the wall as all grind their hips against the body in front of them. KEN PUSSY PUSS, almost squeezed to death, pulls away and grabs a vase filled with roses with which he threatens those who chase after him. All freeze as he lifts his vase in the air, and the VOICE intones—)

VOICE

Let's do that again, please!

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Frozen with his flowers over his head, he sings softly)

"If I was the only boy in the world And nobody found me a girl?"

TOMMY TUTTLE

You want girls? I'll show you girls.

(The music returns, and all run to throw KEN PUSSY PUSS against the wall and sexually violate him. He escapes and is recaptured as the VOICE is heard over the music— "Here I am! Oh here I am! Oh here I am!" After a second escape and recapture, all fall to the ground in agony, and at that moment, a naked TONY TURBO appears at the rear. He is in radiant light, in a feather headdress, resembling a vision of a Blakean innocent babe. In his outstretched hand, he carries a basket of eggs.)

TONY TURBO

Don't—!

(The music suddenly becomes soft, and he speaks softly, with a radiant smile on his face.)

—say a word. Nobody says a word, because I know— nobody expects real happiness at this late date. But look at me. I have a surprise.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

A surprise? After all this time do you have real, bone-crushing happiness, Tony Turbo?

GIZA VON GOLDENHEIM

It does seem impossible, but maybe the impossible—is possible?

TONY TURBO

(Smiling, eyes wide) It HAS to be possible, that's my understanding of things. So right now, everybody—

(The music starts to sound more ominous, and at the same time, TONY TURBO'S attitude starts to change, becoming quietly threatening.)

Take off your clothes, please. Because what I want to see surrounding me now is naked, voluptuous flesh!

(The music is frightening now, and so is TONY TURBO. After each of his angry phrases, the others lurch forward, as if their bodies were being torn by greedy hands.)

That's the one thing that interests me! And if this doesn't happen immediately—I will express my rage and frustration—by tearing at every one of you with my long fingernails—exploding in frightening ways from every hole in this turbulent body of quivering expectation! Be forewarned!

(TONY TURBO rips at his own body, and the others quiver in pain as the music climaxes. But then the VOICE is heard over the music, which quiets, then ends.)

VOICE

(Triumphant) Here I am! Oh, here I am again! For the hundredth time, just doing my thing.

(In the shadows at the rear, a giant bleeding heart appears, tiny pinpricks of light framing it in a tangled halo.)

Just doing my real true thing, for the hundred-millionth time! Again and again and again!

(As the VOICE has been speaking, all except TONY TURBO cover and leave the stage, trying to hide from the VOICE.)

TONY TURBO

(All alone now, speaks softly, almost crying) You know what I really say? I say—please, no more fucking, please. *(Hides his face.)* Please, please, no more fucking.

JULIA JACOBSON

(Slowly returning with the others) Oh God, me too.

KEN PUSSY PUSS

(Crying softly) Me too, me too.

JULIA JACOBSON

No more fucking.

TOMMY TUTTLE

Okay. No more fucking is what I hear but me—I seem to have no choice in the matter. So what I say, because I can't think of anything else to say is— Hotel Fuck.

(Jazzy music returns, and he shouts out defiantly.) Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck!*)

(The music is loud now, and the others twitch convulsively, as if controlled by forces from elsewhere, and TOMMY TUTTLE runs rearstage and starts jumping up and down like a jumping jack, shouting as the lights fade.) Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck!*)

(As soon as the lights are out, the music switches to the nasal voice singing, "I'm happy, you're happy. I'm happy, you're happy. I'm happy, you're happy." The lights come on again, and everyone is seen dancing a frantic Charleston to that singing—desperate looks on their faces—except for TOMMY TUTTLE who still bounces up and down in the rear shouting, "Hotel Fuck! Hotel Fuck!" The lights go out again, and the music stops.)

THE END