

***You Belong To Me***  
***(First Ruined Quartet)***  
***by Josh Fox***

*With two brief text samples from Chuck Mee and Heiner Müller, used by permission.  
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*NOTE: Photographs of the workshop production of this text can be found at [www.internationalwow.com](http://www.internationalwow.com) in the galleries section. They are listed under Recent Workshops, You Belong To Me*

*Lights up on a long wide room. A bathtub sits in the center stage next to a disconnected toilet. Upstage of the bathtub is a single mattress on the floor covered by a red satin sheet. Pairs of feet protrude from under the red sheet on both sides, two men are lying under it their whole bodies covered except for their feet. When the audience enters, Carrie, a knockout woman of 21 with a troubled slightly miffed expression is lying in the tub wearing a pink prom dress. Pablo, an Argentinean man dressed as a waiter sits poised, fully clothed on the toilet, as if about to pounce. They both stare at the audience. A microphone on a stand is extreme downstage center. When the audience is seated and ready, a blackout.*

*Lights up 5 seconds later. Immediately we hear Andy Gillis' "Balkan Piano" and Carrie, in a spotlight launches into her opening speech--fast paced but directly and intimately to the audience, rising and falling, quickening and slowing with the music.*

Carrie

I had a feeling I belonged. I had a feeling I would be someone. But things inevitably become normal. And the feelings go away.

You have to learn to enjoy being betrayed. You have to learn to enjoy being thrown from a moving car,. You have to learn to enjoy these things. Being splattered on the street. The moment your guts heave and you are about to throw up in a potted plant outside of a social club. The knife in the guts, the split second of horror when you know that normal life has ended. The pain is relief. The pain is a liberation.

Carrie

Don't fight it.

The things that make you feel. That's what is good. After a while. There is no more good or bad feelings. It is just what makes you feel. What makes your head rock back and forth. Your arms up in the air. Your hands turn into fists. The sweat rising on your brow.

*Jonny and Beau rise from the bed. Jonny is wearing a black dapper suit, like a*

*businessman or a lawyer and Beau wears orange pants and a flight jacket, could be a construction worker or a mechanic. Jonny is At least 6'2" and lanky Beau is no more than 5'5" and stockily strong. They rise during the next portion of the speech and stare politely, if mischievously at the audience.*

Carrie

What is a girl to say to this. I want to learn. I couldn't marry more than one man. I'm pure. I'm a goddamn cherry. The things I would have done but I was too timid. When I was a girl

I had a horse I loved so much  
I wanted to take him right inside me  
or suck his cock.

And I would have done it, too,  
if I hadn't been so timid.

Or I'd have hung myself in the bathroom  
things I didn't do because I was afraid  
put a rope around your neck  
to get a more intense feeling  
you know  
cross dress  
wear pants and a necktie  
Or have a man kiss me  
between my legs  
while he had ice cubes in his mouth

Your totalitarian visions can't satisfy me. I don't want your vanilla sex.

Johnnie (*to audience*)

She never had a horse.

Carrie

I did. I did. A huge horse with a huge horse cock. You ever see one of those. It's like two feet long. You don't know anything about horses. You don't know anything about my life. You don't know how oil a saddle. You don't have the right to poison me. (To the Audience)

I don't want to shut you out of anything. I just want you to know, that at the end of the day when loves worn you out and down, where there are no more mountains of romance to climb you can fall back on the pain. That won't end when love does.

*"Balkan Piano" music ends. Jonny and Beau take one step towards Carrie.*

Carrie

STEP BACK. I'll do it. I'll do what you want me to do.

Carrie

Where's my switchblade?

*Pablo rushes up and hands Carrie a knife. He kneels at her feet and she puts the knife to his throat. Pablo looks out worriedly at the audience.*

Johnnie  
Slice diagonally. It's easier. Vertically is the most difficult way to kill a man. All that bone and cartilage. Easier just to stab in the kidneys. Or a straight jab to the side of the neck right into the jugular.

Carrie  
It's not about ease. Is it?

Johnnie  
What is it then? Fear

Carrie  
No.

Johnnie  
Anger?

Carrie  
No

Johnnie  
Lust?

Carrie  
Wrong fucking wrong wrong wrong.

Johnnie  
There's a hundred easy ways to kill a man. What is it then?

Carrie  
Theater.

*Carrie stabs Pablo in the kidneys. As the knife hits his guts the music slides softly in, Jo Stafford's wonderful swinging version of "You Belong To Me". During the following scene Pablo staggers back to the bed, writhing in pain and Jonny and Beau advance to stand on either side of Carrie at the microphone.*

Johnnie  
Actors?

Carrie

Actors.

          Johnnie  
Actors are cowards.

          Carrie  
On your knees and suck my thumb.

*Beau and Jonny kneel on either side of Carrie and suck her thumbs. She sings along with Jo Stafford:*

*See the Pyramids along the Nile*

*Watch the sunrise on a tropic isle  
just remember darling all the while  
You Belong to me*

*See the Marketplace in Old Algiers  
Send me photographs and Souvenirs  
Just remember when a dream appears  
You Belong To Me*

Carrie (*speaking over the music*)

I want to get married. Don't you ever think about it?  
I want a new family every two years. I can't stay in a family.

*Jonny and Beau stick their own thumbs in their mouths along with Carrie's*

I need to enjoy other things besides being angry. That's why I want to get married.  
To enjoy boredom, for example.  
The comforts of home. Pies cooling on the windowsill. Bird feeders. Jeans with frayed cuffs. Simple ironies.

*Jonny and Beau remove their thumbs from their mouths and stick them up their own asses.*

I sold my beautiful hair to buy you a Christmas present. You came home with a comb.  
But we didn't stop loving each other because of it.

          Carrie  
Love is sacrifice. Men never understand that.

          Johnnie  
Some men do.

Carrie

Sacrifice is a pain like betrayal. A betrayal of yourself. I betray myself to show you how much I love you. If I didn't betray myself openly in front of you, you would never know how much I love you.

It's sick.

*Carrie picks up the song, singing along Jonny and Beau's heads sway back and forth.*

Carrie

*You'd be lonesome too*

*And blue*

*Fly the ocean in a sliver plane*

*See the Jungle when it's wet with rain*

*But remember darling til you're home again*

*You belong to me*

*Beau and Jonny wrestle in the bed during the following scene:*

*Pablo arrives downstage with a Table. He presents several bowls to the audience and places them on the table, one is filled with lettuce, another cheese, another salad dressing. Pablo looks longingly at the lettuce. He looks over his shoulder and indicating to the audience that they shouldn't say anything he sneaks a bite of lettuce. All of a sudden Pablo looks over his shoulder terrified. Pablo then stands up and pretends to be Pablo's boss. During the following scene Pablo plays both Boss and Waiter. The waiter he plays on his knees in front of the table, the Boss he plays standing up looming over the table. He has to jump back and forth a lot in order to do this.*

Pablo (as boss)

What are you doing?

Pablo (as waiter)

One of the customers ordered a Cesar's salad...

Pablo (as boss)

I saw you. I saw you, you are eating. What are you doing?

Pablo (as waiter)

I am making a Cesar's salad..

Pablo (as Boss)

OK! Show me! I want you to show me how you make the Cesar's salad! Right now?

Pablo (as waiter)

Ok...um...uh...

Pablo (as Boss)

Hurry UP I don't have all my life to wait for you here! Show me how to make a Cesar's Salad.

Pablo (As waiter)  
*Quite hastily Pablo throws the ingredients into a bowl.*  
Ok. Alright. First you put the lettuce. Then a little bit of dressing and you mix it and then some cheese

*Pablo puts a tablespoon of cheese onto the lettuce*

You mix it around and you have the Cesar's salad.

*He offers it to the Boss*

Pablo (as Boss)  
What the fuck is this!

Pablo (as Waiter)  
It's a Cesar's salad.

Pablo (as Boss)  
How...what did I teach you. No. NO. You have learned nothing of what I teach you. The Cesar's Salad is a Cheese DISH. It is a cheese Dish it is about the cheese. More cheese. It is a cheese dish. A Cheese Dish. Cheese Cheese Cheese!

*As the Boss rants about the Cheese, he picks up handfuls of Romano cheese and throws them into the bowl. He does this from both positions, the Boss' hand hitting the waiter's face with the cheese.*

Pablo (as Waiter)  
No, sir...sir

Pablo (as Boss)  
What!. Listen to me. This is Cheese. O.k. I'm gonna kill you.

*Pablo, as the boss pulls a rifle out of the bathtub and points it at the waiter.*

Pablo (as Boss)  
That is not a Cesar's salad. I have had about enough of you people. No. No. I'm gonna kill you right now.

Pablo (as Waiter)  
Ahhh ummm sir sir

Pablo (as Boss)  
Serve it! Serve the Cesar's salad. Your customer is waiting.

Pablo (as Waiter)  
But but but sir sir.

Pablo (as Boss)  
Serve it. Right now or I'm gonna kill you.

*Pablo picks up the bowl of Cesar's Salad and he walks towards the audience, picking out a specific audience member.*

Pablo (as Waiter)  
Here is your Cesar's Salad.

*The audience member takes the bowl.*

Pablo (as Waiter)  
Please. Enjoy.

*The audience member won't eat it, of course. Pablo switches to be the Boss and points the rifle at the audience member.*

Pablo (as Boss)  
Eat it!

*Pablo (as waiter) reassures the audience member that she doesn't have to eat it. But the Boss points the rifle at the audience member again.*

Pablo (as Boss)  
*to Pablo as Waiter*  
Ok. You come here.

*Jonny and Beau walk down towards the audience member who has the Salad and stare at her. Beau takes the Salad away from the audience member. Pablo walks upstage holding the rifle on himself, still talking to himself*

Pablo (as Boss)  
I am gonna teach you a lesson.

Pablo (as Waiter)  
No no no, please sir please

Pablo (as Boss)  
I am gonna teach you to be a man.

*Pablo fires the rifle and he (as waiter) falls to the ground and dies.*

Pablo (As Boss)

That's right. I am sick and tired of you Americans. You don't learn anything, you cannot make a Cesar's Salad and one day you are gonna get it. That's it for you.

*Pablo shakes a finger at the audience, a gesture that Jonny and Beau echo. Pablo clears away the table and hands Carrie, who is now sitting in the bathtub, a bottle of vodka, which she periodically pours over her face. Jonny sits in the audience, asking Carrie questions over the microphone. Beau and Pablo wrestle/make love in slow motion on the bed upstage during this scene.*

Jonny

Why did you?

Carrie

It's never made any sense to me.

Jonny

How long have you wanted to?

Carrie

Always I think. As long as I can remember

Jonny

How long can you remember?

Carrie

Since most people. Since the first time a stranger remembered my name.

Jonny

So it has been a long time.

Carrie

A long time I guess.

Jonny

That is -

Carrie

What?

Jonny

That is what we might consider-

Carrie

What?



Jonny  
Pathological.

Carrie  
What does that mean?

Jonny  
It means it is a part of your pathology.

Carrie  
My..

Jonny  
Your life history. A sickness in your-

Carrie  
My...

Jonny  
Your being.

Carrie  
My...

Jonny  
Intrinsic to your being

Carrie  
Deep, you mean.

Jonny  
For lack of-

Carrie  
Deep down and in there in the guts and cannot wrench out.

Jonny  
I think the origin is of a molecular phenomena. A disease.

Carrie  
How does that happen?

Jonny  
There are many theories-

Carrie

Because a person can't be thought of as inherently deficient.

Jonny

Of course they can.

Carrie

Inherently? Intrinsically? At a base level a root level?

Jonny

Actions define a person, isn't that true?

Would you deny that? Would you say that there is some other criteria? Would you retreat to philosophy and the nature of the individual. Cancer cells do not define the individual.

Carrie

They do.

Jonny

They define a disease.

Carrie

And a person who-

Jonny

A person who refuses.

Carrie

We are talking about refusals.

Jonny

Yes.

Carrie

Refusing your biology? Your pathology? Refusing your DNA? Refusing the DNA?

Jonny

Fighting it.

Carrie

Who's fight is that? Who fights that at the bottom line. Expect me to normalize. Expect a miracle. Expect that a man can fight at the DNA level, the level of the fight, the fight takes place there, a rope to hang himself on, of course, I would love to help, love to help you find a way to bring us all back to the fold, I feel compelled to cooperate, but I can tell you, the fight is pathological. And once ripped from the chain of reactions inside there is no person left. There is no me left there. These things. Are they not pathological? As

you say?

Jonny

Yes

Carrie

Then as you say, here in the depths of this, it is you that are the coward. It is you that faces a coward's prison. Looking out from behind bars, the bars of your crippled worthless spineless subject? The subject is there. Who is it? It's you? This prison is yours. I am an innocent man. I am pathologically incorruptible. The definition.

*Carrie, has drifted upstage to the bed where Pablo and Beau are now resting, They embrace her on either side.*

A moose fucks other mooses? Meese? Attractive female mooses. Not cows not Turkeys not chickens? Have you seen a Moose try to seduce a chicken? It may happen, but it the moose feels like shit afterwards. Spent like somebody else's man. But I don't feel bad. We have found in ourselves a place to be. That is a place we belong to. I don't belong to you. I don't belong here. Return me to my home and I will never again disgrace your intrinsic... the values you hold. I need to be returned to my home. My natural loving home.

*Carrie, Pablo and Beau have crawled down towards the bathtub. At the end of Carrie's speech they lean forward into the tub slowly. They rise up again, their faces covered in blood, their hands soaked in blood.*

Jonny

You ate your next door neighbor.

Carrie

I did.

Jonny

You barbecued him.

Carrie

Not all of him. Some parts I broiled.

*Beau's hand comes up from behind the tub with a fistful of meat that bleeds in his hand.*

Jonny

You invited your friends of a barbecue on your back roof.

Carrie

Yes I did.

*Carrie's hand comes up from behind the tub with a fistful of meat that bleeds in her hand.*

Jonny  
And you sent out invitation cards

*Pablo comes up with an egg, he holds it in the air. He begins cracking eggs into the toilet, over the next lines he cracks about 5 eggs into the toilet.*

Carrie  
What do you do when you have a party?

Jonny  
On the invitation cards you crossed out, get well soon and wrote in. My next door neighbor Larry was killed in a car crash and I managed to get his body and I am planning to eat him on Sunday. Won't you join me for a Memorial Day barbeque?

Carrie  
It was incredibly exciting. It's really rare that you can get a body before it has been tampered with or embalmed. In America. All the bodies are poisoned with chemicals. On the inside.

Jonny  
So?

Carrie  
I had a lot of get well soon cards lying around my house. I used to work at a hospital. I really should have had something printed up. But I was too excited.

*Big music change, a raucous song in Spanish comes streaming over the loud speaker. Jonny and Carrie dance upstage on the bed. Pablo rushes down to the table lamp stage right and begins cooking the meat on an electric burner. Beau runs around with frying pans and other props and joins Carrie and Jonny and Beau flailing on the bed. Finally Jonny runs down, grabs the Salad bowl and Beau runs after him.*

*Jonny sits at the table downstage center as he stuffs his face with Cesar's Salad from the bowl. Carrie writhes on the bed upstage alone. Throughout the next speech Beau dances around aggressively, Pablo cooks the meat. Beau finds more and more inventive ways to steal Jonny's salad dancing back and forth. "Balkan Piano" music begins again as Jonny addresses the audience.*

Jonny  
Hi. What do you want? What do you want? What? A bit of hand holding? What? What do you want? What do we want? Me me me. What do I want? I want her. Because she is the light and the life. Because she is perfect. She is angelic. And you know why she's perfect. She's perfect because she doesn't care about things. She doesn't

need or want things. Or at least that's what she says. Do you believe her? I do. And she's smart. Genius smart-- smarter than me. And more creative than me and more idealistic than me. And a better person than me. And I have visions of her, dreams, of her bearing my child. Sweat, perspiration on her straining, angelic face.

*Beau Steals the Salad From Jonny*

Look, she's not pretty. Not in the conventional way. But I forgive her that. That sounds gross and stupid and that's why she would never have me because I say stuff like that. Because I think that way. Fuck.

*Jonny steals the salad back from Beau*

God, I love her so much. And if I could be with her. If I could somehow trap her into a relationship with me. If I could marry her. Lock her in the basement of my love. Cage her. Then I could be better. I could be a good person. I could be her!! And the key is her virginity. Because, yes, she's a virgin. And yes, I want to fuck that oh-so-tight hole. And make her bleed. But it's what she said. She won't have sex with anyone because it would mean that she would never leave that person. It would be her commitment to never leave that person. That's what she said. So, if I can just fuck her, if I can just be the one. If I can be that person. Then I can be redeemed forever because I will have her forever, and I will be better forever. Forever.

*Beau sits on Jonny's back looming over him, eating the salad.*

And that's why rape sometimes crosses my mind. I mean would raping her count? Would that make her mine forever? Would she forgive me? On TV - on General Hospital--this soap opera. Laura - so innocent and special, Laura is raped by this really, skeevey character on the show - Luke. Luke has stringy blonde hair, a big nose. Really unattractive. And shit. After this rape, they fall in love. Or Laura falls in love with Luke. Now that's fucked up, right. That's offensive on so many levels. Right? But does it really work. Can you rape someone and then have them fall in love with you? Do you own them after?

*Jonny finishes his speech. The Music changes abruptly to Bob Dylan's folksy version of "You Belong To Me" Carrie holds the mic now, passing in front of the audience, answering questions.*

Jonny

When did you first realize that you wanted to eat people?

Carrie

Since I can remember. I told you.

Jonny

Who did you want to eat?

Carrie  
My mother and father.

Jonny  
Did you ever tell anyone about that?

Carrie  
Of course.

Jonny  
Who did you tell?

Carrie  
My mother and father.  
I said. I want to eat you up. You look delicious.

Jonny  
What did they say.

Carrie  
They weren't paying much attention.

Jonny  
Were your parents generally unresponsive, negligent, hard to get attention from?

Carrie  
Most people are.

Jonny  
I'm paying attention.

Carrie  
You're hungry.

*Pablo shovels the steaming grey meat onto the table in front of Jonny. The steam rises in Jonny's face as he stares at the plate.*

Carrie  
Your stomach is growling. I can hear it from here.

So many feed off me! You are ready to eat me right now. Eat me alive!  
What else do you think we are? If not meat? This is what we are! Or is there something else that you think we are? A soul?

*Old Thai dance music comes in. Beau is in the bathtub, reclining. Carrie and Pablo*

*dance seductively with each other. Pablo holds the bottle of vodka which he pours onto Beau as he speaks.*

Beau  
Hit me.

*Pablo Pours vodka all over Beau.*

I'm a free man!

Beau  
I was a Leftist.  
Wodka!

*Pablo pours again.*

You're a working man, I'm a working man.  
We have to unite against capitalism.  
Against socialism too. I was  
in the Young Communists since 99. No one  
told me what to do. In the fire pit at church street  
they hard-boiled me. It wasn't a war anymore.  
We would've eaten grass, but I didn't see any grass.  
We didn't ask the bones if they came from a horse or I  
ONCE HAD A FRIEND. Comrade! Buddy!  
But people get used to anything. Who's sitting here?  
I was the only junior officer left in the company.  
The captain bit the dust, the lieutenants too.  
We were twenty-four, down to ten.  
I got 'em out. I was okay.  
And my boys were okay too.

*Beau walks down and sits on Jonny's lap.*

Yeah. Just today  
I met one. Works at the Ministry.  
State secretary or whatever it's called now.  
The kid had gone far: straight to the top.  
But he knew me right off the bat. Is it really you, Chief.  
The same as ever, I said. Then he said, come on, let's  
Pour ourselves a glass or two. I went along. His wife was furious  
We reconstructed our own Twin Towers on the floor in the living room.

*Beau and Jonny stick up two fingers in the air, suggestively.*

Our fire pit.  
And after the fourth bottle I asked him:  
Can you still do the belly-flop, Willie, you old bastard.  
So what can I say, you wouldn't believe it:  
he still could do it. That's how good my training was.

BEAU  
Not interested, huh?

The war isn't over. It's just starting.  
Doesn't bother me. I know the asshole of the world  
from inside and out. That's some girl.  
Hey, Barkeep. Your pockets are full  
of our money for your kid's ballet lessons.

*Pablo and Carrie sit down at the table. All Four look around, into each other's eyes. As if they are a family sitting down to dinner or a group of lovers facing reconciliation.*

Beau  
We need an apartment.

*They all nod*

Could be, we'll build our own house.

*Pablo, Jonny, Beau and Carrie dismantle the table and begin to build a very small house for themselves, a miniature log cabin. It is only 3 feet tall but somehow they can all fit inside of it together. They can be seen cooking and doing housework inside of the house throughout the following scene.*

Scene 2  
*Will Bob are in the Bathtub, dressed as Native American chiefs, with war paint, full headdresses and naked except for loincloths. Harold, also almost naked except for a loincloth, is suspended from the ceiling, with markings all over his body like spider webs.*

*To be Continued....*