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MYSTERY GUEST

(Lights up. A naked man stands motionless in shadows. WANDA stands to one side, facing downstage.)

WANDA LUST

I adore people. I really do.
No matter what you may suppose,
the fact is there's nothing I like better
than getting to know a new person.
Knowing him--that's something entirely different,
but getting to know him--
What's the point of putting up with the
non-stop soul-sucking assault on our senses
that comes with the urban experience?
What's the point
if you don't get out once in a while
and find some new puzzle to unravel,
a shiny new package
you entice back to your place
then get to unwrap.
Navigate your way through the streets
down by the docks.
Find yourself a sailor
or two,
new in town,
lonely, far from home,
hungry, hungry for some perfumed flesh
soft and powdered,
warm and pliable.
You might find a painter, a poet,
an artist prowling, prowling
searching for a shred of meaning,
an epiphany emerging from carnal excess.
Get your ass out on those streaming streets.
Throw your worm in the water
and find out what's gonna bite.

(Lights up on DUSTIN, showering.)

WANDA LUST

You never know at the end of the night
who'll be back at your place
begging to be discovered--
what elaborate living code,
prophecy of your doom
or prosperity,
a mysterious code you get to decipher,
to explore.
Who is that stranger
pulsing with his own unique matrix
of talent and drive?

DUSTIN

So I really wanna go solo
but I'm gonna start off with a band
cause then it won't all be on my head.

WANDA LUST

Someone with a view of the world
that may be different
from your own.

DUSTIN

Like, who wants to be John the fuckin' Baptist
when you can be fuckin' Jesus, right?

WANDA LUST

Someone to make you feel tuned in
to the nuance of the zeitgeist.

DUSTIN

We're gonna need a name that screams sex,
but in a subtle way.
Like Wishbone.

WANDA LUST

Or Green Goddess.

DUSTIN

Or Fishbone, but we're not chicks.
How about Bad 2 the Bone?

WANDA

Or Bonehead?

DUSTIN

What?

WANDA

As I was saying,
you find someone and you drag him home,
someone with ambition, motivation...

DUSTIN

You got any Kwell?

WANDA LUST

Or fuck-ups.
But with any luck at all
you get to explore the good parts
before you begin swerving and careening,
fishtailing into that dead man's curve
where emotional carnage lies in wait.
(to *Dustin*) Is that why you wanted a shower?

DUSTIN

I'm clean. I'm sure the treatments worked.
Just in case, you know?

WANDA LUST

And it smells so fresh.

(A cell phone rings. DUSTIN rushes out of the shower.)

DUSTIN

Gotta get that. It's either really good or really bad when
someone calls this late (*answers phone*) Mammoth Associates.

(WANDA surveys DUSTIN and indicates she considers Mammoth a misnomer. DUSTIN mimes "What?")

WANDA LUST

He knows about marketing.

DUSTIN

(Wrapping a towel around his waist) The server or your
computer?...

WANDA LUST

Identify a weakness and just lie about it.

DUSTIN

Will it shut off?...

(sarcastic) Under the Start button.

WANDA LUST

Whatever happened to offices?

Not to mention business hours.

I don't like the way

business has been deconstructed,

company parts strewn all over town,

parts you have to find by wandering through

the deconstructed Depression

we happen to be living in.

Out on the streets,

you're never sure any more

if that guy you see in the baggy khakis

sucking on the nipple of a water bottle,

you're never sure

is he going to panhandle you

or is he your bank manager

out for a lunchtime stroll?

DUSTIN

Your place. ... No, your place.

WANDA LUST

And how do you find your bank manager, anyway?

DUSTIN

Eight's the earliest... Later. *(hangs up)*

WANDA LUST

Your boss?

DUSTIN

Fuck no! What boss? Some whack client is all.

WANDA LUST

(A quizzical look) You must run the PR department.

(DUSTIN returns to shower.)

WANDA LUST

Leaving aside the issue
 of whether or not your mystery guest
 comes with sprinkles,
 you don't want to be too hasty
 when deciding
 just how deeply into your world
 you're going to let this
 particular dildo penetrate.
 That was more of a conundrum
 a few years back
 when the schleppy little dweeb
 you kick out one night
 after you got what you wanted
 becomes a zillionaire
 after his company goes public.
 Temporary zillionaire.
 Back then, everyone thought
 they were so brilliant,
 floating the whole town
 on a relentless rising tide of
 speculative cash and rafts of code.
 The parties, the blow, the booze.
 Not that I ever really cared for
 the diminutive eyewear of the period.
 But the guys! The guys!
 Drunk on testosterone cocktails,
 mainlining unadulterated adrenaline.
 It was perpetual Fleet Week.
 Anyone with something to sell
 could start a bidding war. --

*(Under the remainder of WANDA's monologue,
 DUSTIN dries off, singing Kansas' "Dust in the
 Wind.")*

DUSTIN

(Half humming, half singing, barely audible)
 "I close my eyes, only for a moment, and the moment's gone
 All my dreams, pass before my eyes, a curiosity
 Dust in the wind, all they are is dust in the wind."

WANDA LUST

(Simultaneous with DUSTIN singing)

I wormed in on the action for a while.
 Me, whose fingers on a keyboard
 look like they're cross-country skiing.
 There was this one start-up--
 I think they were selling lip gloss on the web
 or something--
 they hired me to supply cachet,
 a commodity in pitifully short supply
 before I got there.
 I mean, cachet's not something
 you just pull off a shelf.
 They might have been around longer
 if they focussed on cash
 instead of cachet.

DUSTIN

(Now audible)

"Same old song, just a drop of water in the endless sea
 All we do, crumbles to the ground, though we refuse to see"

WANDA LUST

Alright, Mister Dustin The Wind.

DUSTIN

That's the music I wanna make.
 Metaphysical rock.
 Something with staying power. Something that lasts.

WANDA LUST

Isn't cock rock more your style?

DUSTIN

Well, yeah.
 But I like the classics too--
 Rod Stewart, Bon Jovi.

*(DUSTIN tries to put his arms around WANDA, but
 she moves away.)*

WANDA LUST

Classics? You should dig a little deeper.
 Ever hear of Sam Cooke?

DUSTIN

Rod Stewart thinks he's God.

WANDA LUST

Maybe you should head home.

You have a mammoth meeting tomorrow.

(WANDA picks up a pencil, writes a number on a slip of paper and hands it to DUSTIN.)

DUSTIN

We have a mammoth meeting tonight.

WANDA LUST

Not when you've got cooties, you don't.

DUSTIN

I don't... I DON'T!

WANDA LUST

Call me when your freckles stop
twisting the night away.

DUSTIN

Check it out.

(DUSTIN drops the towel, WANDA moves close to examine his cock, looks like she'll move it aside with the pencil, but stops short.)

WANDA LUST

So this is what all the fuss is about?

I mean, here we are

living in a culture that worships the phallus--
a virtual phallocracy.

And this is the source of all that masculine power?

The certainty of male dominance?

The potent center of Phallotopia?

(Using the pencil, WANDA gives DUSTIN's cock a playful swing.)

WANDA LUST

Something doesn't compute.

Look, I don't know what got into me tonight.

(A SAILOR enters and stands in the shadows.)

DUSTIN

I was just kidding about the Kwell.
It's been over two weeks.
Let's take a tumble and have some fun.

WANDA LUST

(Watching the SAILOR) I'll call a cab.
Where do you live?
(no response)
... Okay. Where do you want to go?

DUSTIN

(Getting dressed) I'll just stay tonight. C'mon.

WANDA LUST

I'd rather you didn't.

DUSTIN

I'd rather I did.

WANDA LUST

It's my house. I win.

DUSTIN

You're such a fuckin' bourgeois bitch.

WANDA LUST

That's petite bourgeois.

DUSTIN

Just a fuckin' drag queen out to get laid.

WANDA LUST

Duh!...
I'm sorry.
You're not who I was looking for.
And I guess I'm not who you thought I was.
So let's call it a night.

DUSTIN

I'm not the one
pretending to be someone else.
Maybe I'm more than you think I am.

WANDA LUST

Surprise me.

DUSTIN

Oh, fuck you, Bitch!

(DUSTIN heads for the door, stops as the SAILOR leave ahead of him. DUSTIN turns toward WANDA who is facing away from him, drops to one knee.)

DUSTIN

(Half sung, half spoken) If you ever change your mind--

WANDA LUST

Don't do this.

DUSTIN

--About leaving, leaving me behind--

WANDA LUST

You're embarrassing your--

DUSTIN

Bring it to me.
Bring your sweet lovin'
Home to me
Home to me.

(DUSTIN stands up, moves behind WANDA and wraps his arms around her as he continues)

DUSTIN

You know I'll always--

WANDA

(Call and response style) You know I'll always--

DUSTIN

--be your slave--

WANDA

--be your slave

DUSTIN

--Till I'm buried, buried in my grave. (*kisses WANDA's neck*)

WANDA

Bring it to me,
Bring your sweet lovin'
Home to me.

(Lights fade to black.)