

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

By

Anthony Wood

copyright 2015

tony@smokingmonkey.com

OPEN

The stage is dimly lit. Downstage in a pool of light stands MARTIN BICUSPID. He is a serious man in a suit and tie. He addresses the audience in a British accent.

He holds up his left hand.

MARTIN
Man...

He holds up his right hand.

MARTIN
Woman...For century upon century
the burgeoning dynamic of the sexes
has both blessed us...and plagued
us. The sacred release of a
consummated union is hideously
offset by the constant, exhausting
pursuit of the next mating. The
where, the who, the when, the why.
Don't ask why. And for those
unlucky enough to have never
conjoined in sexual bliss; the
young, the uninitiated, the
confused...the virgin, this pursuit
can evolve from a dogged
frustration into a living hell.
Tonight we examine the plight of
the Late Stage Virgin...

The lights come up. Game show music begins. Martin's accent now goes from British to cheesy American game show host.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
...right here on America's Biggest
Pig! Sponsored by Cracker Barrel;
world's largest heat lamp buffet.
And by The Golden Corral; home of
the bottomless pork chop. Let's
welcome our first contestant.
Winner of the Iowa City Pack Your
Colon Festival for ingesting
thirteen blueberry pies in eight
minutes, Hamish Dollinger.

HAMISH enters. He is pudgy, awkward and nebbish. He has greasy hair and thick glasses. He wears some kind of video game or LOTR or other geek related T-Shirt and, for some reason, an elaborate hat with a feather plume on it. His posture is loose and uncomfortable, like he doesn't fit into his skin. He steps next to Martin. His voice is thick and slightly high pitched.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

How are you feeling today, Hamish?

HAMISH

Like Prince Thorn the Ravenous
before he took to the field of war
with the Gargoths.

MARTIN

Whoa, and me without my geek
translator. Ha-ha...kidding,
kidding. Good luck tonight, Hamish.

HAMISH

By your leave, good sir.

Hamish bows regally and steps to the side of the stage.

MARTIN

Our next contestant actually sweats
liquid smoke from his pores. Twelve
time consecutive winner of Nathan's
Coney Island Hot Dog Eating
Contest. All the way from Yohana
prefecture in Kyoto...Ogoshi!

OGOSHI steps out. He is a slight, small Japanese fellow
wearing jeans and a T-Shirt. He steps next to Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Tell me, Ogoshi. How does a little,
buck-0-five Milquetoast like you
manage to eat all those hot dogs
year after year?

OGOSHI

(Very broken English.)

Ogoshi hot dog. Ogoshi eat. Ogoshi
eat. Ogoshi hot dog eat. Ogoshi eat
hot dog eat...Ogoshi. Hai.

MARTIN

Fascinating and totally
indecipherable.

Ogoshi steps over next to Hamish.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And our last contestant hails from
Bent Lick, Oklahoma where she won
the Little Miss Swine Contest in
2008 for downing over twenty-two
quarts of tater-tot casserole.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Don't follow her into the
 Port-O-John, ladies. Here she is,
 Zelda Red Feather.

ZELDA enters. She is dour looking and frumpy. She wears glasses and has thick, stuffy adenoids. She freezes. The lights change as Hamish steps into the pool of light.

HAMISH
 And there she was. Like a glowing
 ember in the dying flames of a
 Viking funeral barge she arose like
 a beautiful Phoenix into my life.
 (he gasps, dramatically.)
 Oh be still my throbbing heart. For
 years I have put my desires at bay,
 like Fortunato chained and bricked
 behind a wall of seething, wanton
 lust. I saved myself, knowing that
 one day a vision, an angel would
 come down from on high and deliver
 me into the delightful whirlpool of
 carnality. My love...my only...my
 Zelda.

She unfreezes. Lights change. She steps over to Martin.

MARTIN
 Are you ready for the competition,
 Zelda?

ZELDA
 No, I'm here to scratch my crack.
 Duh!

MARTIN
 Charming.

She steps over to Hamish and Ogoshi. Hamish bows to her.

HAMISH
 The best of luck tonight to you, my
 Lady.

ZELDA
 Get bent, y'all.

HAMISH
 Oh, how she makes me laugh.

OGOSHI

Ogoshi hot dog eat?

HAMISH

I don't know, my slender friend.
But I do know this, I will, I must
make her mine.

OGOSHI

Hot dog eat Ogoshi eat.

HAMISH

I know it seems impossible. A
rocky, unclimbable mountain. Would
you help me, my compatriot? Will
you be my Sancho Panza, my Samwise
Gamagee, my R2-D2 in the pursuit of
the fair Dolcinea?

OGOSHI

(Unsure.)

Eat hot dog Ogoshi hot dog.

HAMISH

I knew you wouldn't let me down,
old friend.

The three contestants stand behind the blocks. In front of each of them is a bowl filled with mayonnaise with a spoon sticking out of it.

MARTIN

Remember contestants, the winner on this week's contest wins a two-year supply of Grandma Nelson's Deep Fried Nacho Pork Rinds. Pork Rinds, you've eaten every other part of the pig, why not the skin? Our first phase of the contest will push your gluttonous will to the limit. And it wouldn't be much fun if we didn't choose a food that is disgusting to the point of projectile vomiting. Get ready, big eaters, it's time for the Mayonnaise Munch!

Martin blows a whistle and the three contestants begin spooning the Mayo into their craws. They feign gagging as the crowd cheer wildly. Just as he is about to win, Hamish looks at Zelda, then vomits his load back into the bowl. Zelda wins. She holds up her hands triumphantly. The lights change. She steps into the pool of light. Mayonnaise is glopped around her mouth.

ZELDA

I knew the weird dude with the stupid hat just, like, let me win. Cause he was all like eatin' it all, and I was like, hardly eatin' it all. Then he was all like lookin' over at me. And I was all like lookin' back at him. Then he was all like hurlin' and shit. Then I won and shit. And I need to win, uhm, 'cause, like, I really need them pork rinds. I got a Momma and a baby sister and a sister-baby at home. And a trailer full of pork rinds is like a gift from Jesus and shit. So...that was real nice, the dude lettin' me win. I like that.

Lights back up. There is a break in the action. Ogoshi and Hamish are doing stomach stretching exercises; They are sticking their bare stomach's out as far as they can, then back in, then out, then in again. Zelda approaches Hamish.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Hey...

HAMISH

My Lady?

ZELDA

Can I do stretches and shit with you?

HAMISH

Does the shire blossom in the Spring?

ZELDA

I dunno.

She pulls up her shirt and sticks out her swollen stomach.

HAMISH

(To Ogoshi.)

Why don't you take a prolonged stroll, my friend?

Hamish winks at Ogoshi.

OGOSHI

(Grinning slyly.)

Ahhh, Ogoshi eat hot dog Ogoshi.

HAMISH

Indeed.

Ogoshi exits.

ZELDA

That was real nice of you...lettin'
me win and shit.

HAMISH

(Feigning ignorance.)

My Lady, I know not of what you
speak.

ZELDA

Shut up, you do.

HAMISH

Perhaps...perhaps.

ZELDA

You know, I really do need those
pork rinds and shit. My sister-baby
be hungry all the time. Them pork
rinds gonna shut her ass up good.

HAMISH

Then we must ensure your victory,
musn't we?

She steps closer to him as they stretch.

ZELDA

You smell good and shit...like old
salami or somethin'.

They stop stretching and look at one another.

HAMISH

Zelda?...Oh my Zelda.

ZELDA

You know...maybe you want to go out
behind the toilets and, you know,
get up all in this shit and tap
this ass and shit.

HAMISH

Oh my Lady! Your words put fire to
my loins. Like the glowing pits of
Slarg.

ZELDA

I ain't never had no man before. I was close once. My uncle tried to put it in me when I was in junior high. Out behind the trailer. But I smacked it with an old tennis racket. He let out a scream, shit! Just like a little girl.

(She laughs.)

And he don't touch me no more after that.

HAMISH

Most amusing.

ZELDA

So, you wanna put it in me, or what?

He slowly and awkwardly goes in to kiss her. Their lips are about to touch, when-- Martin blows his whistle. The contestants reluctantly return to the blocks. In front of them are plates of raw sheep's livers.

MARTIN

And now for round two, and a phase we like to call The Bile Raiser. In front of you are endless piles of raw sheep's liver. The goal to see who can devour most of the fresh, steaming entrails in less than two minutes. The winner is one step closer to a two year supply of nacho pork rinds and a possible case of botulism. Are you ready contestants? Gorge!

He blows the whistle. The contestants pick up the livers with their hands and begin munching. As the race heats up, Ogoshi raises his hands in triumph. Clearly the winner. Hamish and Zelda hang their heads in defeat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And the winner is, Ogoshi!

The lights change. Ogoshi steps into the pool of light. Sheep's entrails cover his face.

OGOSHI

(Sincerely.)

Ogoshi hot dog eat. Eat hot dog eat. Hot dog, hot dog, eat hot dog, eat. Hot dog. Ogoshi. Ogoshi hot dog eat.

He starts to step away, then steps back.

OGOSHI (CONT'D)
Ogoshi eat. Hai.

Hamish storms up to Ogoshi, angry.

HAMISH
You urine skinned fiend! How could
you do this to me?!

OGOSHI
Ogoshi eat hot dog eat! Eat hot dog
eat!

HAMISH
Oh hang your tradition and pride!
What good is it to me when my
manhood is curling up like a dry
fig on the vine! Zelda must win the
contest if I am to win her heart.

OGOSHI
Eat Ogoshi hot dog!

HAMISH
No doubt, but look at it from my
point of view. I'm thirty-five
pathetic years old. The closest
I've come to touching the skin of a
real woman is trimming Mother's
ingrown toenails. And even that's
not arousing anymore.

OGOSHI
(Disgusted.)
Hot dog eat.

HAMISH
When one chooses the life of
competitive binge eating, doing
case studies on the lives of
Hobbits and hosting backyard
Renaissance Fairs, one is hardly
inclined to attract members of the
opposite sex. But that is my life,
Sancho, sad as it is. I need the
warm, moist, deep, deep, deep touch
of a woman, my friend. Just once.
Just once before I'm as old as
Obi-Wan and too wrinkled and
decrepit to appreciate it. Is that
too much to ask?

Ogoshi steps up to Hamish and puts his hand on his shoulder.

OGOSHI

Eat hot dog Ogoshi...Ogoshi eat.

HAMISH

Follow your conscience, good
Samwise. That's all anyone can ask.

Martin blows his whistle.

MARTIN

And now it's time for the third and final round. This will determine who will win the two year supply of Nacho Pork Rinds and a thirty point jump in their cholesterol. Our final phase is called Bugger Off, where our brave contestants have to gorge themselves on freeze dried cockroaches. Why? Because it's disgusting and funny. And to throw a little hitch in their giddy-up, their going to have to eat with their hands behind their backs.

The contestants kneel in front of the blocks which have plates of cockroaches.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Glutton's ready?

He blows the whistle. The lights shift as we go into slo-mo. The three are diving in to the plates of dried bugs. Hamish looks at Ogoshi, and Ogoshi back at Hamish. They chomp away, Hamish looking more and more worried. Suddenly, Ogoshi stops. He sits straight up. He stands and turns his back to the block. Hamish stands next to him, staring in joyous disbelief. The lights change back as Zelda polishes off her bugs. She raises her hands in victory.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And the winner of this weeks
America's Favorite Pig Competition,
Zelda Red Feather!

She jumps about in joy. Hamish approaches her.

HAMISH

Congratulations, my love. You've earned it.

ZELDA

Damn, them Nacho Pork Rinds gonna taste goooooood!

HAMISH

And now we can be together, my sweet. Our bodies can finally mesh in a moist, erotic tango whose song has no end. I wonder what it will feel like when we finally do it. Perhaps it's like when you take a toilet paper tube, glue little cotton balls to the inside of it, soak it in baby oil and...

He holds his cupped hand over his groin, imagining. She looks at his hand.

ZELDA

A toilet paper tube?

HAMISH

(Quickly.)

An oatmeal box! Yes, yes, that's right. An oatmeal box.

He holds two hands wider in front of his groin.

ZELDA

Well you ain't gonna know, baby. 'Cause it ain't gonna happen.

HAMISH

What?

ZELDA

See, I already found me a man and shit and we already done the nasty and shit already.

HAMISH

What Orc sorcery plays havoc with mine ears?

ZELDA

Well he be talkin' all sweet and shit. And he buy me a Coke-A-Cola and a Mallo Cup. So...I up and do it with him.

(she chuckles heartily.)

And damn, it be some nasty shit, I tell you.

HAMISH
 (Simmering rage.)
 Sweet talk and precious gifts, eh?

He turns to Martin.

HAMISH (CONT'D)
 You bastard!

MARTIN
 What?

Hamish attacks Martin, grabbing him by the throat and bringing him to his knees.

HAMISH
 I'll gut you like a Romulan coward!

MARTIN
 (Screaming like a girl.)
 Oh my God! Get him off me! I didn't do anything! I...I was drunk! I'm hypoglycemic! My blood sugar's dangerously low! I can't control my actions!

Zelda pulls Hamish off of Martin.

ZELDA
 Stop it, baby! Stop it! It ain't him.

She walks over to Ogoshi and takes his arm.

HAMISH
 (Shocked.)
 Sancho?

OGOSHI
 Ogoshi eat hot dog. Eat Ogoshi hot dog.

ZELDA
 Oh, I eat Ogoshi's hot dog all right.

The two smile and stroll off. Hamish sinks to his knees in despair.

HAMISH
 Oh sweet betrayal! The cruel, cruel Fates! To bring me so close to the the rapture of the flesh, only to
 (MORE)

HAMISH
pull it away from my lips at the
last! My life is done! I am no
more! Never will I know the delight
of carnal entanglements. Forever am
I alone. Forever am I a virgin.

Hamish hangs his head in despair. Martin walks over to him and puts his hand on Hamish's shoulder. Hamish pauses. Then puts his hand on Martin's and looks up at him, longingly. Martin looks down at Hamish a moment, then realizes what Hamish's look means. Martin pulls away, quickly.

MARTIN
Wha--no! No...

Hamish hangs his head again, dejectedly.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(After a moment.)
Oh, all right.

Hamish gets to his feet. They approach one another slowly. They embrace, clumsily. As they move in to kiss, Martin stops.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
God...what smells like old salami.

Hamish turns out and smiles, sheepishly.

LIGHTS OUT.

THE END.