

Extremities

(Rape Scene)

Raul. Joe? Hey Joe? It's me. O. How ya doin? Joe in?

Marjorie. *(rises quickly, tying her robe)* There's no Joe here.

Raul. He said he'd be in.

Marjorie. No Joe lives here.

Raul. O

Marjorie. You always just walk into people's houses?

Raul. O, I'm sorry. Excuse me. I'm really sorry.

Marjorie. It's ok.

Raul. Have a good day.

Marjorie. You too.

Raul. Thank you very much.

Marjorie. You're welcome.

Raul. You live here?

Marjorie. Good guess.

Raul. What, Joe move out?

Margorie. Joe, who?

Raul. Joe- I forget

Marjorie. There never was any Joe here.

Raul. What's this, all one house, or apartments?

Marjorie. All one house.

Raul. He said he had a room here.

Marjorie. Apparently, he lied.

Raul. Yeah, him or somebody else.

Marjorie. I'm sorry, you have to go.

Raul. Can I use the phone please?

Marjorie. No, I'm sorry.

Raul. Can I use your cell? My cell died and I need to make a call.

Marjorie. Cell phones don't work here. High tension wires.

Raul. Whattaya mean?

Marjorie. The power lines outside kill cell phone here.

Raul. But why can't I use your other phone?

Marjorie. Because it's not my phone.

Raul. Whose phone is it?

Marjorie. It's really none of your business. Have a good day.

Raul. Thank you. You too.

Marjorie. Thank you.

Raul. Just one call.

Marjorie. No, you have to go.

Raul. (*stroking the bicycle seat so gently*). You ride a bike?

Marjorie. No, I use it to collect dust. There's the door.

Raul. I know where the door is. You don't have to tell me where the door is. This is a real bitch. The guy owes me alotta money. Said to come pick it up.

Marjorie. Well there's no Joe here.

Raul. You sure sweetheart?

Marjorie. Maybe my husband knows. He's upstairs.

Raul. Why don't you ask him, babe?

Marjorie. He's busy right now.

Raul. Busy.

Marjorie. Sleeping.

Raul. Sleeping.

Marjorie. He's a cop.

Raul. No, kidding?

Marjorie. And I have to wake him up in five minutes for work.

Raul. Shh! You might wake him up.

Marjorie. You better go now.

Raul. Cop, eh? Go ask him if he knows a guy named Joe.

Marjorie. I told you he's sleeping.

Raul. I dropped Joe off at his house last week.

Marjorie. I think you have the wrong house.

Raul. No. This house. He's about six two. Rides a Triumph. Red beard. Wears cowboy boots. Short guy.

Marjorie. There's no guy here.

Raul. Except the cop.

Marjorie. Honey, come down here please?

Raul. Boy, that cop's a sound sleeper.

Marjorie. Honey?

Raul. What's amatter?

Marjorie. Honey.

Raul. Just like a cop: never there when ya need 'em.

Marjorie. Honey!

Raul. Honey! Honey! What's amatter wit him? Maybe he ain't here. Maybe you're tellin me a little lie eh, pretty momma? Maybe you think I scare easy. Go 'head. Go for the door. Let's see who's faster. So where's the other two chicks that live here?

Marjorie. Kitchen.

Raul. House full of people, and when you hollar, nobody comes. *(She bolts for the door, he cuts her off.)*

Marjorie. Get out!

Raul. You got a lousy bunch of friends.

Marjorie. Get out right now!

Raul. Take it easy, lovely. I saw the other two chicks leave this morning. The one wit the ratty car should get here about five-thirty. The wit specs, 'bout six. Today's gonna be a triple header.

Marjorie. Get out!

(Long pause. RAUL goes to the door, looks at MARJORIE, laughs, goes to the phone, rips the wire out. Then he takes her cell phone and smashes it with his foot.)

Raul. Your move.

Marjorie. I'm expecting people anytime now.

Raul. No kidding? Dressed like that? Mind if I stick around for the fun? Your move.

Marjorie. Don't touch me.

Raul. Don't fight me. I don't want to hurt you. You're too sweet to hurt. Be nice. You smell pretty. Is that your smell or your perfume? Be nice. Wanna take a shower together first? I'll soap you up real good? Flip me a little smile, babe. I'm gonna fuck you frontways, backways, sideways, and ways you've never heard of. *(She runs. He latches on to her hair, brings her down, mounts her, forces a pillow to her face. We hear muffled screams.)* You gonna be nice?

Marjorie. *(muffled)* Yes!

Raul. You sure?

Marjorie. Yes!

Raul. *(removing the pillow slightly)* Please don't wreck it. You made me hurt you, and I don't want to hurt you, but if you kick and scream and scratch, what else can I do, eh, babe? *(She tries to escape once more; he subdues her with the pillow.)* That pisses me off!

Marjorie. *(muffled)* Please!

Raul. See what you made me do!

Marjorie. (*muffled*) Please don't!

Raul. Want me to put out your light?

Marjorie. (*muffled*) No!

Raul. You gonna be nice?

Marjorie. (*muffled*) Yes!

Raul. What' that?

Marjorie. (*muffled*) Yes! Yes!

Raul. Heh?

Marjorie. (*muffled*) Please don't kill me!

Raul. Can't hear you.

Marjorie. (*muffled*) Please! Don't kill me!

Raul. If you're nice! Be nice! (*removing the pillow*) You don't want me to do it again, eh? (*shaking her head no*) Maybe you like to get hurt, eh? (*Shaking her head no. Pause. He smothers her again out of whim. She goes limp.*) Holy mother of god. A freckle. I didn't know you had freckles. I love freckles. I want to kiss 'em all. Give 'em names and kiss 'em all goodnight. Yeah. The first time I saw you I knew it was gonna be beautiful. I didn't think anything could be this beautiful...Not anything...Beautiful. (*He kisses her gently.*) Don't make your lips tight. They always make their lips tight. Do it nice. No. They're still tight. Kiss me nice. Yes. Yes. Nice. Smile. Smile! Nicer! How ya doin? Answer me!

Marjorie. What?

Raul. How ya doin? Say good.

Marjorie. Good.

Raul. Touch me. All over. Nice. Again. Nicer. Touch my hair. My mouth. My neck. Keep telling me and don't stop.

Marjorie. I love you I love you I love you...

Raul. And keep touching me. ..

Marjorie. I love you I love you...

Raul. And touch me down there...

Marjorie. I love you I love you...

Raul. Touch me down there!

Marjorie. I love you I love you...

Raul. And tell me you wanna make love...

Marjorie. I love you I love you...

Raul. You're makin it ugly again!

Marjorie. Please don't do this? Take anything you want. I've got jewelry upstairs.

Raul. (*slapping her*) See! See! See what you made me do! Now touch me down there and say you wanna make love!

Marjorie. I love you...

Raul. And what else?

Marjorie. I love you.

Raul. Yeah, and what else?

Marjorie. And make love.

Raul. Who?

Marjorie. You.

Raul. And who else?

Marjorie. Me.

Raul. You wanna make love?

Marjorie. Yes.

Raul. Say it.

Marjorie. I want to make love.

Raul. You say that beautiful. Again.

Marjorie. I want to make love.

Raul. When?

Marjorie. I don't know.

Raul. Now?

Marjorie. I don't know.

Raul. This is your last chance.

Marjorie. I love you and I want to make love.

Raul. Scream.

Marjorie. What?

Raul. *(He clamps her leg just above her knee and squeezes.)* Scream! Louder! More! See? Nobody hears. Just me and you, puta. Say you're my puta.

Marjorie. Puta?

Raul. Puta, puta, whore, my whore, my puta! Say it!

Marjorie. I'm your puta.

Raul. Say it and smile!

Marjorie. I'm your puta.

Raul. You like to tease me, eh, puta?

Marjorie. No. Yes. Yes.

Raul. You like to tease everybody.

Marjorie. No.

Raul. Know what you need, puta? You need acouple slashes here and here and here, stripes t'make you a zebra-face t'scare the shit outta anybody you go teasin', puta, cause you're mine, all mine. Say it!

Marjorie. Yours!

Raul. Undo the belt.

Marjorie. Please! God!

Raul. Undo it! This is gonna be beautiful, so you keep telling me, puta, and don't stop...

Marjorie. I love you, I love you...

Raul. You smell so pretty...

Marjorie. I love you...

Raul. You put perfume on for me?

Marjorie. (*seeing the aerosol almost in reach*) Yes!

Raul. Just for me!

Marjorie. (*reaching furtively, still too far*) Yes! Yes! I love you! I love you!

Raul. You say that more and more beautiful!

Marjorie. (*In order to reach the aerosol, she must embrace RAUL.*) I love you! I really really love you! I wanna be your puta!

Raul. This is too beautiful!

Marjorie. Yes!

Raul. See! It don't have to be ugly, does it?

Marjorie. No! No! Beautiful! I love you!

Raul. I love when you hug me like that!

Marjorie. I love you!

Raul. Your perfume makes me drunk!

Marjorie. I love you!

Raul. You put it on for me?

Marjorie. Yes!

Raul. Just for me?

Marjorie. *(grabs the can) Just for you! (Sprays his face. He screams, holds his eyes. MARJORIE pushes RAUL away with her foot and tries to run for the door but RAUL latches onto her leg. Struggling to escape, she yanks the extension cord from the socket, loops it around his neck and pulls. He screams.)*

BLACKOUT.