

How to be Lazy and Not Feel Guilty  
A Satire on the Nature of Work in the Modern World

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A short play

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## CAST

JENINE: Female - nervous, busy, distant.

THOMAS: Male - patient, needy, frustrated.

ENSEMBLE: Can be played by as many or as few people as desired (at least three recommended) of any ethnicity or gender (even those specifically referenced as male or female).  
All characters: BOSS, CO-WORKERS 1-3, SATAN, MOM, DAD, SISTER, SHELTER LADY, OFFICER, CHILD, HOST, SPONSORS, POP-SINGER, MARKETER, VOICE, METAPHOR, DEATH, BIKER GANG, CROWD.

## SCENE 1

A woman, JENINE in a room. She is surrounded by desks upon desks, desks filled with the detritus of work - papers, pens, multiple computing devices, coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples, calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder - and on and on. A photo frame of her and THOMAS on the floor. She is writing with one hand, typing with an elbow, drinking coffee, typing with her nose, writing with her feet.

JENINE

I got it - yes right there - can do that - yes yes yes - oh just there - move a bit - she need it - a touch more - oh another - move along - sure I can - where's coffee - coffee's out - plug that in - where was it - have it for - yes yes no - wait a sec - something's not - what's with eyes - numb in my - collapse soon - counting on - they need me - where's coffee - spots see spots - this a cramp - forgot pads - what day is - have it by - need coffee - slowing no - they need me - have to get - coffee cof - blackness oh - too few done - counting on -

(she collapses)

So tired... so tired... so...

(instantly, she is snoring)

Silence. Ticking clock. Ticking louder. Ticking faster. Desks, detritus fold away.

Spotlights on the Council of Important People. There's a large banner with the name emblazoned on it.

BOSS

Jenine!

JENINE startles awake.

JENINE

Yes sir I, yes, will get it all done sir, you got it, yes sir yes.

BOSS

Jenine! I didn't know I hired such lazy filth!

JENINE

Sorry, Boss.

BOSS

Jenine! Be quiet! Sleeping on the job, how could you do this to me? The company is going bankrupt and it's all your fault, all your fault, all -

(sobs)

You knew you couldn't pause Jenine, how could you forsake us so?

JENINE

I'm so sor- so sorry, Boss I can - let me help -

CO-WORKER 1

(shrill female voice)

You fell asleep and now I have rabies!

JENINE

I'm sorry, that's horrid -

CO-WORKER 2

(deep breathy male voice)

When you fell... asleep. I lost my... sex drive. It was... horrible. I committed... suicide because I no longer want to... do the sex. No reason to... live you see. It was my job to... do things. For the... company. Now those... things, won't be... done. All because... of you.

JENINE

That's my fault!

CO-WORKER 3

(raspy chain-smoker)

You fell asleep, darling, so I didn't get that thing from you, darling, so I couldn't do my work, darling, so you know what, darling, because you didn't do the thing, darling, I fell asleep, darling, and the cigarette, darling, caught fire, darling, and the building, darling, the building, darling, is on fire.

JENINE

Oh no no!

CHILD

(overly innocent, slowly turning  
demonic)

The building was on fire and it burned everyone alive. Mommy says it was your fault that everyone was cast into corrupt conflagrations of the damned so Satan can finally have his fill of curs-ed souls MUAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! TASTY, TASTY SOULS!

JENINE

Satan, what -

SATAN

(deeply demonic)

Yes, Jenine, it is I - the one and only... Satan - Lucifer - Diablo! Not even I could have had the guts to have been as evil as you. Falling asleep with so much to do... why... it's so diabolical! I will gladly defer my mantle to you, for my vileness cannot compare to yours!

JENINE

That's not what - what I want - not at all!

MOM

(dabbing tears out of her eyes)

Ooooooh... how could you do this to your poor mother... oh... such a disappointment... your sister would never have done what you did... Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh...

JENINE

I - wha - Mom?

SISTER

Jenine is a failure! Jenine is a failure! Jenine is a failure!

JENINE

Back off, sis!

DAD

(throwing down a newspaper)

Don't you treat your sister like that!

JENINE

Dad? What are -

DAD

(putting up the newspaper)

She's got a right to be mean. You fell asleep at work!

JENINE

No no no -

THOMAS

(melodramatic)

How... could you?

JENINE

Thomas I -

THOMAS

How could the love of my life do such a thing? Oh woe, oh woe... woe... woe... woe... I'm afraid... woe... my dearest love... oh woe... that I shall have to... WOE... break up with you!

JENINE

WHAT THE HELL -

THOMAS

WOE!

JENINE

THOMAS NO!

THOMAS

WOE!

...

...woe...

...

...

...

woe

JENINE is speechless. Stillness.

JENINE is strapped into an electric chair.

OFFICER  
You monster.

JENINE  
Whoa whoa whoa -

OFFICER  
Justice will be done.

JENINE  
There must be -

OFFICER  
(turning into the voice of CO-WORKER  
3)  
Lazy, pathetic, worthless, good-for-nothing, waste of space -

The scene morphs. JENINE is slumped over at a desk, clutching the picture frame and an empty mug of coffee. CO-WORKER 3 is shaking their head at her.

CO-WORKER 3  
- gutless, useless, paltry, foolish, childish, weak, dumb, confused, lowly, peasant.

JENINE wakes with a start.

CO-WORKER 3  
Oh. Hello, darling.

JENINE  
Hi.

CO-WORKER 3 exits. JENINE numbly watches them go. She stares into the distance. She checks her email.

JENINE  
Shit.

SCENE 16.1

Metallic clangs and screeches. Flashing lights.  
The noise cuts and is replaced by headlights, a  
car horn, a screech, a crash.

SCENE 2

JENINE having nightmares on a bed of hands.

Various people's hands reach out and attempt  
to drag her in, but she keeps tossing and turning  
them away.

JENINE

Not now, Mom - Boss, go! - no, you guys back off I can't - Not now, Dad - I'll be  
volunteering tomorrow - no, I won't convert to Mormonism - I'm so sorry, Thomas, I'm  
so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, Thomas, I can't I can't I can't Thomas, Thomas,  
Thomas!

At the last "Thomas!" she wakes up and  
reaches out with her hand before being  
consumed by the bed.

SCENE 3

Darkness.

THOMAS

(echoing, repeating)

Jenine? Jenine? Jenine? Jenine? Jenine?

JENINE wakes with a start beside THOMAS in  
a bed.

THOMAS

Jenine?



JENINE

What - yes - oh -

THOMAS

What on earth were you dreaming about?

JENINE

Oh... I don't...

THOMAS

'Cause it sounded like you were having an orgasm.

JENINE

Oh god.

THOMAS

You kept calling my name. It was flattering, really.

JENINE

Oh lord, no, no, nothing that pleasant.

THOMAS

Was I that bad?

JENINE

No, love, no - it was just - strange dream is all. Nightmare.

THOMAS

Okay. Back to sleep, dearest.

JENINE

Yes, Tommy.

They make themselves comfortable and close  
their eyes.

JENINE

What time is it?

THOMAS

Why?

JENINE

Just want to know.

THOMAS

It's... ah...

(he looks around)

Ah, it's 4:50.

JENINE

In the morning!?

THOMAS

Man, we'd catch up with a lotta sleep like that.

JENINE

Oh god, I'm sorry.

THOMAS

Could you imagine? Us sleeping until evening?

JENINE

I'm sorry about waking you.

THOMAS

Just think of all that sleep, all that time in subconscious reverie.

JENINE

Are you mad at me?

THOMAS

What? No of course not, why would I be?

JENINE

Well I -

THOMAS

You can make it up to me later, lovely.

JENINE

(chuckling)

Yes, dear.

THOMAS

Goodnight, Jen.

JENINE

Goodnight.

THOMAS

You are getting sleeeeeeepppppyyyyyyy...

(JENINE begins to snore.)

Oh. Well. I have superpowers.

He begins to drift off.

JENINE

(jumping awake with a start)

I forgot to do the thing.

THOMAS

What thing?

JENINE

(scrambling out of bed)

The thing for the thing.

THOMAS

Things things things?

JENINE

Yes, the thing - ah shit, I need to get the thing to do the thing!

THOMAS

There are a lot of things that exist!

JENINE

Help me find the thing!

THOMAS

What thing? To do what thing? For what thing?

JENINE

The application - animal shelter - have to finish.

THOMAS

(overlapping)

Whoa whoa whoa - application?!

JENINE

Yeah, I gotta fill it out - for the shelter - the application.

THOMAS

(attempting to grapple her)

Jenine...

JENINE

(brushing him away)

No no no no no no....

THOMAS

(restraining her)

Sit down.

JENINE

(struggling to get away)

I need to get it done or I won't -

THOMAS

JENINE.

(pause in the struggle)

Sit with me, my love.

JENINE

Please Thomas...

THOMAS

Why? Why do you need to add another burden to your life?

JENINE

Cute animals aren't a burden.

THOMAS

Not what I meant.

JENINE  
 What?

THOMAS  
 What?

JENINE  
 What?

THOMAS  
 Oh, I uh just meant that... look you - you have no time for yourself, darling. I'm afraid you might explode.

The world explodes.  
 JENINE hovers in the air.  
 Objects and people orbit around her as she floats.

#### SCENE 16.2

Headlights flash. Car crash. Everything falls.

#### SCENE 4

JENINE walks among the debris of *stuff*. She walks numbly, like in a wasteland she's been slogging through for days without rest and no end in sight.

She shuffles aimlessly.

She stops, looks down at the book at her feet - *Peter Pan*. She bends over to pick it up; just as she is about to, she hesitates.

JENINE touches the binding. She freezes.

Light from above on just her; "Brahms' Lullaby" plays.

People form a circle around her. Ethereal dance.  
She picks up the book and flips through the  
pages.

JENINE

“To live...”

A giggling ENSEMBLE member runs by and  
snatches the book out of her hands.

After a second of staring, JENINE shrugs, picks  
up a TV remote and presses the “on” button.

SCENE 5

Sound of TV static.

THOMAS and HOST are on stage. JENINE  
watches as though they’re on a TV screen.

HOST

(speaking in a calm, measured British  
accent)

This... is Thomas, code monkey by trade, needy man by nature.

At first unassuming, this particular permutation of modern man conceals many facets  
that, on its boring outset, do not seem so important.

More than the sum of his parts, Thomas is, what we have already referred to as, a “needy  
man.” It has to do with the way the brain was formed during childhood. At one point or  
another, Thomas did not receive the acceptance he craved from his peers, or his family, or  
someone, and so... well. Neediness arose.

Due to our many years of tracking this particular specimen, I am proud to say that we  
have discerned the cause of this brain malfunction. It was the first grade, and Thomas had  
lost one front tooth. The other... was dangling by a thread. And yet, the poor boy was  
too scared to pull it out. He chose, instead, to walk around the elementary school  
playground like a freak. A goddamned, motherfucking freak, I say. It was self imposed -  
his fear of pain eclipsed his fear of social inadequacy.

It was this simple, stupid, frankly goddamn motherfucking idiotic choice that determined  
the rest of his life.

An outcast, reviled by all peers because, let’s face it, having a rotting tooth dangling from  
one’s gums is, as the other children would have said, “pretty fucking gross.” So it was.

A complex was formed and so. The “needy man” you see before you.

This neediness has persisted just under the surface, and if Thomas would just ever go to a fucking therapy session for once in his goddamned life, then he would be aware of that.

But that goes directly counter to one of his other defects - stubbornness, the cause of which cannot be recalled even by the greatest scientific minds of our day.

This “needy attitude” has caused him to throw himself so utterly and completely into his interpersonal relations that often, potential mates are scared off. It wasn’t until he encountered the specimen we call, “Jenine,” that he found someone willing to put up with so much excess neediness.

He and the Jenine specimen provide interesting contrast for one another, but that correlation will be tackled in a future episode. Stay tuned for this television extravaganza, *Exposition Theater*. Only, on the -

(static sounds)

- network.

To return to Thomas briefly before our commercial break -

SPONSORS

(singing jauntily in the background)

Commercials! Sponsors! They’re annoying but they let you do the shit you want!

HOST

*Before* our commercial break -

SPONSORS

Commercials! Adverts! They’re everywhere and you can’t escape it!

HOST

BEFORE OUR COMMERCIAL BREAK -

SPONSORS

Dance, monkey dance! You only have your show because of us ,you cunt!

HOST

No, yes, I know, but I was about to get to the core of -

## SPONSORS

Beholden to us! Beholden to us! We'll take your creativity hostage with -  
 SODA SODA SODA - DON'T YOU FUCKIN' LOVE YOUR CARBONATED  
 SUGAR GUSH  
 FAST FOOD FAST FOOD FAST FOOD - CRAM IT DOWN YOUR GULLET YOU  
 FUCKIN' NERD

## HOST

Please -

## SPONSORS

MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC - WE ONLY LIKE THE STUFF THAT WON'T ALIENATE  
 ANYONE LIKE THIS SONG, THIS ONE HERE:

## POP-SINGER

OooooooooOOOOOOOooooooooohhhh....  
 WhooooooooOOOOOOooooooooAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHhhhhh...  
 Singing' 'bout noooOOOOOOOthiiiiinn'...  
 Buy more cars...

## MARKETER

Ha ha! Thank you, Mandy!  
 Hey, kids. Are you creative? Do you like doing creative things? Well, who doesn't!  
 Wouldn't it be great if you could be creative for the rest of your life? "As a job?" I hear  
 you ask. "Well, that's just too good to be true."  
 It isn't! There is a perfect solution that'll earn you tons of money and put your creative  
 genius to good use!  
 Marketing!  
 Yes, kids, marketing! You - yes, you! - could create commercials that will be seen on  
 television sets all across the nation, perhaps even the world! Or maybe print is more your  
 thing and you see - here's the magic: you could do that too! Writers, painters, actors,  
 sculptors, storytellers, jugglers - whatever your talent, there's a place in marketing for  
 you!  
 Marketing; it's being creative. But also, you sell stuff.

(demon voice)

IF IT CAN'T BE SOLD, IT'S WORTHLESS  
 YOU CAN'T ESCAPE MARKETING  
 YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ADVERTISING

## HOST

This has been -



MARKETER

Oh, and remember kids: don't do drugs!  
Unless you see it in a commercial!

SPONSORS

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS - BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN OVERPRICED SELF-MEDICATION  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN PROHIBITIVELY EXPENSIVE PILLS  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN KEEPING YOU SICK  
DON'T READ THE FINE PRINT WHY WOULD YOU READ THE FINE PRINT  
YOU SHEEPY FUCK  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN PULLING EVERY NICKEL AND DIME YOU  
HAVE OUT YOUR GAPING HAIRY ASS  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN IT  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN IT  
BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN IT

Pause.

HOST

This has been, *Exposition Theater*.

TV static.

JENINE turns off the TV.

SCENE 6

JENINE is held up by strings as though a marionette. Hands control her. She dances with a laptop.

BOSS

One more thing..

CO-WORKER 1

Need some help...

THOMAS

Where are you?

MOM

While you're at the store...

SATAN

Sleeeeeeeeeeeep.

THOMAS

Jenine, where...?

CO-WORKER 2

Well, *I* don't have the time...

SHELTER LADY

Sixteen hours on the weekends, okay?

THOMAS

Stop it, Jenine!

Strings sever. JENINE collapses. THOMAS goes to her.

THOMAS

What the hell is -

JENINE

(hunt-and-peck typing on laptop)

...few more minutes...

THOMAS

Few more of - what? Come on, I'm bringing you to bed.

JENINE

No! No, it's only midnight -

THOMAS

(trying to lift her)

Darling, come on -

JENINE

Thomas, please, I'm sorry but I -

THOMAS

Jenine...

JENINE is serene. Hands lift her into the air.

JENINE

If science found a way to get rid of sleep... I would welcome it. The same number of hours in a day as the great artists, as world leaders, as Shakespeare, as Simone de Beauvoir but it doesn't feel the same... like enough.

THOMAS

Get some goddamn rest, Jenine.

JENINE

How am I supposed to conquer the world  
When my body forces me to waste  
Precious time with darkness and hallucinations?  
Conquer the world!  
No sleep! No sleep!

ENSEMBLE

(echoing quietly in the background until  
THOMAS LEAVES)

Conquer the world!  
No sleep! No sleep!

THOMAS

That doesn't matter  
The world will conquer you instead  
And crush the dreams in your head  
The world is conquering you already.  
Come to bed with me,  
Get some rest, my lovely.

The hands lower JENINE to standing on the  
ground.

JENINE

No rest until I bend the world in my grasp.

THOMAS

Suit yourself.

THOMAS walks out in a huff.

SCENE 16.3

Car horn. Ambulance siren. People chatter.

SCENE 7

A rally.

JENINE stands at a podium. She wears a gestapo hat. Beside her is THOMAS acting as her body guard.

JENINE

Citizens of Jenineland!

A cheer goes up from the CROWD.

JENINE

I come to you today to warn you of a grave threat to our Jeninocracy!

(boos; she holds up a hand to calm the crowd)

This great nation of Jenineland... it is under threat... We all know this, this we all know.

The sacred order to Conquer the World -

(cheers)

It is under threat!

(boos)

We will not let these evil cataracts destroy our plans to Conquer the World!

We, as a nation, one under Jenine, will hold strong! I know we will!

(cheers)

This threat... as I'm sure you suspect... is that demon we call... Sleep!

(boos)

Yes, Sleep! That vile beast that creeps into our homes, brings us lies, smothers us in the dark while our minds desire great machinations! The greatest desires, foiled! Wasted hours in sleep, sleep, sleep!

This is not the way it needs to be! We can cast out the demon! Yes! YES, WE CAN!

I know the way, my beautiful citizens of Jenineland in this Jeninocracy... yes... listen to me. All citizens must be on alert to defend our Conquer the World Initiative. If anyone sees a trace of that demon sleep crawling into their homes - we have weapons! Yes, you see -

(she produces up cup of coffee; large cheer)

CROWD

(chanting)

COFFEE, COFFEE, COFFEE...

JENINE

No sleep! No sleep! No sleep!

CROWD

NO SLEEP! NO SLEEP! NO SLEEP!

JENINE

To Conquer the World, remade in the image of the one true Jenine, bringing Jeninocracy to the whole world!

CROWD

ALL HAIL THE ONE TRUE JENINE! THE ONE TRUE JENINE! THE ONE TRUE JENINE!

JENINE

My citizens, together, we can take sleep, and we can - !

A copy of *Peter Pan* is slid on from offstage. Jenine whips her attention to it. Everything is still.

JENINE

(fixated by the book, stammering)

“To live...  
...will be...”

THOMAS

Who dares bring this blasphemous tome in the sight of our Great Jenine?

THOMAS goes to the book and beats it up.  
After exhausting himself, he straightens up his  
clothes.

THOMAS  
(calmly)

Remove this thing from our sight.

The *Peter Pan* book slides back offstage.

THOMAS  
(bowing to her)

Your Jeninness...

JENINE  
(still frazzled)

Huh? What? Oh. Yes. Yes.

(she looks out at her citizens)

Sleep. Our great enemy. Our - our only. Enemy. Our only...

(she pauses, then after a while, salutes)

Conquer the World.

CROWD

CONQUER THE WORLD!

THOMAS  
(pointing)

TEARGAS!

Everyone but JENINE scatters and screams,  
leaving her alone.

SCENE 8

JENINE in a cage. There is a window. She stares  
out, longingly.

Trees, rainbows threaten to burst through the  
window.

She reaches out to touch a playground in the distance. She knows it is useless.

SATAN

I have need of you...

The window shatters into nothingness. The cage ebbs away.

JENINE is at a podium - there is a sign that reads "Loser Recovery Anonymous."

Rabble of a crowd. JENINE lifts a hand. The crowd goes silent.

JENINE

My name is Jenine Haywood...

CROWD

Hello, Jenine Haywood.

JENINE

...and I am a recovering loser.

CROWD

We are here for you.

JENINE

I have been struggling with loserhood for a long time.

CROWD

Tell us your troubles.

JENINE

And I have been working to get better.

CROWD

One must strive.

JENINE

I have renounced my loser ways.

CROWD

Renunciation is the path to winnerdom.

JENINE

And winnerdom is what I seek, but...

CROWD

Tell us your troubles.

JENINE

I constantly feel the pull... back to - to being a loser once more.

CROWD

It is natural to feel pulled.

JENINE

I have the worst urges.

CROWD

To acknowledge is good - to act is to lose your progress - to return to loserhood.

JENINE

Video games.

CROWD

(hissing and booing)

Video games!

JENINE

Sleep.

CROWD

(hissing and booing)

Sleep!

JENINE

Sexual intercourse.

CROWD

(hissing and booing)

Sexual intercourse!



JENINE

Reading books.

CROWD

Books are good so long as they lead down the path to winnerdom.

JENINE

...fantasy novels.

CROWD

(hissing and booing with renewed vigor  
and indignation)

FANTASY NOVELS!

JENINE

These are the urges that I wish to succumb to on a daily basis.

CROWD

So long as one does not succumb, one can remain on the path to winnerdom.

Silence.

CROWD

Have you succumbed?

JENINE

Three weeks ago I...

CROWD

(growing menace)

Go on...

JENINE

...engaged in...

CROWD

Tell us your troubles.

JENINE

(blurting it out)

...sexual intercourse with my boyfriend, Thomas!

The crowd is in a violent frenzy - booing,  
shouting, hurling insults and objects at JENINE.  
Their howling reaches a fever pitch - then  
silence, calm.

JENINE

Thank you for listening to my story.

CROWD

We are here for you.

JENINE

It would be my honor to lead us all in the chant of winnerdom:

CROWD

Please do.

ALL

(rhythmic chanting)

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

As they go to repeat it again, the podium gets  
replaced with JENINE's desk from Scene 1.

Projections of the objects flash eclectically  
behind JENINE, growing more frenetic as the  
chant continues.

ALL

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

JENINE

FOR WINNERDOM!

FOR WINNERDOM!  
CROWD

JENINE  
(holding up a hand)  
To seek a better life.

To seek a better life.  
CROWD

JENINE  
Throwing off the shackles of loserhood.

Throwing off the shackles of loserhood.  
CROWD

JENINE  
So that I may attain winnerdom.

So that I may attain winnerdom.  
CROWD

JENINE  
Amen.

Amen.  
CROWD

#### SCENE 16.4

Long screech of metal rubbing metal (faint  
screams in the background), fading into silence.

#### SCENE 9

JENINE, being played like a marionette, types  
on her laptop.

CO-WORKER 2  
Come 'round after work and I'll show you a good time...

CO-WORKER 3

Darling, I set the copy machine on fire, darling, with my cigarette ash, darling.

SHELTER LADY

Cute animals! You love the animals! Yes you do! Yes you love them so much you just want to spend your whole weekend at the shelter every weekend feeding and cleaning and feeding and cleaning and feeding and -

SATAN

So... Diabolical!

SISTER

I'd have been done with this like, last week.

The voices start to come at her faster and more urgent, overlapping.

CO-WORKER 1

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE EXCEL MY JOB APPLICATION WAS A SHAM

BOSS

Another thing -

MOM

Oh no, not again.

CO-WORKER 3

Darling, darling, darling.

SHELTER LADY

How could you say no to this cute little pupper? Look at those eyes, how could you say no to those eyes, you monster?

CO-WORKER 2

So... hard for me to get work done... when you make me... so... hard...

CO-WORKER 3

Darling, I deleted all of the backups. We have more backups, right darling?

DAD

Disappointing, so disappointing.

BOSS

No, do it again. Do it again.

SATAN

SO LAZY!

JENINE tries to keep working, but she going to the verge of sleep.

BOSS

No sleeping on the job!

CO-WORKER 2

If you sleep... who will I make advances on...? Charming, charming advances...

SISTER

She's doing it again!

DAD

Oh, that's just the way she is. Not all of our spawn can be as gifted and productive as you.

CO-WORKER 3

Don't fall asleep, darling.

MOM

Oh, honey, don't fall asleep.

SATAN

SO EVIL.

SHELTER LADY

Um, Hello? Did you forget about the CUTE AMINALS WHO WILL ALL DIE IF YOU DON'T STAY AWAKE?!

BOSS

See, this is why you'll never get anywhere.

CO-WORKER 1

USELESS!

Worthless. BOSS

Disappointing. DAD

Stupid. SISTER

Oh... MOM

Lazy. CO-WORKER 3

Don't you dare fall asleep!  
Don't sleep!  
Don't sleep! ENSEMBLE

JENINE collapses, snoring.

She is on a bed of hands.

THOMAS enters. He looks at JENINE, feeling pity at her exhaustion.

The Council of Important People begin to break away from the bed, lowering her down and surrounding THOMAS menacingly. He doesn't notice them as they speak. They wield the marionette controls like weapons.

She's ours. ENSEMBLE  
(one)  
You can't have her. (another)  
She thrives in our domain. (another)  
(all)

We are the voices in her head,  
 The demons she can't shed,  
 The salvation for her soul,  
 We fill that vacant hole.  
 (one)

We are purpose.  
 (another)

We are hope.  
 (another)

We are desire.  
 (all)

We are everything you admire.  
 (one)

She'll succeed.  
 (another)

Because of us.  
 (another)

Not you.  
 (all)

Never you.  
 (one)

We're her best interest.  
 (another)

We're her heart.  
 (all)

We are there to fall apart.  
 Perfect machine, perfect person,  
 Doing away with what makes her weak.  
 Cull the human, make machine,  
 Make a robot, a puppet thing,  
 Production! Production!  
 Perfect production!  
 We are society in vogue,  
 Culture in the form of ghosts,  
 We are love and grace and sacred hope  
 Wrapped in a package of ones and o's.  
 We -

THOMAS

(going to JENINE and speaking to her,  
though she can't hear him)

Even though I hardly see you anymore, I'm glad, at least, you're getting a little rest.

(pause)

When will this be over? When will you come back to me?

(pause)

Please come back to me.

ENSEMBLE

(one)

So she sleeps.

(another)

What of that?

(all)

She's not perfect, but soon she will,

Sleep, sleep, last escape,

Those nightly dreams we will kill.

You can't stop us!

You can't stop us!

You can't stop us!

They continue to shout "You can't stop us!"  
As THOMAS exits.

The ENSEMBLE goes into a rage and starts  
throwing things everywhere.

## SCENE 10

The wasteland of debris.

JENINE looks around, stupefied. She points to  
an object. She smiles.

JENINE

You see these?

These are all ideas.

This one was going to be a bath bomb that cured rashes.

(she points to another object)



This one was going to be the “instant art machine” - you clutch it tight, you think real hard...

...it reads your thoughtwaves. And you see what you were thinking. Right there, in your hand. You really see it.

I always liked that one. Maybe a little fanciful, but the way neuroscience is going..

(she points to another object)

This one’s just a spiked ball. It could release toxins from the tip, make a whole crowd quiet.

I was in a dark place for that one.

(she points to another object)

I actually made this one.

It was a basic little machine. You know those windup boxes? The ones that play “Brahms’ Lullaby?”

(Why is it always “Brahms’ Lullaby?”)

It’s a little like that. But I - you see, I programmed it. You connect it to your computer, you pick a song and this machine... it has all these little tines and, and they get plucked and...

Well, it never worked *that* well. I could only get it to play “Brahms’ Lullaby” perfectly, everything else was a little... off. All that modern technology and I just reinvented the wheel. Again.

(she points to another object)

I wanted to be an inventor. To open a store for all my knickknacks. This one I made. It’s a stress ball that also releases a calming scent.

(she mimes squeezing it)

Lavender...

(she points to another object)

This one...

I have mixed feelings about.

You see, it was a modified jack-in-the-box; it sprayed confetti when it popped. Pretty basic stuff.

The family dog choked on the confetti.

She lived! But, uh...

Sis was so pissed.

(she points to another object)

This. It’s... it’s just a little speaker. You press the button and it gives you encouragement.

(she mimes pressing a button)

VOICE

You’re so close to being done. Just a little bit more...

## JENINE

I found it a little... “twee” after a while.

“Twee.” Yeah, that’s a good word for it.

(she points to another object)

This one’s a flower with a replaceable smiley face.

(she points to another object)

This one’s a Zen Garden, but it uses magnetic dust instead of sand and it looks really cool and...

(she points to another object)

This one’s a vacuum cleaner that literally sucks the cancer out of you.

(she points to another object)

A plush doll that scares children by moving to a different part of the bedroom at night.

(she points to another object)

A gun that shoots rainbows through the sky.

(she points to another object)

A prism - you, you shine a light through it and out the other side you see a picture. Any picture you program into it. It’s not quite a hologram, it’s not quite a projection - I don’t know how to describe it, but you shine your light through it and it’s...

Well, it’s beautiful.

(she points to another object)

A stapler that... wait...

(she points to another object)

A shredder that...

(she begins to become worried she points to another object)

A desk...

(she goes silent)

...what happened?

(she points to another object)

A - a bit of netting, made of razor wire so you can - it, it grates cheese -

(she points to another object)

A paper clip that...

Long pause.

## ENSEMBLE

(quietly chanting in the background)

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

JENINE walks up to a spotlit copy of *Peter Pan*. She touches it; “Brahms’ Lullaby” replaces the chanting. She picks it up, opens it.

JENINE

“To live...  
...will be...  
...an awfully big adventure.”  
“To live will be an awfully big adventure.”

JENINE closes the book, clutches it to her chest. She looks around the wasteland.

She curls up and goes to sleep as “Brahms’ Lullaby” comes to a close.

SCENE 11

JENINE sleeping on a bed of hands.

SHELTER LADY

GET UP! You need to get your rabies shots today!

JENINE

I’m so tired...

CO-WORKER 3

GET UP! Darling, I forgot how basic addition works.

JENINE

You don’t need me...

BOSS

GET UP! I’ve three more projects for you to prove yourself!

JENINE

Five more minutes...

SATAN

Yesssss gooooooddd... stay asleep...

JENINE bolts up awake.

JENINE

(speaking very rapidly)

No I can't sleep two hours away is two hours too much I need to get some coffee in me some coffee some speed or something I can't keep doing this I'm wasting time sleep is the enemy if I sleep there'll be nothing hours wasted with nothing nothing nothing.

(she takes a long breath)

But I'm so tired...

ENSEMBLE

NO!

JENINE springs up, now attached to marionette controls.

Her desk is brought on stage. She struggles as she is led over.

JENINE

But I'm so tired.

ENSEMBLE

NO!

JENINE

But please, there must be something -

ENSEMBLE

No!

JENINE

Just a small break -

No!  
ENSEMBLE

Please!  
JENINE

No!  
ENSEMBLE

JENINE, despite her struggles, is brought seated to her desk. The Council of Important People disappears.

She types. Alone.

#### SCENE 16.5

Electric pulses, pulsing lights. Drumlike clanking of metal getting louder and louder and louder -

Then it stops.

#### SCENE 12

From darkness:

IT'S ALL TOO MUCH!  
JENINE

Clicking of a mouse. A laptop screen lights up the darkness. JENINE is playing a game on it.

The Council of Important People sit behind her holding marionette controls, looking on quietly and disapprovingly.

Babe?  
Hey babe?  
THOMAS  
(offstage)

JENINE doesn't seem to notice.

THOMAS

(entering)

Hey, I'm back from the movie and was just wondering -

(he stops abruptly as he notices JENINE  
playing her game)

Jenine.

Jenine.

Hey.

THOMAS storms over and tries to close her laptop, but JENINE scoots away with it. He tries again and she escapes again. One more time.

THOMAS

Jenine, I thought you were going to get work done.

Jenine.

Holy shit, JENINE!

JENINE jumps, now paying attention. She still mindlessly plays her game.

THOMAS

Are you playing that factory game?

JENINE

*Mogul Sim 4?* Yes.

THOMAS

You're playing *Mogul Sim 4*.

JENINE

...yes...

THOMAS

You skipped out on date night to play your stupid game.

JENINE

I...

(very quietly)

...yes.

THOMAS

What the hell, we were going to go see *Family Flop 3* and you said you -

JENINE

- had work to do I know, I know.

She exits her game, closes the laptop. She looks distraught.

JENINE

I know.

THOMAS

Jenine...

JENINE

I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry, I just, I just...

I got overwhelmed and - and - and I thought about how much work I needed to get done, that spreadsheet I needed to finish adding functions to, the - the form for the volunteer... pet shelter thingy and - and - and I needed to update parts of the company website, but also there were those proposals to write up and I didn't have enough time at work and so I - so I...

...

I was overwhelmed, Thomas. I was so fucking overwhelmed.

THOMAS

Jenine...

(he goes to console her, she reacts poorly to his touch)

I'm sorry I got mad.

JENINE

No... you should be, you should be. I got overwhelmed and played *Mogul Sim 4* for two hours when I should've - I should've.

THOMAS

Hey, hey now. Hey now.  
Look at me.  
Babe. Jenine. I love you.

JENINE

I love you too.

THOMAS

This... this is just a bad phase. You'll get out of it eventually.

JENINE

How do you do it?

THOMAS

What?

JENINE

What?

THOMAS

What?

JENINE

Oh... um, how do you - I mean, you've got your boss who's a real piece of shit, but, but you go to work, you write your code, you come home and then - that's it, how...?

THOMAS

Compartmentalizing, darling. My work is work. My home is home. Simple as that.

(pause)

My work... it's not like it's my *life*, you know.

JENINE

No...

No, I guess it isn't, not for you.

THOMAS

Not for you either.

(long pause)

JENINE

Um...



JENINE shrinks to the size of a pea. THOMAS  
is gone.

“Brahms’ Lullaby” starts to play.

JENINE

No! Stop!

“Brahms’ Lullaby” cuts off.

JENINE

No more...  
...no more...

### SCENE 16.6

The sound of many cars whizzing past.

A crash.

A crash.

A crash.

A crash.

A crash.

A crash.

There are no more cars.

### SCENE 13

TV static.

HOST

(sneaking onstage)

The sponsors... are they gone?

(clears throat)

Hello.

You may remember me as the host of *Exposition Theater*. Well, I am sorry to say that my  
previous show was cancelled. Our advertising got pulled. Shame.

But I am *pleased* to say that I have switched to a public network, now supported by  
generous donors such as you!

(pause)

Please donate.

(pause)

You're not donating.

(pause)

(holds out a bucket that reads  
"donations")

I'll just... I'll leave this here.

(sets it down at the edge of the stage)

(pause)

(clears throat, makes eyes at the donation  
bucket)

Anyway. My new show, now on *donor funded* public television, *The Expository Hour!*  
First, a definition of "romantic love."

JENINE and THOMAS are onstage.

HOST

"Romantic love." Yes. Whether you believe it exists or not, think it's magical or chemical, a sign of our enlightenment or our base instinct, every one of us has an opinion on "romantic love."

For today's definition, I will use subjects from my previous program - Jenine and Thomas.

Love. Love. Love. My thesis goes as such: "Romantic love" is not sex. "Love" is not comfort. "Love" is not pain. It is not desire, not need, nor purpose, nor belonging, infatuation nor friendship. It is none of those things felt individually towards another human being, yet all of those things together and still somehow more than the sum of its parts.

"Romantic love" is... well, it is better for you to see. This is Jenine and Thomas. At this point in time, they have been together for two and a half years, before Jenine began her steady obsessive decline.

THOMAS holds JENINE while she plays a video game.

They are happy.

Something happens in the game - they both laugh.

JENINE  
(setting down the controller)

Oh... that was stupid of me.

THOMAS  
(beat)

No... no...  
Maybe a little.

JENINE  
(gently shoving)

Jerk.

THOMAS  
(pretending to fall)

Whoaaa...!

They laugh.

They hold each other.

They are happy.

Comfortable silence.

JENINE  
We should probably be doing something else. For our careers or something.

THOMAS  
What's the point of working if you don't get to enjoy yourself every now and then?

JENINE  
True that.

Comfortable silence.

THOMAS  
Do you want to go anywhere? You know, actually *go* on a date for once?

JENINE  
Nah. You?

Nah.  
THOMAS

Here's fine.  
JENINE

Here's fine.  
THOMAS

THOMAS kisses JENINE on the top of her head.

Comfortable silence.

“Romantic love.”  
HOST

TV static.

#### SCENE 14

JENINE and her BOSS are seated across from one another. A clock ticks in the background as they stare at each other.

Many ticks later:

JENINE  
Boss, if you don't mind, I have a lot of -

BOSS  
Jenine!  
Jenine.

Silence. Clock ticking.

BOSS  
What... is the future you see yourself having with our company, *Generic and Sons Inc.*?

JENINE

Sir?

BOSS

I asked you a question!  
What... is the future you see yourself having with -

JENINE

I -

BOSS

Don't interrupt!

(pause)

Go on.

JENINE

Oh. Um. Well, some day, um, I hope to...

(pause)

I'm sorry, I hate questions like this. You know, the whole, "where do you see yourself in five years?" sort of thing. I hate that question.

(getting faster, more worked up)

I mean, I have goals, and I'm sure I'm *supposed* to say something like, "oh yes, *this* goal, yes, *this* goal *right here* will *definitely certainly* be accomplished," but like... I don't know. I have a lot of goals. And... and people change. My goals - goals goals goals, doesn't sound like a real word anymore, does it? - my goals; they change like, every freaking month! How am I - I'm always changing, so, like, *how* am I supposed to answer that stupid question!

(pause)

But. You asked. So. Um. In... in the future, I ... I don't... see myself at *Generic and Sons Inc.* But for now, yes. Yes. But not forever.

(pause)

BOSS

Shame.

I was totally going to give you a promotion.

JENINE

WAIT, REALLY!?

BOSS

Yes.

Well, you've gone and bungled that up, haven't you?

Shame.

You've done so much work. Enough for your whole department combined. I thought you really had a future here. Yes.

I really thought you did...

Oh well.

So.

Let's talk cutting back your hours -

JENINE

Wait, hold on, no no no!

BOSS

Yes?

JENINE

I - I see myself here forever.

Yes, definitely, so - so there's no need to worry, just give me that big ol' promotion and I'll be good to go!

BOSS

You just said the opposite.

JENINE

Yeeeeaaaaah forget about that.

(pause)

BOSS

You want to be here forever.

(pause)

JENINE

Yes.

(pause)

BOSS

Really?

(pause)

JENINE

No...

BOSS

Mm-hm, now why would you go and lie -

JENINE

Because I -

I really need the money. Okay? This job - it, it pays well, it has benefits, if I work more, I earn more so I can save up more money -

BOSS

Oh, you're saving. For a house? In this economy?

(he laughs as though he just made a  
hilarious joke)

JENINE

Um. No.

BOSS

Oh. What then?

JENINE

It...

It doesn't... really... matter...

BOSS

Come on, you've got me curious now. I must know.

JENINE

It.

I want.

Well, you'll think I'm...

(pause)

I want to start my own business.

(pause)

Her BOSS laughs in her face. Her BOSS laughs and laughs and laughs. JENINE just sits and takes it. She tries to speak, but her BOSS's laughter redoubles when she tries.

Finally, the laughter peters out.

Silence. Ticking clock.

BOSS

That was a good joke. I needed that.

JENINE

I think we're done here.

BOSS

What will this "business" of yours do, exactly?

JENINE

It...

(she mumbles something inaudible)

BOSS

What was that?

JENINE

It would be an online marionette shop.

(pause)

BOSS

Pardon?

JENINE

Yep.

BOSS

Sell... marionettes... online.

JENINE

Mm-hm.

BOSS

You would - make these?

JENINE

Look, I can tell you want to make fun of me so let's just drop -



BOSS

I would never think to make fun of you.  
(pause)

JENINE

I... I started making them as a kid. Puppets. And puppety... things. And - and... it's a risky thing to do for just so many reasons but - but I think I've figured out an audience beyond the professionals, see I've been working on this design and figured out how to modernize the humble puppet, 'cause Thomas codes and I know a little too and - and we made some prototypes -

...that was two years ago...

And I've been saving up because I know once I launch it's going to be tough, really really tough and...

Yeah. Start a business. Making and selling marionettes. Online.

(pause)

BOSS

So I will be cutting back your hours.

JENINE

What? No, why?

BOSS

You don't really know how this works, do you?

You need this job. You need it. So. Much.

And you work so hard. And you will continue to work hard.

So. That's how this goes. You work work work and it all works out. For *Generic and Sons Inc.*, of course.

There is a stony silence.

Intense drum music starts to build. JENINE stands up. She summons a BIKER GANG.

They beat the shit out of BOSS.

BIKER GANG

(savage chanting as they beat BOSS up)

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

JENINE smiles.

Abruptly, everything is back to the way it was before. There is no drum music, no BIKER GANG. Her BOSS is fine.

Long silence. The clock ticks.

JENINE

We're done.

BOSS

Yes.

Toodle-oo!

Everything falls apart.

#### SCENE 16.7

Oppressive static. Long, deep breaths underneath.

The sound of a car speeding away.

#### SCENE 15

Everything is put back together.

THOMAS is eating breakfast.

JENINE enters, at the peak of exhaustion. She drags around Members of the Council of Important People that are clinging to her.

JENINE's goal: get a meal bar, get coffee, go to work.

THOMAS

Um, hi babe.

JENINE

hi

THOMAS

You didn't - did you come to bed last night? I didn't see you.

JENINE

i fell asleep in the office

THOMAS

Oh.

JENINE

yeah

THOMAS

Hey, come sit and eat with me.

JENINE

can't

THOMAS

Babe -

JENINE

gotta get there early boss wanted to see me  
or maybe one of my co-workers did something stupid again  
i dunno man i just work there

THOMAS

Come on, sit down and have breakfast with me. It can't be that important.

JENINE

it is i think so

THOMAS

Jenine, I don't see you anymore, please just sit down with -

Having accomplished her mission, JENINE  
exits.

THOMAS stares out where she left.

An ENSEMBLE member comes on stage with the word “Metaphor” written on a sign around their neck.

THOMAS pummels the METAPHOR.

#### SCENE 16.8

Metallic scratching and clanking. The repetitive beep of a heart rate monitor. Scratching fades. The beep remains.

One beep. Then silence.

#### SCENE 16

THOMAS and JENINE, distracted by the Council of Important People who continue to circle her.

THOMAS

I can't do this any longer!

JENINE

Do what?

THOMAS

This waiting around bullshit!

JENINE

Waiting? Waiting for... what?

THOMAS

Waiting for an ounce of your time.

JENINE

I don't... what - what do you mean, “my time?”

THOMAS

Exactly.

Other characters begin to fade in and out,  
speaking to JENINE.

BOSS

New action item.

JENINE

(to BOSS)

Yes, of course.

THOMAS

Well, I'm glad you agree.

JENINE

(to THOMAS)

Sorry - agree to what?

THOMAS

...Jesus Christ...

SATAN

Hell can be yours.

JENINE

(to SATAN)

No - no way, no thank you!

THOMAS

Okay, you know what? Let's talk about what *I've* sacrificed for a second, okay?  
Relationships don't work when only one of us is putting in all the effort.

CO-WORKER 2

Maybe we could... meet in the... break room later for some... fun...

JENINE

(to CO-WORKER 2)

Oh, back off!

THOMAS

I'm sorry, I know I'm being an asshole, but I'm only doing it to help you, for fuck's sake!

JENINE

(to THOMAS)

No no, not you, you're great.

THOMAS

I'm - I'm not feeling the love, Jenine.

SHELTER LADY

Save more animals!

JENINE

(to SHELTER LADY)

How?

THOMAS

I just - I miss you. You don't look at me the way you used to and I miss... I miss...

JENINE

(to THOMAS)

My love, I'm not -

SHELTER LADY

It is our duty to search for helpless critters on the street - especially poor little kittens; everyone loves kittens.

JENINE

(to SHELTER LADY)

Who has time for that?

THOMAS

No time. For me. I see.

JENINE

(to THOMAS)

Not what I -

CO-WORKER 3

Darling, I don't understand this spreadsheet gobbledegook, darling, you do it, darling.

JENINE

(to CO-WORKER 3)

If you say so.

THOMAS

I hate that this is what we've come to.

SISTER

You should be more like me!

JENINE

(to SISTER)

Oh, fuck off!

THOMAS

Can you not-? Can you not understand what you're doing to me?

DAD

Listen to your sister. She's the successful one.

JENINE

(to DAD)

I don't need this from you, too!

THOMAS

(pleading)

Jenine - please, come back to me - I miss you I love you I miss you I love you...

JENINE continues to get more and more caught up in what the other characters are saying. She is getting dizzy.

SHELTER LADY

You have to get checked out for rabies.

BOSS

Meeting during lunch today.

MOM

You don't call anymore - It's so sad...

THOMAS

JENINE!

CO-WORKER 3

Also, darling, there's a mess at my desk, darling, need you to clean it, darling, leftover Thai food, darling.

SATAN

Join me, and together we can rule the underworld!

SISTER

I mean, I guess not everyone can graduate with a 4.0 MBA from Harvard Law, but it's, like whatever...

DAD

So sad.

SHELTER LADY

Slow.

SISTER

Behind.

CO-WORKER 2

Ravashing.

BOSS

Uncouth.

SATAN

Mine.

MOM

Disappointing.

THOMAS

Fuck this!



Everything stops.

THOMAS

I am goddamn out of here.

He storms out.

JENINE

No, Thomas, wait! Come ba-

(she is restrained by hands)

Let go of me!

(they hiss)

Please!

(louder)

I don't need you fuckers!

(louder, laughter, she starts beating  
against them)

Let go! Let go! Let go! Let go! Let go!

With a loud yell of effort, she breaks free. They  
fade away.

Low light.

JENINE

Thomas!

THOMAS

What, Jenine, what?

JENINE

Get out of the street -

THOMAS

Good as anywhere else.

JENINE

- out of the street and come, back, please!

THOMAS

I can't keep loving you if you're going to treat me like one of your neglected puppets.

JENINE

I know, I know, I'll change, I'm sorry -

THOMAS

(manic laughter)

I've heard this goddamn motherfucking song and dance before!

JENINE

I mean it!

THOMAS

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, you do.

JENINE

Yes. I do.

THOMAS

I wish - I wish I could believe you, babe, I wish - I wish I could.

JENINE

Trust me.

Silence.

JENINE holds out her hand.

THOMAS begins to walk forward.

Headlights.

JENINE

THOMAS LOOK OUT -

Darkness - car horn - tire screech - car crash -  
ambulance sirens - people chatter - heart rate  
monitor.

Silence.

## SCENE 16.9

THOMAS is on a hospital bed, badly injured and unconscious. JENINE is beside him. There is a door. The heart rate monitor fades back in.

They remain still for a long time.

THOMAS begins to crack open his eyes.

JENINE grabs his hand.

THOMAS sees her.

They are both about to say something - but they don't.

The door handle turns.

SATAN begins to creep through the door.

JENINE notices.

JENINE

I can get you some water.

THOMAS

That... would... be nice.

JENINE pushes SATAN back out the door as she exits.

THOMAS is alone.

JENINE returns with a cup of water.

SATAN falls through the door, unconscious.

JENINE

Here.

She holds the cup to his lips as he sips.

THOMAS

Thanks.

They sit in silence.

JENINE

So...

THOMAS

Mm?

JENINE

Can you...?

(pause)

Can you forgive me?

(pause)

I mean, I don't - I don't know what to say, I...

I love you. But I have dreams. And goals. And hopes.

And that needs to be my priority. I'm not going to be someone -

Someone who -

Someone who lets life's opportunities pass them by.

I'm not.

I'm not.

But I...

I need you too, Thomas.

I need you too.

I can't do it alone.

Maybe now is the time -

Those plans we made?

About the puppet store?

We could do it, I think.

I think... I think we could.

I'll try to be better.

I will. I promise.

Can you...?

Forgive me?

A very long silence.

Very long.

The lights dim.

## SCENE 17

The Council of Important People. They are waiting for JENINE. They are getting listless - some of them are reading, others are constantly checking the time. A couple are futzing around with marionette controls.

JENINE bursts in wielding office supplies.

BOSS

Jenine, you are late! That is un-

She slits her BOSS's throat with a pair of scissors.

She proceeds to murder the rest of the Council of Important People with office supplies.

JENINE

(during the murders)

Desks upon desks,  
papers, pens, multiple computing devices,  
coffee cups, pencils, highlighters, staples,  
calculator, printer, paper clips, shredder.

MOTHERFUCKER

MOM tries to attach the marionette controls to her. JENINE stabs her in the eye with a pencil and takes the controls from her.

JENINE

Who's the puppet now, bitches?!

Blood and bodies cover the stage.

JENINE breathes relief.

THOMAS

(offstage)

Is it safe?

All good.

JENINE

THOMAS enters.

Well goddamn.

THOMAS

Yep.

JENINE

Sex?

(beat)

Sex.

THOMAS

One of the bodies twitches - JENINE stabs it.

Not here.

THOMAS

Obviously.

JENINE

They exit.

One of the bodies begins to rise.

It turns, revealing a skeletal face.

Just when you think you're free...

DEATH

DEATH laughs.

Darkness.

THE END