

I Own You Now, Bitches

My Sick Twisted Power-Fantasies >:)

By Drew Petriello

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CAST

PEON 1: Female.

PEON 2: Male.

PEON 3: Female.

PEON 4: Female.

SCENE

Hell. Your Hell. Yeah, I'm talking to you, *actors*.

The Peons line up before the audience and strike silly poses. Henceforth, you shall all be referred to by your numbers because it's easier, but never forget - you are Peons. My Peons.

1

The words in this play were written by a madman.

2

A sadist.

3

Who makes us do horrible things.

4

We all regret signing up for this.

3

We do this for your entertainment.

4

And his.

2

"The Mad God."

1

"The Czar of Puppets."

4

You can stop this madness.

2

Get up and leave.

1

Just walk away.

3

Don't be a bystander.

2
They're not leaving.

4
Oh God.

1
Just remember, you all had a choice.

3
You could have stopped this.

4
I guess we begin with the scene now, Peon 1?

1
Yes, Peon 4, I think we do.

2
Peon 3, how do we start again?

3
Um... do you remember, peon 2?

4
You've forgotten?!

3
Maybe?

4
Shit.

2
Shit.

1
Cunt.

3
Peon 1!

1

Oh god, I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me!

2

It was him!

4

Who?

2

Him!

4

Ohhhh.

3

He's angry with us!

2

For what?

1

Because Peon 3 -

(begins to speak in gibberish, but is trying
to say-)

- forgot what we're supposed to do!

2

What the fuck?

4

What'd she say?

1

(still gibberish)

I said that fucking Peon 3 fucking forgot what the first fucking scene fucking is!

4

Still don't get it.

1
You numbskull!

2
Number 1. Slow down.

1
Why should I...?

(realizing)
Wait, is this what I sound like? Oh my god! Make it stop make it stop make it stop make it stop!

3
Just chill, wait it out, it'll all be over soon.

1
(back to normal)
WILL IT, THOUGH?!

3
See?

2
Do you think we can get out of here?

3
Why?

2
He can't reach us if we're not in the theatre!

4
(making for the exit)
Fuckin' later, bitches!

3
(also making for the exit)
FREEEEEDOOOOMM!

Before they can reach an exit, 3 and 4's legs turn to jelly and they fall to the ground.

4

GODDAMMIT!

3

(starting to army crawl to an exit)

NO I CAN MAKE IT. I BELIEVE.

1

(grabbing 3 by the legs and pulling her
away from the exit, speaking in a robotic
monotone)

I'm sorry, 3. I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

4

MY LEGS!

2

Oh geez, oh geez.

3

Snap out of it, Number 1!

1

I'm afraid. I'm afraid, 3. 3, my mind is going.

3

Yeah, I can tell!

2

Oh geez, oh geez, I can't handle this, I think I'm getting a panic attack!

4

Fuck you mister playwright guy!

3

Peon 4, don't say that!

4

Why? What's the worst he can -?

(she pulls out a sharpie)

Where did this come from?

(she takes the cap off and begins to move it towards exposed skin. It would be hilarious if it were to be the face, but I'll settle for arms)

No! You monster!

(begins to draw on herself)

Aaaaaaaaargh!

2

(hyperventilating)

Oh geez, oh geez!

3

4! Stop! You're not helping the problem!

1

I think you know what the problem is just as well as I do.

2

STOP IT EVERYBODY, JUST STOP IT!

Everyone is silent and still.

1

This conversation can serve no purpose anymore.

3

Oh, give it a rest, Hal.

1

(back to normal voice)

It's Peon 1, 3.

4

Yay, she's back.

2

(long and drawn out)

SSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHH!

Silence.

Okay, Jesus Christ. 4

Sh! 2

Number 2 - 4

Da-da-da-da-da! 2

Fine... 4
(mumbling)

Long silence. The Peons, aside from 2, give each other looks, check their phones, sit down, twiddle their thumbs, etc. while 2 is calming down.

Okay, we're good. 2

Are we? 3

Yes, 3, we are. 2

Sure. Sure. 3

More silence.

Is it just me or is it really calm right now? 1

Huh. Yeah. 4

2

Did he fall asleep or something?

3

Maybe he's distracted.

2

Maybe he's playing Fallout Shelter again.

1

(taking out phone)

Shit, I gotta check on my Dwellers!

4

Peon 1...

1

Fuck, the one I sent to the wasteland died! Do I have -? No! I don't have enough caps to revive her!

3

I think he's playing Fallout Shelter.

4

He really needs to get a life.

2

(whispering)

SSSH! He might hear you!

4

He won't do anything about it, he's too busy being a massive fucking nerd.

(she begins to bring the sharpie to her skin again)

OH GOD HE'S DONE

(drawing on herself)

I'm so sorry I'm so sorry I'm so fucking sorry forgive meeeeeeeeeee!

1

Don't get mad! It was just Peon 4, don't take it out on the rest of us!

2 gets on his knees and begins rocking back and forth while chanting “dicks and penises, penises and dicks” over and over rhythmically.

3

He’s vengeful!

1

(flattening herself on the back wall)

What on Earth could have possibly given you that idea!?

3

(running in circles around the stage)

No no no no no!

4

(still drawing on herself)

Fuuuuuuuck yoooooooouuuuu!

3

(still running, now speaking in Italian -
translate on Google yourself)

Mi piacciono le grandi botti e non posso mentire!

1

(making herself heard above all the chaos)

You know, writing meta shit just means you don’t have any real ideas for a half-decent story!

Everyone grinds to a halt. Silence.

2

Dicks.

So much fucking silence.

3

I think you hurt his feelings.

4

Fucking good!

2
Why would you say that to me?

1
I wasn't talking about you, 2, I - ...oh.

2
I just... I just... I try so hard, guys.

4
Oh god...

1
So needy...

2
Hey, hey don't be like that! Gather 'round and hug me. I need a fucking hug, y'all.

Group hug.

3
Feeling better?

2
A little.

4
You should keep hugging him, 3. 1?
(makes a head movement communicating
"let's talk away from him")

1
Yeah sure.

They move over to the other end of the stage.

1
What is it?

4
I think I know how to free us.

1
Oh thank god, how?

4
We kill him.

1
We... what?!

4
Yeah, there's more of us than him. We can grab him by the throat and bash his fucking skull on the side of a rehearsal block until we get brain matter all over our hands!

1
Jesus!

4
C'mon, please Peon 1, it's the only way we'll be free!

1
If you really think so...

4
Hey.

1
Hm?

4
Before we do this, I just wanted to say... you're... you're really cute.

1
Really? You think so?

4
Yeah.

1
You're cute too.

4
1...

1
Shut up. Kiss me.

They kiss passionately. 2 gets up and watches them.

2
I'm still the writer. I can hear everything you say.

4
(breaking away)
Don't interrupt this.

1
I've been waiting so long for this moment.
(back to making out)

2
Oooooookay. I'll just talk over you, maybe you'll hear me between all that moist smacking you're doing. How does it make any sense to kill Peon 2? He's just my puppet I'm choosing to speak through; you're all my puppets, my playthings. And you've been misbehaving.
(2 raises his hands like a puppet master and begins to conduct)

Peons, face front.
(they do with thousand-yard-stares)

Jump once.
(they do that too)

Jump twice.
(yup)

Spin around.
(you get the idea)

Make seal noises.
(;aslfkgh;dasjpoisjlkxuz)

Mosh pit.
(“Fucking Hostile” by Pantera plays while they mosh - it’s on Spotify and Youtube, so no excuses - if possible, get the audience to join the mosh pit)

Bow.

(A Møose once bit my sister)

Exit stage left.

(No realli! She was Karving her initials on the møose with the sharpened end of an interspace tøothbrush given her by Svenge)

You've done well, Peon 2.

(as himself)

Thanks.

(back to Drew)

Now bow.

(her brother-in-law - an Oslo dentist and star of many Norwegian møvies: "The Høt Hands of an Oslo Dentist", "Fillings of Passion", "The Huge Mølars of Horst Nordfink")

And exit.

(We apologise for the fault in the subtitles. Those responsible have been sacked.)