

# SUSANA COOK

## HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

### THE VALUES HORROR SHOW

By Susana Cook

2005

#### Characters

The Soldiers

The Paranoid Post Hero

The Christmas Carol singer

Lina

Lady America

Lady Incorporated

*The stage is empty.*

SLIDE SHOW

*Music Track 1*

*We hear Horror Rock and Roll. The performers will get on their knees and pray. They will crawl forward in slow motion. Then they will speed up, in fast praying. Then they will turn and hold their riffles aiming back. A lady with a mask and bloody hands will arrive, looking lost. She will empty the big bucket of blood into a big jar. Two women will hug and kiss, the rest of the group will separate them.*

*They will end the choreography and place themselves in shooting position facing the audience. They will be two different Armies, but it's not clear who is from which army.*

**Soldier Sor** - Die in the name of God

**Soldier Mis** - You die in the name of God

**Soldier San** - We are fighting for God

**Soldier Mis**- We are fighting for God too

**Soldier Sim** - Holy Shit!

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**Soldier Mig** - Is it the same God?

**Soldier Lu** - I think so

**Soldier Mack** - No, It's 2 different Gods

**Soldier Sor** - There's only One God

**Both armies** - Our God

**Soldier Mig** - It's the same one, idiots

**Soldier Sor** - No, it's not the same one, there are some slight differences

**Soldier San**- It's true, our God does not rest on the seventh day

**Soldier Mis** - For your information, our God rests on the seventh day because he was very busy for 6 days creating the universe and everything on it

**Soldier Sor** - Excuse me, Our God created the universe.

**Soldier Mig** - I told you, it's the same God

**Soldier Mack** - No, our God has no son, no partner

**Soldier Sim** - You are sinners

**Soldier Sor** - We are not, all our sins were forgiven

**Soldier Mig** - Really, who forgave you?

**Soldier Mis**- God sent his only son into the world to die for our sins so He could forgive us

**Soldier Sor** - Present, past and future sins, all of them

**Soldier Mack**- When someone converts to our religion, God forgives all of his previous sins and evil deeds

**Soldier Mig** - We come from Adam. You are just pitiful evolution

**Soldier Mis** - We are not, we come from Moses

**Soldier Sim** - No, not Moses

**Soldier Mack** - Yes, it says in the tablets

**Soldier Mig** - There's no record of the original words of the tablets.

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**Soldier Sim** - Yes, there is

**Soldier Mack** - No, Moses smashed the first set of tablets in a fit of anger because the Israelites chose to forgive the golden calf.

**Soldier Mis** -No, he didn't smash them, the tablets are somewhere, I think in the Vatican.

**Soldier Sim** - Yes, with the Pope

**Soldier Sor** - The Pope wrote them himself

**Soldier San** - No, the apostles

**Soldier Mis** - No, ignorant. God wrote them

**Soldier Sim** - God was talking, somebody else was writing

**Soldier Sor** - God has a very deep voice

**Soldier Mig** - What language does he speak?

**Soldier Sor** - English

**Soldier Mis** - God speaks every language

**Soldier Mig** - I know, I know, but at that time, when he used to speak, I mean what was the language he spoke

**Soldier Sor** - English

**Soldier Mack** - I don't think English existed at the time

**Soldier Sor** - Of course it existed

**Soldier Mis** - Is the language important? What matters is what he said, and he said that there's 10 punishments

**Soldier Sor** - "He that curses his mother or his father shall surely be put to death. I am your father, you were cursing me, ergo you should be put to death

**His friends** - What?

**Soldier Mack** - We got the punishments too. So you should die, because you are cursing us

**Soldier Sor** - You are not my mother

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**Soldier Sim** – You are evil , you don't have the miracles. Our prophet demonstrated the Creator's power over sickness and disease.

**Soldier San** - We don't believe that

**Soldier Mis** - You don't believe that? He made the lame to walk, the dumb to speak, and the blind to see.

**Soldier Sim** - Those people were not really sick

**Soldier Mack** - Some of his healings were of congenital problems not susceptible to psychosomatic cure.

**Soldier Sor** – It was our prophet who did that.

**Soldier Mis** - It's ok, we are not going to discuss those details now

**Soldier Mack** - Yes, it's a Holy War, we should work out all these details.

**Soldier Sim** - You better watch out, I am fighting for my eternal life

**Soldier Sor** - See you there, 'cause I am getting mine

**Soldier Sim** - You are not gonna enter My eternal life. You are going to Hell

**Soldier Sor** – That would be according to your book. I am going to Paradise

**Soldier Mis** - Heaven it's better than paradise.

**Soldier Mack** – We got paradise too anyway

**Soldier Sor** - Let's see after we die who gets to paradise and who gets to heaven and who gets to hell

*BOMB They all die*

*Music Track 2.*

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – Thank you God for not making me a woman  
Thank you for making me a man  
Thank you for making me  
Thank you god for making other men too  
Thank you God for making women who love men  
Thank you for men who love men, but not in an erotic way

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Thank you for sissies too, because they make real men shine  
Thank you for making men's bodies so perfect, that makes watching sports so much more interesting.

Can you see the enemy? If you can't see the enemy you can't kill the enemy. You can't even aim. The enemy is the person who would enter your house and rape your sister. Wouldn't you kill that person? You have to imagine who would do that, feel the rage and kill.

I see things all the time. I see packages and suspicious activities. I believe Evil is invading us. There's only one solution to all this: Evita. Vote for Evita, she is the only one who can save this country, and she will. We will together.

I am not afraid of the Patriot Act. I know a lot about patriots and a lot about acting. The only ones that should be afraid are the terrorists, and we are not terrorists... right?. I don't think I am. I keep telling them, I am not a terrorist for God's sake. I don't think you are terrorists either. I am pretty sure you are not. But everything depends on the way you see things.

Do you want me to tell you that I love you?  
Do you want me to sing a Christmas Carol? I can't, I am a lesbian  
And that's not what you are here for. You know very well why you are here for.  
You came here because you wanted me to kill you. You heard I'll kill you  
You are not ready to do it yourself So, we'll die together tonight  
Don't be hard on yourself, this is art. It has nothing to do with anything you did wrong.  
You did everything wrong  
And Santa knows about it. Santa is looking at your every move.

Did you ever believe that Santa was looking at you to see if you were good?  
No, you didn't, but you played along, because you wanted the presents. You let your parents believe that you believed that. Because your parents were really into it, and you wanted the presents. Your parents were so into that, that they even found some fat uncle to disguise as Santa, and that scared the shit out of you. - That Santa story is not true, you thought, what is this thing doing here?. If you tell your kids that Santa is looking at them to see if they are good, you are raising an American paranoid.

I have no idea why Mickey Mouse and his wife didn't have kids. They are perfectly straight healthy mice. But people don't want mice to reproduce. One mouse it's ok, but too many mice could be disgusting. But I know that Mickey mouse is not alone, and I am not talking about Minnie. Imagine a giant mouse wearing red pants and a white shirt entering the streets of your city. It's just symbolic. Mickey Mouse symbolizes a rat.

*Music fades out*

I started doing theater when I was 16 years old, but then I read in a book that theater was dead. So I became a performance artist, but performance art died soon after I joined. Then I became a feminist, but people were talking about post feminism already

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I couldn't understand why whatever I wanted to join was dying. I thought it was me. So I decided I wanted to be immortal

### *Track 3*

I want to be the biggest artist alive, or dead, eventually. I just want to be big, the most important writer of my time. I want to create the most impressive art work of the century. The only one. I want to have a very big dick, this big, and I want to shake it all over after I pee, and I don't want to know who is going to clean up the mess afterwards, I don't want to hear about it. I want to be singled out. I want to be a landmark of the western civilization. I want to create one of those pieces of art that you need to mention in order to understand humans, human mind and human soul. I want to be a mandatory topic in schools. Nobody will understand shit about my work, it will be too difficult for the common mind, like Einstein, nobody understands his theories, but we respect him, he was a genius, we don't know why. I am a genius, even if you can't understand why, and you never will, because I am too much for the common mind, like Einstein, we are too much, both of us  
When I die I want to be a website

I want you to remember me, but I don't want to remember you. I forgot everything about you. I don't even remember your name.

I know you are here, somewhere, sitting in the audience, looking at me.

I've been here the whole time. I never left this stage. I've been here since the beginning of time.

That's what we used to talk about, the beginning of time. Now we talk about the end of time. That's what happens before a revolution, people feel the end is approaching  
Don't take it personally, it has nothing to do with you. It is not your middle age crisis. It's the middle age crisis of the empire.

I grew up reading books, lots of books, all written by men, except for one. One Book written by a woman and I became a lesbian. So I guess it's ok that they make the kids read books written by men only. Otherwise all the girls would turn out to be lesbians and the whole system would collapse.

### *Group Choreography. Track 4*

Some people hate homosexuals, we all know that, but, why? Do you know why?  
Well, it comes from fear, resentment. Some of them were hit by a gay piano when they were very, very young. It's not easy to forget something like that. Just think about it, a big gay piano hitting you, maybe in the head. You would hate all gay people too, and most pianists are lesbians, everybody knows that. Except for the ones that play Christmas Carols, those are bisexuals. When I was a kid I was terrified of gay pianos.

### *Romantic music. Track 5*

I am so excited you are listening to me. Every part of me is yours at this moment.

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I guess you noticed I have an accent and you are drawing many conclusions from that, unconsciously, I don't think you are a mean person, you can't help it  
Don't worry, We all have an unconscious, it's been programmed without much of our intervention. But you could make a conscious effort into thinking and listening to me right now . You look at me and you assume that I am poor, that I should be cleaning your house. You wouldn't even imagine that I own a horse, and I pay \$1000 a month for the stable, which is more expensive than my own apartment.

I know you love me.

We love each other. We all love each other. I have a friend who says that we are all connected. She says that all the time. Actually she is not my friend anymore, But we are connected. You and me and her. We are one

I grew up during the dictatorship in Argentina for example, and now, I am sharing this one with you. I am not going to tell you the horrors we went through in Argentina, you have your own horrors to deal with. We are horror sisters and brothers. This is like a deja vue to me. But I am not going to tell you the end , I am not gonna ruin your movie,.

*Music stops. An old woman enters dragging chains. She will do a very tragic monologue.*

**Old woman** – No me mires asi que aun no te he perdonado

You thought it was gonna be easy

Vete, que te vayas

I am doing this for you. For your own good. It's not easy for me

But if I don't teach you, you'll never gonna learn. Never!

I am not your mother, I hope you know that, I am not your real mother.

I hate dogs, very much. But I hate more dog owners even more, they are so irresponsible, they don't clean up after their pet. They don't deserve one, neither of them.

One of these days, we'll be covered with dog shit. Tapados de mierda. I am not exaggerating, tapados de mierda. There's dog shit everywhere, we can't even walk anymore. Build a nice family, work hard to build a nice family, and try to take them out for a walk. You can't!. Because there's dog shit everywhere.

And the balls. Men love their balls, ok!. They are very attached to their balls and to other men's balls, ok! But to their dog's balls too!. Neuter your fucking dog!. What nature are you talking about? Since when you care about nature? Balls are not nature. If you care about nature, there's other things you could do you know? The balls of your dog are not doing any good to the environment. And don't think I didn't notice that you spay females right away. "That " nature does not bother you. The only nature you care about is the nature of the balls. The balls' nature.

*The Old woman exits*

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**The Paranoid Post Hero** - I fall in love with women sometimes and I have dreams that I undress slowly a woman and I start kissing her and touching her body  
But I am not a lesbian, because I don't do that. I would never do that. I would never undress a woman and start caressing her body, or try to open her bra with my teeth , or kissing her lips.

I would never do it, because I am straight.

I don't mind dreaming those things, because I know I am straight. I love men. I enjoy having sex with men, I am straight like in the scriptures.

Sometimes I am standing in front of a woman, at work for example, and I imagine that I am kissing her neck, or putting my hand under her skirt, while we are talking. I imagine I go slowly up as we talk. Just for fun, because I am bored at work, I am straight but I have a lot of imagination.

Heterosexuality is not a sexual preference, we do it, but there's no preference involved.

*Looking at somebody in the audience. Music, track 6*

There's a couple of things I forgot to tell you the other day when I called you  
I called you right? Yes, it was you. You thought it was a wrong number. Everybody thinks I am a wrong number. I kept telling you – I know I am not wrong! I was calling you! Does it matter who I want to talk to? Do you care? I am talking to you, that's what counts.  
Don't hang up on me, you'll hurt me. There must be a reason why we ended up communicating, there must be a reason why I ended up calling you. Isn't there a reason for everything?

Well, apparently you don't believe that, because you hung up on me. Suddenly you didn't believe in the universe being so wise.

*Music fades out.*

I do things that nobody understands, but they have a deep meaning. When you are too deep , people don't understand you, but you don't feel alienated because God is on your side. People have lost their ability of deepness and awe. Their ability to see saints for example. I am a saint. You become a saint when you are extremely holy. In some special way I've been transformed by holiness. Since I was a kid I was exhibiting powers of blessing. I could see Satan when we were gone astray, and the merry gentleman and shepherds. I saw when the blessed angel came to Bethlehem.

*Track 7*

*We hear a Christmas Carol. The Christmas Carol singer enters, she will lipsink the voice of a soprano woman. The Paranoid Post Hero will join her in the Chorus with a little bell.*

**The Christmas Carol singer** – God rest you merry gentleman, that nothing you dismay  
Remember Christ our savior was born on Christmas day  
To save us all from Satan's fall when we were gone astray



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Chorus

*They lipsink this together with little bells and the other actors sticking their face out the dressing room*

S. Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

**The Christmas Carol singer** – From God our early father, a blessed angel came. And on to certain shepherds brought tidings of the same  
How there in Bethlehem was born the son of God by name

Chorus

T. Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

*Music Out*

*The Christmas Carol singer leaves and The Paranoid Post Hero continues her monologue, her character is stiff now, with a deeper voice*

Jesus hated rich people, so do I. But then, I am rich compared to most people in the world. I eat everyday, I sleep in a warm bed. The president said that wealth is the result of very hard work. He is a liar. In that case the children of slaves would be the richest people in the country. The kids and women who made our clothes in El Salvador would be rich.

I thought about killing him when he said that, but then I thought, what's the point?

In some countries people are hungry, desperate and angry.

In America too some people are hungry, desperate and angry, some feel shame, some feel pride Some people feel both, shame and pride, whatever that means.

The problem is that we don't have time to do some research on how to start a revolution.

We are too tired when we come back from work. And we have so many things going on, so many issues, we feel lonely.

If you don't want to feel lonely, make sure that you'll always have people around you.

People are easy to find, they are everywhere, and many of them are afraid of feeling lonely too. So just stick together, make sure that you don't leave each other alone at no time, and you won't feel lonely. But then you might start experimenting other annoying feelings, like boredom, anxiety, frustration, depression That could mean that those people you found are not really inspiring, they are not the right ones, they might not have very good energy.

So maybe it's time to focus on you, on what is that you want to do with your life. You feel that you need time alone to think now. But you are afraid of feeling lonely again, so you stay a little bit longer in that accompanied situation because maybe there's nothing better out there. But maybe there is, or maybe you can't take it anymore. You could be staying because you have some bourgeois dreams of a stable, peaceful, relationship in a beautiful house, in a sunny town. Or maybe you are aware that there's a world around you, and that

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it needs some fixing. And maybe us, all of us, the ones who were born in this time are in charge of the fixing. Because we have no choice. We have to fix it or else. The world needed fixing in the past sometimes, and some courageous people took care of it. The fixing takes a lot of people, so you won't feel lonely anymore. And these people are inspiring and courageous. Fuck the sunny town, I bet the water is contaminated already in that town too, you are growing hemlock. There's no more sunny town, face it, they took over the planet.

I know what you are thinking, I should go back to my country, that's what everybody tells me

- You too, I tell them

Colonizers hate when the colonized shows up in mother land

America's visits to South America had nothing to do with bringing us democracy, it was kind of the opposite. In our case they were helping us to evolve towards dictatorship. They were liberating us from a democratic government.

It's a real pity I didn't get famous. This country could use a butch dyke for the revolution. Because we need one.

They are taking over the world and the words, all the words. They stole the word

Liberation, everybody knows that liberation comes from gay liberation.

Imagine the new generations, what are they gonna think that Freedom means or liberation?

. Imagine when they'll study The Middle Ages, they'll get all the dates wrong.

*Lina enters*

**Lina** - You worry too much sweetie. You can't change the world, it's been always fucked up.

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Well, we have to try, people should do something, don't you think?

**Lina** - Yes, they should come out

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Do you believe in the revolution?

**Lina** - Of course

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Do you think there's one coming?

**Lina** - I think the empire is falling

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - That's scary. I love my freedom to see them getting rich

**Lina** - We had to go through this. We had to go back to the Middle Ages. It was historically necessary, to wake people up

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Are they waking up?

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**Lina** – I think so. Outrageous, outrageous, people say that all the time, at least they are outraged

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – So they will get very upset and do something?

**Lina** – You are thinking about a riot

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – Isn't the revolution like a big riot, or many riots, like people get very angry and riot?

**Lina** – No, the revolution takes more organizing. And here we are, the rich people of the world, that makes me puke

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – I want to marry you

**Lina** – We can't.

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – Yes, we can, I am a saint

**Lina** – I know

**The Paranoid Post Hero** – I don't care if you believe in sanctity or not, but I am a Saint.

**Lina** – I know, since you were a kid you were exhibiting powers of holiness and blessing. I want to marry you in front of God.

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Honey, you know what they say? They say that we are possessed by Santa

**Lina** – Satan sweetie, Satan. We've been watching too much TV lately

*The Christmas Carol Singer and LADY AMERICA enter*

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - Here she comes!  
She is asleep, look at her.

**Lina-** Her eyes are open.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - But their sense is shut.

**Lina** - What is she doing?

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**The Paranoid Post Hero** - She is rubbing her hands.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - She is washing her hands, constantly

**Lady America** - Yet here's a spot.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - Hark! she speaks: I will write down what she says, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**Lady America** - Out, damned spot! out, I say!

**The Paranoid Post hero** - Did you get it? Out that spot she said

**Lina** - Out damn spot she said

**Lady America** - One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie!

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - Fie?

**Lady America** - a soldier, and afeard?

*The soldiers enter walking slowly as zombies*

**Lady America** (*continues*) - What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought they had so much blood in them.

**Lina** - Did you write that?

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - I lost part of it

**Lina** - Something about the soldier

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - She said that they had too much blood in them

**Lina** - No, she didn't say that

**Lady America** - What, will these hands never be clean? No more of that, my lord, no more of that: you mar all with this starting. We killed them, the children, the women, the soldiers, we killed them. This is blood on our clothes.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

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**Lina** - She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

**Lady America** - Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - We didn't hear anything!

**Lina** - Nothing!

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - No blood is been shed . *The soldiers leave.* Listen lady, there's no blood in your hands

**Lina and Paranoid Post Hero** – Right, they are shiny clean

**The Christmas Carol Singer** – No need to feel bad anymore

**Lina** - You have beautiful hands

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - God bless those hands

**Lady America** - Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again. They are buried; they cannot come out of the grave.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** – Exactly, nothing to worry about

**Lady America** - Or aren't they buried, aren't they?  
To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—

*She puts blood on their hands.*

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - (To the Paranoid Post Hero) This is all your fault, you were talking about the revolution

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - It was only from a historic point of view

**Lina** - I didn't do anything,

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - It was just intellectual curiosity. I was reading about evil to fight against evil

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - I didn't hear anything

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**Lina** - She was not talking

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - I love my country

**The Paranoid Post hero** - Me too, I love your country

**Lady America** - To bed!

**Everybody** - Yes, to bed

*Track 9*

*Voice off* - Ladies and gentlemen, let's welcome The Patriot Act

*Santa Claus is coming to town, choreography.*

- You better watch, you better not cry, you better not fuck I am telling you why, Santa Claus is coming to town.. He is making a list and checking it twice, he knows who is been naughty, he knows who is been nice. Santa Claus is coming to town. He sees when you are sleeping. He knows when you are awake. He knows he knows if you were good or bad, so be good for goodness sake.

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - It turned out that Santa was the one who was bringing suspicious packages. After all this time that we thought Santa was so nice, and Satan so mean, and it turned out they were the same person. A change of costume and the misplacement of the letter N created the whole confusion.

*When the song it's over The Soldier screams looking at her hands, The Paranoid Post Hero, Lina and The Christmas Carol Singer look at their bloody hands too.*

**The Soldier** - (*Trying to clean the blood from her hands*) Oh, my God, it doesn't come out!

**The Christmas Carol singer** - What did you do?

**Lina** - I didn't kill anybody, I just put my hands in the bucket because you were all doing so

**The Christmas Carol singer** - What was in that bucket? How come we can't get this out?

**Soldier Sim**- What was in there?

**Soldier Mack** - I don't think it was blood, it was something else

**The Christmas Carol singer** - Well, it doesn't come out! What is this all about?

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**The Paranoid Post Hero** – It's a story of pride and courage

**The Christmas Carol Singer** – Are you feeling ok?

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - I am feeling great

**The Christmas Carol singer** – You sound different. You are not becoming a rhinoceros, are you?

**The Paranoid Post hero** – No

**The Soldier** – A cockroach ?

**The Paranoid Post hero** – This is the blood of Jesus

**Lina** – She is possessed. I know about these things.

**The Paranoid Post hero** - I am been born again and growing with my country

**Lina** - It's ok, don't worry, we'll clean it up

**The Paranoid Post Hero** - I can see the light.

**The Christmas Carol Singer** - What Light?

**The Paranoid Post hero** – The Lord's light. I am letting Jesus enter my soul. It's so unfair the feelings some people have towards us. It's ok to be rich. We are the masters of the world. We bought planet earth and everything on it. And we are proud of it.

**S. Sor**- Do you hear the bombs? They are bombing.

**S. Mis** - We should hide under the table. I hate evil. Evil is a bunch of very mean people who like evil.

**S. Sor** – I am telling you, fascism is good.

**S. Mack** – yes, there's bad terrorists and good ones. We are the good ones.

**S. Mis** - Open your heart to the Lord.

**S. Sor** – yeah, Let's kill them all.

**S. Sim** - Jesus is war.

**S. Mack** – War is peace

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**S. Sor** – there's nothing wrong with killing.

**S Mis** - It's Christian killing

**S. Mack** – because Thy should not steal.

**S. Mis** - What do they want from us? What did we do to them?

**S. Sor** - We were here, minding our own business.

**S, Sim** - We were just praying.

**S. Mis** – pray and you'll be saved, pray and you'll be rich.

**S. Mack** - It's not true that rich people will not enter Heaven.

**S. Sim** – oh, yeah, Heaven is full of rich people.

**Soldier Sor** - Heaven is full of Americans,

**Soldier Mack** - because God loves America.

*TRANSFORMATION VIDEO.* : We are turning into monsters.

### **The Paranoid Post hero** -

Ok, I am going to tell you the end of the movie, tons of people died in Argentina, disappeared, supposedly because they were subversives. But to this day, nobody knows what a subversive is. And that's the point. Which is very different from what is happening here. Here what we don't know is what a terrorist is. Also in Argentina they didn't need to fly the suspects to far away countries to get tortured. They could do that locally. Some interrogation tactics are the same though, like "Waterboarding", the one in which the person is made to fear that he or she is drowning.

Scary right? Don't worry, is not gonna happen to you.

They say it's an interrogation method, which is interesting, because everybody knows that you end up saying whatever they want you to say, so they fucking stop.

It is not really about interrogation, they are teaching us how to behave

And it works, you see? We can't move our ass.

And we know it's not a show, it's a horror show.

*Lady Incorporated enters. She pushes a walker with a tray full of food.*

**Lady Incorporated** – Shut up commie. You talk and talk. Shut up already! I am digesting for God's sake. Jeez..sus Christ. My Goodness, mother Mary and the holy shit. We are fine honey.

**The Christmas Carol singer** (to The Paranoid Post Hero) And who the fuck is this one?



# SUSANA COOK

## HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

**Lady Incorporated** - I heard you missy!. That was very rude. Who am I? It's none of your business who I am or what I am doing. I am Incorporated if you must know. Now, if you don't mind (*she will grab something to eat*).

*Pause, looking at the audience*

Nobody loves me anymore. You don't know how hard that is. (*fart*) Sorry, I can't stop farting, it's the cinnamon.

Are you hungry? Look at all the food I have (*She laughs- fart*) . People used to think I was beautiful, now they find me ugly. Screw them, you know?

You are not hungry right? Good. How did it happen? What went wrong?

Do you want to kiss my ass? It's ok, you can kiss my ass, over here.

I am a metaphor, that's why I am gaining so much weight sweetie. Metaphors are always huge. But I am trapped here, I can't be anything else. I represent the Incorporated corporations I guess, or the rich, the neocolonialism, globalization from above, the falling empire or something, I am not sure. Don't worry, you'll understand, it's a very simple metaphor. It's Capitalism, the broken promises of capitalism, that's what it is, the American dream.

You should be sleeping by the way.!

There's really mean, bad people out there.

I think they are bombing. Go to sleep

I'll take care of everything.

Wait there until I call you.

Do you hear the bombs?

Gosh, it's so loud!

So much evil out there! Can you hear?

You stay under the table and I'll take care of everything. I can make you rich, I am freedom, you see? You just need to keep working

**Worker Mis**- What if we stop?

**Lady Incorporated** - What do you mean you stop? You can't stop

**Worker Sim** - Yes we can

**Worker Mack** - We could stop working all at once

**Worker Mis** - We can all call sick

**Lady Incorporated** - Oh, please, that would be, like what , a strike? That's so illegal, so inappropriate. You know you can't do that anyway, you can't even organize.

**Worker Sor** - Yes, we can

**Lady Incorporated** - Here, I'll give you a cookie

**Lady Incorporated 2** - That's a good idea, it'll calm them down

# SUSANA COOK

## HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

**Worker Sus** – Don't touch that cookie

**Worker Mis** - We should get more serious about organizing

**Worker Mack** - Yes, we should kill them

**Worker Sor** - No, we should have a peaceful protest

**Worker Sim** - Forget peaceful, we should riot

**Worker Mis** - That doesn't work, it's not going to do anything

**Worker Sus** - We should write letters to the senators

**Worker Sim** - Yes, we should send so many emails that their mailbox collapses and then they have to change their email address

**Worker Mack** - Their secretaries will be so overwhelmed

**Worker Sor** – It's gonna be intense

**Worker Mis** - We are running out of options lady, we'll have to do a revolution

**Lady Incorporated** - Oh, you shut up, that's non sense. Sweetie, I am not feeling well, they are stressing me out. Could you please help me out? I think I am going to throw up

*Lady Incorporated vomits and collapses*

**Worker Sim**– *(she touches her )* I think she is dead

**Worker Sor** – *(She grabs a sheet)* Cover her, it smells bad

**Worker Mis** – (To the audience) We would like to apologize. We know it's very unpleasant when somebody dies onstage. We don't like to see that. But, if it's of any help, she was not doing ok. We knew it was gonna happen at some point. But she was just a metaphor, whatever she represented is not really dead, unfortunately.

**Worker Sor** – Leave her alone, she is dead now. Let her rest in peace

**Worker Mack** -What are we gonna go?

**Worker Sor** - I don't know

**Worker Sim**- We should stay under the table

**Worker Sor** - Yeah, just in case

# SUSANA COOK

## HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

*Lady Incorporated wakes up and starts moving and moaning under the blanket. They will get up screaming in pain.*

**Worker Mis**– You see? We are stuck with her

**Worker Sim**– Why don't we kill her? She is suffering

**Lady Incorporated** - I am pooping !

*Everybody gets happy and worships her poop.*

**All** – She is pooping! She is pooping!

*We hear big clapping and grandiose music. They put Lady Incorporated on a dolly and carry her like a queen.*

*Slides:*

- This is a very pessimistic ending, it looks like we worship poop
- We do worship poop
- It 's a love story, it doesn't mean anything, really.

**FIN**