

LISA ESTRADA

A Comedy in Five Acts

By Jordan Paul Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

the pole dancers:

lisa estrada – a large-bodied, celebrity pole dancing instructor; hispanic, thickly accented
tisha fairbanks – a liberal, with bleached nipple hairs, half black, half jewish
hai'ou 'seagull' feng – a liberal, with wigs under her armpits; chinese
billy bohner – an learned antisemite
paula priest – lisa's assistant
daniel – a hyper-liberal white male
tosha – a dark-skinned black woman
lanel – a conservative woman, with large breasts
donna – a conservative woman, with sizable hips

the department of parks services:

lamia fuller – the director of parks; a thick coating of fur on her legs
orchadia estrada – a young liberal, with sideburns, hispanic, no accent
shelley lefthand – a young liberal, with a patch of hair on her left hand
becca butterworth – a young liberal, with a dali-style mustache
daniella bottom – the token conservative, the mayor's wife

the city council:

dick whitehead – the city's mayor, and conservative bulwark
rodrigo 'rod' hardin – lisa estrada's ex-husband, thick accent
pingtong feng – a land developer from china, thick accent
douglass fairbanks – a sexually kinky moderate
jackson turner – a young conservative; wears a skirt

others:

security guards #1 & #2
administrator
waitress

ACT I

SCENE I.

Dana Point Harbor. Early morning. The concrete statue of Richard Henry Dana Jr. rises up, making a triumphant pose in the background. TISHA is doing some pre-workout stretches. TISHA is a half-black, half-Jewish woman in her early 20s. She is wearing yoga pants and a white transparent sports bra; she is wearing sunflower pasties. OTHER MEMBERS of the pole class gradually begin to arrive. Enter DANIEL, a shapeless white man in his mid-20's who carries himself about with an abundance of righteousness and sass. He is wearing a sleeveless t-shirt and fishnet shorts.

DANIEL

Tisha! The way you bleach your nipple hairs, it really does look like the petals surrounding the face of a sunflower.

TISHA covers herself, embarrassed

DANIEL

Oh, no, Tisha. You're a walking Renoir! You're gorgeous.

TISHA uncovers her chest, then observes DANIEL's fishnet shorts, and becomes noticeably uncomfortable.

TISHA

Daniel, fishnet shorts? I can see your dick, in remarkable detail, every minor vein and change in the skin's tone.

DANIEL (offended)

There's nothing inappropriate about a penis, Tisha. I refuse to be shamed into covering it up like there's something ungodly about my body.

TISHA (as if reciting dogma)

No! There's nothing to be ashamed of, Daniel. Your burden is a part of your anatomy.

DANIEL (without reservation)

I'm having an urge to thrust my burden up and down
your cleavage until I frost your chin.

TISHA covers herself again, with a stretch, trying to be
discrete about it.

TISHA (reciting dogma)
It's perfectly natural to have those thoughts.

Enter SEAGULL, a Chinese woman in her mid 20's, wearing shorts
and a loose spaghetti strap shirt. There are black wigs glued
under her armpits.

SEAGULL (in a trance, melancholic)
If I could just rise up upon the wind.

The others don't register her depression. Enter TOSHA, a fit
black woman, wearing yoga pants and a sports bra.

DANIEL
Tosha, your ass is on fire today, honey.

TOSHA
(not entirely comfortable with DANIEL)
Okay... Hi Daniel. Hi Tisha. Seagull. (then
enthusiastic) It's that bitch Lisa Estrada's last day!

TOSHA walks to stage left, but does not stretch. She stands and
waits patiently.

TISHA
It's humbling. It really puts me in my place, seeing
another black woman...

DANIEL squeals.

TISHA
What, Daniel?

DANIEL
You really need to stop saying that.

TISHA
I'm black. I can refer to another black girl as black,
Daniel.

DANIEL

You're not black.

TISHA

I may be half Jewish, Daniel, but...

DANIEL squeals.

TISHA

What now?

DANIEL

You need to stop telling people you're Jewish. Not even half, Tisha. You're appropriating the victimhood of the Jewish people. As someone who merely has a half-Jewish genotype that isn't readily identifiable by your phenotypical expression...

TISHA

What the fuck does that mean?

SEAGULL (in a trance)

One drop of water can feel as heavy as the ocean. Why not let it go?

Enter BILL BOHNER; he's a tall man with a handsomely gaunt face in his early 30s. He's followed by three affluent-looking, conservative women in their mid-40's: LANEL, DONNA, and GLORIA.

SEAGULL (in a trance)

Who needs Huamei, when you've all-American candies?

The others don't respond. Enter PAULA, wheeling in a pole on a hand trolley, the first of five poles.

LANEL

Paula, tell me it isn't true. Is the city really shutting down Lisa Estrada's pole class?

DONNA

Tell me today isn't the last time Lisa Estrada will ever dance for us here in the harbor.

PAULA

I'm afraid so.

GLORIA

Where's Lisa?

PAULA

She's in the back seat of my truck, listening to the radio.

LANEL

We were hoping to talk to her before class got underway.

PAULA

Lisa doesn't want to talk to anybody. She said she'll come when the poles are ready for her.

LANEL

Is it true that Lisa's planning something?

GLORIA

Tell us it's true, that Lisa is going to fight back.

DONNA

Lisa isn't the type who gives up, Paula.

PAULA

I don't know.

Exit PAULA

LANEL

It's an injustice!

DONNA

It's so unfair!

GLORIA

It's racist! That's what it is.

BOHNER

(calmly, yet cynical and dark)

It's the piranha swarm. The minute one liberal takes issue with a conservative, the other liberals feel obliged to jump on like it's time for the feeding frenzy. They know if they don't jump on, they might lose something vital, their peculiar form of sustenance. That's what it is.

Enter PAULA with two more poles, wheeling one in at a time. The conservative women continue to complain aloud:

LANEL

They disagree with something Lisa Estrada says, so they smear her reputation without remorse.

DONNA

And now, if that wasn't enough, the government is gonna ruin her and the business that she built from nothing.

BOHNER

I won't allow Lisa Estrada to go down without a fight. The woman yaps off one untenable conspiracy theory about the Jews, and within a week, her business is getting shut down.

STUART (overhearing BOHNER)

Would you shut up with that bullshit, Billy? It's embarrassing.

BOHNER

(a prophet preaching to non-believers)
Of course it is. Distance yourself from that thought. Do as you're told. What good Goyim you are!

STUART

You're a hateful man, Billy.

BOHNER

Don't look up from the trough! Put me in my place, or you'll be cast out! (he smirks) Sound familiar? The liberals use these tactics but the invention is not theirs.

STUART

You're a flea, Billy, lurking in the great shadow of Lisa Estrada... (correcting himself) in the shadow of Lisa Estrada's greatness.

Enter PAULA, with the rest of the poles, including LISA's pole. LISA's pole is noticeably thicker than the others. PAULA places LISA's pole directly in front of the statue of Richard Henry Dana Jr. Enter LISA ESTRADA, appearing downtrodden and dejected.

LISA is an overweight Hispanic woman in her early 40s. She is wearing tights and a sports bra, and is confident about her appearance, in spite of her larger figure.

ALL CONSERVATIVES (cheering her on)
Lisa! Lisa! Twit-twit-twit.

DANIEL
So pathetic, (mocking them) twit-twit-twit.

A CONSERVATIVE WOMAN (to DANIEL)
Shut up, would you. Why you liberals even come down to these pole classes, it's beyond me. Show some compassion. The woman's in pain.

DANIEL
Lisa Estrada is the devil, so no thank you.

THE CONSERVATIVES continue to cheer for LISA, who arrives at her pole.

LISA (rapidly)
Okay, okay, okay..

LISA spins once around the pole and begins to gain her confidence. LISA has a distinct accent, thickly Hispanic, but spoken with intimidating confidence. She is highly charismatic and performative in her speeches, which more than compensates for her broken English.

LISA (excessively performative)
Lisa, they tell me... Lisa... Lisa Estrada... You're a great white shark. A GREAT white shark who prefers her *frijoles y huevos rancheros y cerveza*, but a WHITE shark, with BIG WHITE teeth, and us little baby seals, we're AFRAID of you... so maybe you can just stay over there (pausing, she gestures with both hands), and we'll stay over here (pausing, gesturing), okay? So I say okay. So I left them over there, to say all their *POOR ME'S*, and *I'M IN AN OUTRAGE*, and their *I'M A VICTIM*... and it didn't bother me, because (gesturing) they were over there and I was here (gesturing).

TOSHA (aggressive)
Fuck you, Lisa Estrada. You deserve everything that's happening to you, you fat bitch!

LISA

Ha! Tosha! There's a girl who likes to play the wounded seal. (then assertive) You know what Tosha, I don't have time for this pathetic face.

TOSHA spits on the ground in front of LISA, and then begins walking off, towards stage right, past DANIEL and TISHA.

LISA

Twit, twit with you. And don't you DARE turn back.

TOSHA walks past TISHA and DANIEL

LISA

And you can take your sister with you!

TISHA (to DANIEL)

What, because I'm black?

DANIEL (to TISHA, upset)

You're NOT black. (then aloud) Tisha and Tosha are not sisters, Lisa Estrada. You really do deserve every hardship that us liberals are throwing at you.

Exit TOSHA

LISA

Tosha and Tisha. What? Their father was too lazy to come up with a second name? Why would I not be surprised? They're such inert men, the black fathers.

DANIEL grabs his chest, falls to the ground and dies. TISHA seems to pay no mind to LISA's harmful stereotyping of black men.

TISHA (to LISA, matter of fact)

My father is Jewish!

BILL BOHNER turns around and stares down TISHA. DANIEL's erection rises up from his lifeless body. TISHA kneels down over the erection.

TISHA (in a panic)

Daniel! That didn't offend me. Why did it offend you so much?

TISHA reaches, as if possessed, for the erection, but before she can touch it, DORIS BUSH, a suburban-esque white conservative woman, pulls her back and begins to comfort her.

DORIS

Snap out of it, Tisha! You need boundaries, baby doll. Without them, how do you ever expect to capture some happiness that you can call your own?

TISHA

He's dead, Doris!

DORIS

He's not the first. He won't be the last. This Culture War is really getting out of control.

LISA (continues)

So I hear something on the radio, and I repeat it. The little weak seals over there, the victims, show all their teeth, their big white teeth, and they chase me, like a seal, who was staying over here (dramatically gesturing to her feet), as we agreed upon just the day before.

SEAGULL (confused)

She's the seal now?

TISHA

More like a sea lion.

SEAGULL

Auntie Walrus.

TISHA and SEAGULL laugh. DORIS shushes them.

LISA (dramatic)

And they start taking a bite out of me. Me! Lisa Estrada. Poor, poor Lisa Estrada who came to this country with her immigrant mother, who worked her life away cleaning houses, making four dollars when there was an eight dollar minimum wage. Poor, poor Lisa Estrada, who lost her four year old son because of her husband's genetic disease. Lisa Estrada, who built a business up with her own two hands, and these beautiful brown thighs...

LISA gyrates her hips, seductively, and THE CONSERVATIVES applaud and holler.

LISA (continues)

Only to have it taken away... all of it. And now, I have nothing.

LISA does a twirl around the pole, turning upside down. She rips a fart while inverted, but she continues on as if nothing has happened.

LISA

Is Lisa Estrada a victim? No! Pity the victims who want your pity. Not me. Lisa Estrada is a fighter.

LANEL

Death to the liberals!

BOHNER

Death to the Jews!

LISA

The Mushroom-Aztec Wars! This is ancient history, to be settled another time, Billy. It's not the Jews this time who are biting Lisa Estrada.

STUART

Yah, Billy. You fucking racist.

LISA

Is Billy a racist? Well, yes, perhaps, Billy is a racist.

THE CONSERVATIVES laugh.

LISA

This is a word. Racist. Am I a racist? (short pause)
Are the seagulls racist?

THE CONSERVATIVES laugh.

LANEL

It's the liberals. We'll fight them, Lisa.

LISA

It's not the liberals.

DONNA

It's not?

LISA

It's not the Persian Rugs or *las rosas blancas enfermas*. It's not the weak conservatives on the City Council. The real problem, you want to know?

LANEL

Tell us.

LISA

Are you sure you're with me, even if you don't like much what I have to say?

LANEL

We're with you, Lisa. Whoever it is! Tell us who's biting your face. We'll help you take them down!

LISA

The real problem (she takes a dramatic pause)... the real problem: is the men. The men and their politics.

DONNA

You want us to declare war on... the men?

LANEL

All of them?

LISA

The men turn up the heat and the fighting so much in this city, that a woman like Lisa Estrada says one thing, and all the little seals come to attack her.

SEAGULL

She's the shark again?

STUART

The women are even worse than the men! It's the emotions of you women that have made this heat so unbearable.

LISA

Don't blame the women, Stuart. The women don't know what they say, they just repeat what they hear from the men. I don't even know what I'm saying.

DONNA (supportive)

No, you don't.

TISHA

That's sexist.

DORIS shushes TISHA

DONNA

Tell me we're going to fight back, Lisa!

LANEL

You can't just give up! We won't let you!

LISA

I have a plan. I do. But, I tell you now, it isn't going to be easy.

DONNA

So it's the men? We all agree?

LANEL

Not really.

LISA glares at LANEL

LANEL (intimidated)

I mean, it's definitely the men!

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN all nod in agreement

DONNA

How do we take it to the men in this city?

LISA

Well. If it's an eye for an eye, as the good book says, then it's the men's eye the women will have to be taking. We'll poke it and pull at it, until it's all swollen and beat up.

LANEL

But how, Lisa?

LISA

It's simple. We tell the men: until Lisa Estrada is given permission to swing on her pole in the harbor again, no woman in Dana Point will be swinging around the poles of any of the men.

LANEL

You don't mean...

LISA

Yes.

LANEL

No sex! For how long?

LISA

Give it two, three weeks... It will take however long it takes.

LANEL

Can we demand the men end the war sooner, so we won't have to wait three weeks?

DONNA

When do we start, next Sunday?

LISA

We start now.

LANEL

Can we start tomorrow?

LISA

We start right after this morning's class. We meet at Turks! But first, one last dance around the pole, before Lisa Estrada departs from her harbor... the harbor she loves more than any place in this world. Paula, play the song, the one I asked you to play.

PAULA hits the button on the stereo system, and The Mexican Funeral March plays aloud. Four other women join LISA on stage and follow her lead on the pole.

TISHA (to SEAGULL)

Does Lisa Estrada really expect the liberal women to go along with this sex embargo?

SEAGULL

I'll join.

TISHA looks at DANIEL's erection.

TISHA

I should probably join too.

SCENE II.

The Dana Point City Council. HARDIN, FAIRBANKS, and PINTONG sit in their chairs. HARDIN is an older hispanic man, with salt-and-pepper hair and a feeble-looking body. FAIRBANKS is a run-of-the-mill white man in his early 40's, who would be handsome if he were twenty pounds lighter and had a more youthful hairline. PINTONG is a Chinese man in his mid 50's; he is bald and has the body of a cannonball. PINTONG lights a cigarette, unbothered that the other two councilmen are present. PINTONG smokes throughout the scene, not interacting with the other two councilmen.

FAIRBANKS

Orchadia Estrada and Lisa Estrada. One family, two nuts.

HARDIN (a thick Hispanic accent)

One much bigger than the other.

FAIRBANKS

One nut fell to the far left, and the other to the far right. How does one family drop two nuts so far from the center? It's unheard of these days.

HARDIN

Lisa isn't a nut! I mean, she is what she is, but her politics are honest. It's the baby cousin, the mistress. That nut, she stoops so low she drives me up the wall. It's hard to resist the temptation to just pull her back in and keep the nut in line.

FAIRBANKS

Lisa left you over three years ago, Rodrigo. I'm concerned, for Orchadia's sake, that you keep insisting on calling that temperamental young liberal your "mistress".

HARDIN

I mean, Orchadia and I, we've still got a thing.

An ADMINISTRATOR enters and places a nameplate for COUNCILMAN JACKSON TURNER at the vacant seat, then exits, in no hurry.

FAIRBANKS

(reading the nameplate)

Jackson Turner. Remember when we named our sons John, Matt, Robert...

HARDIN

The name he campaigned under was JACK Turner. Did you pay any attention to the special election?

FAIRBANKS

Not really. I mean, who really pays attention to local elections? It's all about who puts up the most signs, isn't it?

HARDIN

I took Orchadia to watch him in the debate.

FAIRBANKS (concerned)

The raging liberal?

HARDIN

That's why I took her to the debate, because the woman's a raging liberal.

FAIRBANKS

Why would you do that to yourself?

HARDIN

This Jack Turner has a reputation for putting the liberals in their place. I wanted to see the young man in action.

FAIRBANKS

And?

HARDIN

Orchadia and I haven't spoken since.

FAIRBANKS

This Jackson Turner... He's... that good?

HARDIN

(with the pride of a father)

It was like watching a bull, a bull with massive balls between his legs, charging and smashing through those liberals like they were a line of clowns at the rodeo. It was a sight to see, Doug. The young man gives me a renewed sense of vigor. There is another generation in the waiting who will take the reins and continue this great conservative movement of ours.

FAIRBANKS

Is it a movement, Conservatism? Or is it more, a lack of movement?

HARDIN

Goddamned Moderates. It's a movement, my friend. We're going places. (to PINTONG) The meeting's over Pintong.

PINTONG

需要钱吗?

HARDIN

Done! Finished! I need to go meet the Mayor at the Parks Department.

FAIRBANKS

The Department of Parks Services? Yikes. Only raging liberals in the parks department.

HARDIN

If I leave now I should have enough time to get my shots on the way.

They laugh.

SCENE III.

The Department of Parks Services. An outdoor park. A sunny midday. ORCHADIA ESTRADA, a Hispanic girl, age 19, with short, curly black hair, and sideburns reminiscent of Alexander The Great, sits alone on a large log, observing a spear of grass that she's plucked from the ground.

ORCHADIA

(quoting from Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Spanish Trans.; she recites without much affect, as if from memory)

Instinto... instinto... instinto

Instinto siempre procreando la Tierra

(then, talking to herself, in her own words; she speaks with more affect. This is a girl at play.)

So many strong young men; returned to the soil

The atoms of their bodies mixing underfoot.

How many strong bodies had to return

And mix, just to give rise to this, one

Delicate spear of Summer grass?

ORCHADIA bites down on the blade of grass, viciously decapitating it, playful in her violent outburst. ORCHADIA spits the piece of grass onto the ground.

ORCHADIA

Instinto... instinto... instinto

(to the blade of grass) Oh don't worry.

You'll return to the soil

To be reincorporated into the grass;

Then the cattle will eat you, and I,

I will eat the cattle.

Instinto.... instinto... instinto...

ORCHADIA laughs deviously. She leans back and spreads her legs, enjoying the weather. She pulls up her shirt, to let the sunlight hit her belly. She rubs her belly. As ORCHADIA takes in the scenery, enter SHELLEY, a young woman with a patch of hair on the back of her left hand, and BECCA, a young woman who sports a Salvador Dali-style mustache.

SHELLEY

I may be the only liberal woman in Dana Point who dates a man who proudly calls himself a...

ORCHADIA (interrupting)

A nazi?

SHELLEY (defensive, correcting her)
A conservative. That is, unless your own relationship with that senile old man, Rodrigo, can be considered a form of dating.

BECCA
I know for a fact I'm the only one in this city who dates a conservative lesbian. First, Doris says it's wrong for me to marry her, and now she's saying I don't have the right to play bulldog in the nude, when I'm in the same room where she's nude.

ORCHADIA
I need the two of you, if only for a few days, to try and focus on something besides your eggs.

ORCHADIA, still reclining upon the log, lifts up the bottom of her skirt to reveal a dagger sheathed against her leg. She begins stroking the dagger.

ORCHADIA
Lamia needs to be what's on your mind, and nothing else. I've already gone without sex for a month, and look at me. Would it surprise you to learn: I remain a perfectly healthy young woman.

BECCA and SHELLEY look down at ORCHADIA on the log, stroking her dagger with her belly exposed.

ORCHADIA
Of all the crazy bitches out there, to think it might be my cousin, Lisa, who takes this all away from me. The sins of my childhood coming back to trap me as a woman. I tell you, if Lamia goes, I'd rather see all of this cut down or burnt to ash.

SHELLEY
Orchadia, you're not suggesting that we set our parks ablaze?

ORCHADIA (sitting up)
This is a war, ladies. And we're soldiers. Do you not see this? The conservatives... I used to do my best, and I tried to be understanding. But these conservatives,

they inflame me these days; they do nothing else but inflame me. (she begins to yell, loudly) That ignorant dirt from a donkey's ass, Jack Turner...

SHELLEY

Jack Turner?

BECCA

You mean, the new councilman?

ORCHADIA

Turner! Rod's favorite little bull, with his (impersonating HARDIN) *giant swollen balls*.

SHELLEY

You saw them? Are they round and polished?

ORCHADIA (continues)

It was a blood bath! It was like watching that painting, Guernica, reenacted on stage as political theater. You know what I say? Those liberals that Jackson Turner debated were soft serve, lob passes, little boys and girls pretending to be real men and women with giant shafts between their thighs. Put Orchadia in there with Rodrigo's snow-white bull!

ORCHADIA springs to her feet. She removes her skirt, and uses it as a matador's cape.

ORCHADIA

I'll lead on the bull, like La Diosa De Oro, the most expert Torera. I'll flatter his searching eyes with my flowing red cape, and as he charges me, hoping to get just a little touch of my toosh, Pah! (she pulls out her dagger) the bull falls to the floor over a streak of his own blood and bile. That's the dream. In life, we must compromise. Slaying the bull will not help Lamia.

BECCA (out of the blue)

Is Jack Turner married?

ORCHADIA

You wanna steal from his private honeypot?

BECCA

If anyone can break the bull, Orchadia, you said it yourself, you're the one who's most suited.

ORCHADIA tosses her skirt up in the air, and lets it fall to the ground.

ORCHADIA

Bulls aren't meant to be broken. (to BECCA) Becca. You're looking to pimp me out! Take advantage of him during this drought. What a devil I'd be. I could become his new liberal milk-cow! — And milk myself (ORCHADIA bends over and begins "milking" herself; SHELLEY and BECCA laugh aloud) until I taint all their little calves and the blood of his descendants turns from red to purple.

Enter HARDIN and WHITEHEAD. They're shocked at the scene of ORCHADIA in her underwear, milking herself in front of the other two women.

HARDIN

Mayor Whitehead, I present to you, the Department of Parks Services.

ORCHADIA puts her breast away, not uncomfortable about the situation, as the other two girls scramble to attention.

WHITEHEAD

What kind of services are we offering at our parks?

HARDIN

The Parks Department, there's something so (he sniffs the air) fresh and primeval in the air.

WHITEHEAD

We're here on business.

ORCHADIA

It wouldn't be to discuss an Estrada, would it?

WHITEHEAD

It would be, and what do you know? It's not even your own antics this time.

ORCHADIA

Ha! You think I'm a puta loca; well, Lisa is a real puta loca. Did you hear the latest; she has a whole bastion of conservative women barricaded inside Turks.

WHITEHEAD

The dive bar?

ORCHADIA

She's turned that dive bar into a proper nunnery.

WHITEHEAD

Why Turks?

ORCHADIA

They have Huevos Rancheros and beer.

WHITEHEAD

Huevos Rancheros and beer?

HARDIN

That's Lisa's diet.

Enter JACKSON TURNER, a handsome young man in a designer skirt; he's in a rage. ORCHADIA is paralyzed at the sight of him: this is the "bull" she despises so much. TURNER first encounters ORCHADIA, not noticing WHITEHEAD or HARDIN. He jumps back, as if he's seen a ghost. As he is backpedaling away from ORCHADIA, he bumps into WHITEHEAD, and then notices HARDIN as well.

TURNER

What are you two old guards doing here?

WHITEHEAD

We're here on business. Why are you drenched in sweat?

TURNER

(to WHITEHEAD, backing away from ORCHADIA)

Where's Lamia's office? Back this way, behind the frolicking squirrels?

TURNER marches towards upstage-right. ORCHADIA, BECCA, and SHELLEY jump on TURNER, and ride upon him in an attempt to subdue the young councilman.

TURNER

Out of my way, Cerberus!

TURNER throws his arms up forcefully and all three girls fall to the ground. TURNER continues to pace frantically towards upstage right.

TURNER
(shouting at the top of his lungs)
Lamia!

ORCHADIA lifts her skirt up and draws her dagger. She raises the dagger above her head, and is about to make a run at TURNER, but HARDIN quickly grabs her by the elbow, stealing away the dagger.

SHELLEY
Who the hell is that?

ORCHADIA
That's him.

BECCA
The bull? That's him, in the designer skirt?

HARDIN (trying to calm ORCHADIA)
You were right about him, Orchardia. Half the things the man says, I believe they are lies.

ORCHADIA
You're just saying that because you're eager for sex now that a whole month has passed.

HARDIN
I'm sorry Orchardia, but as much as I despise your cousin, I'm loyal to Lisa's cause. I can't have sex with you until this sex embargo is over.

TURNER wanders around stage right, looking up and down the stage

ORCHADIA (resentful)
I dare you! Beg me. Bribe me. I wouldn't let you touch my pinky, and never again my little pink.

HARDIN
(apologetic, misunderstanding ORCHADIA)
Even if you beg me.

ORCHADIA

I'm not begging you! (frustrated) This is useless. Who gave you permission to grab the dagger?

ORCHADIA kneels HARDIN, and grabs the dagger back, she begins to head towards stage right. Exit TURNER, pursued by the three girls.

TURNER (offstage)

Lamia! Lamia! You old shriveled up bag. Where are you? You slab of desiccated meat. You overinflated prelude to the great menopausal rumbling..

A thud is heard offstage, and TURNER abruptly falls silent.

WHITEHEAD

The young think everything can be solved with their passion.

HARDIN

That's all they know. They think with their most active parts.

Enter LAMIA FULLER, a 35-year old hag, with dark, fur-covered legs. LAMIA is dragging TURNER by a leash; there's also a rag stuffed in his mouth. SHELLEY and BECCA follow. ORCHADIA lifts her skirt up and carefully re-sheaths her dagger.

LAMIA (to WHITEHEAD)

The conservative's greatest shortcoming: he'll fixate on one narrow problem, and nothing else will register in his mind until he believes he's won.

HARDIN (to ORCHADIA)

He's no conservative. He pretends to be one, but this is all a game to him. I don't know what it is, but he's just after something.

ORCHADIA

So he's a politician, in other words. If what you say is true, then you're the fool, Rodrigo. Your bull has had no effect on me.

SHELLEY and BECCA casts look at one another; they know this isn't the case.

LAMIA

Orchadia, escort the young councilman back to his office at city hall.

ORCHADIA

Gladly!

HARDIN

That's a bad idea. (he looks to WHITEHEAD) Dick...

WHITEHEAD

Do you not trust Lamia's judgement, Rodrigo?

HARDIN relents. ORCHADIA grabs the leash from LAMIA and leads TURNER towards stage left. SHELLEY and BECCA follow.

ORCHADIA (to TURNER)

Notice, Bull, you're Orchadia's beastie now. Do you know how to go "MOO"?

Exit ORCHADIA, SHELLEY and BECCA.

WHITEHEAD

Wait in the car, Rodrigo.

HARDIN

But, Dick.

WHITEHEAD

I'll be down in five minutes.

HARDIN exits. LAMIA and WHITEHEAD are alone.

LAMIA

Dick Whitehead. The great conservative bulwark of Dana Point. Champion of small businesses and international conglomerates alike. Just. Look at you.

WHITEHEAD

You've gotten yourself into an uncomfortable position, Lamia. But don't you worry. The Council will end up voting along the lines of my argument.

LAMIA

And what is your argument?

WHITEHEAD

What a noble olive branch it will be, for the five conservatives on council, to stand by our city government's most notorious liberal... to buttress her honor.

WHITEHEAD grabs LAMIA's ass.

LAMIA

Aren't you worried that this will just fan the flames of Estrada's already wild... and groundless... conspiracy theories?

WHITEHEAD

Of all the lunatics in this city, you had to pick a fight with the most rotten in the far-right's bunch.

LAMIA

Somebody had to put a foot down, Dick. Would you help me relieve some of this pressure that's been building up inside me?

WHITEHEAD

Oh, I'd love nothing more than to spank your liberal ass... punish you for being such an unwieldy, self-serving bitch.

LAMIA

You'll be playing the bitch this time, Dick.

WHITEHEAD

That'll be the day.

WHITEHEAD picks LAMIA up over his shoulder. They exit stage right.

ACT II

SCENE I.

Inside Turks, a nautically themed dive bar. Dimly lit. A bar stage left. Stage right and upstage center, CONSERVATIVE WOMEN eat and drink in run-down leather booths, as if they've no cares in the world. There's a large wooden door upstage right, which leads to the storage room. LISA addresses the women:

LISA

What a beautiful city this used to be. The women are tired. It's been a long time since the men, any of them, were really thinking clear. They're fighting like... (she stops, and pretends to be hesitant, in order to milk the crowd) Oh, I shouldn't say it. I know, I know. No, I can't say it.

ALL CONSERVATIVE WOMEN (chanting)

Say it! Say it! Say it!

LISA

Oh, I'm gonna get in trouble for this one. But the men. They're fighting (dramatic pause) a lot like how women fight. Oh I know. Lisa, Lisa, you shouldn't say that. I said it!

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN cheer and laugh

LISA

Our opinions change faster than our emotions. Our crazy, crazy, crazy emotions. One minute we're complaining about how terrible the waitress is; the next minute, she's our favorite person in the whole world. You know what I'm talking about!

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN laugh

LISA

But nowadays the men, they're the ones who fight like women, so they treat us women like we're no different from the men in this war. Yes, we have the support of the governors of four states that are not our states. So what? We have the support of our own governor, a man who's a liberal. So what?

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN laugh

LISA

It doesn't matter. The war is here, in Dana Point. I must be honest— (melodramatically) Oh, how my heart hurts.

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

It's okay, Lisa. We're here for you.

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Drink another beer!

LISA (defiant)

I will never stop drinking beer. What's wrong with you?

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN laugh

LISA (solemn)

We haven't made much progress in Dana Point. The city council, every one of them, even that child-killer, Rodrigo, with the recessive gene.

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN boo

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN (chanting)

Baby killer! Baby killer!

LISA

Every one of them is a proud conservative. Are they supporting Lisa Estrada? No! They're still cheering for this Park Lady! This LABIA! A liberal woman! Is this proof, or is this not proof?

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Proof of what, Lisa?

LISA

They say this city's war is about the left and right, but the men will throw a conservative woman like Lisa Estrada under the bus, if it only means the men can keep on with their fighting.

A CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

The council must go!

LISA

The council will hear from us... Monday! We've petitioned for a public meeting. And we got the meeting! We're gonna make a scene. Have hope! I want you to have hope.

A WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE

And beer!

LISA

And I want you to have beer! We've raised a LOT of money. Who knew conservatives in these other states were so rich? Beer's on Lisa Estrada!

The women cheer. Enter PAULA, stage left, from behind the bar. She approaches LISA.

LISA

Paula, the sickly white rose of Dana Point, what's the latest with you?

PAULA

I told my husband.

LISA

What weighs you down?

PAULA

My husband just laughed at me. He said we never have sex as it is; that at least now he has an excuse to upgrade his porn subscriptions to platinum memberships.

LISA

How long, Paula, since you...

PAULA

Two months.

LISA

Two months!

LISA feels the pain. THE WAITRESS brings a plate of huevos rancheros out for LISA, and then exits.

LISA

Gracias, camarera.

LISA begins stuffing her face.

LISA

You know, Paula, this porno-GRAPH-y. This is another invention of men. The porno-GRAPH-y, it satisfies the

eyes, but not the flesh. Stop staring at my huevos. Do you want your own huevos?

PAULA

(fantasizing about "huevos")

I'd die right now for some huevos.

LISA

Nothing like some warm huevos on the tongue.

PAULA

I'm so hungry, I'd probably swallow those huevos in one gulp, like a weasel vacuuming yolks through an eggshell.

LISA

No, no, no. Here's the secret to huevos. You want to take in just enough to stimulate your saliva, and no more. Then you roll the steaming-hot juices of the sauce around your tongue, and get a feel for the rolling, smooth surface of the huevos. The salt and the foam and the curves.

PAULA (desperate)

One order of huevos rancheros please!

LISA

Then you follow it with a sip of beer to cleanse your palate, and take another bite. So. Why do you think we're making such little progress in our own city, mi rosa enferma?

PAULA

Based on the information we've gathered, it seems it's mostly the conservative women who are supporting our embargo. The liberal women are having a field day out there.

LISA

The liberal women who aren't with us, you know what, it's no matter. You know why? Because they don't have this.

LISA shakes her flat chest. Her gut wobbles instead. PAULA laughs.

LISA

Wait until the liberal woman tells the conservative man, *where I am from, it's the women who penetrates the men.*

PAULA

Ew!

LISA

The liberal women will start lecturing the conservative men on the big ideas they have, which are really just the big ideas of the liberal men. When this happens, the men in this city will be begging for Lisa Estrada to get back on the pole.

Enter TISHA and SEAGULL. They take a seat at the bar, in front of LISA.

LISA

No, no, Tisha. We have a special place reserved at the end of the bar for people like you.

TISHA (more annoyed than offended)

You want me to sit at the end of the bar because I'm black?

LISA

I only meant that I don't want you spreading the liberal virus. You're the racist, Tisha.

TISHA

Lisa (she sighs). You understand that the things you say hurt me.

LISA

I've seen people have their hands cut off in Tenochtitlan. *THAT'S* what hurts.

TISHA

The things you say about the blacks. The lies you spread about the Jews.

LISA

I saying nothing false of the Jews.

TISHA

Where do the Jews come from Lisa?

LISA

The mantle layer of Mars.

TISHA

You see?

LISA

This is a well-documented fact, Tisha. The Jews came from the mantle of Mars, to colonize earth. They erased three thousand years of Aztec history! They were slave masters of my Aztec ancestors. You know why your people carve a mushroom onto their body, don't you? Do I hurt you, Tisha?

TISHA

It doesn't hurt me. My ration is too big. My mother; she's the one who suffered. My father suffered. You hurt the people who suffer, and I know their pain.

LISA

And Lisa is supposed to weep for your mother? Pray for the weak and the losers?

TISHA (defensive)

Lisa! My mother is not a loser!

LISA

You think my mother wanted to be cried about?

TISHA (becoming more bold)

Well, how would you feel if I made a joke about immigrants?

LISA

I make jokes about immigrants all the time. It's funny. Immigrants are, well, let's admit it, they're funny. I mean, it's a nasty game. You can't unsee it. The rape. The violence. The freeway. Have you ever seen an 18-wheeler run over a human body? I never knew the immigrant had so much *mierda*. I'd rather laugh about it. Squashed like the Frogger. Kerplack! Too slow! Haha! I survived. Jokes don't matter. You can make all the jokes you want about the immigrants.

TISHA

You and your mother both crossed into this country as "illegals." I wouldn't go around comparing your mother to the sack of beans that gets misplaced by the customs officer...

LISA (snapping, out of the blue)

You say one more word about my mother... I will pin your skinny black ass to the floor, and pluck those nipple hairs out of you like a chicken, and I will enjoy every moment.

TISHA

I'm not a very good advocate for the black community. My ration is too big.

LISA

No, you're too rich.

TISHA

That's part of my ration.

LISA

That's everything!. The conservatives, the liberals, they'll blame anything but the real problem: we're poor. This life, it's not easy for any of us. All I want is to speak my mind, and tell my jokes, without everyone blaming me for this city's problems.

TISHA

You claim to be an advocate for women. But you don't make it any easier for the struggles of Jewish women, or black women like Tosha, when you say the things you say.

LISA

I've seen the wars. Tosha will never win her war for the blacks. When the men fight the men, the women lose. When the rich fight the rich, the poor lose. When the poor fight the poor; well, nobody wins. The dead are the losers. Who do you think this person is, this park lady, who doesn't want Lisa to speak her mind? This is someone who hasn't seen war. She doesn't know how the war ends.

TISHA

The blacks can't win our war! (correcting herself)
Their war? People can't live without hope, Lisa.

LISA

You're right, Tisha. Nobody really likes the other
races anymore.

TISHA (shocked)

That's not what I said!

LISA

You shouldn't have hope anymore, not in these foolish
things.

TISHA

I want you to have hope. Isn't that what you just told
all these women?

LISA

I want *THEM* to have hope. My four year old boy, did I
ever tell you, he died because of his father's genetic
disease.

TISHA

I've often heard of Julio.

LISA

They said the gene was recessive. Lisa Estrada has no
recessive genes. It must have come from Rodrigo. I
don't cry every time I am hurting. Dancing on the pole
isn't so attractive when the tears are coming out. You
think the men like the sight of that?

TISHA

The men?

There is a long, awkward pause.

LISA

So what's wrong with the chink?

TISHA

You really shouldn't say "chink," Lisa.

LISA snaps her fingers in the face of SEAGULL, who is in a
trance.

SEAGULL

The bird rests on the water.
Water's never been more heavy
Than it is this moment.
All the water in the world,
Eddying into a single drop.
The gull may never take flight again.

TISHA

She found out her husband is cheating on her.

LISA (disgusted, empathizing)

Her husband? The chink councilman? Oh, these men on
city council.

LISA checks out SEAGULL's "wings"

SEAGULL

The candy machine is sold out
Just a hollow wrapper inside, sealed
And firm. Don't tear it on the side,
You'll let the water escape!

LISA

Have a beer on Lisa.

LISA whistles for a waiter, and then exits. Enter DANIELLA
BOTTOM, the Mayor's wife. BOTTOM kisses the cheeks of TISHA and
SEAGULL.

BOTTOM

Where's Lisa Estrada? I just spoke with my husband,
and I have important news, for Lisa's ears only.

SEAGULL

I thought I'd scaled
The upland's impassable cliff,
But downwards
I looked; it was a woman's hand,
Frail and chapped

TISHA

Pintong is having an affair.

BOTTOM combs SEAGULL's hair with her fingers.

BOTTOM

So is Dick. Yes, I know. Relax, Tisha. I've known for months. I'll have you know, I've been just as unfaithful. I do need a drink.

SEAGULL

My perch tingles like another storm
Cracking the mountain into clovers.

BOTTOM

Doesn't that tight Chinese bottom just make you wanna pamper the girl?

SEAGULL

Upon a mountain of water, there forms a mountain...

BOTTOM

Oh, I know. All that water sounds so overwhelming.

BOTTOM pets SEAGULL's head, flirtatiously

BOTTOM

The water within water expanding, expands.

TISHA

(sexually frustrated)

I'm trying to keep my imagination out of the fucking gutter here.

TISHA gets up to leave. Exit TISHA, appearing unwell. SEAGULL slides down one barstool, and she rests her head on BOTTOM's shoulder.

BOTTOM

Oh you'll be fine, my babe. Trust me.

Theres' a short pause.

SEAGULL

How swiftly moves the vessel,
Westward drifts where circle above
Birds bloated on salt water.

SEAGULL pats off the moisture from her neck and upper chest using BOTTOM's hand like a towel

SEAGULL

The hand is warm and slender
I never knew a hand could be so warm.

BOTTOM

Why does it feel like I've been in such a dry spell
when I've taken two lovers, a young man and a young
woman, since Friday?

SEAGULL kisses BOTTOM. Enter LISA, who, noticing the two women
kissing, drops a plate of huevos rancheros on the floor.

LISA (rapidly, horrified)

No! No! No! No! No!

LISA crosses herself, failing to make a proper cross, and sprays
disinfectant around BOTTOM and SEAGULL.

LISA

Dear Jesus, it's for my own honor that these women
have deprived themselves, and the switch has flipped
to turn them to the Lesbos. Forgive them, just this
first time, and show them the road, as you showed your
own mother the road to Bethlehem. Amen!

LISA crosses herself, once again, in an incorrect manner.

BOTTOM

Lisa! I have some goods news.

LISA

What's that on your lip? You're growing a mustache!

BOTTOM

Oh. It's just us women here. I was busy at work. Then
with the boycott, I couldn't go home.

LISA

Can you two do me a huge favor? Move down to the end
of the bar? Over there.

BOTTOM and SEAGULL move all the way to the end of the bar. Enter
TISHA, who sits down next to them. LISA takes out a canister of
disinfectant and sprays the air around her.

LISA

Lisa Estrada will not become a liberal. Oh, no!

BOTTOM

Lisa. I have really good news. (she takes a dramatic pause) It worked. The mayor has decided to change his vote. He'll be voting in favor of terminating Lamia Fuller – The Park Lady.

DANIELLA

That's Dick for you, going against his own mistress.

LISA

Your husband is cheating on you as well, Daniella? These bastardos on the city council! Of the five of them, is there a good one? This is terrible news.

BOTTOM

The embargo will be over. You'll be able to resume your pole classes in the harbor.

LISA

This is what the men do. This Labia (mispronouncing LAMIA)...

BOTTOM (correcting her)

LAH-mee-uh.

LISA is unable to see how her own pronunciation is any different.

LISA

Yah, Labia. They'd rather throw the Labia under the bus, and say, that's that. Let Lisa back in the park! People will stop listening to that woman. Things will go back to normal, now. The men can keep on fighting and playing our politics. Just give it time; Lisa and Labia will become stale to the taste.

TISHA and BOTTOM cringe.

ACT III

SCENE I.

Inside the foyer of Councilman Pintong Feng's mansion. There are two great marble pillars that bookend the stage. A collection of historic artifacts is on display, stage right, with some set upon shelves, and others suspended upon the wall. WHITEHEAD, HARDIN, PINTONG and TURNER stand across from ORCHADIA, BECCA, and SHELLEY. ORCHADIA is welding a pair of broken chopsticks. TURNER holds a shortsword in the direction of ORCHADIA.

HARDIN

The mayor and one supporting councilman. Lamia has the votes!

WHITEHEAD (to HARDIN)

I'm afraid the girl is right, Hardin. It's all moot now.

HARDIN

You're voting with Lisa now?

TURNER

Lamia is dead. Godspeed.

ORCHADIA

If you prefer to be brutes, I can be Neanderthal too.

TURNER

What changed?

WHITEHEAD

The governor called. Lamia's a lightning rod. This could have been predicted.

ORCHADIA

Is it that no woman is worthy of your career, or just not a woman like Lamia? If you try to ruin Lamia, you'll make an enemy of me.

SHELLEY

You'll make an enemy of us!

BECCA

There's thousands of us.

Enter LAMIA

LAMIA (in a dark mood)

I do believe the time to be Neanderthal has arrived, Orchadia.

WHITEHEAD (poised)

Crashing a private meeting of City Council. I was really hoping you weren't involved, Lamia. You know better.

LAMIA (nonchalant)

Orchadia, remove your shirt.

HARDIN

She'll do no such thing!

ORCHADIA removes her shirt. She's wearing a seductive bra.

HARDIN

Orchadia!

ORCHADIA

There's nothing sexual about breasts.

HARDIN

Save it! *They're for feeding the babies, the breasts are not for sex.* If you enjoy having them sucked on during sex, they're sexual.

Enter FAIRBANKS, running in late.

ORCHADIA

If everything we take pleasure in having sucked on during sex is as obscene as my breasts, then bind your hands. More specifically, your right thumb. That's the naughty one!

FAIRBANKS (aroused)

What's the topic!

WHITEHEAD (to FAIRBANKS)

How many times have I shaken that hand?

PINTONG (looking at ORCHADIA's chest)

她虽然有男人的脸色，但是有很漂亮的乳峰啊！

TURNER

别理这个长得像猴子的女人。

HARDIN (to FAIRBANKS, with suspicion)

The bull speaks Chinese?

FAIRBANKS

That doesn't mean he's a liberal. A lot of conservatives are sending their children to those programs, what are they called...

HARDIN

Inversion programs!

FAIRBANKS

Immersion programs.

TURNER (continues)

Pay no attention to this one. She's playing a liberal mind game. I used to play them all the time when I was young.

HARDIN

You hear that?

ORCHADIA

Tell them, Turner. The bull, the destroyer of liberals, is a liberal himself.

TURNER

I was born in a liberal time and place. But I ask you: Is a man raised among beasts destined to be a beast?

ORCHADIA (sarcastic)

Are you supposed to be proof of the contrary? You're a liberal downstairs!

LAMIA

How do they know his... downstairs. What the hell happened on your way to City Council, Orchardia?

TURNER removes his shirt, exposing a chest with a fur mat glued to it.

SHELLEY

If he's a liberal downstairs, his chest begs to differ.

ORCHADIA (to TURNER)

You're one of us, Turner, no matter how much you pretend to be what you're not.

TURNER

When you pretend for long enough to be something you're not, there comes a point where you can no longer remember what it was you were pretending not to be. I discovered I had a special knack for playing a conservative.

HARDIN

He's a double agent!

ORCHADIA

He's a politician, Rodrigo. I was right from the start.

SHELLEY and BECCA take off their shirts, and stand in their bra, next to ORCHADIA.

LAMIA

What goes through your minds, gentleman, when you look at the bodies of these three young women?

TURNER

(looking at ORCHADIA's sideburns)

Alexander The Great. (then at her eyes) Mars, Bringer of War.

HARDIN (concerned)

War?

TURNER looks down at ORCHADIA's crotch

TURNER

Cunt.

HARDIN

The words of the young.

FAIRBANKS

That's a violent word, Turner.

LAMIA (to all five councilmen)

How do their bodies really compare to your own?

TURNER

Pay no heed to this one (he points to LAMIA). Take your shirts off, gentlemen! Quick. Before it's too late.

FAIRBANKS

Let's listen to him. He sounds familiar with these liberal games.

FAIRBANKS, HARDIN and WHITEHEAD all take their shirts off.

PINTONG

大家为什么退衣服?

PINTONG begins to take his shirt off.

ORCHADIA (disgusted)

Keep your clothes on. Someone tell him to stop it.

WHITEHEAD frantically tries to stop PINTONG from undressing

WHITEHEAD

Pintong. No!

TURNER touches the side of ORCHADIA's left breast. HARDIN is about to lunge towards them, but WHITEHEAD restrains him.

HARDIN (irate)

I'm gonna kill him. Get your hand off her baby feeder!

TURNER

It's a game. The end of which is: Guilt. Shame. Pity. (short pause) Uninvited arousal.

TURNER removes his skirt. FAIRBANKS covers TURNER's nether region with the shield from the table, and then furtively glances down at his erection.

FAIRBANKS (piqued)

Whoa-ho! Down boy!

ORCHADIA begins walking towards TURNER, and SHELLEY and BECCA follow. SHELLEY and BECCA then remove their skirts as well. The three women stand in a huddle, clad in seductive underwear.

WHITEHEAD

Are they drunk?

HARDIN

Nope. It's their natural state.

TURNER picks the sword up from the table, and he grabs the shield from FAIRBANKS, continuing to cover his erection.

ORCHADIA (to TURNER)

You find yourself haunted by the question of what dreams blossom inside a girl like me, don't you?

TURNER (to ORCHADIA)

As your lips flap in the breeze like twinned flags after the deluge, do you really expect me to look you in the eyes, and give a damn about your dreams?

ORCHADIA

I wanted to be an astronaut. My grandfather said, Orchardia, stop dreaming these dreams, that are not of love or of desire. Immigrants, the ones like you and Lisa, you don't get to have these dreams. I helped my grandfather. He tended to the gardens of the wealthy families in Dana Point. I even started my own garden on his balcony. I hid that garden from my grandfather. I was ashamed of how much time I spent cultivating those hyacinths and gardenias.

PINTONG begins to unbutton his pants, but WHITEHEAD and HARDIN rush over to stop him.

WHITEHEAD

Pintong. You're drooling on my shoe!

WHITEHEAD slaps PINTONG's face a few times, trying to snap him out of his lusty funk.

TURNER (to ORCHADIA)

I know that game! Let me guess: you found a new dream. To work for the city. Your grandfather told you it was yet another false dream. Lamia made the dream come true. Then the finishing punch, you'll remind me that I'm voting to put an end to Lamia, and then accuse me of being incapable of respecting your dream, a woman's

dream, because I'm so blinded by your animal sexuality.

ORCHADIA (disgusted)

You have no soul.

TURNER

I do. You women just never see it.

TURNER takes a step in the direction of ORCHADIA, and he starts becoming aggressive in both body posture and the tone of his voice.

TURNER

Here's another game. You're probably too young to remember this one. I'm a man who's unclothed himself. I've a massive burden on account of this idiotic war... this war that's been complicated by the foolishness of you women and your dreams. Now I'm walking towards you, armed with a sword.

ORCHADIA

A variation of the game I used to play, perhaps.

TURNER (threatening)

There's no telling what I might do to your small, vulnerable belly, exposed there before me, soft and white.

ORCHADIA

That's enough. You're frightening me.

TURNER

And then I tell you a charming little anecdote about how I used to observe the girls when I was younger, and how everyone, myself included, couldn't stop obsessing over just how angelic they were; the long hair, the slim wastes, the breasts and rolling thighs. My dream was that someday, someone would notice the subtleties of my own beauty as well.

ORCHADIA

Get on with your game.

HARDIN (disappointed, to WHITEHEAD)

His dream: to be the heifer!

TURNER

Then I point out how you've become intimidated, as if I were about to mutilate you. The only beauty a woman sees in a man is in his utility: his career, his finances, his capacity to plug you women up when you're in need of an occasional plugging.

ORCHADIA

On the contrary. I find you a bit too beautiful for a woman's comfort.

TURNER

There's nothing beautiful in a man. My body was designed for one thing, the same as a man's mind and soul.

ORCHADIA

And what is that?

TURNER

War. War... And war.

ORCHADIA

And mine? Beauty. Beauty. Beauty.

TURNER

And mine: labor, which is a tool for my wars.

ORCHADIA

And mine: sex, which is a tool for your wars. And sex, which is a tool for your labor.

TURNER

And sex, which is labor for my tool. A whole new generation of men to hunt down some whore in the street and stab her for his own pleasure.

ORCHADIA

A whole new generation of men to fight a war over some emblem of beauty like Helen of Troy.

TURNER

The patron saint of whores.

ORCHADIA

Seduced by the beauty of a man.

TURNER

Who went to war for the benefit of some woman and her dreams. The face that launched a thousand ships.

ORCHADIA

What do you know of my dreams?

TURNER

Not you, Orchadia.

ORCHADIA

Am I not Helena?

TURNER

The ships go the other way when they see your face.

HARDIN laughs aloud. ORCHADIA stares him down, and HARDIN immediately falls silent.

TURNER (cont.)

You and I are merely soldiers in this war. You couldn't be a whore if you dreamed it, and even so, I don't believe in your dreams. A woman's dreams are like the fantasy in August of a cool November breeze that helps her get through the intolerable heat of summer.

ORCHADIA walks towards the sword.

ORCHADIA

You'll support Lamia. You'll support my dream.

TURNER

I've no loyalty to you, nor the liberal dream.

WHITEHEAD

Enough! Have you all lost your goddamned minds?

LAMIA

Get over yourself, Dick.

WHITEHEAD

The Council is firm. Our decision is final. We're done here.

Exit WHITEHEAD

LAMIA

Then, that's it.

TURNER

If you want salvation, there's one person who can give that to you.

LAMIA

Hell will freeze over before I ever ask a woman as foul as Lisa Estrada for a favor.

ORCHADIA

There's another way. Turner, you're coming with me. I need a man's help. Please, Turner. It's for my dream.

TURNER

(no longer believing his words)

I don't give a damn about your dreams.

ACT IV

SCENE I.

The checkpoint outside of the dive bar, Turks. Two steel crowd control barriers are set up end to end. To the left of the barriers, there is a set of wooden tables aligned in parallel, along with some chairs. LANEL and DONNA, feeling at a loss for the company of men, have begun flirting with BOHNER.

LANEL

Billy, tell me again about how Iran is America's greatest ally in the Middle East. It's so sexy when you talk about those Persians, and their Israel strategy.

BOHNER

You two should get back inside the bar. It's dangerous for women to be this close to the checkpoint.

DONNA (ogling BOHNER)

Fortunate we have someone so strong, and tall, and clever here to protect us.

BOHNER

Actually, it's been quiet since ten. While you're both out here, let me hit the head. I'll only be a minute.

Exit BOHNER.

LANEL

Billy tells us we're in danger, then leaves us here alone.

DONNA

Do you reckon we're really in danger?

LANEL

Men have been dressing up in drag lately trying to get past this checkpoint. If they're desperate enough for drag, they probably wouldn't hesitate to just steal off with a woman like you or me.

DONNA

Now you've got me worried.

LANEL

Look over that way! The tall one is a model. The three women walking behind her... (she pauses)

DONNA

Those aren't women.

LANEL

I was gonna say... those are men in drag.

DONNA

They're coming this way! Put your hoodie up. They won't know we're women.

LANEL

Yah (she examines her massive breasts), I don't think they're gonna buy that.

DONNA

Cross your arms.

LANEL

You should sit. Your hips will give you away.

LANEL and DONNA put their hoodies on. LANEL crosses her arms, and DONNA sits down in the chair. Enter TURNER, followed by ORCHADIA, SHELLEY, and BECCA. TURNER is dressed in drag and looking rather stunning as a woman.

ORCHADIA

Us three women will serve as the diversion. Turner, try to blend in. Once we're inside, the councilman will do his thing.

They all approach the checkpoint. TURNER passes the checkpoint, making no eye contact with LANEL or DONNA.

LANEL

(clears throat, then in a forced baritone)
Excuse me, sir!

TURNER stops and looks back, in a panic. He realizes that LANEL is speaking to ORCHADIA, and so he continues to walk along.

TURNER (with pleasure)

I believe this man is talking to you, Orchardia.

ORCHADIA (offended)

I'm the sir?

ORCHADIA attempts to follow TURNER, but DONNA puts her hand up to stop her. BECCA and SHELLEY are stalled behind ORCHADIA.

LANEL (to ORCHADIA)

Sir! I'm sorry, but I'm gonna have to ask you to turn back.

ORCHADIA (walking on)

Get your hands off me.

TURNER pauses. He sees that LANEL and DONNA are still fixated on ORCHADIA, and are not paying him any mind. Exit TURNER.

ORCHADIA (in a rage)

Turner got through!

BECCA

But we're the diversion!

SHELLEY

(aroused, still believing they're men)
I know what this man really wants, Orchadia. By all means, (she presents her crotch) grab my crotch, sir... if you feel any sort of dangling appendage swelling between my legs, I'll turn back.

LANEL

(in an even deeper voice)
I don't wanna touch another man's crotch.

DONNA

(aroused, believing SHELLEY to be a man, but still in a deep voice)
I'll do it!

LANEL

On second thought, I'll do it. It's been long enough.

LANEL and DONNA shuffle to get into position to feel SHELLEY's "male burden." LANEL makes it to SHELLEY first, and thrusts her palm under SHELLEY's skirt.

ORCHADIA (to herself, observing LANEL's chest)

What a rack! That's not a man feeling you up, Shelley.

LANEL

There's a beaver up there. And the poor thing's dam has broken in twain.

ORCHADIA walks past LANEL and DONNA.

ORCHADIA

You two, stay here. Tell me, how many men are guarding the front door?

LANEL and DONNA shrug in silence. ORCHADIA takes out her dagger, and exits. BECCA and SHELLEY do not follow.

SCENE II.

Inside the dive bar, Turks. TISHA, SEAGULL, and BOTTOM are seated at the very back of the bar. CONSERVATIVE WOMEN fill out

the booths. Enter ORCHADIA, in a state of madness, with blood dripping from her mouth.

ORCHADIA (enraged)

Turner!

ALL stare at ORCHADIA in silence.

ORCHADIA (aggressively hostile)

What the hell are you dial-tones looking at? If any one of you conservative, bible-thumping, stale-cunted, walking embodiments of powdered merkins, sell-my-soul-for-a-dollar-more bitches accuses me of being a man, I swear to God, I'll bite something off you too.

A CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

I'm so turned on right now. I want him to ravage me.

BOTTOM

Oh God. She's here for my head. I've been refusing to meet up with her since the embargo began. Did anyone hear what she just said?

TISHA

I can't hear anything from back here... Orchardia!

BOTTOM

Don't call her over here!

ORCHADIA spots the girls at the bar, and approaches them.

SEAGULL

(also losing her mind, in a trance)

Oh, seagull on the water, the blood
Salted like crabs, coating the teeth
Gum drops, licorice, candied berries,
Melt away and it binds to the water.

ORCHADIA (fuming)

Have you seen a girl walk by? (enraged, screaming at the top of her lungs) Turner!

BOTTOM (frightened)

You look like you're about to pop.

TURNER emerges from the door behind the bar; his shirt and skirt are partially torn open.

ORCHADIA

Where in the parading pink fuck have you been, you fickle bitch?

BOTTOM

Jackson Turner? Is that you?

TURNER

(improvising, in a high-pitched voice)
You know my brother?

ORCHADIA (to BOTTOM)

How do you know Jackson Turner?

TURNER steps in front of ORCHADIA, with the intention to shut her up. TURNER extends his arm.

BOTTOM

Your brother and I, you know, we actually had a fling of sorts last month.

ORCHADIA

(poking her head back around TURNER's elbow, angered and shouting at BOTTOM)
You had a fling of sorts!

BOTTOM

Orchadia, baby. You've got blood on your face.

ORCHADIA

It's not my blood.

BOTTOM (to TURNER)

What happened to your blouse, honey?

ORCHADIA

Yah, what the hell happened to YOUR blouse. It looks like it might be an expensive blouse.

TURNER

One of the men guarding the front door followed me in. The scoundrel had to learn the hard way about the importance of respecting a woman's boundaries.

ORCHADIA
(laughing hysterically)
Some dude tried to rape you! (she continues laughing)

BOTTOM
You have blood on your mouth, Ms. Turner.

TURNER
It's not my blood.

ORCHADIA
(laughing, as if possessed)
Turner said, I want them to see my beauty. I want my soul to be noticed. It's been noticed. Enjoying the attention?

BOTTOM
She's lost it.

TISHA
Orchadia, your face is red as a tomato right now.

BOTTOM
Ms. Turner... Can I buy you a drink?

ORCHADIA is disgusted.

ORCHADIA
A little fling we had last month. Suck on my thumb for a bit. Touch my tit, but he stops there.

SEAGULL
The crow on the chimney burns her feet
As she waits, the worm in the bush to show
But the brush rustles too slow, patient; come time.
Come.

ORCHADIA (smacking SEAGULL's face)
Hey you! Smile! You having a stroke or something?

TURNER (to ORCHADIA)
Let's have a dance.

ORCHADIA and TURNER go to stage center and begin to dance,
TURNER attempts to lead her.

ORCHADIA

Don't we have more pressing issues?

TURNER

I need you to calm down.

ORCHADIA

We're inside. What are you waiting for? Show all these Nancy Reagans what encumbers you.

TURNER

Not yet.

ORCHADIA

Are you gonna lead?

TURNER

Wipe your mouth. Your saliva is pooling. The only way to lead you right now would be with a nose ring.

ORCHADIA

Follow me, bull.

ORCHADIA takes a few steps towards stage right, and lifts her skirt, flashing the ladies sitting in the booths towards stage right. Her and TURNER begin dancing in a figure eight pattern on the floor. TURNER lifts his skirt and flashes the women in the opposite booth. ORCHADIA and TURNER begin rotating in a figure eight pattern flashing the patrons in the bar.

ORCHADIA

1, 2, 3, twit, twit, twit.

ORCHADIA and TURNER flash their genitals, then proceed in the pattern of a figure eight.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 1

Did I just see... No, it couldn't be...

ORCHADIA

1, 2, 3, twit, twit, twit.

ORCHADIA and TURNER flash their genitals, then proceed in the pattern of a figure eight.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 2

I think there's a male burden in this room!

ORCHADIA and TURNER flash their genitals, then proceed in the pattern of a figure eight.

ORCHADIA

1, 2, 3, twit, twit, twit.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 3 runs up behind ORCHADIA, believing she's the one with the "male burden," and plants her hand on ORCHADIA's genitals.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 3

Oh God, that's a heavy burden, but not a male burden.

ORCHADIA

That didn't feel half bad.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 3 returns to her table, defeated.

ORCHADIA

1, 2, 3, twit, twit, twit.

ORCHADIA and TURNER flash their genitals

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 2

There's a man in this room!

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 3 (aloud)

Everyone, feel the person next to you!

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Let's find the burden, and kick him out of here!

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN 1

We can relieve it first.

ORCHADIA

1, 2, 3, twit, twit, twit.

ORCHADIA and TURNER complete two turns of the figure eight. On their third turn, TURNER and ORCHADIA, spinning around at the same moment, accidentally bump genitals while their skirts are lifted in the air.

ORCHADIA

(rationalizing, in a lustful manner)

Oh, don't overthink it. There's nothing sexual about a man and a woman accidentally bumping genitals.

TURNER

(playing along, in a lustful manner)

There's nothing sexual, either, if you really think about it, if our organs happened to interlock.

ORCHADIA

Is there anything sexual about our interdigitating fingers?

TURNER

(playing along, lusting)

You've convinced me.

ORCHADIA

Good. Because I'd certainly never have sex with a man as atrocious and sure of his ways as you are. You revolt me. You'll lead ME by the nose? Ha!

ORCHADIA grabs TURNER by the nose and pulls him towards the storage room, upstage right. Exit TURNER and ORCHADIA.

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Does every woman in this bar consent to be inspected by her nearest neighbor?

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Raise your hand if you consent.

ALL WOMEN raise their hands in consent. ALL WOMEN begin circling about chaotically, searching any woman in sight for a hidden male burden. SEAGULL and BOTTOM begin searching the other girls, and they are searched in return.

TISHA (in despair)

The blinders are closing in again. Everything in view, tinted the color of flesh. My breasts getting squeezed and smacked with hardened tips of leather. Penetration of my husband's vacillating anus.

TISHA cries aloud, as if traumatized by a memory.

TISHA

I cannot go. Not yet. I'll see the world through a child's eyes, colors and shapes. The flowers in the church garden. The yellow slide at the children's park.

After inspecting several other women for a male burden, BOTTOM comes back to SEAGULL, who is standing near the rear wall.

BOTTOM

There's a man in here. It isn't you is it?

SEAGULL

No. Only water now.

BOTTOM inspects SEAGULL for a male burden, but SEAGULL screams in a climax of pleasure and in that instant, a burst of water, like a water balloon popping under SEAGULL's dress, soaks the entire floor beneath her feet. SEAGULL climbs upon the bar and sleeps. Exit BOTTOM, proud of her work. Enter BOHNER, along with STUART who's thumb is wrapped in a bloody bandage. TISHA doesn't notice them standing behind her.

TISHA

(quoting Genesis/Beireishit 19:25 from the Torah)

כהוֹיָהֶפֶד אֶת־הָעַרְיִים הָאֵל וְאֵת כָּל־הַכָּכָר וְאֵת כָּל־יֹשְׁבֵי הָעָרִים וְצִמח האדמה:

BOHNER

(he quotes Genesis/Beireishit 19:26, as if to prove his erudition)

כיוֹתַבֵּט אֲשֶׁתוֹ מֵאֲחֶרְיוֹ וְתָהִי נֹצֵיב מֵלַח:

TISHA turns around, uncertain who's come up behind her. When she sees it is BOHNER she seems oddly at ease.

BOHNER

(paraphrasing the same in English)

And then Lot's wife, for even glancing at a burning city of Goyim, was turned into a stalagmite, of all the homoerotic things.

TISHA laughs hysterically

TISHA

That's a good one. You're one of those funny antisemites.

BOHNER

There's nothing funny about it.

TISHA

But you do hate Jews, don't you?

BOHNER

The enemy isn't the individual Jew, it's the network. You look miserable. Are you okay?

TISHA

Have you ever felt like your mind has been made to focus on one very narrow thing in life?

BOHNER

Not really.

TISHA

It's like there's just nothing within my mental fortitude that will allow me to break through and see it all, beyond that one thing that's been made my mind's fixation.

BOHNER

I used to be really fixated on one thing.

TISHA

How'd you stop?

BOHNER

I reconnected with God.

TISHA

(she thinks for a minute)

I should reconnect with God... join that network.

TISHA laughs, but BOHNER doesn't find the humor in it.

BOHNER

(sincere)

I mean, if you need a rabbi, I can make an introduction.

TISHA

I'm not a Jew, you know. Not even half. There's gotta be another way. Yoga. Painting. Hell, the pole.
(aside) Oh, Doug will be strapping me down by the weekend. Won't he?

Enter LISA, with HARDIN.

LISA

Everybody let me introduce you to my ex-husband, Rodrigo.

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN BOO AND HISS

HARDIN

Oh, that's nice. They're booing me.

A WOMAN

Child killer!

HARDIN

Child killer!

LISA

You're kind of famous around here.

HARDIN

You need to stop telling people these lies about how I killed our son.

LISA

I tell them no lies. (clearing her throat, she speaks to the room) So... Rodrigo brings us news. Yes, the same man you all know as: the ex-husband, the man who cheated on me, his devoted wife. What some of you might NOT know is, he's also on the Dana Point City Council. Like the bat from the Bible that flies back to Moses on his boat, and brings him a fig leaf, Rodrigo brings us a message of hope: there's dry land!

TISHA (to BOHNER)

That's not the story.

BOHNER (to TISHA)

Not even close.

LISA

Well, the bat is here to tell us: the flood is over!

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN CHEER

LISA

(in an outburst of fury)

But it's a lie! There's no fig tree.

THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN BOO

A WOMAN (towards RODRIGO, hateful)

Child killer!

A WOMAN (more hateful)

Pedophile!

HARDIN (outraged)

Pedophile?

LISA

Rodrigo says Lisa can return to the pole. I ask you, is this protest about Lisa dancing on the pole? No, it's not.

Enter FAIRBANKS, disguised in drag. He sneaks over and steals TISHA away and presses her against the stage left wall. TISHA tries frantically to get away, until she realizes that it is FAIRBANKS.

TISHA

Doug?! Oh God, you look hideous as a woman. You need to get out of here.

FAIRBANKS

You're not concerned somebody here might hurt you? You know what they think of liberals. That you're a horny monster. A monster with horns, Tisha.

LISA

Billy, take the council-MAN to the back room, then lock the door, by accident. Rodrigo is welcome to go. But if the door is locked, it's not my fault.

THE WOMEN ogle BOHNER. FAIRBANKS begins putting his hands up TISHA's shirt. TISHA pushes FAIRBANKS away.

TISHA

Go home. You look frustrated.

TISHA embraces FAIRBANKS, but FAIRBANKS begins to forcibly remove TISHA's shirt.

TISHA

Stop it!

FAIRBANKS

Let me see a little areola. Just the rim! One nipple hair.

TISHA

For the first time in years, I'm beginning to see the world again. I can almost feel... free.

TISHA backs away from FAIRBANKS. BOHNER, escorting HARDIN to the back room, opens the door, and as the door opens, TURNER is seen thrusting behind a bent-over ORCHADIA. ORCHADIA is moaning loudly. ORCHADIA's moaning transforms into a loud frightened scream.

HARDIN

If you're gonna have sex with another man's mistress...

ORCHADIA sneezes loudly, and stares down HARDIN; HARDIN then looks back at LISA, who is in a state of shock and confusion

HARDIN

I mean, we broke up, over a year ago! (he continues)
But still, it's a violation!

TURNER (flippant)

There was no sex involved. Just two grown animals interdigitating their genitals.

ORCHADIA (sincere)

Nothing sexual about it.

TURNER

Repeatedly. Thrusting. Spanking. Rolling her little bead on my finger. Flipping the ring. Choking her. Choking me back. Fighting each other for the top position. Nothing sexual.

TISHA

Make it stop!

FAIRBANKS

I'm taking you with me, Tisha. You're not safe here.

FAIRBANKS tries to carry TISHA away against her will. TISHA screams and pulls the wig off of FAIRBANKS.

HARDIN

Councilman Fairbanks?

LISA

A third councilman! Throw them all in the back. Orchadia, you're not welcome here. Billy, show her the door.

BOHNER approaches ORCHADIA, who storms out of the bar on her own, via the front door.

SCENE III.

In front of Turks. Night. A metal railing at stage front. The sounds of pelicans and seagulls squawking. Other harbor noises. ORCHADIA is leaning upon the railing, observing the harbor water. Enter LISA, coming out of Turks. She approaches ORCHADIA.

ORCHADIA

It's Lamia who gave me this dream. What has this family done for me? My father. My grandfather. My auntie. *You'll be a housemaid, just like me. You can take over my business when I'm too old and frail.* What kind of dream is that?

LISA

I don't care that you slept with my husband when I most needed a husband to keep me strong.

ORCHADIA

I was sixteen.

LISA

You knew what you were doing. I don't care that you're wasting yourself with white men, when you have the

strong Aztec blood. That's not my business. I don't care if you've decided to turn your back on the church, and God. I know you'll find your way back to God. I know because I pray to Jesus, and John The Baptist, and the Doubting Thomas, to bring you back to us. I pray all the time, and you know, God answers my prayers. But your auntie, my mother... You don't talk about your Tia, saying idiot things like my mother did nothing for you. You know what kind of woman my mother was? She cleaned houses; she cleaned the houses of all the white people.

ORCHADIA

Here comes the sermon...

LISA

You'll listen! She cleaned the houses of the whites, these whites who had enough money to buy three or four cars, enough of the cars to fill their big garages. You know what the minimum wage was back when your Tia and I first came to this city?

ORCHADIA

I don't care.

LISA

Eight dollars! You know what my mother earned, with her labor? Seven dollars less than that! You think your father sent here on the janitor's salary in Tenochtitlan?

ORCHADIA

Mexico City, Lisa. We're not Aztecs. We're Mexicans.

LISA

Don't you say that!

ORCHADIA

You speak the language of the white men from Spain, and you worship their God.

LISA

There's only one God. This is our family's language. My mother died young and for what? So that you and I, we don't have to worry any more about surviving the day.

ORCHADIA

Tia loved this city.

LISA (interrupting)

I didn't start the war in this city. I'm the one on the side of peace.

ORCHADIA

I can't breathe, Lisa. I see the mayor with Lamia, and I can't breathe.

LISA

You're a woman who's pretending to be a soldier in this war, like how I'm pretending to be a colonel. You don't know the plan. But that's okay. The soldier doesn't need to understand the plans of her colonel.

ORCHADIA

I'm not on your side.

LISA

You don't need to know my plan, but I have a plan. You think I'd start a war between the men and women in this city? The women will always lose. I have a plan, Orchadia. You'll see!

Enter PINTONG, who is dressed in drag and wearing an excessive amount of blush. He sneaks behind LISA and ORCHADIA, and exits stage rear, into Turks.

ORCHADIA

You shouldn't underestimate women.

LISA

If I were a man, all I know is, this plan would succeed.

ORCHADIA

The men will do whatever you say.

LISA

Not yet. But they will. Have a good night, Orchadia.

ORCHADIA

You're not talking to those councilmen without me.

LISA

I will speak to them. I am the colonel. We do not need the soldiers.

ORCHADIA

I am not on your side, Lisa. The radio is poisoning your mind.

LISA

The radio is all that makes sense.

ORCHADIA

(preparing to leave, hesitant)

It wasn't all Rodrigo. It was you too, Lisa. Even after Julio took his last breath...

LISA

Enough!

ORCHADIA

You could never accept that you were powerless, that you could do nothing to help.

LISA is silent.

ORCHADIA (remorseful)

Lisa...

LISA (suppressing rage)

You should leave.

ORCHADIA exits stage left.

SCENE IV.

The back room at Turks, where the five poles are being stored. Three poles along the left wall. A fourth pole immediately to the right of these, against the rear wall. Lisa's reinforced pole stands alone, downstage-right. The room is at a standstill. Something has happened, and everyone in the room appears to be in a state of shock. One-hundred dollar bills cover the base of the poles at stage left. PAULA is perched on top of the center pole as if she's frozen in time. FAIRBANKS has fainted on the pole behind that one. TURNER and HARDIN both stare in shock at

SEAGULL, who is lying on the floor, unconscious, with blood pouring from her armpits, which are now hairless. BOHNER stands by the door, silent. PINTONG leans against the stage right wall, with a black wig in each hand. The wigs are dripping with blood. Enter LISA.

HARDIN

(in a rage, staring at PINTONG)

I'm gonna kill him, that bastard.

PAULA slides back down the pole.

PAULA (indicating PINTONG)

He asked to see his wife. He gave me 20,000 dollars, and I still said no. Then he said he just wanted to see her. Not take her home. Just see her.

LISA (becoming disillusioned)

You know if us women could stick together for just ten minutes, we would rule this world.

PAULA

Then the councilman here asked us to clean his wife up, by which he meant, you know, the hair, and I said, I have the trimmer that my husband uses on our golden retrievers, it's in the truck.

LISA

You brought a woman to see her adulterer, Paula?

PAULA

Adulterer! How was I supposed to know?

BOHNER

I told Paula that was a cruel thing to do: to use dog shears on a human being.

PAULA

Billy said he would not do it to a Chink, not a man or a woman from Peru; he would not do it to a Jap, not even a money-grubbing..

LISA (interrupting)

Paula, I don't care.

PAULA

Then the fat man pulled the Asian girl's armpit hair out with his bare hands. I didn't even think that was possible.

LISA picks the cash off the floor

LISA (to PINTONG)

You can keep your money.

LISA throws the money at PINTONG, but slips a few bills into her pocket, and gives a few to PAULA and BOHNER.

LISA

Man of the skirt. Why are you here? Labia sent you, didn't she?

TURNER

You mean, Lamia? Well. Who else would be so eager to sabotage this idiot plot of yours?

LISA

How great and glorious this plan could have been. To stand in the council chamber tomorrow... To declare in front of the cameras, for the radio: let there be peace in this city, and there would be peace. I'm suddenly very tired.

HARDIN

I've never seen her give up. I wouldn't trust her.

LISA

And Rodrigo... I'm sorry.

HARDIN

(even more worried, aside to TURNER)

She's never said those words!

LISA slaps FAIRBANKS, and he awakens.

LISA

All four of you councilmen. Tomorrow, at the Town Hall, you'll all vote to protect this Labia, and then once Labia is safe, and her job is safe, I'll let the women go. What I mean to say is, I'll tell the women they should go.

HARDIN

Lamia's opinion hasn't changed about you, she'll never let you in the harbor again.

(feeling invigorated, and lusting for LISA)

I've never seen you give up, Lisa Estrada. Find some cojones.

LISA (walking over to PINTONG)

El plan esta muerto, Rodrigo.

HARDIN

I'll support you!

LISA

You'll vote against me! Including you!

LISA spits in PINTONG's face and stares at him.

LISA

Everybody out! Everybody, except for you, man of the skirt.

Exit FAIRBANKS. HARDIN stands near LISA, with an erection.

HARDIN (vulnerable)

Lisa, you didn't have to say sorry. I knew in my heart, you know, what you were feeling.

LISA

Get out before I cut off that erection, Rodrigo, and prevent you from ever spreading that recessive gene again!

Exit HARDIN. LISA and TURNER remain. LISA goes to her pole, stage right, and begins twirling around it.

TURNER

You're planning something, aren't you?

LISA

If I go down, so be it. But I won't go down playing this game that the men want me to play.

TURNER

What game is that?

LISA

You know, man in the skirt, I used to do this for money. I made good money. I was much prettier then.

TURNER

I know your story.

LISA

You think you know me, but you don't know.

TURNER

You started pole dancing at the age of sixteen and discovered soon thereafter that you could make a lot more money stripping than you would ever earn cleaning houses with your mother. Your child, Julio, died at the age of four, due to an autosomal recessive variant of SCID, a type of immunodeficiency that's extremely rare, but much more common when a woman conceives a child with a cousin, even a distant cousin.

LISA

Stop it. It's so cruel, to recall for someone else their own life story.

TURNER

I don't judge you for your choice of career. You know, being a councilman in this city isn't as prestigious as it used to be. I also dance for the hearts of men.

LISA

When my mother passed away, I danced on this pole for hours, and the hours turned into days.

TURNER

It is rather soothing.

LISA spins and turns upside down, farting loudly

TURNER

It only relieves the pressure for so long.

LISA

When Julio died... I danced for weeks, and when Rodrigo abandoned me (correcting herself, as if an admission) when I pushed my husband away, as hard as a woman can push a man away,— I stopped. I stopped for a year. I

drove down to the harbor, and I sat in my car, and I just listened to the radio. (she becomes lost in thought, and then suddenly snaps out of it) I suppose you know that. You should stay away from my cousin, man of the skirt. You're not the type of man for Orchadia.

TURNER

I couldn't care less for your cousin.

LISA

Orchadia is a pawn. In chess, as in life, it's the queen that is sacrificed for the king.

TURNER

You know the game well.

LISA

Somebody should sacrifice a king for the queen once in a while, you know. Sacrifice a king for one of those horsies, like Labia, the tricky ones, the only pieces that are allowed to go into the white spaces.

TURNER (aside)

No wonder she's winning. She's playing by a different set of rules.

LISA

The harbor lasts, the parks last, it's only us women who are ground into dust. Orchadia's mother, she was torn limb from limb by the men in Tenochtitlan.

TURNER

I saw the pictures. I wish I hadn't. You can't unsee it.

LISA

You understand now why the Mushroom People enslaved our people? The Aztecs, we have strong blood. The blood does us no good, though, since the men are no good.

Exit TURNER. LISA dances around the pole a few times and begins to sing *Amor Eterno*. She falls to the ground and begins weeping heavily. She farts once, and then she continues to weep.

LISA (weeping)
 Julio, cuida a tu madre desde el cielo.

ACT V

SCENE I.

City hall. The council chamber. A dais runs along the stage left wall, with five seats behind it. There is a door upstage left, behind the dais. This door is the entry and exit point for the council members. Stage right, there is a set of double doors that connects to the main lobby of city hall. These doors are the entry and exit points for the public. An inconspicuous, rather plain-looking, dull red carpet stretches from the double doors to a podium that stands about ten feet to the front of the dais. On both sides of the carpet, there is standing space for the public. A large window stage rear, overlooking the city of Dana Point. LAMIA looks out the window, in a pensive state. Enter ORCHADIA, BECCA, and SHELLEY.

ORCHADIA

Lamia! Save your tears for another time! We're golden. Golden as French fries.

LAMIA

The mayor tells me he has it on good authority that we're not so golden.

ORCHADIA

I have it on better authority that we're golden.

LAMIA

Whose to know which authority is better?

ORCHADIA

Trust me. We're golden. Golden as the ring that my better authority had clenched between his front teeth last night.

BECCA

Orchadia, what's to be gained by rodomontading in such specific imagery? My pearl can no longer be shucked out; it's dissolved in a pool of its own tears.

SHELLEY

My hymen has re-sprouted; I tell you, never has a
hymen felt so emboldened.

ORCHADIA

The mayor isn't so golden; he's completely in the
dark. The Council has changed their vote.

LAMIA

Why?

ORCHADIA

I don't know their reasons, only that they have.

Enter TURNER, stage left, via the door behind the dais. TURNER
places a large wooden stick upon the dais. Enter HARDIN and
FAIRBANKS, who take their seats. Enter a SECURITY OFFICER.

SECURITY OFFICER

It's time. Is the council ready for open doors? These
men are getting restless.

HARDIN

Men? (short pause) All men?

SECURITY OFFICER

Not a woman among them.

Enter WHITEHEAD. Enter the CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN, and the
CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN, who part to opposite sides of the central
aisle.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Sham mayor, everywhere we're bursting!
Our women set loose,
Let go our poor women.
If not for our pleasure,
Then for the women's relief.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Oh Mayor,
Everywhere we're bursting!
If in our direction
a woman's eyes turned, nectar
Would drool from our beaks
With the persistence of hummingbirds.

ORCHADIA

Ew!

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

If you must rid the city
Of this old black-tooth, Lamia,
Do it quick! Autumn is near,
And the cooling weather has us men
Missing the soft figures
That once as mountain springs warm
Surrounded us with virgin-like fertility.

ORCHADIA

Virgins? There's no virgins left in this city. You bastards deflowered us all. Every woman over the age of sixteen.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Oh Mayor,
We're bursting everywhere!
This spring, every flower has bloomed;
All but the rose. But what's the joy
In life without diversity?

Some LIBERAL MEN approach ORCHADIA. ORCHADIA lifts her skirt up, and puts her hand on the hilt of her dagger.

LAMIA

Orchadia, leave it. Your own words have me convinced that we have nothing to prove here.

ORCHADIA

The complaints of these men be damned.

Enter PINTONG, via the door behind the dais. He walks to his chair and takes a seat.

WHITEHEAD

It's about time. Now we can start.

PINTONG

我不能跟那个白左小姐上床。她好像四方脸的没有头发的巨型鱿鱼!

WHITEHEAD

Rodrigo.

HARDIN

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome all to this open session of the Dana Point City Council.

THE MEN begin grumbling.

CHORUS of CONSERVATIVE MEN (chanting)

Lisa! Lisa! Lisa!

HARDIN

I'm sorry to inform you that Lisa has had a change of heart: she won't be joining us today.

THE CHORUS of CONSERVATIVE MEN boo loudly

HARDIN

Now without any further ado. It's my honor to introduce our city's great leader: Mayor Dick Tuggurt Whitehead.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Sham pig. Sham pig.
Oink. Oink. Vomit.

WHITEHEAD

I'll ask that the public remain quiet.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Lamia made the earth beautiful,
And deprived the women
Of man's sublime beauty.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Lamia made the earth beautiful,
And of his own rib
Deprived God's creation.

WHITEHEAD

Per the city's constitution, Lamia is entitled to a five minute defense prior to our vote. Your time starts... now, Lamia. Rodrigo, the timer. Watch it well.

HARDIN starts a stopwatch. LAMIA remains silent, and does not approach the podium.

LAMIA

I have nothing to say.

WHITEHEAD

You've had a change of heart? (short pause) Good. It's for the best. This brings me pleasure, as much as you do. (realizing what he's said, he corrects his phrasing) as much as it does you. Alright. On with it. The vote. The vote of the Mayor is YAY.

HARDIN

The Mayor votes YAY, in favor of relieving Director Fuller of her post. Councilman Pintong, how do you vote?

PINTONG

Lisa Estrada... 不好!

TURNER

He says Lisa Estrada, not good.

PINTONG gives a thumbs down.

HARDIN

Councilman Feng votes NAY.

TURNER (to FAIRBANKS)

How'd this man get on council in the first place?

FAIRBANKS

The same way we all got on council.

WHITEHEAD

Pintong seems to be confused. It's fine. I have Fairbanks.

HARDIN

I also vote NAY. I'm sorry, Dick. I vote with my heart.

WHITEHEAD

I know your heart, Rodrigo. I wasn't expecting your vote.

FAIRBANKS

Yah, um. I'm also gonna vote no. NAY, if you will. (to WHITEHEAD) I vote with my penis.

WHITEHEAD (as if betrayed)

How long have we served together? Turner, you need to vote YAY. (to FAIRBANKS) Tell Turner he needs to vote YAY.

TURNER

I also vote NAY.

WHITEHEAD

Fairbanks! Change your vote, or we're all done.

TURNER

The four NAYs override the Mayor's YAY. Director Fuller, you will remain as Dana Point's Director of Parks Services. Any future harassment of this city's conservative citizens and I'll personally ensure that you never find employment again in this city's government.

WHITEHEAD

You won't be around to make those decisions. None of us will!

FAIRBANKS

Lisa said if I voted NAY, she'd let the women go.

WHITEHEAD

You're putting your trust in that woman?

HARDIN

I know when Lisa's lying. She wasn't lying. Lisa is giving up.

WHITEHEAD

I hope you know this woman well, Councilman Hardin. For all our sakes. A trapper knows how to spot a trap. It smells a lot like a trap. I've set ones like it.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Liberal men are best for liberal women,
And liberal women, they say,
Are worst for man's own liberation.
Prove them wrong, Lamia!

Forgive poor, poor Lisa Estrada.

LAMIA

I am grateful to the Council for their support. The men seem much more eager to hear my thoughts now.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Oh, most Gentle Lamia,
What Lisa asks for, honor the request.
Only then will she let our women go.

LAMIA

Lisa Estrada is a stain on this city. Lisa Estrada and her poles deserve no place in my harbor.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Most gentle Lamia,
You're hideous below the belt
But we can tell, you're majesty
In the middle.

.
But something, as they say,
Is better
Than nothing.

ORCHADIA

Try it! I'll cut your neck vein open wide, and not the one beneath your chin.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Why are you so angered, boy?
His rage will surely get him in trouble
When he's old enough to grow his beard.

WHITEHEAD

Lamia, take your girls and get out.

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Rather than see you defiled, our liberal sister,
We'd have these men defile us in your place.

.
What we desire most, however,
Is for our own women to have their way
With us, our desires doubly satisfied.

LAMIA

You men praise your women as you turn on your women.

A LIBERAL MAN

Lamia had a choice, as a woman is entitled, but she chose wrong.

ORCHADIA unsheathes her dagger, but keeps it under her skirt.

FAIRBANKS (freaking out)

Everyone here needs to calm the fuck down.

WHITEHEAD

Lamia, get out: take the back door. There's nothing I can do to save you and your girls from the raging burdens of these men.

ALL MEN begin approaching THE WOMEN. A STATICKY-SOUNDING RADIO is heard, coming from outside the courtroom. ALL MEN look back to the door. Enter LISA, carrying a radio. She looks around, then hands the radio to PAULA. PAULA mutes the radio.

LISA

Is this the city council? I think this is the city council. (She spots HARDIN) Ah, Rodrigo!

Enter TISHA, BOTTOM, SEAGULL, BOHNER, and PAULA, followed by a CHORUS OF WOMEN. The women are carrying baseball bats and other weapons.

LISA (to WHITEHEAD)

I'm sorry I'm late, Your Honor.

HARDIN

This is City Council, Lisa. There's no one honorable here. The courtroom is across the hall.

WHITEHEAD stares at HARDIN in silence, with an intensity, and then shifts his attention to LISA; he sits there, in contemplation, like a man planning his next move in chess

LISA

Is this where you work, Rodrigo? I was expecting something more... expensive. Orchadia, where's this Labia?

BOTTOM

LAMIA! Lisa, if you can't pronounce it, just call her Director Fuller.

LISA

This is the Labia Filler? This is the Filler who is so desperate to stick a knife into me?

LAMIA

If I were coming to meet with you, Lisa Estrada, I wouldn't be carrying so much wood with me.

LISA

The bats? These bats aren't for you, Labia. These are for the gropers.

WHITEHEAD

Gropers?

LISA

The men who attack with the wrong side of the fist.

FAIRBANKS begins walking towards TISHA

WHITEHEAD

We're done here. I'm calling the police.

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

We are the police!

WHITEHEAD

I'll call your sergeant.

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

The sergeant will want to know when he's getting that plump little wife of his back.

WHITEHEAD gets up and heads towards the back door, behind the dais

LISA

Man in the skirt, don't you let the mayor leave.

TURNER stands up with a 4x4 stick and blocks off the door.

WHITEHEAD

Turner, I weigh twice as much as you.

TURNER

Yah, but I'm pretty good with a stick.

BOTTOM

You know, Dick, he is pretty good with a stick. I believe that's how I got that case of gonorrhoea last month.

TURNER suddenly begins walking the opposite direction, backing away from WHITEHEAD

WHITEHEAD (to TURNER)

That was you? You son of a bitch.

TURNER

I contracted that from you, Daniella.

ORCHADIA (to TURNER)

Do you still have fucking gonorrhoea?

TURNER

No, my gonorrhoea got cabin fever due to lack of motion, and ended up shooting itself in the face.

ORCHADIA (worried)

That's not a recognized treatment for gonorrhoea. If you gave me gonorrhoea...

BOHNER

Modern medicine... get your dose of meds, reds and blues, ever indebted to the debt-collecting...

ORCHADIA

And when the hell did you have gonorrhoea, Daniella?

BOTTOM

A girl can't pass it to other girls.

ORCHADIA

Yes, they absolutely can.

BOTTOM

I could have just as easily gotten it from you, then, if you figure...

WHITEHEAD

You two? Daniella? Oh, God.

LISA (paralyzed with concern)

Forgive her lord, she's just confused, like you were with the Father Abraham.

BOHNER

Everybody has the same disease. What a coincidence! Let's shut down the entire economy, board up business, let debts accrue, take money from the needy and put it in the pocket of the...

WHITEHEAD

I don't share your burden.

BOTTOM

You'll share their burden soon enough. When I add two and two... I could just as easily have gotten the gonorrhoea from you, Lamia.

TURNER

You and Lamia?

BOTTOM

Lamia isn't my type. (aloud, for the whole chamber to hear) My husband on the other hand, the great conservative mayor... he's been fucking Lamia for well over a year.

A LIBERAL MAN

That's why the mayor doesn't share our burden!

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

If the absence wasn't difficult enough, the women's refusal adds to our burden.

A LIBERAL MAN

The immensity of their refusals, day by day, it weighs our burdens down, until the burden is upright.

SEAGULL (to PINTONG)

Never seen a bird fly without feathers, huh?
Never seen the wind touch such firm skin, huh?
Never seen those delicate fingers, huh?
You don't know the promiscuity of air.

PINTONG lights a cigarette. He laughs, amused, like a king being entertained by his own personal circus. The ruckus dies down a bit, and LISA takes this as her moment to say what she came to say.

LISA

Do I have all the earlobes hanging now?

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

You have our ears. Nothing else is hanging upon us.

A LIBERAL MAN

You have our ears. You have our eyes. Even our mouths hang, as we anticipate your words.

LAMIA

Nothing you say will change my mind.

A LIBERAL MAN (defeated)

I'll never have sex again.

LISA

I didn't come here to fight with you, Labia. I didn't come here to beg you for the harbor. I didn't even come here to ask for your apology.

LAMIA

Me, apologize to you?

LISA

That's not why I'm here. I came here to ask for the peace. You see, they tell me to stop, and I stop, and they keep biting at me. They say Lisa, do a good deed, help the park lady who's supposed to be your enemy, so I help the lady who's supposed to be my enemy; and they keep biting at me. And I don't mind. But now, the sharks aren't just coming after poor Lisa Estrada; no, they're coming after all the women. The other women, they need this peace. So I come here today, on behalf of all the women, to ask for the peace. I'm sorry, Labia.

LAMIA

You admit that all those things you said were wrong?

LISA

No! I said nothing wrong!

LAMIA

Then why are you apologizing?

LISA

Because that's what it's come to!

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE WOMEN

You men are as resilient as shields
Abandoned on the battlefield.
Us women are like arrows
That in mid-flight become untethered.

•
Do you see what you men have done?
All women are innocent and pure.

LAMIA

What have you done to these women? I am fully capable
of defending myself against the aggressions of men.

LISA

You can't even defend yourself from your own man. He
throws you under the bus, and you just let him.

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

Lisa is right. Lamia is the mayor's mistress, and the
mayor just voted to ruin her.

A LIBERAL MAN

The mayor treats his women like yesterday's trash, and
Lamia is too weak to know better.

ORCHADIA

It's painful on the eyes. The way Dick overpowers you,
the way you discourage him as passively as the oak
tree does the woodworm.

LAMIA

Orchadia? Does it make me unworthy of your defense?

ORCHADIA

We remember your glory. We fight this war in your
name. Pretend, at least, for those of us that fight,

that it's not as Lisa says: that us women are all for the worms.

LAMIA

You should want to fight this war, in spite of me.

SHELLEY

Is there really a war going on? I keep telling Billy it's all in his head.

LAMIA

Lisa's the one you must strike at, not me.

ORCHADIA

Lisa's my family, Lamia. It hasn't come to that.

LAMIA

It's been that way for years. The schisms in society begin as invisible chinks in the family.

LISA

You see, I say it's the chinks, and they say, Lisa you're a mean, nasty person.

ORCHADIA

You're not helping, Lisa.

LISA

I didn't come here to fight. I didn't come here to fight. I didn't come here to fight. How many times must I say these words?

ORCHADIA

Why the hell are you here?

LISA

I'm here for peace.

LAMIA

This is no time for peace. Your loyalty is to this city, Orchadia. Remember that.

ORCHADIA

You stopped being loyal to this city when you started bending over logs for the mayor. The enemy is the one, two, three, four, five (pointing out the councilmen)

men who wield power in this city. The greatest threat of all, right there (pointing at TURNER), the latest breed. I could have saved this city from itself, I really could have, but what did I do? I went to bed. I'm no different from you.

LISA

The horsies in the white spaces.

ORCHADIA

This isn't chess, Lisa.

LISA

The pawn that accidentally gets kinged, but really she is still a pawn. That's the three of us women. (she becomes performative:) Ah, look at Lisa Estrada. She's so pretty on that pole. Ah, look at Lisa now, she's gained some weight, she's looking pretty fat up there, right Orchadia? You know she had to reinforce her pole with titanium. Isn't that funny, Orchadia? Is Lisa Estrada gonna rip the wind when she goes upside down? That would be so entertaining! Wouldn't that be entertaining, Labia? The men fight their war, and we dance on the pole. And then what? Labia tells Lisa she can't dance on the pole in her harbor. And the men say, isn't that amusing, look at Lisa Estrada and the Labia Filler going at it like chickens in the chalk. Us women, we are weaker than the men, which is why we need to stick together. If us women could stick together for just ten minutes, we could rule the world. The women demand peace!

ORCHADIA

I want peace.

LAMIA

Orchadia, don't be selfish.

ORCHADIA

I'm tired Lamia, and on top of everything else, I didn't get to finish. I'm still horny as all hell. May our children do better than we've done.

BECCA

If she's done, I'm done. I'm also horny as all hell.

SHELLEY

What war?

LAMIA

I can only agree to more peace, and less war. What is peace to you, Lisa Estrada? Peace, from my perspective, means that you stop making political statements in the harbor.

LISA

A woman can't repeat what she hears on the radio?

LAMIA (quoting LISA)

Not when you're saying what you're saying.

LISA

What do I say?

LAMIA

That if anyone deserves reparations, it's Lisa Estrada.

LISA

Do you know how many years my mother and I worked for the whites? We never got payed more than a dollar for an hour's work?

ORCHADIA

It's less money every time she tells this story.

LISA

Do you know what the minimum wage was? Ten dollars.

ORCHADIA

And the minimum wage keeps going up.

LISA

Quiet, Orchadia. Do you know how many times we had no money because my mother had to go to the hospital? You just assume the evil in Lisa Estrada.

LAMIA

Peace means making compromises to ensure a long and lasting peace.

LISA

If only we were men, we might have a chance at peace,
to make it long and lasting.

LAMIA

Peace also means you stop putting down women.

CHORUS OF MEN

Lisa, Lamia, sweet merciful women,
We're on our knees, those of us who can still kneel.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Never did a man's lusting go unmatched.
We long to be filled with your burdens.

CHORUS OF MEN

We're exploding everywhere.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

First you'll listen. Lisa will name our conditions.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN

Name them quick.
We're exploding!

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN

Everywhere, we're exploding.

LISA

The first condition is peace. But we have a second
condition...

LAMIA

What else, Lisa?

CHORUS OF MEN

Name it. Name it quick.

LISA (pointing at PINTONG)

That man, the bastardo who cheats on his wife, he will
resign from the city council.

PINTONG

Okay, okay, I resign. I too want, 什么, explode!

LISA

And the man who throws his woman under the bus. He'll resign too!

HARDIN

Come on, Lisa.

LISA

Not you, Rodrigo!

HARDIN

Then who, Lisa?

LISA

If the Mayor Dick Whitehead resigns, the men can have their women back.

WHITEHEAD

I'm the only thing holding this city together.

LAMIA

It's true, Lisa. The city needs Dick. Don't do this!

LISA

You see how weak you are? Do you know why you're not under the bus?

A CONSERVATIVE MAN

The mayor will resign!

WHITEHEAD

Nobody will be resigning today.

LISA

Resign, you piece of *mierda*.

WHITEHEAD

Why do I feel like I'm catching another man's flack, Rodrigo?

LAMIA

Stop it, Lisa! Dick is a public servant, like we haven't seen in decades.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE WOMEN

Resign, resign, our wombs ring.
If a man could fill it, we'd be whole.

ALL MEN (desperate)
Resign! Resign! Resign!

LISA
Checkmate, Mr. Dick.

ALL MEN
Resign, resign, resign!

WHITEHEAD
Do I have a choice? Whatever! It's about time that
someone called a time of death on this city.

HARDIN
When you campaign for governor, tell the voters you're
taking this state back from the nuts on the right and
left. This is your moment. You pivot to Moderate.

WHITEHEAD
(to the public) You want my resignation? Alright,
fine. I quit. Councilman Fairbanks, you're Mayor Pro
Temp. Now, hurry up, Lisa, and release the women.

LISA
This peace will be long and lasting. Women, go forth!
Make love to the men like you've never made love
before.

ALL OF THE WOMEN run about and find a man to embrace

LISA
I don't think they'll last very long in the bed
though. (to ORCHADIA) Or on the floor of the bar.
(aloud) And ladies don't forget, next Sunday morning,
Lisa dances upon her pole in the harbor!

ALL CONSERVATIVE WOMEN cheer

ORCHADIA
I can't believe it, Lisa. You did it. There's peace in
the city. It's been decades since we've had peace.

LISA
Something is bound to happen, maybe tomorrow, maybe in
a week. Nothing a woman does can last.

LAMIA

Orchadia is right. You may be rude and foolish, but with your own deeds, you've proven a woman can be strong, Lisa Estrada, and a force for change.

BRUCE

Die, racist pig!

LISA is stabbed in the right shoulder by BRUCE, who wields a long javelin. LISA falls to the floor and the javelin protrudes from her body like an upright pole. ORCHADIA promptly takes out her dagger and stabs BRUCE, penetrating him violently through the anus. As the room takes notice of this attack, all hell breaks loose. THE CONSERVATIVE MEN and THE LIBERAL MEN begin to physically attack one another.

BRUCE

Ow! My hole! My fucking hole. Someone stabbed me in the asshole! My rectum is bleeding! I think I'm shitting my pants too! There's definitely the smell of shit in the air. I've lost control of my sphincters! Jesus Christ, this is how a good liberal man goes.

BRUCE dies. HARDIN and TURNER rush over to ORCHADIA and LISA

LISA

(to ORCHADIA, believing she has been mortally wounded)

Make sure they remember me the right way, Orchadia. A woman who did her best, in spite of her weakness.

ORCHADIA

He didn't stab you because you're a woman.

Exit ORCHADIA and TURNER, stage right, holding hands.

LISA

Rodrigo, I can see him! He's waiting for me. Julio, baby, Mama's coming.

HARDIN

Lisa, the spear is in your shoulder.

LISA

Hold me, Rodrigo. Hold me while I leave you here, all alone, forever, so I can go be with the son you stole from me, from poor, poor Lisa Estrada, Julio's loving mother.

As HARDIN lifts LISA up and carries her off through the crowd towards stage right, LAMIA and SEAGULL, become entangled in the fighting. FAIRBANKS is still near to TISHA, and WHITEHEAD watches the whole scene from behind the dais, standing with his arms planted firmly upon the desk. PINTONG is still watching from behind the dais as well. PINTONG lights another cigarette.

LISA

The peace, Rodrigo. How long did it last?

HARDIN

I don't know... ten seconds. It's a new record, I think.

LISA

Maybe it can't be stopped. The old Aztec saying has never seemed more true. You can't live with the men and their politics, you can't live without the men and their little pricks.

Exit LISA and HARDIN. FAIRBANKS cuffs TISHA's arm to his own arm.

FAIRBANKS

I'm the mayor, Tisha. Come on.

TISHA

Pro temp.

FAIRBANKS

I'm still the mayor. Wouldn't it turn you on to assfuck the new mayor?

TISHA

That does sound kind of hot... I've missed you, you know. The vibrancy of the outside world was nice for a while. It really is time for some pleasure. Pleasure, and then more pleasure. And then death.

Exit FAIRBANKS and TISHA. LAMIA gets choked out from behind by A CONSERVATIVE MAN. WHITEHEAD looks on from the dais, and takes no action to aid LAMIA. WHITEHEAD shakes his head in

disappointment, and continues to stare down LAMIA as she is being strangled. BOTTOM removes Orchardia's knife from BRUCE's ass, and stabs the CONSERVATIVE MAN who's choking LAMIA in the shoulder. BOTTOM tries to escort LAMIA and SEAGULL through the crowd, but SEAGULL gets taken down by A LIBERAL WOMAN, who accidentally whacks SEAGULL in the head with her bat. PINTONG walks down and picks SEAGULL up over his shoulder, and walks through the throng of fighting men. The men begin to grab the clothes off her body, and caress the naked legs of SEAGULL. PINTONG lifts SEAGULL high in the air, to keep her out of reach, and she appears to be flying. PINTONG passes PAULA near the stage right doors.

PAULA (turning into PINTONG'S armpit)
What foul air? (she faints to the floor) Oh!!

The CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN and CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN separate to opposite sides of the central aisle.

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN
Communist!

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN
Fascist!

CHORUS OF CONSERVATIVE MEN
Cucks!

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN
Chauvinists!

BOHNER
Jew-enablers!

CHORUS OF LIBERAL MEN
Antisemites!

STUART
Great! Now we're antisemites. (insincere:) Really helping the cause. You're a good soldier, Billy.

SCENE II.

The harbor. Early morning. The wedding of Orchardia Estrada and Jackson Turner. Five poles line the stage, in parallel, with

Lisa's reinforced pole at the center. Stage right and stage left are bombarded with political campaign signs: Bohner for Assembly, Dick for Governor of California, Whitehead endorsed by Feng and Associates, Lamia Fuller for Council, Labia Filler Endorsed by The Great Hero of the Revolution and Officiator of the Peace Lisa Estrada. ORCHADIA, SEAGULL, TISHA, and LAMIA, all visibly pregnant, dance around the four outermost poles. The center pole, Lisa's pole, remains unoccupied. ORCHADIA is in a wedding dress, and wears a flower in her hair. TURNER, BOTTOM, and FAIRBANKS, rush the stage and begin to dance around the poles with their respective partners: TURNER, dressed formally, but still in a skirt joins ORCHADIA; BOTTOM, still dressed in conservative attire, but now with a set of wigs affixed to her armpits, joins SEAGULL, who no longer has her underarm wigs; FAIRBANKS, dressed in a tuxedo, joins TISHA. FAIRBANKS accidentally touches the rope burn on TISHA's wrist, and when he does, TISHA briefly loses her temper; LAMIA remains alone, and continues to dance unattended about her pole. BOTTOM jumps over to LAMIA's platform and begins dancing with her, and then jumps back to SEAGULL.

LISA

They're gonna name their baby Reconciliation. What kind of name is that? Reconciliation?

HARDIN

When I was younger it was the names of the Bible. You'd name a girl Mary, Catherine, Anne, or something like that... Or you could take Juan and make it Juanita.

LISA

Or Jesus. Or no. There's no female Jesus. But Reconciliation? Come on, Rodrigo.

HARDIN

They chose the name in honor of the peace. The peace that came to the city on the day the child was conceived, Lisa.

LISA

The peace was only ten seconds.

HARDIN

That didn't stop you from calling yourself *the great hero of the revolution and officiator of the peace.*

LISA

That's because it was my peace, the peace I made. I have the right. It makes sense. (short pause) Reconciliation. It's a stupid name. This isn't up for debate. A Roman name. Catullus! Cicero! I'll find a name for the boy.

HARDIN holds out a beer for LISA. LISA takes not only the beer can that HARDIN is offering her, but HARDIN's own beer can as well.

HARDIN

Lisa, that one... (aside) Eh, it was for me.

LISA pays no attention to HARDIN's complaint.

LISA

It's time, Rodrigo. It's time for Lisa Estrada to do what she was put on this earth to do, to do what this woman does best; it's time for Lisa Estrada, to dance for the splendid people. To dance! For this great grand throng and that great grand throng, and the throng in the "online" place, which is a really despicable throng, you know, and they find me despicable, and for Orchadia, and her marriage... and then most of all, above all else, to dance, as a salute (she solutes), for the honor of our city, for the grandeur of Dana Point!

HARDIN

Grandeur?

LISA

It means something that's grand Rodrigo... something that's great and grand... the grandeur... like our city, which is a stage, a great grand stage, where the rest of the world can look upon us and see itself in my image, and your image, a stage for the babies not yet born, for the babies that never had a chance in this world, or who never had a chance on Mars; for those babies who will never know the glory of Tenochtitlan. I dance, Rodrigo, for the grandeur of this city.

LISA approaches her pole to the sound of cheers and a few boos. As the audience is cheering her on, she pours the two beers from up high into her gaping mouth, with the excess beer cascading

down her chin onto her chest and pooling on the floor. She motorboats the air with her mouth, and spits some of the remaining beer out as her mouth is overflowing in the free-fall of beer. The lights dim. TURNER, FAIRBANKS, and HARDIN jump off the stage and watch the dance as part of the audience, thus leaving only LISA and the four pregnant women: ORCHADIA, SEAGULL, LAMIA, and TISHA. The girls perform a choreographed pole dance. The dance is simple, and playful and nothing that would be considered overly artistic. The five women dance around their poles; there is no exchange of glances, nor is there dialogue amongst them. A minute passes. As the women dance, the lights gradually dim. The stage fades to black.