

VITAMIN WORLD

by:
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Players:

ANDY, a film director with a pile of white hair crowning her head

BABY, a buxom transsexual, wearing a Jayne Mansfield wig

BILLY, a paunchy cinematographer, wearing a porkpie hat

CHARLIE, an absurdly handsome actor

The play takes place in an empty factory in Chicago.

AT RISE: Back wall scrim: A Warhol-esque vitamin bottle lettered V.W.

Baby sits atop a tall wooden stool.

Charlie is by Baby's side, holding a vitamin bottle.

Andy and Billy stand together, slightly downstage. Billy is holding a movie camera.

ANDY

Okay, Baby. You're an addict. An angel-headed hipster *a la* Ginsberg. You're angry and desperate for a fix. *Hunger*. I want to see hunger in your eyes.

Baby makes a comically morbid face.

Andy studies her expression.

Close enough.

ANDY [continued]
Charlie hands you the pills. You swallow them. You lean in.

Baby leans in.

Lean in. In. In. Further. Lean further in, Baby. That's it. Good.

Now, squeeze your breasts together. Lean and squeeze, lamb. Squeeze. Squeeze, lamb, squeeze. That's it. Good.

Charlie asks, how do you like it?

Expectant pause.

Now, lamb.

BABY
What?

ANDY
Say your line now.

BABY
Oh. [*Monotone*] More, more, more.

ANDY
Yes, but put some emotion in it. More, more, more!

BILLY
Hopeless.

ANDY
[*Shushing Billy*] Again. You take the pills. Charlie says—

CHARLIE
How you do you like it?

BABY
I lean and squeeze.

ANDY
Yes, but you're already doing that. So say, more, more, more.

BABY
Really?

ANDY

Yes... O, to hell with this. Let's just do it and see what happens.

Andy snaps her fingers.

Billy? Ready?

Billy aims the camera at Charlie and Baby.

BILLY

Set!

ANDY

Take four. Action!

Charlie pours a handful of pills from the vitamin bottle. He gives them to Baby.

Baby swallows them.

CHARLIE

How do you like it?

Baby leans in... Confusion crosses her face.

ANDY

CUT!

BILLY

[*Sheesh!*] It's just three itsy-bitsy words.

BABY

O! More, more, more!

ANDY

Yes, lamb. But we're not rolling anymore, more, more.

BILLY

Hopeless. Utterly hopeless.

ANDY

[*Shush, Billy.*] Focus!

Andy snaps her fingers.

Ready?

BILLY
Set!

ANDY
Take five.

BABY
Thank God.

Baby climbs down from the stool.

Are there any Gummy Bears left?

ANDY
No, Baby. Not take five. This will *be* take five.

Baby climbs back on the stool, grumbling under her breath.

BABY
Can I ask a dumb question?

BILLY
With surprising regularity.

BABY
Why can't we take five now?

ANDY
What the hell. Everybody. Take five.

Baby climbs down from the stool.

BABY
My ass is killing me.

Baby pulls off her wig and exits right with Charlie in toe.

BILLY
Four more weeks of this and I'll be writing a manifesto. Screw Valerie. She got it wrong. It's them dingy drag queens that should be killed.

ANDY
Self-annihilation, Billy? That doesn't sound like you.

BILLY
What?

ANDY

You're not that considerate.

BILLY

Wait. So, you've seen my act?

ANDY

Yes.

BILLY

Then you *know*.

ANDY

[*Tisk-tisk*] Billy, Billy.

BILLY

You *know*. You know I could do Baby's part. So, why? Why won't you give me a chance?

ANDY

I'm looking for superstars, Billy. *Superstars*.

BILLY

But, you'd settle for *that*.

ANDY

That has talent. *That* is the next Candy Darling, darling.

BILLY

That is a human fur ball.

ANDY

Maybe so. But, a fur ball with tits. Real tits.

BILLY

I could get real tits.

ANDY

You'd have to get real balls first.

BILLY

[*Perfectly*] More, more, more!

ANDY

Give it a rest, Billy. And, while you're at it, give the black beauties a rest too.

Billy offers a confused but calculated look.

ANDY [continued]

The speed, Billy. It makes you too jittery, too twittery. I need sharp camera work, not tweaked-out cuts and pans. So, give them a rest. Okay?

BILLY

[*Zuh!*] Syphilisious minds.

ANDY

Just lose them. And take this down. If you wanna' be a *superstar*, be strategic with the attitude. Use it all the time, and you're just a bitch.

Andy exits stage left.

BILLY

[*Guh!*] Sucking-up is so overrated.

I love you Andy. All your films are so brilliant. All your work is so sensational.

[*Puh!*] If you film anything shocking enough, it will get the public. Just because it hasn't been done doesn't make it worth doing.

Pacing.

Now. There's to be some accounting for talent. It's not enough to shove Chernobyl-sized tits and a fright wig in front of a camera.

[*Bitterly*] More, more, more!

Any Holly Golightly could do that— act that— and do it better than Baby. But *no*. This baby is a *superstar*. This baby has tits. *Real tits*.

Charlie enters unnoticed from stage left.

I could get real tits tomorrow.

CHARLIE

You'd have to get real balls first.

Billy whips around.

BILLY

You. How long have you been there? Spy!

CHARLIE
Long enough.

BILLY
Spy!

CHARLIE
Yell a little louder and Baby will hear you. She'll go to Andy and we'll have a new cameraman tomorrow. Is that what you want?

BILLY
[Tuh!] Just letting off some vapors.

Charlie reaches for Billy's camera.

CHARLIE
Gimme' that.

He points the camera at Billy.

And, action!

Billy appears caught off guard.

BILLY
Whad'ya mean, *action*?

CHARLIE
I don't know. You're the next Ultra Violet. You show me.

Billy thinks. A sly smile crosses his face.

But, no show tunes.

BILLY
Ah, krike.

CHARLIE
Panning right. Panning left. The queen appears un-amused.

This is as dull as one of Andy's films.

Billy feigns a twist, ball change, twist.

And no dancing either, twit. Act. Act.

BILLY

[*Buh!*] I'm not rehearsed.

CHARLIE

Neither am I, but I can pan left. Pan right. Say, what's this button do? Fade?

BILLY

So you want to be a cameraman?

CHARLIE

So you want to be Holly Woodlawn?

Pause.

Well. Do something.

BILLY

Andy wouldn't give you a chance with the camera, would she?

Charlie shakes his head, no.

CHARLIE

I'm too *pretty*.

Come on, do something. I want to film something.

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Like what?

CHARLIE

Show me what's in your pocket and say, I brought these presents for you, Baby.

BILLY

What?

CHARLIE

Honestly. You're no better than Baby.

[*Sing-song*] I brought these presents for you, Baby.

BILLY

I brought these presents for you, Baby.

CHARLIE

Good. But say it, then show me what's in your pocket.

BILLY

I brought these—

Billy pulls a fist full of pills from his pocket.

[Aey!] Do you know how much these cost?

CHARLIE

Just do it.

BILLY

No way.

CHARLIE

Do it.

BILLY

No. I'm not giving that peroxide boob-job \$70 worth of speed.

CHARLIE

Do it.

BILLY

No.

CHARLIE

Do it.

BILLY

No!

CHARLIE

Here you go. Put them in this.

Charlie tosses Billy a vitamin bottle.

Billy catches it.

BILLY

But, if I put them in here, she'll, she'll... Ah, I get it.

CHARLIE

Atta'boy!

BILLY

I get it! She'll [*shrill laughter*] oooo, I get it. I get it.

Billy palms the pills into the bottle.

[*Trrrrrill!*] More, more, more!

CHARLIE

Yes!

BILLY

[*Trrrrrill!*] More, more, more!

Baby enters from stage left.

BABY

More, more, more!

CHARLIE

Yes!

BILLY

Yes!

BABY

[*Stupidly excited*] That's my line!

CHARLIE

Yes!

BILLY

Yes!

BABY

More, more, more!

All howl with laughter.

CHARLIE

Yes!

BILLY

Yes!

ANDY

[*Offstage, hollering*] Charlie. Billy. Come help me.

BILLY

Here you go, Baby.

Billy tosses the vitamin bottle to Baby, who catches it.

Practice your lines while we help Andy.

Baby nods.

BABY
More, more—

BILLY
No-no, Baby. Practice it *with* the vitamins.

BABY
Why?

CHARLIE
More realistic.

BILLY
Yes, much more.

BABY
O?

ANDY
[*Offstage*] Charlie? Billy? Are you coming?

BABY
But. Who will play Charlie?

CHARLIE
[*Hustling off stage right with Billy*] Play both parts.

BILLY
Yeh, Baby. Both parts. Good practice.

BABY
It is? [*Alone*] But, I don't know both parts.

Baby climbs the stool. She looks worried and put-upon.

Her actions follow her words.

Charlie gives me some vitamins and I take them.

You like them? he says.

Oh, yes. Yes, I do.

Angry with herself.

No... More, more, more!

Andy enters from stage right with Charlie and Billy in tow. They are carrying a large stage light on a floor stand.

They place it a few feet from Baby's stool.

ANDY

Good, Baby, good. Again.

Charlie and Billy grin.

BABY

Charlie gives me some vitamins and I take them.

ANDY

And he says—

CHARLIE

How do you like it?

BABY

[With enthusiasm] More, more, more!

ANDY

Yes, lamb, yes. Again.

Baby swallows another handful of pills.

CHARLIE

How do you like it?

BABY

[With a giggle, then serious] More, more, more!

ANDY

Perfect. Finally. Charlie, take your place. Billy, ready the camera. Let's do it.

Take five. Ready?

BILLY

[Yelling] Set!

ANDY

Action!

Charlie hands Baby a handful of vitamins. She swallows them.

CHARLIE
How do you like it?

BABY
[*Triumphantly*] More, more, more!

ANDY
Cut! Bravo!

CHARLIE and BILLY
Yes. Bravo, bravo!

ANDY
Billy? How was that? Was it a good take?

BILLY
[*G'faw!*] Oh-no. I didn't get it. Silly me. Such a D'allesandro. Could we do it again?

CHARLIE
No problem, here.

ANDY
[*To Baby, nervous*] Can you?

Charlie and Billy snicker, unnoticed.

BABY
Yes. Yes. I. Can. I can do the whole scene. All the way to "I'm crazy for the stuff."

ANDY
But, there are quite a few lines between—

BABY
Then I faint.

ANDY
[*Stunned*] Yes. Right.

BABY
[*Giggling*] More, more, more!

Charlie and Billy struggle to keep their composure.

ANDY
Okay, then. Let's do it. Take six. Billy? Ready?

BILLY
Set!

ANDY
Action!

Now wobbling on her stool, nearly slipping off, Baby lunges and grabs the bottle from Charlie. She chugs a mouthful.

CHARLIE
How do you like it?

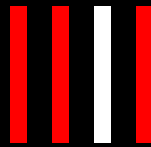
BABY
More, more, MORE!

ANDY
[Aside] Brilliant!

Baby takes another chug from the bottle. Pills fall from the sides of her mouth.

CHARLIE
I don't think—

BABY
More!



**FIND OUT HOW
THIS PLAY ENDS.**

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