

DIRRTY PANTALONS

by

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Challenge 10 - Due 11/02 at 10am GMT

As some of you may know, if you've ever read any of my plays, I'm a strong believer in gender-neutrality in writing and in casting and mostly in reclaiming languages to create inclusivity.

(is this a shameless plug for my plays, *which are on sale*? How unethical of me. Ahhh, screw it)

So let's go all language-gender radical.

use the word 'man' to describe humankind (like in German)

reclaim pronouns to make them mean something else

write gender-netural, or gender-opposite or whatever

As for content, let's stay on the theme. Write about sexuality and gender.

Stick in some queers, some gender-benders, some cises (uhm... ciss? cisi?

cisen? I don't know what the plural of cis-gender is), some polyamorous

love? whateves!

Bonus point for not making fun of your characters. Love them all, and have us all love them back!

It's all about the love, today, man! (by which, of course, I mean humankind)

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SCENE 1

ON THE BLOWER

JONBENET: Benjonet, it's Jonbenet. Yes, tonight. The red and gold one with the sequins. No, I strip off into a leotard after the first song. The yellow one. You know you always wanted to be onstage? Well since we've rehearsed together all the time, and you're so fabulous and amazing, you've really found your lower back. I mean it! You're like a panther on stilts darling. A tiger in a bowl. You would upstage me these days! No, it's not a booty call. What, I mean, not tonight. Tomorrow I've got unicorn stuff. I'm not ringing to make you feel better. I'm glad that makes you feel better. I feel better too. I was just ringing. Listen, Benjonet. My mum's dog attacked our postman. I tried to help him then one thing led to another and now I think I'm pregnant. Yes, three times. I've got this gig tonight. Could you please please please be a darling and cover for me. Cover for me. Pretend to be me. It's easy. Of course they won't notice, you'll be in three inches of slap and vaseline in a leotard wielding a bloody great leather whip. You just have to do the routines and try not to slip over on the croft. And don't speak to any of the punters. No I haven't had them. Just don't speak to them. It's not a long set. I want you to do it darling. It'll be great for your experience. No, you're brilliant. I'm obviously the talent, but you're great too. Just great. Thank you, I owe you a million kisses. The fee.

Well, since you're under my name, it's... okay, that sounds reasonable. You're a life saver. Be there at seven and remember my mannerisms won't you? This is show business, darling. Yes it is, that's a show business fee. It is. Darling I've got to dash, mother's coming at me with a pregnancy test that looks like the baloon dance in Rent. Oh don't worry about her. She wears Ray Bans indoors.

SCENE 2

OUTSIDE THE CLUB, SOUND OF FABULOUS MUSIC WITHIN

BOUNCER: Excuse me sir, you know this is a gay night don't you?

ANDI: Sorry, what?

BOUNCER: This is a gay night, in here. Is you gay?

NICKY: Are you asking if Andi's gay?

ANDI: What is this the sixties? Is it the white vest I'm wearing and this moustache I use to clean the crap off frying pans with?

NICKY: Did he really say that?

ANDI: Is it this nasty little cheroot I'm smoking between my second

and third finger through a splendid gold cigarette holder?

NICKY: Where's Lola? Have you got a number mate?

BOUNCER: A phone number? I don't swing that way -

NICKY: A bouncer number, whatever it is. I'm taking your badge.
Andi, can I borrow your phone?

ANDI: Where's yours? I've only got 25%.

NICKY: I want to film this.

ANDI: Can't you use yours?

NICKY: I only asked.

BOUNCER: Look I don't care if you're gay or not, are you coming in or
what? Have you pre-booked or are you guest list?

ANDI: Of course we're guest list.

NICKY: Are we?

ANDI: Aren't we?

NICKY: Didn't Lola put us on the list?

ANDI: I thought you spoke to her.

NICKY: Him. To him.

ANDI: Oh, shit.

NICKY: That's why I wanted to borrow your phone.

ANDI: I've only got 25% battery!

NICKY: I don't plan to talk her through the-

ANDI: Him

NICKY : -him through the whole plot of Dancing At Midnight.

BOUNCER: If you haven't got a ticket, they'll sell you one in there. Can we get this queue moving please?

NICKY: You. We'll move when we're ready. You. If we don't speak to Lola then we'll have to buy a ticket.

BOUNCER: It's only a fiver and it's a fundraiser.

ANDI: Yeah, I don't mind-

NICKY: That's not the point! Look, let me just ring Lola.

SCENE 3

LOUD CLUB MUSIC, SOUND QUIETENS AS
DOOR CLOSES

LOLA: Darlings you must be out of breath after your ordeal. I can't believe that straight bouncer asked you if you were gay.

ANDI: We didn't even get onto that.

NICKY: Are these drinks going? Can I have one of these?

LOLA: The umbrellas are in the jar.

NICKY: Do I have to have an umbrella?

LOLA: They're in the jar. Try and have some class.

ANDI: It's not Club Tropicana.

LOLA: Yes it is, Andi. It's Club Tropicana and drinks are free. Not free. You can have one, but these are really for the talent. If they ever turn up.

ANDI: It looks sensational out there, Lola. How long did it take to fix the place up?

LOLA: Aeons. Absolutely donkeys. That bitch Tony kept stepping in the glitter.

HORRIBLE RING TONE

ANDI: Nicky, where'd you get that umbrella?

LOLA: HELLO! YES. OKAY DARLING I'LL BE RIGHT OUT. Sorry darlings, I have to step outside. Jonbenet has arrived and is having an altercation with the bouncer.

NICKY: That's show business!

LOLA: Five minutes. [DOOR OPENS, FLOOD OF MUSIC, SLAMS]

NICKY: Okay Andi, this is it. When Jonbenet arrives we have to get to work on his -

ANDI: Her

NICKY: -on her props. You do the physical objects and I'll work on the costumes. The bitch won't know what hit her. This will go down in memory as the greatest complete disaster ever to have fallen on its arse from the towering inferno since Betty Boo dropped her microphone in Japan. Now, when Jonbenet arrives don't forget to be lovely.

SCENE 4

QUEUE OUTSIDE AGAIN

BENJONET: Lola! Where the balls have you been?

LOLA: Jonbenet! Darling, you came all this way with your slap on already.

BENJONET: I didn't know if there'd be a dressing room.

LOLA: This is show business darling!

BENJONET: I wanted to get the measure of my dress on the tube. If noone's jaw drops in horror, there's no show.

LOLA: Don't worry, you look perfectly... darling, up close you're looking a bit rough I must say. You look like you've been rubbing your face up against a dog's milk ticket.

BENJONET: Bit of a rough journey. The show must go on!

LOLA: Yes. We've got your tape, I assume you've done at least some practice for this before we put you on at Carnegie Hall.

BENJONET: I might be a little rough.

LOLA : Nonsense,I won't have it. Come, we must attend.

BOUNCER: Wait, is you guest list or pre-paid? You know this is a gay night?

LOLA: It's not a bloody gay night!

BOUNCER: Is you gay?

BENJONET: Me?

LOLA: Who employed you sweet heart? THIS IS THE TALENT. Now let the bugger-

BENJONET: Bitch

LOLA: Let the bitchcow in before I lose my rag and put you in an omelette.

[DOORS, THEY GO IN]

SCENE 5

MAIN VENUE. LOUD MUSIC, ABRUPT CUT,
IMPATIENT CROWD AMBIENCE

COMPERE: Welcome to the first ever inaugural edition of DIRRTY Pantalons! YEAH! DIRRTY PANTALONS! Are all you frightful old queens and queers and queefs having a terrible time? Good for you! I'm perfectly miserable myself! How's work? I can't hear you all from the bottom of that rut! Oh my,

work is terrible for me. We've got this data analyst who's an alcoholic. This morning my breakfast scotch tasted like a bag of ass. No punchline! I mean it. It's not bloody Butlins. Dear me. FIRST UP, oh God I was supposed to say something about why we're here. DIRRTY PANTALONS! Tonight we're raising money for Darling Darling Gerri's retirement. YEAH! No? Gerri's retirement from heteronormative gender identity! Just a little snip, a Drunk Rabbi we call it. Noone calls it that. Don't be stupid. I'm being serious here you terrible heels. Let's hear it for GERRI!?!?! YEAH! Oh shut up. She's not that great. But we need to raise six thousand pounds to make her GREAT! To make him great! I'm sure it's her. So give generously from your shit wages and desperate overdrafts and we'll have an awful time until we've raised enough for Gerri's surgery. Tonight, people! I can feel it! Once more for Gerri! To be real! DIRRTY PANTALONS! Okay, now shut up because we have an ACT now, some serious talent that'll make us all look like dicks. Fannies, whatever. I give you. Well, clap you bastards. Bring it up! Up! Up more! Not that far, my tonsels are in my arsebag. Without more ado! The one and only Irrepressible Cunt!

CHEESY CABARET MUSIC THROUGHOUT

CROWD, MIXED VOICES: Wooo! Yeah! Arrrgh! Wooo! Urgh! Uh! NOOOOOO! Wat!
Oh, that's wrong. YEAAAAH! Oh no! EEEEEUUURGH!
Yeah! [THEY RESPOND TO THE FILTHY STAGE ACT WHICH WE CAN'T SEE, THIS KEEPS GOING EVEN THOUGH THE SOUND FADES SO WE CAN HEAR DIALOGUE NOW OVER IT]

NICKY: That's the keyboard player out of King!

ANDI: What's the keyboard player out of King doing here?

NICKY: Playing the keyboard obv's.

ANDI: Really?

NICKY: Yes. Look at those fingers on him, they're the face huggers out of Aliens.

ANDI: Out of what?

NICKY: After Sigourney splats them with the fire thrower.

ANDI: You've lost me.

NICKY: If I were her-

ANDI: Him

NICKY: -him, I'd cut my fingers off.

ANDI: What good would that do?

NICKY: I don't know. I'd wrap them round Jonbenet's neck and squeeze all the air back down out of her-

ANDI: His

NICKY: Out of her arse and make a balloon puppet for the encore.

ANDI: Is it Jonbenet next?

NICKY: Did you sabotage the props like I told you?

ANDI: I cut a hole in the hula-hoop, I put itching powder on the funnels...

NICKY: All of them?

ANDI: The big ones.

NICKY: Fool. Too late now. What else?

ANDI: I put custard in the massive schlong, swapped the feather boa for the boa constrictor, emptied the gold bucket and put Nutella in the tin bucket, and ass juice in the yard of ale. I've got it. Did you get the costumes?

NICKY: I've sewn up the slits in the crotches, double breasted the corsets, shangri-la'd the gaitors and put rabbits in all the hats. There's no way Jonbenet can come out of this alive. Oh, I should have brought an urn to collect her-

ANDI: His

NICKY: -his ashes. And a magi-mix to make a nice cocktail out of his-

ANDI: Her

NICKY: -his TOTAL HUMILIATION! Oh, revenge is sweet.

[SOUND FADES BACK UP TO THE WARM UP ACT AND EVERYONE MAKING GROSS-OUT NOISES AND LOVING IT]

SCENE 6

QUEUE AGAIN

BOUNCER: You still have to pay the full amount. I don't care if you've missed all the acts mate. You're Jonbenet? Pfff, you've just missed Jonbenet mate. No, you're not. You still pay. It's a fundraiser innit. All right pay in there. Wait, you know it's a gay night don't you - is you gay? I don't know the categories mate. Look, go in if you want to. I'm knockin' off in a minute. Yeah, go in. It's shit anyway.

SCENE 7

MAIN VENUE.

COMPERE::

Are you freeloading bastards still here? It's not bloody Beyonce's wedding you know. Go home. Wait, don't go home just yet. We've got a very special act coming up... but first we've got JONBENET! Lemme hear it for Jonbenet! Yes, it's hardly worth it, is it? You know, I first met the talented Jonbenet at acting school, she- he was so talented, her parents must have paid an absolute bomb. And what did they get? Doesn't it make you want to weep? Weep, weep, my beauties! Yes, pity us all! Pity us! We're all dicks and fannies and just total dicks, aren't we? Well, we're OUR dicks and fannies, even if we don't know which we are. Which reminds me, we're here to raise money for... Darling Gerri! This is DIRRTY PANTALONS! We need to raise six thousand pounds for Darling Gerri's surgery, can we do it!? CAN WE DO IT? No, we can't can we, we've got about two hundred quid so far. I give up. As soon as I've got my fee I'm out of here, and I hope you all trip up on your badly considered heels. AND NOW the moment you've all been waiting for, the magnificent, the dynamic, the obstreperous, the anti-diluvian, stentorian, ventilated, ostracised, demented, bored, the bag of balls and sick of suck, the one and only... JONBENET!

CHEESY CABARET MUSIC THOUGHTOUT,
SOUNDS OF THINGS BREAKING AND
EVERYTHING GOING WRONG IN THE
SABATAGED PERFORMANCE

CROWD:

What is this? Er. Eeeerugh. Want anything from the bar? Is this Jonbenet? She's - he's really let himself go. Sorry this

was much better before. What. Oh, no. This is embarrassing. Shall we go? Is that your coat? Can I eat this? Jonbenet, YOU SUCK!

NICKY: It's working! It's bloody working! Jonbenet is dying up there! Dying!

ANDI: I feel bad, I can't watch!

NICKY: Brilliant isn't it. This is a triumph. A perfect disaster. Jonbenet will never work again!

ANDI: Oh no, what have we done?

NICKY: HAHAHAHA! Oh no, not the big funnel, and....OHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

CROWD: [GETTING INTO IT] You know, this is kinda funny. What. Yeah, I saw this before at the School Bikeshed. Really? Oh my god! You know, this is brilliant! Yeah, really good. Great stuff. Such talent. Amazing talent. Brilliant performance. Such comedy timing. Pure art. You should put her- him- on at your night. I should. Headliner. Is anyone filming this? This is amazing. Amazing. JONBENET! YOU'RE AMAZING! JONBENET YOU'RE THE BEST! YOU'RE THE ULTIMATE! YOU'RE EXTREME! EXTREEEEEEEEEME!

[FADE OUT]

SCENE 8

BACKSTAGE

LOLA: Jonbenet, for a performance like that, you can put it anywhere you like!

BENJONET: Oh, Lola! I was so nervous. Everything seemed to be going wrong. The props kept breaking, everything kept going off in six different directions.

LOLA: So modest! A true professional! I admit I had some reservations, but you won me over! Little bastard of a bitch, I was coming in my pants watching it!

BENJONET: I've never even done it before!

LOLA: You what but you performed here last month.

BENJONET: Oh. Yes, there was that.

LOLA: But that was hardly in the same league! You've been practising. You've flowered like a beautiful begonia. A delightful peony. We have to get you in, properly on a contract.

BENJONET: A job? Oh, Lola! A job in showbusiness!

LOLA: Shit, isn't it.

[FADE ACROSS]

ANDI: What happened Nicky? Everything was going so wrong. It was a disaster!

NICKY: Hipsters. They just like total shit.

ANDI: But we've made Jonbenet a star!

NICKY: Don't remind me, I'm trying to think.

[DOOR SOUNDS]

BOUNCER: Mate, I told you....

JONBENET: Let me go! I need to speak to Lola! Lola!

LOLA: What the hell!? Jonbenet! But... you're over there? Jonbenet? TWO Jonbenets?

JONBENET: That's not Jonbenet, that's Benjonet?

LOLA: Jonbenet, how can this be true?

JONBENET AND BONJENET SIMULTANEOUSLY: IT'S TRUE/IT'S NOT TRUE!

LOLA: Well, which are you?

NICKY: Jonbenet! You absolute shit.

JONBENET: Nicky. I watched the show. I knew that you planned to sabotage me, so I swapped with Benjonet, who is no good at all anyway.

ANDI: He stole your thunder mate.

NICKY: So you set Benjonet up to fail by pretending to be Jonbenet!

BENJONET: You arse, Jonbenet! Why did you do that? I was trying to help you?

JONBENET: Come on, Benjonet. You haven't the stitches for show business. You haven't got the calves, or the...

LOLA: Jonbenet, how dare you! Sabotage my bloody show will you? And you Nicky, and Andi, after I put you on the guestlist and put up with all that dismal raillery from that half-pint bouncer.

BOUNCER: I'm still here you know! I was supposed to have knocked off!

NICKY: I don't care about you Lola, you're a sad little bitch-

ANDI: Bastard

NICKY: Bastard whose only talent is to look consistently ridiculous while falling over with your head down a toilet while smoking a cigarette in a plastic holder.

LOLA: Well, Nicky, how ungalant!

NICKY: You wear Ray Bans indoors!

LOLA: THAT'S STYLE!

BENJONET: Look everyone, the crowd loved it. It's showbusiness!

LOLA: That's right Jonbenet-

BENJONET: Benjonet

LOLA: Benjonet. You've got your own show every month here, on a contract.

NICKY: NOOOOOOO

LOLA: In fact, every week! Every night! Viva Las Vegas and fuck you Nicky and Jonbenet, my new signing Benjonet is going to save cabaret!

NICKY: So. You've won. Looks like Jonbenet and I and Andi will have to retreat with our tails-

ANDI: And teets

NICKY: -and teets between our legs.

BENJONET: Teets between your legs?

NICKY: Congratulations. I hate you all. Jonbenet, it sucks to be you.

JONBENET: It looks like we lost this time. Lola, I'll see you next month.

LOLA: Oh absolutely. Jonbenet, Nicky, Andi, it's been absolutely charming. Phone me next time, okay, I'll put you on the list!
You silly old bitches-

ANDI: Bastards

LOLA: Bastards and bitches, fuck you all.

[CHEESY CABARET MUSIC]

[END]