

VENUS & MONA

(a fight fantasy for 3 bad/ass women)

by
Leslie Bramm

VENUS & MONA

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“When I was a child I thought like a child,
spoke like a child, understood like a child.
When I became a man I put away such childish
things”

Corinthians 13:11

VENUS & MONA

Venus & Mona was originally produced at the Spoon Theatre in New York City, by Three Crows Theatre, featuring the following cast:

Venus Tredwater.....Nancy Nagrant
Mona Lisa Times.....Jennifer Skura Boutell
Detective Cortez.....Elizabeth A. Bell

Venus & Mona received its 2nd production at the Kraine Theatre, New York City, by The Present Company, with the following cast:

Venus Tredwater.....Maayan Schneider
Mona Lisa Times.....Nam Holtz
Detective Cortez.....Molly S. Picard

Venus & Mona received its 3rd production at the Chain Theatre, Long Island City New York, by Variations Theatre Group, with the following cast:

Venus Tredwater.....Amy Newhall
Mona Lisa Times.....Christina Elise Perry
Detective Cortez.....Becky London

Venus & Mona received an invited staged reading at the Work Shop Theatre, by Bamm & Brant Productions, with the following cast:

Venus Tredwater.....Elena Hurst
Mona Lisa Times.....Tiffany Hodges
Detective Cortez.....Julie Hayes

CAST: 3 Women

VENUS TREDWATER	29. Mona's identical twin sister. Bitter/honey. Stuck in her hate/rage. Doesn't want to change.
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MONA LISA TIMES	29. Venus's identical twin sister. Honey/bitter. Stuck in her hate/rage. Needs to change.
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DET. THEODORA CORTEZ	40s-50s. A hard nose cop, until she isn't.
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THE GALADAMY	The imaginary monster that lives in the heap. Its presence is constant.
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TIME: Fall, now.

PLACE: The rooftop, of the Tredwater doublewide mobile home.
Alameda, California.

*Authors note:

Notes on fights and language: The fights should be a dirty, trailer park, punch/ballet. The sisters speak a special slash/language. These lines should be spoken as if the slashes were not present.

Notes on the Gala Damy: I have written specific stage directions that indicate where and how the Gala Damy should interact with the twins, and when and where it should go silent. Otherwise, sound and lighting effects should suggest that the Gala Damy is a constant and present force in the play.

VENUS & MONA

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ACT I
SCENE I

Dusk. The white trash rooftop of a doublewide, mobile home. A large tree branch hangs over it. A garbage heap filled with a lifetime of misery and debris, rises high, surrounding the rooftop like a sick mountain. The heap should feel like a living, breathing organism. The rooftop is squared off by duct tape about a foot from each side. This is the “forbidden Zone”. A cooler and milk crate are the only set pieces on stage. We hear Nirvana’s “Negative Creep”. AS LIGHTS come up on VENUS, she’s already sporting a black eye and split lip. She thrashes to the beat of the song trying to beat back a sob. The closer she gets to breaking down the harder she hits herself. The GALA DAMY is patrolling the heap. As Venus beats on herself it growls with delight. Venus stops hitting herself and crosses to the threshold of the forbidden zone. She dangles her foot over the heap. The Gala Damy smacks its lips. MEANWHILE: A LIGHT comes up on MONA. She’s using the branch to over-hand her way onto the roof. She jumps down. The twins run to each other hug and embrace joyfully. They realize what they’re doing, split apart, grab one another and wrestle viciously. They punch, kick, bite, and tear into one another. Just then the tree branch snaps and comes crashing down. This stops the fight. They go to check it out when Venus crosses into the forbidden zone. The imaginary arms of the Gala Damy reach out and grab her trying to drag her into the heap. Mona grabs her sister and yanks her away. The speak together.

MONA. HOLY SHIT!!!

VENUS. MOTHER FUCK! *(Pause. They shake it off.)*

MONA. Brain dead? Really?

VENUS. Why aren't we laughing our asses off?

MONA. ‘Cause maybe it’s more sad than funny?

VENUS. Drench/pissing ourselves in hysterics?
MONA. Maybe there's a chance she'll snap out of it?
VENUS. Out of brain death?
MONA. I should have gone straight to the hospital.
VENUS. But, you didn't.
MONA. 'Never came up here.
VENUS. But, you did and now we're trapped.
MONA. Shit/stuck here, really? This can't be my fucking fate!
VENUS. "Our" fucking fate? Sure it can. Ready? (*Venus ritualistically begins to circle her sister fists at the ready.*)
MONA. Wait! hold on. How long have you been back?
VENUS. Fuck you! I haven't seen this place or that bitch in almost year.
MONA. I mean, on top of the Olympus? (*Venus throws a series of quick jabs which Mona is able to block. The Gala Damy growls with delight.*) I'm not here, I mean, not home, to Slug/fest with you.
VENUS. It's our only guaranteed way down.
MONA. I just thought maybe...
VENUS. You traveled across the Atlantic, traversed the tree, tempted the Gala Damy, stranded yourself a-top the Olympus, all for a "maybe"?
MONA. Yeah, well maybe, "maybe" is what we're stuck with... "Sob/smacker".
VENUS. No, no, no, those weren't sob/smacks!
MONA. Look at your beat/face...(*Venus resumes jabbing.*) Keep jabbing at me, and I will be forced to pulverize you.
VENUS. Then do it. Pulverize me. Go ahead. (*Venus drops her guard. Mona is about to punch then stops.*) Go ahead! What the hell is the matter with you?
MONA. What the fuck are we doing here Venus?
VENUS. Hate/raging each other. To the very bone/core. We still do, right?
MONA. I suppose. Maybe!
VENUS. (*Mocking.*) Then why are you acting "all"...

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MONA. I'm not acting "all"...It's just that..."Slug/fest"? Really?

VENUS. (*Venus motions to the broken branch.*) Voila!

MONA and VENUS. (*Together.*) It had to break today?

MONA. We need to make arrangements. Time is not on my side.

VENUS. We can't do anything as long as we're shit/stuck. (*Venus takes a fighting stance, then reads her sister's mind.*) And don't say the "path", the path doesn't exist.

MONA. We don't know that. We never looked. We never really tried to find it.

VENUS. The path is a myth, a dangerous rumor, a fucking fool's errand. (*The Gala Damy begins to pace anxiously.*)

MONA. Junky/Drunk had a path.

VENUS. Are we fighting or what?

MONA. I just thought maybe we could find it, and deal with her, you know, together?

VENUS. The two of us? Me and you? Since when?

MONA. Junky/drunk is practically dead. Can we just fucking honor that?

VENUS. She looked more asleep. Sans her deep, snarling, vodka/barbiturate-snore/gurgle.

MONA. I thought you hadn't seen her in a year.

VENUS. Her death rattle was clanky, like a bamboo wind chime.

MONA. You were here? You saw it happen? Tell me. (*Venus crosses to the edge, past the duct tape. The Gala Damy bark/growls, and Mona has to yank her away.*) JESUS VENUS! Not into the forbidden zone! (*Venus takes the opportunity and throws a jab that connects with Mona's lip.*)

VENUS. You always fall for that...(She connects with two more jabs.) Feel a little more inspired now? How about now? (*Mona snaps to battle stance. Again, they circle and size one another up. The Gala Damy bark/growls it's approval.*)

MONA. Nothing has changed, really? Not this place, nothing! Not even you?

VENUS. Rien avec moi.

MONA. ‘Gala Damy hasn’t changed either.

VENUS. Oui, La Bête is either near or not. You want to chance/roam the heap, then by all means, après vu. (*Mona stops circling and lets her guard down.*)

MONA. Doesn’t this make you feel sad, or scared, or anything?

VENUS. None of the above... You?

MONA. It’s Junky/drunk Venus, and she’s going to die- (*Venus punches, catching Mona in the nose.*) Shit! YOU FUCKING BITCH! If you broke my fucking nose, I swear to God...

VENUS. Enough of these jerk/circles. Square off! Slug/fest now!

MONA. Wait! Hold on a minute! Time out! (*The Gala Damy isn’t happy.*)

VENUS. One time out per fight, that’s all you get. Page 34 “Roof Rules”. (*Mona examines her face in a mirror.*)

MONA. I know the rules!

VENUS. Make the sacro/sacred sign then. (*They make the sacro/sacred time out sign and take a step back.*) “Time Out” accepted...Pussy.

MONA. It’s just dislocated. Pop it back into place. Do me the fucking favor? (*Venus does. We hear a loud cracking sound.*) We’re actually identicals, really?

VENUS. Talk about your beau fucking jest!

MONA. Yeah, well, thank you for fixing my nose. (*Venus lights a cigarette, which they share in the old way.*)

VENUS. Welcome home sister/self. (*Peering into the heap.*) It’s not happy...

MONA. It’s seldom happy... (*Mona examines the broken branch.*) This black/oak has been around a hundred lifetimes! Today, of all days the branch breaks?

VENUS. Call it fate, an act of the Gods, or your recently plumpafied ass.

MONA. (*This hits a nerve.*) Have you not been paying attention at all? My work. My life. My stupid fame. It’s like I’m shit/stuck in this loop/groove, and no matter what I do...

VENUS. (*Mocking.*) I know. Tell me all about it.

VENUS & MONA

MONA. 29 is like death for a woman in Hollywood. Seriously, my last 3 features tanked. “Difficult, obnoxious, too risky”. It’s like I’m suddenly toxic!

VENUS. I was being “facetious”?

MONA. But wait! What’s that on the horizon? Washing up on the gurgle/vomit shores of my stupid psyche: “A Dwelling in Two Bodies”. No longer the burned out, grungy, loser, whore/slut but, a real, grown-up character. With an arc and everything. It’s total Oscar bait. A costume drama, where we see my emotional range, and not just my perfect tits. Her name is Lady Charis and nobody, not my agent, not my co-star, not even the key grip, who I blew behind a pillar at Stonehenge, in a 13th century, burgundy ball gown, thank you, nobody thinks I can pull this off.

VENUS. Are you done?

MONA. Nothing I do is working, none of my usual “actor tricks”, nothing!

VENUS. And you’re shit/stuck here with me now.

MONA. I thought maybe you, this place, SOME-THING can unstick me.

VENUS. You know, she’s never seen any of your movies. Neither have I.

MONA. Yes, you have.

VENUS. ‘Couldn’t be bothered.

MONA. You’re trying to tell me you haven’t seen any?

VENUS. You’re not that special Mona.

MONA. I’ve made 9 films. You haven’t seen one, not a single one?

VENUS. Not a Mona Lisa fan...So sorry sis.

MONA. *(Hurt.)* I don’t care. I don’t...It’s your loss. *(Mona throws a punch that catches her in the jaw.)* And did I mention...Time Out over. *(They resume fighting stances, and circle/size one another up. The Gala Damy begins to root them on.)*

VENUS. Merci. Je comprega...3 years Mona since we last laid eyes, and now I’m supposed to just drop everything to beck/n’call for you?

MONA. Well...Yeah.

VENUS. And why would I do that?

MONA. Because I'm "Mona Lisa Times" your mother-fucking twin.
(They engage in a series of punches and blocks.)

VENUS. Can we stop with the punch/ballet and fight for real now?
(Mona lights a cigarette, then thrusts her arm out.)

MONA. Yern/burn, if you're man enough. (Venus lays her arm against her sisters. Mona drops the smoldering cigarette between their arms.) All these years...still in this skin...

VENUS. You live...in the skin you know...

MONA. One call...I'm down. It's that easy.

VENUS. Roof rescue... *(She blows on the cigarette to make it burn hotter.)* 'Against the rules. *(Mona loses when she jerks her arm away.)*

MONA. Page 20! Page 20! The "branch contingency"? *(Venus has produced an old, worn, journal, and reads.)*

VENUS. "In the unlikely event the branch should ever break, said sibs must engage in slug/fest to determine an exit protocol".

MONA. Pretty fucking articulate for 6 year olds.

VENUS. "No outside aid, in any context may be employed", etc, etc, etc. This compact is over 20 years old- *(Mona throws three quick jabs knocking Venus off balance.)*

MONA. If you had gone to Paris, like you planned, we'd both be in Europe right now, laughing our asses off. Instead of being stranded up here, beating and burning one another, we could be in Amsterdam burning hash and banging uncut Danish boys. *(Beat. They stop and contemplate this a moment. Venus then throws a punch. Mona catches her fist. Venus grabs her arm, swings it behind her back.)*

VENUS. But like you said. You had to come back!

MONA. I could have let the Gala Damy take you! *(Mona breaks free, and kicks Venus's legs out from under her, causing both to fall, and hit the roof. They begin to wrestle. Each vying for the top position. The Gala Damy is beside itself with delight.)*

VENUS. You could have skipped...Slug/fest...been well on your way!

MONA. One call...I'm down!

VENUS. But, not unstuck! Not unstuck Mona! *(Venus pins her down.)*

HA! Her whole miserable, bitch laden, life squeezed into one little

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brain vessel. Like something, somebody stands behind her with a balloon, squeezing, and squeezing and squeezing. The vessel swells to the size of a pea, then, PIP! (*Mona's phone rings.*)

MONA. Hold on. I'll resume kicking your ass in a moment.

VENUS. Kicking my ass? Who's bitch/pinned to the roof?

MONA. Just hold on...My arm please...(*Mona answers her phone.*)

Yeah, hey...It's "brain dead" Diana, you don't bounce back from brain dead...Well, they can shoot around me...(*Venus gets off her sister, and produces a bottle of white trash vodka. She begins to swig from it.*) I don't know how long...My phone is critically low on juice, so text me...Look, smooth it out for me. That's your Goddamn job...Later...You've had a fucking bottle of white trash vodka this whole time?

VENUS. I'm just full of fucking surprises.

MONA. Can I fucking have some please? (*Mona gets the bottle and takes a huge gulp.*)

VENUS. You've had a drink. Whined about your career. Tasted a little pain...

MONA & VENUS. (*Together.*) It's the only way down?

VENUS. Yes, sister/self you know that. (*They stand face to face, arm's length apart.*)

MONA. I never thought we'd ever need the branch contingency.

VENUS. Your game, your rules, your first punch.

MONA. We need to negotiate the terms of the Fest.

VENUS. I'll go first.

MONA. What if you knock me out with your first punch? Then there's nothing really "festive" about slug/fest, is there?

VENUS. I haven't cold/cocked you in what, 7 years?

MONA. Yes, but we know you have the propensity to deliver a knockout punch.

VENUS. (*Fists at the ready.*) Then I promise not to hit you so hard.

MONA. Ah, if you do/don't, and I subsequently "shut your lights off", so to speak.

VENUS. So, to speak, let's just flip a fucking coin then. C'mon.

MONA. Recap and refresh or I'm not playing.

VENUS. “We alternate punches. Loser is the first one knee/knocked. They smoke their last cigarette, finish off the bottle, and face the Gala Damy, alone. While the winner does a dash/mad”-

MONA. “Winner does a dash/mad all the way down to street level. No matter how much the other cries for help”.

VENUS. Right. Refreshed? Let’s rock this! *(They take their battle stances, the Gala Damy is near orgasmic.)* “Acting”, that’s nothing. I could do that. *(Mona’s phone rings.)*

MONA. I don’t recognize...You gave my number out? You have to stop doing that!

VENUS. We fight now Mona, while she’s still alive. You can call them back later!

MONA. *(Answering.)*...Hello...Yes...Hold on...*(Like a ton of bricks.)* It’s the hospital...I can’t deal...

VENUS. You answered, you fucking talk.

MONA. No. I can’t. You do it...

VENUS. Oh, for God’s sake, what am I supposed to say? *(Handing her the phone.)*

MONA. Just be me.

VENUS. *(On the phone, mocking her sister.)* Yeah...This is Mona Lisa Times...Really? No shit?...Thank you...*(Tossing Mona her phone back.)* I’ve got good news and some really good news. Good news: the Doctor admires your work. You could tell by the stumbling/stuttery tone in his voice. Really good news...

MONA. *(Nauseous.)* Junkie/drunk is dead. *(The Gala Damy moans in sadness.)*

VENUS. Yeah, that’s how it works. Brain dead to “real” dead, to really fucking dead.

MONA. Junky/drunk? Oh shit! She’s really fucking...I need to lay down... *(Mona lies down and curls up. Venus needs to beat back the beginnings of a sob.)* Venus...Venus... *(Venus struggles to squash the sob.)* Sister/self... *(Venus goes to her sister and lies down behind her. They sing to each other.)*

“I am you, you are me

There is nothing we can’t beat” *(Mona pulls her closer.)*

VENUS & MONA

VENUS. “When I’m with you I feel safe”.

MONA. “When I’m with you in this place”. (*Mona passes out.*)

VENUS. “When I’m with you in this place”. (*The Gala Damy is pissed and thrashes around the heap. Lights fade.*)

SCENE 2

SETTING: Same. Sunday, the next morning. Mona is talking on her cell, floating in her own skin. Venus is just waking up. The Gala Damy is swimming circles around the heap.

MONA. Her face was always a hate/rage mask. Screwed up, bunched like a fist. When you bunch your face up too tight too often. (*Venus lights a cigarette and they share it.*) No, I’m not a morning person, but I woke up totally blown away. Listen, the stuck isn’t something I’m stuck in, it’s something stuck in me... Yes, I know how to work the camera... I am beautiful. Dynamic. Sexy, evocative, and, well, “me”... No, just listen, until I unstick this thing that’s shit/stuck, there’s no way I can pull off Lady Charis. Look, if I don’t learn to maturate my agony, it’ll grow up to be nothing deeper than self-pity. (*Venus takes the last gulp off the bottle, then tosses it in the heap, the Gala Damy gobbles it up.*) Look Diana, I have to go... Yes I will, later. (*Mona grabs her sister and makes her dance.*) Come sister/self, let’s dance. Let’s be nymphs and fairies. Let’s praise this new morning. Hello world, how beautiful you are. How much more real you feel. Hello tree branch, hello garbage. Hello trailer park. I never thought Junky/drunk’s death would open such a profound sense of.... Okay, what did you do to me? Goddamn it. Nobody feels this good without a chemical catalyst.

VENUS. I basted you with a speedball.

MONA. (*Realizing.*) In my bitch/flower? Cocaine and heroin, really!

VENUS. I waited until you passed out, peeled aside your leopard thong and... (*Makes squirt sound.*)

MONA. Jesus! Boundaries! Hello? *(Suddenly panicked.)* Oh shit! Okay! Oh shit! What if I go nuts? What if I start to nod? *(Venus slaps her smartly. Mona is instantly calmed.)* Wow! Okay, nice...Floaty now. A pleasant little roaming itch. Oooh, scratch. Please I can't reach. *(Venus scratches her sister's back.)* Left...Left...Down...Now to the right...No up...A little left...A little right...Down, down, there! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh...Wait! Wow! A moment of compassion. Do I go with this, or have you slap me again? Wow, Okay, check this out. In an earth-bound body Junky/drunk was a monster granted... *(Venus begins scratching hard. The Gala Damy eggs her on.)* But, as a free-floating spirit, I can't believe I'm really saying this, where-ever she ends up, maybe there's another chance for her, us...Owe! Thank you. Owe!

VENUS. As we speak Junky/drunk is being savagely ravaged by Satan's six-headed schlong. *(Venus taunts her sister.)* Witness as he cums in great bursts of forking flame... *(The Gala Damy is not pleased with this description.)*

MONA. Stop rile/taunting...

VENUS. Baking her womb like a cooked cactus salad.

MONA. *(Suddenly chime/struck. Mona is wowed.)* Wait...Wow...

VENUS. "Wow", what? You're high.

MONA. Wow...Wait...

VENUS. 'Twas merely a dribble/dose, not such a big "wow"! *(Taking Venus's face in her hands tenderly, the Gala Damy is not pleased.)*

MONA. I mean, Wow...Look at you...Look at me. Wow! We really are this beautiful.

VENUS. This speedball is supposed to make you a psycho/killer, not all trippy/gushy.

MONA. You and I need to find a way to get off the Olympus. I don't mean just literally, I mean, the "Olympus of our hearts". Go ahead mock me.

VENUS. Merci, je pense.

MONA. Hold off on your bon mott long enough to hear me, okay?

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VENUS. (*Shoving her. The Gala Damy eggs her on.*) I have a better idea.

MONA. I'm not risking our perfect faces, our very lives, for some stupid hate/rage battle.

VENUS. (*Shoving her.*) The ultimate hate/rage battle.

MONA. Since she died, aren't you feeling some kind of change/thingy?

VENUS. Goddamn it! Why aren't you fighting back?

MONA. I'm sorry. I can't change the past. But right now sister/self maybe...

VENUS. You disappear, then reappear, and now you're hanging your shit/stuck, hate/rage, sister/self, all over me!

MONA. (*Overwhelmed she drug-hugs her sister.*) You can sob/smack, be weak, make yourself vulnerable. I understand. I'm here. (*Beat. The Gala Damy is not pleased.*)

VENUS. Okay, this is weird...You can let go now.

MONA. But you do feel it, don't you?

VENUS. (*Confused.*) No, I don't...I mean...

MONA. Isn't that why you got me high, so we could be all girly/close?

VENUS. I got you high to fight.

MONA. Here's what it is; you hate that you can't hate/rage me as much as you want. (*To the Gala Damy.*) In fact, I know she like/loves me. Really like/loves me, even in spite of our-

VENUS. (*Venus violently breaks free of the hug.*) Je vous déteste! Seriously, I wish we were triplets, so I could hate you twice as much. (*Mona can't hide her hurt and Venus mocks her.*) Oh, were your little feelings just crushed? "Something's stuck inside of me". "Maybe it's up my ass". Fly deep into my heart sister/self, so I can make my art"... (*Mona goes to speak.*) Wait I'm not done, "Hello wounded other-self, would you please help me figure out what's stuck-up inside- (*Mona snap kicks Venus in the stomach. The Gala Damy roars back to life.*)

MONA. I didn't mean-

VENUS. There's nothing different...No shit unsticking in...you.

MONA. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that.

VENUS. But...you did... Felt good didn't it-

MONA. (*Mona grabs her and puts in a head lock.*) "This"! Shit just like this. This is what's killing us!

VENUS. Fi combat juste!

MONA. (*She does a number on her sister.*) "MONA LISA WAS KNOWN FOR HER CHARMS, SHE WAS CUTER THAN VENUS...SHE WAS CUTER THAN VENUS"...

VENUS. "AND WHAT'S MORE SHE HAD ARMS"! (*The sisters pull/sling away*) And, now you want to fucking touch me!

MONA. We don't need to appease the beast or her!

VENUS. Now you want to be close!

MONA. Let me call my agent back. Explain everything. Have her help us both.

VENUS. Page 49!

MONA. We can make an exception.

VENUS. Page 49 Mona! We violate that...There is no exception to this rule, ever. (*The Gala Dam lets loose a deafening bray. They move closer together.*)

MONA. Page 49, you're right. (*Beat.*) Sit. Sit down c'mon. face/time...

VENUS. My face is fine.

MONA. Are you kidding? Your skin is like deep fried, diner greasy...We don't dare the edges right now, so sit. (*The Gala Damy starts to whine.*)

VENUS. I hate face/time.

MONA. I just nailed you with an awesome shot to the gut and bound you in a humiliating headlock, once again proving myself to be the twin/spectacular... Maybe that will calm the Gala Damy down.

(*Mona sits on the cooler. Venus reluctantly sits between her sister's legs. Mona squeezes her blackheads. The Gala Damy goes silent.*)

VENUS. Now that she's dead it's like she never existed. Is that how it's supposed to go?

MONA. I suppose, I guess so. This is my first dead mother, so...

VENUS. What if it were me, or you, instead of her?

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MONA. (*Brick/hitting her.*) And, what if we're headed in the same direction? Seriously, if we're just one deep scowl away from our own pip?

VENUS. Like we, me, you...you/me, never existed.

MONA. I wake up with the same, clenched Junky/drunk face.

VENUS. Looking in a mirror is like looking at her.

MONA. I clench/squeeze my face, my body, it's like my soul is a perpetual state of ice cream headache. Isn't that just like her?

VENUS. It's exactly like her.

MONA. And, what if we got more than just her tits, teeth and Tredwater tact?

VENUS. (*Mocking.*) "Oh sister/self, help I'm turning into mom"!

MONA. What if she stuck a time bomb in our brains and, hate/rage lights that fuse?

VENUS. (*Snide/snark*) "You're my sister and that means everything to me. It's how I define myself". (*Not quite so snide.*) "We should try and reach each other. We should..."

MONA. We should...Venus we should. (*Beat.*)

VENUS. "I look in the mirror, It's you for sure, I look for myself, but"...

VENUS/MONA. (*Together.*) "I only see her". (*Beat. The Gala Damy grumbles.*)

MONA. Wait...Listen...The beast doesn't like "this", "us", like this.

VENUS. But Le Bete knows what we know.

MONA. That only one of us is getting off the Olympus alive.

VENUS. So, it bides it's time.

MONA. It's patient.

VENUS. What it really wants is both of us up here, doing this, over and over, forever and ever. That's its viande.

MONA. But if we helped each other. Found the path. Got down together... (*They stare at each other a moment. Venus jumps up and shoves Mona off the cooler.*)

VENUS. You're trying to scam/sham your way out of all this!
MOVE!

MONA. Don't go into the cooler... *(She reaches in and produces two old paper bags with the eyes cut out. They have been colored with crayons and look identical.)*

MONA. You're pulling out the "P.T.R"!

VENUS. Page 3. Page 3...

MONA. "In the event of a stalemate plunge/taunt/reveal will break any ties"!

VENUS. Page 3.

MONA. You could have split. Gone to France. Come to LA to see me, we could have hung out. You could have changed up your life.

VENUS. As "me", or as your sister?

MONA. I had a chance. I got lucky. I seized it.

VENUS. And, what was I supposed to do. Follow you around? Suck on your fame? Being your sister is equal to being nothing, nothing but "you". So, what better place to be "nothing" than atop the Olympus?

MONA. What was I supposed to do? Stay here? Do community theatre? Work at the mall?

VENUS. If you're not willing to slug/fest, then it's plunge/taunt/reveal...Put the mask on.

MONA. Why does one of us need to be sacrificed? Hasn't her death already covered that? *(Mona's phone rings she answers.)* Diana...Fire me? For who? "HER"?...We're already 35 days into shooting. Alright Diana, don't panic...I know she won the Oscar. Does she know I had sex with her husband? Fucking cunt...Not you, her. And I mean "fucking cunt" in the most respectful way possible. My mother just died they won't cut me any slack?...24 hours? Are you serious? I'm outside of San Francisco, half way around the Goddamn world!...ARRRGH! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK...

VENUS. *(Venus takes the phone.)* Diana...Hi. No, I'm the other one...Thanks...

MONA. FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK...

VENUS. ...Well, she's having a "fucking" tantrum right now...I know...That is how she is.

VENUS & MONA

MONA. FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK... (Mona keeps “fucking” under her breath.)

VENUS. (*Venus cups the phone.*) That’s the hate/rage I want to see!...Sorry Diana, you were saying? Wait, hold on, looks like she’s coming in for a landing in 3...2...1... (*Venus hands her the phone.*)

MONA. Okay! Okay! I’ll be in London in 24 hours! (*She hangs up the phone.*) FUUUUUCK!!!!

VENUS. How bad do you want to get off the roof? How desperate are you to save your career? (*They both put the masks on. The Gala Damy begins to stir.*)

MONA. OKAY LET’S PLAY!!!!

VENUS. It’s good to see my old sister/self, home again. Ready...Put your arm out. Ready?

MONA. Ready.

VENUS. Plunge... (*They both plunge their arms in the heap. The game is who can leave it in the longest. The Gala Damy is active thrashing.*) Okay...Ready, taunt...

MONA. YOU’RE NOT PRETTY YOU’RE NOT SMART, DADDY LEFT ‘CAUSE YOU BROKE HIS HEART. YOU’RE NOT CLEVER YOU’RE NOT THIN, NO ONE LOVES YOU NOW OR THEN.

VENUS. Okay, reveal.

MONA. If I could have said anything to her it would have been; I’m not a very good daughter, or even a good person. That’s mostly your fault. I only wish things were different. I can’t even say “different how”, but I wish they were. (*Mona pulls her arm out, as does Venus.*) Holy Shit!

VENUS. La vie bonbon!!!!

MONA. This is like a Darwin award, but it's such a FUCKING THRILL!!!!

VENUS. I like that we’re doing it, together.

MONA. Me too...Ready, plunge! (*They plunge their arms back in.*) Taunt!

VENUS. YOU’RE NOT PRETTY YOU’RE NOT WISE, NO ONE LOVES YOUR BIG FAT THIGHS. YOU’RE

NOT LOVELY YOU'RE NOT SWEET, DIRTY HAIR
AND UGLY FEET!

MONA. Reveal!

VENUS. I can't think of anything!

MONA. You have to!

VENUS. My minds a blank!

MONA. Tell me how you felt watching Junky/drunk pip!

VENUS. I can't...I don't remember! *(The Gala Damy is closing in. Venus pulls her arm out.)*

MONA. It was just a couple of days ago. Come on!

VENUS. Why do I have to tell you that? I'd seriously, seriously think about moving my arm if I was you.

MONA. The rules, the game, demand it. You have to tell me! Tell me...

VENUS. Move your arm! *(The sound of the Gala Damy even closer.)*

MONA. Not until you tell me.

VENUS. Move it...

MONA. Tell me! *(The Gala Damy is almost on them.)* Tell me! Tell me... *(Venus yanks her sister away from the heap just as the Gala Damy collides with the surface.)*

VENUS. In the kitchen chair!

MONA. Red ripped vinyl?

VENUS. Red ripped vinyl...I wasn't even planning on coming over, it was a twin/pulse, you know. Before I know it we're both in the kitchen. I'm Jack/smashed and bumped on coke. Get this; Junky/Drunk's pouring quarts of White trash vodka down the sink. I'm like; "Drink bitch! What's the matter with you"? I push it on her and she slaps the shit away. Just to spite me. And get this. She's all; "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry". *(The sob creeps back.)* "Sorry"? It's too late for sorry now! The she starts in with the drunken pitty/sap. "Venus please, Venus please, just listen"...Then she stops. Her eyes get all weird and in this whisper/hush she says her last ever/ever word...."Aspirin". *(The sob gets stronger. The Gala Damy lets loose a deafening below.)* Then suddenly her whole body, every muscle, tenses. She grips her thumbs, squeezes, I mean, hard. I hear one

VENUS & MONA

crack; she breaks her thumb. Then her right leg, the whole leg starts flopping like wild. Her face is squeezing. Tighter and tighter and tighter. Her cheeks, her nose, seem to fold in...Her leg just keeps flopping, and the thumbs, and the fold/face and then...She goes limp. Like she has no bones. She's wearing that ratty, blue night gown and she just let's go...I mean, a deluge all over the kitchen floor. I've seen her drenched in piss, but not like this. And then, like somebody flipped a switch. The side of her head, right here, PIP! You can see, right under the skin, this macaroni looking brain bruise. It's like all her bile/vile, sloshed to one side. I just stood there. 'Couldn't move, couldn't speak. I just stood there. I just stood there. Alone. Fucking all alone! You're off with your life, and it's me and this woman, and I can't move. I can barely breath. After 29 years of pure hate/rage suddenly I want to touch her? To hold her? She's dying. You can tell. I think maybe if she feels me. Smells my hair, hears my voice, feels my breath on her cheek. That somehow, someway, she would know. She would feel... *(The sob is on the verge of over-whelming her. Mona reaches out and touches her shoulder. Venus throws a killer right hook and knocks Mona down and out. Venus takes a breath and boldly bolts into the heap. We hear Joan Jett's cover of Crimson and Clover begin)*

END ACT ONE

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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