

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MickKenleigh – the founder of Artemis, a lesbian murder cult

Suezn (pronounced Susan) – her wife, co-leader of the lesbian murder cult

Alex – their daughter, 20

Zeus – God of Sax, and therefore God of Sex

Voice of Chaos – Zeus screwing around

Ganymede – his lover

Santa – God of Sacks, and therefore second in line to God of Sex

Mary – Jesus' Mother

St. Peter – First Pope of the Catholic Church

Jesus – Jesus

Voice of God – the disembodied voice of the Catholic God

Pete Pitts – a victim of the cult

The following doubling is recommended:

MickKenleigh, Mary

Suezn, Jesus

Alex, Voice of God

Santa, St. Peter, Pete

SCENE ONE

We open in a bedroom somewhere in middle America. There's absolutely nothing remarkable about it except it's occupants: the leaders of a lesbian murder cult, MickKenleigh and Suezn (pronounced Susan). They sit on the edge of their bed and watch Alex, their adopted daughter, who sits on the floor in front of them, rubbing a crystal on her face.

MICK

Cleanse the impurities. As it opens your pores, so does it open your soul.

SUEZN

You shouldn't have her play with her food. Alex, honey, I'm telling you, it works better from the inside. When your stomach acids break it open, all the power flows into your body. They should have taught you about digestion in school.

MICK

The crystal doesn't hold magic. It absorbs impurities. Digesting that would give her a terrible stomach ache. No one wants that.

SUEZN

My mistake. I wasn't wearing my glasses. I thought you'd given her a donut.

ALEX

Why would I rub a donut on my face?

SUEZN

Donuts are magic.

MICK

It's true.

SUEZN

Once I was eating a donut at the president's inauguration, and someone tried to shoot her, but because I was eating a donut, she missed. In all of the panic, someone hit me, and I dropped my donut. The next shot? No more president. That's the power of donuts.

ALEX

I forgot.

SUEZN

We should get donuts when we're done.

MICK

That big brain of yours is why I married you.

SUEZN

I needed surgery to shrink it. Your insurance saved my life. Did you catch that, Alex? She saved my life.

ALEX

You've told the story before. I need to concentrate on my crystal.

MICK

Don't concentrate on the crystal. Think about sex, about breasts, kisses.

ALEX

I'll try.

SUEZN

Do or do not. There is no try.

ALEX

Stop talking to me.

MICK

Do stop talking to her.

SUEZN

Yes, darling.

MICK

She needs to concentrate.

SUEZN

Yes.

MICK

She can't concentrate if you're quoting movies. She'll start thinking about movies. She'll start wondering what it would be like if she was dead and we went on living and she could watch us carry on, *A Wonderful Life* style, and then she won't summon the Sex God and instead she'll summon the What If God and be trapped in parallel universes for all eternity.

SUEZN

Oh, Micky, you make me want to cry.

MICK

I'm sorry. Alex will die one day.

SUEZN

Thank you. That's comforting. I can't believe our daughter is all grown up. Look at her, she's gone and cut her hair short and doesn't look like an anthropomorphic mushroom. She looks nice.

MICK

The tried and true sign of a twenty-year-old woman.

SUEZN

Do you remember when we first adopted her?

MICK

Alex was all alone on that raft, just like Moses.

SUEZN

Our little Moses.

A moment. They look at each other, tender, a shared memory.

MICK

All covered in locusts.

SUEZN

Her old lullaby.

MICK

Let's sing it for her?

SUEZN

Let's.

MICK, SUEZN

Our little Moses, all covered in locusts,

flowed in down a river, a little note with her.

It read, "My baby Alexis in exchange for Texas,"

and that's how Texas became

a giant hole in time and space.

SUEZN

What a lovely song.

MICK

Inspired by true events.

SUEZN

It's a shame about Austen. I liked Austen.

MICK

Your brother vanished with the rest of the state. I know you were close.

SUEZN

It's okay. I'm sure he's happy to be part of the void. That gives me peace.

MICK

Of course he's happy, love. He wanted nothing more. He said as much in the poetry he posted when he was thirteen.

SUEZN

The youngest poet laureate in the state.

MICK

Did you have a favorite poem of his?

SUEZN

The one he published in the *New Yorker*, "I Feel Nothing, but I Hate Everyone; I'm Ready for the Void." He said it all right there in the title. He was so talented. At thirteen, all I'd done was become a Texas Ranger. I didn't have a single poem to my name.

MICK

But now you've written that lovely lullaby.

SUEZN

Stop, I'm blushing.

MICK

Fine, I'll stop. Let's get on with it. We don't have all day to summon the Sex God. The Artemis board meets in five hours and we need to be there.

SUEZN

They can't do anything without us.

MICK

Why should they? The bylaws state they can't. Alex hasn't said anything in a while. Do you think she's okay? She looks distant.

SUEZN

Maybe the crystal stole her voice. Well, here we go. Our little girl, finally becoming an official lesbian.

MICK

If only she'd wear flannel.

SUEZN

Don't push her into a box, Micky. Flannel isn't for everyone. I love you, Alex.

MICK

You'll do great. He'll explain everything you could ever possibly want to know.

SUEZN

You're going to make so many girls super happy.

MICK

And murder so many people for the cult.

SUEZN

The Sex God won't teach you about cult murder.

MICK

You can't lesbian murder anyone in Heaven so it wouldn't mean anything if he tried.

SUEZN

Don't forget to have fun.

MICK

And don't get lost. It's hard to find your way back once you're up there.

SUEZN

We trust you, and love you. You're our dearest little girl.

MICK

You've grown so much.

ALEX

I love you, too.

Suezn puts a hand on her daughter's shoulder, and Mick breaks Alex's neck. Alex "dies."

MICK, SUEZN.

Come, you spirit

that tends on mortal hearts, sex her here,

and fill her from the crown to the toe top-full

of direst desire! Make strong her love.

MICK

Now, we wait.

SUEZN

Let's give her privacy.

MICK

Of course. She needs her privacy. Let's go to the kitchen. I brought her diary. We can read it over a good glass of milk.

They leave. After a moment, a saxophone plays. It gets louder with the passing moments. Things rumble. It's almost as if a powerful being is being summoned onto the bed. Perhaps there's a spotlight on it. The rest of the lights go dim. The chaos builds, until it all (but the lights) stops, saxophone included. There's a knock at the window.

ZEUS

I'm over here. I overshot the bed.

The light shifts. In the window, there's a man. It's Zeus. He climbs through the window. There's a saxophone strapped to his neck. The lights go back to normal.

ZEUS

Alright. Who has summoned me? And yadda, yadda. Epic speech, booming voice. Oh, there you are. Hey there. What's up? Just want to talk or what? You're dead. That's a shame. Goodbye.

ALEX

Wait.

She is not dead.

ZEUS

A zombie? Gross.

ALEX

Zombies deserve rehabilitation, you monster. My name is Alex.

ZEUS

I want nothing to do with zombies.

ALEX

I'm not a zombie.

ZEUS

You were dead a second ago.

ALEX

I was in a death-like state. Don't you get summoned like this all the time?

ZEUS

Ah. Another young person who wants to learn about the Bird and his reeds.

ALEX

You mean the birds and the bees.

ZEUS

Good Mr. Yardbird himself, Charlie Parker, was instrumental—ha! Pun—instrumental in bebop. The man knew his way around a saxophone, fingers gently pressing keys, a hum from his throat, tongue tapping his reeds. He brought the beat to the Beat Generation and the hunk to the jazz genre. You look disappointed.

ALEX

A jazz player?

ZEUS

Charlie Parker, the Bird.

ALEX

Why would I care about that?

ZEUS

You summoned the Sax God, God of everything saxophone. Listen to this sick blues scale.

ALEX

I summoned the Sex God.

ZEUS

There's no such thing.

ALEX

Sorry, what? There's no Sex God but there's a Sax God?

ZEUS

There isn't a Sex God. Everyone wanted to be the Sex God, but no one was born it, so they assigned it to the god with the next closest spelling which would be me, the Sax God. Technically I am the Sex God, but saxophone is where my soul lies, and that, little lady, is why the saxophone is the sexi-est instrument.

ALEX

It is pretty sexy.

ZEUS

Don't touch her.

ALEX

Fine. Stingy.

ZEUS

You want to learn about sex?

ALEX

Yes.