

The Greatest Damn Fucking Play Because I Wrote and I'm a  
Fucking  
Genius so Love Me. LOVE ME!

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

*Bright lights. Trumpets flare. A gigantic sign reading: "The Greatest Damn Fucking Play Because I Wrote and I'm a Fucking Genius so Love Me. LOVE ME!"*

*The director enters. He/she is the director. No, the director. I'm not saying this is an actor playing the director, I'm saying it's the real director dammit.*

DIRECTOR

Hey everyone, welcome to MY show. My show. This is what I've done, and so it's GREAT! Why? You want to know why this is great? Because I'm better than you. I'm so much better than all of you, and I want to tell you all how you can be like me because if the whole world was me, than everything would be fixed. There would be fountains full of goddamned orange soda and bunnies everywhere. You know why there'd be bunnies? Because bunnies are a fucking symbol of innocence, and that's what I want. I want innocence, because if we were all children, then everything would be FIXED! So do you want to see my show? Do you want to see how all of you can be better, because I'm going to show it to you, and you'll all think I'M FUCKING AMAZING! And you'll all give me flowers and chocolate and tell me that I'm doing fine work and that I haven't wasted my life following the work of people who have wanted to change the world but have failed and so I have no reason to really live except to toil in my own self-created world and think about how much better it is than all of you HORRIBLY UGLY INSECTS STARING AT ME! No. No you're all going to think I'm great. So here it is. Here's my show, and if you don't love it then you don't love ART.

*The sign rises. It reveals TWO PEOPLE in suits staring at eachother at a small table. One of them holds a cat.*

DIRECTOR

You see? You see? THIS IS ART! They're staring at eachother. AREN'T YOU ALIENATED? DON'T YOU FEEL SOMETHING? Because if you don't, if you're not *feeling* something, then you don't get it, and you're stupid. And if you're stupid? Well then either get the FUCK out of my theatre or pretend you get it. Because if you pretend, then you're going to be smart and people will think you're smart because you can appreciate ART. You

DIRECTOR

can appreciate MY ART. And just so you know exactly what it's about, I'm going to tell you all, because then you'll know what I think and you'll go out and you'll do what I say you will do. Why? Because I'm better. That's why I direct, because I know how to fix this world, and how to make it GREAT!

*The Director crosses to the table. He gestures wildly at the actors.*

DIRECTOR

Okay. Okay. So... so you see this? This IS modern society. Why? Because society makes it so we need to be disconnected from others, and so this is all we do. WE JUST STARE AT EACHOTHER SAYING NOTHING. But we actually say something, but we might as well not. I decided to make it representational, because I ROCK MY FUCKING COCK OFF! Oh, and the cat? That's something I put in. You know what the cat represents? Individuality. And it's struggling, because we repress it and that's why people don't come to the theatre anymore. BECAUSE WE ARE INDIVIDUALS. AND WE ROCK! So you people, you're a lot better for coming here. I hope you know that. You're not as great as me, but you're better than them. You're so much better than them.

*The REAL DIRECTOR enters. The Real Director is an actor playing the real director. They are dressed the exact same, and maybe look the same as well. The only notable difference between the two is that the Real Director has a beard.*

REAL DIRECTOR

Hi. I'm the Real Director of this piece, and as you can see, it's about... um... well it's very complicated, you see. Because... well I've hired an actor to play myself, or rather a certain part of all of us that I think we have to battle. He's representative of what I call the "artist as egoist". It's... uh... well if you look in your program, can I see that? Thanks.

*The Real Director takes a pamphlet of the show from an audience member. He flips to the section where the director (i.e the Real Director) describes his inspirations and concept for the show.*

REAL DIRECTOR

Okay, here it is. Um... it's all explained right here, so maybe if you can read it?

DIRECTOR

You see that? You see what's going on now? I did that. ME. I've got an actor playing me. Why? Because I AM THE MOST HUMBLE PERSON ALIVE. I know I'm not perfect. I've got some faults, but they're just not as important as the faults with YOU.

REAL DIRECTOR

And so... I think.... I think things like what I've instructed Dwight here to say are... uh... well they're kind of tearing us apart.

DIRECTOR

You see? You see. I'm not a bad guy. I care for you, which is why I want to change you. Which is why I want to put you in the same pantheon that I'm in, because YOU'RE BETTER THAN THEM. BECAUSE YOU WANT CHANGE!

REAL DIRECTOR

Because... what we need is not to quarrel with ourselves, but to quarrel with who I call "The Uncultured". Although... hmmm. I don't think that you, who watch this, are better than them per se, but I do think... I do think that-

DIRECTOR

We're evolutionarily better than them. That's it. Well, I am, and I want to make you see things, because then you will be too.

REAL DIRECTOR

Okay. We're not "better" than them, but we do need to get these people to... to become cultured. And see, then when everyone is like us, we won't need to perform things like this.

DIRECTOR

See? See, I- I'm just- Get me a mirror. SOMEBODY GET ME MIRROR!

*A mirror is rolled out on castors stage right center. It is a full-size body mirror.*

*The Director approaches the mirror.*

REAL DIRECTOR

And... so... uh... well now we get further into the... uh... the narcissitic part of the program as I... and once again I think this is... uh.... I think it's part of what I call "the human experience".

DIRECTOR

Look at that. LOOK AT ME! I have been chiseled by the GODS! Ooh.

REAL DIRECTOR

And... and well... I think this is really the conflict we have here that... uh... well you as an audience... and- and them, as in "the uncultured" are... uh... hmmm.

*The WRITER enters. The writer is not the writer, but he looks exactly like him.*

WRITER

Hey! Hey there everyone, I'm Vvinni Gagnepain and I'm the writer. Um... I thought it was important that I come out here and... let you know what I'm actually meaning by this.

*The writer gestures to the actors at the table.*

WRITER

Okay. So, it's not really *meant* to be something about modern society or alienation or... the need for theatrical representation as a form of showing how much better we are than them.

REAL DIRECTOR

Um... well I don't... I don't really think... uh... There are too many stupid people in the world. No. Well... uh... maybe.

WRITER

Anyhoo, really this piece was written to show that, yes there are some who will take my work over the top and expect it as... a form of showing how much better than the rest of the world they are. This, however, is a false conclusion.

REAL DIRECTOR

Okay. So... Micheal here was brought on to play the writer. Except he's not the writer because... uh... well... um.... gee... uh...

*The director turns away from the mirror and crosses to the other two.*

DIRECTOR

Because *I* am the writer. You see that, don't you? It doesn't matter what's written on the page! It matters what's *inside of me*. I MAKE THE SHOW. I AM THE SHOW. I. AM. A. GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!

WRITER

Okay. Here, let me explain it to you. It's not that I don't think you can figure it out, given the script and everything you can... well most of you can... maybe. I digress.

DIRECTOR

I hope you're catching this. I'm introducing a CONFLICTING VIEWPOINT! THIS MAN IS A VILLAIN! HE IS THE ENEMY! HE NEEDS TO BE DESTROYED! Why? You want to know why? Even though I doubt your peanut-sized brain could comprehend its complexity, I'll let you know. He's an enemy, because he conflicts with me. He doesn't agree with me.

WRITER

I don't agree with him because he's wrong! It's not a valid interpretation! It's... I'm all for interpretation, that's what makes theatre great, however I think-

REAL DIRECTOR

Okay. I think I know what I need to say.

WRITER

WILL YOU LET ME FINISH?

DIRECTOR

YOU SEE THE CONFLICT? IT IS DEEP! Because Donald is me, the ARTIST. And Michelle? He's just... HE'S A FUCKER IS WHAT HE IS!

REAL DIRECTOR

Um... okay... so the... uh...

*The Real Director is immersed in thought.*

WRITER

Okay. Let me explain. Yes: I do have a purpose for writing this. I do, to a certain extent, explore the motifs of alienation and estrangement and the overall chaos of modern society, however: what is more important is getting people back in here.

REAL DIRECTOR

"The Uncultured" must "re-attend the flock" in order to become "re-educated" and join the "chosen ones" in the "gleaming city of gold". And once this happens, the "chosen ones", which are all of you by the way, will be able to attend to the new "flock" and join the ranks of "The creators", like me. So... maybe I am God?

DIRECTOR

YOU'RE ALL FUCKERS! But do you see? Don't you see that that's what all of you are? You're all a bunch of fuckers. You're all WRONG. You're all STUPID. And you all NEED me. You need me. You're thriving off every little word I say.

REAL DIRECTOR

Wait... maybe I said that wrong... uh... it's all... it's all right here in the... wait no. No. The program's wrong. Let me just... ugh.

DIRECTOR

You are my hive and I am the queen bee.

WRITER

I guess the reason I'm here is... I'm sorry. I really am. I really am.

DIRECTOR

SILENCE WORKER BEE! I AM THE QUEEN! WORHSIP ME! WORSHIP ME! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

WRITER

Do you understand? Do you know that I don't intend for things to go this way. I just...

DIRECTOR

I don't think any of you understand the intricacies of what I'm doing. I don't think you do. The stupider you are the more I'll be able to change you. To alter you. TO MAKE YOU MEEEEEEEE! See? See the opposition is gone. He's dead now and I. AM. VICTORIOUS! And do you know why that is? Well, for one because I told him to. But I did that because I wanted to save you. I want to save you from your puny little ignorant selves. You need it. I don't. I've already been saved, but all of you are worthless scum. Well, I guess your scum. The meatheads who don't watch this are the worthless ones. They're all just... they're cruel. But it's okay, Because here, when I'm in my kingdom, you don't question me. You don't... think I'm worthless and stupid and wrong. Because I'm not wrong. And I'll show them that. I'll show them all.

WRITER

I don't mean for it to go this way. I don't mean for my work to get into the hands of people who make "art". Or rather, who take it so seriously that they forget to have fun. And, I think that's what's important. I'm not saying that my work is completely devoid of meaning, but I'm also not saying that it's wrought in... well. God. I'm just really sorry. I'm sorry. I'm really really sorry. I- Maybe I should just quit. I should quit and I should go and work in a sub shop and I should make sandwiches. No. No I shouldn't. I should keep on writing. I should keep on writing and sooner or later pretentious assholes like this guy will stop directing my work. It's not me that's the problem. It's HIM!

REAL DIRECTOR

(At the same time)

Uhh... okay well... uh... I think I've got this fixed here. Wait. Wait no I don't. Um... just a second. I'll have this worked out soon... uh... okay. Okay here's what I'm doing: The world doesn't appreciate us, and you don't appreciate us, and we don't appreciate us and so... so... maybe we should... oh. No. No I don't think that's... okay... let's... uh... no. Um... hmmm...

REAL DIRECTOR

wait... no... uh... huh. The actors! You've been watching them, right? Because I told them... I told them the answer and they... they can do it? Um... well. it's... I... vermin. Yes? No. Wait... no. Huh. Um... yes.

*In the midst of this confusion, the PLAYWRIGHT enters. The Playwright, of course, is me. If I'm not available to act, but please do everything you can to contract me, then make sure the actor looks nearly exactly like me.*

*There is one alteration to my appearance, however: The Playwright has a scar over his right eye. It might be from a tiger.*

PLAYWRIGHT

Hi. I'm the Playwright. And I'm lonely.

*The Director walks back over to the mirror, concerned.*

DIRECTOR

Did all the noise scare you? Oh don't be scared, baby, you're fine. They like you. They know you're a genius. It's the rest of them we have to worry about.

WRITER

But there is no "The rest of them", we're all the same, and we can't split ourselves into "us" and "them"!

PLAYWRIGHT

God I'm lonely.

REAL DIRECTOR

Uh. Okay. I think... I think I've got it.



WRITER

We're all together,  
and we can't be an  
inclusive environment.  
We can't just make  
esoteric references to  
character archetypes  
and personality  
archetypes that the  
average person off  
the street wouldn't  
be able to get, and  
we can't alienate  
everyone with loud  
and chaotic scenes  
where... no. No never  
mind. Because...  
because that's what's  
going to get people  
into the theatre?  
And... and people like  
the director is what's  
stopping it? and I can  
say anything I want  
about what we need to  
do as a theatre, but I  
don't have to practice  
it myself? Yeah. I  
think that's right.  
Well, at any rate none  
of this is my problem.  
I'm just trying to  
help you, because you  
can't help yourselves.  
No. No that's not  
right. None of this  
is right. All of it is  
just the same, isn't  
it. GOD, I CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING RIGHT! I'm  
just... I'm just a  
horrible writer. I'm  
a horrible, horrible  
writer who can't do  
anything. I'm. I'M A  
STUPID WORTHLESS HACK!

PLAYWRIGHT

I'm really lonely.  
(pause) Ugh, I'm  
lonely. (pause)  
I'm just so lonely.  
(pause) I wonder if  
I write myself into a  
script if I'll be less  
lonely. (pause) No.  
No I'm still lonely.  
(pause) Oh, I'm just  
really lonely. (pause)  
I'm lonely. (pause)  
I'm... I'm just really  
lonely. (pause) I  
wonder if they noticed  
I'm repeating myself.  
No. No they didn't.  
(pause) God, I'm... so  
lonely.

*The Director begins licking his reflection in a  
romantic vigour.*

*The Real Director walks in circles hitting himself  
on the head and saying things like: "Uh. Fuh. Guh.  
Muh. Vuh. Etc."*

*The Writer crumples into a ball and rocks back and forth muttering things about approaching doom and how nobody listens to him.*

*The Playwright wallows in his loneliness.*

PLAYWRIGHT

I'm just so goddamn lonely!

*Blackout. Special on the Two People and the cat.*

*The people get out of there seats ad fact eachother in profile. Person 2 puts the cat onto the ground. Hopefully the cat is bewildered wnough by this that it stays still for a moment.*

*The two people turn their heads to the audience and stare out. They point to the cat. They bow and exit. If the cat is still there, they pick it up and carry it out.*

*Blackout. A spot shines on the sign. End.*