

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY

Chicklet, Mrs. Forrest (Women)

Scene 2

Chicklet's house. She enters.

CHICKLET

Mom, I'm home. Gosh, the place looks spotless. Was Sadie here today?

(MRS. FORREST *enters, the spitting image of Joan Crawford.*)

MRS. FORREST

Unfortunately no. Poor Sadie's brother Bubba was run over by a hit-and-run driver. You know our Sadie, always an excuse not to work. I've been on my hands and knees scrubbing all morning. And to top it off, I was experimenting cooking a veal scallopini in the pressure cooker. The darn thing exploded and I'm still finding bits of scallopini in my wiglet.

CHICKLET

Well, the house looks swell.

MRS. FORREST

Thank you, dear. Did you enjoy yourself at the beach? (*Puts arm around her*)

CHICKLET

I guess so.

MRS. FORREST

I detect a sphinx-like expression. Penny for your thoughts.

CHICKLET

(*Looking for a way to tell her about surfing*) I just hate thinking of you doing all that nasty housework. You're so beautiful.

MRS. FORREST

(Laughs)

My darling daughter, I am just an old widow and a little hard work never hurt anyone.

CHICKLET

You're still young. Haven't you ever thought of remarrying?

MRS. FORREST

Your father was the great love of my life. I've always regretted that he died before you were born, that you never knew him. He was quite a guy. A damn good provider. And, darling, to even think of another man would betray his memory.

CHICKLET

I really love you but I don't think I'm pulling my weight around here. I've been thinking, there must be more chores for me to do, painting the inside of the trash cans, polishing the cactus plants.

MRS. FORREST

Chicklet, I smell a rat.

CHICKLET

I'll exterminate it.

MRS. FORREST

Chick, what's going on up there in the old attic? (*Indicating her brain*)

CHICKLET

Okay, Mom, cards on the table. I need twenty-five dollars to buy a surf board.

MRS. FORREST

Out of the question.

CHICKLET

Mom, it's the chance of a lifetime. The great Kanaka has promised to teach me to surf.

MRS. FORREST

The great who?

CHICKLET

The great Kanaka, why he's practically as famous as the President of the United States.

MRS. FORREST

It's too dangerous.

CHICKLET

It's as safe as playing jacks. Please let me Mom. It'll be sheer heaven or months and months of stark solitude.

MRS. FORREST

I will not have my daughter cavorting with a band of derelict beach bums.

CHICKLET

They're great guys. You should see them shooting the curl. It's the ultimate. A gilt-edged guarantee for a summer of sheer happiness.

MRS. FORREST

Control yourself, Florence.

CHICKLET

(Fiercely)

I will not control myself. I want a mother-fucking cocksucking surfboard!!!

MRS. FORREST

I can see the effect those boys are having on you. I don't like it one bit. You will not see those boys every again. Promise me that.

CHICKLET

I will not promise you.

MRS. FORREST

You're cold. This is what the male sex is going to do to us. It's going to tear us apart. You don't know how lucky you are being a virgin, pure and chaste.

CHICKLET

But someday I do want to marry and then I suppose I'd have to...

MRS. FORREST

Do what? Have sexual intercourse. I know how they paint it so beautifully in the movies. A man and a woman locked in embrace, soft lighting, a pitcher of Manhattans, Rachmaninoff in the background. Well, my girl, let me tell you that is not how it is. You don't know how repugnant it is having a sweaty man's thing poking at you. *(She jabs her finger into Chicklet)* Do you like that?

CHICKLET

Stop, you're hurting me.

MRS. FORREST

That's nothing compared to when they poke you down there.

CHICKLET

I don't believe you.

MRS. FORREST

Florence!

CHICKLET

I don't believe you. Sexual relations between a man and a woman in love is a beautiful and sacred thing. You're wrong, Mother, horribly wrong.

MRS. FORREST

(In a demonic rage)

You think men are beautiful. Well, take a look at this, Missy. *(She pulls from her cleavage a jock strap)* For years I've kept this, anticipating this very moment. Do you know what this is?

CHICKLET

No.

MRS. FORREST

It's a peter belt. This is the pouch that holds their swollen genitalia. Isn't this beautiful? Isn't this romantic? *She slaps Chicklet with the jock strap repeatedly)*

CHICKLET

Stop, stop.

MRS. FORREST

(Throws the jock strap at Chicklet.) you are a very foolish girl. And to think I spent long hours tolling over that veal scallopini. *(Mrs. Forrest exits. Chicklet stares at the jock strap and whimpers.)*