

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO

By David Mamet

Director: Bennet Zelle

Production Assistant: Kelly Quain

Stage Manager: Bethany Krause

Lighting Designer: Joel Fitzpatrick

Usher: Kevin Krakower

CAST

DANNY: Peter Davis

BERNIE: Bradford L. Schlei

JOAN: Lexy Spett

DEBORAH: Schulyer Hoyt

SPECIAL THANKS

Bethany Krause, Joel Martin, Betsy Shevey, Danny Michealson, David Groupe, Janis Young, David Mamet, John Sherman, Rafe Churchill, Ellen Gibson, Julie Tucker, Lara Taubman, Monique, Jason Wolcowitz, Nathan Thompson, Sara Schatz, Nick, Liz and Liz, The London clan, Chicago Bears Larry Flint, Mom and dad, Jack, Security, Snack Bar, The Dining halls, Magic Johnson, Adam and Eve, Marc, The Sex Pistols, Mick and the Stones, The Cafe and all its Foggy Memories.....

King Farouk was a bit kinky. She knew all the pro moves. Nobody does it normal anymore. Last night, two-thirty. I'm a Lesbian. Hi! But it is never the same thing. Then he whacks her in the forehead with a ball-peen hammer. Get your rocks off on a regular basis. BRAD SCHLEI. Evening. Good evening. I can pick it up next week. You are going to sell your birthright for a mess of potash? Or from political beliefs?.....and when the Prince came home that night, she had changed into an old Hag. What a pair of tits! Why pigeonhole ourselves? LEXY SPETT. Scotch on the rocks. Give thanks to a just creator? You're telling me about some underage stuff. See you in the morning. It's anybody's ballgame. Chugga chugga chugga chugga chugga chugga chugga chugga chugga. KELLY QUAIN. I'm looking for Deborah. They're open all night Bern. Do you know what the fuck you want? You really amaze me sometimes you know that? Yes sir, you are one fortunate son of a bitch. She wrote the route. I know what I'm talking about. You mean fooling around! Sure! Squeal of pleasure and relief that would fucking kill a horse. I will. Want me walking around with a naked la-la? I know who you are. Tits and Ass. BENNET ZELLE. Tits and Ass. We've done this one. Do we have any shampoo? Do the 12-12's huh? Yes. And no. To think I gaze upon the highest man can wish for... What is she? I could dwell in Earthly Paradise today. You're living in a city in 1987. Go to the zoo, or shopping? I mean what the fuck, a guy wants to get it on with some broad on a more or less stable basis. Jerk! Deaf Bitch. The junior prom, SKY HOYT, an autumn afternoon. That's not always a bad thing. Well, she's not here now. So what do you come here for? Nobody is hung like that! World's Greatest Newspaper. Is the radar in fine shape? Lying all over the beach, flaunting their bodies. Menstruation. Men. They're all after one thing. PETER DAVIS. Miss Weber is going to call our parents. Did I wake you? I'm just standing here. What am I? Cunt born in a car crash! I had this one chick, she used to have me wrap her in a bicycle chain and lock her to the radiator before she'd let me do it. That bites the big one. I'm sorry. BETHANY KRAUSE. I'm not ashamed to say it. You can't live in the past. I hope you are very happy. And lathering her! That pisses the fuck outta me. I can see her snatch. JOEL FITZPATRICK. What a pair of boobs! And drop her like a fucking hot potatoe. Do you really believe that? So how'd you do last night? Hear you badmouthing Bernie Litko. Don't ever lose your sense of humor. They got a fucking Fairy at the games counter! It was my fault. Aren't you going to tell me I'm a lousy fuck? Prissy little cunt. Were you playing with each others genitals? Sorry don't mean shit. Humping and bumping. Moaning and groaning. Zip, zip, zip, zip, greasing the olg Flak suit. Rat tat tat tat tat. Ka Pow!