

KING LEER

by ANN WUEHLER

CHARACTERS

MIKE, failed film maker. Works at Home Depot. Thirties or younger.

HAZEL, his sister, believes the Wee Folk are after her. Teens.

SETTING

A clearing in an Idaho forest. A chair, a rug. Light is bright and sunny. Time is now.

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KING LEER

[Lights up on Mike adjusting the chair this way and that way, then checking it through his hand-held video camera. Hazel is lying on ground, wearing a long bathrobe. Mike steps around her and over her when he has to.]

MIKE

You understand, right, that a guy in California is going to see this.

HAZEL

Yes. Can't you feel the Wee Ones?? They're...watching. And they keep saying don't drink. Don't drink, it's poison. As if I'd listen to them NOW.

MIKE

When my friends get here, you'll be ready. Are you ready?

HAZEL

Yeah, yeah.

[Sits up, then lays back down. Mike sits on chair, fiddles with camera.]

So tell me the story again-- I'm a naked wood nymph and they're...not? We screw...

MIKE

Right. Hazel...you don't have to do this.

HAZEL

Dad can pay his bills now. This weirdo in California is paying, what, almost fifty thou to see me getting poked. No big deal, who cares, I'm almost seventeen, so I'm getting old. There--

[She sits up quickly, craning her head around, listening, listening.]

Did you hear that?? There are Wee Folk here.

MIKE

If they hadn't a found that rare mouse on dad's land...we'd be okay for a while yet. And now he's sitting in jail for attempted murder...not that anyone blames him, it was just an environmentalist, but...you don't have to do this. I'm not forcing you to make...make bukkake underage porn.

HAZEL

You don't hear Them sneaking up? What...what are you babbling about? Can we get started already?? I'm getting the cold shakes from those damn faeries. Real ones, not gay guys! Where are your studs? What's bukkake? Can we stop at Dairy Queen after? I want an Oreo Blizzard. Just a small one.

MIKE

I got the list right here.

[Digs out a many-times folded piece of paper. Unfolds it, after putting down camera. Looks it over, then reads from it.]

Bukkake, DP, Double...well, everything, and lots of...well, oral...and...

HAZEL

I'm not doing most of that. Just line em up and run em through. That double stuff hurts. And I smell funny for days.

MIKE

[Puts list away as if it burns his fingers and eyes.]

Almost fifty thou would pay for quite a bit. King Leer, the guy, said there are ways, drugs and money usually, to make girls do what you want.

HAZEL

I never saw no list. I didn't know there was a list. You know how I feel about things that are lined up, it's not natural. Nothing lines up in nature, there are no straight lines. Now that I'm a Wiccan, I know that. Why'd you bring coffee?? It's hot out.

MIKE

You're a what?? It's...not coffee, it's root beer. For after. Or before. Either way...

HAZEL

Oh!! I love root beer!! I'm a Wiccan, a witch, one with nature, it's why I don't care about having sex with strangers on camera, but it has to be nice sex, not...that list crap. Just shoot me having nice sex. Okay?

MIKE

The pedophile wants nasty, awful, degrading, terrible sex, he wants you held down and raped. If I could find another underage girl, I would-- do you think I want my little sister...

HAZEL

Mike!! If he wants all that, he can have someone else make him another movie or whatever. Just tell him I wouldn't do any of those things-- he'll understand. Get the

money first, though, you're not so practical. That's why you work at Home Depot, instead of Hollywood.

MIKE

That is not the reason I work at Home Depot!!

HAZEL

Please, you quit college because they didn't like your screenplay about how the Indians deserved their fate. You were booed. You gave up and came home.

MIKE

It would have won an Oscar. It was brilliant.

HAZEL

Yeah, and monkeys will fly out of my butt.

MIKE

What do you know about art?? What do you know about any place but here?? I went out in the world...

HAZEL

And you came back to Mountain Home, and got a job at Home Depot. Out in the world-- you went to Montana. Where you met this California Lear jet guy, so you say.

MIKE

He calls himself King Leer. I don't have relatives working in LA, you have to know people, you have to...

HAZEL

Then go to California, it's not that far of a drive. Make porno's. It's what you do now, you make porno's. King Leer?? Oooh yucky...but kinda not.

MIKE

This is the absolute last time. I feel like I'm covered in rocks, like I can't breathe.

[Silence. Hazel rises. Stretches.]

I promised this guy everything on his list. There's bonuses built in.

HAZEL

So??? What's he gonna do, complain to somebody? He'll just go to someone else to make his jerk-off tape.

MIKE

He...he used to work in the CIA, he said, he said that if his list wasn't followed, I'd be history, but maybe you're right...

HAZEL

I'm always right, Mike. About time you learned that. CIA? Is that even a real job? Oh, so last night, I was asleep, when they woke me up, the faeries did. And they told me to watch out for tricks. Sometimes they warn me, you know, then something happens and they were right so...

MIKE

Oh My God, would you shut up about the faeries!!! They don't exist.

HAZEL

Maybe you're just not...artistic enough to see them. Maybe I should be in Hollywood making blockbusters with Johnny Depp. Wiccans see Faeries!! Or that guy from...

MIKE

You know what you are?? You're crazy. I know it, dad knows it, even mom knows it. Grandma was crazy--

HAZEL

She was not. Grandpa called her crazy because she just up and refused to take care of him anymore. I ain't washing another fucking dish, she said. I ain't washing no more fucking dirty shorts, she said. And then she tried to shoot him with the shotgun, lucky for him she was half-blind and had arthritis so bad in her hands. Otherwise, he'd a been a goner! She about beat grandpa to death with the shotgun, though. I call that resourceful, not crazy. He was a mean ole bastard at times, even you have to admit that.

MIKE

She was crazy.

HAZEL

We're all crazy. Are we gonna get started or what?

MIKE

We're not all crazy. I'm not. And...and you have to do the stuff on this list. I'm not crazy.

HAZEL

Uh, who's making porno's with their sister in them? And no way on your list. I'm a feminist now. The other kind, the kind that likes men, but still a feminist...

MIKE

I'm not a hillbilly. I'm doing this to pay some bills. For every extra...thing I can get you to do, like the beating and blood drinking, he'll pay five hundred extra.

HAZEL

You could have got a second job. I could get a job.

MIKE

Can we not talk about this?

HAZEL

You brought it up. Drink blood???

I'm not a vampire.

MIKE

I don't think I did bring all this up. You could be a vampire wood nymph. Or not.

HAZEL

Um'kay.

[Silence. She sits on chair, blows out air.]

Ever wonder why there are mosquitoes? Can I have some root beer now?

MIKE

No, it's for later. They evolved or something, I don't know. So you're not doing any lists?

[Checks watch, frowns.]

They should be here. I told them exactly how to get here.

HAZEL

Your buddies Austin, Craig and Cody, right? Well, not buddies, they work with you, so they're not really buddies. And no, not unless I want to do it, your list, that is. So these guys are nice?

MIKE

Hey. Don't worry about it. I'm working shifts for them, paying em, don't worry about it.

HAZEL

I'm not worried, they're just guys. Mosquitoes evolved? From what? What were they before?

MIKE

Go back to school and find out.

HAZEL

Hell no. You can't cuss or nothing in school. And that damn principal hates my ass. Said he was real glad when I dropped out for sure that last time. Said he'd look for me in the obituary columns. How's that for nice? Is it good root beer or that cheap ass kind?

MIKE

Cheap ass. You can go to another school. You should graduate. What are you gonna do?

HAZEL

I'm gonna make porno's with my brother and move to California. I'm gonna be the next...what was her name, the famous blow job lady? And drink designer root beer by my pool...

MIKE

Who are you talking about? They're all famous for that.

HAZEL

Marilyn Monroe? No. Oh what is her name, it's gonna drive me nuts...

[Sits up straight, stares to right very hard.]

You think I don't know you're out there, you little faery fuckers??

MIKE

That was a deer.

HAZEL

Do deer have horns?? I mean...weird ass horns like that one did?

MIKE

Gosh...no!!

HAZEL

Laugh it up, funny guy. And did you ever think that maybe the police are on to this? Like on that predator show, where they make up some stupid little girl and lure these gross old men to this house, then bust em like a walnut. Fun times. Maybe your King Leer dude is, like, working for the President, and...

MIKE

No, the guy's legit. He's scary. The cops would a been here by now.

HAZEL

Perfect cover. I mean, come on, they're always after those kiddie porn people.

MIKE

Well, guess what, they'll be after us next. We're now...kiddie porn people.

HAZEL

If we get caught, I'll tell em it was all my idea. They can't arrest me, I'm too young. I'll say I borrowed your camera thingie there and your friends talked me into doing some naughty things.

See? No problem. You're so uptight.

MIKE

Do you even hear yourself when you talk??

HAZEL

I'm not deaf.

MIKE

It's money, it's lots of money. And...we need it. But. It's wrong, it's so wrong, can't you feel that?

HAZEL

Right and wrong is for them rich people, who can afford right and wrong, you know.

MIKE

It shouldn't have to be like that. And...and it's fifty thou only if you do everything on this list.

HAZEL

Well it is like this. And...no way. Uh-huh.

MIKE

Then maybe we should do the right thing.

HAZEL

Lose everything because of some fucking stupid mouse no one gave a shit about two months ago?? Because some guy from, where was it, Virginia or England, said this mouse is on the endangered species list?? And it can only live in dad's grain field?? No way. Stop getting cold feet and the heebie jeebies.

MIKE

You don't think it's wrong that I'm filming my underage sister with three guys?

HAZEL

Would I be here if I did?

[Goes to him, pokes him in the chest.]

Besides, you gotta live life to the fullest, just do it, be all you can be. And those damn faeries are not gonna get in my way anymore. I been living like a scared rat. They can follow me and giggle at me and whisper warnings in my ear all night long if they want-- Jenna Jameson!! That's who I meant, I'm gonna be Jenna Jameson. But, those faery fucks can do whatever they want and I don't care!

MIKE

You're a kid yet, you think life will turn out okay, no matter what you do. This is something you can't take back, you get that, right??

HAZEL

Oh please. It's not like you're making something everyone's gonna see. And everything can be taken back. Everything gets forgiven. Why would we have God if nothing gets forgiven?? Can you tell me that?

MIKE

So Hitler is forgiven? Attila the Hun? What's going on in Africa, in the Middle East? All forgiven, it's all okay, there are take backs, don't worry about blowing up babies or nothing...

HAZEL

That's right. Everything gets put in the forgive barrel. You, me, grandma, everyone.

MIKE

I don't believe you. You don't honestly think that...

HAZEL

Nah, just screwing with you. Of course it's wrong to burn Jews and blow up babies. Duh.

MIKE

Duh.

[Both smile for a moment.]

You're okay with no condoms, right?

HAZEL

I never use em.

MIKE

Never?

HAZEL

Nope. They're expensive.

MIKE

So're AIDS and babies.

HAZEL

I squirt vinegar up there when I'm done. Suzie said it works, she read it online on some anorexia site. Why they'd have that on some starve yourself site is...

MIKE

You are the stupidest girl alive.

[Stops himself from speaking further. Hazel pouts.]

I'm sorry.

HAZEL

Well maybe I don't wanna do your movie no more.

MIKE

Maybe I'm okay with that. Are you still thirsty? It's ice cold. .

HAZEL

So I can leave? You and your buddies can get it on. I bet that pervert would like that...NOT.

MIKE

I can find someone else. Do you want some root beer or not?? How old is Suzie?

HAZEL

Same age as me, but she's Mormon. She's a good girl. She's into not eating, she's saving herself for marriage, something like that, I wasn't paying attention. She's got an ugly bush, I saw it when wee were showering after gym. She's got a hair trail down her stomach.

MIKE

That can be shaved. Maybe I should use one of your friends. Root beer?

HAZEL

Ah come on. I ain't mad no more. Yes!! Give me some fucking root beer already.
[He hands her a thermos, watches her rather sadly as she drinks, wipes her mouth. She takes another swig or two.]
Tastes funny. Flat or something. It's not ice cold, you're such a liar.

MIKE

You're my sister. Our dad is locked up for trying to kill someone, our mom is living it up in Florida, and...you're a high school drop out. You won't even remember this. No harm, no foul.

HAZEL

I got plans. I told ya. The next what was her name again, Jenny...Joanne? Her, all she did was have sex, which I can do with my eyes closed, ha ha. Everything's gonna be fine. Or, I'm gonna work in a vet's office, you don't have to finish nothing to clean up animal crap and give em their shots.

MIKE

Yeah...you're headed for the big time.

HAZEL

Seriously, when we're done here, can we go to Dairy Queen?
[Stares around as if she's heard something.]
Goddamn. The Faeries are laughing their asses off about something...Did you do something to this root beer?? Something about poison. What?? Poison root beer??

MIKE

Maybe you should make friends with them and have tea parties. It's just root beer. Drink some more.

HAZEL

Did you fucking rufi me, big brother??
[Sits down, thermos in hand. Looks at Mike, who will not look at her.]

MIKE

King Leer wants what King Leer wants. I made deals with a devil, Hazel. I'm sorry.

HAZEL

No...you could have made a nice tape of me and your three buddies, turned his ass in and collected some sort of award...you stupid...you're stupid...I'm not stupid...you're stupid.

MIKE

It will wear off and you won't remember a thing. I'm so sorry. Dairy Queen, I promise!! There they are--

[He waves to his friends as Hazel sinks to ground in disgust and outrage. Lights fade to black. End of play.]

END of PLAY