

CHARLIE WHORES

by

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Cast of Characters

Charlie Whores.....Father, 47
Mary-Ellen.....Mother, 42
Thom.....Son, 12
Rocket Queen.....Prostitute, 45

Setting

Living room

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

(It is morning. Charlie Whores is sitting in an easy chair with his legs crossed reading the Wall Street Journal. Thom enters from upstairs and comes downstairs and sits down and is in the couch.)

CHARLIE WHORES

Morning, Thom.

THOM

Hi, Charlie Whores!

CHARLIE WHORES

My name is Dad!

THOM

Shut up, Whores! I know you fuck whores, you fucking Whores!

CHARLIE WHORES

Come on, Thom. You can't keep acting like this.

THOM

Acting like your whore on Tuesday nights!

CHARLIE WHORES

Dammit! We should get along. Why are you always so full of complaints and anger and disappointment? What did I ever do to you, son?

THOM

You are an asshole who is always full of shit! I want you to die and you stop fucking your dirty Mexican Cambridge Townhouse whores. I want you to fucking die and take out a huge insurance policy so when you fucking die all your money is left to me and Mom and you go to hell you fucking gay-ass queer-monkey who does nothing but fuck whores, Charlie Whores!

(Charlie gently rests his hand on Thom's lap.)

CHARLIE WHORES

Your name is Whores, too, Thom.

THOM

What the hell are you doing!

(Thom slaps Richard's hand.)

THOM

You fucking fag! I will call the police on you you goddam dirty gay! What your slut whores aren't enough so now you want to molest me you dumb businessman in your tailored suit and your Wall Street Journal! I hope you die of disease and get AIDS and rot you queer-fucker Whores! Get gay cancer and die, Jimmy Swaggart!

CHARLIE WHORES

What do you want from me, what should I do? Why are you so angry at me--

THOM

Why am I so angry at you?! Because your slut-fucking make Mom cry with sadness!--

CHARLIE WHORES

Now hold on right there mister. I haven't had any kind of sex with a prostitute in over four days. I've done everything in my power to make things right with your mother--

THOM

She's your wife too or did you forget that because there too much cum on your brain?

CHARLIE WHORES

I didn't forget anything.

THOM

Bullshit! Are you always full of shit, Charlie Whores?! Does shit come out of your pee-hole when you cum like chocolate milk into a girl's pussy area? What the fuck you fucking queer you runn around FUCKING beautiful Mexican women with delicious brown lickspots and you cover it up! You comet a conspiracy like the government has done to David Duke and Gary Hart!

CHARLIE WHORES

WHAT? WHAT?

(Frowning, he catches a glimpse of an old tabloid titled "The Cover-Up of David Duke and Gary Heart!!")

THOM

You once worked for the government. I think you audited Lucky the President's dog you faggot did you have sex with the dog too did you fuck her like your dirty cum-buckets or did you just do her Milk Bone taxes cancer man?!

CHARLIE WHORES

St--

THOM

Fuck you! Shut the hell up and pay attention to what I have to say. This is important for you to know!

CHARLIE WHORES

But--

THOM

But nothing! You want to deliver that paper right up your ass so you can feel it in your prostate and cum shit out you dick? You want me to baptise you! You ain't even worth it man. The Wall Street Journal is 50 penny. You are such a--

CHARLIE WHORES

NOW THAT'S ENOUGH!

(Charlie raises his hand to strike his son, but before he does, Thom's mom comes down the stairs.)

MARY-ELLEN

Oh my god! What's going on?

(She covers and hugs Thom and ushers him to the other end of the couch.)

MARY-ELLEN

I know about you and your dirty whores and your gay cancer and bestiality so you don't have to slap our son you fat gay bastard! I've lived with this long enough and smoked a lot of marijuana cigarettes to avoid thinking about the pain and torment but it's just too much! You make me so sad and all I want to do is make you happy. I know Thom hears us at nights when I beg you to fuck me to stick it inside and make the deliveries in rear! Why do you need those whores? I'm horny and I love and crave your huge erection in my wetness! Please...

(Charlie Whores looks at the tabloid.)

CHARLIE WHORES

You know I love you.

THOM

No!

MARY-ELLEN

You are a lying bastard, Charlie Whores! I'll curse your whore name til the day I die. You are chum for sharks to feed on at the bottom of the ocean. I curse you--curse you to hell til the day you die and go there you fucking motherfucker. Jesus why would you hit our boy when I've begged you for so long to hit me in my sweet treasures. Why don't you love me, Charlie Whores. Why do you love AIDS from gay Mexicans and trashy Boyson Road woman?

CHARLIE WHORES

Can't you see Thom wants to tear us apart?

MARY-ELLEN

I don't want to hear it!

CHARLIE WHORES

Please, Mary-ellen. He wants us to hate, not love.

MARY-ELLEN

You hate me, though! I know from the sores on your manhood.

CHARLIE WHORES

I swear, Mary-ellen. He called me--

MARY-ELLEN

Thom would never--NEVER!--say such a thing! He loves you and loves me--you're the one with hate in his heart you queer.

THOM

He tried to touch my privates and give me AIDS!

MARY-ELLEN

(She gasps.)

Cocksucker! Oops. Sorry Thom. Charlie Whores, You son of a b--

(She peeks at Thom. She slaps Charlie Whores multiple times in the head and chest. She takes off her stiletto heel and hits him hard.)

CHARLIE WHORES

(He brushes Mary-ellen aside with his large arm and build.)

Listen to me!

MARY-ELLEN

(The manner and girth frightens her.)

What are you doing! Are you gonna hit me too! Might as well hit me in your ass with your pus-encrusted gobble-cock!

(She grabs a vase.)

Stay back! Don't make me throw a vase into your dick!

(She throws the vase at his cock. It shatters, but Charlie Whores stands there like a rapist.)

You big gay asshole! Why do you work out to get muscle! I can't fight you when you become a whore!

(She runs.)

You gay pork chop! Thom! Run and get help!

(She throws object at Charlie, but he is unhurt.)

CHARLIE WHORES

I didn't do anything. Let me explain--Thom is a growing boy, and there comes a time when all young boys--

MARY-ELLEN

Oh my god! You are a pedophile!

CHARLIE WHORES

No! No... sometimes.

MARY-ELLEN

You sick fuck gay out of here!

CHARLIE WHORES

Don't you understand! I need my whores to keep me from touching our little boy.

MARY-ELLEN

You bastard. You sick bastard. And those sores--

CHARLIE WHORES

A boy from the playground tried to bite my wiener off.

MARY-ELLEN

I hope you get gay cancer from him and die you sick fucking fuck oh god and to think all this time I thought it was the whore cabana boys and fat brown women I needed to fear but it was you all along!

CHARLIE WHORES

Really?

MARY-ELLEN

Yes. But I want to fuck you more than ever--once more, then you must leave.

CHARLIE WHORES

Will you wear Thom's clothes and let me go through the back door?

(Mary-ellen smiles as they run upstairs, breathing heavy. Thom runs back in the house with the Rocket Queen.)

THOM

You are a dirty slut. Do you know my dad?

ROCKET QUEEN

Don't think so.

THOM

I need your help, lady. My dad's going to kill my mom!

ROCKET QUEEN

That's terrible, Thom. You must have had such a hard childhood.

THOM

I did. You wanna know something. You wanna know why I hate my dad? Because he ruins farmer life but he still can't provide from us. He so corrupt but he spends all his money on whores and to fuck little boys he buys from rich neighborhoods in Hiawatha. All he does for mom is gay-ass shit like she dresses like little boys and gets ass-fucked. You would think a banker accountant who steals farms and sells to the government for millions would live in a nicer house but the pinnacle of his career is when he got the \$500 whore instead of the \$20 whore. He's over the hills and his sex doesn't work right now. I saw it in the shower one time when he tried to fuck me. He's a gay pedophile motherfucker and I want him dead. We should go upstairs and make sure everything's okay.

(From upstairs Charlie Whores and Mary-
Ellen moan and groan.)

She's dying! Oh humanity!

ROCKET QUEEN

That's the opposite of dying.

THOM

Oh. Well...

ROCKET QUEEN

What do you need, sonny?

THOM

I need to fuck you. How much will it cost?

ROCKET QUEEN

You seem like a good kid. This one's on me.

(She takes off her top and they have sex on the couch.)

