

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

By Aaron Ware

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ACT ONE

ACT 1 SCENE 1 AN ALLEY-WAY IN NEW YORK CITY - ANY YEAR

A typical ALLEY-WAY between two walls that each contain STAGE DOORS.

Several excited THEATRE FANS eagerly wait with programmes and markers in their hands.

On the opposite side, a MAN (BROCK HALTER) is half-hidden by an open newspaper. We can only see him from the waist down.

DARLENE McKNIGHT enters with an oversized gym-bag over her shoulders, her presence immediately grabs the attention of the awaiting FANS.

She begins to sign autographs, and chats caringly to the FANS- who run off-stage once their programme has been signed.

JULES, a Non-Binary dresser enters, immediately grabbing DARLENE'S attention.

DARLENE: Oh, Jules- thank goodness, could you please take this up to my room- my back is a bit tender from last night.

BROCK HALTER scoffs an unnoticed laugh.

JULES: Next time save the disco for closing night. How's your head?

DARLENE: No complaints.

BROCK HALTER scoffs a more noticeable laugh.

JULES: Really? You drank enough for three! See you inside.

AARON WARE

JULES disappears through the closest STAGE DOOR.

FAN #1: You were wonderful last night, Ms. McKnight!

DARLENE: Thank you- surprised you managed to get a ticket.

FAN #1: Front row, right on the corner- Dad's boss didn't want it.

DARLENE: Yes, of course! I remember your pretty smile.

FAN #2: Dude, she remembers you!

But FAN #1 is far too stunned to speak as both fans wander away, staring at their autographed programmes.

DARLENE: Last one! There you go- I gotta get ready, thanks for stopping by- enjoy the show!

FAN #3: Thanks Lady McKnight, you're the GREATEST!

FAN #3 bows, DARLENE curtsies in return, before turning towards her stage door.

BROCK: *(From BEHIND the NEWSPAPER)* "She glides across the stage with the ease of a feather on ice..." *(SCOFFS)* The drivel in these things! "Complimenting and elevating her lesser-talented co-stars at every turn" Wow, McKnight- that's some high praise.

DARLENE: You.

BROCK: *(LOWERS NEWSPAPER)* Howdy, neighbour!

DARLENE: Why's this happening?!

BROCK: Luck? Hard work? Same Producer?

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DARLENE: You'll forever be a thorn in my side, won't you Halter?

BROCK: Part of my charm.

DARLENE: If you're looking for the article on your career, it's on the Obituaries page.

BROCK: Ah, yes, right next to the one on your love life.

DARLENE: You *literally* just took my joke.

BROCK: Let me take you out to dinner instead?

DARLENE: (*Unimpressed*) What are you doing here?

BROCK: I'm not sure if you've heard- but you've just opened a musical in that theatre, and I'm in previews for a play in this-

DARLENE: I meant: *why* are you out here?

BROCK: I wanted to congratulate you on getting such rave reviews- look, here: I've got a clipping from 'The Tyme Daily'... "Breeze Down My Back breezes into opening night... Leading lady Darlene McKnight sings with the-"

But DARLENE disappears through her stage door, letting it slam shut behind her. BROCK pockets the clipping, and places the newspaper under his armpit whilst finishing his sentence:

BROCK: "-With the thumping sounds of a slamming stage door!"

BROCK'S stage door opens; a STAGE MANAGER sticks their head through.

STAGE MANAGER: There you are- Deakin's losing his mind, Marcus Dingley is sick, so is his understudy!

BROCK: I'll be right in.

BROCK heads towards his stage door, but stops, and looks across at DARLENE'S door. He breathes out, laughs to himself, shakes his head, then exits.

ACT 1 SCENE 2 DRESSING ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

TWO DRESSING ROOMS sit opposite each other.

On PROMPT-SIDE: DARLENE is sitting at a mirror, whilst JULES puts DARLENE'S hair in a bun.

On OPPOSITE-PROMPT: a BUTLER (HART BANNISTER) is dusting off a tuxedo which hangs on the back of a door.

JULES: Don't worry about him- he gets under everyone's skin.

DARLENE: He gets under everyone's bedsheets, more-like!

JULES: Not mine.

DARLENE: Well, you have taste.

JULES: Not yours, either.

DARLENE: That's because I see right through his crap.

JULES: You're going to have to put up with him- they're sold-out through February- extension's getting announced first-thing Monday.

DARLENE: Dammit!

JULES: Get him out of your mind- here, I'll light this.

JULES pulls an over-sized candle out of their bag.

DARLENE: You're not lighting that in here, it's a hundred-year-old theatre!

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JULES: It'll calm your nerves. It's Jasmine, with a hint of Lemon.

DARLENE: *(Incredulous)* It's fire, with a hint of hazard!

JULES: Oh, that reminds me, I saw the most fabulous skirt for your-

DARLENE: I know what you're doing and it's not working. He's just so God-damned clueless about anybody around him!

On the opposite side, the door opens, trapping HART BANNISTER behind it. BROCK enters the room, instantly looking around for something he's lost.

BROCK: HART! HART? Hart Bannister, are you in here?

HART: Yes, sir.

BROCK looks around, confused.

BROCK: Can you see me?

HART: No, Sir.

BROCK: Well, tell me, what can you see?

HART: Darkness, Sir.

BROCK'S eyes light up.

BROCK: You're not *dead*, are you?!

HART: Not to my knowledge, Sir.

BROCK: Can you follow the sound of my voice?

HART: I can- or you *could* close the door, that also might be awfully helpful, Sir.

BROCK: Oh, right! (*BROCK closes the dressing room door*) There you are, old chap!

HART: Your suit is pressed, ready for dinner tonight.

BROCK: Excellent. You'd like this one- tall, blonde, works at City Hall. An accountant for the mayor. (*Taps his head as if to suggest brains*)

HART: It is *gobsmacking* how well you know my preference in female companion, Sir. (*EYE ROLL*) And how does this one differ from the twelve other tall, leggy, blondes which you've courted this month alone? Has she got an extra nose?

BROCK: Aha! Very funny, Hart- Why aren't you a comedian? I'm sure there's a spot on the circuit for a man with your charm, and dashing good looks.

HART: Coming from you, Sir- I'm sure that means the world. Really.

BROCK: Has it *really* been twelve dates this month already?

HART: (*SIGHS*) Yes, Sir.

BROCK: But it's only the Seventh! Where's that- (*BROCK reaches under his dressing table*) AHA! Let's see... Oh, would you look at that! You're absolutely right- *twelve*.

HART: I'm sure each was as memorable as the last.

BROCK: Well, this time last year it was fourteen.

HART: You're slipping, Sir. How debilitating it must be, I'm sure.

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BROCK: Neh, it's OK- this time last year I was in Tahiti- remember?

HART: Yes, Sir, I truly admired the postcards you sent, I'm sure.

BROCK: (*Proudly/Cluelessly*) That was my way of thanking you for putting up with me.

DARLENE: I don't know how anyone puts up with him!

HART: The struggle is indeed real, Sir.

JULES: I don't know why you care, he's not *that* perfect, I heard Deakin say he wears lifts.

DARLENE: Deakin wouldn't know what lifts are! Didn't your neighbour sleep with him? Why don't you ask her?

JULES: We're not *that* close.

DARLENE: Fitting, I hear he won't get close to anyone he beds.

JULES: No, Margie- barely see her, always at the diner.

BROCK: I bet she dyes her hair!

DARLENE: Pass me my wig, I'm almost ready for warm-up.

HART: Why not query the matter over dinner?

BROCK: Not my date, Hart- that McKnight woman.

HART: I'm at a loss as to why it matters, Sir.

BROCK: It doesn't, I was just wondering.

HART: Very good, Sir.

BROCK: How long until curtain?

HART: Thirty minutes.

BROCK: Enough time for a breather! (*Puts a CIGARETTE in his mouth*)

HART: Very good, Sir, I shall take a moment to ruin my own lungs from this very spot.

BROCK leans out the window and lights up his cigarette.

Across the way, DARLENE is being zipped into her costume- BROCK tries to look away but can't help but catch glances.

JULES: He's watching.

DARLENE: Oh, of course he is! Like I've always said, at best: he's incorrigible. At worst: he's a pervert! (*Sticks head out of window*) A PERVERT, YOU HEAR ME?! (*Slams window shut, and tightly closes curtains.*) That should do it, for a day... at least.

BROCK jumps in fright, causing the back of his head to bang into the window frame, and the cigarette to fall out of his mouth, landing on his costume.

BROCK: Ouch! Damn! Uh oh. HART!

HART rushes over, kneeling in front of BROCK.

DARLENE: Really, he deserves way worse than that!

JULES: So, give him worse?

DARLENE: You know what? I think I will.

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DARLENE storms to the window, rips open the curtain, and is greeted with the sight of HART kneeling in front of BROCK- DARLENE yelps in shock.

DARLENE: EVEN THE BUTLER! HE'S A SEX MANIAC!

JULES: He's a man, what are you expecting?

DARLENE: He's also a professional!

JULES: No, *you're* a professional, he's a movie star.

DARLENE: So that gives him a free pass?

JULES: In *his* mind, yes, not to the rest of us though.

DARLENE: He's just so... so...

BROCK: Extraordinary! You've done it again, Bannister! Where would I be without you?

JULES: Forget him, you've got a show to do.

HART: Oh shoot, Sir, I don't know- perhaps not smoking in costume?

BROCK: Right, well...

*A *KNOCK-KNOCK* at the door causes BROCK to turn away while HART opens it. A man (PHILLIP DEAKIN) in a business suit enters, looking dishevelled.*

DEAKIN: We're skipping the church scene for today and tonight, and possibly tomorrow's matinee- give the swing time to polish his Bishop blocking- all rather complicated.

BROCK: What about the wedding?

DEAKIN: No dialogue- easy rehearsal so run it as normal.

BROCK: Is that all? Curtain up soon, I need to-

DEAKIN: We need to discuss opening night before the day's through, I've booked the back room at The Camel Tone for Friday, ten p.m. onwards. Be sure to bring a plus one.

HART: I'm positive he can manage that, Sir.

DEAKIN: Preferably someone with a name!

DEAKIN hastily exits, BROCK looks up at HART with a smirk.

HART: I highly doubt an Accountant from City Hall constitutes a celebrity date, Sir.

ACT 1 SCENE 3 ALLEY WAY - LATER THAT EVENING

BROCK HALTER exits his stage door, and is instantly greeted by a flock of gossip columnists: HILDA RUBENSTEIN, CHAD CHATSWOOD, and ELENA MERCEDES.

HILDA: Mr. Halter, is it true you're dating the mayor's daughter?

CHAD: What can audiences expect from 'On Your Knees'?

HILDA: And what does Mayor Waters have to say about that?

BROCK: I'm sorry, it's been a long-

ELENA: Will you stay with the show when it extends?

HILDA: Will you adopt the mayor's grandson as your own?

ELENA: Or will you go on tour?

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CHAD: What's it like working on stage after six years in Hollywood?

HILDA: Is there any truth to the rumours?!

BROCK: How about this, on opening night, you three can ask the first questions, but I'm afraid I simply-

HILDA: Will the mayor's daughter be your date for opening night?

BROCK: No- no, look... I don't know where you heard that, but I've never met the mayor, nor his family. I really need to-

On the opposite side, DARLENE McKNIGHT exits through her stage door, and is instantly greeted by a flock of fans with programmes.

HILDA: So, who will be your date to opening night?

BROCK: *(Loudly/Jokingly)* Darlene McKnight!

DARLENE: *(W/out looking up)* Yes?

All three GOSSIP COLUMNISTS look at each other with glee, and hurry away quickly whilst frantically scribbling into their notebooks.

DARLENE: Oh, you again. Thanks guys, see you another time!

The FANS hurry away as excitedly as the GOSSIP COLUMNISTS.

BROCK: See you tomorrow?

DARLENE: Let's not and say we did.

HILDA: *(Voice-over with rhythmic typing.)* ...And whilst the rumours concerning Mayor Waters' eldest daughter proved to be untrue, it seems that the close proximity of the Ciccone and Crowley

HILDA: *(Cont.)* Theatres has brought these two superstars together, as Darlene McKnight will indeed be Brock Halter's date to the opening night of '[title of play]' - as confirmed by Ms. McKnight herself. Have these two love-birds finally reconciled their twenty-year rivalry? This is Hilda Rubenstein, writing for 'The Catchment', New York City.

Act 1 Scene 4 DARLENE'S DRESSING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

DARLENE, JULES, and PHILLIP DEAKIN are standing around an open newspaper. DARLENE and JULES both look shocked, DEAKIN, however, looks joyous.

DARLENE: This is just-

DEAKIN: SPLENDID!

DARLENE/JULES: NO-IT'S-NOT!

DEAKIN: Of course, it is! Ticket sales will sky-rocket now, we can get the casts together, do a photoshoot- no, a charity concert!

DARLENE: It says here that I confirmed it- when did I confirm it?!

JULES: Have you spoken to the press since we opened?

DARLENE: No, I haven't- Oh...

DEAKIN: Producers can only *fabricate* their leading actors getting together like this! You'll both be in the papers every day- think about the bums on seats!

DARLENE: Think about the bums I'm going to kick.

DEAKIN: Come on, Darlene- we *need* this.

JULES: You're sold-out for weeks to come!

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DEAKIN: And you know how it works around here, flavour-of-the-minute one day- the next day you're as stale as- as-

DARLENE: Brock Halter's breath?

DEAKIN: Yes- I mean, no- as stale as old bread- sure, that'll do. This'll make national news, put both shows on the map before we tour! The hottest star of stage and screen, romantically involved with the leading lady of Broadway?! You can't make this stuff up!

DARLENE: And yet, they did...

JULES: What if she refuses?

DEAKIN: You can't refuse!

DARLENE: I beg your pardon?

DEAKIN: Page nineteen of your contract. Jules, would you?

JULES reaches into a drawer, and pulls out a contract.

JULES: "All cast are to attend any-and-all promotional events, as per the requirements of the producing partners, and any affiliates as listed in-" the nonsense on page ten.

DARLENE: So, you're *forcing* me to go on a date with somebody I hate? By law?

DEAKIN: I'm starting to think you don't want to.

DARLENE: Oh, fancy that! Welcome to yesterday, Phil.

JULES: They don't get along, Mr. Deakin.

DEAKIN: What- since when?!

DARLENE: Since I first laid eyes on him!

DEAKIN: Well, according to every paper in town, you've confirmed this date!

DARLENE: But I did no such thing- gimme that! *(Goes to window)* OI, PERVERT! HALTER, YOU SKEAZE-BALL!

BROCK appears in the window on the opposite side.

BROCK: Morning, neighbour!

DARLENE: You'll be in mourning soon enough, I'm coming over!

DARLENE snatches the article from the table, and storms through the door.

JULES follows immediately, leaving DEAKIN looking rather sheepish.

DEAKIN: So, that went well.

ACT 1 SCENE 5 BROCK'S DRESSING ROOM

DARLENE bursts through the door, instantly terrifying HART and BROCK.

DARLENE: YOU LYING LITTLE HOUND!

BROCK: I never lied- I don't know what you're- OUCH!

DARLENE pinches BROCK on the right arm as JULES enters.

DARLENE: LAST NIGHT! THAT'S WHY YOU SAID MY NAME, ISN'T IT?!

JULES: Breathe, Darl- remember your-

DARLENE: YOU LYING, SCHEMING, LITTLE PERVERT! *(Pinches BROCK'S left arm)*

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BROCK: OUCH!

HART: Ms. McKnight, if you may take a seat.

DARLENE: I'll be taking more than that when I'm done with him!

BROCK: This is just a misunderstanding.

DARLENE: THAT YOU STARTED!

DARLENE pinches both arms at once.

BROCK: OUCH! STOP THAT!

JULES: He's not worth it, remember your meditation.

BROCK: Do you want me to retract the story?

DARLENE: CLEARLY! *(Breathes deeply)* I don't know why I'm so surprised that you'd stoop so low.

BROCK: Honestly, I didn't! I was making a joke- I didn't think you'd hear it!

DARLENE: All I heard was my name.

BROCK: Precisely. I didn't get a chance to clarify- you know what the vultures are like!

DARLENE: Yes, I do- all they do is kiss your butt! Just don't do anything like that again. We're *not* friends.

BROCK: Clearly.

DARLENE: We'll see ourselves out.

As DARLENE reaches the door, BROCK laughs.

DARLENE: None of this was funny, Halter.

BROCK: No, it's just- you really think I have it easy with the press?

DARLENE: You are, after all, the golden boy of Hollywood *and* Broadway.

BROCK: So take the scrutiny that you get here, and multiply it by three.

HART: I can verify that, Ms. McKnight.

DARLENE: I've never seen a bad story- or review- written about you!

JULES: Nor have I.

BROCK: Maybe that's because I'm not the monster you think I am?

DARLENE: I wasn't born yesterday, Brock. You've seen, conquered, and came on every chorus and leading lady on both coasts-

BROCK: Not you. Yet.

DARLENE grabs him by the nipple, and twists.

DARLENE: Care to rephrase that?

BROCK: Not-OW! You. Ever. OUCH!

DARLENE: And yet, not once have the papers ever called you out for your womanizing ways. Fancy that.

BROCK: What can I say?

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DARLENE: Perhaps own it? Stop pretending like you're some Casanova- you're just a sleaze with a boner. Could you imagine if I acted like that? I'd be eaten alive- visually *and* verbally!

JULES/HART: Absolutely!

BROCK: Absolute rot, that's what that is. The media wouldn't bat an eye-lid about it!

DARLENE: You really are the cockiest, most clueless man on this planet, aren't you?

BROCK: I swear! Barbara Ryerson cheated on three husbands-

DARLENE: And 'The Catchment' called her a "Hooker for the Classless Ages" - or did that little headline slip your mind.

BROCK: No, I just, I didn't read that one.

DARLENE: Sounds like you don't read anything. Remember Lottie Langton?

BROCK: The silent-film star who slept her way into talkies?

DARLENE: Exhibit B.

BROCK: So what? Those two were years ago! The press has changed now.

DARLENE: They've already placed bets on when you'll cheat on me!

BROCK: Well that's silly, I never cheat on anybody.

DARLENE: You'd have to commit to be able to cheat on someone.

BROCK: Touché.

JULES: Surely this is settled by now? It's curtains up in an hour- and you're both as red as a baboon's butt.

HART: I'll run you a bath, Sir.

DARLENE: This will be settled when Clueless Carl over here retracts that nonsense from the papers!

BROCK: And what if I can't?

DARLENE: Then I want a full apology, and an admission.

BROCK: Admitting to what?

DARLENE: That you're a Man-slut, and the papers let you get away with it *purely* because you're a man.

BROCK: That's sheer nonsense.

DARLENE: Oh really?

BROCK: Sure it is!

DARLENE: How much are you willing to stake on that?

BROCK: What've you got?

DARLENE: Something you don't have, *dignity*.

BROCK: Well, when you lose, you won't have it anymore.

DARLENE: I won't lose.

JULES: Wait, what's happening here?

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DARLENE/BROCK: We're going to play a little game.

DARLENE: It's going to need some ground rules.

BROCK: That's fair- I wouldn't want you *cheating* just to prove your point- that's if *you're* even able to commit.

DARLENE: Eighteen-plus and consensual sex only.

BROCK: How do I know you'll follow-through?

DARLENE: Well then- um, our assistants can keep watch.

BROCK: I'm supposed to trust your dresser to be honest with this?

DARLENE: OK, then, we swap over for the duration of the bet.

HART/JULES: You'll WHAT now?!

BROCK: That's fair- and it's gotta be with Broadway folk only-

DARLENE: I like that. Not Hart, Jules or Phillip either. Noticeable names, especially. It'll stand out better.

JULES: What on earth is happening?!

BROCK: And what do we do if people catch-on?

DARLENE: Good call, I'd be furious if I were dragged into somebody's sick little game.

HART: May Jules and I-

BROCK: Well, sure- but more so, it'd be wrong.

DARLENE stops for a moment, and surveys BROCK.

DARLENE: In twenty years of knowing you, I think that is the first time you've ever said something I agree with. Fine, we make sure each- um, well, partner knows what they're getting themselves into. No false pretences.

BROCK: See, not as stupid as I look.

DARLENE: Let's not go *that* far.

BROCK: Just as far as it'll take for the media to call you a "Slut"- IF they do.

DARLENE: It shouldn't take longer than a week, and maybe three different men. Your opening night is five days away- that's the deadline.

BROCK: And what if I'm correct, what's my prize? *(Winks)*

DARLENE: A double nipple twist.

BROCK: No, really- we have our game, what's the prize?

DARLENE: If I'm right, then you have to end your contract and move back to L.A. by Christmas.

BROCK: That's harsh- and if I win?

DARLENE: Then you'll get your opening night date.

BROCK: Oh... Ohhh, really? Hey-

DARLENE: I'm not going to sleep with you, you absolute donkey! Deal?

BROCK: Fine, deal.

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JULES: Do we get a say in this?

BROCK/DARLENE: NO! (*DARLENE/BROCK shake hands*)

HART: OH SHOOT! The bath!

ACT 1 SCENE 6 CROWLEY THEATRE - MINUTES LATER

DARLENE and HART navigate backstage at the CROWLEY THEATRE.

A man with a headset on is leaning over a desk, pouring over some notes.

DARLENE stops in her tracks.

DARLENE: Percy? Percy Whitmire?

PERCY: Yeah, what? Oh, Darlene- long time!

DARLENE: It's been a minute, not since, you know... Rhode Island.

HART shifts uncomfortably on the spot, and clears his throat.

PERCY: So, um, what can I do you for?

DARLENE: Old time's sake?

PERCY: Pardon me?!

DARLENE: Nothing, just y'know, seeing you brings back memories.

HART: Ahem, the rules...

DARLENE: You know, Brock Halter doesn't think I'm sexy enough to sleep with anybody in this theatre.

PERCY: He doesn't?

HART: (Louder) Ahem, Ms. McKnight...

DARLENE: Well, actually- we're in a competition to see how long it'll take (*leans in and whispers in PERCY'S ear*) - so if you want to be my first?

PERCY: Why, um, sure! Oh, you mean right now.

A MAN'S VOICE (RICKY) rings out from above.

RICKY: Can I join?!

DARLENE: Head-set?

PERCY: Sorry- I should have switched it off.

DARLENE: (Smiles flirtingly) Who's that up there? Is that *you* Ricky?! Sure thing! Come on down-

RICKY: I'm coming- just gotta whoa-WHOA-WHOOOAAA!

*A loud *THUMP* signals RICKY's landing.*

HART/DARLENE: Whoa-oh...

RICKY: I'm ok! I'm oh...

PERCY: Somebody send a medic- centre stage.

OFF-STAGE VOICE: MEDIC!

PERCY: (*Removes headset*) Through here, I know a quiet spot.

DARLENE: Back in a moment, Jules- Hart, sorry-

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HART: Clearly you have *other* organs on your mind.

DARLENE: (*Shocked*) Bannister! That's... actually pretty funny- somethin' I'd say... Back in ten or so...

HART: From what I hear about Whitmire, I'll see you in *four*.

BROCK immediately enters, wearing nothing but a towel.

BROCK: Does she know she was heard in all the dressing rooms?

HART: No, sir- I will be sure to enjoy enlightening her.

BROCK: Don't tell 'er, she's gonna need all the help she can get.

JULES: You don't know her very well, do you?

BROCK: What makes you say that?

JULES: Um, the fact that you *don't* know her very well- she's more competitive than you give her credit for.

BROCK: And she's playing *my* game now.

HART: Unfortunately, so are we.

DARLENE re-enters, closely followed by PERCY- who looks embarrassed as he buttons up his shirt.

PERCY: I'm sorry, Darl- it's never happened that quickly before-

DARLENE: It's okay, Perce- our little secret.

BROCK: And ours- don't worry, it'll still count. We can consider it a head start.

DARLENE: Great.

BROCK: What?! When word spread about you two, I had to see for myself. Apparently, I wasn't the only one who couldn't come quick enough.

PERCY: Oy.

DARLENE: Don't listen to him, Percy-

But PERCY has already disappeared in shame.

BROCK: Off to a good start I see.

DARLENE: Do break a leg today, Halter- before I break one for you.

BROCK: Oof, aren't we feisty?

DARLENE: You seem surprised.

BROCK: No-no, I'm just- amused, is all.

DARLENE: Right. *(Turns and leaves, HART stays behind.)*

BROCK: You might need to keep an eye on her, Bannister- she's not the girl I remember.

HART exits.

JULES: That's because she's a woman.

BROCK: *(Smiles)* That she is.

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JULES: *(It clicks)* You like her!

BROCK: Sure, I deeply admire her- her talent, her dedication. There's simply nobody like her on the Broadway stage- on *any stage*.

JULES: Clearly.

BROCK: Besides, she hates me. *(shrugs)*

JULES: Clearly.

BROCK: *(Ponders)* Competitive, huh? Is that to suggest that *me* winning might win *her* respect?

JULES: That's why you're doing this, to win her over?!

BROCK: Well, no- it's to prove her wrong, *clearly*.

JULES: And... THERE it is.

JULES exits.

BROCK: What? What did I say?!

BROCK follows.

ACT 1 SCENE 7 ALLEY WAY - MONTAGE

Lights up on the Alley-Way between two stage doors.

CHAD CHATSWOOD begins in voice-over, with a rhythmic typing accompaniment.

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* ...With an instant-hit on his hands in 'Breeze Down My Back', and this Friday's highly anticipated opening of 'On Your Knees'- producer Phillip Deakin is on cloud-nine this week, so it's only fitting to see his two leading players hit the red carpet together, but will this surprise reconciliation last...

HART: *(Overlapping)* "...Surprise reconciliation last beyond the boundaries of their Broadway runs; Or will Mr. Halter's reputation as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor come to an abrupt end..."- A perfectly fine article ruined with gossipy nonsense. Again.

JULES: Why are you surprised?

HART: I'm not, I'm just- just- *(breathes out, frustrated)*

JULES: Didn't sleep either?

HART: Not a wink!

JULES: I tossed and turned all night- thinking about them-

HART: -Tossing and turning all night-

JULES: Broadway won't be the same after this. I can't even look anyone in the eye anymore!

HART: I almost walked into a bus trying to avoid eye-contact with *anybody* on my way here!

JULES: I know- I was on it.

HART: What do we do about this?

JULES: From what I can tell, not a darn thing! They're both as stubborn as each other.

HART: Yep.

JULES: And in my opinion, she's right.

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HART: Yep.

JULES: When the papers catch wind, "Slut" will only be the tip of the iceberg. That also kept me awake- I can only imagine.

HART: Poor thing, *why* is she doing this to herself?

JULES: Because she's-

JULES/HART: Stubborn.

JULES: Yup.

HART: Well, let's just hope the press keep focussed on their date-

JULES: That's it! We don't need the vultures to watch Darlene and Brock *together!* We need them to-

HART: -To catch what they're doing with-

HART/JULES: OTHER PEOPLE!

HART: Precisely! Speed up the process a bit. Here, gimme a quarter?

JULES: What for?! It was my idea! YOU should pay ME for MY services!

HART: No- we'll tip off the press-

JULES: We can't do that- Darlene will catch on right away!

HART: That's true- so we'd have to be clever about it- not give away the game, or that becomes the story.

JULES: How about... (*Thinks*) No-no, that's too far- OOH! How about- wait, no, that's not at all appropriate- but if we, hang on, YES!

HART: Yes?

JULES: Oh god, yes! It's perfect- here, gimme a quarter!

HART checks his pockets, before suddenly remembering:

HART: I- I- Um, Oh... I don't have any change, I asked you for one!

JULES: Oh, right- hang on, *(Looks in bag/pockets)* there's... one in... here... some- GOT IT! Tell them that Brock is cheating on Darlene.

HART: I'll do my best Australian accent- that should throw them off.

HART and JULES move over to a pay phone. HART places the coin into the machine, then looks at JULES- who bounces eagerly on the spot.

HART: Who are we calling?

JULES: Who wrote that Deakin story?

HART: Chatswood.

JULES: Go with him- No, wait, Hilda Rubenstein. She's the worst of them all. She's nothin' but a vampire.

HART: Good thinking! *(Stares at JULES for a moment)* Well?

JULES: Well, what are you waiting for? Call her!

HART: I don't know her number- do you?

JULES: Oh, maybe it's in my-

Off-Stage, voices can be heard growing louder.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

Both JULES and HART look back in horror.

JULES: It's them!

HART: Bugger! (*Slams down phone*)

JULES: Quick- look natural.

JULES and HART look ridiculous as they attempt to look natural. Realizing instantly they're failing, HART spots a dumpster, and points to it.

HART: Behind there!

As JULES and HART leap behind the dumpster, DARLENE McKNIGHT enters hurriedly with a look of disdain on her face. Which, along with her hair and outfit are dripping wet, and covered in mud.

BROCK HALTER closely follows, with a rather sheepish look on his face.

BROCK: You're not really angry, are you?!

DARLENE: Darn straight I am.

BROCK: It was an accident!

DARLENE: No, YOU'RE an accident!

BROCK: We were trying to offer you a carpool is all!

DARLENE: Yeah, I got the pool bit alright!

BROCK: Don't be like that- Morris didn't see the puddle.

DARLENE: YOUR HEAD WAS STICKIN' OUT THE WINDOW!

BROCK: Well, yes, but-

- DARLENE:** YOU SAW IT- THIS WAS DELIBERATE! (*Showcases her muddy self*)
- BROCK:** No, I didn't- OK, OK, yes I did- but I didn't have enough time to warn you- it wasn't delib-
- DARLENE:** You just won't give up! YOU MOVED YOUR HEAD IN!
- BROCK:** OK, OK, you got me. I'm a monster.
- DARLENE:** Uhk, and a martyr too. Grow up, Halter.
- BROCK:** You're the one- (*DARLENE grabs him by the nipple*) OW-OW-OW-OK-OK, I'm sorry.
- DARLENE:** Why do you get a chauffeur anyway?! (*Releases BROCK'S nipple*)
- BROCK:** (*Rubbing nipple*) I need that, y'know? I think... Anyhow, he's not a chauffeur, he's a driver.
- DARLENE:** Oh gosh, such a wild difference! Still, I guess you would know, you are Mr. Hollywood, after all.
- BROCK:** There *is* a difference, actually. I didn't employ him, Deakin did- why am I justifying it to you? You need somebody to zip-up your dresses for you!
- DARLENE:** I have twenty-nine costumes to wear, Halter, you spend your show on your knees- in one toga. Much like real life from what I hear. (*Mutters*) Not that the papers would ever-
- BROCK:** Oh, beating you is going to be so much fun.
- DARLENE:** Maybe your prize can be Phillip's hand in marriage instead?
- BROCK:** What on earth are you talking about?!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Typical male favouritism.

BROCK: Oh, don't give me that. I told him I was happy to walk- but he insisted I give my knees a rest.

DARLENE: How about give *me* a rest?

BROCK: Fine. Don't be jealous 'coz you weren't offered a driver!

DARLENE: I live five minutes away!

BROCK: SO DO I!!

DARLENE: AND IT'S NOT FAR AWAY ENOUGH!!!

BROCK: OK THEN, IF YOU CAN BEAT ME, HOW'S LOS ANGELES? FAR AWAY ENOUGH?!

DARLENE: Oh, it's no longer a competition, Halter. It's war- and I'm going to have the MOST EXPLOSIVE SEX THAT EVER SHOOK BROADWAY, IT'LL SHAKE YOUR SHINY ASS RIGHT OUT OF TOWN!

DARLENE disappears through the slamming stage door whilst BROCK spits a response at her.

BROCK: Oh yeah, well- DAMMIT.

BROCK paces for a moment, then exits through his own stage door.

Seconds later, HART BANNISTER appears from behind the dumpster.

HART: If this were my country, they could have settled this over a game of cricket.

HART turns out, noticing JULES hasn't followed him.

HART: The coast is clear.

JULES: I'm not coming out until they're both on stage!

HART: Preposterous. We both have jobs to do- and I- I have a phone call to make.

JULES finally appears, with a piece of newspaper stuck to their shoe.

JULES: We really doing this? After that argument?!

HART: *Epecially* after that argument!

JULES: But we don't have Rubenstein's number?

HART: Look down. (*JULES spots the newspaper*) Where it belongs, if you ask me.

JULES: The number's a bit faded, but I think I can make it out.

HART rushes over to the pay phone, and places the quarter in, dialling each number as JULES reads it aloud:

JULES: FIVE-FIVE-FIVE SIX-NINE-FOUR-TWO

HILDA: Hilda Rubenstein- how may I help you today?

HART: (*Terrible Australian Accent*) Yes, g'day, my name is... Bruce uh- Sydney, I have a tip about Brock Halter that might be-

HILDA: Yes, Mr. Bannister, how may I help you?

HART: I- uh- how did you know it was me?

HILDA: I'm a gossip, not an idiot, Mr. Bannister- why are you calling me? Have you not signed an NDA for your client?

HART: Of course- but- well, I just think- Um, well-

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HILDA: Fantastic, and while you're doing that, I have a column to write, so if there's anything else I can-

HART: Meet me for lunch tomorrow at noon?

HILDA: I beg your pardon?

HART: At the Camel Tone- back bar where it's quiet.

HILDA: I'm very flattered Mr. Hart, but I'm afraid this fish has already been fried- so to speak.

HART: No- look, I've got to go, but just trust me- if you want to know the truth about-

A Dial-tone cuts-off the call.

PHONE VOICE: Please inset another quarter to continue your-

HART slams down the receiver.

HART: Lunch tomorrow.

JULES: So I heard.

HART: You'll need to shepherd them both- I can't imagine that will be easy- oh, shoot! Look at the time, I better help Ms. McKnight. Turns out Actresses have a little less show-prep to do than Brock Halter- I can't begin to tell you how often I've had to wax his back before a show!

HART disappears through DARLENE'S stage door, leaving JULES looking stunned, if not rather terrified.

Several seconds of a rapidly ticking clock- or rhythmic typewriting- propels us into the future.

AARON WARE

BROCK bursts through his stage door, with an ensemble member (MARCIE WING) in his arms. He spots the garbage dumpster, looks at MARCIE, they both shrug simultaneously with an audible:

MARCIE/BROCK: Meh.

They disappear behind the dumpster as (sexy?) instrumental music begins.

Seconds later, DARLENE bursts through her stage door; passionately kissing the conductor, (PABLO VALDEZ).

They roll along the wall several times, and as PABLO'S pants fall to his knees, DARLENE spots the pay phone, and points to it.

DARLENE breaks free, grabs PABLO by the hand, and leads his hopping-self across to the public phone, before disappearing off-stage.

Without missing a beat, BROCK appears in the auditorium, flirtatiously leading a male and female (HENRY VALMAN and MAY BRACKSON) down the aisle. They look grossed out by their surroundings (the audience), but ultimately walk onto the stage, and enter DARLENE'S stage door.

The moment the door closes, it opens again, a shirtless actor (ROB RANKIN) races through, giving DARLENE a piggyback.

BOTH laughing, he gallops up a set of stairs, and disappears off-stage.

BROCK soon bursts through his own stage door, passionately kissing RICKY-who now has his arm in a cast.

DARLENE bursts through her stage door seconds later, passionately kissing a merchandise/concession employee, (JIN LIU)

BOTH couples meet in the middle, but ignore the obstacle, and continue kissing their way across the stage, where they disappear as the stage doors both open again.

HART and JULES burst through; wiping sweat off their brows.

HART: They're like rabbits!

JULES: Where have they gone now?

HART: Lord only knows- but I hope you've been keeping score of Brock's, uh- dalliances?

JULES: Six since this nonsense began- what about Darl?

HART: Five.

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JULES: Wow- five?! I don't know if I'm surprised or not.

HART: Well, with any luck, by tomorrow's end, one of them will get their prize, and we can move on from this charade.

JULES: Either that, or they'll fall madly in love with each other.

Both HART and JULES pause for a moment, pondering the thought- before bursting out laughing at the idea. Lights fade, except for a lone streetlight.

BROCK'S stage door opens slowly. PERCY sticks his head out, then sneaks into the alley and hold his hands out.

MAY BRACKSON slips outside, and leaps into PERCY'S arms. The streetlight flickers out as they kiss their way into the wings.

ACT 1 SCENE 8 THE CAMEL TONE BAR/GRILL - TUESDAY

HILDA RUBENSTEIN enters a dank, quiet bar with a bohemian vibe. She appears disinterested, but finds HART BANNISTER sitting in a booth.

JULES, meanwhile, sits at the bar, hidden under an oversized hat.

Sliding into HART'S booth, HILDA wastes no time:

HILDA: I imagine this is nothing more than free publicity for the show, so get on with it, I've got real articles to write.

HART: Pleasure as always, Hilda.

JULES swiftly and silently slips out of the restaurant.

HILDA: You've got five minutes.

HART: I can't promise you'll get your story before then.

HILDA: Is this another attempt to pay me off, Bannister?

HART: There was never a first attempt.

HILDA: What is it, Hart?

HART: Brock has a reservation here in about five minutes.

HILDA: You've dragged me away from my desk to watch Brock Halter eat? I don't know what sort of (*Whispers*) kink you think I'm into, Mr. Bannister, (*Louder*) but it's certainly not that!

HART: Well, what is-

HILDA: I beg your pardon?!

HART: Let me finish- what is the one thing you've never heard my client be accused of?

HILDA: Infidelity. Without a doubt.

HART: So tell me, Ms. Rubenstein, why has Mr. Halter just entered this restaurant with a chorus girl?

HILDA RUBENSTEIN slowly turns her neck; spotting BROCK enter whilst canoodling with a performer (KELLI CONTARELLI).

HART holds up a menu, hiding his face from BROCK- who remains none-the-wiser. HILDA holds up the beverage menu, and whispers:

HILDA: I don't understand.

HART: Perhaps we should take a walk?

HILDA: I don't know what sort of childish game you're playing!

HART: Trust me, okay? Is that within the capabilities of a gossip columnist?

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HILDA: *(Snorts)* Have at it.

HART: Just make sure you're not seen, or this will all be-

HILDA: Just get on with it already.

Awkwardly, HILDA and HART hold up their menus, attempting to keep their faces hidden as they sneak out of the Camel Tone.

BROCK, however, spots them.

BROCK: Um, excuse me, may we please see those menus? Seems there's no waiter around-

HILDA and HART look at each other from behind their menus, then at the audience; BOTH with terrified looks on their faces.

HART motions his head, and mouths 'ONE-TWO-THREE'; after which they both plonk their menus over the faces of BROCK HALTER and KELLI CONTARELLI, and scurry outside to safety.

BROCK: HEY!

KELLI: Brockie-boo! They attacked me!

BROCK looks around the restaurant, but it's now empty.

BROCK: What-in-the-who-now?!

ACT 1 SCENE 9 TIMES SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

HART and HILDA run on stage, laughing.

HILDA: That was insane- what have you gotten us into?! *(Laughs)*

HART: You don't want- er- today's ice cream of the day, do you?

HART points to an ice cream vendor called MR. DRIPPY.

HILDA: Ice cream of the- Bannister- lay it out already!

HART: I'll have a double choc myself; I think- let's see...

HART walks over to the ice cream sign, HILDA reluctantly follows.

HILDA: Oh, I suppose a strawberry wouldn't hurt-

HART: Are you sure? There's lots of flavours!

HILDA: I'm positive.

HART: How positive?

HILDA: Bannister, what are you doing?

HART: Why look, here, this flavour!

HART motions for HILDA to lean forward, closer to the sign.

HART: Do you have a little mirror?

HILDA: Because I'm a woman?!

HART: Because you're you, Hilda. We see you sneaking around with it!

HILDA: Sure, why?

HART: Get it ready in five... four...

HILDA scrambles for her pocket mirror, and pretends to powder her nose. She lets out an audible gasp as DARLENE enters, arm in arm with HENRY VALMAN- their hands holding each other's buttocks.

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HILDA: What exactly is going on here, Hart?

But when HILDA turns out, HART BANNISTER has disappeared.

HILDA: Bannister?

HILDA turns in the opposite direction, but DARLENE and HENRY have also disappeared.

ACT 1 SCENE 10 ALLEY WAY - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Car tires screech to a stop, a car door is opened- then closes, followed closely by another door opening.

BROCK soon enters, flicking through his little black book.

Seconds later, a MAN in a tuxedo (MORRIS) enters, closely followed by an actress (SALLY-ANNE FYFE)

MORRIS: Excuse me, boss- you left your date in the car.

BROCK: Oh, right- Sal- thanks Morris- remind me to tip extra tomorrow.

MORRIS: Too kind, boss.

SALLY-ANNE: But Brockie- I don't live around here.

BROCK looks at SALLY-ANNE with a slight degree of empathy, then looks off-stage, as the sound of MORRIS driving away zooms across the theatre.

SALLY-ANNE: BROCKIE!!!

BROCK: I'll tell you what- wait here, I'll see if you're allowed to watch the rehearsal, then I'll drop you back at lunch?

SALLY-ANNE: Does that mean we can... y'know- go another round?

SALLY-ANNE runs her hand down BROCK'S chest, but the lothario leaps back.

SALLY-ANNE: What?! Was I terrible? Oh my god, I'm bad at it, ain't I?!

BROCK: You're, um- No- no, you're great, I swear! It's just, I've already got my make-up on- can't smudge- but wait here, I'll make sure the coast is clear and sneak you in!

A WOMAN (ELENA MERCEDES) quickly enters, looks at BROCK and SALLY-ANNE, then at the audience, before realizing her mistake.

ELENA: Oh- crap! Wrong way.

She quickly scurries back off-stage, catching BROCK and SALLY-ANNE's attention.

SALLY-ANNE: Who was that?!

BROCK: Probably just another fan-

The stage door opens up, JULES sticks their head out.

JULES: Good you're here- wax is heating up, don't be long, it'll get cold, and I'll have to use tweezers.

BROCK: Oh, ouch- OK, won't be long- *(To SALLY-ANNE)* I better get you sorted, back in a mini-

BROCK quickly slips through the stage door, leaving SALLY-ANNE looking rather embarrassed.

She sits down on a fire hydrant right as DARLENE enters- causing her to stand up immediately.

SALLY-ANNE: Darlene!

DARLENE: Sure, I'll sign your- OH! Sally-Anne! Come to see the matinee?

DARLENE hugs SALLY-ANNE, before:

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

SALLY-ANNE: Nah, I was with Brock last night.

DARLENE breaks away from the hug.

DARLENE: Oh. *(It clicks)* OHHH... So you know?

SALLY-ANNE: Yep, and you're absolutely right!

DARLENE: Pity Halter's not around to hear that.

SALLY-ANNE: He knows- I told him about doing "Ding Goes the Dong", that Elena Mercedes called me a "Manhattan Tart" because my dress was "Too short for *her* liking" in one fricken scene!

DARLENE: Oh, yeah- I saw that! Didn't say anything about Roger being shirtless through all of act two!

SALLY-ANNE: I know! Even then, it was a male designer! But nope, nothing about him! Blame solely on the female!

DARLENE: Jesus! Well, thanks for your support- show time at two, I better-

SALLY-ANNE: -Just, sorry, just promise me something?

DARLENE: Sure?

SALLY-ANNE: When the papers, y'know- call you out.

DARLENE: Call me a slut?

SALLY-ANNE: Ugh, I hate that word- but, yeah- when they call you a "Slut", promise me you won't take it personally? It's just typical misogynistic crap- just sucks more when it comes from other women. You're worth a hundred of those Elenas.

AARON WARE

DARLENE: I'll try- (*Hugs SALLY-ANNE*) Though, I wouldn't mind being worth a hundred Mercedes-es!

BROCK: You'd need a driver for that Merc-

DARLENE: Oh, shut up Halter. Good luck for Press Night.

BROCK: (*Surprised*) Oh, thanks- same to you. (*To SALLY-ANNE*) No worries at all, just can't take you backstage.

SALLY-ANNE: I know my way around- see you at interval?

SALLY-ANNE leans in to kiss BROCK, who turns away without noticing, and grabs the door handle, before responding:

BROCK: See ya later.

SALLY-ANNE sheepishly rocks on the spot for a moment, before exiting.

A MAN, (MARCUS DINGLEY) soon enters, wiping his nose. He walks towards BROCK'S stage door, before PHILLIP DEAKIN enters.

DEAKIN: Marcus! Great to see you're on your feet again-

MARCUS: Phil- morning- yeah, not one hundred percent yet, but almost there- fit enough to rehearse.

DEAKIN: Was worried you'd miss Friday.

MARCUS: This always happens. Just nerves screwing with my allergies.

HART BANNISTER enters, spotting MARCUS right away.

HART: Mr. Dingley, lovely to see you up-and-atom again!

MARCUS: Thanks, Hart- oh, tell Brock I'll be in shortly.

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HART: I think not!

And when HART enters DARLENE'S stage door, MARCUS looks at PHILLIP with a confused look on his face.

MARCUS: You haven't re-cast Halter have you?!

DEAKIN: No-no- (*Shrugs*) I guess they've swapped help or something? Probably to do with their upcoming date. Method dating, I guess.

MARCUS: Halter and McKnight on a date? After all these year?!

DEAKIN: Yes! Isn't it wonderful?! Money can't buy this sort of publicity!

MARCUS: A lot happens when you're- you're- AH!

DEAKIN: INCOMING!

PHILLIP holds up his briefcase to shield himself from MARCUS' sneeze- a sneeze which is closely followed by a banging within the dumpster.

MARCUS: Sorry.

DEAKIN: Are you sure you're fit to rehearse?

MARCUS: Doctor's approval.

DEAKIN: Well, let's just hope whatever you've got isn't contagious.

*Another *BANG!* within the dumpster catches MARCUS' attention.*

MARCUS: Yeah- I- um, did you hear that?

DEAKIN: Hear it?! I almost wore it!

MARCUS: No- in the trash- over...

DEAKIN: It'll be another cat.

*The *THUMP!* happens again, this time much louder.*

MARCUS: That's a pretty big cat!

DEAKIN: Maybe there's a few of them?

MARCUS: Then let the poor things out!

DEAKIN: I'm not going near that filthy slime box!

MARCUS: Oh, for Mary's sake!

MARCUS "bravely" storms over to the dumpster, but before he opens the lid, he motions to a broom sitting against the wall.

PHILLIP grabs the broom, then holds it up at the ready.

But when MARCUS opens the dumpster lid, he leaps back in shock, covering his eyes and bouncing around on the spot.

MARCUS: MY EYES! MY PRECIOUS HOMOSEXUAL EYES!!!

Not one, not two, but THREE WOMEN (JUDY SEGALL, PENNY TURNBULL, and LUCY PARKER) pop their heads up; each with broad smiles across their faces. Clearly naked, they cover their breasts with garbage.

Their hair is messy, and their lipsticks have all smudged- on themselves and each other.

DEAKIN: JUDY!? You're supposed to be inside, sorting through my mail!

JUDY: Sorry, Sir- I was a little busy.

The THREE WOMEN giggle to each other.

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PENNY: She was with us, Mr. Deakin.

DEAKIN: I can see that, Penelope!

PENNY: Penny if you're naughty. *(Giggles and winks)*

LUCY: Wanna join us, Phil? Remember when we used-

DEAKIN: LUCY PARKER!? Christ- No, I *don't* want to join this- this- whatever this debauchery is!

PENNY: Would you be sayin' that if we were men?

DEAKIN: Of course, I would!

EVERYBODY- incl. MARCUS- raises an eyebrow at PHILLIP.

LUCY: Is that so?

DEAKIN: I'd certainly say it if it were my- my- What am I saying?! I don't even know why you're on this block, Ms. Parker, has 'Pearl Necklaces for You' suddenly closed early?!

LUCY: No, but this is more fun.

The THREE WOMEN giggle, and lower down again, closing the lid above them.

MARCUS blocks his ears and moves away as PHILLIP continues to address the dumpster's occupants:

DEAKIN: AND ILLEGAL! You're all loitering- and- well, just- *(He walks away before his temper boils over.)* Showbusiness! Why didn't I follow my pop into Mining?! *(Turns back)* YOU LOT, put some clothes on already! And Judy- you've got a job to do; get to it or you're fired! Same with you, Dingley. *(To himself)* After all these years, this is what I-

PHILLIP storms through the Stage Door, which slams shut behind him.

MARCUS: Sheesh, a helluva lot happens when you're off sick!

As we transition, a RADIO JINGLE for "W-NKY" begins.

ACT 1 SCENE 11a RADIO JINGLE

A Voice-Over sings out over the jingle:

HOLDEN: Boil the coffee-pot, it's your favourite hour of the week! You're listening to W-NKY, New York's *only* twenty-four-hour radio station dedicated to our great theatre community. I'm your lunchtime host, JP Holden, and boy do we have an exclusive today, for our listeners!

ELENA: I'd hardly call myself an exclusive, JP.

HOLDEN: Not from where I'm sitting. It's Tyme Daily gossip-guru, the always-in-the-know, and ever gorgeous- Elena Mercedes!

ELENA: Oh, do go on, JP, flattery will get you everywhere!

HOLDEN: We'll jump straight in- I hear you have a juicy exclusive for our listeners?

ELENA: I do, I do- something so juicy not even the legendary Hilda Rubenstein knows about this Brock Halter scandal!

HOLDEN: Even after her story broke this morning, you're telling me the plot has thickened since then?

ELENA: You bet it has- this is Broadway after all! And as your listeners would know, the Catchment caught wind of Darlene McKnight cheating on Brock Halter recently.

HOLDEN: The nerve of her! Turns out Broadway's Sweetheart is a little Sour after all!

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ELENA: It's not new for a diva to strut about town, JP- we just didn't expect it so soon after her reconciliation with Mr. Halter.

HOLDEN: So, where's he been during this? He's got opening night to focus on, he must be devastated!

ELENA: And that's the exclusive, JP- for yours truly herself saw Brock Halter fending off the *whiny* sexual advances of a certain Broadway actress-

HOLDEN: McKnight begging for forgiveness?

ELENA: No- but now that Hollywood's hottest bachelor is single again, the day before his big opening- it'll be interesting to see who will appear with him on the red carpet.

HOLDEN: I know our listeners will be reaching for The Tyme Daily on Saturday morning for all the latest!

ELENA: And I'll be joining you on the- (*Fades out*)

ACT 1 SCENE 11b DARLENE'S DRESSING ROOM

HART BANNISTER is seated at a small table, with DARLENE McKNIGHT pacing around him, waving a newspaper in her hand.

HART: At least Deakin hasn't seen it yet- or he would have said something to me- or You.

DARLENE: Why did you do it?!

HART: To speed up this- this carnal carnage! Jules and I are stuck in the middle, it's not the-

DARLENE: -You could have said no!

HART: Ah, but alas, therein lies the catch: Neither of you pay us to say "No". Besides, how did you know it was me?!

DARLENE: I saw you with her! Ice cream in December?

HART: But we were so well hidden!

DARLENE: Maybe for Halter!

HART: Right, of course! I should have known- Jules did warn me you'd cotton-on. Please, I am truly sorry to have upset you, Madame.

DARLENE: Just- please- stay out of it from now on. Your job is to keep score, and keep *me* within the rules- not friggin' change them!

HART: I shall keep that at the top of my mind.

DARLENE: Looks like I'll have to be his date now.

HART: I hope you're not quitting because of-

Suddenly, PHILLIP DEAKIN bursts through the door, holding a copy of 'The Catchment'. His face is almost as red as his tie.

DEAKIN: YOU HAD ONE JOB! ONE DATE! Now you're cheating on him in full-fricken-view of the papers?!

DARLENE: Mr. Deakin, honestly, you've got nothin' to worry about.

DEAKIN: It's a full-page story!

DARLENE: Without photos.

DEAKIN: So?!

DARLENE: No photos, no proof. Doesn't say nothin' about Brock either!

DEAKIN: Why would it? He's the victim in this!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Sure, OK then, if you say so.

DARLENE and PHILLIP have a glare-off for several moments, rendering HART awfully awkward. Again.

DEAKIN: Right. Well, I better see you both- together- on the red carpet. Tomorrow night at five-sharp, ON HALTER'S ARM- might I add!

DARLENE: Don't worry, I'll be there.

DEAKIN: Did you know about this?

HART: I tipped the-

DARLENE: -Er, he- um- he- TIPPED THE PAPER BOY FOR ME! Didn't you, Mr. Bannister? Ever so kind, those young fellas work so hard.

HART: Long hours too! Indeed, so true. Very good, Darlene- er, Madame.

DEAKIN: Yes, I'm sure they do. I'll, um, leave you to get ready.

PHILLIP DEAKIN shyly exits.

DARLENE breathes out a heavy sigh of relief, and falls into a chair.

HART opens his mouth to speak, but is cut-off.

DARLENE: Don't. (Pause) Just run me a bath, please. I need to wash that away.

HART: You could always call off this nonsense, you know?

DARLENE: I'd rather lose the Tony than lose to Brock Halter.

HART: At the risk of insulting you, you sound rather not unlike him.

DARLENE: Bath. Please. I don't need to feel any worse than I already do.

HART: Right away, Madame. Oh, before I forget- I ran into Marcus Dingley on the way here.

DARLENE: Oh? *Oh, really?!* He's back at work?! I mean, I know he's gay- but I hear he's pretty flexible- I better get to him before-

DARLENE'S sudden mood-change has her leap out of the room whilst admitting a slight yelp of excitement.

HART: Me and my big mouth! *(Eyeroll)*

ACT 1 SCENE 12 MARCUS DINGLEY'S DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

*MARCUS DINGLEY is buttoning up his shirt as a *knock-knock* startles him.*

MARCUS: Come in.

The door swings open, DARLENE MCKNIGHT stands with her back against the doorframe, and one arm above her head.

MARCUS: Not you too- you know, I've seen four different couples doing the nasty since I got back!

DARLENE closes the door gently, and swaggers her way inside.

DARLENE: Sounds exciting, doesn't it?

MARCUS: You do know I'm gay, right?

DARLENE: Men, women, meh- it's all sex.

MARCUS: I suppose- wait, is there something in the water around here?

DARLENE: No-

*A *Ding* causes DARLENE to tilt her head, as HART'S disembodied voice appears with an underlying smoky tone.*

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HART: *(Voice-over)* The rules, Ms. McKnight.

DARLENE: *(Un-tilts her head)* It's a game.

MARCUS: Right... Heterosexuals are strange.

DARLENE: Brock Vs Me.

MARCUS: To what? Get everyone on their backs and knees?!

DARLENE: No. There's a double standard in the press- how they talk about women, compared to men like Brock.

MARCUS: Of course, there is, men own all the papers!

DARLENE: So... Brock and I are sleeping our way across Broadway.

MARCUS: I take that back: Heteros aren't weird, you're insane!

DARLENE: Wanna help?

MARCUS: I haven't slept with a woman since college!

DARLENE: But you have slept with a woman before?

MARCUS: A few in my- look, I appreciate it, but I have to work alongside Halter, he's alright- a little clueless but-

DARLENE: -I'm sorry, I shouldn't have. Gosh, how embarrassing!

DARLENE steps backwards, embarrassed.

MARCUS: And what's the prize if you win?

DARLENE: He's moving back to Hollywood.

MARCUS: That's... Sheesh, that's brutal- and fierce A-F!

MARCUS moves towards DARLENE and places his hand in hers.

DARLENE: It's OK, you really don't have to-

MARCUS: -I'm not just the priest, I'm his understudy-

MARCUS slowly leans forward; DARLENE closes her eyes.

But without warning, a giant sneeze rushes up inside MARCUS, and showers DARLENE; causing them to butt foreheads.

BROCK: Ouch, classy.

DARLENE and MARCUS swing around, spotting BROCK leaning against the doorframe with a smug smirk on his face.

DARLENE: *(Gritted-teeth)* Don't you say a word, or I'll rip your nipples off- PERMANENTLY!

DARLENE storms past BROCK, and exits.

BROCK: Don't worry, that's probably been her most memorable one yet.

MARCUS motions-slash-navigates BROCK out of his dressing room before closing the door and sinking to the floor, utterly mortified.

ACT 1 SCENE 13 CROWLEY THEATRE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

DARLENE storms across the stage, BROCK soon catches up with her.

BROCK: Wait- wait- wait up, please. I apologize.

DARLENE: That's not an apology!

BROCK: What?! I said "Apologize"!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: That? Saying "Apologizing"- that isn't being sorry.

BROCK: Oh- but I am.

DARLENE: What, clueless? After 4 days with you, I'm well aware.

BROCK: You're no walk in the park either, lady!

DARLENE: Oh, really? He who has it just so damn easy.

BROCK: I do not!

DARLENE: Oh, come off it! You really think that would've happened to you?

Behind them, two naked people run across the stage giggling, without BROCK and DARLENE stopping to notice.

BROCK: Well, no- I don't get with people who are sick.

DARLENE: Here we go, judge away Mr. Judgypants! Anything else you want to call out and prosecute, your Honor? Maybe my choice in sexual position?! Or maybe, I dunno, who I shtopped last night?!

BROCK: I have no idea what you prefer! OR WHO!

DARLENE: YOU NEVER ASKED!

BROCK: WHAT ARE WE DOING?!

DARLENE: I DON'T KNOW!!!

DEAKIN: *(Entering)* THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW! You two've created the hottest ticket in town tomorrow night- I'M YOUR PRODUCER, AND I WANT THIS SORTED IMMEDIATELY! *(Calms down slightly)* We can hear you across the whole building! *(Whispers)* And you better hope no press has arrived yet!

DARLENE and BROCK both fold their arms and turn away from each other.

AARON WARE

JULES soon enters, carrying oversized wax-strips with large chunks of thick hair on them. BROCK looks at his feet.

A shy, timid PERCY cautiously pokes his head out, before fully entering; albeit, sticking mostly to the shadows.

Also curious, RICKY with his arm in a cast enters. DARLENE goes to speak, but the guilt catches in her throat.

HART BANNISTER soon joins the scene, followed by MARCUS DINGLEY- whose forehead is bleeding.

SALLY-ANNE enters and completes the scene; with a copy of 'The Catchment' in her hands.

ALL SEVEN stand around BROCK and DARLENE like Ghosts of Christmas Past.

BROCK and DARLENE both look from person to person, then stop as they catch each other's gaze- guilt turns to shame.

DEAKIN: You two, Halter's dressing room, immediately.

BROCK and DARLENE exit without a word, PHILLIP turns to HART:

DEAKIN: Make sure nobody steps near that bloody door. I'm getting to the bottom if it kills me!

PHILLIP storms off, closely followed by HART BANNISTER.

SALLY-ANNE: Can somebody call me a taxi?

JULES: I'll get you one, Sal- need to donate these to the wig factory so can drop you off on the way past.

JULES holds up the wax strips with a regrettable look on his face. Lights.

ACT 1 SCENE 14a BROCK'S DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

BROCK and DARLENE are already seated as PHILLIP bursts through the door.

DEAKIN: Right, Hart filled me in on the basics- you two outta be ashamed of yourselves! No wonder everyone's so horny at the moment!

BROCK: It'll pass- don't worry.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DEAKIN: You betchya it will- and of course I'm worried. Do you have any idea how much investors have gambled on both your shows?! In this current climate, Wall Street's unstable day-to-day- CHRIST! The fact we got you both is enough of a coup, and now you go and slut your way around town?!

BROCK: Well, to be fair, it's nothing new, I've been doing that-

DEAKIN: I'M TALKING TO DARLENE!

DARLENE/BROCK: Excuse me?

DEAKIN: You *know* you're the greatest star I've ever worked with- you're the queen of Broadway- but this is not how a queen behaves.

DARLENE: Oh, do enlighten me, since you're such-

DEAKIN: -Remember who signs your pay cheques, girl.

DARLENE'S hand swipes across PHILLIP'S face with a loud crack.

DEAKIN: (To BROCK) Can you believe her?! A slut, AND a bitch!

BROCK unwittingly punches PHILLIP before he can realize what he's doing.

BROCK: Remember who brings your audiences in, Deakin. (To DARLENE) Are you OK? Don't listen to him-

DARLENE: (Chin up) Good luck with opening night, Mr. Halter. (To Phillip) I quit- effective immediately.

DEAKIN: You can't quit, you signed a contract!

DARLENE: Shove your contract where it's freaky, Deaky.

DARLENE holds back tears as she storms out.

BROCK follows her, leaving PHILLIP to fall into a chair.

ACT 1 SCENE 14b OUTSIDE BROCK'S DRESSING ROOM

BROCK: Wait up!

DARLENE: It was fun for a minute, but now it's real.

BROCK: Can I call you later?

DARLENE: I'm leaving town.

BROCK: Where will you go?

DARLENE: Where no one will find me.

BROCK: Your parents place?

DARLENE grunts in frustration, and pushes past BROCK, exiting the stage.

ACT 1 SCENE 15 DARLENE'S APARTMENT

DARLENE bursts through the door of her messy apartment. Whilst golden sunlight shines through the window, she trips and almost stumbles in the semi-darkness. The door stays open.

DARLENE: DAMMIT!

She leans for the light switch, illuminating the room. Soon after, she pulls out a large bag, and reaches for a chest of drawers. Without thinking, she begins throwing clothes in there.

Behind her, the door swings open, JULES appears, looking worried.

JULES: So that's your answer? You're going back to Seattle?!

DARLENE: *(Shrugs)* There are worst things I could do.

JULES: IT'S SEATTLE! It's too far away!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: *(Continues packing furiously)* Too bad, I'm leaving.

JULES: Fine, I'm not going to argue- you're the boss. Hertsfeldt, then?

DARLENE: Uh, yeah- I didn't see that coming from Deakin.

JULES: No, I mean the Hertsfeldt Theatre- for work- never mind.

BROCK: I thought clueless was my schtick?

DARLENE: Halter- you've got press night!

BROCK: Meh, took two minutes to run 'ere.

DARLENE: I'm not changing my mind.

JULES: She just needs to cool off.

BROCK: I'm not here to try- I just want you to know something..

DARLENE: That I was fired? News Flash: I quit.

BROCK: You were right. You win.

DARLENE ceases unpacking and looks up, but BROCK has disappeared.

JULES: Y'know he's not *that*-

DARLENE: Jules, please- *(Recommences packing)*

JULES: Sorry, just- just make sure you call me each stop? It's a long drive when you're hurtin'.

DARLENE: I promise.

AARON WARE

JULES moves forward and hugs DARLENE tightly- the Actress remaining stoic, despite her eyes welling up.

JULES: What did he do anyway?

DARLENE: Called me a slut and a bitch.

JULES: Not Phillip, I mean Brock.

DARLENE: It doesn't matter now.

JULES: You're talking to me, of course it does! Spill the tea, girl!

DARLENE: If you insist- *(Behind them, BROCK enters, wearing a tuxedo.)* It was the start of my career- the start of *both* our careers, really- the President's dinner. I remember what I was wearing too- cost me more than my first pay cheque! *(Behind them, a DARLENE-DOUBLE enters, wearing a stunning gown.)* We caught each other's eye at first- a few times. Smiled and winked. We knew of each other but had never met. About an hour later, he approached me as I was leaving, and asked me for a dance. I mean, how could I say no?!

JULES: Then what happened?

DARLENE: The mood changed- almost like magic. I could have sworn we were in the clouds- like something out of a movie. It was- well, it was wonderful. And then it rang out- *(An out-of-tune trumpet sounds-out)* The hors D'oeuvres were crab cakes- he'd had one-too-many. *(A light above BROCK and the DARLENE-DOUBLE turns green)* It wouldn't have been so bad if he just apologized! But no, the great lug found it hilarious! Meanwhile, my nostrils were assaulted, and I swear it stained my dress!

JULES: Typical... *(JULES tries to hold back their laughter)* I mean, you'd-think- he- he'd- *(Bursts out laughing)*

DARLENE: I'm glad you find it funny.

JULES: *(Through laughter)* You've hated him all this time because of- of- a bit of gas?!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Crabby gas! Right next the President!

JULES: OK-O OK- I get it. But if that was so awful, why bother playing sex games with him?

DARLENE: Against him.

JULES: You know what I mean- and don't give me this nonsense about proving some feminism point, OR proving him wrong!

DARLENE: You want the truth?

JULES: Jesus Christ, YES!!!

DARLENE: *(Shrugs)* I guess- loneliness makes people do stupid things.

DARLENE falls into a chair, resigned.

JULES: You're lonely. Oh, Darl- why not just tell someone? Tell me! I see you at your best, and your very worst.

DARLENE: It's not really something you talk about with people.

JULES: Of course, it's not! Sheesh- you think you're alone in that?! Everybody's lonely, and everybody's so damn defensive in their own bubbles, not willing to pop for anybody who may get them out of their self-pitying hole-

DARLENE: -I just don't have time.

JULES: You've had time to shtoop thirteen people! IT FOUR DAYS!!!

DARLENE: They did most of the work, really.

JULES: And how fulfilled are you now, as you pack-up and leave?

DARLENE: Come off it.

JULES: I was never coming on it- THAT WAS YOUR GAME, REMEMBER!

DARLENE: Oh- my- godfather's, Jules!

JULES: Did I just say that?

DARLENE: You did.

A raucous burst of laughter from DARLENE and JULES echoes out- crossfading into the sounds of a car engine starting as the lights fade.

ACT 1 SCENE 16a THE LONG DRIVE - THIRTY HOURS LATER

DARLENE is behind the wheel of her car. Her expression and erratic driving are almost Hitchcockian as she escapes her dramas.

The radio plays a showtune, sung by DARLENE herself, but she's clearly not paying attention.

As the song fades, JP HOLDEN voice welcomes listeners back.

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* You're listening to W-NKY, New York's only dedicated musical theatre radio station, I'm JP Holden, your host for this evening's red carpet, and I'm joined by our favourite gossip columnists, from The Tyme Daily- we've got the stunning, Elena Mercedes, and from Wingspan Weekly, it's Mr. Chad Chatswood! Looking stunning tonight, the both of you!

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* You're too kind, JP.

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* Exciting night, thanks for having us.

DARLENE: *(Mockingly)* Exciting night! Thanks for having us!

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* Thanks for joining me for this very special evening as we're coming to our listeners live from outside the Crowley Theater for the star-studded, opening night, red carpet event, for Reba Lilac's long-awaited play 'On Your Knees'- and anybody who's anybody is out in the square today!

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* Yes, Holden, it's great to see so many have come dressed in the ancient Roman theme of the play.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* Is that Doris Delaney on the arm of Phillip Deakin?

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* Well colour-me-surprised! She looks glorious!

DARLENE: *(Voice-over)* Well colour-you-stupid.

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* I'm not at all surprised- they dated back in college; it was only a matter of time to anybody in their inner-circle- which, of course, I am.

DARLENE: *(Mockingly)* I'M in their inner circle, coz I'm Elena-

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* And speaking of inner-circles- I hear Brock Halter's going to be joined by a very special date this evening?

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* As everybody knows, JP, Halter's date will be none-other-than Darlene McKnight herself.

DARLENE: You betchya sweet bippy it is! *(Cackles wildly)*

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* I was at 'Breeze Down My Back' last night- McKnight was nowhere to be seen- the understudy was on instead.

DARLENE: HER NAME IS ROBERTA PAULSON!

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* I wonder who Darlene will be wearing?

DARLENE: My own up-chuck!

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* And there's the mayor with his family.

DARLENE: Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi! Good for them! Mazal tov!

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* Is that Brock Halter?

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* He's here!

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* He's opening the car door for McKnight.

DARLENE: I don't think so, Chad!

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* She's in- She's- Oh my (*BEEP-BEEP-BEEEEEP!*) -Ness gracious me!

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* AN EXCLUSIVE, LISTENERS! IT APPEARS THAT BROCK HALTER'S OPENING NIGHT DATE, IS NONE OF THAN HILDA RUBENSTEIN!

DARLENE: WHAT THE FAH-WHOA!

Car tires screech as DARLENE drives the car off the road.

*A loud, rustling *THUMP!* signals a crash into the trees.*

A single hubcap rolls across the stage, followed almost immediately by DARLENE- her hair messy, and covered in leaves.

Cars zoom past, DARLENE holds her thumb out; but nobody stops.

Many more cars drive past, DARLENE grows increasingly frustrated.

DARLENE: OH, COME OFF IT! *(Hesitantly, she flashes a single shoulder and leg.)* Come on boys, you know you want it!

Blue and Red lights flash as a Police siren rents the air loudly.

ACT 1 SCENE 16b CROWLEY THEATRE FOYER - SAME TIME

PHILLIP DEAKIN is pacing back and forth in front of a door that reads "Mezzanine: DOOR 2".

An USHER (RIVER) cautiously approaches him.

RIVER: The show is about to start, Sir- would you care to take your seat?

DEAKIN: No thank you- er, River- opening night nerves and all.

RIVER: It's a fantastic show, Mr. Deakin, I'm sure you'll be fine.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DEAKIN: You're not helping, dear.

ACT 1 SCENE 16c POLICE CAR

DARLENE sits in the back of a Police car, driven by a POLICE OFFICER.

DARLENE: Oh, gee I'm sorry, Officer- I just needed a ride is-

Ignoring his perp, the OFFICER switches on the radio.

HOLDEN: And as we reach seven o'clock, it's time to leave you here at the Crowley Theatre- show's about to start for those lucky patrons with a ticket.

DARLENE: Can we not? Look, that was a rental-

HOLDEN: *(Voice-over)* I've been JP Holden, you've been awesome- and keep those jazz hands alive!

DARLENE: Oh, thank God! *(Looks out window)* Good luck, Halter.

The POLICE OFFICER turns the steering wheel, and drives them BOTH off-stage as the curtain closes.

ACT 1 SCENE 17 "ON YOUR KNEES!" - SHOWTIME

Curtain still closed. A single light appears on a gravestone, one which the name 'MARIA' has been engraved.

BROCK HALTER enters- wearing a toga, sandal, and an olive-branch headdress.

BROCK: Hold steady in thy winds, ol' willow- oh, how death can make an Autumn month dreary. But alas! Her demise shall not go unpunished. It is he who did this whom shall reap the deadly wrath of my discontent. Oh Maria! I die a thousand deaths. I should have been there. It's not for your blood to drip through my paw. A hand so weary- it touches my love once more. I leave you now, my love. For thine beloved awaits me- but oh! I weep at the thought- for how must I face thine Mother and Father when love's blood is splashed upon my heart?! Her brothers- her sisters- how can I meet them eye-to-eye when treachery so blinded me?! Aghast! I stand bereft of words for her elders, her-

AARON WARE

BROCK: *(Cont.)* -Grandmothers dearest, and grandfathers so wise- so sweet and frail... *(The curtain behind BROCK begins to open.)* Tragedy they knew not until they've been compelled, longing to take her place- *(The full stage lights up, revealing the ENTIRE 'ON YOUR KNEES' CAST having sex in pairs or triples- with a handful in a rabid orgy.)* -In the nethers and unknowns. *(BROCK slowly turns around)* But if I not- I- I- BANNISTER! BANNISTER?! HART?! HAAAART!!!

Heroic music plays as HART BANNISTER leaps over the debauchery, and swoops BROCK off his feet as if he were a Damsel in Distress.

Awkwardly they navigate their way off stage as PHILLIP rushes on, disgusted by the scene. He addresses the audience:

DEAKIN: NO NEED TO PANIC, NO NEED TO PANIC! JUST A TECHNICAL DIFFICULTLY, er- I- I *(He sees the curtain is still open)* CLOSE THE BLOOMIN' CURTAIN WILL YA?! I'm deeply sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen, I- *(The curtain finally closes)* er- We'll be back after this short break. *(Storming off)* GET MY LAWYERS ON THE PHONE, IMMEDIATELY! AND SOMEBODY GET A GOD-DAMN HOSE!

END ACT 1

ACT TWO

ACT 2 SCENE 1 TIMES SQUARE, NYC - TWO DAYS LATER

Times Square is a desolate waste land.

Grass and creeper vines have already taken over the infrastructure, whilst small fires punctuate the early morning light.

Two legs are sticking out from underneath a now-vandalized sandwich board, they slowly caress each other as soft moans rent the air.

A lop-sided red sign reads T-I-T-S in white letters; with the I clearly having been another letter in a former life.

A crackling noise grows louder, followed by HILDA RUBENSTEIN'S voice:

HILDA: If you're listening to this, it's been three nights since Broadway succumbed to the lustful forces that have destroyed every theatre and business in the district. I'm reporting to you from a secret location, I can't say where- so far, we've all avoided the tantalizing lure of promiscuity. But it's only a matter of time- if they find us, they'll pleasure us, and there won't be any going back after the heavy petting takes over..

HILDA'S voice fades out as DARLENE McKNIGHT wanders into the barren wasteland, dropping her travel bag in shock at the devastating sight.

DARLENE: Oh-dear-God- (No more words can exit her mouth)

The legs underneath the sandwich board move abruptly, startling DARLENE. She moves away, and bumps into a MAN and WOMAN who look not unlike zombified heroin addicts.

ZOMBIE MAN: COOOOONNN-DOOOOMMMM, LUUUBE!

ZOMBIE WOMAN: COONN-DOOOOMMM!

DARLENE: I'm sorry, I don't have any- please, I've just-

ZOMBIE WOMAN: Join us? (*Drools*)

ZOMBIE MAN: Jooiinn usss! Bring luuuube!

DARLENE: No, I don't think that's- thank you, I best be-

ZOMBIE WOMAN: He need condom, CONDOOOOMMM!!!

The ZOMBIE COUPLE move in on DARLENE, who finds herself backed up against a wall.

Several more SEX ZOMBIES enter, either passionately embracing each other, or moving towards the terrified DARLENE.

ZOMBIES: DILDO?! CONDOM?! LEATHER WHIPS?! LUBRICATION?! ETC.

[[Each SEX ZOMBIE'S dialogue must be wishing for a sex toy or aide- none of them are to demand sex from DARLENE at any time.]]

A large dildo attached to a rope flies out onto the stage, followed by a disembodied BROCK'S voice:

BROCK: (*Off-stage*) DILDO TIME! Come and get 'em! There's-a-good-horn-bag, come on, this way!

The dildo starts to slowly move across the stage as the SEX ZOMBIES attempt to grab it.

JULES: (*Off-stage*) NOW!

A large net falls on top of the group of SEX ZOMBIES, who fall into a heap on the floor.

BROCK rushes out, followed closely by JULES. They're both wearing "battle-ready" versions of iconic Broadway costumes, and wielding pots and pans as weapons.

DARLENE: JULES!

JULES: DARLENE!

BROCK: Um, hi? Hello? I'm here too!

DARLENE: I'm so happy to see you!

DARLENE rushes towards BROCK for a hug, he puts his arms out, only for DARLENE to hug JULES instead.

BROCK: That's OK, I'm not here. I did nothing. It's cool.

DARLENE: Oh, come here, ya big baby!

DARLENE reaches for BROCK, and squeezes him tightly.

BROCK: See- not a monster- pretty huggable, right?

DARLENE: *(Keeps hugging)* You're a nerd.

BROCK: I hear a lot. So, um- you can let go now, y'know?

DARLENE: Sorry, I'm just really cold.

BROCK: Nothing's changed then?

DARLENE laughs.

JULES: She was only cold to you, Halt. The rest of us are fine.

DARLENE: Halt? You've got nicknames now.

BROCK: A heck of a lot's changed since you left- we better get inside, once The Fallacy wakes up, everyone's- well- everyone's on the sex menu.

DARLENE: What have we created?!

BROCK: A monster.

DARLENE: Where are the police?!

BROCK: Succumbed to seduction.

JULES: Turn the jail cells into sling rooms, 'n all. Coast is clear-under here!

JULES motions for DARLENE to climb into a hidden passage first, before following the actress in. BROCK enters last, securing the passage door tightly behind him in the process.

ACT 2 SCENE 2 THE CAMEL TONE

Lights rise on the Camel Tone's back bar, now a sealed-off hideout for several survivors.

DARLENE enters first, spotting HART BANNISTER, MARCUS DINGLEY, ELENA MERCEDES, CHAD CHATSWOOD, PHILLIP DEAKIN, MORRIS, and HILDA RUBSTEIN all busy in small groups.

Some are planning attacks, others are sewing, whilst PHILLIP DEAKIN is walking around, barking orders.

DEAKIN: That'd be too noisy- scrap it.

HART: Ms. McKnight!

MARCUS: Oh, Darl! Glad to see you're safe.

JULES: Close call, she almost got turned.

BROCK: I saved her. *(Looks smug)*

JULES: We both did.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

BROCK: Yeah but- *I* also got a hug.

DARLENE: What's he doing here?

DEAKIN: I was about to ask the same thing.

BROCK: Oh, boy! Not again-

DARLENE: -I'm not staying if he's staying!

DEAKIN: Yeah, well- *I'M* not staying if *SHE'S* staying!

DARLENE: GOOD!

DEAKIN: GOOD!

DARLENE: So, leave then, GOODBYE!

DEAKIN: You know what? I think I will! (*PHILLIP begins to unseal the doorway*) I mean, getting back to Philly has got to be better than- *that*- whatever this crazy- ARRGGHHH!

SEX ZOMBIES break through the barrier, and drag PHILLIP through.

His terrified screams turn into moans of ecstasy- causing the SURVIVORS to cringe and shrivel up in disgust.

BROCK: Every darn time they get one of us, it's just- just so-

HART: It never gets easier, Sir.

HART and BROCK hurry over to the entrance, instantly covering over the hole caused by PHILLIP'S non-escape.

DARLENE: There were more of you?

ELENA: JP Holden was turned when we were out looking for weapons.

MARCUS: The moment he held out his pistol, they came out of nowhere.

CHAD: It should have been me!

HILDA: The more you say that Chatswood, the more I wonder-

CHAD: WHAT?!

DARLENE: What about the shows- the theatres? What's happening-

JULES: Darl, everything's closed-

BROCK: -Everybody's caught the Sex Bug.

JULES: That's *still* a terrible name, Halt.

BROCK: What do you suggest?

JULES: The Abonkalypse.

HART: Enough of this- wasting time- we have to fix this, or- or-

HILDA: -Or else Broadway is forever doomed!

DARLENE: Doomed?

EVERYBODY looks at DARLENE, and repeats:

EVERYBODY: DOOMED!

DARLENE: Friggin' hell! This is all our fault, Brock.

BROCK: Well, technically it's the columnists-es fault.

HILDA/CHAD/ELENA: US?!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

EVERYONE ELSE: YOU!

HILDA: Out of order! Clearly this was Phillip's fault.

HART: Class act blaming a horny man, Hilda.

HILDA: Well, what do you expect?

Arguing breaks-out among the SURVIVORS- but it's all just noise.

DARLENE escapes from the shouting and the finger pointing, and covers her ears as she screams:

DARLENE: SHUUUUUT IIIIIIT! *(Everybody complies)* It's my fault.

BROCK: And mine.

DARLENE: Yes, that too. So- So- We're going to fix it.

HILDA: And what do you suppose would neuter a thousand horned up Broadway folk?

DARLENE: I don't... know- but there's gotta be something- a tablet or something?

BROCK: Drug stores were all looted.

DARLENE: All of them?!

JULES: Every single one in Manhattan-

CHAD: Now they've bridge 'n tunnelled- who knows how far it's spread.

MARCUS: Willy pills went first, obviously.

ELENA: Then the condoms-

DARLENE: -It's fine, I believe you-

BROCK: -There's nothing left, it's all just sex now.

DARLENE: There's gotta be something!

HART: Might I suggest, whilst there is still fresh milk, I shall boil the kettle to help us think- I don't think any of us have slept longer than twelve hours all-combined!

HILDA: I'll give you a hand, Hart.

HILDA and HART exit, whilst everybody else disperses, leaving BROCK, DARLENE, and JULES together.

DARLENE: This is just-

JULES: -It's just a phase, don't worry.

DARLENE: Any of you spoken to your folks yet?

BROCK: Phonelines are down- oh, that reminds me, how far did you get?

DARLENE: I don't want to talk about.

BROCK: Didn't leave the state, huh?

DARLENE: Actually, I got to the Michigan border, if you must know.

BROCK: And then what?

DARLENE: And then you mind your own beeswax.

DARLENE falls onto a bed makeshift bed.

JULES: So many people gone. People we've known for a decade or more- as long as your debut- just wasted to wild sex!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: I'm sorry.

BROCK: Hey- no, I'm the one that's sorry.

JULES: It was neither of you! What? You think by shtoothing everyone in town they suddenly got addicted to sex?! *(Laughs)* Oh come off it! Ego trip, much?!

DARLENE: What else explains it, then?

JULES: I dunno- but it wasn't you- that's f'sure.

BROCK: Oh, you're sure, are you? How about you and me- right now-OW!

DARLENE barely touches his nipple, yet he still reacts in fear- and trauma. In fact, she doesn't touch him at all.

BROCK: I was kidding! Anyway, if it wasn't us, then what else was it?

JULES: Maybe it's hard work?

DARLENE: We're *all* hard workers, even you- *especially* you!

JULES: Yeah, but y'all so focused and driven, ambition can be blinding- we all see it, don't we Hart?

HART: If I knew what you were opining about, I'm sure one would agree.

DARLENE: You mean- everyone's so caught up in their jobs, their scripts, their dance moves, that-

BROCK: -One bit of carnal pleasure, and they've lost focus?!

HART: Addiction can have that effect- not that I would know.

JULES: Yeah, that's gotta be how everyone was easily swayed to the dank side.

AARON WARE

DARLENE: Yeah- thanks to me and Brock! And all for some stupid game- that I lost anyway.

HART: I certainly hope that's the least of your worries, Ms. McKnight.

HILDA: I'm guessing she hasn't seen it yet?

DARLENE: Seen what?

BROCK: It doesn't matter! It's not going to help us get out of this mess- it's not going to turn everyone back! She doesn't need-

DARLENE: Don't piddle down my leg and tell me it's raining!

HART: Are you *sure* you haven't turned?! Because I saw two familiar gentlemen enjoying-

BROCK: Don't, Hillie! She doesn't need to-

HILDA passes DARLENE a copy of The Catchment.

DARLENE: Opening night shocker! After spending the past week- SLUTTING ABOUT TOWN?! SEE! I knew it!

HILDA: It- it's not as bad as you think.

DARLENE: No, it's better! It means I was right!

EVERYBODY: WE KNOW!

JULES: You were always right, Darl!

DARLENE: So why show me this then? To make me feel better- or worse?

BROCK: Neither- I *told* you, Hillie!

HILDA: Keep reading- next paragraph down.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Fine. "Whilst the show began without a hitch, the fallacy that soon took over, spread out onto the street, infecting Broadway"- I still don't get it, what am I supposed to be looking for?! This just tells me how it happened.

HILDA: Never mind!

HILDA snatches the paper out of DARLENE'S hands.

DARLENE: Well, too bad- I do mind- typical media calls the woman a slut, but what about the thousands of people out there- bonking their little hearts out?

BROCK: Just, calm down for a sec-

CRACK! DARLENE'S hand connects with BROCK'S face.

JULES: DARLENE!

DARLENE: My therapist would be proud. *(Turns away from everyone)*

BROCK: It's my fault.

DARLENE: Broken record, much?

BROCK: I told her to write it.

DARLENE opens her mouth to speak, but words fail her.

HART: It's true, Darlene- I was the one who encouraged him.

JULES: Don't look at me, I was against it!

HILDA RUBENSTEIN doesn't respond verbally, only with a nod.

DARLENE: Why would you do that?

BROCK: So you'd win- so I'd leave- get out of your hair.

DARLENE: I- I don't know-

BROCK: -I didn't expect it would brainwash everybody- (*DARLENE reaches for the secret entrance, and abruptly leaves*) DARLENE! Don't go, it's not safe out there!

JULES: Don't just stand there!

HART: Go after her!

BROCK races towards the secret entrance, practically leaping through it.

ACT 2 SCENE 3 TIMES SQUARE CHURCH

A single stained-glass window depicts the Virgin Mary.

Below the window, a large bed sits; occupied by at least two people.

It's dark, apart from the shards of colour streaming in.

*A *Knock-Knock-Knock* goes unanswered. The heavy door slowly creaks open.*

PABLO VALDEZ cautiously enters.

PABLO: Excuse me, Mr. Top, sir... Sorry to wake you.

MR. TOP: (*Booming voice*) THIS BETTER BE IMPORTANT!

PABLO: Darlene McKnight is back, your virile-ness.

MR. TOP: (*Booming voice*) (*Sits up, silhouetted*) FINALLY!

The booming voice causes PABLO VALDEZ to stumble backwards.

ACT 2 SCENE 4 FIRE ESCAPE/42nd STREET

BROCK HALTER and DARLENE MCKNIGHT are sitting on a fire escape with their legs dangling over the side.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

On the street below, a lone SEX ZOMBIE- formerly known as JP HOLDEN wonders aimlessly around.

DARLENE: ...Cost a fortune in the end.

BROCK: You should have just stayed- or kept going at least!

DARLENE: Knowing my luck, I'd have turned on the first night!

BROCK: I don't know about that.

DARLENE: Yeah, but you don't know much- sorry, that was uncalled for.

BROCK: But fair, I'm not exactly ripe with intelligence.

DARLENE: You have your moments.

BROCK: So do you.

DARLENE: Geez, thanks!

BROCK: I'm kidding.

A comfortable silence washes over them. As DARLENE is looking down at JP HOLDEN, BROCK catches a lingering glance of her. As DARLENE turns her head, BROCK looks away; pretending he wasn't staring.

She stares at him for a moment; meanwhile, SEX ZOMBIE JP HOLDEN exits.

BROCK: How far do you think it's spread?

DARLENE: Wider than your legs.

BROCK: HEY!

DARLENE: I'm kidding- I don't know; was so angry driving back, I didn't notice anything.. Or any one now that I think of it.

BROCK: Do you think we're the last?

DARLENE: Definitely not.

BROCK: What makes you say that?

DARLENE: Gut instinct, I guess.

BROCK looks deeply into DARLENE'S eyes; whilst the longing look is returned. They lean in slowly, BROCK closing his eyes in the process.

DARLENE: *(Whispers)* Percy.

BROCK: Nah, I call it Lil Brock the big-

DARLENE: AND RICKY!

DARLENE ruins the moment as PERCY WHITMIRE and RICKY with his arm in a cast stumble onto the street, looking terrified, and keeping constant watch over their shoulders.

BROCK and DARLENE stand up. BROCK begins to climb down, but DARLENE holds him back.

BROCK: I gotta get 'em inside!

DARLENE: How do you know they're not turned?

BROCK: LOOK AT THEM!

DARLENE: I can see them- but how do you-

BROCK: THEY'RE WEARING CLOTHES!

DARLENE: Oh, right- PERCY! RICKY!

PERCY: DARLENE?! OH THANK GOD! HELP!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

RICKY: EVERYONE'S TRYING TO SEDUCE US!

BROCK and DARLENE scramble down the fire escape, and meet PERCY and RICKY on the corner.

DARLENE: You guys! It's so good to see you!

PERCY: The papers said you left town.

RICKY: So glad you're safe!

RICKY hugs DARLENE, whilst PERCY avoids shaking BROCK'S hand. DARLENE then hugs PERCY, whilst RICKY and BROCK shake hands.

BROCK: We know a safe place-

DARLENE: -The Camel Tone.

PERCY: Perfect, thanks.

They begin walking when PERCY WHITMIRE suddenly trips over.

BROCK: Oh, hey, Perce- I gotchya.

PERCY: No, we have.

RICKY knocks BROCK on the head with his plaster cast, rendering the actor unconscious.

DARLENE grasps in fright, and attempts to run away- only to run straight into a gang of SEX ZOMBIES, all dressed as though Mad Max was holding an orgy. MAY BRACKSON, PABLO VALDEZ, and RIVER THE USHER are among the leather/latex-clad gang.

PERCY: Gag her- QUICK! Before the others see, they're at the Tone.

MAY places a ball-gag over DARLENE'S mouth whilst asking:

MAY: D'you want us to grab 'em?

PABLO: We can wait outside, ambush them?

RICKY: Mr. Top's orders- bring them both. We'll come back for the others when we're told to.

RIVER: Make sure they don't have weapons!

PABLO: And check for any dildos or lube- we're running out.

MAY: Everyone's out of lube!

The SEX ZOMBIE GANG drag BROCK, and a struggling DARLENE away. Lights.

ACT 2 SCENE 5 THE CAMEL TONE

Meanwhile, back in the hideout...

HILDA: Is that all? What about Darlene's return?

HART: Leave that out- if The Phallusy catch wind she's back, who knows what they'll do!

JULES: To them both!

HILDA: Very well. If nobody else has anything to add, I'm going live in five! *(Nobody answers, HILDA shrugs)* So be it.

HILDA moves over to the corner, where a small radio transmitter and microphone sits on the bar.

JULES: They've been gone a while.

HART: She'll be fine, she's with Brock, he'll look after her.

JULES: Do we want to check, just in case?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HART: We can't risk exposing our hide out! It's bad enough there's a horny horde in the main dining room!

JULES: If you insist.

HART: Can we be sure of anything in the Apocalypse?

JULES: Abonkalypse.

HART: If you insist.

HART looks over at the secret entrance.

JULES: SEE! You're worried too.

HART: Of course I'm worried, but I'm also British- I was bred to stifle my emotions.

JULES: Maybe why you're immune...

HART: I beg your pardon?

JULES: I saw you with Lottie Walker-

HART: -I rejected those advances!

JULES: If you insist.

HART: *(Whispers)* You can't be advertising this, they'll think I'm gonna turn, and it'll cause a panic.

JULES: Don't worry, your secret is safe with me.

HART: Besides, that was right on opening- none of us could have predicted what was to come.

JULES: Or whom!

HART: I certainly didn't get that far, thanks to our little Gossip Gurus interrupting.

JULES: Do you think we can trust them?

HART: HA! I'm not justifying that with an answer.

JULES: Touché.

HART: We have no choice, too few of us left.

JULES: It looks much emptier without Halt here.

HART: And Ms. McKnight. (*Uncomfortable silence*) I suppose-

JULES: I do. I'm not sure *what* I'm supposing, but sure.

HART: Their arguments usually end with Darlene storming away, no?

JULES: That they do.

HART: And if, per se, one were to except them to have argued out on the street-

JULES: -That'd certainly... (*To CHAD*) *CHATSWOOD, DING-A-LING- GRAB YOUR WEAPONS, WE'RE MOVING OUT IN 5!*

MARCUS: Ai-yi, Captain!

CHAD: What's going on?

JULES: They haven't come back- we're going after them.

HILDA: Speak for yourself, I've got an emergency broadcast to put out!

HILDA motions for ELENA to help her with the radio.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HART: We're only taking Chad and Dingley- anymore and we'll attract unwanted attention.

MORRIS: Do you need to use the limo, Hart?

MARCUS DINGLEY marches next to MORRIS, with two spray bottles attached to his belt, and a large pan out in front as his shield.

HART: I'm certain that Mr. Halter can do without the luxury for the time being, Morris.

JULES: But keep watching the hole, we'll send out a signal if we run into any trouble.

CHAD: OK, ready.

CHAD CHATSWOOD holds up a single spray bottle, sans shield.

HART: Cold water this time?

CHAD: Yes- with a few ice cubes.

MARCUS: Great idea!

HART: Not enough time, Dinga, this is seek-and-extract only.

JULES: Halt and Darlene are out there somewhere. We find them, we return; minimal attention drawn, capiche?

CHAD/MARCUS: Capiche.

MORRIS: Good luck!

HART, JULES, MARCUS, and CHAD CHATSWOOD march over to the secret entrance. ELENA notices their departure, quickly rushes over to CHAD CHATSWOOD, and grabs his shoulder.

AARON WARE

ELENA: Chad? Before you go... (*CHAD turns around*) I just wanted to give you this- (*Leans in and kisses him*)

EVERBODY: WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!

JULES: ARE YOU INFECTED?!

ELENA: What?! No, I just-

HILDA: Are you sure- I'm not staying here with her if she's infected!

HART: She doesn't appear to be lustful.

ELENA: I'M NOT!

CHAD: She can't be- she's been with me the whole time!

MARCUS: I say we bring her along-

JULES/HILDA: -YEAH!-

MARCUS: -If she's turned, then we'll know!

ELENA: This is a ridiculous witch hunt!

JULES: Oh, and how does that feel?

ELENA: I- I- I don't have to put up with any of this!

ELENA races for the blocked-off main entrance. CHAD tries to stop her, but nobody else does. Bit by bit, she pulls pieces away.

CHAD: Not that way, it's too dangerous!

ELENA: It's safer than being with this lot! They'd feed us all to the sex- even you- especially YOU, Hilda!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

CHAD: This is ridiculous- ELENA!

ELENEA'S screams send shivers down everybody's spines as she's dragged through the gap by a gang of SEX ZOMBIES.

CHAD: ELENA! ELENA! WHERE ARE YOU!?

But it is too late, ELENA MERCEDES' terrified screams turn into orgasmic moans of pure, unadulterated joy.

HART, MORRIS, and MARCUS rush over; with MARCUS and MORRIS instantly re-sealing the entrance.

CHAD: ELLLLLEEEEEENNAAAAAA! (*Falls to his knees*)

HART: She's gone- there's nothing you can do!

MORRIS: Yeah there is- go get Brock and Darlene before we lose them too!

CHAD: I don't know if I can- I- I-

HART: -Yes you can! Do it for Elena-

JULES: -Guys, we gotta leave!

HART: If we can stop this, we can get her back.

CHAD: We can?

HART: Yes! Now get up, and let's save some Broadway stars!

CHAD: Not something I ever thought I'd do... But, OK! let's kick some horny, sex zombie ass! Yee-haw!

CHAD CHATSWOOD spray his water in the air, as do HART, JULES, and MARCUS in a hollerin' display of wild west proportions.

HART/JULES/MARCUS: YEE-HAW!

ACT 2 SCENE 6 THE PHALLUSY'S LAIR

Lights up on a Church, which has been turned into a Mad Max-inspired Sex Den, complete with slings and dildos standing where candles normally would.

A giant throne sits in the middle, and the pews have all been replaced with, or turned into beds.

Lava lamps, stripper poles, even a few blow-up dolls compliment the den.

On the throne, MR. TOP sits silhouetted against a potent red light, whilst spiralling steam billows up on either side of him.

SEX ZOMBIES are scattered around, enjoying each other's company- to put it politely.

RICK with his arm in a cast enters- several couples entice him to join, but he declines. He moves up to the throne, and whispers something into his ear.

MR. TOP responds with his booming voice:

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* THEN IT IS DONE.

RICKY: Yes, your virile-ness. *(Bows)*

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* BRING THE PRISONERS TO ME, IT IS TIME.

RICKY: Yes, your virile-ness. *(Bows, then exits hastily)*

PABLO VALDEZ, RIVER the USHER, and RICKY enter, with DARLENE, and a now-awake BROCK held captive.

BROCK and DARLENE have their hands tied behind their backs.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* TIE THEM TO THE STRIPPER POLE!

DARLENE: Who are you, you coward?!

BROCK: Why are you doing this?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SIIIIILENCE!

DARLENE: Nah, don't think so.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

BROCK: Yeah, I'm with her.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* YOU INSOLENT FOOLS! YOU ARE IN MY THEATER NOW!

BROCK: Looks like a church to me.

DARLENE: Yeah, it does, doesn't it, Halt?

BROCK: A bit, yeah- dunno, wasn't awake when I was dragged in here.

DARLENE: What?! You mean we didn't just walk in he-

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* ENOOOUUUGHHH!!!

MR. TOP finally leaves the shadows, and steps into the light; he's wearing a highly embellished Gimp-Suit, with a rather-sexualized crown on his head. A long, latex cape swishes around him.

DARLENE: Well, I hadn't finished my sentence, Mr. Rude.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* IT'S MR. TOP, TO YOU. IT'S MR. TOP TO ALL OF NEW YORK CITY NOW!

BROCK: Why the top?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* BECAUSE I SAID SO!

DARLENE: And I say your breath stinks.

BROCK: Is that what that smell is?! Sheesh, what have you been eating? Oysters' ala Bum hole?

DARLENE: Good one!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* STOP IT!

BROCK: *(Mockingly)* Stop it!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SEX-LORDS! FEED THEM THE OYSTERS! THAT WILL CHANGE THEIR ATTITUDE!

DARLENE: Oh god, no, I was right!

BROCK: Don't Oysters make you- y'know?

DARLENE: Sick?

BROCK: No- Y'KNOW?!

DARLENE: Fart?

BROCK: Noooo- *(Whispers)* Horny!

EVERYBODY turns their heads with interest at BROCK'S words.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* THAT IS CORRECT. THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS AND SPONSORS AT 'BALTIMORSALS'- WHEN I REALIZED THE FREEZERS WERE STILL WORKING, I KNEW THEY HAD WHAT I NEEDED TO GROW MY CONGREGATION AND TAKE OVER THE CITY!

DARLENE: So why do you need us?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* BECAUSE EVERY CHURCH NEEDS A CELEBRITY MASCOT. AND I FOUND TWO- THE VERY SAME TWO PEOPLE WHO STARTED THIS.

BROCK: WE'LL NEVER ENDORSE YOUR CHURCH!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* YOU WON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE- ONCE YOU SWALLOW OUR OYSTERS, YOU'LL WANT TO JOIN OUR CHURCH!

DARLENE: YOU'RE INSANE!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I AM NOT INSAAAAAANNNE!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

MR. TOPS anger lingers longer than the echo.

BROCK: Nah, he's not insane, probably just terrible in bed.

MR. TOP leaps towards BROCK, and grabs him by the chin. Compared to BROCK, MR. TOP should look rather short.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I AM NOT! I AM A GREAT AND TERRIBLE LEADER- AND YOU SHALL JOIN US, OR SUFFER-

MAY: Your virile-ness, the oysters you asked for.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* EXCELLENT, I SHALL WASTE NO MORE ENERGY ON THE INSUBORDINATE.

As MAY brings a tray of freshly cooked oysters over to BROCK and DARLENE, a wide smile breaks across DARLENE'S face.

MR. TOP: YOU FIND DEFEAT FUNNY, McKNIGHT?

DARLENE: Nah- but what's the one thing I hate about Musical Theatre?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I SHALL PLAY NO MORE OF YOUR SILLY GAMES!

BROCK: I dunno, Darl, what is?

DARLENE: JAZZ HANDS!

DARLENE breaks free of the bonds, and uses her jazz hands to knock the tray out of MAY BRACKSON'S hands.

MAY flies backwards, landing on MR. TOP, who in turn falls backwards onto a bed- entangling them both in his long cape.

DARLENE rapidly unties BROCK'S ropes.

BROCK: How the hell'd you do that?!

DARLENE: We all have our kinks, Halter- c'mon!

DARLENE grabs BROCK'S hands and leads him across the Church, fending off SEX ZOMBIES as they go.

They reach the edge of the stage, but suddenly turn back and run in the opposite direction as a naked RICKY and RIVER run on and chase them off the stage and through the audience.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SEIZE THEM! SSEEIIIIIZZEEE THEEEEEEM!!!

ACT 2 SCENE 7 ALLEY WAY

In the Alley between the Crowley and Ciccone Theaters.

MARCUS DINGLEY flies on stage, soon followed by a SEX ZOMBIE wielding a large dildo as a sword. MARCUS attempts to spray his water, but it's empty.

MARCUS: DAMMIT! GUYS! GUYS! A LITTLE HELP!

JULES rushes on, wielding a vibrator in one hand, and a wooden spoon in the other.

JULES leaps onto the SEX ZOMBIE and tackles them to the ground, freeing MARCUS to scramble to his feet.

HART soon enters, engaged in an over-sized dildo sword fight with a POLICE-OFFICER SEX ZOMBIE.

HART: This one's certain- *(Grunts)* -ly had fencing training!

JULES: Where's Chad?!

They look around for a moment, before JULES yelps in fright.

CHAD CHATSWOOD appears on the side of the stage- now weaponless and out of breath.

CHAD: Two of them, I think I lo-ARRRGHHH!

TWO SEX ZOMBIES- one of them PHILLIP DEAKIN- leap and corner CHAD against a wall. They close in on him, but he's unprotected, and weaponless.

When the SEX ZOMBIES get within inches of the screaming CHAD, they stop, and look longingly at each other; before embracing in a passionate kiss.

CHAD stares, stunned, before all the morals leave his eyes, and they turn blank- his entire expression turns blank before suddenly ripping open his shirt and moaning with ecstasy:

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

ZOMBIE CHAD: WHO HAS A CONDOM?!

ZOMBIE CHAD joins in with the TWO SEX ZOMBIES that turned him.

MARCUS: WE LOST CHAD!

HART/JULES: No great loss/Oh well!

MARCUS: Maybe we can trap them in the dumpster!

HART: Brilliant idea!

MARCUS manages to escape his SEX ZOMBIE sparring partner, and reaches the dumpster. But as he opens the lid, the SEX ZOMBIE leaps on him; BOTH fall into the dumpster as the lid closes.

JULES: DING-A-LING! DILD0000-CHOP!

JULES manages to knock their SEX ZOMBIE sparring partner on the head.

JULES looks over at CHAD- who's now engaging in a raunch threesome with his SEX ZOMBIE MAKERS, then rushes to the dumpster.

JULES: DING-A-LING, CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

But nobody answers.

HART, meanwhile, has managed to get his SEX ZOMBIE sparring partner in a headlock. The ZOMBIE'S eyes roll as they pass out.

JULES: MY DING-A-LING!

HART: HE'S GONE, C'MON!

JULES and HART begin running off-stage when DARLENE and BROCK run right into them.

JULES: ARRRGHH!

DARLENE: ARRRGHH!

HART: ARRRGHH!

BROCK: ARRRGHH!

DARLENE: ARRRGHH!

RICKY and RIVER run on.

EVERYONE: ARRRGHH!

LIGHTS.

ACT 2 SCENE 8 THE CAMEL TONE

Back at the Camel Tone, HILDA and MORRIS are scouring over a map of New York City which now sits on the wall.

HILDA: No, no- Wall Street would be worse than here! Horny stockbrokers?! Get outta here!

MORRIS: So where do you suggest? The parks are out, every district I suggest you don't think is good enough.

HILDA: Don't be like that- they're just not safe areas.

MORRIS gives up.

MORRIS: OK, lady's choice- I'm just going to sit over here and- sit.

HILDA: Quit your moaning, you're making me miss my Husband.

MORRIS: Y'know, I hear your name a lot in this business.

HILDA: And what business would that be, Mr. Morris? Overpriced Taxis?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

MORRIS: You're ev'ry bit the-

HILDA: I appreciate the sentiment, Mr. Morris, really I do- but we have much more pressing matters right now than your bruised ego! So if you don't mind, I'm going to-

MORRIS: -Oh shut UP, will you! You're the most to blame for this! Do you think it's not at the top of everybody's mind?

HILDA: I highly dou-

MORRIS: Get with the programme, Hilda- you're a vulture. They only started this to provoke YOU.

HILDA: I'm hardly the only gossip in town.

MORRIS: AND WHERE ARE THE OTHERS NOW?!

HILDA: You know, Mr. Morris, I can't imagine anybody in your position would be able to deny even half of what I print.

MORRIS: I can't imagine anybody would want to read it!

HILDA: Childish.

MORRIS: Better than being a blood-sucking vulture. Feeding off the carcasses of-

HILDA: Fine, if you insist- I shan't endure this abuse any longer, you can tell the others I went outside for fresh air and never came back- or tell them I fell into the oil and you ate me, for all I care.

MORRIS: I'm sorry, Hilda- I'm just edgy.

HILDA: We're ALL edgy, Mr. Morris.

HILDA calmly walks over to the blocked-off door, and turns to MORRIS.

MORRIS: What are you doing? Hilda- don't!

HILDA: I trust you'll look after Brock for me- he's a special one. Knew his mother back in- ARRRGHHH!

HILDA rips a large bit off the wall, but an arm punches through, and grabs her- then the wall. It all falls down, exposing a shirtless BROCK.

HILDA and MORRIS both grab spray bottles and aim it at the heavily breathing man.

MORRIS: STAND BACK YOU- YOU- SEX FIEND!

BROCK takes one step inside the back bar; HILDA and MORRIS stand back a stand, but hold their water spray bottles up a few inches- albeit, whilst shaking madly.

JULES: Hurry up, will ya!

JULES pushes past BROCK, followed soon by DARLENE and HART.

HILDA: Where's Chatswood?

JULES: Gone- same with Ding-a-ling.

HILDA: What happened out there?

HILDA looks out into the dining area.

BROCK: Decided to clean house on our way back- make it a little bit easier for us.

HART: Can I grab a hand, Morris? Brock and I are going to block up the windows and doors.

HILDA: Where did you go? Tell me all the juicy details!

DARLENE: Geez, you never change, even in the Abonkalypse?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

JULES: Hey! You said it!

In the background, hammering and sawing noises can be heard.

HILDA: Well, you were gone for a while-

DARLENE: -We were taking to the Church.

HILDA/JULES: THE PHALLUSY!

DARLENE: Yeah, sure was! A real fallacy- totally redecorated the place- whoever they are, they've no idea about home decorating!

JULES: No, that's The Phallusy!

DARLENE: Yeah, exactly! Whatever his name was- Mr. Toppings- thinks he's some sort of Sex Priest.

HILDA: Yes, The Phallusy!

DARLENE: Sure! If you consider a Gimp-Suit a fallacy.

JULES: She's turned into Halt!

HILDA: You're not listening, dear- that gang that took you *is* The Phallusy.

DARLENE: They're still humans underneath the-

HILDA: -OY GAVULT!

JULES: Darlene, I love you, but stop.

DARLENE: What?!

JULES: Here, wait- where's that paper?

JULES grabs the copy of The Catchment.

DARLENE: I know, I saw it- wait, "The Phallusy took over" - oh, that's not fallacy with an F!

JULES/HILDA: FINALLY!

JULES: Whoever they are- when the curtain opened, and the crowd panicked, the Sex Bug- whatever it's called- spread instantly. And within a matter of minutes people were grouping up into gangs- The Phallusy is the sexiest of them all!

HILDA: They're the only gang left in the district now.

DARLENE: But Mr. Toppings said they were a Church.

JULES: They're a gang.

The hammering and sawing ceases.

HILDA: They wish they had such a purpose!

DARLENE: Gang- religion, I mean, is there really any difference?

JULES: No-

BROCK: All done!

DARLENE: So we're safe now?

BROCK: Not at all.

HILDA: What do you mean?

BROCK: I sorta-kinda told them where we are.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

EVERYBODY groans in frustration.

MORRIS: Why would you do that?!

DARLENE: It wasn't deliberate!

BROCK: We thought they were survivors.

HILDA: We agreed to just bring them in- not tell them where!

JULES: That's why we needed the secret entrance!

BROCK: I know- I know- I'm sorry- but at least now we can use the whole place.

HART: Terrific compensation, Sir.

HILDA: If I orgasm uncontrollably, Brock, I'm telling your mom!

BROCK: Aw, no, Hillie!

BROCK turns weak at the knees as he follows HILDA over to the radio.

HILDA: I better put an emergency message, if we're lucky, they'll hear it in the President's bunker!

Something clicks in DARLENE, but the thoughts don't quite come together.

HART: I suggest we have buckets of cold water at the ready. If they arrive, at least we can cool them down before they- well, y'know.

DARLENE: Good idea, but-

HART: But what, Darl?

DARLENE: Never mind.

AARON WARE

BROCK: The Phallusy are feeding off Oysters.

JULES: Of course they are! Best aphrodisiac in town, bet they're from 'Baltimorsals'?

DARLENE: Yeah, they... were... *(Deep in thought)*

BROCK: Least we've got a variety here- can't imagine living off seafood and sex... again.

JULES: Yeah, might wanna stay away from those crab cakes, from what I hear!

BROCK: Yeah, probably- hey, wait, what?! You've been telling people?

DARLENE: What?

BROCK: About my- y'know- I've said I was sorry a hundred times?

DARLENE: Oh, sorry, I was off with the fairies- what are we talking about?

BROCK: *(Whispers)* Crab cakes.

DARLENE: Crab cakes? CRAB CAKES! OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! THAT'S HOW CAN STOP THEM!

JULES: You want to force them to fart their way to flaccid?!

DARLENE: Not them, him!

BROCK: Me?!

EVERYBODY: Him?!

DARLENE: I hated you for YEARS! That stench was just- just-

BROCK: -It wasn't that bad!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Children still fear your crab cake farts, Brock. Paint could peel off the walls- heck, I'm surprised it didn't breed a new species of mold!

BROCK: OK, OK, we get it. Fine. If that's what it'll take to save Broadway- let's do it.

MORRIS: Wouldn't be the first time a fart has ruined good sex, am I right?

HART: And I'm certain this isn't the first-time something rotten has saved Broadway, but as it stands, I myself can be awfully flatulent when I indulge in beef jerky.

JULES: There's some in the kitchen!

HART: I'm well aware, and don't think I haven't been tempted to sneak a few bites with the snoring coming from you lot!

DARLENE: Hilda, do any foods give you putrid gas?

HILDA: *(Scandalized)* A lady never farts!

JULES: Yeah, your columns stink bad enough.

HILDA: If you must know, cheese.

JULES: Same with me! Morris?

MORRIS: Bread.

HART: We're all out, went stale yesterday.

MORRIS: DAMN!

BROCK: Just stick by us- as long as you stay within the stench, you'll be safe.

MORRIS: Are you sure?

DARLENE: Can anybody be sure in war?

MORRIS: Touché.

BROCK: Soon as it hits midnight, Hart and I will head over to 'Baltimorsals', grab what we can.

DARLENE: And destroy the oysters!

HART: Excellent idea, don't need to be leaving them more ammunition.

BROCK: If I'm going to succumb to my wildest, raunchiest impulses, I'm glad I get to do it alongside my best friends.

DARLENE: That's, um- reinforcement, sure, friends, thanks.

DARLENE pats BROCK on the head as she moves over to HILDA.

BROCK: Did I say something wrong?

JULES: Clue-less.

Lights.

ACT 2 SCENE 9 BALTIMORSALS FREEZER

In the frosty restaurant freezer, HART BANNISTER and BROCK HALTER fill up two empty boxes.

One says 'Crab Cakes', the other reads 'Oysters' in messy handwriting.

Silently, they scurry to pilfer the last remaining items, before closing the lids on the boxes, then the freezer door, and rushing off to the left and exiting.

From the opposite side, PABLO VALDEZ and RIVER THE USHER enter, each with a basket.

They open the freezer door and step in.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

But nothing remains.

They look at each other in fright.

Lights.

ACT 2 SCENE 10a CHURCH BEDROOM

In one corner of the stage is the Church bedroom with the Virgin Mary-stained glass window. MR. TOP is fast asleep when the door bursts open.

PABLO VALDEZ rushes in, dripping in sweat and panic.

PABLO: Your virile-ness, they've taken all the oysters!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* THEY WHAAAAAAT?!

PABLO: I'm sorry, your horniness- your virile-ness, he with the B-D-E, Sir. Shall we attack right away?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* NO... BUT AT FIRST LIGHT, WE ATTACK. THEY WON'T BE READY.

ACT 2 SCENE 10b THE CAMEL TONE

Lights up on the opposite corner, the Camel Tone back bar sits, with DARLENE, HILDA, JULES, BROCK, HART, and MORRIS in a semi-circle around boxes of oysters.

JULES: When they attack, we'll be ready!

HART: Halt, may I suggest taking the fight to them?

DARLENE: Yeah, if they attack us here, we're trapped in a building-

BROCK: -At least out on the street, there's room to run-

HILDA: -And hide!

JULES: There's too many Zombies out there.

DARLENE: GOOD! We can turn them back at the same time.

HART: We can even pre-plan before they arrive, Morris and I can move out before sunrise, have everything in place-

MORRIS: Oh, will we now?!

HART: You haven't done much else but sit and eat!

MORRIS: That's not true-

EVERYBODY: YES IT IS!

JULES: OK, I'm overruled- where were you thinking?

HART: Outside the Crowley and Ciccone.

JULES: YES! Excellent idea- we all know our way around those theatres, there's the alley way, and plenty of room to move.

BROCK: You mean fight?

HILDA: And fuck.

EVERYBODY leaps away from JULES in shock.

DARLENE: OH MY GOD!

HART: MY INNOCENT EARS!

BROCK: AUNTY HILDA!

JULES: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

MORRIS: UTTERLY UNCALLED FOR!

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HILDA: What?! I heard Hart say it-

HART: I most certainly did not!

HILDA: You little Limey liar! You did- you said it, then you said "Pardon your French!" and laughed!

HART: LIES! You're a liar, and a racist!

BROCK: I didn't know you were French? Anyway, we're wasting time!

JULES: Hart's right, go get some rest, we all need our beauty sleep.

DARLENE: Some more than others after *that* language!

HILDA: WHAT?! What did I say?!

Lights dim.

As EVERYBODY ELSE hops into their makeshift beds, BROCK and DARLENE find themselves alone.

BROCK: Don't worry, we'll win this.

DARLENE: A handful of us, a horny horde of them, sure! We'll be fine.

BROCK: For someone so friendly, you're not very positive.

DARLENE: We all have our faults.

BROCK: True- but it's not really a fault.

DARLENE: Maybe not to you.

BROCK: Maybe not.

They pretend to look busy for a moment, before catching each other's glances. They linger, and smile for a moment.

BROCK: If we get out of this, can I take you out to dinner?

DARLENE: Nah.

BROCK: Huh?

DARLENE: I'll take you.

DARLENE flirtatiously smiles, then swaggers away, leaving BROCK with a confused look on his face, which turns into pride once it sinks in.

BROCK: Oh... Well, alrighty then.

Lights.

ACT 2 SCENE 11 OUTSIDE THE CICCONE AND CROWLEY

Outside both theaters is a scene of apocalyptic destruction lit only by small fires and flickering streetlights.

The one-sheets, bills, and signage on both theatre facades has been vandalized with sexy or provocative imagery.

The alleyway between both theatres sits empty apart from JULES and HILDA, who stand on the street with their backs to the alley, keeping watch on all sides with spray bottles at the ready, and baskets on their arms.

DARLENE and HART soon exit the Ciccone Theatre.

BROCK: All clear.

DARLENE: Except for Deakin' asleep on the stage.

BROCK and MORRIS soon exit the Crowley, and give silent nods to JULES.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

JULES: Rubens, up in Halt's dressing room- Broom-Broom, up in Darl's. I want you both up high, we can lure them into the alley and trap them. Hit them from three sides at once.

HILDA: Is that what this is for?!

HILDA pulls a beer bong out of her basket.

JULES: Yes, just stick it up-

HILDA: I used to be a lady of dignity!

EVERYBODY: HA!

Scandalized by their denial, HILDA storms off into the Crowley, whilst MORRIS nods his head and cautiously enters the Ciccone.

BROCK: She'll get over it- eventually.

JULES: I'm less worried Hilda, more worried about them!

JULES points to the audience; from which, THE PHALLUSY enter two-by-two- albeit, passionately making-out as they march their way down the aisle.

MR. TOP has replaced his black Gimp-Suit and crown, with a red Gimp-Suit complete with devil horns, black corset, and bowtie. In his hand is a Devil's tripod with phallic shapes on the end of each prong. His long cape is burgundy latex, with The Phallusy symbol painted in the centre.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SURRENDER, DARLENE! SURRENDER BROCK!

BROCK: NEVER!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SEX-LORDS! SEIZE THEM!

It takes a few moments- and attempts- to break apart the kissing PHALLUSY GANG.

MR. TOP also getting caught up in the steaminess.

AARON WARE

Luckily, this gives our HEROES enough time to finish setting up their defence strategy, and take their positions- including two large beer bong cones sticking out of the dressing room windows.

Once all PHALLUSY members have entered the stage, MR. TOP enters last. But the HEROES are nowhere to be found.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* FIND THEM!

MAY BRACKSON: There! Look!

THE PHALLUSY all stand back from the alley- within which a large pile of sex toys sits.

RIVER: FREE TOYS!

Instantly, the entire PHALLUSY gang race into the alley way

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* STOP, YOU FOOLS! IT'S A TRAP!

From the stage door, JULES leaps out from hiding, closely followed by HART. They both stick their bums towards the alleyway.

JULES: NOW!

MR. TOP swiftly exists with a swish of his cape as BROCK and DARLENE leap out from behind the dumpster.

A weak trumpet sound fails to impact the air. A small amount of green smoke sputters out of the beer bong cone that sticks out of Darlene's dressing room.

As THE PHALLUSY all reach for their sex toys, DARLENE makes her way around to JULES; BROCK, however, is caught by MAY BRACKSON.

DARLENE: It's not working! I CAN'T FART UNDER PRESSURE!

JULES: Neither can I!

HART: This jerky no worky! Perhaps it's out of date?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: What do we- (*BROCK screams*) BROCK! WE HAVE TO HELP HIM!

JULES and HART hold DARLENE back.

HART: He's lost! You can't help him now!

The scene turns blue; HART, DARLENE and JULES freeze in position.

BROCK is in the centre of a sexy group dance from the PHALLUSY members.

BROCK: No! You won't turn me- oh but so sexy, SNAP OUT OF IT, HALTER! But look at her- look at him, those pheromones- WAKE UP BROCK! You're better than those hormones, taking over me, shaking me, making me- I'm- I'm- I'm so HORNY!

THE PHALLUSY moan in delight as BROCK falls to the ground with sexual desire. His body feels good; the whole scene turns into slow motion.

DARLENE screams a long, slow-motion scream as she breaks apart, and slowly leaps towards BROCK with one arm stretch out.

BROCK HALTER'S hands slowly rip open his shirt- but it won't happen. He slowly tries again, but it won't happen. Frustrated, he snaps out of slow-motion and rips it open quickly, before slipping back into the slow-motion.

DARLENE inches her way towards BROCK as his hands reach for his pants. He slowly unzips. A faint whiff of green smoke spills out of the beer bong cone sticking out of DARLENE'S dressing room. BROCK'S hands begin to slowly rip open his pants, but the long, loud trumpet sounds out.

Green smoke shoots out from behind BROCK, DARLENE slowly skids to a halt, THE PHALLUSY'S expression slowly changes to one of disgust.

BROCK semi-slowly falls face-first onto the stage; EVERYBODY snaps out of slow-motion.

DARLENE: BROCKIE! BROCK! HALTER! Stay with me-

BROCK coughs and splutters as he sits up.

BROCK: Sheesh, Darlene! You were right!

DARLENE can't help but laugh and single laugh as she helps BROCK to his feet whilst THE PHALLUSY gang suddenly realize what's happening.

DARLENE: JULES! It's no use, it's not going to- AARRGHHH!

BROCK and DARLENE are dragged backwards by THE PHALLUSY, who instantly tie them up in the centre and begin sexy dancing around in a giant circle.

JULES: This is no use!

HART: There has to be something we can do.

JULES: We've both worked for actors for over a decade, is there *anything* we've ever been able to convince them to do!

HART: Never! And when we do, it's almost like we deserve a-

HART/JULES: STANDING OVATION!

HART: Do you really think it'll work?

JULES: Actors will do anything for an applause!

HART: Ready? On the count of three- one, two-

JULES/HART: (*Applauding wildly*) BRAVI! TERRIFIC WORK! ENCORE! ENCORE!

HILDA and MORRIS soon stick their head out, and realize what to do- breaking out into raucous applause.

DARLENE, having broken free of her bonds- again- also joins in the applause, whilst BROCK can only do so vocally.

ONE PHALLUS MEMBER breaks away, and falls to their knees coughing.

JULES: (*Applauding wildly*) AMAZING! BRAVA! BRAVI! IT'S WORKING!

HART: (*Applauding wildly*) BUT IT'S NOT NEARLY LOUD ENOUGH!

JULES: (*To Audience*) YOU! Help us, CLAP IF YOU WANT TO GO HOME! (*Applauding wildly*) You know you wanna! You Ma'am, you look awfully uncomfortable, CLAP TO HELP US STOP IT!

Several more PHALLUS MEMBERS break off, and snap out of their horny states.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HART: *(Applauding wildly)* EXCELLENT! KEEP CLAPPING AND WE CAN ALL GO HOME EVENTUALLY!

JULES: *(Applauding wildly)* JUST- A- FEW- MORE- HANDS-

A PHALLUS MEMBER stops JULES, and ascends upon them with a sexy dance.

JULES keeps focussed on clapping, but it's a struggle.

Suddenly, MARCUS DINGLEY shoots up out of the dumpster like a jack-off-in-the-box, and applauds loudly, closely followed by [NAME].

MARCUS: BRAVISSIMI! MORE! MORE!

The PHALLUS MEMBER attacking JULES suddenly falls to the ground. MARCUS, and [NAME] climb out of the dumpster.

JULES: I never thought I'd be so happy to see a Ding-a-Ling!

MARCUS: One more minute in there and I just might have died.

JULES: Welcome back, soldier, you know what to do!

MARCUS: A-yi, Captain!

Behind them, DARLENE and BROCK squeal loudly in fright, as MR. TOP grabs them both by the arm, and drags them through DARLENE'S stage door.

JULES: Hilda's in there! HART- get Rubens out safe.

HART: Wish me luck!

HART races off into DARLENE'S stage door.

MARCUS: What can I do?

JULES: Get Morris- he's up in Brock's dressing room, then help all these poor buggers- they must be terrified.

MARCUS: What about the rest of New York? The whole country?!

JULES: America can wait; save the actors, SAVE THE WORLD!

Lights.

ACT 2 SCENE 12 THE CICCONE STAGE

MR. TOP sits on a piece of set, holding a leash that as a horny ZOMBIE PHILLIP DEAKIN attached to it via a spiked collar.

ZOMBIE DEAKIN is baring his teeth and growling at DARLENE and BROCK.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* NO MORE OF THIS INSOLENCE!

BROCK: Aw, but it's fun!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL FUN AFTER I ENTICE YOU ONTO THE DANK SIDE!

DARLENE and BROCK laugh obnoxiously.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* WHAT'S SO FUNNY?!

The scene on stage turns into muffling as HART and JULES light up from the audience. They're crouching down to remain unseen.

HART: Any ideas?

JULES: There's some pretty big sets up in the flies- maybe we can drop something on his head?

HART: You'd likely take out Brock and Darlene in the process, and quite frankly, I'd prefer we keep them alive!

JULES: We could open a trap door when he stands in the right spot?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

HART: And then what? We don't even know who it is!

JULES: No, you're right- if he's- she's- they're not an actor, we don't know what'll snap them out of it!

HART: But Phillip- him, we do.

JULES: Of course! But how do we-

JULES turns around, but HART has disappeared. JULES shrugs, then turn their focus back to the stage.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* THAT'S ALL I ASK- JUST A LITTLE PROMOTIONAL DEAL FOR MY CONGREGATION!

DARLENE: All promotional deals are done through my agent, sorry.

BROCK: Yeah, mine too- I could call them now if-

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I AM NO FOOL!

DARLENE: Really?! Ok, sure.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I AM THE GREAT AND FEARFUL MR. TOP, AND YOU WILL DO AS I SAY, OR ELSE!

DARLENE: Or else, what?

BROCK: Or else you'll be Mr. Bottom?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* SILENCE!

DARLENE: Oops, sorry, you were saying, Mr. Toppings?

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I DON'T THINK YOU-

A large bag of money lands on the stage, right next to PHILLIP DEAKIN.

AARON WARE

DEAKIN sniffs it for a moment, then looks up at HART BANNISTER, and tilts his head with a slight whimper.

HART: All for you, good boy! Go on, yummy treat just for you!

PHILLIP DEAKIN'S nose pushes open the back, coins and notes spill out. The dog-like PHILLIP begins to bark, before the barking turns into cohesive words.

DEAKIN: WOOF-WOOF-WOF-WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* YOU HAVE STOLEN MY PET!

DEAKIN: I BEG YOUR PARDON?!

DARLENE: PHILLIP!

DEAKIN: DARLENE- BROCK?! What am I wear- What in the name of Calcutta is going on here?!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* PHILLIP CAN'T HELP YOU! THIS BEGAN WITH ME, IT ENDS WITH ME!

BROCK: This'll end with you in prison!

HART: You're outnumbered!

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* NOT IF I HAVE HER!

MR. TOP grabs DARLENE, holding her hostage with a dildo to her throat.

DARLENE: BROCK, DON'T! It's OK...

BROCK: What are you saying?

DARLENE: I just can't help his lure... he's just so... so... SEXY! *(Purrs)*

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* I TOLD YOU, YOU'LL SUCCOMB TO MY SEDUCTION, ALL OF YOU!

DARLENE: Why, yes- but we need to seal it with a kiss first.

MR. TOP: *(Booming voice)* AND THEN I SHALL MAKE YOU MY BRIDE!

DARLENE leans in, and unzips the mouth of the Gimp-Suit, exposing two trembling lips. As she slowly leans in, HART, JULES, and BROCK protest.

JULES/HART/BROCK: STOP! DON'T! NO! PLEASE!

DARLENE's lips connect with MR. TOP'S, and she passionately kisses him. HILDA, MORRIS, MARCUS, and SEVERAL OTHERS enter, joining in the protesting. MR. TOP enjoys the moment, before becoming weak at the knees, and, well...

DARLENE: AHA! I KNEW IT!

DARLENE rips the Gimp-mask off, exposing PERCY underneath as he, well, leans forward holding his groin-area in embarrassment. He tries to run, but DARLENE grabs his cape, and pulls him backwards.

PERCY: Yeah, and I would have gotten away with it too if it weren't for you abstinent bores and your dumb gossip columnist!

BROCK: SEIZE HIM! And... somebody grab him a tissue. Ew.

MORRIS, HILDA, and MARCUS escort PERCY away kicking and screaming.

JULES: How did you know?

DARLENE: Began with him- gave himself up.

BROCK: Yet you *still* kissed him?!

DARLENE: Why? You jealous?

BROCK: No, just- impressed with your dedication to your art as always.

DARLENE: Had to be sure, didn't I? That happened last time- figured it'll happen again.

JULES: And if it wasn't him?

DARLENE: Then we were screwed- figuratively and-

BROCK: -OK-OK-OK, we get the point!

BROCK walks away, attempting to hide his jealousy.

DARLENE: You are jealous!

DARLENE follows BROCK as the two exit, leaving JULES and HART on stage.

JULES: So...

BROCK: So...

JULES: That was, er... fun?

HART: I don't know about fun, Captain, but it'd certainly make a great musical one day!

JULES: S'pose...

Slowly, HART and JULES turn their heads to each other and smile, before rushing off stage in opposite directions.

Seconds later, DARLENE runs on, calling after JULES.

DARLENE: Oh, Jules- before you go! Damn...

BROCK enters.

BROCK: Everything OK?

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

DARLENE: Yeah, just wanted to say thanks.

BROCK: Thank them with a pay rise.

DARLENE: And what about you?

BROCK: I'll- I dunno, buy some flowers?

DARLENE: No, I mean- how do I thank you?

DARLENE moves towards the unsuspecting BROCK.

BROCK: Me? Oh, I dunno, come see the show when we're back on?

DARLENE: Oh, you really are clueless, aren't you?

BROCK: Charmingly so!

DARLENE: I meant- now...

DARLENE slowly moves in, planting her lips on BROCK.

He pauses for a moment, before snapping into a passionate embrace.

But it doesn't last long- their awkward movements, and lack of attraction cause the sting of a game show fail-sound to ring out.

They move back, wiping their mouths.

DARLENE: Well, that was...

BROCK: At least now we know?

DARLENE: Yeah, I just um-

BROCK: -Not really feelin' it? Yeah, me too.

DARLENE: Friends?

DARLENE holds out her hand.

BROCK: Nah. We make a better team.

DARLENE: Teammates it is.

BROCK: Next time the Abonkalypse hits, you know who to call.

DARLENE: We're the ones that started it, Halt.

BROCK: *(It clicks)* Oh, yeah!

They BOTH laugh as they exit, arm in arm.

ACT 2 SCENE 13 OPENING NIGHT AT THE CAMEL TONE

Rhythmic typing begins in darkness followed HILDA RUBENSTEIN'S disembodied voice as she writes her latest column.

HILDA: *(Voice-over)* Having lived through this now-immortalized Abonkalypse- trademark- with both writers, and illustrious leading players, I can safely say that watching a musical version of this highly-traumatic experience is the very last thing I want; therefore, I can only muster a measly one-star for this ill-conceived effort.

CHAD: *(Voice-over)* And whilst the raunchy devastation is still fresh in many of our minds, it appears that first-time author-composers, Hart and Jules, have managed to concoct a genuinely terrible musical that will no-doubt attract sales based on that old adage "People love car crashes and pornography" - two stars.

ELENA: *(Voice-over)* ...But despite those setbacks, the songs here are as catchy as herpes, with a dash of sass behind the witty script that could only be written by those in-the-know. Highly recommended for anybody with a naughty sense of humour.

Lights up on a busy, buzzing back bar as BROCK HALTER lowers a newspaper.

SLUTS ON BROADWAY

BROCK: At least Mercedes gave it five-stars?

HART: Blimey, she has too!

JULES: It doesn't matter, we'll be closed by Christmas!

DARLENE: Don't be upset- it was your first musical!

PHILLIP DEAKIN rushes in, searching through the party-goers.

JULES: Yeah, and worst musical according to the 'The Pro-Arch', 'The Catchment', and 'The Muff Post'!

BROCK: Even the lesbian press?!

DARLENE: Damn- oh well, could be worse? At least we have each other!

EVERYBODY looks at DARLENE in shock; DARLENE responds with surprise.

DARLENE: WHAT?! I can be sentimental too!

JULES: When?!

DARLENE: Well, there was that-

DEAKIN: THERE YOU ARE!

JULES: Oh, Phillip, we're so sorry!

HART: We'll pay you back, you have my-

DEAKIN: -WE'RE A HIT!

DARLENE: But the papers?

DEAKIN: Oh screw the reviews! Reviews mean nothing!

EVERYBODY: THEY WHAT?!

DEAKIN: Ticket sales, baby! We're sold out until summer! 'Sex Zombies on 42nd Street' is the hottest ticket in town!

HART: We're a hit?

HART/JULES: WE'RE A HIT!

DARLENE: I guess people really do love car crashes and pornography.

Slowly, everybody turns and looks at the AUDIENCE.

EVERYBODY: Huh...

One-by-one, OUR HEROES turn away from the audience, and re-join the party as the lights fade out.

THE END.

