

Cunt

By

Yuki Iwama

(c)Yuki Iwama 2015

CUNT

(The Room: A dirty table and a chair. A window. Alcohol bottles litter the stage. Lighting is dim and orange. The room looks as if it would smell like stale tobacco smoke and vomit.

Tee is tied by a string to Bee, ostensibly controlled by him.)

BEE, a young man with perpetual dark circles under his eyes, is pacing back and forth, drinking from a bottle. He is slightly drunk.

He mutters to himself, frustrated.

He pulls at a long string leading off stage but nothing comes of it.

Bee checks out the window, impatient. He drinks deeply from the bottle until he drains it. He shakes it, throws it away, and picks up another.

BEE

I'm almost out, I only have one bottle left, and she's still not here! I sent her out to buy me some three hours ago, and she's still not here! She's probably gone to one of her fucking rallies with her friends...forgotten all about me. Fucking bitch! Fucking cunt! It's been three hours and she's still not here!

I know exactly how it's going to play out. She's going to rush in, stinking of sweat and pot and cunt, face flushed and skin shining and she'll say "Sorry, sorry, I was with Robin and we were rallying, yes, another one! Oh, but Bee, you should have been there. You really should have been there!"

And she'll cackle and ruffle my hair like the patronising bitch she is and gallop to her room to either masturbate or update her fucking blog and I'll just sit in the corner, in the shadows, simmering like black mould. Neglected. Forgotten. Abandoned.

She's a fucking cunt. She's such a goddamn, good-for-nothing, cunt!

Finally he stops mid-step, as if struck by a thought. He stares at the audience blindly.

He sits at the table and starts writing.

TEE enters quietly STAGE RIGHT.

She is on the other end of the strings - which is tied around her wrist. She is also carrying a plastic bag full of beer.

Tee watches Bee for a moment before grabbing a drink for herself. She wanders over to the window and stares out.

TEE

Mr. Novkovic is out walking with Dino again.

Bee looks up, startled. He leaps up.

BEE

I've been waiting! Where have you been?

TEE

I got your booze, okay? I was at a rally-

BEE

Another one!

TEE

Not that you'd care.

BEE

(begrudgingly)
I care.

TEE

So can you relax? Please? You're delusional again. Have you slept? Have you eaten anything?

BEE

You're not my wife.

TEE

Thank Christ. Sometimes I envy Celia.

Bee slams his bottle into the table.

TEE

You have to get your shit together, Bee.

BEE

You're not mum either!

TEE

I look at you and I see you with one leg in a pile of shit and the other in a barrel full of booze. The ground isn't as stable as you think it is.

BEE
My sister Tee, talking about *stability*.

TEE
The skinheads we picketed against were more stable than *you*.

BEE
Who were you with?

TEE
You'll have to face the truth sooner or later-

BEE
Who were you with?

TEE
I was with Robin.

BEE
Robin? Again? What are you, *fucking him*?

TEE
Yes I'm fucking him!

Furiously, Bee jerks on Tee's strings. She is violently pulled towards him.

TEE
Stop that!

BEE
I need you here.

TEE
What are you, jealous?

BEE
I don't get jealous. You do.

Tee pulls away from Bee, exasperated.

She stares out the window again.

BEE
Why anyone would wanna fuck a big dyke like you is beyond me.

TEE
Do you remember when we were kids, and you locked me in the closet because I wanted to cut my hair?

BEE
You wanted to *shave it all off*.

TEE
You were always such a traditionalist. Just like mum.

BEE
It wasn't traditionalism. It was sanity.

TEE
You and mum don't really constitute sanity, Bee.

BEE
Mum always did say you were a lost cause.

TEE
You know, I used to have dreams about the both of you.

BEE
Me and mum?

TEE
Yeah. You'd pass through each other like ghosts, sometimes you would walk through her but then you'd stop halfway, so your torsos were fused together. You'd become this grotesque thing that shared one brain and talked out the same mouth. Sometimes you stole each other's eyes.
(long pause)
Sometimes I'd dream that you were fucking each other.

It's not true is it?

BEE
What is?

TEE
You and mum didn't fuck, right?

BEE
That's not funny, Tee.

TEE
I'm just making sure.

BEE
For one, she's not that kind of woman-

TEE
-For one, she's not the most stable woman.

BEE
She wasn't *that* bad.

TEE
She used to buy all the newspapers in the local deli and cut out the faces of any liberals she came across.

BEE
And?

TEE
And she'd throw them in the toilet before taking a shit.

BEE
She was...quirky.

TEE
She collected her spit in a giant jar and carried it with her everywhere.

BEE
Just in case she ran into dad-

TEE
I once walked in on her masturbating in front of the mirror.

BEE
Tee, that's enough-

TEE
She was quite a liberated woman when you think about it.

BEE
How would you know?

TEE
What?

BEE
How would you know what kind of woman she was? She is?

TEE
I know perfectly well what kind of woman she is. I don't need to talk to her to know. I just have to look at you.

BEE
If you hate me so much why don't you run away again?

Tee stares at Bee in silence.

TEE

I don't hate you.

Bee lights up a cigarette. He's silently simmering.

BEE

I'm writing about you.

TEE

Oh yeah?

BEE

It's called 'Cunt'.

TEE

You wrote about my cunt?

BEE

No, cunt. You're a cunt.

TEE

Is that supposed to be funny?

BEE

I could easily change it to fishy cunt.

TEE

Stop being childish and drink your fucking beer.

She sits in the chair opposite him and drinks in silence. Bee goes back to writing.

TEE

What's it about?

BEE

What's what about?

TEE

Cunt.

BEE

Well, it's about you. I told you.

TEE

Yeah but what's the plot?

BEE

There's no plot.

TEE

What do you mean?

BEE

I write it as I go. I've done the same to mum, dad, Celia, all my slut ex-girlfriends...

TEE

And what are their stories about?

BEE

I've killed some, burned some, sold some-

TEE

Sold some?

BEE

I sold slut ex-girlfriend 2 and 3 to Buroondara Pulp Fiction.

TEE

A regular Poe.

BEE

What's it like fucking Robin?

TEE

Excuse me?

BEE

What's it like fucking Robin?

TEE

What is this obsession with my sex life?

BEE

It's for Cunt. I need to know about it for Cunt.

TEE

Robin's Robin. Sex is sex. That's what it's like.

BEE

That's not much of a revelation.

TEE

What were you expecting?

BEE

I dunno. More teeth? Maybe more dirt and trees or something?

TEE
You need to stop.

BEE
So he's a bad fuck.

TEE
What's it like fucking mum?

BEE
Tee, please.

TEE
I don't know why I put up with your bullshit.

BEE
Because I'm your brother?

TEE
I didn't realise it meant so much to you.

BEE
It really doesn't.

*Before Bee can answer, there's yelling outside.
Tee rushes to the window and peeks out. There's a
gunshot. Bee leaps to his feet in alarm.*

BEE
What the fuck was that?

TEE
Mr. Novkovic shot Dino!

BEE
What?

TEE
Our neighbour shot his dog.

BEE
Mr. Novkovic has a gun?

TEE
What should I do? Do I call the police?

BEE
What are you on about?

TEE
Well, isn't it illegal to kill a dog?

BEE
It's his pet. If he wants to kill it he can kill it.

TEE
Go out and see if the dog's okay.

BEE
Why don't you do it?

TEE
I hate guns. You know I'm freaked out by them.

BEE
I'm not fond of them either.

TEE
Bee! Go out and see if the dog's okay. Please?

BEE
What's the fag doing now?

TEE
Mr. Novkovic....is just shouting at his dog.

BEE
I'm impressed.

TEE
You don't mean that. Stop lying. You almost shit yourself when Koko died because you were crying so hard.

BEE
Fine, I'll go see if the dog's okay.

Irritated, Bee goes to the door. He is about to open it when he suddenly stops. His hand hovers over the knob.

He starts trembling.

TEE
What are you doing? Go!

He turns the knob but stops again.

TEE
Bee?

He automatically turns and stiffly returns to the table. He sits down silently and starts writing furiously.

Tee realises.

TEE

Bee-

BEE

Shut up.

TEE

Bee, I-

BEE

Shut the fuck up!

He pulls at the strings again and Tee falls to the ground.

BEE

You have no idea.

(pause)

When you left to live with dad...that *fuckin*
hippie...you have no idea what it was like living with
a woman like mum.

TEE

Bee, I didn't-

BEE

I was just a mannequin to her. A puppet. I couldn't be
dad. I had to be everything he wasn't. She had to
control everything. I was probably the only able 18
year old still being dressed by his mother. She'd even
shave me!

Tee stands up.

The phone rings.

BEE

The phone's ringing.

TEE

I hear it.

BEE

Then get it.

TEE

You're closer.

BEE

Get the phone.

He tugs at the strings again but Tee glares at him, standing firm. He sighs and gives up.

He answers the phone.

He stand still, listening silently, offering no reply to the caller.

There is SINGING off stage.

Tee turns to the window and peers out again.

Bee puts the phone back down and stares at it.

TEE

Mr. Novkovic is singing to Dino. I think he's lost it.

She looks at Bee.

TEE

Bee? What's wrong?

Bee sits in silence, simmering. Then suddenly jerks the string and Tee falls to the ground, crying out loud.

TEE

Bee, what the fuck's wrong with you?

BEE

You, Mr. Novkovic, dad....you think you're happy? You think you're something? You walk down the street with your own two feet, when you should be down on your fucking hands and knees. You're nothing but goddamn dogs!

TEE

Calm down Bee!

BEE

(losing it)

You don't tell me what to do! I tell you what to do! What do you think I do all day in this shithole? I make life and I take it! I create worlds and destroy them! I write you into my stories and I can tear you apart with a few words. Because that's all you are. You're nothing but a cunt. Cunt!

TEE

(finally losing her temper)

I am a cunt! But only because I say I am! Snap out of it Bee. You're a wreck. You can't live without me.

BEE
I think you lost it.

TEE
I've lost it?

BEE
Should I do it? Should I shoot you down like the fag's dog?

TEE
I walk out that door and you starve. You're the dog here, Bee. I feed you, clean you, pat you-

BEE
Walk out then! Leave!

TEE
You're an insufferable fuck, you know that? I'm the only one who could ever tolerate you.

BEE
Celia tolerated me enough to want to marry me!

TEE
That may be so, but why do you think she killed herself, Bee?

Silence. Tee hit a sore spot.

Immediately she regrets it but the damage is done.

Nothing to lose, she pushes harder.

By this point, she is standing.

TEE
You pushed her, Bee. Because that's what you do. That's what people like you do. You push people and crush them under your shoe like insects and you kill them.

Bee suddenly leaps to his and rushes at Tee.

Tee jerks on the strings and he falls to his knees.

He looks up at her, shocked.

TEE
People like you are wracked with insecurities and anxieties and you stew in jealousy, because you see us and you know that we're doing more than just surviving.

(MORE)

TEE (cont'd)

We're living. But whether it's something external or internal fueling your hate, you actively persist on pulling us, shoving us, pushing us down. Because to you we're nothing but dogs. But people tend to forget that when dogs starve even they eat humans. Do you want me to tear into you? Do you want me to bite into your flesh? Chew you? Swallow you? Consume you?

BEE

You wanna gobble me up like you gobble up Robin's tiny cock?

Tee jerks on the strings again.

TEE

I've tried for years now but I can't do this anymore.

BEE

I've finally worn you down, huh?

TEE

Did I ever tell you that Celia came to see me the day she died?

Bee looks up, alarmed.

TEE

She told me some stuff about you, Bee. Some really fucked up stuff. But I defended you. Because I'm your sister, I'm your family. Looking back now though, I realise that I should have listened to her. I should have regarded her as a person, as a woman, not just my asshole brother's wife. But her death's not just on me. It's on you too. Even after all that, I came here to live with you, because I thought, maybe my brother might need me. Maybe I can be the kind of support mum and dad could never be. That was my second mistake.

Bee visibly shrinks. He seems humbled.

BEE

(quietly)

I can't leave the house, Tee.

TEE

What?

BEE

I can't leave the house. I can't sleep, I can't write - look at my notebook, it's just gibberish! You can't leave me, Tee. You're my sister. Don't leave me.

TEE

I'm tired, Bee. I'm tired of you.

They fall silent.

BEE

Why did you have to leave with dad? Why do you hate her so much?

TEE

It's not just who she is that I hate.

BEE

Then what is it?

TEE

It's...it's what she did to dad.

BEE

Tell me.

TEE

It was when I saw dad cry for the first time. It really hit me. I...I think that's the moment when I realised that mum and dad...they're people. They are real people. It's kind of a lonely feeling.

BEE

You saw him cry?

TEE

You haven't?

BEE

I never paid much attention to him.

TEE

Figures.

BEE

When did you see him cry?

There is a long pause.

TEE

This was a week before dad moved out. So I was thirteen at the time. Sometimes I think it's a dream and not a memory, but then I look at dad and I realise it did happen and then it's like it's happening all over again. I remember, it was during that time when they were constantly fighting. Well, when I mean fighting I mean mum yelling at dad and dad just sitting there, taking it, being the passive person he's always been.

BEE

The passive pacifist.

TEE

I woke up in the middle of the night and I went to the bathroom to take a piss...when I heard someone crying in mum and dad's room. I thought it was mum because at that time, you remember, dad usually slept out on the couch. So I went to their room and slowly opened the door, just a little bit, to peek inside. I thought, this is it! I am finally going to see proof of mum's humanity. She's someone who has the capacity to cry! And since you know mum, that's something kind of amazing. So, I looked inside, and...I saw them, mum and dad, on the bed.

BEE

That's why you hate mum so much? Cus you walked in on them fucking?

TEE

That's not it! It's because...when I saw them, I realised that it was dad crying. Not mum. No. It was more than crying. It was stifled wailing. Like he was in pain. Like she was torturing him. And she was. Bee, he didn't want to be there at all.

And I had the most awful thought. How long has he felt like this? How many times has he stifled his wails, so we couldn't hear? Needless to say, I was really fucking happy that he finally came out. I was really fucking happy that he finally got the courage to leave. And I'm really fucking happy that I left with him. And that's why I hate her so much.

BEE

Maybe it was dad's fault, did you ever think about that? Maybe he shouldn't have been such a pussy pushover.

Tee gives up. She makes to leave.

TEE

Don't forget to put the rest of the beer in the fridge.

BEE

Tee, wait, don't go, please!

TEE

You still don't get it. You still can't cut ties with her. This is me, officially letting you go.

She starts to untie the string.

BEE

I killed her, Tee.

Tee freezes.

BEE

I admit it! I killed Celia.

TEE

How did you kill her, Bee?

BEE

I'm just like mum. I didn't know. I didn't know anything was wrong. I mean, she was my wife! It was something married couples did! Right?

TEE

For how long?

BEE

I can't help it, Tee. It's mum, it's her in my head, she's pulling the strings! It's her! She's the one who made me kill her. She's the one who was controlling me!

TEE

What are you trying to tell me?

BEE

(hysterical)

That phone call? The one before? That was Chrissie, good old fucking Chris, remember her? She was calling me to let me know. She's charging me. And not just her too - it's all of them. They're ganging up on me! To testify! To beat me down! And I'm sorry, I really am, and I gave them flowers the next day and everything and it worked for a while but...but this! This! They're sending me to prison, Tee! So don't leave me! Not now!

TEE

Is this your confession then?

BEE

Yes! This is my confession! Yes!

TEE

Then say it.

BEE

What? Say what?

TEE

Say the words, Bee. "I am a rapist."

Bee hesitates.

TEE

If you really want to confess, you have to say those words. "I am a rapist."

BEE

I'm...I'm a...but that's not right. It was mum, I swear! I hear her everywhere now, and you're right, you're right, we are conjoined, we are fused, but she's stealing my eyes and I'm...I'm trapped. Please, Tee. I'll be good. Please! Please!

TEE

(coldly)

It's so deeply embedded, it's gonna take more than just good deeds to change anything.

BEE

Then tell me what to do!

TEE

You know. You've always known. You don't fool me, Bee. Nobody knows you better than I do.

BEE

Is that right?

TEE

I know you better than you do.

BEE

Then prove it.

TEE

Enough with the games. Just say the words.

Bee grabs a bottle of beer and tries to open it.

BEE

I can't go to prison, Tee. What do you think mum would say? You say you've had dreams about us...well imagine having dreams about mum every single night....you're right. We were fucking. Or rather, she was fucking me. We'd be outside, it was always dark, and she would push me down into the dirt. Worms and ants would fall into my mouth and I'd be eaten from the inside out. I was eaten from the inside out, Tee. And if I go to prison, in that tiny cell, I know she'll consume me. She'll eat me from the inside out with the worms and the ants.

Tee walks up to him and opens the bottle for him. She tries one last time.

TEE
I can't do anything for you unless you say those words!

BEE
I just don't get why it has to be my fault! You know it was mum who made me the way I am. You know I hear her, and see her, and fucking dream about her, and I can't get rid of her! She's twisting me up on the inside, Tee. She's eating me up from the inside out!

TEE
I'm sorry I left you with her. I am. That's something I regret every day. But you were already stuck to her...you were already too far gone.

Bee drinks deeply from the bottle, moodily.

Tee steps forward to say something more, but the phone rings.

Tee answers.

Bee stands and goes over to the window, contemplating something.

Tee hangs up.

The siblings turn to each other.

BEE
I'm sorry Tee, I-

TEE
That was Robin. I have to go.

BEE
What?

TEE
The rally was still going when I left and apparently it got violent. Robin got arrested. I have to bail him out.

BEE
You're going to leave me for-for...him? Are you gonna bail me out if I get arrested? Huh?

TEE
You're obviously too piss scared to change-

BEE
What kind of fucked up agenda are trying to pull here? Are you trying to hurt me?

Barking from outside.

Tee rushes to the window.

She stares out, shocked.

TEE

Dino's still alive!

BEE

(sardonically)

The fucking dog's alive, everything's fine. Are you even listening to me?

Tee pauses, still looking out the window. Bee drinks, angrily.

TEE

I just don't understand why you let mum string you up like that for so long. Perhaps it's because you've grown accustomed to it. Do you like it? I could never stand it. No fucking way.

BEE

(with spite)

Just like dad. You were always revolting against something. Even when we were younger.

TEE

And you're just like mum.

BEE

You had a worse temper than mum. Whenever there was something contentious on the telly, you'd spit fire and start letter campaigns. Or if someone was being hassled on the streets, you'd have to step in, all big in your boots like Jesus fucking Christ.

TEE

And for a good reason too.

Revolutions don't start with flowers in gun barrels.

BEE

We're too different. I can't understand you anymore. There was a time when I thought we were so alike. I thought...

He stops abruptly, horrified.

TEE

Bee?

BEE

I thought maybe I was you once. I think I'm losing my head. How can I be one thing and yet be another? But maybe I knew I wasn't. Maybe deep down, I knew I was rotten. Maybe I knew I was so rotten there was no other way but down.

TEE

Do you still believe that? That there's no other way?

BEE

I don't know. I-

Bee freezes. He hears something.

BEE

It's her, it's her. I feel like I'm going round in circles because of her. I try to speak and she drags me in circles. I try to write and she makes me write about one thing, again and again.

TEE

Cut her off, Bee. Cut ties with her.

BEE

How? I can't get rid of her. I can't. It's getting to me, Tee. She's in my head, pulling my strings. I gotta be everything dad's not, I gotta be a man. I gotta do everything the proper way. And where has that gotten me? I've done everything right and now I'm going to prison!

He slumps.

TEE

It's not all mum, Bee. You hurt a lot of people too. You fucked up.

BEE

So you think it's okay? What Chrissie's doing to me?

TEE

Well, shes not lying. Is she?

Bee stays silent.

TEE

Is she?

Do you really think there's no other way?

BEE

Well, do you know a way out of this mess?

TEE

I might.

BEE

(perking up)

Really? Does this mean you'll help me? You'll save me from prison?

Tee grows quiet and stony.

TEE

Is that all I have to save you from?

BEE

And those conniving bitches!

Tee slumps.

TEE

And here you go again. Defenses up.

BEE

What defenses?

TEE

You wanted me to prove how well I know you, didn't you? Fine. I'll prove it. I'll make it real easy for you.

She wanders over to the table and looks down at Bee's notebook.

TEE

You never had any real power, Bee. Not since the day you were born. As soon as mum got her teeth into you, you were strung up. Like a puppet, isn't that what you said? You were her puppet?

There was a time when I thought maybe there was hope for you. Those were the good times. When mum was too busy fighting dad to even notice us.

But then dad left. And I left. And yes, that was one of the biggest mistakes of my life.

And you were strung up again.

Then you met Celia, and you escaped. And you thought you had cut the strings. You thought, this time, Celia was the puppet.

But all that time, all that time, mum was there, hovering over your shoulder like she always did.

Then Celia died, and it was woman after woman after woman.

I was watching from the sidelines and I could see your

(MORE)

TEE (cont'd)

desperation. Your twisted desperation to control. These stories...the hundreds of notebooks full of stories about those women and mum and dad... These aren't acts of god, these are your fantasies, your delusions. Your lifeboat. And me. You thought you had me didn't you? You thought you could pull my strings and force me to feed you and take care of you. I didn't do it for you, Bee. I did it because I felt responsible for your pitiful state. And now, when you're just about to be strung up by the biggest puppet master of all...you're just beginning to realise that maybe you were never god. Maybe you were always the dog.

BEE

Okay. Okay. Now it's my turn. You were always angry about something. You could never be satisfied with what you had. With me. Your whole world revolved around your fucking causes and your struggle against something that wasn't there in the first place. That's why you left me behind. You didn't think twice about how I would feel. You just left with that-that *fag*, who could barely call himself a father because he was always off fucking some fairy boy half his age. And mum was mad with rage and...and...

He begins to break down.

BEE

You don't know half the things she's done to me, Tee. She's...she's not human. I thought she was. I thought she was more than just my mother at one point. She was the woman I wanted to be with. I was the man she wanted to be with. It was like, we were the perfect male and female specimen. For one brief moment, we were god. And then, it got too much. We were no longer god. She was god. I was...I was...

Tee rushes forward and hugs her brother.

Bee melts in her arms.

But suddenly he stiffens.

He pushes her off him.

BEE

(rage, spit fire)

It's all your fault. All this shit, it's your fault. Why should I take responsibility? You take responsibility! You fix this!

Tee very slowly, and deliberately begins to untie the string.

TEE
You want me to give you a way out?

BEE
(tearfully)
Yes!

TEE
Kill yourself.
(long pause)

BEE
Wh-what?

TEE
You heard me. I'm giving you a way out. If you want out from mum, from prison - kill yourself. Like you killed Celia.

BEE
But...Tee...you're my sister. You're family!

TEE
No! I've never been anything to you. I'm not mum, I'm not dad, I'm not Celia, and I'm certainly not your sister.

BEE
(begins to break down again)
Yes you are! Tee, please! I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't leave me please. I need you. You're my sister. You're my sister.

TEE
No, Bee. I'm not your sister.

BEE
Then...then what are you?

Tee drops the string to the floor.

TEE
I'm a cunt.

She smiles sadly at Bee before leaving for the last time.

Bee stares after her, shell shocked.

The phone starts to ring again, piercing.

The LIGHTS DIM.

A dog begins to bark and growl. Mr. Novkovic screams off stage.

Amid this chaos, Bee slowly falls to his knees, then his hands, and sinks to the ground.

The phone cuts out and the LIGHTS GO DOWN.

There is only barking.