

# Journey to the Center of The Psycho Sexual Beast

by  
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Cast of Characters  
(can be performed by as few as 4 actors)

- Jeffrey Spade** Pompous writer. Early 40s. Previously had a hit (won an Edgar) and has since then struck-out. He has been forgotten by the press and public. He's written a new book, Journey to the Center of The Psycho Sexual Beast, released only online as publishers won't touch him anymore. He thinks is brilliant but received a bad review (from a person) and he's about to lose control. New husband to Jennifer.
- Stacy Butler** Sassy woman who gave Jeffrey's latest book Journey to the Center of The Psycho Sexual Beast a bad online review (not professional) and has just been kidnapped by Jeffrey. She is secretly Jennifer's lover.
- Jennifer Spade** Jeffrey's new wife and secretly Stacy's lover. Can be double cast as Penelope Standish.
- Betty** Nosy neighbor woman who has a crush on Jeffrey and thinks everything he writes is brilliant. Can be double cast as Detective Kelso.
- Penelope Standish** Building association representative responding to noise complaints. She's stuck-up and thinks Jeffrey's writing is totally unsophisticated. Can be double cast as Jennifer Spade.
- Detective Kelso** Portland PD Detective that locates Stacy based on a bad review Stacey posted of her kidnapping and the Portland PD. Can be double cast as Betty.

Setting

The Spade apartment living room.

Time

Current Day, Early evening.

ACT I  
Scene 1

SETTING: Jeffrey and Jennifer's apartment.

AT RISE: Stacy, dressed in a sexy black dress and high heels, is tied up to a chair, gagged and appears to be more angry than afraid. Jeffrey has obviously lost it and is pacing.

JEFFREY

You know why I've brought you here?

STACY

(trying to speak through her gag) Mmpmpppp

JEFFREY

Oh, all right. But don't even think of calling for help.

(STACY nods and JEFFREY removes her gag.)

STACY (angry)

Who the hell are you?

JEFFREY

You're joking, right?

STACY (sarcastic)

Doesn't really seem like a time to joke, so no. I literally have no idea who you are.

JEFFREY

Surely you recognize my face?

STACY

(Leans in, looking at JEFFREY carefully.)

No. Sorry. Nothing. Did we date or something?

JEFFREY

You gave me a bad review. Scathing in fact. And totally undeserved.

STACY

Oh, wait a minute. You're that barista from Seventh Avenue that just can't get the foam right on my Flat White.

JEFFREY

Your flat...what?

STACY

You should look into a new profession. As a barista, you suck.

JEFFREY (offended)

I'm no barista.

STACY

That's what I'm saying. That's what my review said. So, we're in agreement. So, let me go.

JEFFREY

It wasn't a review on my lack of coffee making prowess.

STACY

Wait...Are you the jiffy lube guy that sold me a filter I didn't really need?

JEFFREY

The...jiffy...what? Heavens No!

STACY

The sacker at the A&P? Canned goods go at the bottom of the bag. Idiot.

JEFFREY (offended)

Do I look like I would sack groceries for a living?

(JEFFREY is shaking his head "no" to each thing STACY lists in dialogue.)

STACY

Stylist at Hair Today Gone Tomorrow? That horrible actor in that horrible play," What happened to Fat Frank"? Chef at Mission Express? The crossing guard at Godard Elementary School?

JEFFREY

Good God! How many bad reviews have you written?

(OS the sound of keys in lock.)

JEFFREY

Oh God. Jennifer. She was supposed to be out of town this weekend.

(JENNIFER enters carrying an overnight bag and wearing a jacket. She puts down her bag, takes off her jacket, all while talking and not noticing STACY tied to the chair.)

JENNIFER

My flight was cancelled so we can spend the weekend together after-all. Let's start by getting naked in the jacuzzi...

(JENNIFER turns and sees STACY and screams which makes STACY scream which makes JEFFREY scream.)

JEFFREY

You were supposed to be out of town this weekend.

JENNIFER

I leave town and you bring home some S&M prostitute? What the hell Jeff?

STACY

Um...I'm not a prostitute.

(BETTY, dressed like a "Leave-it-to-Beaver" mom, enters carrying a casserole dish, appears, and is listening intently, trying to understand, but is unnoticed by the others.)

JEFFREY (totally unfamiliar)

Oh...Um. Yes. It's an S and M thing. I didn't want to ask you to do those degrading S things or those equally humiliating M things either. But it's something I've found that I...um...need.

JENNIFER

So, you hired a prostitute?

STACY

Hello...I'm not a prostitute.

BETTY

Jeffrey. I mean Mr. Spade. I totally understand...those (quivers) needs. You know I'm right next door. You really don't need to hire prostitutes.

STACY

Hey, Gidget, I'm not a prostitute.

JEFFREY

(to STACY) Yes you are. (to JENNIFER) She is. Really. (to STACY) Call me Master.

BETTY

I could call you master.

JEFFREY

Betty. What did I tell you about walking into my apartment?

BETTY

It was open. (sexy voice) Master.

JENNIFER

Betty. You know I'm Jeff's wife!

BETTY

It's still new enough for an annulment. Apparently, you don't satisfy him.

JEFFREY (chastising)

What are you doing here Betty? Did you make me another casserole?

BETTY

(Hands casserole to JEFFREY)

Yes. I mean (sexy) Yes Master. (regular voice) I knew Jennifer was going out of town again and you would be all alone.

(JEFFREY and JENNIFER look suspiciously at BETTY.)

BETTY (Cont.)

These walls are thin as paper. As thin as the paper you write your wonderful stories on Jeffrey. I mean, Mr. Spade. (sexy voice) I mean Master.

JEFFREY

I think you should go Betty. Thank you for the casserole.

BETTY

Yes Master.

(BETTY exits.)

JEFFREY

(calling to BETTY as she exits) And don't call me Master.

BETTY

(OS) (regular voice) Okie Dokie! (sexy voice) Master.

STACY

Wait. Wait just a minute. I know who you are now. You're that crappy writer. I reviewed that yawn-fest Journey to the center of...oh what the hell was it? Something stupid.

JEFFREY

Journey to the Center of The Psycho-Sexual Beast. And it's brilliant! My best work yet.

STACY

Uggg...Complete and utter drivel.

JENNIFER

I'll have you know six years ago, Jeffrey won an Edgar! (to JEFFREY) Should have been the Nobel, Hun. Wait. You're the woman who gave that horrible review?

STACY

Guilty as charged.

JEFFREY

I can't fool you. You know I could never cheat on you. You're my world.

JENNIFER

Oh my God. So, she's really not a prostitute?

STACY

Like I've been saying...

JEFFREY

Yes. I tracked her down just as you suggested.

JENNIFER

For God's sake Jeff! Track her down to send her an email or meet her for coffee. Not kidnap her! You could go to jail for this. (long pause) I love you Jeffrey. But I can't handle this. I need to go. I need to think.

(JENNIFER grabs her coat and purse and exits.)

JEFFREY

But Jen! Jen! (long pause) She's right you know-

(Brings laptop and a copy of his book, puts on the table in front of STACY, pulls up a chair and sits.)

-we really should talk about my book and your unkind, totally unnecessary, uneducated, not to mention baseless review. Now what was that website again...

STACY

myreview.com. (long pause) Could you untie my hands. (pause) Come on. They're going numb. (pause) Look, I doubt I'd be able to make my get away with my feet tied to the chair.

JEFFREY

Well, alright.

(As JEFFREY unties STACY'S hands, BETTY enters, unnoticed, completely dressed in S & M garb, carrying a large box and a whip. STACY sees her and screams which causes JEFFREY to scream which causes BETTY to scream.)

JEFFREY (Cont.)

Betty! What are you doing?

BETTY

Your door was open.

STACY

You really need to get that fixed.

BETTY (hopeful)

I saw Jennifer leave. She's no good for you.

STACY (sarcastic)

What? No casserole this time? (pause) What's in the box?

BETTY

(Puts the box down in the middle of the room and snaps the whip.)  
(fierce to STACY) Quite worm! (sweet to JEFFREY) Did you break up?

JEFFREY

Betty...

BETTY (submissive)

Yes Master?

JEFFREY

You need to go. I'm really in the middle of something here.

BETTY

I could be...in the middle...(sexy voice) Master.

JEFFREY

(Takes the whip out of BETTY'S hand and puts it down on the table.)  
Perhaps another time Betty.

BETTY

(sexy voice) Yes Master.

(As JEFFREY walks BETTY to the door, STACY starts typing very quickly on the computer.)

JEFFREY

(OS) And Betty, don't call me Master!

BETTY

(OS) Alrightie Dightie (rhyme), (sexy) Master.

(STACY stops typing just as JEFFREY enters and sits beside her.)

JEFFREY

(Scrolls on computer.)  
Ok...Here it is. Yes...see... You say, "Henrik's character is obtuse and plebian".

STACY

Umm...

(PENELOPE enters, unnoticed, arms crossed, looking down her nose unapprovingly.)



JEFFREY

How can you say that given the existential nature of his private torment and his psycho-sexual relationship with Father Patrick?

(STACY sees PENELOPE and screams, causing JEFFREY to scream, causing PENELOPE to scream.)

PENELOPE

Your door was open.

STACY

Of course it was.

JEFFREY

Mrs. Standish. I would truly appreciate it if you would please ring the bell next time.

PENELOPE

There were reports of screaming. I saw a short (or tall depending on casting), leather clad person emerging from your apartment. I thought someone might be...injured. But I see that you're...entertaining.

JEFFREY

A misunderstanding I assure you.

PENELOPE

Mr. Spade, I'm sure you're aware of the building association's moratorium on screaming for non-emergency purposes.

JEFFREY

Indeed.

PENELOPE

And if you ever bothered to attend a building meeting you would know there is a new moratorium on entertaining prostitutes anywhere on the premises including the stairwells. This is a respectable building! Besides, didn't you just get married?

STACY

For the umpteenth time, I'm not a prostitute!

PENELOPE

(Picks up the whip left behind by BETTY and snaps it at STACY.)

(sarcastic) Right... (using the whip to punctuate points) Listen here Mr. Spade. I never wanted you here. I was out-voted by those morons that said you were once a great writer and would bring prestige to the building. Poppycock! Consider yourself on probation for recreational screaming and entertaining a prostitute.

STACY

I'm not a-

PENELOPE

Good-day!

(PENELOPE slams whip down on table and exits.)

STACY

You got some nice neighbors.

JEFFREY

(Sits and starts scrolling on computer.)

Yes...well. Back to the task at hand. So, let's see...here you say that the twins Horatio and Bartholomew are unsympathetic and totally unnecessary to the plot!

STACY

Umm...

(DETECTIVE KELSO peeks around the corner and, seeing no danger, stealthily enters, unnoticed.)

JEFFREY

How can you say that after they relived their birth in such a graphic and public way only to be ostracized by the entire Bolivian parliament?

(STACY sees DETECTIVE KELSO and screams which causes JEFFREY to scream and brandish the whip, which causes DETECTIVE KELSO to scream.)

DETECTIVE KELSO (embarrassed at his scream)

(Flips open and displays his shield.)

Detective Kelso. Portland PD. Mr. Spade, if you wouldn't mind lowering your...whip.

JEFFREY

What? It's not mine.

(Drops whip.)

DETECTIVE KELSO

Of course not. Never is. Mr. Spade. Untie Ms. Butler if you would.

STACY

Thank God you're here detective! How did you find me?

(DETECTIVE KELSO pulls out and consults notebook, reading while JEFFREY unties STACY.)

DETECTIVE KELSO

Let's see...looks a sassy-stacy-at-gmail-dot-com, posted a negative review about Portland PD. Let's see...it said "I was kidnapped hours ago and still sitting here. WTF." and "How can you call yourselves

DETECTIVE KELSO (Cont.)

cops? Hashtag law enforcement's a joke" and, let's see...oh this one's my favorite...."These cops couldn't find their way out of a paper donut bag".

STACY

Well, it did take you guys long enough.

JEFFREY

Listen Detective. This is not what it looks like!

DETECTIVE KELSO (spots box)

What's in the box, Spade?

JEFFREY

I...I don't know.

DETECTIVE KELSO

(Opens box, looks inside, and dumps box full of S&M paraphernalia.)

I see what you had in mind for Ms. Butler. You sicko.

JEFFREY

These aren't mine! I swear!

DETECTIVE KELSO

Mr. Spade, you're coming with me. Ms. Butler we'll need your statement. Unfortunately, someone called the press. It's all over the news. They're going crazy outside so sit tight for about an hour 'till things calm down. I'll send over an officer.

STACY

No problem.

(DETECTIVE KELSO escorts intellectually complaining (improv here)

JEFFREY to exit. (pause) After a long pause, JENNIFER enters.)

JENNIFER

(Picks up the whip and is slapping it against her hand during the following.)

That really was an awful review.

STACY

I know.

JENNIFER

It really pushed him over the edge.

STACY

I know.

JENNIFER

I'll bet you didn't even read the book.

STACY

No. I didn't.

JENNIFER

It's actually quite brilliant and, with all this publicity, the book sales are bound to go right through the roof!

STACY (coy)

Lucky that someone called the press. Hmm... Too bad Mr. Spade will be behind bars for kidnapping me while all that money is rolling in.

JENNIFER

Oh... I think Mrs. Spade can figure out a way to spend that Psycho Sexual Beast's money! And I know who can help me.

(Snaps whip.)

Come here!

STACY

Yes... Master!

(STACY and JENNIFER laugh, embrace, and kiss passionately.)

LIGHTS DOWN

END