

AND ANYONE IN LEOPARD SKIN TIGHTS

A short play

by

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AND ANYONE IN LEOPARD SKIN TIGHTS

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE, aged 40's to 50's

PRIEST, 30's

HOLITOSIS*

TATTOOED LADY

ANGELICA*

**Played by the same actor*

TIME

The present

PLACE

The Pearly Gates

AND ANYONE IN LEOPARD SKIN
TIGHTS

A bare stage. CHARLIE, a potbellied man, sits in a beach chair with a bored look on his face. He is wearing a Nazi helmet, overalls, plaid shirt with an American flag pin stuck in the lapel, and work boots. Between swigs from a can of Budweiser, he hums “Amazing Grace” badly. Beside him are a case of Bud, a shotgun, and a large, framed, autographed photo of Tom Brady of The New England Patriots. Off to one side stands HOLITOSIS. She (or he) stands erect, facing front, stony-faced. S/he is dressed in austere clerical garb a la Spanish Inquisition. The PRIEST, in dog collar and conservative garb, enters and looks around, uncertain.

PRIEST

(To CHARLIE, uncertainly)

Excuse me. Is this the line?

CHARLIE

Yup.

PRIEST

I thought it would be longer.

CHARLIE

Don't get too excited, man, it moves very slowly. Wanna beer?

PRIEST

No thank you.

CHARLIE

I've been here for three years.

PRIEST

Three years!?

CHARLIE

She takes her time. She's very picky. Right, Holitosis?

HOLITOSIS

(Rapidly and robotically in a lilting high-church chant)
No Muslims, no Jews, no Buddhists, no Hindus, no Atheists, no...no...

PRIEST

(To CHARLIE)
When you say *she*—

CHARLIE

Sssh!
(To HOLITOSIS, coaxing)
It begins with C, no Ker, Ker, Ker...?

HOLITOSIS

Commies—

CHARLIE

(Overlapping)
Good—

HOLITOSIS

No Commies, no democrats, no fags, no feminists, no baby killers, no tree-huggers, no Michael Moore sluts and dupes, and no suicide bombers!
Except for...

PRIEST

(To CHARLIE)
I have heard a rumor—

CHARLIE

(To HOLITOSIS, who's straining to remember)
Come on, Holi, you're nearly there. Except for...?

HOLITOSIS

(Remembering, chanting)
Anyone in leopard skin tights!

CHARLIE

Yay! Good job! I knew you could do it.
(HOLITOSIS is stony-faced. To the PRIEST)
Poor sucker, they gave him new lines. After two thousand years. All part of the big change.

PRIEST

So there is a big change?

CHARLIE

We have a new Supreme Being. And she's female.

PRIEST

That's ridiculous, our Heavenly Father is eternal.

CHARLIE

Eternal, my arse! Just count yourself lucky you made it this far.

HOLITOSIS

(Chanting)

No Muslims, no Jews, no—

CHARLIE

Holi, he's heard it.

(HOLITOSIS obediently stops chanting. To PRIEST,
confidentially)

Don't get too close, her breath is lethal. People arrive here, and they think hallelujah, I've made it, I'm at the Pearly Gates. They get one hit of Holitosis and—boom!—it's hello Hades.

PRIEST

Well, the Lord will certainly take *me*.

CHARLIE

(Laughing hysterically)

You?!

PRIEST

I'm Anglican.

CHARLIE

Well, at least you're not Catholic.

PRIEST

I am a man of the cloth.

CHARLIE

You don't get it, do you? It's a whole new ballgame.

PRIEST

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

You'll never get in looking like that.

HOLITOSIS

(Chanting)

No Commies, no democrats—

CHARLIE

Holi!

PRIEST

(Anguished, and moving to leave.)

No, it's true, I am not worthy.

CHARLIE

(Intercepting him)

Hey, hey, Rev! I'm sorry, dude, okay? I didn't mean to insult you. Look, you and me, we can help each other out. You've got great cred in the spiritual department, right, and I know the ropes around her, I've got contacts. Match made in heaven – hopefully. What do you say?

PRIEST

(Suddenly, desperately)

God doesn't care about sex and clothes and sex and cars and sex and...sex. He—

CHARLIE

She.

PRIEST

—Cares about souls! SOULS!

He again starts to exit.

CHARLIE

Do you want to sit at Her right hand amid the heavenly hosts forever and ever amen?

(The PRIEST hesitates)

Well, do you?

(The PRIEST stops)

Listen, all you gotta do is give Her what She wants. Now I know you've been saving souls all your life, or trying to, but the fact is she doesn't give a shit about that. 'Scuse my French.

(He leans over and whispers confidentially)

Okay, I hate to say this about anyone, but I have to be honest. Our new God is a stupid shallow bitch.

PRIEST

No, please! I did not hear that—

CHARLIE

It's true. All she cares about is how things look. It's all about appearances. If you're not dressed right, you won't have a prayer. Look at me. LOOK AT ME. I got the helmet—genuine repro. I got my flag pin, my gun, the whole redneck ensemble—all on sale at The Gap, it was a steal. And the Bud. The Queen of Queens loves the King of Beers. Tastes like skunk piss to me, but, hey, you gotta do what you gotta do. And then there's this—

(He holds up the Tom Brady picture)

This, dude, this is my ticket to ride. She has got the hots for him. Really. Who'd have thunk it? 'Course, they do say Tom's big in more ways than one.

PRIEST

I can't listen to this.

CHARLIE

(Indicating the poster)

See here, it's autographed, collector's item. Cost me a fortune on E-Bay but worth every penny. I've waited three years for this, three years of drinking skunk piss and listening to old beaver breath here, but I am *in*, I am *there*. Whereas you, man—we have got our work cut out with you.

Enter the TATTOOED LADY. She is of intimidating bulk and sports copious tattoos.

TATTOOED LADY

Mornin'.

CHARLIE

Mornin'.

TATTOOED LADY

How long's the wait?

CHARLIE

Not long for you, love.

(To THE PRIEST)

She's a shoo-in.

PRIEST

She is? Why?

CHARLIE

(Pointing to a tattoo on the TATTOOED LADY's skin)
God loves tattoos of oil rigs.

TATTOOED LADY

And large furry animals.

CHARLIE

In unusual places.

TATTOOED LADY

(Pointing to her crotch)
Best fifty quid I ever spent.

PRIEST

You are sick, this whole thing is sick.

CHARLIE

It's reality, Rev. You've got to get with the program.

PRIEST

I will be judged on my record as a man of God who has tried to live a virtuous life.

CHARLIE

Just play the game and look the part. Think of it: trumpets, chariots, real live angels, fountains of foaming Budweiser twenty-four-seven, and a free timeshare at Apocalypse Sun and Spa. All you've got to do is make a few fashion adjustments.

PRIEST

I can't.

CHARLIE

You've got no choice.

PRIEST

I CAN'T!

CHARLIE

You want to go to hell instead?

CHARLIE and the TATTOOED LADY roar
with laughter.

PRIEST

Maybe this is hell. Is it?

TATTOOED LADY

(As she starts to take off the PRIEST's dog collar)
This has to go for starters. You can't be holier than She is.

PRIEST

No, no, please—

TATTOOED LADY

(Unbuttoning the PRIEST's shirt)
Trust me, sweetheart, I know all about makeovers—

PRIEST

Stop, I beg you, please—

TATTOOED LADY

(Finding a camouflage vest underneath the shirt)
Well, well, well, what we got here? Victoria's secret.

PRIEST

Oh dear Lord.

CHARLIE

(Chuckling, impressed)
You sly devil you!

PRIEST

I had to cover it up. I didn't want Him—Her—to know.

CHARLIE

You're kidding, she loves the military. She licks their boots for breakfast.

PRIEST

You don't understand. I was an army chaplain in Afghanistan. I killed a young woman. It was an accident—

CHARLIE

A towhead?

HOLITOSIS

(Chanting)
No Muslims—

CHARLIE

Holi!

(HOLITOSIS stops chanting. To PRIEST)

Don't worry about it.

PRIEST

Thou Shalt Not Kill!

CHARLIE

Not with this gal, the more blood the better. As long as it's not American.

TATTOOED LADY

(Looking critically at the PRIEST up and down)

He'll probably get by, but why risk it?

CHARLIE

He needs the clincher.

TATTOOED LADY

He needs the clincher.

CHARLIE and TATTOOED LADY

Leopard skin tights.

HOLITOSIS

(Chanting)

And anyone in leopard skin tights.

PRIEST

(Seemingly distraught)

No, no, I can't. I can't!

CHARLIE

She gets wet for leopard skin tights.

TATTOOED LADY

Unless you're gay.

HOLITOSIS

(Chanting)

No fags, no feminists—

CHARLIE

Holi! Take a break.

HOLITOSIS exits.

CHARLIE (CONT)

You're not gay, are you?

PRIEST

Oh Lord—Lady—forgive me, I am so ashamed.
(He weeps. CHARLIE comforts him.)

CHARLIE

Oh no, you never came out? All those years locked in the closet? Oh man, what a bummer. Although I guess it wasn't!

PRIEST

It's not that, it's got nothing to do with that.

CHARLIE

No? What is it then?

The PRIEST stiffens with resolve. He drops his pants to reveal leopard skin tights.

Oh man, will you look at that! Why didn't you say so? You are home and dry!

TATTOOED LADY

Well, maybe not dry!

PRIEST

I heard rumors about the big change—

CHARLIE

So you came prepared.

PRIEST

I was a Boy Scout once.

CHARLIE

I bet you were.

Enter ANGELICA. She is of indeterminate gender and outrageously dressed. She smiles at the PRIEST and beckons to him.

ANGELICA

You're next, honey.

CHARLIE

What do you mean? I've been waiting here for three years!

ANGELICA

He's got the tights.

CHARLIE

So do I, underneath! You want to see?

(Points at the picture)

And I've got Tom! The complete package!

(ANGELICA is not impressed. He indicates the PRIEST)

Okay, the thing is, we're together.

ANGELICA

Lucky you.

(To the PRIEST)

Now, listen hon, when we get in there, you'll need to recite the new Pledge of Allegiance.

PRIEST

Okay.

ANGELICA

And don't screw up or you'll go to hell.

(Rapidly, matter-of-factly—she's done a lot of these)

"I"—that's you—"pledge my allegiance to eternal free enterprise, to eternal democracy and freedom as God defines them, to eternal earthly rule by white people, to the eternal military supremacy of the United States of America, to our eternal national right to invade and plunder any country of our choice at any time, to the eternal right of corporations to buy politicians, pollute at will, and ignore any law that limits their profits, to the eternal elimination of all ungodly lifestyles and filthy unnatural sex acts, other than those officially approved by God. I devote myself, body, soul and spirit, to the worship of, and obedience to, the one and only true God, the Queen of Queens, Empress of the Universe, Hottie of Hotties, Her Gracious Immortal and Infallible Holiness Sarah Palin."

PRIEST

Sarah Palin!

ANGELICA

(Handing him a paper, and ushering him out)

Here's your cheat sheet. Good luck

CHARLIE

(To the PRIEST as he departs)

See you at the Tea Party Bar and Grill. I hear they make a great margarita there. And a moose chili to die for. And eat on the patio, you can see Russia from there.

The PRIEST and ANGELICA exit.

Oh great, that is just great. So what, I'm going to have to wait another three years? That's what I get for caring, for being selfless, for showing love and consideration and compassion to my fellow man. Jesus!

TATTOOED LADY

Yes?

CHARLIE

NO! Really? You and Sarah Palin?!

TATTOOED LADY

She doesn't know me. She doesn't know shit. Don't worry, I'll get you in.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

TATTOOED LADY

I still have some influence around here.

CHARLIE

Thank God! I mean, thank you Jesus. This calls for a celebration. Can you, er.....celebrate?

TATTOOED LADY

I can turn piss water into wine. What do you want?

CHARLIE

Let's see, er...How about a nice bottle of vintage French champagne?

TATTOOED LADY

As you wish.

(She lays her hands on the case of Bud. Blackout. Sound of a cork popping.)

CHARLIE

Awesome! Can you do that again? Several times?

END of PLAY

