

impenetrable

by Jennifer Maisel

This play is copyrighted and for use for classroom or audition purposes only. Please contact the author or her representation for production rights.

Jennifer Maisel

maiselj@dogearplays.org

representation: Susan Schulman 212-713-1633 Schulman@aol.com

CHARACTERS:

URSULA - thirties, female

A.J. - thirties, Indian, Native american, sicilian, jewish, male

JAMIE - twenties, female

HITLER - goodlooking. twenties, bordering on sexy, complete with moustache

THE VOICE -

SHELL OF A MOM -

**here
and
now**

PHONE CALLS. THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. LONELY NIGHT.

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No. (yes)

A.J.:
The part where he has her
 in the leaves
 at the bottom of
 the ramp that leads
to the cafeteria and he's got her and she's got him and there are kids playing so close and
those sounds of the kids playing they faded out did you hear how they faded out? and it
became about their breath and zippers and down coats that synthetic sound and their
breath and there were no more children anymore playing anywhere there was just him
and her and the leaves and the sound of the air.

URSULA:
The wind.

A.J.:
The air.

URSULA:
Air has sound?

A.J.:
Everything has sound.

URSULA:
Mmmmm.

A.J.:
That sound -

URSULA:
HmMMM?

A.J.:
The other night, when you whispered in my ear,
the end of I want you to come became that groan.

URSULA:
And it worked.

A.J.:
That exact groan.

I think I'm having a Pavlovian response.

URSULA:
You know where to find me.

A.J.
I don't like that you have your own place. I don't like that I have my own place. I'd have to be sneaking into your bedroom late at night worried I was going to wake your parents -

URSULA:
I have neighbors.

A.J.:
I'd have to be cornering you by our lockers after the last bell. You'd have to be pulling me into the laundry room where the sounds of the party are subsumed to the clink of the overalls going around in the dryer.

URSULA:
Pretend.

A.J.:

The dog park. You pull in the lot and I'll be waiting for you on one of those picnic tables.

URSULA:

There are lions.

A.J.:

Head in the great outdoors.

URSULA:

I can just smell the dog shit now.

A.J.:

There are not lions.

URSULA:

The sign says lions.

A.J.:

I'll meet you there in twenty minutes. Don't bring the dog.

URSULA:

Just come here.

A.J.:

Your house. Your bed. My place. My bed. That constitutes emotional attachment. It's just like putting my penis inside of you - the floodgates open and with that simple act our friendship is doomed.

URSULA:

Just Come Here.

A.J.:

This way is better. Tawdry, steamy, spontaneous, raw, unconsummated -

URSULA:

A.J.!

A.J.:

- killed the mood?

URSULA:
- dead -

A.J.:
listen

URSULA:
What?

A.J.:
Night.

PHONE CALL. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. LONELY NIGHT

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No. I saw Hitler today driving a black ford mustang, making a right turn onto olympic and I thought, do you think that's a style that could be coming back? Little black mustaches and short black hair. His skin was smoother than I expected. Fruit acids, probably.

A.J.:
I'm coming.

URSULA:
He cursed at the guy who cut him off in german and raised his hand in that heil hitler sign instead of giving him the finger.

A.J.:
Haah
Haah
Haaahhh

PHONE CALL.

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No.

A.J.:
Work today?

URSULA:
Jamie.

A.J.:
The model?

URSULA:
Turning actress.
She's not a real brunette.

A.J.:
Of course.

URSULA:
She wears green contacts. With flecks.

A.J.:
More.

URSULA:
5 percent body fat.

A.J.:
Victoria's Secret Catalogue.

URSULA:
Implants.
Calves.
Cheeks.
Breasts
and
Butt.

A.J.:

They tell you these things.

URSULA:

They undress. We talk. I measure.

A.J.:

Girl thing.

URSULA:

Some measurements can't change
the way their measurements change. I've got the numbers.
They trust me.

A.J.:

Her breasts?

URSULA:

34 C. Saline encased in silicone. Third try's a charm.

A.J.:

More.

URSULA:

You close?

A.J.:

Closer.

URSULA:

A mole that's the heart of a tattooed flower. Nipple ring. Lid job. Two vaginal
tightenings.

A.J.:

Ahhhhhhh.

God you're good.

URSULA:

I can't believe that descriptions work for you.

A.J.:

There's something about the timbre of your voice when you start to elaborate. When
you lie to me it makes me come.

URSULA:

Can you sleep now?

A.J.:
Kicking in.
Movie tomorrow?

URSULA:
sure.

PHONE CALL. MOMENTS LATER.

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No?

A.J.:
We haven't been doing you.

URSULA:
Pointless.

A.J.:
Come on.

URSULA:
Impossible.

A.J.:
I'll spin tales about fabric. I'll include silk.

URSULA:
Not.

A.J.:
I love a challenge.

URSULA:
Sleeping.

PHONE CALL. MOMENTS LATER.

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No.

A.J.:
cotton
chenille
velour
velvet
chintz
rayon
polyester
natural fibers
wool
lycra
satin

URSULA:
Sound terms make you hard?

A.J.:
Well -

URSULA:
Dolby stereo.

A.J.:
There's movement at the sound of that. At the sound of you saying that.

URSULA:
me - I'm dry as a bone.

HITLER SINGS KARAOKE, WORDS ABOVE HIS HEAD

HITLER:
"I'm gonna love you. Like nobody loves you come rain or come shine. Happy together.
Unhappy together oh wouldn't it be fine?"

HOSPITAL ROOM. SHELL OF MOTHER IN BED. HOOKED UP.

Ursula:

I think you should know that my friends envy our relationship. None of them look forward to seeing their parents and most of them would be horrified to think of spending every lunch hour with their mom. It's kind of a malingering seventh grade malaise that they can't even have a simple meal with their mother without starting an argument. A vicious thunder tore the earth into simple shreds, each housing a car parked in the unsafe night, music of car alarms.

A.J.

Daaaaduuuuudaaaaaduuuuuduuuuuuuuuu dudududududuuduuuu

HITLER

hawnk hawnk hawnk hawnk

A.J

Doooooooooooo doooooooooooooooooooooo haw haw haw haw

URSULA

On my little island the dog pressed close to my legs because he didn't know how to protect me or him or what was wrong really it's just that we don't get up in the middle of the night like that.

SI-ren SI-ren SI-ren SI-ren SI-ren SI-ren

A.J.:

My ears are really delicate so when your breathing changes I know. I know.

URSULA:

Is this why I couldn't sleep because I knew this was coming? Was I supposed to know this was coming? I think my dog is somewhat defective because he sleeps through earthquakes and big storms and gets mad at the new mailman when he pushes the mail through the slot but not the old mailman or his wife who sometimes delivers what the dog should get mad at because she never delivers the right mail to the right house and for some reason not the magazines or packages. She saves those for hubby who has accrued lots of vacation time with whom I once had an argument because they were sending back my New York Magazine and my New Yorker as undeliverable and his point was why are you getting those anyway, you live in LA now.

HITLER SINGS KARAOKE. WORDS ABOVE HIS HEAD

HITLER:

Don't know why do do do do in the sky, stormy weather...

LUNCH WITH SHELL OF A MOM. ORDERED IN.

URSULA:

It would make me so happy if you would just bring him over. Mom. I know I know you say he's not important you say he only kisses you in movie theatres and stairwells and cars but I'd like to see that person. He does call every night. Insomnia he has insomnia. He is a boy with the fear of getting emotionally attached to you if he merely sticks his penis - Mom! Oh please, get over it. I know what it's like to feel him come inside and the rawness of his face and he knows after that that you have seen the unseeable and that's why he doesn't call or he proposes. I know what it's like to feel that. I am your mother after all. And your father proposed he did but there were others who didn't call and the hardest thing about that was that you had part of him left in you, part that wouldn't drain out completely and you'd know with his emotions seeping into your bloodstream that that was the cause of weepiness - the recipe of part you to part him folded into your innards. I know what its like to feel that, Ursula.

Nobody comes inside anyone any more.

FITTING

JAMIE:

I'm opening up a restaurant.

URSULA:

Oh, don't even start.

JAMIE:

I am!

URSULA:

Will you eat there?

JAMIE:

No, just a place to be seen. No food. Expensive plates with a lettuce leaf for 19.95.

URSULA:
It'll be the place to be.

JAMIE:
You haven't even noticed.

URSULA:
What?

JAMIE:
My breasts.

URSULA:
Oh my god.

JAMIE:
Gone.

My calves.

URSULA:
Asymmetrical.

JAMIE:
My thighs.

URSULA:
Cellulite.

JAMIE:
I'm a performance artist now. Deconstructionist is what the LA times said which I've been meaning to look up -

URSULA:
Wow.
god.

JAMIE:
I do miss the butt implants most of all - flabby asses run in my family.

URSULA:
But you're so beautiful now. Now. Now I can actually see you.

JAMIE:

It was me and Li and Guadalupe. And now we're opening the restaurant - "The Three Ethnicities". Jerked pork mushu mixed with a blintze filling. Matzah ball - wonton - plantain surprize. I'll invite you to the opening but this time you have to come.

URSULA:
This time?

JAMIE:
I sent you a card for our performance - Three Beauties Take It All Off. It was kind of a once in a lifetime show.

URSULA:
I'm having trouble with my mailman's wife.

JAMIE:
Thank god for video.

HITLER SINGS KARAOKE. WORDS ABOVE HIS HEAD.

HITLER
Come on deliver the letter. The sooner the better. Wait a minute wait a minute. Oh yeah. You've got to wait a minute wait a minute. Oooo Oooooo.

THE PHONE. LONELY NIGHT

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
Mm?

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
.....yeah.....

A.J.:

Someone's there, aren't they? Someone's there? Someone is with you - someone is touching you. Someone is sleeping beside you.

URSULA:
.....what.....?.....

A.J.:
Who is it?
Ursula?
Ursula?

Who is it?

Who is there?
Who is there?

Who are you motherfucker? Can't you hear me? Identify yourself!

URSULA:
.....hitler.....

A.J.:

I'm coming over there. I'm coming over there. I am.

URSULA
.....Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.....

DINNER WITH JAMIE

JAMIE:
I hope you don't have a delicate stomach.

URSULA:
This is delicious.

JAMIE:
Where's the goddamn remote?

URSULA:
Mmmmmmmmm.

JAMIE:
We'll be serving that -

URSULA:
Mmmmmm.

JAMIE:
Here. Here we go.

blue flickering light

URSULA:
Ooooh. Owwww. Ukkkk. Jamie!

JAMIE:
I know.

URSULA:
Jesus.

JAMIE:
I know.

URSULA:
Oh my god ohmygod oh my god - I can't look.

JAMIE:
Look.

URSULA:
I can't look.

JAMIE:
I've pressed pause.

URSULA:
Unpress.

JAMIE:
No dessert until you look.

URSULA:
Ick ick ick ick!!!!!!!

JAMIE:

Try this.

URSULA:
Turn that off.

JAMIE:
Saaag paneer with lo mein noodles and parmesan.

URSULA:
mmmmm.

JAMIE:
The new guy.

URSULA:
New guy?

JAMIE:
He's part Indian from India indian, part native american, part sicilian. Jewish.

URSULA:
Oh.

JAMIE:
I call him Mutt. He calls me - get this - deflatable barbie.

He's a sound engineer.

LONELY NIGHT. THE PHONE DOESN'T RING.

LUNCH WITH SHELL OF A MOM. HOSPITAL FOOD.

URSULA:
the thing is is that I think you should just wait a while. I mean, there's nothing left
unsaid or any therapy issues like that. It's just, we had plans, y'know? And you know
more than anyone how I get when plans don't...go....the way they are planned. Mom?
Mom?

THERAPY

THE VOICE:

So you saw Hitler driving a black ford mustang down olympic blvd and wondered about fashion trends.

URSULA:

facial hair fashion trends.

THE VOICE:

And how did that make you feel?

URSULA:

Surprized.

THE VOICE:

Surprized how?

URSULA:

Suprized that I see Hitler alive and well and living in Los Angeles and all that first occurs to me is the look, is that look really coming back.

THE VOICE:

And that made you feel?

URSULA:

Not particularly like a good jew.

THE VOICE:

What is a good jew?

URSULA:

Do you think I can finally be defined as shallow?

THE VOICE:

Do you think you can finally be defined as shallow?

URSULA:

I'm asking you.

THE VOICE:

Do you think I think you can finally be defined as shallow?

URSULA:

I'm asking you.

THE VOICE:

Do you think you are really asking me?

URSULA:

What do you mean?

THE VOICE:

Aren't you really asking you?

Aren't you really asking your mother?

Aren't you really asking the random men you pick up only because you can detect the faint lingering of gold on their left hand ring finger?

Aren't you really asking your third grade teacher?

Aren't you really asking the man who won't penetrate you with his penis but wants you to lull him to sleep every night?

What's that about anyway?

URSULA:

Y-y-yyyou. I ask you! Goddamnit. I come here every week. I pay you. Have have an advanced degree. I ask you.

THE VOICE:

Ahhhh. Anger.

URSULA:

I'm not angry.

THE VOICE:

You're not angry.

URSULA:

I am not angry.

You're amused.

THE VOICE:

I am Switzerland.

URSULA:

Well I am not angry.

THE VOICE:

What are you?

URSULA:

I'll...I'll...I'm - going. going.

THE VOICE:

Don't forget your prescription.

AT THE CARWASH -

HITLER in white coveralls buffs Ursula with long sensuous strokes as she smoothly rides the stage -

HITLER

What you want, baby I got it. What you need. Do do do dooo dooo.

A.J. and SHELL-OF-A-MOM dance on the stars while

JAMIE

removes implant after implant out of her breasts and takes aim at the moving Ursula and Hitler as if they are a carnival game. Every time she hits them Bob from the Price is Right is lowered from the ceiling accompanied by THE VOICE saying

THE VOICE:

Bob, tell the pretty lady what she's won.

HITLER, CHANGING HATS, BECOMES ALL OF THE MEN

THE VOICE:

Ursula and her many unavailable men, at 11.

Take one.

HITLER:

I know I'm with her but you're the one I really want.

THE VOICE:

Take two.

URSULA:

I'm not doing this anymore. It tears at skin that encases my heart and I feel like my goodness is undermined by knowing I am part of you not keeping your commitment that you spoke in front of all those people, that I am invisible cause between you and her, her

who I think I might like, her who I want to meet, her who I never want to meet, her who I think I think I think I think I think I think I think I think in my head about her even when I try not to think about her her her her her her her her can't escape the what is she doing now so unaware so innocent if I could pass her on the street would she know because if she occupies my brain so much don't I have to be in hers?

HITLER:

Technically, I'm the one who is cheating. Not you. So you have nothing to feel guilty about.

THE VOICE:

Take three.

HITLER:

Come here.

URSULA:

There?

HITLER:

Head right here. Mouth right here. Come on. Now. She's waiting dinner for me.

THE VOICE:

Take four.

HITLER:

I moved.

URSULA:

What's your new number?

HITLER:

Oh, just keep calling me at the office, that's easier.

THE VOICE:

Take five.

HITLER:

I'm moving. This week. Come on. Don't I deserve congratulations?

THE VOICE:

Take six.

HITLER:

It's your favorite. Room 63. The farmers daughter motel. The one with the wallpaper peeling in the shape of Jesus's face.

URSULA:

Why don't we ever go to my house?

HITLER:

I paid extra for that room. That proves something. Did you bring the condoms?

URSULA:

You could bring the condoms.

HITLER:

Now why would I need condoms?

URSULA:

Why don't we ever go to my house?

HITLER:

Dog hair.

THE VOICE:

Take seven.

HITLER:

It's your favorite. Room 63. The farmers daughter motel. The one with the wallpaper peeling in the shape of Jesus's face.

URSULA:

Why don't we ever go to my house?

HITLER:

I paid extra for that room. That proves something. Did you bring the condoms?

URSULA:

You could bring the condoms.

HITLER:

Now why would I need condoms.

URSULA:

Why don't we ever go to my house?

HITLER:

your dog.

URSULA:
You don't like my dog.

HITLER:
It's hard enough not becoming emotionally attached to you.

THE VOICE:

Take eight.

HITLER:

I swear. I am so single. I am so very single. I am literally floating without tethers,
without ballast. I want you to be my anchor.

his cell phone rings

Yeah? Hi - apples, pancake mix and the Sunday Times on my way home. Got it.
Kiss him good night for me.

click. over and out.

Where were we?

THE VOICE:
Take nine.

URSULA:
Cut!

THE VOICE:
You're not the director.

URSULA:
Cut!

THE VOICE:
You don't have the authority to say that.

URSULA:
Cut! Godamnit! Cut!

HITLER DOESN'T SING KARAOKE. WORDS ABOVE HIS HEAD

HITLER:

When I came to LA nobody noticed. You need a hook. You need an angle. You need a name. I can't afford a publicist. Equity waiver black box production on theatre row the seats smell so musty I have to use my inhaler during blackouts. Joseph Mengele plays piano bar in Argentina and Hitler is his best tipper. A buddy story. The fake mustache glue gave me hives. We keep extending although we haven't been reviewed. Nobody recognizes me on line at Ralphs. The guy who plays Mengele is a prick and his boyfriend hyphenate playwright hyphenate director hyphenate board op is probably nice but its too difficult to find out because Mengele is the jealous type. So during intermissions I wax the mustang and send out postcards to casting directors.

RALPHS

HITLER:

Hi.

URSULA:

Oh.

HITLER:

Lonely night -

URSULA

uhhh.

HITLER:

Who else reads the Weekly World News at the check-out counter at four in the morning with frozen yogurt and cereal in the handcarrying thing -

not even a cart.

well, I got macaroni and cheese too, but I'm a growing boy.

I'm actually a gourmet cook but nights like this, comfort food all the way.

there's this great new restaurant.

The Three Ethnicities? On La Brea?

Would you?

Would you like to try it some time?

It's open twenty-four hours. Like Ralphs. For Lonely Nights. We could go now.

URSULA:
I'm meeting someone.

PHONE CALL. LONLEY NIGHT.

A.J.:
Sleeping?

URSULA:
No.

A.J.:
Long time.

URSULA:
I went to get frozen yogurt to eat with my mother -
she taught me to mix in cereal so it stays crunchy and smooth and incredibly satisfying and I even bought her favorite flavor butter pecan and I didn't buy two because that would be wasteful but I really really wanted the mocha swirl but I will eat the butter pecan even though I don't really like butter pecan....for her. For her.

A.J.:
Ursula?

URSULA:
2:03 A.M.

A.J.:
Do you want me to come over?

URSULA
there's a pool of butter pecan at my feet and the dog won't even touch it.

A.J.
I'll clean it up.

I'm on my way.