

## Make Me Cry

4th draft - April '07

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House lights and stage lights are up as the audience enters the theatre. The performers stand mid-stage facing the audience, Mary (mid 40's), Joe (mid 40's), Steve (late 20's), Josephine (mid 20's).

There are no lighting cues and the houselights stay up for the duration. The performers meet the gaze of the audience directly, impersonally; in a gentle though forthright manner, they talk to the audience.

The play covers 27 years from various points of view; the performers will find rhythms within and take what time is needed between the end of one monologue and the beginning of another.

**MARY**

I'm in the boot of that car,  
dead.

It's my car  
the red Mazda sedan.

An old lady walking her dog  
calls the police.

She says  
it's been parked  
there for  
four days.

The dog is barking.

I'm ten years old.

I write  
Mr. Bolano pulchro est  
in my  
latin  
textbook.

Mr. Bolano has  
thick black hair  
big red lips and  
soft brown eyes

Just before lunch  
men  
with  
guns  
take  
Mr. Bolano away.

He never comes back.

My sister

my mother  
and father

we immigrate  
from Chile  
and change  
my name  
from Maria  
to Mary.

I have a husband  
Joseph - Joe - and two children  
Joe jr. and Sarah.

They are everything to me  
their little arms and legs  
the look in their eyes

If you don't have kids  
you'll never know.

Who else looks at you like that?  
Only your children look at you like that.

They trust you.

They believe in you.

Everything is possible.  
Joseph and Sarah are 12 and 15

I remember them  
as babies.

We live in Sanctuary Estates  
in a new house made  
just for us.

Joe is a manager  
of a real estate agency.

He drives a new car  
every other year  
it's leased  
the company pays for it.

He wears nice clothes  
flattering suits -

he does his own shopping.

He's not tall -  
but he's strong  
has black hair, brown eyes  
fit and healthy.

A ring

a 24 carat solid  
gold  
ring on the little  
finger of his right hand.

**JOE**

I sell houses.

I love it.

I speak Italian  
and from my wife  
a little Spanish  
it helps

everybody needs a house

a house is your skin  
to society  
the world  
it is

your skin  
the skin of your skin.

This is what they see  
before they see you  
before they know you  
they see your house.

You move inside the house.  
You are the soul of the house.

I'm 13 when  
we move here.  
from Italy.

My dad works with his brother  
and uncles  
and other men  
from the village .

On his knees all day  
cutting and fitting  
marble and granite.

A genuine craftsman.

He works hard  
always provides  
for us  
we never go  
hungry.

I want to quit school  
work with him and uncle Sal  
that stone is beautiful  
he makes me stay.

I hate it.  
I want to be a man  
and

make  
things  
make money.

I hire people like him.

My father

lives in a house  
full of crap.

I'm wild  
me and my friends.

We don't belong.

You don't need to go to school to make money.

People are hungry you give them food.  
We live well.

## **MARY**

We meet at a party.

Joe is friends of friends  
I like him  
straight away

He's not complicated.  
He has confidence.

We talk  
he wears a striped shirt  
white loafers  
he's a flirt  
I give him my number.

He calls me the next day.

On our first date  
Joe puts his hand up my dress.  
I slap him hard  
right across the face.  
He laughs.

### **JOSEPHINE**

I'm a fast typist so  
it's easy  
meeting people  
on the internet.

He's very nice.

He says our names  
are the same

We're both Joe  
Joe and Josephine.

Maybe we're a good fit.

I'm good at typing.

We talk  
on the phone  
he has a nice voice.

He looks good  
in the picture he sends.

Handsome...He smiles  
like my father

Mary his wife  
looks nice too

I like the way she dresses.

## STEVE

Josephine is not my girlfriend.

She lives  
in an apartment block  
behind  
my parents house.

She is  
hanging out her laundry  
at the back of her building

a couple of months ago.

Sometimes I watch her  
through a hole  
in the fence.

The wind blows  
her dressing gown open  
I can see her panties.

She dresses like a hooker.  
Talks like an Aussie.

She was born  
here  
like me.

She's skinny  
almost nothing  
to her  
like a little boy  
with tits  
and a high voice.

She invites me over  
to her flat.

Stuffed animals and dolls and frilly stuff

a TV.

She gives me some white wine.

We're watching a soap opera  
I don't know  
which one  
I can see her little tit  
when she leans  
forward.

During a commercial  
I kiss her hard  
she lies back  
I'm kissing her  
the show comes  
back on  
she turns her head  
keeps watching  
the show.

I've got my pants down  
I'm inside.

She's nice and tight.

She says don't come inside.

So I pull out  
and come  
all over  
her tits.

After  
the show she  
gives me a blow-job.

## MARY

Joe is a man.

The first man I ever dated.

He works  
I live  
at home  
go to university  
the first person in my family  
to get a degree.

I work in sales  
It's exciting.

I take the train to work  
like everybody else.

I'm seeing Joe  
everyday is like summer.

During the Olympics  
we barrack for Australia.

Not Chile  
not Italy  
Australia.

We go shopping  
we go to restaurants

he treats me like a lady.

My parents  
are surprised  
when Joe  
proposes  
marriage.

We're young.

I'm pregnant

They don't know.

I tell my sister  
I tell her everything.  
We consult an astrologer.

Joe and I  
get married.

I want to make a house  
make a home  
have kids.

His parents and my parents  
are both  
Catholic.

Joe gets a job  
selling houses.

He works hard  
long hours.

First Joe jr. then  
Sarah.

Nappies  
creche  
laundry  
shopping  
I drive the children  
to school  
I get wrinkles  
my muscles soften  
I dye my hair

I walk the children to school.

He's never home

sometimes

we make love  
in front of the television.

**JOE**

I don't always  
want  
a family.

You grow up  
get a wife  
settle down  
have kids.

It's what you do.

I have a good job

I always provide.

People are buying houses.  
And not just to live in

People are buying  
2-3-4-5  
houses  
it's crazy.

I like  
new houses  
empty.

A clean break.  
Starting new  
making stories.

You  
fill them up  
the bed goes here  
a table there  
curtains  
chairs couches  
it's your story  
your life

Anything goes.

It's good for the soul.

In old houses  
you see marks  
on the wall  
the floors are worn  
you piece it together  
Those scratches on the door  
they had a dog.  
That's where the couch was  
the breakfast table  
was there  
up against the wall.

No more people  
no soul  
marks and scratches.  
Scars.  
It's sad.

People leave things.  
Mostly junk  
broken toys, furniture or appliances.

Dirt  
it's all dirt  
really.  
the marks  
the crap

they leave behind.

Sometimes  
the house is really clean  
immaculate  
but you find  
an earring  
behind the door to the closet.

### **JOSEPHINE**

My parents die.  
A drunk driver kills them both  
I'm 12 years old.

Their insurance company pays out.

Yesterday  
my nan  
moves into a nursing home.

I don't visit  
everyday.

I forget  
sometimes  
I am ashamed.

I take her to the casino.

She says I'm beautiful.

I love her.  
I put my head in her lap

she strokes  
my hair  
we watch  
TV.

I like movies -  
all types  
romance  
action-adventure  
horror  
comedy.

At work  
that's  
what we talk about.

Clothes, boys and movies.

Steve comes over with a friend of his  
and wants me  
to do it  
with him  
and his friend.

## **JOE**

We sold 32 million dollars  
in properties  
last year.

I love it.

We move again  
to a  
bigger newer  
house  
the kids are doing well  
in school

Mary has  
her hobbies  
I go fishing  
every other  
Saturday with my mates

A new boat.

Life's easy.

It's late  
in the afternoon  
Friday I'm looking at  
this house  
only  
two years old already  
shabby, dirty.

In the garage  
in a box  
I find some porno.

I look through  
a couple of magazines.

The more I look  
the more  
I notice  
brand new houses and flats  
porno is made  
in brand new houses  
and flats.

## **STEVE**

Josephine likes  
to go out  
to movies  
do stuff  
go shopping.

It's too hot.

She calls me on my mobile.

I'm at the gym.  
Working out.

I don't answer.  
I got real Aussie  
girlfriends now.

Later  
I call my mates.  
We go out.

Josephine wants my parents  
to meet  
her nan.

My dad drives  
a truck.

What are they  
gonna talk about?

When we fuck  
she looks  
at me  
tells me  
I'm beautiful.

I just want to fuck.

She tells me she met  
a guy online  
he's older  
has a wife

they want  
to have an orgy

**MARY**

Two years ago  
My dad dies.

I see him  
when I dream  
with mum

They're so happy now.

Me and my sister share an inheritance.

We're thinking of  
going into business.

Joe jr. and Sarah are never home - all grown-up.

I read magazines  
Marie Claire  
Elle  
Vogue.

I want  
to open a boutique  
sell kid's clothes.

My friends say it's a good idea.  
I need  
to express  
myself.

Joe says  
he'll look for the right property.

I meet him  
at this  
empty shop

He's late  
a few cars

drive past.  
The shops are  
old  
worn down  
a news agent  
fish and chips, a grocery.

Joe arrives  
with the keys.

The windows are white-washed  
inside  
you see shadows as people  
walk past.

Grey carpet  
a small  
square room  
a toilet  
and a back door.  
right away he says  
it's not right  
not enough  
foot traffic  
wrong end of the street.

Sorry  
you had to wait for this -  
don't worry  
We're just getting  
started

Smiling

Are you still  
excited?  
I say yes

I am  
Joe kisses me

pushes me up  
against the wall;

not  
that kind of excited

He keeps pushing  
me

I can feel  
his cock  
he reaches up  
between my legs

rubs my cunt.

I hear voices  
two kids  
walk past  
one has  
a bike

Joe's hand is between my legs  
his fingers  
push at my cunt.

I spit  
on my hand and rub  
his cock  
He kisses  
my neck

turns me around  
pulls my skirt up  
spreads my legs

He's grabbing  
my breast  
bending me over  
his cock slides along

the lips of my cunt

I'm pushing  
against the wall  
both hands  
he grabs my hips  
fucking me

On the carpet  
is  
a small key  
probably to a cabinet

**JOE**  
Life's good.

Any idiot  
plenty do  
sell houses.

I like jerking off  
in the empty  
rooms.

Leaving my mark.  
Nobody knows.

I shave Mary's pussy.

She looks like a little girl.

I stare at it  
lick it  
rub it

I want to bite it  
tear at it  
I have to beg

her  
to shave  
my balls.

All I want to do is fuck.

It's all I think about.

Tonight  
a couple I met online  
is coming over.

## **JOSEPHINE**

Mary and Joe are very nice.

Older than the pictures.

They've got a beautiful house

a TV room  
a reading room  
a sun room  
a breakfast nook  
carpeting  
and  
hardwood floors.

We talk  
news  
sports  
the weather  
me and Mary talk about clothes  
She dresses nice  
we drink some wine  
Joe puts on a DVD  
people are fucking.

Joe starts kissing Mary

Mary  
is looking at me  
I start kissing Steve  
rubbing his cock.

**STEVE**

Joe unbuttons Mary's blouse.  
Her tits are big  
kinda saggy.

He's holding one  
kissing it.

He slides his hand  
up her skirt

she spreads

her legs

She has a shaved pussy.  
He starts fingering her.

Josephine is sucking my dick.

Mary looks at me  
She's got Joe's dick in her mouth.

I'm bigger than him.

I tell Josephine to take off her clothes.

I slap her bare bum.

**JOE**

Josephine is looking at me

Steve is fucking her from behind.  
I pull my dick out of Mary's mouth  
and put it in Josephine's.

### **MARY**

Josephine is on her hands and knees.  
Steve is behind  
and Joe in front.

She's making funny sounds  
through her nose  
breathing hard.

Looking at me

back and forth  
they fuck her.

I'm standing over Josephine  
Joe and Steve  
kiss me  
lick me

it tickles  
I'm laughing.

### **JOSEPHINE**

I like Joe.

We have a lot in common.  
I like  
action movies  
fast cars  
steak  
Asian food.  
He emails me

We're on  
for next week.

I remember what I wore  
so I don't wear  
the same thing  
again.

I go shopping.

**MARY**

Plastic sheeting on the carpet  
Joe is shaving  
Josephine's pussy.

Steve has a big cock  
I tell him to  
lie down  
don't move.

Let  
me  
sit  
on it.

Just  
be  
still.

Joe says  
talk dirty.  
Josephine  
says cunt  
cunt cunt cunt.

Steve  
starts to laugh  
bouncing me

on his cock

I slap him  
don't move.

He calls me a bitch.

I remember  
Mr. Bolano  
his dark eyes  
and big red lips.

## **JOE**

Sarah  
my own daughter  
calls me  
a bitch.

She's on the phone  
telling me  
to drive  
her  
and a friend  
to some other  
girl's house.

I'm laughing  
say no  
and pour milk on my cereal

she says to her friend on the phone  
he's such a bitch

Me.

I don't know what happened  
I slap her.  
Work is going

guns

selling houses is a piece of piss

everybody is happy.

I keep thinking  
about my father.

I want to buy him a house  
nearby

But he won't  
move.

All his friends are dead.

and the cafes

play rock music

Still  
he won't move.

He says  
the new houses are built  
outta paper.

**STEVE**

Mary is riding  
my dick  
fingering  
herself  
coming

I've had a few  
rum and cokes  
she likes it

when I slap her arse.

Joe comes over  
puts his dick  
on my face

I freak out.

I'm not a faggot

He does it again.

I'm up  
I'm gonna punch him

Mary steps in  
spits at me  
grabs my arm  
scratches  
me.

I never hit a girl

ever.

I leave  
never  
see them again.

I'm watching  
TV

and there they are.

I can't believe it  
channel 9  
the seven o'clock news

I know those guys.

EXIT STEVE

**JOE**

Josephine is like a doll  
She lets me do anything.

Everything  
I want.

At the office

nobody knows  
what I did  
last night.

They can never guess.

Annabel  
the receptionist is a flirt  
  
great arse.

**MARY**

I'm still looking  
for a shop.

I'm making plans  
finding buyers  
it's beginning  
to happen.

Joe has no time.

They're laying people off  
he says

The market is in a slump.

He and Joe jr.  
are fighting more  
than usual  
silly stuff  
like haircuts  
and cleaning up his room.

Joe buys a video camera.

Every week  
we get together  
It's just  
Josephine  
and us now

### **JOSEPHINE**

Joe comes round  
just about everyday  
we have lunch or dinner  
we fuck.

I don't work  
anymore.  
I watch TV  
go to the mall.

The time  
just passes.

Joe calls.

I like my new place.  
He picked it out

Summer.  
Outside

is very hot.

You can hear the trees.

**JOE**

Poppers vodka.

Josephine  
blindfolded  
arms tied  
kneeling

sucking

my dick.

I slap

her  
yell  
suck my dick,

bitch.

Mary laughs  
shooting  
a close up

the red mark  
my hand  
left  
on Josephine's arse.

Fuck  
her

A big  
black dildo.

Crying

Mary slaps her

Fucking her

arse

Mary shoots

me

licking

her

Mary

slaps

I slap

her

again and again

fucking

hitting her.

But I don't come.

I can't.

My head is throbbing.

Mary tells me

stop.

She's yelling.

Stop hitting

Josephine.

I stop.

Start

jerking off.

I'm gonna come  
all over

her.

Mary  
choke me

from behind

until I come.  
Now.

**MARY**

I almost kill him.

I want to.

I can

I forget

my kids

my house

I want to see  
him die.

I'm screaming  
His lips are blue

he comes  
I let go of his throat

he collapses  
onto Josephine.

**JOE**

Mary doesn't look at me  
or let me  
touch her.

She goes  
to church

I get drunk.

One day  
late  
at work  
I tell Annabel

Show her videos

maybe  
she wants to join  
me and Josephine.

**MARY**

I can't stop crying.

I tell Joe  
I never  
want to  
see  
Josephine again.

Joe says it's OK

It's not OK

I almost killed you

I'm crying

Joe says stop.

I can't stop.

Joe says  
he doesn't know how  
to cry.

He says  
make me cry.

He's yelling  
make me cry  
make me cry  
hit me  
kick me  
make me cry

I want to cry.

## **JOSEPHINE**

Joe comes over  
He doesn't look at me.

I try  
holding him  
he pushes  
me  
away  
He's drunk

he sits there staring at  
nothing.

I'm cuddling his legs  
he hits me  
calls me names  
says it's  
my fault.

He says  
it's over.

I want him  
to put his head on my lap  
I'll stroke  
his hair  
make him feel  
better

beautiful boy.

He shoves me  
away  
hits me  
again

please don't leave me.

## **JOE**

Annebel  
the receptionist  
her lawyer tells  
my boss.

I'm asked to leave.  
I don't tell Mary.  
Everyday  
like always

I leave the house.

Now

I

drive around

or

go

to Josephine's.

Days or weeks

a month...

The nights are getting longer

Mary wants

a divorce.

Standing there

with her sister.

Don't tell the kids.

Her kids

her house

her money.

I sleep

on the floor

in the bedroom

I can't take it.

She says its over.

I won't beg.

**JOSEPHINE**

Joe tells me

when  
tells me again  
gives me a key.

Says this is the only way.

I am waiting for her in the garage.

Outside the wind  
rattles the door.

She is looking for her  
keys  
when  
I hit her with a hammer.

EXIT MARY

I put her in the boot  
and  
drive  
to the city.

I leave the car  
on a busy street

nobody notices.

**JOE**

Mary hasn't been home in two days.

I call the police

2 days later

they show me pictures.

That's her.

I am in shock  
I can't think.  
I tell the TV  
and newspapers

I cry

how did this happen.

The police  
search our house  
take  
our computers  
even the kid's.

My dad  
won't  
talk to me.

I call  
he hangs up.

Sarah and Joe jr.  
stay at Mary's sister's house.

I miss Mary so much.

Josephine is arrested

she won't lie

she loves me

I can't sleep.

My lawyer recommends  
a shrink.  
He asks  
me questions  
about

my mother and father

growing up

gives me a prescription  
so I can sleep.

I want to be  
with Mary again.

That's me

in the garage  
hanging by a rope.

EXIT JOE

**JOSEPHINE**

A big white girl  
takes my food.

The guard  
makes her give it back.

I work in the laundry  
walk in the yard.

I look at the floor  
I look at the walls  
I look at the sky

Everyday  
is the same

I see  
a girl stab another  
girl in the stomach.  
I'm learning horticulture.

Every other week  
my counselor  
asks me if  
I know  
why I'm here.

I read magazines  
Sally is my best friend  
she looks out for me.

I'm learning computers.

I like horticulture better.

A girl dies of an overdose.

They turn  
every cell  
everyday  
for a week.

Sally is paroled  
She gives me a kiss

on the cheek  
smiling  
good-bye.

Two days  
later she dies  
of an overdose.

I can't eat  
I can't talk  
I can't move.

They carry me  
from my bunk  
to the infirmary  
June 22nd

It's cold  
the sun is shining

I tell my counselor  
I know what I did.

I know why I'm here.

9 years 7 months 8 days.

Now  
I have a new name  
I live with 6 other women  
in a city.

Every day  
after dinner  
we form  
a circle  
with our chairs  
and talk about our lives.

How we got here.

Two hours later  
lights out.

I work  
at a convenience store

8 am to 4 pm.

Six days a week.

There's a man  
comes in  
most days  
buys breath mints  
and orange juice

We talk.

He looks like Joe.

I see him everywhere.