

Out with the Monkey, In with the Cock

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Muffin – Shahla Helalian
Virginia – Maria Contreras
Elvis – Cesar Perez

Setting is a girl's college dorm room, with two beds (one simple, one with frilly blankets and pillows) at a prestigious east-coast girl's university. Virginia is sitting with a book, trying to study, while Muffin is talking loudly and very fast on her cell phone.

Muffin: Oh, my God, sweetheart, like you wouldn't believe my English prof. He's like totally drop-dead gorgeous! I mean, he's like the only guy at this whole college. And I can like never have any fun because my roommate is like always studying. Like, oh my god, it's soooooo annoying – who *studies* for tests? Anyway, did you get the tickets to the Justin concert?
SCREAMS* YEESSS! *Giggles I'm sooooo excited he's going to be so close we can touch him! He's such a delightful hunk of manflesh –

Virginia: Um ... Muffin ... could you please try to keep it down? I'm trying to study for my nuclear physics exam.

Muffin: ***rolls her eyes*** OKAY, Virginia, I'm sorry. But anyways, I totally need to go to that concert over break because there are absolutely zero guys here. Most of the teachers are over, like, a million years old! I mean, I never would have chosen an all-girl's school if I thought there were no boys at all! You can't even bring guys from town into your room, you'll like get in major trouble. It's only because the Resident Director's an old hag who couldn't get a date in her whole entire life even if she went on Extreme Makeover, she's just jealous of us because we're young and smart and pretty. ***Continues listening on the phone, with affirmative sounds but becoming distracted by noises from the other room***

FLUSH noise

Elvis: ***from offstage*** Whoa, hey, what was that? What's going on? Huh ... that was weird. I'll have to tell Priscilla to get that toilet fixed. Hey, where'd this fluffy pink bathmat come from? Hey, wait a minute ... where am I? This ain't right ... Priscilla? Priscilla! This isn't our bathroom! Priscilla! ***Opens door to dorm room, charging onstage looking confused***

Virginia looks up from her book, staring penetratingly at Elvis

Muffin: Like, oh my God, Cupcake, Igottagoloveyabye! ***drops phone***

Stares of astonishment all around

Elvis: Now what's going on here? How did yall get in my house?

Virginia: Pardon me, sir, but this is not your house. This is our room in Andrews Girl's Dormitory, and I would appreciate it if you would enlighten me as to how you happened to step out of our bathroom, how you entered the dormitory without a faculty escort, and just who exactly you are?

Muffin gets up slowly and begins walking around Elvis, inspecting him admiringly

Elvis: Why, baby, I'm the King.

Virginia: Oh? Excuse me? The King of which country?

Elvis: The King of Rock N Roll! Elvis Presley, baby.

Virginia: ***laughs*** Oh, that's priceless. Everyone knows Elvis Presley is dead. Never mind who you are, then; how did you happen to enter our room?

Elvis: Well ... I was just on the can when something splashed my ... and I felt a little jerk in my stomach and BAM! I was sitting on a dirty can with a fluffy pink rug under my feet.

Virginia: So ... you are trying to tell me that you flew through your toilet, forward in time, thirty years, covering a distance of more than two thousand miles, and ended up in our college dormitory bathroom?

Elvis: I guess so, baby.

Muffin: Hmm, my lucky day!

Virginia: And you are claiming to be Elvis Presley ...

Elvis: That's my name, don't wear it out.

Virginia: Prove it.

Muffin: Yeah, prove it.

Elvis: Ok, hit it!

Hound Dog begins playing in the background; Elvis strikes a pose; all lights off except a spotlight on him. Actor should lip-sync and dance. At the end, stage lights fade up

Muffin: Hey, that's not bad! You're not as good as Justin, but that was, like, okay!

Elvis: Well, thank you ... Thankyaverymuch.

Virginia: Well, you certainly act like Elvis, but I'm not prepared to swallow the proposition that you arrived here via a toilet. It simply isn't possible! Now, if you would please leave, sir ...

Muffin: No! He should like, stay here!

Elvis: Where is “here” exactly?

Virginia: This, is the most prestigious all-girls’ school in the area. There are no men allowed in the dormitories at any time, so you’ll have to leave.

Muffin: ***throwing herself at Elvis in attempts to keep him from leaving*** Wouldn’t you like to stay awhile? Get to know us better?

Elvis: No, I’d really better just get home. Priscilla’ll be waiting. And ... I gotta get that toilet fixed.

Elvis breaks free from Muffin, turning to leave, but is startled by the sound of brisk knocking on the door

Virginia: Oh, my GOD! It’s the RD coming to inspect the dorms! Uhhh ... quick! Get into the closet! ***grabs a surprised Elvis and drags him into the closet* *yelling at the door*** Don’t come in! Muffin has a rare form of Peruvian Syphilis that’s highly contagious!

Muffin: ***scoffs, squealing in indignation*** I do not! ***yells at door*** I’m sorry, Shellie, I’m changing! Just give me a minute to put some clothes on. Now let’s see, should I wear the pink shirt? ... but I’m going- ***realizing an idea, starts over, yelling louder at the door*** I’m going to a party in room 215, and people are going to be drinking all the alcohol they brought and now have piled up in their room, so if I’m going to get messy I don’t want to ruin the pink shirt. But then I want to look good for all of the boys that are arriving there right now! Through the propped open outer door! And I’m sure that somebody will be bringing some weed that people will be smoking!

Female Voice From Offstage: Oh dear, Iy’d better investigate that immediately! Iy’ll be back for your inspection later, goyls!

Virginia: Oh, okay, Muffin, that was just sooooo convincing.

Muffin: Well, it’s better than giving me weird diseases!

Virginia: But now she’ll be back later! We need to get that man out of here NOW!

Elvis: ***pounding on closet door*** Hey, what’s going on here! Get away from the door and let me out! You can’t just shove people in closets, you know!

Muffin: I want to keep him! He can sleep in my bed.

Virginia: I simply cannot allow you to hide a strange older man in your bed. We’ll both be expelled!

Muffin: He's not strange, he like, introduced himself, remember? He like, even sang for us! His name is Elvis Presley, remember?

Virginia: ***dryly*** Yes, I'm aware.

Elvis: Get me out of here! Hey! ***the girls step away from the door and it bursts open***

Virginia: Listen, not so loud, ok? We can hear you just fine.

Elvis: What do you expect when you lock somebody in a closet? I won't stand for this!

Muffin: ***Throws herself onto her bed, striking a "sexy" pose*** Then why don't you lay down? Right here with me? It's like, totally warm and comfy!

Virginia: You're hopeless! You can't just invite strange people into your bed! You don't even know how he got here! Honestly, you'd take any warm body you can get, wouldn't you?

Muffin: ***indignant*** Well, really! That's like not very nice, is it? I can hardly be a slut with no boys here!

Elvis: ***with a blank look in his eyes*** I'm getting sleepy ...

Muffin: I'm just trying to be friendly! ***turns to Elvis*** I like totally know just what'll perk you up. Come on, let's go to Starbucks for like a triple toffee nut latte!

Elvis: Whoa, baby, slow down. What's a Star Buck? I don't need money.

Muffin: No, silly! It's a place to get coffee. What world do you live in?

Elvis: Uhhh ... Graceland ...

Muffin: Ooh! Sounds like a blast! Is that like where they film Will and Grace?

Elvis: Huh?

Muffin: Never mind, let's talk about it over coffee.

Virginia: Whoa! Hey now, you are not taking him out there with the RD right down the hall! Imagine if she saw a man in this dormitory. We'd all be fined, and you and I would be expelled! Or worse! Absolutely not. I won't allow it.

Muffin: ***pouting*** Well fine. In that case, what we need is some good music. Something I can like dance to. Like, Britney Spears! ***turns on "stereo" and Britney Spears song plays, and Muffin tries to dance dirty with Elvis***

Elvis: Whoa, baby, what're you doing? Epilepsy can be a bitch! You all right?

Muffin: I'm not having a seizure, silly, I'm dancing! Come on, dance with me!

Elvis: That ain't like no dance I've ever seen.

Virginia: Well, Muffin's special that way. Listen, we need to find somewhere to hide you until late tonight when we can sneak you out. Maybe out the fire escape.

Elvis: Whoa now, I'm not ... Hey, listen, can we stop this howling?

Muffin: Hey! I like Britney Spears!

Virginia: Yes, Muffin, I know ... The problem is, you're the only one.

Muffin, pouting, turns off Britney

Elvis: Thank you, Thankyaverymuch. I can't stay here that late. I have to get back to Priscilla and tell her to get that toilet fixed.

Muffin: ***clinging to him*** I think that broken toilet's going to be the best thing that ever happened to you. Here, have some kissing fruit! ***hands him an apple and tries to kiss him***

Virginia: Stop monkeying around!

Muffin: ***with false innocence*** But ... Virgin-ya! It's the year of the cock now.

Virginia: Don't be vulgar! Stop throwing yourself on him, you ... you promiscuous woman!

Muffin: Don't you call me names, you ho!

Virginia: You're a ho!

Muffin: No, you're a ho! ***attacks Virginia in a full knock-down, drag-out cat-fight***

Elvis: ***backing away from the fight*** I need to get back to Priscilla.

Muffin: Priscilla is like, dead! Why won't you pay attention to me?

fight continues as Elvis retreats to the bathroom, and suddenly a FLUSH is heard

Girls stop their fight, turn to each other, and suddenly a knock is heard at the door

Female voice from off-stage: Goys! Goys! Open this door right now!

Fade to black