

From The World's Largest Rodent
By Don Zolidis

BOB, 40ish, bald, fat. Not terribly attractive.

MEG, 18, a good-looking girl.

PHOTOGRAPHER, middle-aged. Not seen.

(MEG is attempting to raise money to pay for herself and her little brother after her mother attempts suicide. She decides to try internet photography.)

(Lights up on a Photographer's office. MEG, 18, very pretty, is wearing a bathrobe.)

PHOTOGRAPHER *(off-stage)*

Is the other model here yet?

(no answer)

Goddamn it.

(Pause. MEG looks around.)

MEG

Hey.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey.

MEG

I've never done this before, you know?

PHOTOGRAPHER

It's easy, don't worry about it.

MEG

Okay.

(Pause. She shifts back and forth.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Where the fuck is this guy?

MEG

So what kinda camera is that?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I don't know.

MEG

Cool.

(Pause.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

What's your name?

MEG

Meg?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Are you sure your name's Meg?

MEG

Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Shut the fuck up, Meg.

MEG

Okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER

From now on your name's gonna be Cindy. All right?

MEG

All right.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, you know what? I'm sorry about that. I shouldn't be mean to you guys.

MEG

No that's okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Nah I'm serious, I oughta be putting you at ease and everything and here I am telling you to shut the fuck up. I just get a little impatient sometimes when some FUCKING ASSHOLE doesn't show up when he's supposed to! I mean, this guy, this fucking guy, he gets off on this shit, I don't know why—he does, right, I'm doing him a FAVOR by doing this, cause he's never gonna get a girl like you in normal life, right? Just that there are other fucking morons who get off on pictures of normal guys getting worked over by a pretty girl, you know?

MEG

Yeah. I guess.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You know what I'm talking about?

MEG

Not really.

PHOTOGRAPHER

It doesn't matter. Like I'm saying, this guy should be paying me.

MEG

Or me.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Or me.

MEG

Right. But I'm doing the—

PHOTOGRAPHER

Me.

(BOB enters. BOB is middle-aged, white, balding, and wears a pair of boxing shorts. He has large boxing gloves on.)

BOB

Oh Goddamn it, I'm sorry.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Bob this is Cindy.

MEG

Hi.

BOB

Wow you're pretty.

MEG

Thanks.

PHOTOGRAPHER

She's gonna beat the shit outta you.

BOB

Cool.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, let's go.

(BOB starts doing calisthenics.)
What are you doing?

BOB

I don't wanna pull a muscle.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You couldn't a done that on the way over here?

BOB

No.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, Cindy. Outta the robe.

MEG

Now?

PHOTOGRAPHER

No tomorrow.

MEG

All right.

(MEG shrugs off her bathrobe. She is wearing a sports bra and boxing shorts.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Where are your gloves?

MEG

Oh.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Bob, help the bitch with her gloves.

(BOB helps MEG put boxing gloves on.)

BOB

You're very pretty.

MEG

Thanks.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You don't have to talk to this asshole, Cindy.

BOB

Do you work out?

MEG
No.

BOB
You should work out.

PHOTOGRAPHER
All right, let's do this thing.
(BOB starts messing up his hair.)
What are you doing?

BOB
I'm getting into it.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Fuckin' stop it.

BOB
Sorry.

PHOTOGRAPHER
All right now look. All these things got little stories to `em okay.
(BOB keeps stretching.)
Bob, if you interrupt my narrative I'm gonna cut off your balls. All right? All right? You understand me?

BOB
Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cause when I'm jerking off I like a little story to go with it, okay?

BOB
Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I didn't ask you.

MEG
Okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I didn't ask you either. So here's the story: This is the future, two thousand thirty seven, okay, and at this time, women are allowed to compete in boxing.

MEG

They compete in boxing now.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mixed boxing.

MEG

They do that too—

PHOTOGRAPHER

Whatever. Now Bob's character is a washed-up has-been who's jumped up on steroids and is trying to recreate his career—he's kind of the common man here, all right? He's a fighter for the people? There's a lot of symbolism, I think. Now Cindy is a genetically engineered super-woman, okay? And here's what's gonna happen: We're gonna start the fight, it's gonna go a little bit, back and forth, you hit her, she hits you—

(BOB goes to hit MEG.)

Whoah, wait, stop! I don't want you to actually fucking hit each other all right, I want it to look like it, all right? This is fucking illusion! So... we're going back and forth—and at one point, Bob rips Cindy's top off. Okay, just happens.

(BOB raises his hand.)

What?

BOB

How do I rip it off?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I don't fucking know.

MEG

It's not actually gonna tear is it?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Whatever. It comes off. This pisses you off, Cindy, so you grab his shorts and rip them off—he's wearing panties.

BOB

Wait a minute—

PHOTOGRAPHER

What? He's not wearing panties?

BOB

No.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Every fucking day you're wearing panties, Bob. Why not today?

BOB

I don't know.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What the fuck is this? All right, forget the panties, he's butt-naked, all right—so then, shit happens, there's punching, and then—

MEG

I lose my shorts?

PHOTOGRAPHER

You're quick. Then... Cindy beats the shit outta Bob, knocks him out, and then stands on him. Arms up. Victory. Feminism. All that shit.

BOB

How come she wins?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Are you an idiot? No one wants to see a guy beatin' up a girl, Bob. It's all the other way around now—the internet is big into empowerment. All right? You guys got it? Don't fucking hit each other! Okay?

BOB

All right.

MEG

Sure.

PHOTOGRAPHER

And I'll just be taking the pictures. Okay, break!

(BOB and MEG kind of look at each other, then put up their gloves.)

Look mean!

MEG

Who?

PHOTOGRAPHER

You!

(MEG tries to look mean.)

Remember, you are the genetically engineered superior sex!

(She tries to remember this.)

(MEG and BOB box a little back and forth, MEG makes sound effects while she does it, like “Bam!” and “Whoosh!” and “Unnnh!” She starts really getting into it.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Do a haymaker!

MEG

What?

(She turns to look at the PHOTOGRAPHER. While she does this, BOB actually hits her in the face.)

Ow!

(He laughs.)

Fucker!

(She punches him for real.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, hey, hey!

(MEG proceeds to beat the snot out of BOB, punching him again and again, knocking him to the ground, kicking and beating him to a whimpering mess.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right cut!

(MEG turns to look at the PHOTOGRAPHER.)

Well that went a different way than I planned. All right, put your foot on him.

(MEG puts her foot on BOB's prone body.)

That'll work.

(Lights shift.)