



The Subliminal Kid

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— a monologue.

Actor walks out onto bare stage. Spot cones down on him. He is wearing an obviously cheap suit, its shoulders are gigantically too big; it is some horrible shark skin. It has to be comical and uncomfortable looking. In spite of this he is trying to convey wealth despite lacking it. He starts talking to the audience.

Hey, how's it goin', man?

(Indicating the suit.)

You like the suit?

I was at the St. Vincent de Paul Store, man, looking at the men's suits, and I come across this groovy looking 3-piece suit, I try it on and it fits.

(Shows label.)

Got a label says hand tailored by Chinese tailors in Oakland! And Wow! It's marked DOWN! From \$15 to \$12.50.

(Mimes handing cash to clerk)

So I went up and paid the lady.

And now I got this new suit on my back, which is very propitious, man, cause I'm on my way to apply for a JOB! But it's weird, man, cause whenever I put this suit on, I also seem to put on the persona of the previous owner, a type of guy who was, FOR SURE unappealing to my taste.

(Actor wriggles and writhes, tries to escape his own skin. Then looks pensive, wrinkles brow.)

I can't tell if it used to belong to a dork, . . . or a slick. Or

maybe a slick dork. A dork who thought he was slick?

SHIFT— (Goes into lecturing mode.)

A slick is a kind of person, a kind of person—ality. . .

(Smooths back his hair with both hands.)

He's got slick hair, smooth, in place. He's an extrovert, kind of a controller, he looks at other people as a way . . .

(Makes eyebrows go up and down, looks imperious, haughty.)

of furthering his own ends. He's . . . concerned with appearances,

(Waves hands as if touching a smooth table surface.)

and the surface of things. . . A dork on the other hand,

(Actor ruffles his hair, shows teeth in an overbite.)

is an introvert.

(Brings shoulders up to ears, looks diminutive.)

He is usually the one being controlled. He may be more sincere but spends too much time beneath the surface of things and can't relate, or is so afraid, he can't share.

(Actor addresses audience directly.) Then SWITCH —

On the other hand, the Slick is so saturated in image he feels like he has to fill the emptiness in his life with image and random sex. You've seen them at singles bars. Being into the scene instead of the people, looking at themselves in the mirror, constantly on the make for sex.

Slick: "Hi! Can a guy, buy, you a drink?"

Slick men trying to pick up slick women. He's tough-minded, she's articulate. She's glitzy, he's glib. He's upbeat, she's glamorous. He's superficial, she's narcissistic. Like in the fashion photos not showing any real emotion.

Tele-cocks grinding against video-cunts a go-go.

The slick want's to be famous without doing anything great.

Actor makes an "on the other hand" gesture. SWITCH —

On the other hand, the dork is caught up in a never-ending struggle. Constantly striving and never having any fun.

"Dork: 'Just drink more milk. And work harder.'"

The dork is serious, overly concerned with his career, a type of guy who would NEVER be unemployed or be satisfied as a blue collar worker.

Actor rubs his own arms in the suit, addresses audience. SWITCH —

I don't know, man, I guess I must identify with him somewhat.

Whatever he was, he was STRAIGHT.

(Wraps arms around himself, hugs, holds himself tight.)

I feel this suit envelope me like a straight jacket of guilt, I feel the dork in it wanting to be happier, more into partying and hedonism, and the slick wanting to have more depth and responsibility.

SHIFT—. Break Frame. Actor walks away, turns, address audience.

I need this suite 'cause I'm looking for a job. I am sweating like the slave of an evil spirit. A flat broke hippie with huge gaps in my resume . . . vast panoramic gaps, man, so big an elephant could waltz through, like it was a shift in time, in which I hitchhiked around the country checking into things.