

NOEL

(as Didi, French accent)

Then we must hang ourselves... *immediately.*

(Stark light shift and unsettling wind blows as Noel glares at the audience intensely and smokes an imaginary cigarette. A long uncomfortable silence.)

CONSTANCE

(Finally... as Mary... desperately uncomfortable, imagining her parents watching in the audience)

Or... we could just go to the manger, Joseph.

(MUSIC continues)

KARNAK

Aspiring Iconoclast, enfant terrible... Noel Gruber, the most romantic boy in town.

START

(MUSIC out)

NOEL

I've seen the movie the Blue Angel about a billion and one times... If there is something better on this earth than Marlene Dietrich playing Lola Lola (the heartless booze hound harlot) I don't even want to hear about it... I tried to go as her every year for Halloween – I always chickened out... And I'd go as something like C3P-O... but in my heart, I was Lola Lola, dressed up as C3P-O... that was always my Halloween costume's subtext. Mom tells me I've got to try to blend in, so I tried really hard to dial it back... I had to... we live in a town where every year on July 11th when Seven Eleven gives out free Slurpees it's like seriously, the major cultural event of the year... I'm not even making a joke right now. It's like, a Slurpee Woodstock.

I was born in the wrong town, the wrong country, the wrong era! I wanted to feel, goddamn it. I wanted bad love. I wanted a man that would drive me to drink. I craved dissipation. I wanted to wake up in an alleyway in my own vomit, missing teeth. I wanted to drink myself to death on the cup of life...

"Anyone who hasn't experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing about ecstasy at all." Jean Genet. I was a sexual provocateur and a novelist, who never wrote a novel... or had sex...

(A slide comes up of NOEL in a Taco Bell uniform.)

STOP