

I GOT A WOMAN

Jojo and Julia are two roommates in their mid-twenties. Scene opens on them sitting in a cluttered apartment living room, empty pizza boxes and bags of chips spread around the room. If possible, a haze hangs in the room. They sit staring out into the audience, clearly baked and not saying anything for the first few moments.

JOJO: Julia.

No response.

JOJO: Julia.

Again, nothing.

JOJO: Juuuuulllllliaaaa. JULIA!!!

JULIA: What?

JOJO: How are yo—

JULIA: I'm fine, I'm just thinking about, you know? I just...actually I'm pretty fucked up.

The both laugh.

JULIA: Where did you get this stuff?

JOJO: From Bob.

Jojo gets up and stars slowly walking around looking through the empty packages for food.

JULIA: The mumbly guy.

JOJO: Yep.

JULIA: I hate that pretentious prick. Guy's got an answer for everything.

JOJO: Don't we all...

JULIA: What?

JOJO: What?

JULIA: You said something.

JOJO: Did I?

JULIA: Yeah, it sounded...poignant.

JOJO: What?

JULIA: I said Bob has an answer for everything and you said something.

JOJO: Oh...I don't know. Must not have been important.

JULIA: *(to herself)* Figures.

Jojo kinda hears this and gives her a confused look but ignores her. He also gives up searching for food.

JOJO: Balls. What do you want to do? Julia? JULIA!!

JULIA: What?! Fuck me, this stuff is kicking my ass.

JOJO: I said what do you want to do.

JULIA: Not a damn thing.

JOJO: You okay?

JULIA: Yeah, I just don't feel like doing anything.

JOJO: *(teasing)* Are you cranky?

JULIA: *(stares at him)* No.

JOJO: Are you bleedy? *(This cracks Jojo up)*

JULIA: *(to herself)* Fucking men.

JOJO: Are you—

JULIA: Put on some music.

JOJO: Oh! That's a good call. How about some Beatles?

JULIA: Not the Beatles. I hate the Beatles!

(Jojo stands in stunned silence for a long beat, staring at her and then...)

JOJO: BE GONE DEVIL!!!! LEAVE THIS MORTAL BEING I CALL JULIA AND RETURN TO THE PIT OF FIRE FROM WHICH YOU CAME!!!!

(Jojo dips his fingers in his cup of water and sprinkles some on Julia)

JULIA: Fuck off!

JOJO: How can you hate the Beatles? Everybody likes the Beatles. Literally. Everyone.

JULIA: Well, not me.

JOJO: *(sitting back down)* Wait, you own Beatle albums!

JULIA: Yeah, everybody does. I still don't like them.

JOJO: *(to himself)* Fucking women.

JULIA: What?

JOJO: I said what don't you like about them?

JULIA: First of all the fact that everybody HAS to like them.

JOJO: That's not—

JULIA: The fact that people think every single song they ever recorded or performed was a piece of gold when in reality a lot of their music was shit. They even said a lot of it was shit. Fuck, they even admitted to trying to pass off shit as real songs as a social experiment or some fucking thing to see how popularity and mainstream obsession can cloud real judgment.

JOJO: Name one—

JULIA: The fact that even though they've been broken up for forty plus years, they continue to put out a new album every fucking month. Seriously, how many versions of "Let it Be" do we need?

JOJO: Are you sure you're not cranky?

JULIA: And they're sexist.

Beat

JOJO: What?!

JULIA: The Beatles were sexist.

JOJO: It was the sixties. Everybody was a little bit sexist...at least in the early part of the decade, before—

JULIA: Shut up. I'm not talking about their personal lives or how they treated their wives or lovers or whatever. I'm talking about their music. There are sexist undertones in a shit ton of their songs. They were sexist pigs.

JOJO: What the hell are you talking about?

JULIA: Go pick an album, any Beatles album and put it on. I guarantee within three songs, we'll hear something sexist.

JOJO: You're nuts.

JULIA: Do it.

JOJO: Fine. *(He gets up and goes to the record collection.)* Early or late?

JULIA: Go early. It's more palatable.

JOJO: How about the BBC recordings, their *real* early stuff?

JULIA: Perfect.

JOJO: This is bubblegum pop that girls went nuts for and you think you'll find a sexist song?

JULIA: Tons.

Jojo just shakes his head and puts it on, starting the album somewhere in the middle. The song "I Got a Woman" comes on in the middle and we hear John Lennon sing the following lines:

*"I got a woman way cross town
She's good to me, oh yeah!
She's there to love me
All day and night.
Never grumbles or fusses
Just treats me right.
Never runnin' in the streets
Leaving me alone.
She knows a woman's place
Is right back there hanging around the home.
Said I got a woman."*

Jojo stops the record.

JOJO: Holy shit.

JULIA: *(a bit surprised herself)* Holy shit. Err...umm...See?!

JOJO: *(flustered)* Yeah, but that's just one example.

JULIA: Exactly. Just one example. Their music is full of it.

JOJO: I never—

JULIA: No. Most people haven't noticed it because for the past forever we have just accepted anything and everything they did as fucking genius. *(she lights up a cigarette)*

JOJO: *(sitting down)* But...Beatles.

JULIA: Exactly. What does that even mean? They're untouchable and it's bullshit. They're gods and they lord above us like we're some inferior creatures that should just be happy to be in the presence of their mastery of fucking whatever. Nobody noticed because nobody's looking. They've dominated all of music for over fifty years and we've just let it happen. No argument, just glory and praise be to the four lads

from Liverpool, the arrogant cocksuckers. They're musical bullies and nobody has had to pay the price more than women.

JOJO: But.....Beatles.

JULIA: And that's the shitty thing. They HAD the power. Shit the remaining two still do. For the past fifty years, they've had the power, the ears of the people and a chance to send a strong message and instead, we get this shit. Cheesy pop rock, stupid love songs, quote on quote experimental music and soft ass rock and roll all with an underlying theme of the continued repression of women. Revolution my ass. You hear me you dead bastard? Revolution my fucking ass!

Jojo sits and stares in silence.

JULIA: I'm done...and I'm still really fucking high.

Long beat.

JOJO: Do you really believe all that or did you just pull that out of your ass?

Long beat.

JULIA: No, I believe it.

JOJO: But what about all the songs they had that featured great female characters?

JULIA: Alright, let's break 'em down, sport. Give me one.

JOJO: Umm...okay. Michelle, my belle.

JULIA: Only worthy because she was beautiful. Next.

JOJO: Uhh...Polythene Pam.

JULIA: She was a hooker. Next.

JOJO: Martha, my dear.

JULIA: That song was about McCartney's dog. Next.

JOJO: Ahh! The girl from "She's Leaving Home." Got the balls to run away.

JULIA: Completely lost without her parents and not able to find herself until she meets with the man from the motor trade. Next.

JOJO: Lady Fucking Madonna! There.

JULIA: Oh you mean the one the Beatles praise for knitting with a couple of fatherless bastards hanging off her tits?

JOJO: Yikes. Okay, Sexy Sadie.

JULIA: Actually about a man who was so awful they had to make him a woman for the song.

JOJO: Fuck. Prudence.

JULIA: Manic depressive.

JOJO: Eleanor Rigby.

JULIA: Dead.

JOJO: Julia.

JULIA: What?

JOJO: No, the song "Julia."

Julia opens her mouth to respond, but she stops as she is clearly bothered.

JULIA: I...I don't know that song.

JOJO: Yes you do. It's off their White Album? The last song of the first record? Come on. *(singing)* "Half of what I say is meaningless, but I say it just to reach you, Juuuulia."

JULIA: *(Cutting him off)* It...it doesn't sound familiar.

JOJO: *(singing)* "When I cannot sing my heart, I can only speak my mind, Juuuulia."

Julia starts to tear up, fighting it.

JOJO: *(singing)* "So I sing the song of love for Julia. Julia. Juuuuulia."

Long beat.

JULIA: My parents named me after that song.

Beat.

JOJO: Oh, wow, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Jojo starts to put his arm around her then stops. Instead, he lights up two cigarettes and hands one to her.

JULIA: *(singing, contemplative)* "Julia, ocean child, calls me...." You know my last memory of all of us together and happy was when I was really little and they would sing that to me together. They would call me their ocean child.

JOJO: Shit Julia, we've been friends forever, and I really didn't know. *(beat)* It's a beautiful song.

Julia starts to cry, but fights against it. She reaches out to Jojo for a hug and he goes to her and hugs her lovingly.

JOJO: You know it's not your fault he left you guys...or for what your mother did.

JULIA: I know.

JOJO: It's not your fault they're gone.

JULIA: I said I know, fucktard!

She pushes him away and he tumbles off the couch. Once he steadies himself, they both start laughing. She slowly composes herself and looks at her best friend and smiles.

JULIA: Baby, you can drive my car.

JOJO: Beep beep, Beep beep, yeah. *(beat)* Fucking music, man. I mean, the power of—

JULIA: *(wiping away her tears)* Oh fuck no. Don't try to get all deep here. I hate it when stoners do that. It's so annoying.

Jojo just nods.

JULIA: I'm fucking starving. I think I got some Fritos and peanut butter in my room. I'll be right back.

Julia gets up and walks out. Jojo sits for a second and then gets up to put on a different album. He pulls off the Beatles BBC record and looks at the jacket.

JOJO: Huh. *(yelling to her in the other room)* Hey! You know The Beatles didn't even write "I Got a Woman." It was written by Ray Charles.

JULIA: *(yelling from other room)* Really?!

JOJO: Yeah. What do you want me to put on?

Julia pops her head back in with a big smile.

JULIA: Play some Beatles and play it loud!

JOJO: *(smiling)* Okay.

Julia pops back out and Jojo quickly thumbs through the stacks of records, choosing one.

JOJO: Can't go wrong with Sgt. Peppers.

He puts on the album, again starting it in the middle and sits back down on the couch. The song "Getting Better" comes on at the following part:

*"I used to be cruel to my woman.
I beat her and kept apart
From the things that she loved."*

JULIA: *(from offstage)* What the fuck did he say?!

JOJO: Oh shit.

Lights.

End scene.