

The Perfect Hat

John Schoneboom

SETTING: Two hookers are standing on a street corner, having a conversation as they try to attract customers.

DYANNE

So what exactly does the policy cover?

NANCY

The pussy policy?

DYANNE

Whatever you want to call it.

NANCY

You're the one who called it that.

DYANNE

I did not.

NANCY

You did fucking so. You said my policy was for pussies.

DYANNE

Hey. It's your policy. I described it, I didn't name it. Call it whatever you want!

NANCY

How about 'cunt policy'?

DYANNE

Oh, I hate that word.

NANCY

Cunt?

DYANNE

No, policy. Yes, cunt.

NANCY

I like it. I use it all the time.

DYANNE

You don't. Nobody likes that word. Everybody hates it. Except for, I don't know...

NANCY

Cunts?

DYANNE

Right.

NANCY

See, it's perfect for that. It's a great word. It's a *fucking* great word.

DYANNE

Fine, but I still say pussy policy has more of a ring to it.

NANCY

Because pussy is nice and warm and soft and cunt is sharp and edgy.

DYANNE

No, because it has more of a ring to it. Pussy policy. Everyone should have a pussy policy, a penis policy, and a pissing policy.

NANCY

And a poo policy.

DYANNE

Of course.

NANCY

And a policy on the President's polyps.

DYANNE

Exactly. And a, and a, and a...oh fuck it, I can't think of anything else.

NANCY

Well, there's plenty of time for that, you can think of more later.

DYANNE

A procrastination policy!

NANCY

There you go. Anyway, we're digressing. Ask me again.

DYANNE

So what exactly does the policy cover?

NANCY

Everything.

DYANNE

Everything.

NANCY

Everything. It is an enormously holistic policy. In just a few simple tenets, it fundamentally challenges the philosophically bankrupt foundations of late capitalist Western society.

DYANNE

Ooh, wait: Porn Policy! People should also have a porn policy.

NANCY

Yes. Good. As I was saying. A gigantic policy to cover an entire way of life, comprised of a few simple rules of thumb.

DYANNE

Composed of.

NANCY

What?

DYANNE

Or comprising. Not 'comprised of.' Sorry. Pet peeve.

NANCY

Pet peeve policy. Thank you. Anyway. A far-reaching holistic policy to live by, *comprising* a few simple rules of thumb.

DYANNE

OK. Flesh it out.

NANCY

Number one, never buy anything if the salesperson is rude to you, no matter how much you want it.

DYANNE

What if it's a perfect hat?

NANCY

Remember that it can never be as perfect as the beautiful feeling of transcending material love and refusing to deal with condescending scum.

DYANNE

No, I mean a really perfect hat. Totally you and totally unique.

NANCY

Walk out in a huff and come back the next day and hope somebody else is working. And by the way, 'totally unique' is redundant. It's either unique or it isn't.

DYANNE

Touché. Next.

NANCY

Never eat processed foods. Organic, all the way. Make a statement. Reject mass-produced bullshit. Utterly.

DYANNE

What if the cashier at Healthy Pleasures is a cunt?

NANCY

Walk out in a huff and...

DYANNE

And you've got no food in the house at all and you're starving hungry.

NANCY

He won't be that much of a cunt. And there are four cashiers. Number three.

DYANNE

I mean what if they're all cunts? What if it's Kevin Cunt and his three sisters, Camille, Carrie, and Carlotta Cunt?

NANCY

Number three. Go home at five and never work weekends. Don't get sucked into this bizarre workaholic competition where everyone's like, oh, I worked half the night and most of the weekend, that's how dedicated I am. Bullshit! The line between life and work is sacred. Sacred!

DYANNE

What if you love your work?

NANCY

Then they've got you. It's too late.

DYANNE

What if you're an artist?

NANCY

As your job?

DYANNE

Yeah.

NANCY

Corporate sell-out. Number four. Are you ready? No cars.

DYANNE

Get serious.

NANCY

Nobody ever said it would be easy.

DYANNE

But I love driving.

NANCY

Me too. Love driving, hate cars.

DYANNE

Yeah, but...

NANCY

Do I have to go through the Robert Moses story again?

DYANNE

No, no, no!

NANCY

Good. Let's just accept that cars are at the center of everything evil and wrong-headed in the world. Pollution is only the tip of the iceberg. They're ruining everything. No cars.

DYANNE

What about getting between Brooklyn and Queens?

NANCY

There's the G. Isn't there?

DYANNE

Yeah. It runs twice a day, except when you need it. I mean come on, the G train? Forget the G train. There's no G train. There's never a G train. Face it. If you don't have a car, what you need is a taxi.

NANCY

No cars! You can grab the L or the W or something and go through Manhattan. It doesn't take that long. Or there's buses. I'm sure there are buses.

DYANNE

You've just come out of a party in Park Slope. It's three in the morning. It's nine degrees outside. You're wasted.

NANCY

OK, OK, OK, the occasional taxi, if it's truly dire. Twice a year, tops!

DYANNE

That's your taxi policy?

NANCY

That's it.

DYANNE

Are there lots more of these?

NANCY

I'll wrap it up. Five: No TV, obviously, it's like having your brain sucked out by the Matrix, but renting movies is fine. Six: throw out all your possessions every two years and start over. Seven: travel as often as possible, but never pack what won't fit in a bum bag and never stay in hotels.

DYANNE

So it's a simplification thing.

NANCY

Well, if you want to simplify the whole thing. It's about doing everything you can to bust out of the whole maximum work, maximum consumption cycle. That's for suckers. Stay free. Don't get trapped.

DYANNE

This must be where you get overly earnest.

NANCY

Number eight: Never get overly earnest. I don't know. It's about independence. Maybe I just don't want to be scared or hurt.

DYANNE

Sounds like my penis policy.

NANCY

Sounds like my poo policy! No, but what do you think, seriously. Good policy?

DYANNE

It's for pussies.

NANCY

You cunt!

-- LIGHTS OUT --