

Geeked and Loaded

Music and Lyrics by Davey Patterson

Book by Davey Patterson

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FULL SHOW September 13, 2023-present

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JASON - LEAD ROLE

Drug dealer in his mid-twenties. Slight stature, "punk" wardrobe. Talks deliberately in a way that might be perceived as slow or unintelligent. Body language is equally deliberate.

JENN - JASON'S COUSIN

Drug dealer in her early thirties. Neutral wardrobe. Diminutive person with a big personality. Aggressive and hostile is her default interaction with others.

JER - JENN'S BOYFRIEND

Drug addict in his forties. Preppy dress. Uses Jenn for her connections and free drugs. Effeminate and attractive, non-confrontational and delicate.

JOANIE - JASON'S GIRLFRIEND

Drug user in her mid-twenties. Dresses attractively. Slight and small, indifferent but impressionable, confident and well-intentioned. Evolves into a nervous wreck as the show progresses.

SCENE ONE - Jenn's Apartment

The room is messy and disorganized. Bottles and drug paraphernalia are strewn about. The focal point is a centralized table and couch, on which small plastic baggies are surrounded by a disarray of powder, pills, pill containers, money, and a handgun.

ENTER - Spotlight on JASON. JENN seated, JERRY Seated in tableaux.

OPENING THEME (TO AN OFF-BROADWAY MUSICAL)

JASON

I WANT TO LOOK OUT OVER CIVILIZATION
OUT OVER ALL OF CREATION
AND I WANT TO SEE IT ALL LOOK BACK AT ME
THE LIGHT AND THE DARK IN HAR-**MO-NEEEE**

MO-NEEEE (Jerry)

NEEEE (Jenn)

BUT THERE IS NO HOPE

Pops pill, downs with alcoholic drink.

WHATSOEVER, SO WHATEVER
VICTIM OF INCLEMENT WEATHER
AN ENDLESSLY TEMPESTUOUS SEA
SINCE I SUBSCRIBE TO GUILTY PLEASURE
'CAUSE I HAVE BEEN TO ALL THE RIGHT PARTIES
AND I'VE BEEN SEEN IN THE LATEST FLAIR
BUT DON'T YOU EVER BE MISTAKEN
IT'S ALL JUST SHIT, I JUST DON'T CARE

'CAUSE LIFE, IT'S REALLY MADE ME NAUGHTY
I DRINK AND DRUG THROUGH MY DESPAIR

ALONE IN ALL MY UNDERTAKINGS
A HIGH-CARD HAND WITH NO TWO PAIR

BUT WHAT IF I CLAIMED LOYALTY TO A NATION
FORSOOK MY CURRENT VOCATION
AND SIGNED MYSELF UP FOR THE ARMY

Salutes.

BECAME A GOOD BOY JUST FOR MOM-MEEE

MOM-MEEE (Jerry)

MEEE (Jenn)

BUT SHE JUST CAN'T COPE
WHATSOEVER, SO WHATEVER
MOVE AWAY AND JUST FORGET HER
BREAK A BRANCH FROM FAMILY TREE
AND THROW OUT THE UNOPENED LETTERS

'CAUSE IF I STAY HERE IN OHIO
I'M GONNA TEAR OUT ALL MY HAIR
THESE FRIENDS OF MINE ARE HAZY PEOPLE
AND I DON'T TRUST THEM ANYWHERE
AND PEOPLE, THEY JUST MAKE ME CRAZY
DESPITE MY NEED LOVE AND CARE
BUT ALCOHOL AMID DEPRESSION
DESTROYS A PASSIONATE AFFAIR

(WHY ME? WHY HERE? WHY NOW?)

Does line, downs with alcoholic drink. Pauses, wide-eyed.

JASON

I'm geeked.

Long pause.

I'm a walking after-school special.
I made the Honor Roll.
I was captain of the basketball team.
I lead our football team in touchdowns.
I was the lead in school play.

I'm a mother-fucking After-School Special.

AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIAL

JASON

I come from meager means
And I just told you about the sports teams
So what of me, now?
Dated the hottest girl in school
And I loved her like a fool
but then what am I, now?

I'm a mother-fucking after school special
A drug-addled fella
With aspirations to feel this perspiration
This sticky sad amidst chemical-induced glad
That I'm really into

And Mom and Dad were proud
'Till they heard aloud
"Your son is in our possession"
"He's been out late, and on his plate"
"In his apartment, we found cocaine"
"We're putting him away for awhile for possession"

And what of my dreams?
What does that even mean?
I've never wanted more than
than affection

So for your protection
Just keep away from this
After-School Special
Don't do drugs
Here is your brain on drugs
Look at your brain on drugs
Because I am your brain on drugs
Oh, and I don't preach about it.

JENN

Jay, would you sit the fuck down? You stress me out when you pace around like that.

JASON

Pauses. Looks offstage.

Did you hear that? There's someone at the door. Someone's here. I heard them ... *(silence)*
... did you hear that?

JENN

Jay, calm down! I told you, Jer is on his way over. He just had to re-up and then he's gonna be here.

JASON

Grabs gun, ducks behind chair.

JENN

Yo! What the hell, man? Nobody's there. You're just high ... you've been strung-out for days now, you're just hearing things. Nobody's there.

JENN takes a drink.

Relax! Besides, if it's anyone ... it's Jer, and I'm not cool with your cracked-out ass shooting him in the face.

JENN gestures at the pills on the table.

Here, just take a few xannies, chill out.

JASON peeks out from behind the chair.

JASON

Yo ... why are you still within him, anyway? You know he's got all kinds of ... *other* people ... on the go, right?

JENN

Shut up, Jay! I'm not stupid, man. I get it. I know that ... besides, he's not my only boy. I just like this one ... a lot. But nah, it's not serious. I don't care what he does, and it's not his business what I do.

JENN picks up a bill from the mess on the table, snorts a line of brown powder, has a sip from a Gatorade bottle, and struggles to maintain her seated position.

It's none of yours either, by the way.

T'AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS

T'AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS WHO I'M (*pelvic thrusting gesture*)

ESPECIALLY NOT YOURS

SO IF I GET THE (*vigorously scratches groin*)

OR THE (*makes "hanging" motion*)

OR THE (*makes "crazy" face/hand gesture*)

DOESN'T REALLY MATTER 'CAUSE IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

ENTER JERRY. JASON points gun, relaxes when he recognizes who it is.

JENN

See, Jay? I told you it was just Jerry. You need to relax, man. Jer, where have you been? You've been gone like ... a **long** time.

JERRY

T'AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS WHO I'M (*makes "penetration" finger-hand gesture*)

PARTICULARLY NOT HERS

SO IF I GET THE (*Whole cast - including band - hand-CLAP*)

OR A (*makes rocking-baby motion with arms*)
REALLY DOESN'T MATTER 'CAUSE IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

JENN/JERRY

T'AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS WHO I'M (*improv sexual gesture*)
UNLESS I'M (*improv gesture again*) YOU.

*JENN sits up in the chair, does another brown line and
chokes down a drink of beer.*

JASON

Yo! Slow down, Jenn! That shit's supposed to be for sale!
What the fuck? We gotta make our money back, at least.

JENN

What are you worried about? You've killed a whole brick
this week; you're one to talk! It's MY connection, anyway.
You got a problem, go get your own.

JASON

I'm just sayin'...

JENN cuts him off.

JENN

Saying what? Huh? Saying what?!

JENN chases a pill with Gatorade.

Listen, man. This is MY apartment. This is MY supply.
Those are MY people. I could cut you in, or I could cut
you out. I could make you money, or I could cut you out. I
could make you the goddamn President if I wanted.

*JENN takes another pill, grabs a wad of bills off of the
table. She deliriously holds the bill up in front of her
line of sight.*

I COULD MAKE YOU PRESIDENT

I COULD MAKE YOU PRESIDENT
I JUST NEED A DOLLAR BILL
I'D HOLD IT UP IN-FRONT OF YOUR FACE
AND SAY

"YOU'RE GEORGE WASHINGTON
HELLO MR PRESIDENT
YOU'RE GEORGE WASHINGTON"

AND I COULD MAKE YOU PRESIDENT
I COULD TAKE THAT DOLLAR BILL
STAPLE IT TO YOUR FOREHEAD
AND SAY

"YOU'VE GOT GEORGE WASHINGTON
COMING OUT OF YOUR FOREHEAD
THAT MAKES YOU THE PRESIDENT
HELLO, MR PRESIDENT"

'CAUSE YOU COULD BE THE LEADER OF THE
FREE WORLD
AND YOU COULD BE COMMANDER, YEAH
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
AND YOU COULD SIT ATOP OF THE
EXECUTIVE BRANCH
OF GOVERNMENT

THIS WOULDN'T BE IMAGINARY
THIS IS NOT SOME SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF

JENN sits, leans back into chair. Nods off.

Long pause. JERRY nudges JENN.

JERRY

Hey ... you okay?

*JENN shakes back into consciousness and gets to her feet,
swaying precariously.*

'CAUSE I COULD MAKE YOU PRESIDENT
BUT FIRST, I NEED TWO COPIES OF YOUR EULOGY
PRINTED UP AT KINKO'S
THOSE OFFICE PROFESSIONALS
AND IT WOULD SAY

"HE WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON
HE WAS THE PRESIDENT
GOODBYE, MR. PRESIDENT
WE'LL MISS YOU, MR. PRESIDENT
FAREWELL, MR. PRESIDENT
WE'LL MISS YOU, MR. PRESIDENT
FAREWELL, MR. PRESIDENT"

'CAUSE I COULD MAKE YOU PRESIDENT
BUT FIRST I NEED TO KNOW
IF YOU COULD SPARE A DOLLAR
OR TWO.

JASON

I need a rig.

Exit JASON.

Jenn falls back into chair.

JENN

Hey ... did you get me smokes?

JERRY sits down next to her, produces a pack of cigarettes.

JERRY

Of course, darling. That kind you like. I always feel **so weird** buying them. The guy behind the counter called them 'bitch sticks.' Can you *believe* him?

JENN

Yo, shut up! Jer, you smoke 'em too.

BITCH STICKS

JERRY

SHE SMOKES

BITCH STICKS, TO GET HER NIC-FIX
THE KIND OF CIGARETTE
ONLY A CHICK PICKS

*JENN has opened the pack, pulls a cigarette, but
continually fumbles to light it.*

SHE'S SO
QUICK WITH
A NONCHALANT FLICK
SHE LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE
WITH A SMALL BLACK BIC

*JASON enters, stumbling, wide-eyed. His voice is
trembling, he's agitated and shaky. there's a spot of
blood in the crook of his arm.*

JASON

Hey ... can I have one of those?

JERRY

Yes, me too, please!

JASON/JERRY

WHATEVER IS A BAD GIRL GONNA DO?
WHEN ALL OF THE BOYS, THEY SMOKE 'EM TOO?
WHATEVER DOES A BAD GIRL PLAN TO DO?
WHEN ALL OF US BOYS JUST WANT TO BUM A FEW?

JASON

'CAUSE I CAN SAY, UNEQUIVOCALLY
UNDENIABLY, APATHETICALLY

THAT SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ME
(SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ME)

JERRY

AND I CAN SAY UNMISTAKABLY
INFALLIBLY
WITH CERTAINTY
THAT SHE COUGHS SO REPULSIVELY
(SHE COUGHS SO REPULSIVELY)

JENN coughs excessively. Spits into an empty cup.

JENN

AND I CAN SAY THAT YOU GUYS ARE JUST A COUPLE OF ... (*trails
off, dozes*)

JENN starts and appears coherent, momentarily.

JENN

HE SMOKES
BITCH STICKS, TO GET HIS ORAL FIX
THE NEXT BEST THING TO
A MOUTHFUL OF

WITH A
QUICK SIP
DOWN TO THE HILT
HE ENJOYS HIS CIGARETTE
WITH HIS SEXY LIPS

ALL

WHATEVER IS A BAD GIRL GONNA DO?
WHEN ALL OF THE BOYS, THEY SMOKE 'EM TOO?
WHATEVER DOES A BAD GIRL THINK SHE'LL DO?
WHEN ALL OF YOU BOYS LIKE THEM MORE THAN YOU?

JASON

'CAUSE I CAN SAY, UNEQUIVOCALLY
UNDENIABLY, APATHETICALLY
THAT SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ME
(SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ME)

JERRY

AND I CAN SAY UNMISTAKABLY
INFALLIBLY
WITH CERTAINTY
THAT SHE COUGHS SO REPULSIVELY
(SHE COUGHS SO REPULSIVELY)

JENN snorts and spits into the cup again.

JENN

AND I SAY THAT THIS GUY ONLY GETS MORE EXCITED FOR A ...
TREMENDOUS AND HAIRY
ENORMOUS AND SCARY
...well, you know.

JENN sits back down and closes her eyes. Pause.

JASON/JERRY

WHATEVER IS A BAD GIRL GONNA DO?
WHEN ALL OF THE BOYS -

JENN interrupts.

JENN

Would you two shut the fuck up?!

Momentary silence. Jason starts.

JASON

*Did you hear that?! Someone else is in here ... I heard the
cops...someone's here ...*

JENN/JERRY

Jay! STOP! *Wait!*

*JASON draws gun, snakes toward door (offstage), watched by
JENN and JERRY. GUNSHOT sounds.*

SCENE TWO - *Neutral Location (TBD)*

*ENTER - JASON and JOANIE. JOANIE is holding a lit joint.
JASON stands by her shyly.*

JASON

I read in English class, "To sleep, perchance to dream."
And I dream a lot.

About snakes.

Something tells me, y'know ... that's not what that guy was
talking about.

"To sleep, perchance to dream ... about snakes."

But it's in threes, always. It's like ... they're my
prophecy for terrible shit to happen.

Night #3, the dream. The next day, something terrible
happens.

Every time.

Somebody gets in a car wreck. I get mugged. I get beat up
at school. My Dad loses his job. My mom goes back to
drinking.

But these snakes ... they're biting me, or they're slithering
over me and I can't move. They're chasing me or they're
surrounding me. And I've looked into it, into
interpretation books for some metaphysical meaning.

All I can see is: it's a warning.

The next morning ... it's something awful, in real life.

Lately ... I've been dreaming of the snakes again.

I Am Dreaming Of The Snakes Again

I started readin' 'bout philosophy
Diggin' horoscopes
Engaging in phlebotomy
My arms wrapped in ropes (*How bad could it be?*)
Discussing all the positives
In between the strokes (*How bad could it be?*)
Of digging down into my veins
An overstimulated bloke

'Cause it's time to enjoy
All the bad things
All of the the joy
Substance abuse brings

Cause I've been dreaming of the snakes again
They're everywhere these days, it seems
They're everywhere these days
I cannot decide where to begin
'Cause eventually, we all give up
We all give in

So sick of trying to digest the news
Shocking footage of the speeches
And atrocities
People so verbose
For causes and calamities
That just leave me cold
The rantings and the ravings of
Modern-Day Rousseaus

So it's time to enjoy
All the wrong things
All of the the joy
Self-deprecation brings
I am dreaming of vampires again

It's like a bad B movie scene
Stake in the heart, you'll die
Bloody necks, a crucifix I need
But eventually they'll all gang up
I'll be done in

I am dreaming of your face again
The nightmares make me wake in screams
The things I've done, I'll die
Scorn and suffering you give
The fight I've fought, you win

JASON addresses JOANIE.

JASON

Damn, I didn't know you got high.

JOANIE

Almost every day. (hits joint)
You want some?

JASON

I mean, if you're offering... (shares joint)
So what other kinda stuff are you into? Not just drugs,
y'know? (laughs awkwardly)

JOANIE

I don't know...I think fashion is pretty cool. I read a lot,
too.

JASON

No way, I read too! That's so cool.

(Long pause as they share joint.)

So do you like...wanna make your own clothes? Or just like...work with fashion?

JOANIE

I don't know. I don't really like a lot of people, so I guess if I could make clothes, and sell them, and I didn't have to talk to anyone, that's a job I could definitely do.

JASON

I hear that, man ... people are fucked up.

So like ... my mom used to work at this clothing store, and she just stopped going one day, I guess. They called a few times looking for her, but I just told them she was busy and couldn't come to the phone.

JOANIE

That's kinda sad, though. Was she just totally miserable? Did she just really hate it?

JASON

I don't really know, y'know? We just, I guess ... watched a lot of movies growing up, so I never really got to ask her what, like, she REALLY wanted to do.

JOANIE

My mom thinks I'm just anti-social. I just think I'm normal, and everybody else is fucked up.

JOANIE holds up joint.

Hey, speaking of which...you wanna finish this and go watch a movie or something?

JASON

Yeah, definitely.

EXIT Lights.

ENTER stage lights.

JASON and JOANIE sit on a couch. JASON is dumping a bag of white power out on the table in front of them.

JOANIE

I like you, Jason.

JASON

I like you too, Joanie. But like ... why?

JOANIE

Why, what?

JASON

Why do you like me? I'm nobody special. I'm not important or cool or anything.

JOANIE

I like you...

JOANIE pauses to prepare lines of white power on table.

I like you ... because you do the things bad people do.

*JOANIE snorts line. JOANIE and JASON kiss.
Lights fade to black.*

Dichotomy of Character

I can't make up my mind
I'm just ready to pace a
Hole into the floor
I've not seen daylight
In some time
Never mind
I might seem like Daffy Duck
When he's electrocuted
'Cause I'm of two minds lately
One dangerous, one at bay
One eager to display
One caught in its dismay
Someone once asked me what I do
I get drunk
I do drugs
And fucking hate you
But now I think
I could be a New Day Jay
And maybe learn to tolerate
...nah.

Enter JOANIE.

JOANIE

Hey Jay ... why don't you come to bed? You've been going hard on that stuff for days.

JASON

Yeah ... maybe in a little bit.

JASON stands, paces for a moment, then sits down and dumps out baggie. JOANIE pauses, sighs, EXIT.

JASON pauses, longingly looks after her. Leans back into the table and begins cutting himself another line.

Stages goes to black.

CELL PHONE VOICE

You have ONE. New Message. First message:

(Overdub of JOANIE'S voice on phone message. Her voice is shaky and agitated.)

JOANIE

Hey Jenn? Yeah, hey ... it's Joanie. Hey, listen ... sorry I missed you. I hope all's well and you're good. And I'm sorry, I'm really sorry ... but you need to cut off Jay. He's using every day and it's getting worse and worse. I don't mean to put this on you, but I don't know what else to do. So if you could just cut him off, and let him clean up for a bit, I think that'd be really cool of you. I'm sorry, I don't mean to tell you your business, but I really think he's gonna hurt himself. I'm just really worried. Hey, I'm sorry ... please don't be mad but he needs help, and I don't know what else to do. So please cut him off.

(long pause)

I'm sorry. Okay, I'll talk to you later.

Lights fade.

(END OF ACT 1)

ACT 2

CELL PHONE VOICE

You have ONE. New Message. First message:

Overdub of JASON'S voice on phone. He is shaky and agitated.

JASON

Hey man...yo, so I don't know what's happening but like, Joanie's really, really mad at me. We were having...y'know, a really great time, and it was ... man, it was really fun, but like ... then she just snapped and was like, telling me to get out and stuff, and I don't know what happened. I'm really fucking depressed right now.

I don't know, man...I guess I'm just really fucked up right now. I'm really fucking depressed, man. Maybe it'll be cool in a little while, but like ... can you call me back? 'Cause I'm really fucked up right now.

(Long pause. Gentle breathing.)

Yo, call me back.

Lights up.

SCENE THREE - Jenn's Apartment

Enter JENN, JASON, JERRY. JASON and JERRY are sitting on the couch, preparing needles. JENN is passed out on the couch.

Dilated Eyes

JERRY (sings to JENN's unconscious body)

I only have dilated eyes for you
I see through the red
I only see blue
Of my veins when I prick myself
I know it's bad for my health
But I'm just a prick, myself
And what's good for your health
Is my prick.

I only shed inebriated blood for you
My agony's red
But your ecstasy blew my mind
And that's not all
And by the way, can we score some ecstasy?

'cause I swallowed all my pride
That time that you swallowed
And also I'll follow you everywhere
It's all I can do
I'm so thrilled that I found you
Now give me another thrill
You send chills down my back
Now could you hurry back with some pills?

I only have dilated eyes for you
Now please, let's get back
To what we most like to do
'Cause mostly I like doing
But also being with you.

*JENN wakes up. Notices JERRY and JASON preparing needles
and freaks out.*

JENN

What the *fuuuuck*?! I told you assholes, so fuckin' many times. NO needles in my place. Stop that shit RIGHT now.

Black and Blue

JENN

I am gonna stab somebody
I am gonna kill someone
If any more of you mother fuckers
Puts another needle in your arms
And digs around until you're
Black and blue
And red all over

I am gonna choke a bitch
with my bare hands
I am gonna knife-slice with no refrain
If any other mother fuckers
pokes around all day till they find a vein
Until they're black
And blue
And red all over

JENN

That's IT. Get the FUCK out. Get the FUCK out right now!
Both of you! GET THE FUCK OUT!

*JENN picks up gun off the table while JASON AND JERRY
gather drug paraphernalia and quickly EXIT.*

Lights fade to black.

SCENE FOUR - Jason's Apartment

JASON sitting alone. Drug paraphernalia is in front of him on the table. He stares blankly forward at nothing. A spot of blood sits in the crook of his arm.

Enter JOANIE. She observes Jason with a painful expression. Sings.

I Will Not Beg

JOANIE

Dress your demons in the finest of clothes
And be sure that you powder up inside your nose

'Cause of your demons will come out to greet you
And all of their evils will rise up to meet you
They'll sit on your shoulders, both sides to mislead you

So when all the night blends in with the next day
To shed off your skin, know your fears won't allay

So think on your sins, how aware you commit them
And see how they ripple out into your victims
Your friends won't believe that you cannot remit them

So why do you think that the oceans would part
If you came to me and asked "can we start over?"

So closet your monsters as best as you can
The depths of depravity found in this man

From under the bed the ghosts reach out to teach you
The fears they've inspired will seek to beseech you
And no one is left when their presences leave you

So why do you think that the oceans would part
If you came to me and asked "can we start over?"

I will not beg for you
I will not plead for you
I will not get down and grovel on my knees for you
Let's be done with this fine mess
Let's leave all the past left behind us
With all the unkindness

I won't trust anyone now
That's nobody's fault but my own

JOANIE sits next to JASON.

JOANIE
Jason ... can we talk?

JASON
Yeah... okay, cool.

Stares blankly, straight ahead.

What's up?

JOANIE
Could we just hang out tonight? Just you and me? Could
you come down a bit and we could spend some time together?

JASON pauses. Sinks to his knees on the floor.

JASON
Yeah ... yeah we can. Aren't you mad at me, though? You
took all your stuff and left, then you came back. What's
happening?

JOANIE

You need help. I want to help you. I just don't know how.

JOANIE begins to softly cry. JASON rests his head on her knee.

JASON

Just be with me, y'know? I don't wanna be alone.

JOANIE

That's all I want, too.

Come To Me (Duet)

JASON/JOANIE

Come to me
With all of your faults in line
With all of those words you've heard
They're the same as mine

Come to me
Innocent and pure
Though we're neither/nor
From everything we've endured

Come and be sure
That you won't ever change
Your words, your mind, your aim
Our lives were meant to be
Aligned, one day
So come to me
Please come to me
Please come to me

Lights fade. JASON steps away from JOANIE and sings.

I Don't Wanna Get High Anymore

JASON

I don't wanna get high anymore
don't wanna kiss the sky anymore
I wanna have something to give
When my doorbell rings

don't wanna be alone anymore
don't wanna keep checking my phone anymore
I wanna see your gaze soften
And often, please

Give me some hope, anymore
'Cause I'm not feeling in control anymore
I can't believe in what's in store, anymore
All alone at home and stoned anymore
I need you to console me some more
'Cause I'm not in control anymore
I'm not in control

I don't wanna stay inside anymore
Feel like I won't survive anymore
Cause I am gonna fight valiantly
Through the struggle, you'll see

I just wanna see your smile evermore
I'll carry you to bed, forevermore
Maybe we could be what we need
Ever after, happily

Give me some hope, anymore
'Cause I'm not feeling in control anymore
can't believe in what's in store, anymore
All alone at home and stoned anymore
I need you to console me some more
'Cause I'm not in control anymore

Can't believe what's in store, anymore
All alone at home and cold forevermore
I'm not in control

I don't wanna die anymore
Get high until I never will come down
Maybe one day, you'll see me
coming home from the liquor store anymore
'Cause I'm not in control anymore
'Cause I'm not in control anymore
I'm not in control

Give me some hope
'Cause I'm in control
Can't believe in what's in store

*JASON approaches JOANIE and embraces her. JOANIE wipes her
eyes.*

JOANIE
Do you wanna watch a movie, maybe?

JASON pauses, turns toward the table full of paraphernalia.

JASON
Yeah ... you got any rigs?

*JASON sits down and begins to prepare another needle.
JOANIE pauses, turns and EXEUNT.*

JASON uses again. Sings.

Everything Is Beautiful In The Dark

JASON

All of my friends
They were friends 'till the end
'till the end came before I could leave
And Mom and Dad did their best
The best is all anyone can do
All anyone can receive
But days become dark
Then become light again
The clock seems to have tricks up his sleeve
And out from the walls
All the roaches, they crawl
And I'll kill them, but I'd rather leave

So I open my mouth
And the bile pours out
I just want it to stop
'Cause I can't even shout
It's clear to me now
That I'm needing some reprieve
I am needing someone
Yeah, I am in need

So next I have no one
To call to my aid
No one seems to care about what I need
It's selfish, I know
Because you told me so
You and said this is your fault, your misdeed
And all the self-loathing
It swims to the surface
And grows from my pores like a weed
So I could build up a fence
So the grass could be greener
But it would turn yellow, my proximity's feed

So I open my head
And my brain will slide out
And the sight and the sound
will destroy any doubt
That the best thing is nothing
But silence and violence
And guidance inflicted for free

It's not all that often
I claim victory
And I don't think now
Is applicable either
So let's keep this storybook
Closed on our knee
The people who'd read it
Would think something's not quite right
Quite right about me

So I open my arms
And the blood will pour out
Multiple wounds
Life it flows up and out of them
This was the best
For the rest
For the outcome
The choice of the voices
That flow up and out
When I open my head
And I open my mouth
Nothing good comes along
Introduces itself
So instead of forlorn leanings
Well-intentioned meanings
Please excuse me while I go and fuck myself

*JASON sits back down on the couch. Begins to prepare
another needle. Notices gun, picks up gun from table.
Considers it in his hand.*

Lights fade.

GUNSHOT with extended delay.

EXEUNT.