PUSSY SLUDGE

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Pussy Sludge
Characters
Pussy Sledge
Rachel
Courtney
Sebastian
RJ
Becca
Josephine
Adam
A woman who does not yet call herself Pussy Sludge (but who soon will) comes home from work, corporate formalwear, spiritually tired. Getting more comfortable, she’s in just a big tee shirt in front of her mirror. The sounds of a highway not too far off. She is practicing being wonderful.

Pussy Sludge Me? I’m not.

She turns her back on the mirror and spins around, trying to seduce the mirror, getting freaky with it but in a way that doesn’t turn the mirror on. She knows the mirror is mostly like, “Please don’t hurt me.”


She suddenly raises her hackles and barks like a huge, rabid dog.

Play room mix.

“Because the Night” comes on. If she were someone else she’d be smoking pot right now. For a brief moment, she furiously masturbates just because she likes the song so much, and it launches her into a dance.

The song splinters. The light splinters. She loses time. Two years. We watch her fall into oblivion:

Her apartment becomes a swamp on a moonless night. Vines wrap and twine and sludge is everywhere. The song ends to thick and total darkness, the sounds of the swamp, croaks and creaks and buzzing.

She hit rock bottom, and never bounced back.

An electric lantern in the darkness swings around. The sound of feet making their way into the swamp. The woman who is now Pussy Sludge is masturbating furiously in the dark.

Pussy Sludge Is someone there? Please don’t scare me. Tell me you’re there.

Rachel squelches into the swamp, unseen. Shines a light on Pussy Sludge’s face.