

"So, I Killed a Few People..." was first produced by The Annoyance on March 3, 1997, at The Annoyance Theatre, Chicago, with the following cast:

Archie Nunn David Summers
Voice of Cop Mark Sutton

Directed by: Gary Ruderman
Production Design: Gary Ruderman

The New York premiere of "So, I Killed a Few People..." was on August 20, 1998, at The Piano Store, part of the New York International Fringe Festival (John Clancy, Artistic Director, Elena K. Holy, Producing Director) with the same cast and credits as above.

Additional productions have been at the Cable Car Theater, San Francisco; and at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland. The cast and credits have been as above, except in some cases the Voice of Cop was provided by Joe Dempsey.

Martin Sutherland produced "So, I Killed a Few People..." at the 1999 Edinburgh Fringe Festival and at RiverSide Studios in London, England, and throughout the United Kingdom beginning in February 2000 with the original cast and director.

COP SIDE 1

(In the black. We hear the voices...)

(TAPE #1.)

COP: HEY... HEY... don't fall asleep on me now Archie...

(Single spotlight fades up on ARCHIE sitting at a table staring at a tape recorder.)

COP: We're gonna go over this until we hear what we want... let's talk about that girl in Tallahassee... you know who I'm talking about... the blond... pretty wasn't she Archie... you like the pretty ones don't you... did you get off on it Archie... did your little prick do a dance when you cut her throat... did you get a rush when you cut out her eyes... don't try to yank me you sick bastard... you did her didn't you?!... didn't you...

ARCHIE: *(Pause.)* Alright... yeah... I did her... can I get a Sprite?

(Sounds of ARCHIE getting slapped around. ARCHIE shuts off the tape recorder.)

(Pause.)

ARCHIE: I had to take a shit during my mother's funeral... and while I'm sitting there... I look over and see my Aunt Joan, who's wearing a sleeveless formal dress... and I can see part... of the side... of her right breast.

This is my earliest memory.

I think.

(Lights up full. Stage is set with an institutional table and chair. Stage right is an easel with large white notecards. The first one is blank. On the table is a legal notepad and a tape recorder. Under the easel is a large ceramic pig.)

To be truthful, I remember this mostly because that's the first question I get asked

by all the head shrinkers in here... "Now tell me about your earliest memory Archie." Friendly fellows those doctors are... apparently before the State fries my ass they want to get to know me as best they can...

You see, after I'm dead, and my soul goes up there to hang out with Jesus Christ our lord and savior... these doctors down here are going to slice and dice my brain... they are going to crack open my cranium... take out my brain... cut it into little pieces... university-trained doctors will study my brain... they'll study it all day... a whole team of doctors dedicated to finding out what part of my brain made me slice open a mother of two in Cincinnati... all in the name of science, of course... they'll sit around at lunch and brag... "we're really close to isolating the cell that forced Archie to cut the ears off that priest in Gainesville... pass the tartar sauce."

Curious mothers these doctors are... as part of their academic regimen, they must take classes in asking all sorts of pointless questions... except for this one doctor who gave me a physical... he's more the "turn your head and cough" kinda guy... he looked a lot like the guy who played Laverne's dad... now he didn't say nothing... he just touched my sac—for a little too long—patted me on my ass, and then told me to "pull'm up"... I guess in medical school, if you're not too inquisitive they send you to the scrotal classes...

what makes me tick... hmmm...

(Single downlight on ARCHIE as he screams.)

So there I was guttin' the skulls of those kids on that school bus so I could fuck'm in their eye sockets easier and...

(Back to full lights.)

COP SIDE 2

Bruce... as written by Justice Souter—Justice David Souter, who by the way, is a fifty-year-old single mama's boy and as close to the profile of a serial killer as anyone that's ever sat on the court...

He wrote that I was entitled to perform my life's story as an expression of my free speech rights and was a valid request that the State had to honor... the only stipulation was that I could not use the real names of any of the victims because, even though they were dead, I'd be violating their right to privacy... apparently killing them was one thing, but I'd be in real trouble if I was going to violate their right to privacy... I should also mention that the personal comments from the reluctant justices ranged from Rehnquist's "morally repugnant..." to Scalia's "scuvozo—in famginia!!"... (that right there... that was one of them lies)

So here I am... one week to the fryer... You don't have to be a psychic friend to know that in six days... when I walk into that room back there, I'm not coming out alive. The great State of Florida has written my final chapter... to put it a little more colorfully, I am going to be toast. I'm going to be as fried as an egg... Wait... I wrote a bunch of these down... (*Picks up pad and flips page and reads.*)

I'm going to be as hot as a whore's ass on the pavement...

My insides are going to be as smoked as... a whore's ass with a cigar in it... My bowels are going to explode like... a whore's ass on the Fourth of July...

My brain's going to be as burnt out as... as a whore's ass that was really burnt out... burnt out!

"Bob, we know he's gonna fry, but I want

to hear about the killing and the blood and the gore."

(*ARCHIE sits down and presses "Play" on the tape recorder.*)

(*TAPE #2.*)

(*Sound of slurping soda can be heard.*)

COP: June 6 Archie... 9:00 pm where were you Archie?

ARCHIE: Nine?

COP: Yeah... don't fuck with me... Where were you?... you were in Ocala weren't you?

ARCHIE: So

COP: And at 9:00 pm on June 6 you took an eight-inch hunting knife and stuck it in the ear of a Mexican busboy getting off from work didn't you? Didn't you?

ARCHIE: What day of the week was that?

COP: Saturday

ARCHIE: No... that one wasn't me...

COP: Come on you freak... you asked him in Spanish if he could help you and when he followed you back to your car... you grabbed him by the nuts, twisted his scrotum... took the knife and stabbed him in both eyes and left the knife in his ear...

ARCHIE: That wasn't me... I can prove it... I was watching the Carol Burnett show that night...

COP: What?... That's bullshit Archie

ARCHIE: I never miss that show... she's a real talent... This is the truth this time...

COP: I don't believe you... prove it...

ARCHIE: I can prove it I swear... It was a great show... it had... it had...

COP: Yeah Mr. Smart Guy... who were the guests?

ARCHIE: I think it was Steve and Eydie (*COP smacks ARCHIE.*)

COP: They were on almost every show you little cocksucker...

ARCHIE: Well... it was also the one episode the only one where...

COP: Yeah...

ARCHIE: The one where Harvey Korman started laughing in the middle of the scene and then Tim Conway did...

(*Sounds of ARCHIE getting slapped around...*)

(*ARCHIE shuts off recorder.*)

Orlando Florida is without a doubt a company town... like any village that sprang up around the mines in Appalachia... except instead of barrels of lard, the company store specializes in goofy T-shirts... "GOOFY" T-shirts... Disney runs that city with an iron fist.

I was born about thirty-four years ago, outside of the Jewish part of Atlanta, but when I was nine we moved to Orlando... my Dad worked for the company... he's an electrical engineer for Disney World... currently he's the head electrician for "Frontierland"... he's a nice guy my Dad is... always gets along with everyone... always ready with a smile, but kind of on the shy side... like Gary Cooper in a George Costanza body... kind of quiet...

I favor that in a person... these days it seems like everyone's got an opinion on anything and they walk around like everyone gives a shi... I wish they'd just shut up... you know what... if I ever got out

of here... through some grace of Jesus or the governor or even if I was bitten by some radioactive spider or something... when I got out and then if I found a big bag of money... I'd take that money and go buy me a Cadillac... loaded... and then I'd take any other money and I'd go to one of them novelty stores and... get me a bumper sticker made up for my car that says "Just Shut Up"...

I'm proud of my Dad... he's had a great career at Disney... he's been a pioneer actually... early on, he tried to make the "It's a Small World" ride less redundant... he was also the one who made Abraham Lincoln's head snap forward in the Ford Theatre exhibit at the Hall of Presidents... probably his greatest accomplishment however was that he was on the electrical task force that made Mr. Toad's Ride—"Wild"...

Now my mom was cut from some different drapery... she's dead now, but she was the opposite in almost every way... my mother was like a cross between... Maude, Alexis Carrington... and Otis from the Andy Griffith show... being happy to mom meant vodka martinis for breakfast lunch and dinner with bourbon snacks throughout the day... she was a social climber you'd say... she was always trying to climb the Disney ladder...

Like any anachronistic monarchy, Disney has its pecking order... nowadays at the top you have Mr. Eisner and the frozen head of Walt Disney... below them you have the executive branch... then there's those committed to Bette Midler's career... then you have the people that run the parks... then there's people like my Dad—who really run the parks—she wasn't happy being there on that level... below that you have various levels of com-

COP SIDE 3

petence down to the lowest rung of the ladder which is inhabited by the lowest of the low—the Characters... you know... the big-headed characters who roam the park are like the Untouchables in India... except with... you know... big heads...

Being a Disney brat... I had the run of the place... me and my best friend Charlie... my only friend really... he was a bit of an outcast because he only had half a forehead... we discovered that the people who played the Characters broke down into three categories—alcoholics, drug addicts, and ex-cons... They were pretty much segregated from the rest of the Disney population. They even had their own, "underground" bar—the "Big Head" they called it...

When I was about 10, I met these two old crack whores who were doing a stint as Chip 'n' Dale... they used to sneak me into the bar sometimes... that place was a freak show to rival that bar scene from Star Wars... apparently there was some rule that they could never be seen out of costume... so these Characters would just take their heads off while they got liquored up... during the summer the place really smelled... it was like a mixture of goats sweating and... mules sweating...

Sometimes Charlie and I would sneak up on a couple of these Characters passed out behind the bar and we'd stand about fifteen...

Oh yeah...

Let me tell you something about prison... I've been living in this cell here for ten years, and one time, a few years ago, I decided I wanted to measure this space... my home... so I asked for a ruler, but they wouldn't give me one—they figure every psycho in this place is like... McGyver...

they thought that I'd take the ruler and... maybe some hairs from my ass and blow my way outta here... so I devised my own standards of measurement... during one of my morning masturbation rituals I measured the size of my erect penis on a piece of paper and then I marked that around the room...

I live in a cell that is forty-two 'Archie-cocks' wide by twenty-six 'Archie-cocks' long... your average bed is about six 'Archie-cocks' off the ground... a bar of soap is 1.5 'Archie-cocks' long before you wash with it... Anyway...

So Charlie and I would stand about fifteen 'Archie-cocks' away and see who could piss in their eye holes... you gotta make your own fun as a kid.

I didn't stay in Florida my whole life... I ended up going to college in Vermont at... oh yeah, like the victim's names, by law I'm not allowed to say the name of the university... it appears that they don't want my endorsement... but I decided that I'd just substitute sitcom names... so I spent three years at the University of Different Strokes before I had my first "grown-up" killing...

"Finally honey... some blood and killing and gore!"

... but I'll save that for later...

I got my dream job working as a copywriter at an ad agency... It was incredibly exciting, but I got fired after a few months for taking my job too seriously... too seriously... from my point of view advertising is a very important part of society... and world peace... if you think about it, if Dr. Oppenheimer had to spend a lot of time wading through all the different breakfast cereal choices without the aid of

proper advertising... well, in my humble opinion we could all be eating strudel and sushi right now... anyway, I tried other agencies, but the same problem kept cropping up... admittedly this put me a little over the edge... I drifted... I killed... I drifted... I killed... Probably more drifting than killing...

I'll tell you this—I've been all over this country from Disney World to Disney Land... and I was a robot like all of you...

I used to watch the movies and the TV shows and buy the image... and there is no greater problem in our society today than the effect that Disney is having on our children.

I've boiled down the entire Disney credo to two messages:

One... all inanimate objects have the ability to sing...

and Two... if you're ugly, a cripple or a freak, good things will happen to you.

If you're the beast you'll find a beauty

If you're a hunchback, some gypsy woman with big cartoon tits will want to be your friend.

And if you're a dwarf, a beautiful woman will find you and your freakish friends even if you live in the middle of a fuckin forest.

When we were growing up, Charlie and I were the outcasts, but we didn't know it because we were able to walk around with big mouse ears and huge foam hands and think that was okay just because those motherfuckers at Disney said so...

Disney claims to be a friend of the family, but that's just part of the conspiracy... if Disney really wants to help little kids... if

they really want to help all little kids... they can show them movies and television shows that are more real... send them out a real message about life... and that is this:

If you're an ugly, crippled freak, here's what's going to happen to you:

Nothing.

People will hate you.

Mommies and Daddies don't like cripples.

Gargoyles won't be your friends.

You better live on an island.

Teachers are not going to call on you.

You're gonna get wedgied every damn day.

You're not going to the prom.

Colleges will reject you based on your looks.

You're not going to interview well.

Nobody will take your check.

Restaurants don't serve ugly people.

You'll never find a lover.

You should kill yourself.

You should kill those that don't like you.

One day these little kids are going to grow up and learn the realities of life and figure out all this shit and then they are going to snap... they're gonna lose it... and then BLAM!!!

DISNEY HAS CREATED MORE SERIAL KILLERS THAN THE ENTIRE STATE OF WISCONSIN!

(ARCHIE looks at ceramic pig on stage... shakes it out... sits down and turns on tape recorder.)

(TAPE #3.)

COP: June 11: Archie... we've got a vid-

COP SIDE 3 CONTINUED

eotape from the Waikiki Motor Lodge outside of Sarasota... Oh yeah we got your ugly mug solid... it's you checking in with a twenty-four-year-old girl... a redhead this time... nobody's ever gonna accuse you of being discriminating Archie... this is the same redhead who was found the next day with one hundred and fifty-two cuts on her body... you cut that girl didn't you Archie... you're the cutter...

ARCHIE: Alright already... Yeah ya got me... listen I'd like to get a copy of that tape...

(ARCHIE gets smacked around...)

COP: Don't fuck with me!... The clerk pegged you Archie... even though you registered under the name... "Schneider"...

ARCHIE: What's a matter? You don't like One Day at a Time?

(More sounds of ARCHIE getting smacked.)

(ARCHIE shuts off recorder.)

Yeah... I used to go to motels and register under assumed names... I'll tell you why... it's amazing how stupid people are... I'd go under the name J.R. Ewing or Freddie Prinze or... one time I even signed in as Edith Bunker... in his defense, this pimply-faced clerk did at least consider the name and said, "Welcome to the United States"... you see he thought I was a foreigner and... oh fuck it... here's what I loved... The possibility that I'd get caught... and no matter how it all shook out; the initial report would read something like... "Sally Struthers Slaughters Secretary" or "Jerry Mathers Smothers Mother of Twins"... that's the "Beaver"... oh you get the picture...

One of the first questions I get from the schoolchildren that regularly come and

visit me... keep up folks, that there's a lie... let's just say that a frequent question for us death row inmates is "What the fuck do you do all day?"

(ARCHIE goes to sign cards on easel and flips to the next one which says, WHAT THE FUCK I DO ALL DAY.)

I'll give you the rundown... There's a buzzer that goes off about 6:00 am every day (6:30 on Sundays) to wake all of us on the row up... Now I'm not crying about the early reveille, it's just that when you start to realize that you're going to be dead soon... you definitely want to sleep in...

But I really don't mind... I've always been an early riser... I've got this morning ritual you see... It dates back to my time in advertising... I'll tell you... when I was in the business, there's nothing I wanted more than to come up with just the right phrase... in just the right ad... something that would spark recognition in anyone that heard it... now I'll tell you a secret— an absolute truth...

I didn't give a shit about the product... nobody cares about the product... hell they use the same image to sell beer and douche bags... the product's not the thing—it's the goddamn words... that's what we do it for... it's all a big ego trip... I wanted to write the catch phrase that would sweep the nation... everyone would be saying it... around the water cooler... around the house... at school... something teenagers would think is cool... all you have to do is slip it into everyday language through the newspapers and television... celebrities start turning the phrase on talk shows... language schools for immigrants would start using it in their classrooms to teach English... bumper stick-

ers... T-shirts... mugs... desk top calendars... maybe... just maybe my all-consuming catch phrase would inspire a sitcom!... "Top o' the world Ma"!!

(ARCHIE goes into workout, mixing exercises while spouting advertising slogans.)

PLOP PLOP FIZZ FIZZ

I'D LIKE TO BUY THE WORLD A COKE

HOW DO YOU HANDLE A HUNGRY MAN?—MANHANDLER!

HOLD THE PICKLE, HOLD THE...

G.E.—WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE!

Whew... so that's my morning ritual... it used to pump me up when I was in the business, but now I just use it keep me sane... (oh yeah, they all think you're sane Archie)

After that... it's breakfast... now I don't get to eat with all the other murderers... I get breakfast delivered to my cell... by an entire SWAT team... I should mention that the only reason I'm not shackled to this desk right now is that there's an entire SWAT team of sharpshooters with guns trained on this stage... Oh you can't see them, but they're there alright... anyway... first they knock on the door and then they yell "Assume the position!"... and by that they mean get in the standard "they're coming in to deliver breakfast position"... they make me stand about twelve 'Archie-cocks' away from the door and do this *(Does position.)*... it's all part of the systematic humiliation I go through in here... They don't even want to leave open the possibility that I might overwhelm all twelve of them... So there I am... I get my food delivered on a metal

tray that's screwed down to a block of wood that is bolted to a concrete slab... leaving no chance that I'll "McGyver'm" with the tray...

I should also mention that they're kind of pissed off at me... the guards... And especially the cooks don't like me... You see, about five years ago when I saw how this thing was going along, I filed a special lawsuit petitioning to get kosher meals... much better food... an unusual request because there aren't a lot of Jews on death row... you figure that one... the main obstacle to this approval was not being of the Hebrew faith, but I've got a pretty smart lawyer who successfully argued that I was a born-again Jew... and that I had even gone so far as to get circumcised in order to prove my devotion to keeping the faith... this led to a lot of nasty remarks from guards and inmates... But fuck'm... I still love Jesus, but I'm eating like a kosher king...

After breakfast I've got my morning appointment with the doctors... the head shrinkers I talked to you about before... like I said they are really trying to figure me out... you see with all the killing I've done, I never left any recognizable pattern... and boy do they hate that!...

They need answers... so they keep trying to find out why I did what I did... at first—years ago... I decided to be real snotty and condescending towards them... Then I realized that wasn't as much fun... Now I tell them what they want to know... only every day I change my answer... I see the same doctor every day and he'll ask me... let's say... what kind of women am I attracted to... and one day I'll say... Mary Richards... and then the next day he'd ask me the same question and I'd say... Rhoda Morgenstern... you see how I fuck with'm!

COP SIDE 4

"coffee-table" book... another woman wrote me that by analyzing photos of me she was able to determine the size of my package... in her scientific opinion, mine is larger than Bundy's, but smaller than Manson's... apparently that freak is hung like a Nazi horse... enough talk about your cock Archie

I do try to answer all my mail... just to be polite... One thing I've been thinking about lately... you know with my impending demise and all... is who I should write my last letter to... the very last letter I'll ever write before I die...

They always make such a big deal about the last meal and the last words thing—it even gets listed in the articles after someone fries... But I've been thinking about the other last things...

what's the last book I'm going to read...

what's the last movie I'm going to see...

what's the last image that's going to go through my mind the last time I masturbate...

what's the last TV show I'm going to watch—will it be a rerun...

when's the last time that I'm going to sneeze or belch or fart or pick my nose—I was thinking that I'd wait until I'm in the chamber there, before they strap me in and then I do all of them at once...

Now I do know when the last time I'm going to the bathroom is because... you see, when you get jolted you lose control over your bowels so... since they don't want to clean that up they make you wear a diaper in the chair—a further example of their systematic humiliation I say...

A diaper... First thing they put me in when I came into this world and the last

thing I'll be in when I go out... I'll tell you a little secret... I didn't want to feel uncomfortable there... you know on my last day... so I wanted to get some practice and I made a request and... well to be truthful... I'm wearing a diaper right now... and it feels sort of...

(ARCHIE wriggles around a little bit... smiles...)

So after lunch with my SWAT team buddies, I'll usually nap for awhile, masturbate, and then... oh then it's Miller Time, so to speak... That's when myself and the other guys get to watch television—three hours a day—maximum... hell, I'll take what I can get...

Of course, I don't have much choice in my viewing... the TV is not in my cell... it's out in a common area where we can all watch it... me, Larry, Steve, and Leslie... now here's something to take home with you... in case you had any preconceptions... you've probably realized by now that I favor the situation comedy... I'm comforted by their attempts to show a view of society that maybe some of us don't always see... a supposedly gay guy who lives with two girls... that's damn funny...

But before you start pegging all of us like this let me tell you... Larry, the arsonist... he loves those cooking shows... not just for the fire, although I'm sure that's a turn-on, but he's fascinated by what he calls the "fabulous dishes"... Steve, exploding all myths of white trash intelligentsia, almost masturbates when he watches truck pulls and moto-cross races... and Big Leslie is a fan of the documentaries of Ken Burns... The Civil War... The West... Baseball... "too much Bob Costas" Leslie told me once... now that pushed a button with me—you can never have too

much Bob Costas!... Leslie claims that Ken Burns interviewed *him* for a documentary called Circus... a twenty-seven part look at the "front and back of the American side show"... Don't worry... we won't be wastin' any more time on that almost-midget!

I guess I'm glad that we all favor different aspects of television—yet another example of what I've declared all along—television is the single unifier of peoples everywhere. I'm not the most flamboyant of killers, but thanks to television, people all across the country know me and my work...

My work... while it's nice bein' famous and all... I wish I'd become known for my writing... I should mention that my creativity hasn't entirely disappeared... besides writing this show, I have given one last stab at a catch phrase... Actually, I thought of this awhile ago, and I used it a couple of times as I was killing some people, but then of course, I was killing the only person who had heard it... not one of my better ideas... but here goes...

"You do the math!"

Yeah... that's mine—I wrote that! Oh maybe you heard it around, but I'm the one who came up with it. It is an all-purpose catch phrase.

I think it can be used in a lot of different situations...

Beer commercials...

"Joe, if you're going out can you get me some Miller Lite? How much?..."

You do the math!"

Car commercials....

"Joe, I want a car that will look cool and get me the mileage I need... what do I

want to pay?...

You do the math!"

Douche bag commercials...

"Joe, it's simple, odorless, and no fuss...

You do the math!"

I hope you'll all consider this when you leave here... and that is that I'd appreciate it if you would spread this phrase around... use it in conversation... tell people you heard it from me... That's what I'd really like to be famous for...

"Here lies Archie Nunn 1964–1998... You do the math!"

I know... I'm bad... I've got such a big ego...

After TV it's lights out on Death Row... although that's not a phrase we use readily...

(ARCHIE sits down and hits tape recorder again.)

(TAPE #4.)

COP: That'll do it Archie... You're going down... no doubt about it... we've got the death penalty here smart guy... and I'd bet my balls that you're gonna fry... they are going to fry your ass like bacon... my only regret is that I can't be the one to flip the switch... like bacon Archie... sizzling bacon... "Archie Bacon" they'll call you... first—ZAP! 10,000 volts through that sick head of yours and then you'll sizzle... *(COP starts making sizzling sounds... and then more sounds of the electric chair.)*... Zap sizzle die... THEY'RE GONNA FRY YOUR ASS!

(ARCHIE shuts off tape recorder and flips over sign on easel that says, HOW THEY'RE GONNA FRY MY ASS.)

I want to smell when I die... I'm not talk-