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Cabaret Desire

By Erika Lust

Hello and welcome to Cabaret Desire.
It is my immense pleasure
to offer each and every one of you a
very special evening
full of passion
live music
dance
and erotic readings...
Our poets will seduce and delight you
with tales of intimate erotica
evocative imagery and much more...
In exchange for a symbolic token,
they will undress their souls
and reveal their most provocative persona,
for your ears only.
Tonight, they are all for sale!
Please choose whoever entices you
and above all, enjoy the show!
- Hi - how are you?
- Are you well? - H'm.
- Good... - It's your first time here?
Yeah, it's my first time
Excellent!
Do you have my payment?
- H'm, this? - Yes.
- Ok? - Thanks.
I'm tired of having to define myself.
Sweet or savory, black or white,
friend or lover, man or woman,
dominating or submissive,
saint or whore.
Fuck everything having to be labeled and classified.
It all started last spring,
when Alex and Alex
showed up a few days apart at my bar.
I don't usually get involved with clients,
but as fate would have it
I really liked both of them
opposite sexes but with the same name!
Perhaps that is precisely what turned me on.
After eavesdropping for a while,
I introduced myself and
between one drink and another
I served up my infallible specialty

the Kalashnikov.
Call it plain mischief
or just "playing the game",
but the truth is
that little shot of vodka
with lemon, coffee and sugar
got them more than a little bit excited.
It was incredible how well we got on
and what great conversations we had.
It was getting late,
but I wanted to make sure the night would go on further.
Finally, it ended with an exchange of phone numbers
emails, facebook...
we were getting it on
no doubt.
Obviously we made another date,
but this time during daylight hours,
a sure sign that things were getting serious.
I loved the simultaneous relationship with my two Alexes
so easy to repeat scenarios and moments.
One thing led to another
and as you can imagine
we ended up having an affair.
And it was good
damn good
Two lovers,
two flavors,
two smells.
This intensity lasted for months
But all good things must come to an end.
At least that's what they say.
Jealousy reared its ugly head.
And the fact that they both had the same name
only made matters worse.
They both started to ask me uncomfortable questions,
and began to stop by unannounced at the bar,
or at my other regular spots.
Spontaneity! They said.
Controlling, I thought.
In the end, what had to happen
happened.
One afternoon there we were,
the three of us
nothing to say one another.

If instead of real life this was a French indie film,
the three of us would have ended up fucking
and living happily ever after as a trio.
And though that proposal did cross my mind,
I finally decided that it was far better to keep my mouth shut.
The fight, if you can call it that
was very civilized.
Both Alexes were in agreement about one thing:
Neither wanted things to continue as is.
So, I had to choose between them:
"Are you gay or straight?"
they asked me!
"Make up your damn mind Sofia".
They gave me a few days to think it over
how generous!
Meanwhile, they both decided
without consulting me
that I couldn't meet up with either of them.
"Time to reflect" they called it.
So, I did just that.
What they failed to understand is that
if you put too much pressure on Sofia,
she's out.
You lose.
Now my new love is this beauty.
Which, by the way
I have named
Alex.
- Hello - Hello
Will you tell us a story?
I'd love to.
- How much will that cost? - Two chips.
Thank you, what's your name?
My name is Tania.
Tennessee.
- Pleasure. - Mine. And you?
I'm Juan.
Nice to meet you, Juan.
Are you ready?
No one, man or woman,
ever fucked with my mother.
She was the most progressive, refined,
libertine and sensual woman
any one had ever seen.

Her family left her a small inheritance
and she used it to become the youngest
and most brilliant art historian in the country.
She was a real revolutionary,
everything about her, from the way she dressed,
to her paintings
and her decision to become a single mother
went against the grain, and she knew it.
Her decision to have me alone
showed her conviction to the counter culture.
Everything I know came from her,
my extensive knowledge of modern art,
my love of chamber music,
my ability to tell a true Faberge Egg
from a forgery in about 5 seconds,
the writing of Anais Nin and D.H. Lawrence,
to name a few.
And the simple fact that I was regularly eating,
savoring really,
fine beluga caviar before my tenth birthday.
I owe it all to her.
Having her, as a mother was fascinating,
almost delirious at times.
My life was nothing like my friends'.
For one thing, I never knew my father.
There were never any men around.
She was so discrete, almost secretive.
She was the kind of person who rarely spoke.
She always used to say,
"You have two ears, but just one mouth for a reason."
"You should speak half as much as you listen."
Her penchant for silence was far from accidental.
It wasn't just that she was a private person.
My mother had a lot to keep quiet about.
In fact, her livelihood depended on
our ability to keep our mouths shut.
Few people ever knew about it,
but my mother was a thief.
Not a common burglar though,
she didn't knock off banks, or pick pockets
or break into rich people's houses.
She was an art thief.
She stole one-of-a-kind pieces
from deco jewelry

to paintings from the Renaissance and the Modernists.
And she especially loved incredibly old
first editions from her favorite authors.
There was nothing she couldn't find and acquire,
Her intelligence,
and her training in art history,
made her the best there ever was.
If she wanted something,
it was hers.
There was one thing that made her a legend.
She never spoke of it,
but it's said that Interpol nearly had her once,
but the detective handling the case fell in love
and they had an affair before she vanished.
There were always rumors about important men,
the Director of the Louvre,
a famous art restorer at the Prado,
private collectors.
Curiously enough,
they all ended with something incredibly valuable missing.
And more often than not,
it wasn't even reported to the police.
But of all her adventures,
there was one that she considered her masterpiece.
One story that she told with more vigor,
pride and excitement than all the others.
She called it her "best work".
And it was funny because
it was never clear just what she had stolen
or what made it so special.
All I really know about that particular,
and in her words "ambitious" caper is the mark:
Karl Razmann.
The famous novelist and playwright
who revolutionized the entire world
with his experimental works on sexuality, seduction
and equality of the sexes.
She had all of his work.
It comprised almost one-fourth of her extensive library.
She often spoke of him, in fact.
And always with the most sincere
and profound intellectual admiration.
I would listen intently
trying so hard not to ask questions.

But always asking too many
and causing her to snap out of it
and change the subject.
I was always suspicious
that it was more than just a simple robbery.
Especially after Razmann wrote a best-selling novel
whose protagonist mysteriously resembled my mother.
But neither the novel, nor my mother ever revealed exactly
what precious object she stole from him that day.
Of course,
in the end I figured it out.
After years of stalking around the house
looking for some hidden object
it finally came to me.
There wasn't any mysterious treasure hiding around the corner.
As it turned out, the thing she stole,
her greatest work
was me.
Hello! I'm so pleased to introduce you to Simone,
One of our most exciting poets.
Please sit down.
- Please. - Three?
I always thought that when I turned 30,
I'd be an adult,
living the life I'd always fantasized about.
The one that was created when we were little girls.
A beautiful home,
two kids, a dog,
a fulfilling career,
a handsome and adoring husband.
It's funny how life plays its course.
Our white picket fantasies that seem so clear as little girls,
change and transform
as we become more who we truly are.
As the years pass by,
my best friends and I have lived through many things together.
Made little pacts to support and pique our every desire.
Every birthday has become a sort of
showcase of sexual playthings.
A few days ago I turned 30.
And have to confess
I was intensely curious to know what mischief
my friends had dreamed up for me this year.
Amongst giggles and champagne

and that perfect easiness you have with best friends,
And now the present.
they pulled out an envelope.
Inside was a card with a phone number on it.
That's it.
Call this number at 6pm on Friday,
was all they said.
Lips were sealed.
However, after a few glasses of champagne
Patrick did let it slip
that the other end of this phone line
was not completely unknown,
that by 30, we should all finally get over ourselves
and become more ballsy.
Friday I was a mushy mess of excitement and nervousness.
But I called.
A male voice said:
I'll pick you up at in an hour.
Be ready.
Don't make me wait.
Who was that?
Damn, he had a sexy voice.
But the main question was:
What the hell was I supposed to wear
if I didn't know where I was going
or with whom.
Six outfit changes later
and I opt for sexy.

When in doubt:

but with a tinge of femininity.
I was just about to lose myself in a little fantasy
when the doorbell rang,
jolting me into reality
and causing me to go all
weak-kneed and school girlish again.
A black motorcycle,
a blindfold,
a hard bodied man.
And oh yes, my friends know me oh too well.
I tried to conceal the fact that I was so wet.
I practically was sliding off the seat.
But the bike's vibration wasn't helping this.
I think the driver could feel my legs trembling,

pressed against his hips.
The ride could have been 5 minutes or 30,
I couldn't gauge.
But by the time we arrived
and he told me to go inside
I was practically dizzy with anticipation.
This has to be some sort of elaborate ruse.
I'll go in
and all my friends will be there for my surprise party!
I hope they invited the guy on the motorcycle.
If he looks half as good as he felt, I'd be happy.
Ok.
A surprise party with scantily clad angels or what?
My friends do know that I've always been curious about that.
And Patrick did say
that I needed to become more daring.
A bed
in the clouds.
Ok, where are the angels?
This is strange.
Did I go into the wrong room?
Am I early for my own party?
Or am I just imagining that I'm seeing
the silhouette of a gorgeous man or what?
Matisse.
Please tell me this is not a dream!
How did they manage to convince him?
I've been on to him for months.
The only man sexy enough to paralyze me.
Literally!
And as if all this wasn't wild enough,
he actually leans in and whispers to me:
now we can finally sweat together.
Now I can finally taste that sweat of yours.
I know you've been watching me sweat.
Now I want to make you sweat.
God, he tastes better than I could ever imagine.
Did those bastards pay for him?
Or how in the world did they lure him here?
Anyway
lucky me!
30, yes!
Here's to being 30!
I'm going to tell you a story.

But first...

After 15 minutes of walking in high heels
that were too high and too new,
her feet were killing her.

God, I am so uncomfortable!

And this dress is too short.

These shoes are ridiculous.

I don't feel right.

Do I really have to try so hard to impress?

Couldn't I just have worn something more me?

A teenage. That's what I look like.

Someone who is dumb enough to go on a date
riding bicycle in this heat
wearing a suit no less.

Shit, I'm nervous.

Ok.

What we had was good.

oof, damn good.

But, it's not going to go anywhere.

It was just amazing sex
for a few days over a year ago.

And that's it.

And ... he is so
not my type.

Older than me, divorced with a kid.

Oh, such a bad idea.

Oh! Why the hell did I say yes?

What I'm doing?

What do we even get to talk about?

It's been over a year since we've seen each other.

I don't even know where to start.

Man, why do I always complicate my life like this?

I can't even remember how old she is.

Maybe I should just buy one of those cupcakes
and eat it alone and skip the date.

Problem solved.

We just locked ourselves in that apartment for three days straight
and went for it.

And for the life of me

I just can't remember the first thing about her.

That's pathetic.

Oof, damn.

What should I do?

What am I doing?

What if he doesn't want anything serious?
What if I don't want a relationship right now?
Or ...
what if I do?
I don't know. I just ...
This restaurant is rank.
Why didn't I just decide
to hit that amazing sushi joint right by my place?
So here I am.
Trying to make a good impression
with this ridiculous outfit and a tie.
Nice going!
You gotta chill, man.
Please, just try to have a good time.
And be yourself, right?
Oh man, I always arrive first.
Just what I was hoping wouldn't happen.
Oh, this guy is going to show up, right?
Now that would be the icing on the cake.
Let me tell you.
Come on!
Great!
Just what I needed.
A flat fucking tire.
Another glass?
H'm, sure! Why not?
At least I'll be in a good mood when he arrives.
Or depending on how long he takes.
Stumbling drunk.
And now of course I'm going to be late.
Such an idiot!
Gosh! Not even a message, nothing!
He's not coming. You'll see.
Typical me. Always messing things up.
Well, I'm polishing off a bottle of Champagne
all alone.
Great!
Ok.
That's enough. I'm going.
This guy is making such a fool out of me.
I look fucking hot.
And I'm going to call Marie to go out.
I'm going to the bathroom.
And I'm so outta here.

She's not here.
She didn't come?
Or she came and she left.
Shit! I lost her again
for the second time.
You know that moment on the terrace,
I was a tangled mess.
It was all so smooth.
And we were so comfortable.
We were great together.
And I felt something.
That was the moment to speak.
Just say something. Anything!
Like ...
Stay, be with me.
I want you.
I ...
but I just sat there.
I ate.
and kept my mouth shut.
I didn't say a word.
Nothing.
Way to go, man.
Way to go. All wrong!
Dammit, when will I learn!