

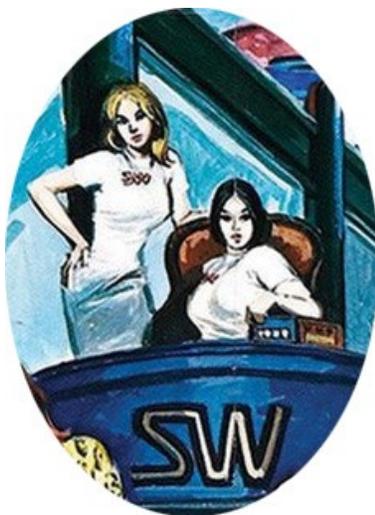
Sex World

(a brief song)
GO ON A SPREE
Sex World
All you desire
We have for hire

-- Berry Lipman

*Why work on Sex World?
For the money, man.*

Tavis Stiker got a Barista 'Bucks job on Sex World. From the start he felt like he'd tripped over the side of a cliff and had forever since been tumbling down never hitting ground. No Water splash. No disintegration in a cloud of flesh and dust. There was flesh, sure. That's all he saw down free fall.



-- The
welcome
party at
SW

Have Rocket Will

Enter:

(Shuttle Staff Script)

Our shuttle to Sex World is 3 hours. Many of our travelers are blindfolded mid-flight. We regret to inform you that we cannot allow passengers to be handcuffed, hogtied, or otherwise restrained during this flight for safety reasons. Please do not misinterpret this as SW uprightness. SW bodily embrace all forms of consensual BDSM. The bathrooms on the right are for our mile-high copulators. To the left are our vanilla washrooms. Rest assured, all bathrooms are cleaned extensively every quarter of an hour. Drinks, food, interactive entertainment? Don't hesitate to ask shuttle staff. But ask civilly. There's coffee, tea, but no me on these flights.

(The shuttle staff breezing the aisles passing out landing cards, asking fliers their names + erotics they desired)

Some Customer Vibrations (né Desires) --

"I need someone with gotta have big balls. I need them balls big."

"--And the scenario's called Grandma's Baked Cookies and I'm wandering through the woods--"

"And these two ladies they like want me, right? Like that's possible for two ladies to want me?"

We're now touch down. SWer's go on a spree. Your wild-est fantasy.



definitely for ADULTS!



On Sex World:

Ladies, Gentlemen catcalling each other all over congested clothing-optional streets. People pushing, bumping, poking, tweaking, grabbing, touching. An orgy just to buy some milk around here. Sidewalks three squares wide with trees lined, always full green bloom, real green leaves. Forget cars. Only wheels were Bikes, push scooters, roller skates (not roller blades, please people, we got to have our fetishes clean not tacky). No skateboards though! Those

graphic-flesh-caused-accidents were too explicit.



AT 'BUCKS

Dandruff on Tavis' shoulders (his scalp problem growing worse with age). He hovered by the espresso machine. The 'Bucks he works for having a full on Fashion Show launch party. "See you in Paris," yelled one of the fashionistas. "Definitely see you in Paris," said a guy with buzz cut, neon backpack wearing, black jeans. Bright red jackets, cameras on sticks, oranges touques with fuzzy red balls at their tips, dark suits worn by women, men, Full length Mickey Mouse coats, a dog, shirts that say Truth. While Cameras roamed all Space within earshot, mouthshot, secondshot. Bright colours. Global fashion. Tavis Stiker, knowing no one, in love with the sight of all these young women and men who crowded the designer, a 70 year old man, who gracefully behaved as if he knew everyone.

Tavis, split/shift, goes to the movies.

Cumming Attractions

but first...

Ad: Car full speed down mountain roads, driver naked, looks at the camera, "full throttle is the only way to exist. When passions are high I drive it Turbo."

Tavis finds the size of the screen overbearing.

Trailer 1: 2 men get their heads lopped off immediately. (Tavis looks away. I

might have to leave. Looks back at the screen). A massive space ship, hurtling at Earth, dwarfing it. The ship's captain, the Pitt actor, and one of his real life exes, making it in the cockpit. (Tavis' stomach lurches. He can't stop the inevitable crash.) Ship hits Earth. Tsunamis ensue. The landscape bodies full. (Tavis wondering *How is this any world? I can't even pay my daily living expenses.*)

Title scrolls: **InThePenis Day Too!**
Summer 20XXX.

Trailer 2: A cartoon. Happy deers and piglets. (*This is more like it.*) Then cars swerving. A cow gets into stripping to pay the rent. Mixed marriages booted. (Tavis now beads of sweat. *Can't breath. Got to leave.*)

Title in blazing light: **Old McCrackle's Farm.**

(Tavis leaves. Tripping on couples in beige rain jackets. Runs out of theatre while pimply Darleen and aged Morris behind the concession stand ask if they should butter his corn. Euphemisms, once cherished, part of his new horrorshow.)



The Mark

When an actor hits their mark it means stepping into, staying, in the right place on stage, in front of the camera, while the action plays out around them. A man of 31, Tavis, not acting, cameras gone (unless CCTV count? They don't!), hitting his mark means being at the 'Bucks on time, clocking in at the right minute, green apron tied, shoes polished, balls shaved (part of the uniform!), wearing nothing else. Hitting his mark meant planting in front of cash, in front of espresso machine, and dealing with the active, moving, multi-mooded lineup that flowed entrance, to stay, to go, exit, repeat. Never a bow. Maybe a ten cent tip.

Work a distraction from debt. Picking up paper coffee cups off tables. Making, serving, coffees. Sighs of the line-ups out the door. No fluffers to keep the customers occupied. This was a 'Bucks not some sleazy Cocoa Bones. Sex World 'Bucks were franchise unified. And, let's be real here, who

didn't love a franchise in uniform! That's how the SW 'Bucks throated its competition. (Throated? Not throated! THWARTED! Sleaze getting into the hinges around here!)

Tavis' favourite customer

She called herself Kylie. Wore Wigs. Always bought filter coffees (was the cheapest). If she could afford 'em she bought cappuccinos. She lived on SW. She was 26. Played 18. Blond hair, usually unwashed. Part of her image she insisted. A round face with genuine smile. Genuine meant something in a world where everything was short skirts, torn shirts, loud graphic conversations, fake-you-name-it bodies, boasting always. Kylie'd stop by 'Bucks just to wave at Tavis. She made movies mostly.

KLYIE

Dude, I wish movies. I do clips. Record goes then we do. 25 minutes. 120 minutes. No editing. No camera moving. Fill time in with as many positions as we can. Like I hear people say 'it is what it is' a lot...I'll tell you what it is: LFT. Labour. Fucking. Intensive. No one giving a shit about the cramp in your leg. And don't tap out during rough stuff. You can, you should, but word moves fast around here. Can't handle rough then lose money. There's so much of us product willing to do anything -- same everywhere, right? But that's what I got to contend with, man. Girls so blazed they can take whatever's thrown in them. But that's cool. That's their product. I have mine. Me. My product. Until I figure out what's next.

Kylie was the only one who asked Tavis how his shuttle trip was. She told him that his coffees were getting better. "You're starting to get it." She projected out, lightly punching someone's arm, high-fiving, announcing once, "Apes don't use the stems to peel bananas they pinch the other end. Works better. Means we all open bananas wrong!"

Kylie was energy out. She always had energy to give. Tavis took whatever light bursts he could catch. Greed. Having nothing himself to return. But listening. Watching and listening.

Job Experience

On your feet, moving. Shifts are meant to be 8 hours, supposed to be, supposed to be, but someone is always late or never coming back or a bit too stoned to start right away, *Tavis-man*. Tavis' schedule was like get two shifts in a row at night, 2:30 pm to midnight, then three in a row starting at 4 am, which meant on the shuttle home from the night shift and back to work some hours later he was taking the shuttle with the same pilots. Why even go home? Why not just sleep in one of those bed pods that lined the streets and parks? Because he didn't know where those pods had been. Plus Tavis liked the ritual of going home. A person finishes their job for the day and

their reward was leaving, of stepping through their front door. Sure, right and okay, Tavis got home, took a shower, shaved, ate a sandwich, fast fast, always moving, packing for the next day as he was unpacking from today (a version of why put off tomorrow that meant there was never tomorrow just a loop of today with only an amount deposited at the end of the month that was always slightly different then last month's depending on how many extra, or fewer, hours he did).

And now...the job!

Coffees, fraps, toasting sandwiches, checking cafe to make sure tables were free, chasing off the sexed-ups who were going a lil too far (because come on no one wants to be taking a bite out of their croque Monsieur (pig et cheddar) and see some inches or digits slipping in at the table beside them). Tavis shooed them on out. "Use our grande pod. Sorry, Vente is occupied." Constantly mopping, disinfecting, cleaning all surfaces.

A health inspector inspects

HEALTH INSPECTOR

And what do we have here? Eh? Fresh drops of semen?
Ah-ha?

(tastes it)

No, vanilla syrup. But if it was man-spunk, I'da have to shutter ya. You get me? Because--oh, ho, bitches! What do I find beside the espresso machine? We got a pair of crotchless panties behind the-- Ah, custom made dish towels. Nice touch.

Eventually Lily disappeared.

(Tavis learned everyone evaporated down on Sex World)

KYLIE

We disappear all the time. No we don't get murdered. Though that happens. The lifestyle's gets us. I work with girls rubbing coke everywhere before getting to it. Everybody I know smokes weed all the time to deal with injuries. SW life there's no pacing. How many girls and boys get here and try and cram as much as they can in the first month. The money's so good. Got to chase that money. But cram and scam doesn't work. Never has. Cram and scam always leads to complete blow outs. That's why I'm so happy when I see you working. You're my grounding face when you're around. Here, right now, we got to make a deal that you won't leave before I do. I get to get off SW before you. Deal? Shake? Yes! You made my

day. I can't be the last one here. You don't mind turning off the lights on SW? That's awesome, dude, totally awesome.

Perverse Gazing

Gazing a 24/7 activity.
Eyeballs on alert,

searching,
working
absorbing
judging
lusting.

Gazing the leer leading to (possible) jeer maybe sneer whenever anything passing me by. Gazing past time like the good old days of parading on the promenade, parasols twirling. Or the muscle cars driving in circles before cooling at the drive-in for heavy petting. Except gazing, see gazing, the purpose of the stare, the ogle, it's vulgarity, it's check him/her out, it's sizing up. Desire? No. Lust. Lust with cartoon animated bulging eyeballs attached to eye stalks projectile zooming. Gazing is hope and need. Gazing arrogantly believing that the gaze will be returned. The gaze needing acknowledged gaze. Say gaze for gaze. Gaze begat gaze. Gaze in need of gaze so that gaze can feel secure in its gazeness. Go home gazing, pat its gaze on the back, or other gazers can high five that gaze saying, "good gaze, bro." Gaze before hoes? Gaze just wants gaze. Gaze needs gaze. Desperate need. As the seventy year old man drinking an Americano forlornly said to Tavis, "When I look at women now I realise that they don't even look back at me." The old man not realising that all his life that he'd been gazing he'd chasing a feeling, fearing a feeling, and 9/10s of the time lying to himself that they were looking at him at all.

Cinno (a Tavis co-worker)

CINNO

The parties I'm invited to are private occasions. Only special invitations emailed out. They're in places in the city you don't know. And the host, always older men, you never meet them. They walk around at the corners like spiders. They hide in shadows watching us. There's no food. Only drink. Usually it goes that there's a bunch

of us and one guy. One slave. Maybe two slaves. Is it recorded? I don't care. I stay not too long. The longer it goes someone always gets hurt. And that's not why I'm there. I want to enjoy myself. But these young guys...they don't care. They're in it for the drugs as much as the sex. The longer it goes the drunker they all are. And that's why someone always gets hurt.

Typeset in WankScript.

Images are taken from an original 1978 Sex World poster. Any similarities between Tavis Stiker's Sex World and the Anthony Spinelli production of Sex World is purely homage.

