

THE STUDIO  
THIS IS ALIVE

WITH

THE SOUND

OF LOSERS

*The performance class is ready to kick out sex obsessed party maniac GASH as her priorities are not in order and she's been in the performance class for 25 years. After their professor being fired, the students of the painting class are depressed and disheveled by the excessive regulations from their landlord, 95-year-old FRAU SCHÖNE. Their paintings have grown bland and dull. FRAU SCHÖNE has kept them disciplined with sever control, and threatens to kick them out if they don't make good enough work. Constantly going back and forth to her second home in New Jersey, FRAU SCHÖNE need's a new professor to help look after the painting class. THE PERFORMANCE PROFESSOR, knowing FRAU SCHÖNE from the past 80's disco scene in Vienna, hears about the position and punishes GASH by forcing her to take it. But how will the painters get along with a performance artist as an assistant...*

## *CAST*

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

GASH

PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 1

PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 2

PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 3

PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 4

PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS

FRAU SCHÖNE

BASH

CASH

MASH

RASH

HASH

LASH

TASH

Written by Charlotte Gash

## PRELUDE

*GASH is on her  
way to class,  
singing to  
herself on the  
train*

***\*GASH\****

*\*My studio is alive with the sound of losers  
Making works that I might hate for years and years  
My studio warms my heart with the sound of losers  
Being a loser has shed all of my fears*

*Not caring I've only had 2 hours of sleep  
I can barley open my eyes  
Last night was so embarrassing I could weep  
But the studio makes me high!*

*To laugh at the work when it falls over  
failing all the way  
Even though I go out every night  
Off the partying you cant make me stay*

*But I go to the studio when my heart is lonely  
It gives me more joy then being a bit of a whore  
I am happy I am blessed with being a loser  
Being a loser I'm not sad anymore\**

*after the song  
GASH checks where  
she has to get of  
and realizes  
she's missed her  
stop*

## CHAPTER ONE: PANIC

*GASH is late for  
the performance  
class meeting.  
The other members  
of the class are  
getting stressed  
that she doesn't  
take her position  
in the class  
seriously*

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 1**

She's always late!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 2**

She's never here!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 3**

We can't keep waiting for her forever!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 4**

She's always going out!

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

CALM DOWN! We cant just kick her out that's not the performance  
class way!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 1**

But she makes us look bad!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 2**

She's always talking about men!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 3**

She's making us look like bad feminists!

**PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBER 4**

She's drinking all the time!

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

GIRLS AND BOYS! I will find a solution, but it cant be that bad..

*The PERFORMANCE  
CLASS MEMBERS  
gather round the  
PROFESSOR OF  
PERFORMANCE CLASS*

and start to sing  
"WHAT WILL WE DO  
NOW WITH GASH?!"

**\*THE PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBERS 1+2\***

*\*She hangs with men and dances with them*

*Her dress has got a tear*

*She struts her way down the street*

*And throws up on the stair*

*And underneath her pants*

*She has curls everywhere*

*I even heard her giving head at a party*

*She's always late for class*

*But her penitence is real*

*She's always late for everything*

*Except for sexual deals*

*I hate to have to say it*

*But I very firmly feel*

*GASH'S not an asset to the class*

*I'd like to say a word in her behalf*

*GASH makes me laugh!*

**\*ALL THE PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBERS\***

*How do you solve a problem like GASH?*

*How do you catch a slut and pin her down?*

*How do you find a word that means GASH?*

*A scarlet women! A willy wisher! A tart!*

*Many a thing you know you'd like to tell her*

*Many a thing she just won't understand*

*But how do you make her stay*

*And listen to all you say*

*How do you give a whore a bed ban?*

*Oh, how do you solve a problem like GASH?*

*How do you stop the partying on demand?*

**\*THE PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBERS 3+4\***

*When I'm with her I'm confused*

*Out of focus and bemused*

*And I never know exactly where I am*

*Unpredictable as weather*

*She's as flirty as ever  
She's a nuisance! She's a demon! She's a tramp!  
She'd stay out for days on end  
Get caught drink driving once again  
She could throw up on the street and continue out  
She is silly! She is wild!  
She's a riddle! She's a child!  
She's a headache! She's so hopeless!  
She's 45!*

**\*ALL THE PERFORMANCE CLASS MEMBERS\***  
*How do you solve a problem like GASH?  
How do you catch a slut and pin her down?  
How do you find a word that means GASH?  
A scarlet women! A willy wisher! A tart!  
Many a thing you know you'd like to tell her  
Many a thing she just won't understand  
But how do you make her stay  
And listen to all you say  
How do you give a whore a bed ban?  
Oh, how do you solve a problem like GASH?  
How do you stop the partying on demand?\**

*After the song  
GASH comes  
running into the  
class*

**GASH**

*Oh my goodness I'm so sorry I'm late I couldn't wake up because  
the guy I took home was snoring all night and my vagina was so  
itchy from the shaving and then I ran out of tampons...*

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

*GASH! My office...NOW!*

*The other  
PERFORMANCE CLASS  
MEMBERS leave.  
GASH takes a seat  
at the desk of  
PROFESSOR OF  
PERFORMANCE CLASS*

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

Now, you my girl, have not been taking your duties in the performance class seriously!

**GASH**

Oh no please don't kick me out! I know I'm never here and always late but...

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

I'm not kicking you out! But, we have a reputation to uphold, and your attitude needs a strong re-shuffling. As punishment for your incessant drinking and partying with god knows how many men, I have an arrangement for you. The painting class needs a new professor, the old one...lets just say, he was forced to go. Vicious dog, but great arms...

**GASH**

PAINTING! No please, not the painters!

**PROFESSOR OF PERFORMANCE CLASS**

Yes! My old collogue FRAU SCHÖNE, blast from the past, has recently told me of her troubles with this hopeless bunch. They're so sad after their professor left, poor things. She can't handle them on her own anymore! So I've put you forward, you start tomorrow. You've been here long enough, 25 years at the school! I think you and the painters could learn a lot from each other. You, discipline, from the partying and obsessed sexual desire, and them, well...lets see. Now, be gone!

*GASH leaves the  
room crying*



## CHAPTER TWO: THE ARRIVAL

*GASH approaches  
the painting  
studio. As she  
enters, FRAU  
SCHÖNE greets her*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YOU'VE ARRIVED LOOKING LIKE THAT!

**GASH**

Well yes...I don't really own painting clothes you see I'm a performance...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

THIS WONT DO. DO NOT DISOBEY FRAU SCHÖNE

*FRAU SCHÖNE walks  
slowly round GASH*

**GASH**

I have to say...I didn't think...well my professor said you were colleges in the 80's..?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YES. I am a little older then she is, but I still PARTIED HARD.  
Maybe that's why she sent you, to show you IT DOESN'T LAST  
FOREVER! Now...YOU LIKE PAINTING?!

**GASH**

Well, yes madam but...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

NO BUTS! PAINTING, my dear girl, IS THEIR LIFE. It's the only WORK THAT SELLS. And I need them to sell; otherwise they're OUT ON THE STREETS. The only way they can afford my extortionate rent is by giving me the money they make for they're paintings. So they have to be good. And recently, they've been TERRIBLE! Haven't made a dime. Poor Frau Schöne, I always try and help, and now I need money for my heart surgery...and THIS IS HOW THEY REPAY ME! By making BAD PAINTINGS

**GASH**

Then why do you rent it to them still?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Well, YOU TELL ME where I can find such fine young men to walk around my buildings all day everyday! Apart from the builders..but I'm too old to keep breaking things deliberately...

*GASH looks at  
FRAU SCHÖNE with  
a confused  
expression*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I've been renting it to them since their studio burnt down. Such a shame, if only they listened to my suggestion of the flame retardant bins. But they didn't. I only tried to teach them a little lesson...but no-one listened to me...no one listens to FRAU SCHÖNE...but just you wait...yes, just wait..

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
continues  
mumbling to  
herself and looks  
into the  
distance. GASH  
looks at FRAU  
SCHÖNE with a  
shocked look*

**GASH**

You mean...the fire was arson..by..

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I SAID NOTHING OF THE SORT, STUPID WOMEN! Now,  
HERE IS YOUR WHISTLE!

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
passes GASH a  
whistle*

**GASH**

My whistle..?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YES! TO TALK TO THE PAINTERS WITH! THEY ONLY RESPOND TO WHISTLE!  
It's how I taught my good son's Brian's new Thai bride how to do  
the chores in our New Jersey home

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
smiles to herself  
comfortingly*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

NOW! BRING DOWN THE PAINTERS!

*FRAU SCHÖNE*  
*starts blowing*  
*her whistle, and*  
*one by one the*  
*painters come out*  
*from behind the*  
*backdrops and*  
*line up in a*  
*straight line in*  
*front of GASH*

**GASH**

Oh goodness...they didn't tell me you had such tall glasses of  
water in the class...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YOU CANT SLEEP WITH THE STUDENTS! If they wont sleep with me,  
they wont sleep with anyone...

**GASH**

Do you always use a whistle to address your students? It seems  
awfully irritating...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YES! YOU HAVE PROBLEM WITH WHISTLE??!!!!!!

*FRAU SCHÖNE gets*  
*up in GASH's face*  
*and shakes her*  
*stick at her*

**GASH**

Yes! I think it's unnecessary! They're painters, not dogs

*GASH winks at the*  
*male painters*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

YOU'RE UNNECESSARY! NOW! INTRODUCE YOURSELVES!

*FRAU SCHÖNE Blows*  
*whistle sharply*  
*and bash steps*  
*forward`*

**BASH**

I'M AXEL! I'M A PAINTER! AND I DON'T NEED ANOTHER PROFESSOR!

**GASH**

Well, I'm glad you say this, we will just have to be very good friends then...

*FRAU SCHÖNE hits  
GASH on her legs,  
and blows her  
whistle again and  
CASH steps  
forward*

**CASH**

I'M ANDY, IM A PAINTER, AND GOOD LUCK, I'M IMPOSSIBLE!

**GASH**

Oh good heavens, who could have possibly told you you're impossible? You look perfectly lovely to me...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

ME! HE NEVER GIVES ITS UP!

*FRAU SCHÖNE blows  
hEs whistle and  
MASH steps  
forward*

**MASH**

I'M HASH!

*RASH steps  
forward as well*

**RASH**

He's not HASH, he's MASH, and they're both painters. I'm RASH, and I'm a painter too, and I think your dress is the ugliest thing I've ever seen

*HASH steps  
forward as well  
and addresses  
RASH. MASH  
continues to face  
forward smiling*

**HASH**

Hey! You can't say that Sigrid!

**RASH**

WHAT? Don't you think its UGLY

**HASH**

Of course, but you say it behind her back, not to her face! I'm Kjeld, and I'm the best painter there is! I'm INCORRIGIBLE!

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

AHHHH STOP! THIS STOPS NOW! SHUT UP! BACK IN LINE!

*FRAU SCHÖNE waves  
her stick at them  
to get back in  
line*

**HASH**

Excuse me, what does incorrigible mean???

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

It means SHUT THE FUCK UP! NEXT!

*FRAU SCHÖNE blows  
her whistle  
again. LASH walks  
forward*

**LASH**

Hallo I'm Johanna I'm a painter too, and I'm gonna be so famous  
I'll be your professor one day..

**GASH**

What..?

**LASH**

And I'll have so much money, and buy so many houses..

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

These young ones, they know NOTHING!

*LASH walks back  
to her position  
smiling. FRAU  
SCHÖNE blows the  
whistle again.  
TASH steps  
forward but  
doesn't say  
anything*

**GASH**

And...you are?

*TASH looks at  
GASH desperately*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

This ones called TASH. This one doesn't speak, she's performing a vow of silence until she sells a painting. It's tradition, I started it, every new student gets the same treatment

**GASH**

Are you kidding?!

*TASH nods*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

It's the only way they understand the market!

*GASH looks  
appalled*

**GASH**

Gosh, well we would never even DREAM of doing such a thing in the Performance Class...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU NEVER SELL ANYTHING! HAHAHAHA! So you'd be silent for LIFE!!

*GASH looks pissed  
off whilst FRAU  
SCHÖNE laughs so  
hard and starts  
coughing and  
choking*

**GASH**

Why don't you act it out what you do for me TASH

*TASH nods and  
acts out painting*

**GASH**

Ah, wonderful so you're also a painter, and you like...painting?

*TASH nods and  
smiles, and  
looses her  
balance*

**GASH**

...and you are...you like...are you drunk?!

*TASH shakes her  
head, and then  
starts nodding  
and crying*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Yes, it's a habit some of the new ones pick up; not being able to speak can be rather lonely. Can sometimes go on for weeks, months...but no matter, they quickly kick the habit

*TASH nods and  
tries to smile,  
and goes back to  
her position*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Right well I'm going to leave you with these losers, I'm off to bed. My Brian is sleeping with me now since my respirator keeps falling off at night, blasted thing. And his snoring is just awful

*GASH pulls a  
slightly  
disgusted face*

**GASH**

You could try rolling him over..?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

You don't think I've thought of that already, you fucking idiot! Unfortunately, I cant, I'm not strong enough, he's rather fat. In America, they even use the word obese. He loves his pies...

*FRAU SCHÖNE turns  
to leave. GASH  
blows her whistle  
at her.  
FRAU SCHÖNE turns  
sharply and  
glares at GASH*

**GASH**

I was just checking it worked on you as well...

*FRAU SCHÖNE walks  
back and smacks  
GASH round the  
face, and then  
leaves. GASH  
turns to the  
painters*

**GASH**

Well, I think we're all going to be great friends! Hopefully some better than others...

*GASH looks again  
at the boys in  
the class, and  
winks. They pull  
a disgusted face*

**GASH**

I don't really know anything about painting, and I'm actually younger than some of you...in fact I don't know what I'm doing here, apart from its to stop me from going out so much. But I'm here to help. Now, who needs help first...

*GASH winks at the  
boys, who still  
look  
uncomfortable,  
and HASH is  
almost sick. RASH  
brings a chair  
for GASH to sit  
on. GASH sits  
down on the chair*

**GASH**

AHHHHH WHAT THE...!!!!

*GASH screams as  
the chair is  
covered in red  
paint. GASH  
stands up and  
it's all over her  
bum. All the  
painters start to  
madly laugh*

**GASH**

Assholes...it's going to be harder than I thought...



## CHAPTER THREE: OLD AND WISE

*CASH, HASH and  
BASH are sitting  
in their studio  
having dinner.  
GASH comes in and  
tries to talk  
with the young  
men*

**GASH**

So, how old are all of you

**CASH**

mid 20's, 30's,

**GASH**

Oh perfect...I like them young...

*GASH sits closer  
to the boys. CASH  
moves away*

**GASH**

And do you have girlfriends

**CASH**

No

**BASH**

Not really

**HASH**

I do but its long distance so I'm a free agent

**GASH**

Splendid...

*GASH starts  
taking of her  
jumper*

**HASH**

FIRSTLY! That is not allowed! You must not try and sleep with  
any of us

**GASH**

What? Come on I'm just taking of my jumper...

**HASH**

No! Stop! It's against the rules! And you will be fired and will be a loser forever! And secondly, wait...what was I saying...

**CASH**

She's not hot enough? Ha ha ha

**HASH**

Ah! Yes thank you A-dog! Even if we wanted to sleep with you, you'd have to be hotter, your outfit sucks ha ha ha

**GASH**

Well, its very hard you know I have all this sexual energy and I don't know where to put it

**BASH**

Well, you have to try harder

**GASH**

I don't think I can!

**BASH**

Hey, listen now. I think we guys have to teach you a lesson about some certain things...

*The guys get up  
and surround GASH  
and start to sing  
"WE ARE MEN"*

**\*HASH\***

*You wait, silly girl, for knowledge to come  
but your attitude is all wrong  
Your life, silly girl, is an empty page  
That you don't know how to write on  
To write oooooooooon...*

**\*ALL\***

*You are 45 going on 46  
Lady, you're at the brink  
Better beware, we cant be everywhere  
But we'll try and tell you what to think  
You are 45 going on 46  
Trust us, we're kind of old  
Eager young lads with big wieners  
we'll make your mind far more bold!*

**\*BASH\***

*Totally unprepared are you  
did I mention, that WE ARE MEN*

Loud and rash and impulsive are you  
you should be writing this down, here's a pen!  
We use rationality and reason  
let us tell you what to do  
I am 28 going on 29  
We'll take care of you

**\*ALL\***

You are 45 going on 46  
you're obviously very naive  
Fellows you meet might tell you you're sweet  
And willingly you believe  
We are almost going on 30  
Trust us, we're aware of those  
Bachelor dandies, drinkers of brandies  
They'll talk to anyone they know blows

**\*CASH\***

Totally unprepared are you  
Did I mention, that WE ARE MEN  
Let me explain the art world again  
And bitcoin and the dollar and yen  
You need a man that's old and wise  
Telling you what to say  
You are 45 going on 46  
Listen to us, and obey!

After the sing  
HASH CASH and  
BASH high five  
and hug each  
other in  
congratulations.  
GASH just sits in  
bemusement and  
puts her jumper  
back on

## CHAPTER FOUR: THE CONFESSION

*GASH is working  
in her studio  
when CASH comes  
running in*

**GASH**

ANDY! What ever is the matter?

**CASH**

It's my paintings! They're so dull, its like I've completely  
lost my sense of humor

**GASH**

But the song you sang to me yesterday made it seem like you men  
had it all figured out...?

**CASH**

Its lies, ALL LIES! I need help, we know nothing! Well not  
nothing, but facts, and history, navy songs and political  
agenda, but not how to love ourselves, or open up, or be  
sympathetic!

**GASH**

Goodness me! I had no idea...

*From offstage the  
sound of the main  
studio door opens*

**CASH**

Oh no! That's FRAU SCHÖNE! If she knows I'm here asking for  
advice she'll spank me again in front of everyone and they'll  
call me a pussy! I can't take it anymore. She's always trying to  
get me into closets and make me undress. Its just embarrassing.

**GASH**

Quick, hide under my desk! she'll never know you were here

*CASH gets under  
GASH'S desk just  
before FRAU  
SCHÖNE enters*

**GASH**

Oh hello FRAU SCHÖNE, what brings you to my office on this  
fine...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I'M OFF!

**GASH**

Off...what?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I'm off to New Jersey! I just popped in to get my whistle, Brian's bloody women needs it, she's not doing the dishes properly. Silly bitch.

*FRAU SCHÖNE picks  
up her whistle  
slowly*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Have you seen CASH...I wanted to give him a little kiss  
goodbye...

*GASH goes red,  
and moves over to  
the front of the  
desk to hide CASH*

**GASH**

Gosh, you know I'm not sure, can't say I've seen him...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Shame...boy doesn't know what he's missing...

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
leaves. CASH  
COMES OUT FROM  
UNDER THE DESK*

**CASH**

Please don't tell her I was here

**GASH**

I wont. But under one condition..

*CASH starts  
unbuckling his  
pants*

**CASH**

Ehh...okay, we can fuck. I guess you can start by giving me a  
blowjob..

*GASH gives him a  
slap*

**GASH**

No you idiot! At least not yet! I have a game I used to play in  
the performance class that might help you out of your slump

**CASH**

Sounds fucking lame

**GASH**

Well, good luck with your depression...

**CASH**

OKAY! Fine. What is it?

**GASH**

We pretend to be cats, and start meowing whatever comes to mind...

*As GASH gets on  
her hands and  
knees, TASH,  
RASH, and LASH  
come running into  
GASH'S office*

**GASH**

Girls! What on earth?

**TASH**

Were...um...scared

*TASH, RASH, and  
LASH look at GASH  
uncomfortably as  
she is on her  
hands and knees  
near CASH'S  
crotch*

**TASH**

But we can come back later

*GASH realizes her  
position and gets  
up*

**GASH**

No, no, we can continue this later. TASH! You're speaking!

**TASH**

I can't take it anymore, WE'RE GOING INSANE

**RASH**

We can't paint

**LASH**

We can't think of any ideas

**TASH**

We're just painting blank grey squares over and over and over again

**GASH**

Well, you're not alone, CASH just came in because he's also having mild painting depression

**CASH**

Lol that's not true GASH was trying to sleep with me!

*GASH looks at*

*CASH*

**GASH**

CASH..

**CASH**

Yeah, okay, I'm also stuck in a rut, and can't get out

**TASH**

*\*singing\**

*I JUST DON'T THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!*

*CASH turns to*

*TASH and looks  
annoyed*

**CASH**

That's not the right song

*RASH looks  
embarrassed.*

*HASH, BASH, MASH  
come running in*

**GASH**

What's going on...? Are you guys also bored of painting?

**BASH**

Ohh...OH MY GOD, no...obviously not...we just wanted...to, you know...check the girls were okay

**HASH**

Yeah we just followed them inside because...umm...

**MASH**

I just followed HASH!

*GASH looks at  
them funny*

**GASH**

MASH...

*MASH falls to the  
floor with his  
head in his hands*

**MASH**

GASH! I've forgotten what you need to make green!

**BASH**

Ah! Okay, we admit it. I'm so bored I used to use loads of color, and style, and now everything's so bland and gone to shit

**HASH**

I just keep painting myself crying in a lake with huge tits

**GASH**

Bloody hell, you guys need some life put back in you! I don't know much, or anything for that matter, about painting. But what I do know, is how to have a good time...

*GASH gets lots of  
packs of  
cigarettes and a  
huge pack of  
condoms out from  
her desk drawer*

**MASH**

Oh no! We're not allowed to drink or smoke or have sex, FRAU SCHÖNE's orders! We must paint till our fingers bleed and she can sell them so she can get heart surgery and pies for her son

**GASH**

Well MASH, I wouldn't worry because FRAU SCHÖNE has many, many different rental apartments, and, she isn't going to know

**MASH**

She isn't?!

**GASH**



This is all on me. I have lots of warm up games and movement exercises to get you feeling yourselves again, but for now...

*GASH gets out 3  
huge bottles of  
liquor fro her  
desk*

**GASH**

When I feel sad, or uninspired, I just surround myself with my favorite things, and then I don't feel..

*song starts to  
play, as GASH  
passes round  
glasses and  
starts singing  
"MY FAVORITE  
THINGS"*

**\*GASH\***

*Alcohol in bottles  
Speed and ketamine  
Tall skinny boys and slagging of Britain  
Cold cured meats and the beginning of flings  
These are a few of my favorite things*

*Smoking Blue Camel, Calvados and Gin  
Laughing and smiling  
And masturbating  
not getting caught stealing expensive cheese  
These are a few of my favorite things*

*Guys in tight trousers with a obvious outline  
Drinking nice rosé, white spritzer and red wine  
Having sex outside when it turns to spring  
These are a few of my favorite things*

*When Henzi bites  
When I get caught shoplifting  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad!*

**\*CASH\***

*Bukowski, Bernard, Houellebecq and Tolstoy*

**\*TASH\***

*Karaoke, documentaries and songs about cowboys*

**\*HASH\***

*Leberkase pepi with extra everything  
This is absolutely my favorite thing!*

**\*LASH\***

*Felt pens and boyfriends and girlfriends and my friends*

**\*MASH\***

*Music and Norway and HASHY till the end!*

**\*BASH\***

*Cooking with what regional and seasonal food brings  
This is of course of my favorite things*

**\*RASH\***

*Hot baths and perfume and sleeping in till noon  
Waking up only when I can see the moon*

**\*GASH\***

*Changing lyrics to songs and forcing my friends to sing  
This is by far my most favorite thing*

**\*ALL\***

*When the bar's close  
We're no longer kings  
When we're feeling sad  
We simply remember our favorite things  
And then I don't feel*

*SOOOOOOO BAAAAAAD!*

## CHAPTER FIVE: THE TROUBLE

*FRAU SCHÖNE comes  
back from New  
Jersey to find  
happiness has  
been restored to  
the painters.  
They are in their  
studio painting,  
dancing, singing,  
drawing, and in  
the corner GASH  
is teaching a  
movement  
workshop. FRAU  
SCHÖNE is  
horrified as she  
approaches GASH*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE!

**GASH**

Isn't it wonderful! They're all making work they enjoy!

*MASH comes  
bounding round  
the corner naked  
and CASH and RASH  
walk by  
practicing spoken  
word. FRAU SCHÖNE  
looks over to  
HASH making a  
house out of clay*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

IT'S HORRIBLE! YOU'RE CANCELLED!

**GASH**

Excuse me...?

*CASH hears and  
comes running  
over*

**CASH**

No, wait, FRAU SCHÖNE DON'T! We like GASH, we think she's chill.  
I mean as a professor she sucks, but let her stay

**HASH**

Yeah go on FRAU SCHÖNE, she brings us free food and booze

*FRAU SCHÖNE looks  
at GASH intensely  
and smacks her  
stick against her  
legs*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**  
IS THIS TRUE!

**GASH**  
Well...yes...

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
continues  
smacking*

**GASH**

But! actually since being the professor I haven't drank at all,  
or gone out that much, or had sex in a week. I've been too busy  
enjoying the work they've been...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**  
You idiot women! THIS WON'T SELL!

**GASH**

Yes but that's not most important thing! I mean obviously,  
otherwise I wouldn't be in the performance class...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**  
THIS ISN'T YOUR SILLY PERFORMANCE CLASS BULLSHIT GASH! This is  
the PAINTING CLASS! They actually sell work and MAKE ME MONEY!  
It's not about ENJOYING YOURSELF! IT'S A JOB!

**MASH**

But FRAU SCHÖNE, Gash has brought some techniques over from the  
performance class, like, I've learnt how to be a dog on demand,  
and trained my voice, that its okay to feel sad sometimes, and  
that you shouldn't give up doing what makes you happy, and that  
making work isn't only about selling, and its okay if you're a  
total failure...

**RASH**

Exactly! And that painting isn't everything, and that it's okay  
to be a loser sometimes

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

STOP TALKING! EH, I hate people, I ONLY LIKE ANIMALS! Animals do as I SAY and follow ORDERS!

**CASH**

I'm proud to be a loser

**HASH**

Non-losers are losers

**GASH**

FRAU SCHÖNE, you were making them feel like they couldn't fail by demanding too much, if you give them space to breath the better work will come. In the performance class we accept when work isn't perfect, or sellable. I think they feel like a loser sometimes, and that's OK! Everyone does! I feel like a loser all the time!

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

LOSERS!! I WONT HAVE LOSERS IN MY BUILDING! LOSERS MAKE BAD WORK. THEY ARE LOSERS, you idiot, they LOOSE! DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PROPERTIES I HAVE! I MUST SELL THE WORK THEY MAKE, I need bloody heart surgery! All I did was be nice and give you an expensive building to paint in which you can barley afford, and THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME! THIS WONT DO!

**GASH**

Now hold on a minuet...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

NO! I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN, YOU WOULD BRING YOUR LIGHT SPIRIT IN HERE AND DISTRACT MY PAINTERS BY TELLING THEM TO WORK WITH MEDIUMS THAT WONT SELL!

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
approaches the  
male painters*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Listen hotties, you have a week to prove me wrong, otherwise ill GET THE BUILDERS IN! I want a new bathroom anyway, Brian can't fit in this one, its to small...

**GASH**

What do you mean?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I MEAN, silly women, YOU'RE FIRED! And the painters have ONE WEEK OR THEY'RE OUT ON THE STREET. I've found a new professor anyway

*GASH looks  
horrified*

**GASH**

What! Who!

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Are you stupid!? I made a deal with your professor because you  
needed to stop partying! You could never be the professor!  
HAHAHAHA, you ARE SO STUPID!

*GASH looks like  
she might cry*

**GASH**

A deal...?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

SHE KNEW THIS WAS THE MOST DISCIPLINED CLASS! I'm not even the  
professor and LOOK AT THESE PAINTERS! Brian will be the new  
professor, he hasn't a clue about art but I put a good word in  
to the rector, my Brian loves his pies you see!

*FRAU SCHÖNE looks  
happy gazing into  
the distance*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

He will also be traveling a lot from New Jersey, so will hardly  
be here. Now, off with you miss GASH, please never come back,  
you exhaust me

*GASH picks up her  
bag of fabric and  
a whiskey and  
walks sadly to  
the door*

**GASH**

Well, by everyone...

*GASH leaves. The  
painters all  
watch as she  
goes. FRAU SCHÖNE  
turns to the  
painters*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

PAINT! I haven't got all day!

*FRAU SCHÖNE is  
about to leave  
when CASH starts  
singing "THE  
SOUND OF LOSERS."  
FRAU SCHÖNE stops  
to listen*

**\*CASH\***

*The studio is alive, with the sound of losers*

**\*RASH\***

*Laaaaa la la laaaa*

**\*CASH\***

*With work we have made for a couple of weeks*

**\*RASH\***

*Laaaaa la la laaaa*

**\*ALL PAINTERS\***

*This class warms my heart,*

**\*RASH\***

*Laaaaa la la laaaa*

**\*ALL PAINTERS\***

*With the sound of losers*

**\*RASH\***

*Laaaaa la la laaaa*

**\*ALL PAINTERS\***

*My heart wants to make the work it needs*

**\*RASH\***

*The work that it needs*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*My work doesn't always have to be so serious  
I shouldn't take myself so seriously*

**\*RASH\***

*Seriously*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*My work might want to be experimental and readymade  
And collaborative and free*

*Learn to praise other artists when they are self-conscious*

No artist should feel lonely

**\*RASH\***

So lonely

**\*EVERYONE\***

To try, our best

Get out the past and get into today

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

begins to get a  
tear in her eye  
as she is  
reminded of her  
disco days, and  
was more  
accepting of  
failure. She  
walks center  
stage and joins  
the others

**\*FRAU SCHÖNE\***

My building doesn't have to make so much money  
I suppose I shouldn't use the whistle so much  
And allow Susi to speak, with the sound of losers  
Being around losers I'm not sad anymore



## CHAPTER SIX: SEND HELP

*At home, GASH is  
crying listening  
to Al Green "How  
Can You Mend a  
Broken Heart",  
drinking and  
smoking in bed  
with condoms  
lying everywhere.  
Suddenly, there  
is a knock at the  
door*

**GASH**  
WHO'S THERE!

*Another knock at  
the door*

**GASH**  
TONY? SAM?

*Another knock at  
the door*

**GASH**  
MARK? ALRIGHT BUT JUST A QUICK ONE

*GASH stumbles  
towards the door,  
drunk. She opens  
it to find the  
painters standing  
outside*

**CASH**  
God GASH, what happened!

**TASH**  
Where have you been?

**HASH**  
We need more drugs and alcohol

**RASH**  
Yeah I thought you were of the drinking and partying! We have  
heard its all you've been doing for weeks!

**GASH**

I'LL FUCKING DO ANY ONE OF YOU!

**RASH**

What...?

**BASH**

Listen GASH. We've come here to help you get out of this slump

**GASH**

I'M FINE. I JUST NEED ANOTHER DRINK

**MASH**

No you don't, remember what you told us,

*MASH starts  
singing*

*\*I simply remember my favorite things, and then I don't feel...\**

**GASH**

SHUT THE FUCK UP! Ignore what I said; it's all bullshit.

*MASH looks like  
he's about to cry*

**CASH**

Why haven't you been in class?

**GASH**

I quit the performance class

**LASH**

No! Why!

**GASH**

Because! I suck, everyone sucks, and I failed. I'm a loser.

**CASH**

GASH, we brought someone along, whom we think can explain this better

*THE PERFORMANCE  
CLASS PROFESSOR  
comes into the  
GASH's room*

**GASH**

Oh! If it isn't miss "I'll send gash of as a JOKE! And make her the laughing stock of the art world"

*THE PERFORMANCE  
CLASS PROFESSOR  
Sits on GASH's  
bed with her*

**THE PERFORMANCE CLASS PROFESSOR**

GASH, I did it for your own good. I didn't know FRAU SCHÖNE was the bitch she is today. But regardless, don't you think you learnt something in this time, the others told me you've barely drunk or had sex, before...well, now...

**GASH**

WHAT DO YOU CARE ANYWAY

**THE PERFORMANCE CLASS PROFESSOR**

You can't give up now, then the whole thing would have been for nothing. A complete waste of time.

*MASH gets out his  
piano and starts  
to sing*

**GASH**

WHAT DID I SAY!

**MASH**

I don't care! I know you're in there somewhere, under this dirty sad exterior! We'll bring you out!

**THE PERFORMANCE CLASS PROFESSOR**

These walls weren't made to shut out your problems GASH, you have to face them. You have to live the life you were born to live

*GASH looks at THE  
PERFORMANCE CLASS  
PROFESSOR angrily*

**GASH**

What kind of crap is that?!

*MASH starts to  
sing "GET OUT OF  
YOUR BED"*

**\*THE PERFORMANCE CLASS PROFESSOR\***

*Get out of your bed  
This laziness I didn't know  
We followed all the beer cans  
And a man wants you to call him back, called Joe*

*Get out of your bed  
We must make you see*

*The only true loser  
is who I'm seeing in front of me*

*An art practice always needs  
All the love you can give  
Every day of your life  
For as long as you live*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*Get out of your bed  
Gash, why can't you see?  
Forget each resentment  
Redemption isn't easy*

**\*THE PERFORMANCE CLASS PROFESSOR\***

*This line of work is hard  
The time you must give  
If you give up now  
A loser you shall live*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*Get out of your bed  
We must make you see  
The only true failure  
Isn't being who you're meant to be*

**LASH**

Okay GASH, get dressed. We have something to show you

**GASH**

What do you mean?

**CASH**

Just get the fuck dressed you lazy cunt and we'll meet you  
downstairs

*HASH, MASH, CASH,  
BASH and THE  
PERFORMANCE CLASS  
PROFESSOR leave.  
LASH, TASH and  
RASH hold GASH by  
the arms and drag  
her to get  
changed*

**GASH**

STOP I'LL FUCKING JUST YOU I'LL GONNA FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT YOU  
MOTHER I'LL FUCKING DO ONE FUCKING PRICK

*RASH throws some  
water on GASH's  
face to sober her  
up. GASH  
continues to  
spout gibberish  
as they get her  
changed*

## CHAPTER SEVEN: THE LOSER SHOW

*The painters and  
GASH arrive at  
the painting  
studio*

**GASH**

What have you guys done...?

**CASH**

We've made an exhibition, called *The Loser Show!* We all contributed works that we made since you came to the class

**BASH**

And we made t-shirts

**HASH**

And even recorded a CD!

**GASH**

And it's called...*The Loser Show?*

**RASH**

Yes!

**GASH**

But, why..?

**TASH**

Inspired by you!

*GASH looks around  
at the obscure  
works*

**GASH**

Are there any real works?

**BASH**

Well we were going to make some painting

**MASH**

And sculptures

**RASH**

And drawings

**TASH**

But then we decided, fuck it, we will make what we really want  
to make!

**JOHANNA**

It's not all about selling!

**HASH**

LOSERS FOR LIFE!

**CASH**

We want you to get out your slump. Like you taught us, its cool  
to be a loser sometimes

*FRAU SCHÖNE comes  
round the corner*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

HAHAHAHA! I told you it would fail! Well to late, I've already  
got the builders in next week to turn this dump into a block of  
overly expensive flats

**MASH**

But, yesterday you were singing with us and everything was fine!

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Ah, yes, I was just high of my medication; thought I was on  
stage in Vegas dancing with Debbie Remolds, remember that!

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
starts to dance  
by walking in  
place. The others  
all look at her  
funny*

**CASH**

What?

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Ball chain ball remember that! Atlantic city! I choked on a  
shrimp!

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
forgets where she  
is and continues  
dancing. The  
others just watch*

**BASH**

You know what FRAU SCHÖNE, you do that

**TASH**

WE HATE YOU ANYWAY!

*TASH looks proud  
of herself for  
standing up to  
FRAU SCHÖNE and  
the other  
painters and GASH  
pat her on the  
back*

**RASH**

Yeah, we'll find somewhere else to paint,

**LASH**

Maybe in GASH's studio

**GASH**

Well...

*FRAU SCHÖNE stops  
dancing*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

WELL! I see you'd rather all choose a life of pain and suffering, rather than do what I say. Don't say I didn't warn you

**GASH**

FRAU SCHÖNE, now you listen! They've all made work that actually MEANS something, to them, which already makes it 10 times more interesting than the crap they were making before.

*FRAU SCHÖNE walks  
up to GASH and  
squares her in  
the face*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Ahh, silly girl. Don't come running to me when this all goes to shit. I have enough troubles already with Brian not putting on my respirator properly. Why is everyone so hopeless? Only Frau Schöne will survive. I'm getting the builders in; animals are the only ones who listen, stupid Thai bride...

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
continues to talk  
as she leaves*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**



They're all cancelled, everyone is cancelled, except Brain and  
FRAU SCHÖNE. Ahh, those were the days

*FRAU SCHÖNE exits*

**CASH**

See, if FRAU SCHÖNE hates it, then it's cool to be a loser. You  
gonna go back to school and finally finish your studies?

**GASH**

Yeah, I guess so. I'll go and work in the studio everyday! And I  
promise to stop drinking so much

**HASH**

But for now, lets party!

*They all cheers  
and BASH brings  
out the ham*

## CHAPTER EIGHT: THE LOSERS

*7am, THE LOSERS  
are still in the  
exhibition space.  
Most are sitting  
exhausted waiting  
for the other  
guests to leave,  
HASH is pacing up  
and down looking  
through the  
kitchen for drugs  
and drink, and  
MASH is playing  
the keyboard in  
the corner. GASH  
is passed out  
drunk and then  
wakes up to throw  
up. GUESTS are  
still partying in  
the "exhibition  
space." The t-  
shirts are  
sprawled on the  
floor and treaded  
on, and the CD's  
are smashed and  
broken.*

**GASH**

I'M TO OLD FOR THIS SHIT

**CASH**

WHY THE FUCK WHY WONT THEY LEAVE

**BASH**

MAKE THEM GO!

**RASH**

NO ONE BROUGHT ANYTHING

**GASH**

Oooh WTF I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE ABOUT IT!?

**HASH**

ARE YOU KIDDING! THIS IS SHIT, WE ARE LOSERS! NO ONE EVEN LOOKED  
AT THE STUFF. IT'S NOT EVEN ART!

**CASH**

THEY JUST TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE FREE BEER AND FOOD

**TASH**

THIS SUCKS!

**LASH**

WE LOOK SO STUPID! NO-ONE WILL EVER TAKE US SERIOUSLY

*A guest comes  
around the  
corner, really  
high about to  
leave. As he  
does, he picks up  
a t-shirt and  
wipes his mouth  
with it, and  
takes it with him*

**CASH**

(calling after him) HEY! COME BACK!

**BASH**

YOU GOT TO PAY FOR THAT ASSHOLE!

**GASH**

Let him go, it doesn't matter anyway

**TASH**

THIS IS YOUR ENTIRE FAULT GASH!

**HASH**

YOU RUINED EVERYTHING

**GASH**

Ooooh FUCK OFF! I TOLD YOU. FUCK THE SCHOOL. I'M NOT GOING BACK.  
I DON'T MAKE ANY MONEY. WHAT'S THE POINT. NO ONE CARES

*Just then FRAU  
SCHÖNE comes  
round the corner*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

I DIDN'T SLEEP! BRIAN DIDN'T SLEEP. WE TOLD YOU IT WOULD FAIL! I  
moved the builders to today. OUT!

**CASH**

Now hold on a minuet...

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

NO! Last chance was at least to have your pathetic little show  
in PEACE. I partied in the 80's, but I never kept such a frail  
little old lady as myself awake. How, VERY dare you. I might DIE  
because of this

*A BUILDER comes  
and gives FRAU  
SCHÖNE her  
morning G&T*

**FRAU SCHÖNE**

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a sunbed waiting. YOU'RE  
CANCELLED.

*FRAU SCHÖNE  
leaves*

**BASH**

FUUUUCK!

**LASH**

I WANNA LEAVE

**TASH**

I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS

**HASH**

I NEED MORE DRUGS

**MASH**

I WANNA SING!

*MASH gets his  
keyboard out and  
starts to play  
the final song,  
"GO HOME." GASH  
starts the song.  
During the song  
THE LOSERS start  
to kick the  
remaining people  
out of the  
exhibition*

**\*GASH\***

*There's a weird sort of clanging in my brain right now  
It's telling me I need to sleep*

**\*RASH\***

*There's a sort of pain in my side right now,  
I think its telling me "go home"  
Go home, go home*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*Regretfully I shouldn't  
But firmly I wouldn't  
Hesitate to say fuck off..  
Fuck off..  
. . . to you!*

*So long, go away, get the fuck out, good night*

**\*LASH\***

*Get out, we're sick, and tired of your sight*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*So long, fuck off, get lost, ciao*

**\*CASH\***

*Fuck off, fuck off, fuck off you stupid cow*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*So long, got to hell, kiss my ass, auf wiedersehen*

**\*HASH\***

*I can't, believe, they drunk all my champagne!*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*So long, just leave, get away from me, goodbye*

**\*BASH\***

*If you don't, leave now, I'll punch you in the eye  
THE EYYYYYYYYE!*

**\*MASH\***

*I'm glad to see you go, I cannot tell a lie*

**\*TASH\***

*I'm drunk, I'm tired, the fact I've been sick I cant deny*

**\*EVERYONE\***

*The show, was so bad, we can kiss our careers goodbye  
So long, to the fairs, to the market, goodbye  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
Goodbye!*

THE END

