

DAILY Actor

THE PERFORMERS by David West Read

CHUCK WOOD: (Spotlight on Chuck in the audience. Total shock. He bounds towards the stage, blowing kisses to his fans. He accepts the award, kissing both girls, then addresses the audience from the podium.)

CHUCK. Oh boy, I promised Black Attack I wouldn't cry, but . . . I was not expecting this. (Composing himself.) When I was a boy, I told my father that I was going to be the first Jew in the Basketball Hall of Fam, or a famous rock star, like Neil Diamond or Barry Manilow. My father looked at me and said, "Good for you, son, but some people don't give a shit about basketball. Some people don't even listen to music." I know I don't. Pointless. "But," he said, "there's one thing you can count on. One thing that unites every human being on this planet and it's this: Everybody fucks. So if you're the best at fucking . . . you're the best human being." (Beat.) I did not understand these words at the time ----- I was only six --- but when I made my first adult film in 1978, I thought of my father. Not at the time of shooting, of course, but in a general sense. The film was Bad News Boner. For my bone-tastic performance, I was awarded the Best New-Comer trophy, but sadly, my father died one week before the ceremony. I was devastated. I didn't know where to turn. I didn't understand that the answer was right in front of me. (Looking out.) It was you. My fellow performers. You've opened your hearts and your legs to me, and while I keep giving it to you, you keep giving everything to me. So Papa, if you can hear me up there, I want you to know this: I may be the best human being. I may be the best at fucking. But I'd be nothing without all the people that I've fucked. (Holds up his award.) Thank you, have a wonderful night!