

## THE BEARDS

The Residents' River of Crime/Episode #4

### CHARACTERS:

Narrator: Middle aged man, pleasant but slightly paranoid

Small Child/Gwenteel - Girl about 4 or 5

First Policeman: Patrolman in his mid 30's; British accent

Second Policeman: Patrolman in his early 40's; British accent

Duane: Radio operator in his mid 20's; British accent; a  
joker

Ted Paisnel/Angry Voice: Man in his mid 50's; British accent  
(two lines)

Male Voice: Middle aged man with sophisticated French accent

Gilles de Rais: Middle aged man with sophisticated French  
accent

Gwenteel's Mother: Woman in her early 30's

### INTRO

#### NARRATOR/INTRO

Our lives are constantly surrounded  
by unseen streams ...numerous,  
invisible rivers composed of love,  
power, success, pain ...all that we  
detest and desire. Some we navigate  
with ease, some we seek forever  
...and some are simply whirlpools,  
spinning us into oblivion.

While I am not a criminal, crime  
has stalked me from an early age.  
At this point, I can only see my  
life as an unending collision with  
evil, leaving me with but one  
conclusion: I ride the river of  
crime.

(New music - Episode  
theme; continues  
under...)

## INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE #4 - BLUEBEARD

The voice of a small child is heard.

SMALL CHILD/ROC#4-GW1

The young woman took out the key and opened the door, trembling. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, arranged against the walls. These were all the wives whom Bluebeard had married and murdered, one after another. Terrified, the young woman thought she should have died for fear, and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell from her hand.

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N1

That's a passage from Bluebeard, the fairy tale written in 1697 by Charles Perrault. About 270 years later, on Christmas Eve, while visiting my parents for the holidays, I was baby-sitting the next door neighbor's little girl, Gwenteel. I know it's a weird name, but hey, I didn't just make it up. Anyway, shortly after finishing Bluebeard, I put Gwenteel to bed. The story had obviously upset her, but she was a kid and I figured it would pass soon enough. (pauses) ...oh yeah, there's so many crimes in this story, it's pointless to name them all. You'll figure it out.

(brief musical interlude)

CHORUS/ROC#4-CH1

Children forget easily  
Unless they are upset  
And desperately needing the  
Thing they can't forget

SCENE 1 - THE BEAST OF JERSEY

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N2

As I walked from Gwenteel's bedroom back into the living room, I noticed a newspaper lying open on the coffee table. At the top of the page was an article describing the capture of Edward "Ted" Paisnel, a rapist known as "The Beast of Jersey." Until his capture, Paisnel had terrorized the small resort island of Jersey in the English Channel for 14 years preying on young children, mostly girls. Curious, I began to read the article.

(musical interlude)

SCENE 2 - JIGGERS, IT'S THE COPS!

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P1

Bit of dead night, eh, Tommy?

SECOND POLICEMAN/ROC#4-2P1

Righto, John ...be glad to go home and 'ave a nip in an hour or so.

A car is heard driving away.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P2

Hey! What's that? That guy just ran that light! Let's get'im, Tommy!

The police car roars off (no siren).

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P3

HE AIN'T STOPPIN' JOHN, GIVE 'IM THE HORN!

A British siren is heard, accompanied by squealing tires and the sound of one car side-swiping another.

SECOND POLICEMAN/ROC#4-2P2

HE JUST HIT THAT CAR!! This guy's a madman, John. We gotta call for help.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P4

Yeah ...yeah you're right, he's gonna kill somebody, I'll call Duane. (pauses) Hello Big Pappa this is Poppa three, come in Duane, over. (radio noise is heard) Pappa three calling Big Poppa, c'mon Duane, we have a 10-18 here, over.

DUANE/ROC#4-D1

(lots of static)  
Hello, Poppa three, this is Big Poppa, what's up, John, somebody break in to Ethyl's hen house? (makes rooster sound)  
COCKADOODLED0000! send, over.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P5

(to the other policeman)  
BLOODY IDIOT! (then in mic) Hello, Big Poppa, cut it out, Duane, we got a madman here. He's already hit one car and now he's driving 70 mph out here on the Cleveland Rd. We need assistance ...I say again, we need assistance ...acknowledge, over.

DUANE/ROC#4-D2

HOLY JESUS! ...uh, sorry, John. Hello, Poppa three, affirm, can you give me an ID on the perpetrator? over.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P6

Hello, Big Poppa, he's driving a white Morris 1100. We're on La Blinerie Lane now, near Samares. over.

DUANE/ROC#4-D3

Hello, Poppa three, Roger, Wilco, assistance on way, get him guys, over.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P7

What's he doing, Tommy? He's driving right through that hedge! HEY! Look out for that big piece of fence! (a loud "clunk" sound is heard).

SECOND POLICEMAN/ROC#4-2P3

We gotta follow him! (pauses) Uh-oh, I think we're stuck. I don't like this, John, this is weird ...John, I think we're on top of a cesspool.

FIRST POLICEMAN/ROC#4-1P8

SHIT! ...uh, yeah ...look Tommy, I'll chase him ...you stay with the car.

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N3

On the night of July 10, 1971, Police Constables John Riseborough and Tom McGinn were stopped at a traffic light when a car ran through the red right in front of them. After a spirited chase, which ultimately left the suspect's vehicle disabled in a tomato field as their patrol car slowly sank into a cesspool, Constable McGinn tackled the fleeing man, who was still attempting to escape on foot. Noticing that his suspect was carrying a mask and a wig and wearing a heavy coat with needle-like nails protruding from the lapels and shoulders, the policeman asked where he was going? The reply came back...

TED PAISNEL/ROC#4-TP1

I was going to an orgy.

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N4

Further investigation not only showed that Paisnel had committed over 20 sex crimes, mostly against children, but he was also a practitioner of black magic and claimed to be obsessed by the spirit of Gilles de Rais, a Frenchman who lived in the 15th century.

(musical interlude)

## SCENE 3 - GO POTTY

GWENTEEL/ROC#4-GW2

Mister! ...MISTER!!! I'M SCARED!  
...and I have to go potty.

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N5

Here I was in the middle of the most fascinating crime story that I had seen in months and the kid had to go potty. I took her to the bathroom, tucked her back in bed and hurried back to the living room. Who was this Gilles de Rais? I looked him up in the encyclopedia ...and WHAM! BAM! JACKPOT! This was it! ...the Holy Grail of child molesters! I mean, he didn't just molest, HE DISMEMBERED! HE DISEMBOWLED! HE BEHEADED! ...and just flat out slaughtered hundreds of children ...and get this, he was the ROLE MODEL for the character of BLUEBEARD! I mean, athletes talk about being in the zone, but I was in the goddam TWILIGHT ZONE ...it was almost like believing in God ...or, well, you know.

(brief musical interlude)

CHORUS/ROC#4-CH2

Every now and then it seems  
All our hopes and all our dreams  
Align themselves in perfect  
patterns  
And nothing else exists  
...or matters

## SCENE 4 - GILLES DE RAIS

GWENTEEL/ROC#4-GW3

MISTER! ...MISTER! I'M SCARED! Can  
I have a drink of water?

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N6

The kid was starting to get to me ...but I was the babysitter after all, so I got her some water and went back to reading about Gilles de Rais as quick as I could.

(short musical interlude)

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N7

It turns out that this Gilles de Rais was a pretty amazing guy ...well, not exactly your Ghandi or Tiger Woods kind of upbeat, positive role model amazing, but still, before he was a child molester, he was Joan of Arc's RIGHT HAND MAN! He was like this rich French nobleman, who had to mortgage all of his estates in order to help Joan. But when the war was over, which didn't go so well for either of them, Gilles wanted to regain his fortune so, believing that the, uh, blood of innocent virgins could, uh, help him turn lead into gold, it seems like he kind of went over to the dark side ...and it was how he acquired this innocent virgin blood that was so ...uh, unpleasant. At Gilles de Rais's trial, one of the nobleman's accomplices gave the following testimony regarding the death of one particular boy.

MALE VOICE (FRENCH ACCENT)/ROC#4-MV1

He was pampered and dressed in better clothes than he had ever known. The evening began with a large meal and heavy drinking, then the boy was taken to an upper room to which only de Rais and his immediate circle were admitted. The youth was then confronted with the true nature of his situation. The shock thus produced on the boy was probably an initial source of pleasure for Gilles. De Rais then raped the boy as he hung from a hook by the neck. Before the child died, Gilles took him down and comforted him ...then repeated the act and either killed him himself or had him slain.

GWENTEEL/ROC#4-GW4

MISTER! MISTER! I have to go potty again and I'M SCARED! PLEASE STAY WITH ME MISTER! PLEASE!

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N8

This shit with the kid was really getting old. It was CHRISTMAS EVE, for chrissake. Didn't she know that Santa wouldn't come if didn't go to goddam bed ...so, one more time, I put my book down, got up and took the the little fucker to the potty! I mean, we all have our priorities, after all.

(musical interlude)

CHORUS/ROC#4-CH3

We all have our priorities  
It could be love or pain  
We all have our priorities  
To make us mad or sane  
We all have our priorities  
Until the day we die  
They make us need  
They make us bleed  
They make us crucify

## SCENE 5 - THE SHIT HITS

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N9

...so anyway, this Gilles de Rais guy is eventually caught. He gets in a fight with a priest or something which was definitely a big no-no back then and they have this trial. I have to admit, the stuff that comes out at the trial: rape, torture, mutilation, summoning demons by placing a child's hand, heart and eyes in a bowl, is pretty over the top, but it's, like, once in a lifetime stuff, too ...on Christmas eve, even. Here is a statement from Gilles de Rais's confession...

GILLES DE RAIS (FRENCH ACCENT)/ROC#4-GR1

When the children were dead I kissed them and those who had the most handsome limbs and heads I held up to admire them, and had their bodies cut open and took delight at the sight of their inner organs;

(MORE)



GILLES DE RAIS (FRENCH ACCENT)/ROC#4-  
and very often when the children  
were dying I sat on their stomachs  
and took pleasure in seeing them  
die ...and laughed.

GWENTEEL/ROC#4-GW5  
MISTER! MISTER! MY STOMACH HURTS!

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N10  
SHIT! FUCK! My stomach hurt, too!  
And my ears hurt ...and my hand  
hurt ...after I spanked her.

The sound of a hand smacking flesh is heard, immediately  
followed by intense crying. The crying fades, but continues  
under the following.

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N11  
I mean what was I supposed to do.  
She was a nice kid and all, but SHE  
WOULD NOT GO TO SLEEP! ...and I had  
to finish reading (pause) ...so of  
course, that's when her parents  
came home.

The door slams. The crying gets louder.

GWENTEEL'S MOTHER/ROC#4-GM1  
GWENTEEL! BABY! WHAT'S WRONG?  
MOMMY'S HERE, BABY ...WHAT'S WRONG?

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N12  
As quietly as possible, I edged my  
way toward the door.

Gwenteel points at the narrator.

GWENTEEL/ROC#4-GW6  
He ...he spanked me, mommy  
...because my stomach hurt (she  
sobs louder than ever).

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N13  
Picking the child up in her arms,  
Gwenteel's mother was on me like a  
pedophile on a pair of white  
panties.

GWENTEEL'S MOTHER/ROC#4-GM2  
YOU SPANKED HER! YOU SPANKED MY  
BABY! YOU ...YOU ...BASTARD!

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N14

(very meekly)

I ...I ...I'm sorry. It's just that she wouldn't go to sleep and I was trying to read this, uh, uh, (pauses) ...quickly realizing that she many not appreciate my, uh, "explanation," I just shut up.

GWENTEEL'S MOTHER/ROC#4-GM3

GET OUT! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!  
NOW! GO! MOVE! AND WHEN YOU GET HOME, PACK A BAG, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!!! YOU ...YOU ...CHILD MOLESTER!!! GET OUTTA HERE!

The door slams.

(musical interlude)

CHORUS/ROC#4-CH4

Sometimes shit falls from the sky  
Sometimes poop get in your pie  
Sometimes caught inside your trap  
Like a turd that's been gift wrapped  
...is you

SCENE - IT GETS WORSE

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N15

Well, unfortunately, this time it gets worse. Two days later, Gwenteel disappeared. Okay, I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't me. I SWEAR! IT WASN'T ME! Of course, after the spanking thing, everybody suspected it was me. The police asked me tons of questions, my parents were completely embarrassed ...shit, I couldn't wait to get out of there ...but they never proved anything on me ...I mean, uh, how could they, since I didn't do anything. Everybody knows you can't prove murder without a body and they never found a body.

(MORE)

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N15 (cont'd)

I mean, yeah, I'm really sorry I spanked her ...I guess I got too involved with reading about all those creepy child molesting guys and I got a little weird, but the thing is ALL THOSE GUYS HAD BEARDS! ...and I've never had a beard in my life. Well, actually Ted Paisnel only had a phony beard. He wore it every Christmas when he played Santa Claus for the local kids.  
(brief musical interlude)

Again, as at the beginning, a small child's voice is heard.

SMALL CHILD/ROC#4-GW7

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

As The Night Before Christmas nears the end, an angry voice is heard in the background.

ANGRY VOICE/ROC#4-AV1

HO! HO! HO!!!! HO! HO! HO!!!!  
(music, which fades as if the show is ending, but then...)

## EPILOGUE

NARRATOR/ROC#4-N16

Oh yeah, you're probably wondering what happened to Gwenteel. Well, amazingly enough, after being missing for three days, BINGO! The kid showed up playing on a swingset in her back yard. She seemed to be okay, but she never said a word about what happened ...nobody ever knew a thing.

CHORUS/ROC#4-CH5  
Hark the herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild  
God and sinners reconciled"