

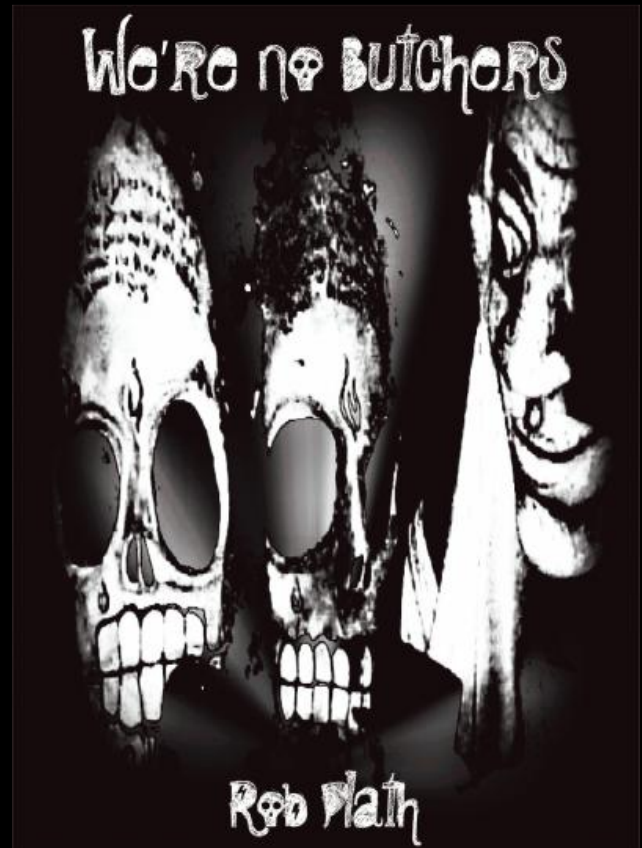
# WE'RE NO BUTCHERS

by Rob Plath

Part Seinfeld, part Hubert Selby Jr., and part Quentin Tarrantino, Rob Plath's *We're No Butchers* is a work of black entertainment that showcases the poet's characteristically dark-edged voice and fairly sophisticated – if also outrageous – satire.

The play is set in what appears to be the fairly standard suburban familial dwelling of retirees Mia and Otto, who live with their forty-three year old son and the boy's Uncle Dante (who seems to have arrived for an extended, partly unwelcome stay). This dysfunctional group cycles through endless arguments that become ever-more ludicrous and violent over the play's ten scenes.

Reading a play can be a limiting, two-dimensional experience for the reader, but flipping through Epic Rites Press' publication of Plath's play is actually a rather rich one. The lively but natural dialogue and extensive scene-sketching and

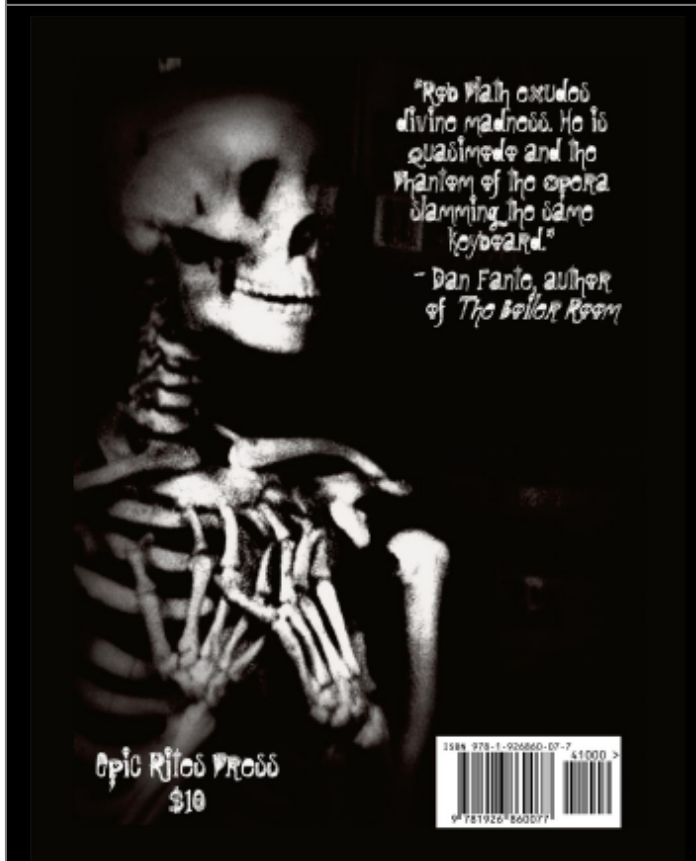


stage directions makes it read like a novel – a slightly experimental, yet still narrative-driven one.

*We're No Butchers* should also make for an engaging, in-your-face live experience – although don't be expecting a high school troupe or suburban community theatre group to put this one on. Much of the text is meant to be bellowed – at least from the gobs of Patriarch Otto and

# WE'RE NO BUTCHERS

by Rob Math



hack-off-the-old-block Butch – with a generous amount of obscenities. The constant conflict is either a result of the passive-aggressive baiting by Dante or the simple red meat aggressive-aggressive behavior of Butch (and seconded by Otto, while Mia endlessly prepares meals in the kitchen in the background, apparently serene in her labours).

The thematic core is also much edgier than, say, *Kiss Me, Kate*.

It's a hyper-parody of a dysfunctional family, with left/right straight/gay religious/atheist hawk/dove dichotomies mixed up in an array of stereotypes all twisted around like a double-helix. With the right cast, it would play like a sitcom set in a nightmare.

“WE'RE NO BUTCHERS! IF WE WERE BUTCHERS YOU'D BE DEAD!” Butch yells at Dante during one of their altercations. And there is the rub – despite their bluster the characters aren't anything quite so productive. They are certainly consumers, though. Of constant food, booze, sex, TV and emotion.

As a familial unit they hang together through enabling behavior that allows them to satisfy their various appetites while making the reader (and/or audience) alternatively laugh, gape and cringe.

The last scene ends on a bit of a whimper rather than the bang that characterizes most of the play. But

# WE'RE NO BUTCHERS

by Rob Plath

that ending is entirely appropriate for a play that satirizes contemporary 'average' life as full of sound and fury, signifying – well – sound and fury.

– Chris Yurkowski, *Domesday Notebook*

"Rob Plath exudes divine madness. He is Quasimodo and the Phantom of the Opera slamming the same keyboard."

– Dan Fante, author of *The Boiler Room*

"Bumps, drunks, egoists, racists, creationists, darwinists – they all live under one roof... and they're loud.

Don't talk politics with your crazy family.  
Don't push people's buttons.  
Don't fall asleep with a smoke in

yer drunk yap.

Oh, and don't misread a book.

'Cuz if you do, you'll have a gang of one-dimensional freaks screaming at you – a gang at home with Beckett, Tarantino and the boys from *A Clockwork Orange*. And they'll let you know, in no uncertain terms, amid a flurry of shattered ashtrays, broken angels and mind-numbing f-bombs, that they're no butchers. And in the end, you'll find out who's entitled to what, be it religion or meatballs... or maybe a little cheese on the pasta."

– R L Raymond, *PigeonBike*

"This play has the subtlety of a roadside bomb."

– George Anderson, *Bald Monkey*

EPIC RITES PRESS

new Book Release

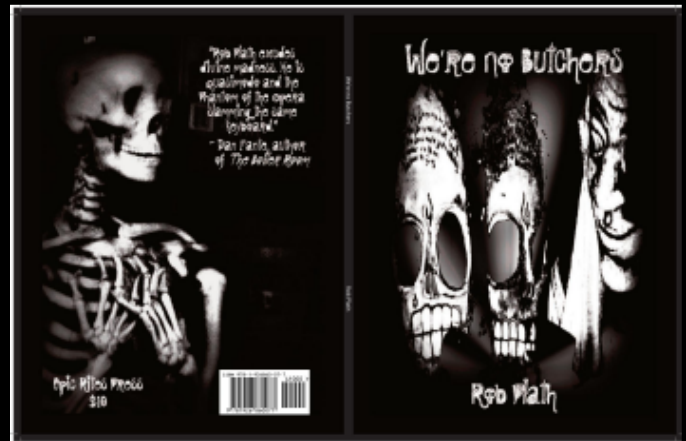
# WE'RE NO BUTCHERS

by Rob Plath

When asked about what the reader/audience can expect from *We're No Butchers*, Rob Plath responded "I think the audience will be horrified. Once the doors close and the lights go dim and the curtain parts, it will be like they are trapped on a couch along with poor Dante. It will be assault and battery on them for the full two acts. I actually pity the audience. But I wouldn't want it any other way. You must feel what I feel or I have failed to do my job. It's that simple..."

"Plath's play leaves the gate at warp speed and never once looks back. This look at the seamy underside of life is a revelation."

— JOHN YAMRUS, AUTHOR OF  
*CAN'T STOP NOW!*



Exterior art by Elizabeth A. Soroka

We're No Butchers  
A play by Rob Plath  
40 pages, 8.5" x 11"  
\$10

ISBN: 978-1-926860-07-7

*We're No Butchers*  
by Rob Plath is  
available now  
from the Epic  
Rites website at  
[www.epicrites.org](http://www.epicrites.org)