No More Pretending

*a debatable manifesto on the econopathics of one-way exchange, or maybe a play*

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Matt, aka Mobad  
Al, aka Adawg  
Meg, aka Care Bear

*Al is on stage looking at a gun. He sticks it in his mouth and Matt enters.*

Mo-

Well, shove a wooden nickel up my ass  
N say I got dat purse-anal-itay!  
Ef’n’t ain’t Al “Da Indie Showbot” Benditt,  
Master of the Inverse Disaster, El  
Comedio de Todo Con Nada,  
King of the Wild Fake Tear, Emotion Man!  
A-dawg, dutcha wooin?  

Al-

What?

Mo-

Sorry, Playboy.  
I’m a gotta pause you at the wait gate.

*He answers his phone.*

Mo-

Zis Mobad on da line, so real it in.  
Wuzzup, Miss Personal Secretary  
Slash current Top Slot on America’s  
Most Slunkable? The Boss Bitch at Bizney’s  
Whore-Profitt Moving Fixtures Division  
Come back for beg? So gimme Maybe Mouse,  
And I see you on my nachas grandes.  
Hey, Marty. Yeah, I throwz a phat bash,  
B’yo, wayz I seize it, if you can’t provide  
A safe, decadent, pasty ambience  
In which Very Important Posers  
Can rip da hip like deathtrip ghetto frip,  
What the fuck you got, right? So, wet my bed.  
Uh hu. Fitty mill is a number.  
Make it sitty and I mite not mock yo glock.  
Nokay. Shluv scene wit Porous Landfillton;  
Been there, done that, bores repeating. Proceed.  
Leading role in “The Story of Story.”  
Right title, wrong words, but we’ll work on it.  
So, wuzzabout? Wo, Smarty! Pinch dat pitch.  
One word or less, porfavooy.  O you can’t?  
Den take ma crash course on da cash source – Me.  
Daz rite. Iz abut me, cuz efn tain’t,  
Tain’t fo me, nah squizz? Good answer, Smarmy.  
Now, hence anon yo fluffing fertilizer  
Be anti-unsuccesfullly infusin’  
My not-sure-if-I-can-or-can’t-eloupe  
With maximum art-official mashooga,
But stutter me this, El Porky Duce:
Willz I have complete creative control,
Cuz you knowz how I gets when other
Voices enterz the discussion. Nokay.
Yeah. Uhhu. Yo, Faggy, gungle me dis:
When you hit up yo brokeback boy for bum
And he say no but keep on waggin crack,
You dump him in the cake or in the lake?
No, Amusement Shark, yo lis’ to do re me.
I am the talent, you are the scout,
And a talent scout less his talent
Ain’t but a what? Ain’t but a webelo.
You missin’ my joint, Mr. Carrot Badge.
My skillz don’t fitz do shizzo, da shizza
Fitz my skillz. If I be lookin’ betch fetch
In red speedo, orange loafers, and I be,
Dem inferior definers best pull
Dey color pallid off my spec parade.
If’za hoot when I mug la dij like dis,
And it be, I want some pizzoom on my pizzazz
Tite as nuts and nougat at dem
Uptown Snickaz Bar. O, and if Mobad da Lounge
Flounder wanna sing him scales off,
And he do be do wop sur nuf do be do,
Der best be’s a sho stoppa or I playz
Da ho droppa. And Shorty, less you space,
I work wit Al Casino. Zho, zho, zho!
The Devil’s Acrobat was da shit smash!
Tell what. I’m a kinda busy tryin to get
Da fuck all off my pda wit you
So I can ketchup on my dawg what’s real
In da field a droppin quality shit,
So tell them slagivizin ex-adjectives
Up in faux-nance, when Mobad go legit,
He sell him sexy first, and they so-called
Commercial bi-product maybe score some plug
Ova n’outta time fo’ yousy losey.

*He hangs up.*

**Mo** Schmuckin fuck. Yeah, so, like, he well may be
Da biggest scam in no biz, but I plop
Him in his place – at da groin, beggin coin.
B’yo, Adawg, dutcha wooin’?

**Al**
What?

**Mo**
Wuzzup?

**Al**
Nothing.

**Mo**
How long it be?

**Al**
Not long enough.

**Mo**
Yo, maybe yo’s not long enough, but mine
So long it can’t stop singin’ her “So long.”

**Al**
Go away.

**Mo**
Go away what?

**Al**
What?

**Mo**
Exactly.
Al- I said, go away.
Mo- You did?
Al- I did.
Mo- So, here I am.
Al- Exactly.
Mo- But where are you?
Al- Right here, and that’s the problem.
Mo- Yes, it is.

*Al starts to leave.*

Mo- Yo, all these tears, and you ain’t changed a bit part.
You still mean. You a mean, mean man, Al Bend-
Itt til ya break it. Al so mean he eat
Yo jelly bean. Al so mean they name some streets
After him. Al so mean, what’s it al mean?
Al- I’d rather be mean than meaningless.
Mo- Ah, no worries, Adawg. You both, you both.
Al- I mean that wasn’t real.
Mo- What wasn’t real?
Al- That call.
Mo- What call?
Al- That call.
Mo- O, you mean that call.
Al- I mean that call.
Mo- That call wasn’t real?
Al- That’s right.
Mo- So what was it?
Al- Fake.
Mo- That call was fake?
Al- That’s right. You faked that call to impress me,
To say, “See, I’m something, and you’re nothing,”
But it wasn’t real.
Mo- That call wasn’t real?
Al- All the topics you discussed in that call:
The money, the projects, Al Casino.
You were pretending.
Mo- Pretending?
Al- That’s right.
Mo- What’s right?
Al- The question is what isn’t right,
And pretending you’re someone you’re not isn’t.
Mo- Isn’t what?
Al - Right.
Mo - It’s not?
Al- Not like that.
Mo- Like what?
Al- Like pretending you’re someone just to be
Someone you’re not so you can be someone
Who acts like he’s more than he really is.
Mo- So what am I?
Al- No one I’ve ever heard of.
Mo- Dude, we go back, and you ain’t heard a me?
Al- Not in that way.
Mo- Not in what way?
Al- Not in
That way in which one hears of those one hears
Of all the time because one hears of them
All the time. Now, would you please go away?
I’m on stage, and I want to be alone.

Mo-
You want to be alone?
Al-
That’s what I said.
Mo-
But what about them?
Al-
What them?
Mo-
The people.
Al-
What people?
Mo-
The people.
Al-
What about them?
Mo-
Can’t you hear them?
Al-
Hear them what?
Mo-
Crying “Help!”
Al-
O please.
Mo-
You don’t believe?
Al-
Believe in what?
Mo-
The people.
Al-
I certainly don’t believe
In listening to them.
Mo-
Yeah, I can tell.
Al-
Is that an insult?
Mo-
I dunno, is it?
Al-
Not to me. Now, go away.
Mo-
Yo, Adawg,
Remember that shit was useta do?
Al-
No.
Mo-
Remember, “Fat chance, Stickman!”
Al-
Don’t!
Mo-
Don’t what?
Al-
Don’t do that stuff we useta do.
Mo-
Why not?
Al-
Cuz I said not to, and I was here first.
Mo-
With all due disrespect, Adawg, you don’t
Own the right to said shit we useta do.
Al-
I own my past, that stuff we useta do
Is in my past, so you may not repeat
That stuff we useta do without repeating
My past, your right to which I here deny,
So re that stuff we useta do, don’t do it.
Mo-
Despite the fact that you don’t own your past,
That shit we useta do ain’t in your past,
N tho I’d as soon repeat yo past as waste
My dead-end life on Spreadsheet ICU,
I hear you, Adawg. I hear you cryin
In the wealthiness, n altho I don’t
Zakly jibe wit yo loose contractual
Misinterpretation of our grossly
Unspecified coercive ownership
Of said shit we useta do, I will grant
Yr request as an act of charity
For the bore, cuz, yo, I don’t wanna do
That shit we useta do either, nokay?
Siz I got my own shit, new style shit, Wrk, been good to me.
Al- I’m sure it has.
Mo- You ever done any entertaining, Adawg?
Al- I’ve been in front of people all my life.
Mo- No, I askt if you ever done any Entertaining, you know, like doin shit People wanna see.
Al- Not in any way That you or they could ever comprehend.
Mo- True dat, Adawg, true dat.
Al- My name is Al.
Mo- Uh hu.
Al- Uh hu.
Mo- See, homeslice, I bring up Entertaining in unction with that shit We useta do cuz case you lost the herd, I work with Al Casino, and he’s askt me To perform my award-stealing shit bomb At the posh boomitzvah he’ll be hosting For the daughter of a close, mutual friend, Major movie mogul, Stevey Schpielgurg.
Al- You’re friends with Steven Schpielgurg?
Mo- I’m friends With Steve, Sell-out Stevey, the Gurg Schpieler, N seein you sittin here, all fuckin Grey n sulky, make me wanna help you, Make me wanna piddle this be little Philanthropy pang like I ain’t felt since All dem po’ fucks died from livin up south, So now’s I realize this close encounter Of the nerd kind hold a higher porpoise – The dream of liftin you up to my level By helping you perform my new style shit In the presence of doze in da bidness.
Al- I’ve left the business.
Mo- No, Adawg. “to leave” Implies departure from a place what you Been in, and you was never “in the business” Cuz, see, you did that shit we useta do, And that was “the business” only in the sense We had no “business” doin it due to It made no “business” sense.
Al- It made the sense It made.
Mo- No one seen it.
Al- Does that make it Good or bad?
Mo- My feeling on that question Changes every day.
Al- So does mine.
Mo- Ah, you think I’m fuckin serious, mon? No spliffs, bongs, or blunts, Adawg, ‘I’no one seen Yo shit, yo shit be bad. Now, where’s I at? Empty stage, in I butt, steal the show, and… Got it. Al Casino, with whose I work, Hosting a schtooper swanky badschicksa
For the g-spot of the fiddler on the turd,
Which I’ll be headlining, yet for which I
Require some ass-is-stance, wheres you come in.
See, this ain’t your common puritanical
Blahmitzvah, this be a renaseance
Barpizza, so like they need some dumb fuck
To git up in that Shakespeare n the Beanstalk
Type shit, like tights n bells, n skip around
N be like “O, cometh ye, my younglings,
To the Electrobethan Throwmatzoh!”
But I tole em, Mobad don’t do nylons
Less it be him honey’s silky gussets
All cross his maw-maw so he can stop n sniff
Dem tulips all day long. However, you,
Based on that shit I seen you done when we
Did that shit we useta do, are perfect
For such insane humiliating mank.
N trust me, Adawg, this gig be sick.
A) it pay mad potatoes. Like the litter
I rake up off this fuck-up afternoon
Suffice to purchase yr entire gene pool
N still have enuf “bone us, big man” points
For some floaty toys n a cocaine julip.
B) Silvershit’s daughter be one hot bagel.
True, she 13, but I teach her to shave.
And C) I’m thinkin, what’s a bullshitza?
Iz like a dance party for Arabs, right?
N them Arabs, yo, they got size moolah
On counta dem greasin da checkbook cogs
Of La La Land with that petroleum jelly
Under they sand trapeze…b’yo, looka me
Teachin Sheik Yoshovitz on him cultja!

Al-
I’m not Arab.
Mo-
You ain’t? So what is you?
Al-
I’m Jewish.
Mo-
Same thing.
Al-
No, it’s not.
Mo-
What’s the diff?
Al-
O, gee, I dunno. Maybe everything?
Mo-
If everything’s between us, nothing is.
Al-
Really?
Mo-
Where you from?
Al-
Seattle.
Mo-
Seattle Arabia?
Al-
Seattle, Washington.
Mo-
Big Arab town, right?
Al-
Wrong.
Mo-
See, I knew you was Arab,
Which is good, cuz like I said, them Arabs
Own Hollywood, and if they pegged you for
One a these nomadic bedroom enemies
Of our best western civilization
What rides the massages of our production
Consumption perversions sneezing tahini
Into random bags, you’d be like Jewish,
N that ain’t good, least not in “the business.”
Al- I am Jewish, and so, by the way,
Are barmitzvahs.

Mo- O, now you like some expert
Wig-fuckin babaga-noodge, is that it?
You got the mad he-brew in your oozy
N you gonna take out my flying carpet?
God is hate! Death to skoal n pussy shots!
I thought you down wit me, Mojo Ali,
In the Be Department, but, as tests attest,
You can’t judge a loser by his losses.
B’yo, all ethnical dilemmas astride,
You perfect for this shit, so, you in?

Al- You are revolting.

Mo- Tizzy tight, Adawg.
I do miss your ironical dude tude
On the word out. Nokay, so, after you
Done pranced about like a sad lamo twit
Shuckin his yuck for a buck, I will grab
The spot for “Thank God I’m a Marfinoid –
The Story of John Denver as Told by
Our first president, Abraham Lincoln.”
And so you clue your cue, I’ll take this chance
To workpoint my powerslide shopshow
Up in yo face. Yo, A-dawg, you awake?
O man, dis shit be wicked funny, yo.
When John Hashbrownie hear this shit, he like
“Far away there seemed a dimple of laughter
That encouraged the too deliberate rain
To fangle our blank commerce of moods
Into Duchamp’s foregone decollage.”

Al- John Hashbrownie? The post-sequentialist poet?
You performed for…

Mo- Dude, I’m in character.

“So, wutchu think? That shit was funny, right?
I wasn’t listening.

Mo- Yeah! Tough crowd!
Gotta love that! Make me strong. Make me tarp
As a shack. Like my man, Casino, say:
Different jokes for different somber fucks.
It like that time I done that fetch-ass flick
With that racky blonde (her name escapes me
But them booty stats are scrit in sharpie
All over my honky bejesus cast).
It was that necromantic dramedy
On the club-hopping scene, “Bored of the Flings,”
And the director (whose name I needs not
Mention since he’s like everywhere now),
The director said after that one scene,
You know it, where I fall off that bar stool
N do that super hilarious thing
With my arms, like this, accompanied by
Some face action, like this, which then proceeds
To crack the whole club up n get me pootay,
The director goes, n trust me, major dick,
“Mr. Oberg, your star must be on the rise,
For you simply do not know how to fall.”
See, I can take destructive criticism;
You dis me, you kiss me. Give love, get laughs.

Al- You were in that movie?
Mo- I was that movie.
Al- I didn’t see you.
Mo- I was acting, nah mean?
Al- I have acted in over 300 plays.
Mo- Can’t palm pilot your problems right now, dude;
Got royalties to collect. So, Adawg,
Wutchu been doin wit yo mad lib selves
Since we last did that shit we useta do?

Al- Nothing.
Mo- What, you like a zen extremist?
Al- I am nothing.
Mo- Yes, but “are you nothing
In the absence of ambition or
Nothing in the ambition of absence?”
Al- I fail to see the difference.
Mo- Yes, you do,
In that regard, you fail, tho that ain’t all
You fail in apparently, so ‘low me
To cram you some top-down education:
Embarrassment and shame, that’s the difference,
Which you could see if you just closed your eyes.

Al- Go to hell.
Mo- I been there, with you, in fact,
But I got out.
Al- Are you sure?
Mo- Sure ‘bout what?
Al- That you got out?
Mo- That I got outta what?
Al- Hell.
Mo- The only sign that I’m in hell is you,
And speakin a hell, where you work these days?
Al- I work at a bank.
Mo- Cool dat. Banks is vital.
Someone gotsta tell dat wild river
Wer ta go. So, wut, you like a banker?

Al- I crunch numbers.
Mo- Yo, you should be crunchin
Pectorals; kill that fugazi muffin
Booty-do, if you like get my mid-drift.
Yo abby’s flabby, crabby no-blabby.
Too much lyin down n takin it. B’yo,
On the theme of how I look, how I look?
With your eyes.
Ah, good one, Adawg. You still
Got it (cuz no one else want it). But please,
Divulge me, Captain Smirk: Ain’t I look good?
Ain’t I developed in a decoratively
Sleazing fashion? Ain’t I on the right track
For feedin back that scooby snack?
You look
The same.
Chamone, ain’t no one look “the same.”
I mean, you look like nine ole nasty witch pigs
Sat on your tool bag n pussyfarted
So much industrial wist you got like
Post-permanent sonoran off-road stain
On your cheek by jowel. You age gracefully
If decomposition be graceful. Nah,
Leave “the same” to your pricey therapeutic
Outcomes, n look me in the lie. Don’t you see
Nuthin different?
Nothing of significance.
Nothing insignificant?
Fuckashanaynay, Adawg. You deep.
You deep as an empty pocket. You so
Deep you like echo in a dead language.
You deep as the weepy ditch of snitches.
You look me in the lie n you see nothing
Insignificant. But straight up, Broken Down:
I askt if you spot any new shipshape
On my honey-glazed bodily horizon,
Cuz whilst you may still dither on the dither,
My artistic financial signorio
Has improved misanthropically since we
Last did that shit we useta do, n I
Be wondrous if it scan in Normistan.
I look at you and I see nothing of
Significance, because you are hollow,
Irrelevant, inane, superfluous,
Inert, like an unrecordable gas.
Yo, dat weren’t me! Who let the sulphur skunk
Out his dingle foil? Dag! That shit smell like
An abortion been left too long under
The grow lamps. I think it was you, Adawg,
And your eau de gerontologie.
You are experiencing manopause, right?
“Would you care for some climacteric
Vinegar on your fresh garden greens, sir?”
But speakin of mold and grief, how you been?
Fine til now, thank you.
Yeah, but the breakdowns.
What breakdowns?
You know, Adawg, the breakdowns.
I’ve had no breakdowns.
And you proud of that?
No, but I’m just saying that I’ve never had
Any severe nervous breakdowns, okay?
Mo-

Well, I don’t get those breakdowns either, foo,
But I do get the actors access breakdowns,
And was you in that loop, you mighta read
Therein how what thanks to my moochally
Beneficial co-milching partnership
With Mr. Casinohead, I been askt
To host his star-muddled mockuthon
For Atelophobia – that’s the fear
Of “imperfection” - you know, like you be
Self-taught by a flunky - n maybe that
How I booster-seat your career into gear.
See, here’s the scoop. I’m a start things off
By doin all this shit imperfectly
To show how even a total fuck-up
Can be as deck as me. Ample sample:
I enter, I trip. Fuck up! I search for
My spot, I end up in shadow. Fuck up!
I raise the mic, I crack my teeth. Fuck up!
I speak. “Good morning breath.” Fuck up! “Welcome
To our portajohn” (Fuck up!) for people
With a fear of “introspection.” (Fuck up!)
Get it? I say “fuck up” when I fuck up.
That’s funny, right? And here’s where you come in:
I be like “Now let’s introduce our guest
Starvations.” (Fuck up!) First, we got Shamika,
Who pump her rump so hard, sistah thinkin’
Her black ass cover her black eye. Fuck up!
Next, we got the wife of a dead soldier
Who found that bad-ass attitude way sexy,
But now she tittin tots on tears. Fuck up!
And last (you enter here) we got this guy
What does some shit that no one wants to see,
And that’s the fuckin uppiest! Yo, yo,
I know it ain’t much, but it is the least
I maybe do for those what need much more,
So you in, or is dude the past of do?

Al-

Some considered me not unimportant.
Mo-

Yes, but did your acting get you any?
Al-

Any what?
Mo-

Any action.
Al-

What, like parts?
Mo-

Ja, mon, like parts.
Al-

I’ve had hundreds of parts.
Mo-

Hundreds of parts, mon? You super freaky!
Al-

Whatever.
Mo-

Dese parts, mon, dem big parts, mon?
Al-

All parts are artistically essential.
Mo-

Tell dat to da ladies, mon.
Al-

What ladies?
Mo-

Da ladies wot no like dem small parts, mon.
Al-

Please just go a…
Mo-

Bleach them blues. Booty calls.

Mo-Valerian Nightstick, Private Redeye.

Moba answers his phone.
Pooza, Gravy Doll! (Iz my sponge, Yonosé, N she sound wet.) Howz my squizz? O yeah?
You in the shower wit yo panties on
Pretendin my haiku with action grip
Got you so damp n dizzy you forget
To fully disrobe? May gusto oink oink.
That is much sightly. Am I glad you called?
Yo, last three days I been playin right hand
For the Wankees, if you grow what I’m slayin.
You wanna do what to my inner mustache?
O baby, I like you more than my shoes!
O yeah. I get you back no slack. Like dis
N like dat, and a li’l a dese now too.
You sniff my smell-o-moan thru your cell-o-phone?
No way! She say that? KY-pie, you know
The slim shiznitch on me and that fat gram.
I wouldn’t pork-snorkel her skanky swamp
In Dick Army’s rubber suit. “Cuz she once,
Twice, three times a gong-ass fuckin butt-ugly roastbeef!”
So, I see you tonight? And I free you
Tonight, nah mean? O yeah. Put the perky
In the oven cuz the stuffin comin home;
And I ain’t callin you a warm side-dish
By any stretch of the invagination.
No, mam. You my entrée, so lemme in!
And ouch. I spoon you later, poko fluff.

He hangs up.

Mo- Dumb bitch. Just cuz she the so-said shaggiest
Melismatic recording star on dearth,
She think she can stick me on the shitter
And tell me not to stink. Yo, she don’t know
The half a my giga-franchise disposition.

Put my junk in her trunk
Bump it chump to the crunk
Til I chunk up her gunk
Leave her drunk on my spunk
Then a drip n a dry
Never call, never cry.

Al- You’re dating Yonosé?
Mo- Yeah, I’m dating her. Like she is dating,
Growing outdated thru my high impact
Depreciative usage. Anyho,
Where we at? O yeah, you n yo slummy slump.
Know what you need, Adawg? Da Luv Docta.
Al- O please.
Mo- And in fact I might just have
An opportunity what could road-kill
Two crunchy fucktards with one jeep Cherokee.
Check it out – I just signed this major contract
With Time Former Studios to present
Da Luv Docta wherever light can blight
N I can get you on there, make it out
Like you some pathetic, old sex loser
With droopy moobs n a chode unrode,
Which I think you can do, n boom, you on,
Adawg, gettin paid, Adawg, gettin laid.

Al- You have signed a contract with Time Former?
Mo- The world’s largest media whatever.
Al- I don’t believe it.
Mo- What, ain’t you seen Oompah?
Al- You weren’t on Oompah.
Mo- Oompah love my shit!
Al- I want proof.
Mo- Here it is.
Al- I want the clip.
Mo- O man, this shit could spawn an exercise
Revolution – Hilaricize by Mobad.
Al- But you don’t have a clip.
Mo- This shit so good,
Got me laid thirteen times in one cab ride.
Al- Liar.
Mo- Yo, I gotta decompose myself.
Al- Fraud!
Mo- Welcome, and come well, to Da Luv Docta,
Your source for super baaaaaaaaaad sex advice.
Today we gots a very sterile guest:
Failed actor, ATM with humanoid
Tendencies, and this year’s poster penguin
For Wing Fat, Inc. – give it up for Adawg!
Go on, now. Ask me a sex question. Here,
I show you.

Dear Luv Docta! Me and my hubby enjoy threesomes. Any thoughts on how to
make them more funsome?

Swapping in Sheboygan

Dear Swinging in Suburbans,

I had my share a gang thangs, n there’s one thing I know – the fun begins when
no one wants to be there. So, my super baaaaaad advice? Abduction. Of course,
this carries with it a deranging titillation of vascodilative swooper
endangerments, so here are my top ten tips on yr new thrill kill lifestyle from my
seventh book, Sexual Predation for Dummies (outta print, but never outta style).

1. Stockpile water, duct tape, wigs.
2. Outsource nothing.
3. Nightclubs are goldmines, playgrounds are gluetraps.
4. Invite them over to see your new kitchen!
5. Eschew superfluous perversities.
6. Practice repeating your story while extinguishing a cigarette on your
tongue.
7. If their crying turns you off, make them laugh.
8. They can go where they’re sitting.
10. It’s not just a fetish, it’s an adventure.

Orgy on you amoral organisms!
Da Luv Docta

Al-
Do you enjoy making me sick?

Mo-
Good one!

Dear Vicious Vomit Voyeur Victim,

So, your “boyfriend” likes it when you ralf during “fellatio” and you’re wondering if that’s “normal.” Nokay, let’s start simple. Fellatio, in the indobarbarian original, actually means “partially consensual regurgitation,” ergo, not only is it normal, it’s jurassic. Plus, you’ve heard of the g-spot, right? Well, I got spews for you. It exists! The g stands for gag, and you’ll find it in the Dairy Queen parking lot to the rear of your compromised esophagus. Again, normal physiological disruption. So, next time you feel a “dermal coated jackhammer” digging for scold in your “don’t-go-there” and the need to evacuate your bulimia and fries sends a wave of glory nausea soaring up your manky shanks as overwhelming as “the urge to save on groceries,” let er go, cuz ya never know – there might just be a wedding ring a-floatin in that wretch.

Barf is beautiful!

Da Luv Docta

Al-
Must I be exposed to this corruption?

Mo-
Dag, Adawg, your ignorance be schwingin!

Dear Co-Independent Condom Consumer,

What? Ain’t you heard? Condoms is full bouge! The frickin Rikers Island Center for Disease Proliferation posted a babelog last week: “Coup in Haiti Eradicates AIDS.” So get off your high Trojan horse and “feel the skin that don’t say when.” But what, you ask – won’t goin natural mean someone’s gettin knockt up? And won’t someone gettin knockt-up mean I gotta skip town and lose my awesome apartment? Nah, cuz thanks to certain uncorroborated laboratories in Sicily, several make-shift homicidal lubricants can be found within the confines of your comfort for when that urge to make an eggless omelette grabs you by the gravids. First, my fave frig foam for maximum rub-a-dub, rated by viscosity over the flare flute of vicious, has to be spicy mango pickle. “Put some vishnu in that stemcell chowder!” One can also apply tiger balm to the mucosa of the go-hole, and you, Mr. Pleasurebent, can kiss the baby bye-bye. Or, if you’re in a hurry, and who ain’t when the finish line’s upholstered in soggy shag, try Drano. “Declog that log bog and put your main vein down the gain drain, yo!” So, whatever your invasive instrument of choice – fluorescent bulb (long tube only, please); Ancient Mexico Barbie (the beads/feathers/spikes combo is ass-tounding); or a World Trade Center Replica (one tower at a time, you tushy terrorist) - stick with the household items and everyone will get homesick safely.

Disease is for the dead!

Da Luv Docta

Mo-
That shit is ill, right? Oompah love that shit.
So, you ready to get out there and slap Your braindeadchip with the geotragic
Partitioning system into the camera
Calendar clock of some hairy Jacuzzi?

Al-
You did not do that lurid dreck on Oompah!
Mo-
Dude, drop the kitschellectual property
Destroyer bit n answer my dancer:
You on the seem team?

Al-
Am I what?
Mo-
Want to be employed by yours unruly?

Al-
I have a job.
Mo-
Me too, difference bein
You work at a bank, I bank when I work.
Al-
The difference being what I do is real.
Mo-
Uh hu. I’m on you, Adawg. You want me
To do my Al Casino.

Al-
No, I don’t.
Mo-
So, yes, it’s true, I work with Al Casino.
That’s establisht, that’s a thing, that’s like foshizzle.
But what ezakly do I mean by “work”?
I mean we work together, zis to say,
We close, like we so close that when I sweat,
He wipe his brow. N bein close like that
Means I can do a mean Al Casino.
Nokay. Lemme get my Al on. This skit
Iz called, “Yo, I’m just an actor, so quit
Asking me to bless your stromboli,
You fuck.” I’m him. Al Casino. Big Al…
O dude, shit just hit me. I know two Al’s –
Al Casino and you. That’s freaky, right?
The Al-In-One, separated at worth.
You both named Al, tho that’s bout all you share,
Since he the biggest thing since paranoid
Delusion, and you a sad little dandruff
What work at a wank. How I ever tell
You apart? Got it! Hot Al, Not Al.
That set it up. Aw, man, but now I feel
All glum. Hot Al, Not Al, it’s so unfair.
B’yo, I work it out. I smooch da booboo.
See, since my shit went gold,
I learned a load
Bout lardknockin, dupin goop, scampin tramp stamp,
Which I teach you, like your guru, n trust me,
You rue my goo once I am done wit you.
So, lemme think. Bam! I know just the gash.
Dag, wut’s her name? I frosted her cupcake
Just last week. N yo, she perfect for you,
At least she is now, after I dumpt her –
Depresst, drab, and desperate. Yo, wut’s her name?
I know she be open to your mopin.

Al-
No, thank you.
Mo-
Dude, never look a gift horse
In the chicken. Trust me. Hittin her hump
At top speed is worth a broken axle.
She’s turned into this like major actress
Supermodel save the children pornstar
Trout pout wanna-be thing. I spot her spout
At some exclusive industry head slam,
N we ended up bunkering ourselves
In my home theater for the weekend,
And, Adawg, we made pasta with clam sauce
So many times, I swear on my illegal
Immigrant domestic staff, she under
General antiseptic gettin a hip
Replacement as we freak. Ack, wut’s her name?
It’s on the tip of my tongue…or maybe
Dat’s her homebrew, Ale Bait. Yeah, nokay, true.
She way outta your league, like she prolly
Rather donate her body to science
Fiction than so much as wax your back,
But with an endorsement from the Mobad,
She might let you watch her take a tinkle
If you cover your face with my headshot.
Fuck me! Wut’s her name?

Al-
I said no thank you.
Mo-
Yo, I understand, tho I really don’t
Understand, cuz when you a hot young nasty
Whose little furor won’t stop seeguyling
At every airhead, you can’t understand
What it’s like to have no involuntary
Muscle distractions in your socialist
Realism. But I take your word for it:
Thou cunst not dooz tiss nuthers as I dooth.
Hate a dimwit. Airhead, Aryan, Ari!

Al-
Excuse me?
Mo-
Ari. That’s her name. Ari...
Al-
Mo-
Yeah, you remember her, rite?
Al-
Yes, but what about her?
Mo-
I peeled her, dude.
Al-
You peeled her?
Mo-
And guess how.
Al-
Please don’t tell me.
Mo-
I did my Al Casino.
Al-
She fell for that?
Mo-
No, she lay down for that.
Al-
I’m speechless.
Mo-
No problem, I talk enuf
For twos of us. Now what I’m sayin, see,
Is Ari Tunaroll lay down for you
Once you release your Al Casino Two.
Al-
She isn’t interested.
Mo-
How you know?
Al-
I askt.
Mo-
Did you precede your asking with the fact
You work with Al Casino?
Al-
But I don’t
Work with Al Casino.
Mo-
Dude, if wishes
Were beggars, horses would ride.
Al-
What?
Mo-
Watch this.
I call up Ari Toiletbowl. I say
“Hey, baby, wanna hang wit me and Al?”
N she like “Al Casino?” N I like
“Pretty much,” n kazaa, she in my pad,
You on the couch, you catchin up, she ask
“When Al Casino get here?” n I say,
N she like, “Wha?” n you like, “All the time.”
N she like, “Wow!” n I like, “Be right back,”
N once I’m gone, you ask her, “Wanna hear My Al Casino?” N she like, “Uh hu.”
So you go, “Here’s how Al would take you down.”
Pardon me, Ari,
I’m like really sorry,
But I got an inquiry
Bouts you and me,
And basically it be:
Are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al-
I am present at the death of poetry.

Mo-
Do thee agree, Ari, to vis-à-vis
My freaky free? Let me stick my funky
In your holy n open you to my
Spicy potpourri. Let’s find some unity,
My devotee, like you knit me a juicy
Mitten for my most smitten sinewy.
Cuz dada want his baba, make you gaga
For his blah blah, ain’t no haha, don’t say
Ta ta, I spatula your uvula
With my ill oo la la, all panty like
A faux pas at the funeral of ennui,
So look at me, I’m Al Casi, drop the “no”
N away we go, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al-
The planet gasps, yet this is what you do.

Mo-
Nokay, so I’m old and grey. Used as a
Doomsday ashtray. My beaujolais nouveau
Is mo like dijonais deathrow. You know
I useta think I was Laurence Olivier,
Now I know I’m Larry O’ThrowAway,
I was stilt to be a star, now I’m cryin
Over my spillt milky way, but be that
As it nay, I’d pay to say you playd my way,
So fear no near, I’m tearin’ here, are we,
Ari, a we? Oui?

Al-
You’re giving me cancer
Of the aesthetic embarrassment glands.

Mo-
Yo! No mo no! Step to the mistletoe
N buffalo my gazpacho. Just follow
Michelangelo, my fellow ital-Iano – we talk, we come, we go. Why
So no-simpatico? This to-and-fro
Got my bragadoccio on low schmo
Tiptoe. I say “naked,” you say “nah, kid,”
Let’s call the whole thing a boff in my loft.
O ho, you col’ as a crow in the snows
Of kill a man with maybe tomorrow,
So can the agent provocabozo.
You gots my bone marrow all twisted like
A too slow yo-yo. I’m a salty red
Pistachio, so shuck me. Meat eat, shells throw.
Cut the punctilio n get caught in
My impresario undertow, hi ho, hi ho,
I got the blow to go, I’m romeo,
You so and so, it’s quid pro
Quo quo quo
Your dote
Gently down my hissing Serpico,
Pianissimo to fortissimo,
I wanna tinkle on your piano,
So stow yo woe in the grow, I’m a he,
You a she, and that’s a bun-honey-back
Guarantee, so here come that tremolo
Mack you free, you egg-bearing rainbow,
Sing it, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?
Mo-
Take my turd for it, dude. You do that Al
Casino, her peepee be yo teepee.
Al-
I am leaving.
Mo-
You can’t run from your problems.
Al-
You are my problem!
Mo-
Man, you sure know how
To shake a baby. Here I been flappin
My gobs all in yo face, n you ain’t once
Jig me a jolly teabag. Could it be
Yr harvesting some resentment against
My scurrilous 24/7
Nude-photoshoot-with-the-snuggy-bunnies-
In-the-purple-stretch-ass-limo lifestyle?
Al-
The only thing I resent is your presence,
So my departure ends my resentment.
Mo-
See, I’n’t so sure bout that there, foggy Adawg.
You kinda got that linger thing. You’re out
In the open is under the surface.
O sure, you may be chillin at the berm,
But when the attitudinal orbit
In which you spin be just bout not nuf inches
From the nuclear giant at the center
Of the crab nebula, cool don’t mean much
More than hot as crotch rot, so, wut’ sa be?
Like wut I do to you that you ain’t done
To yourself, tho with far less humorous
Impunity? And don’t tell me that I
Remind you a wut u’d as soon forget,
Cuz, Adawg, all that shit we useta do,
That shit was real, which is way more than you
Can give up to that shit you’re doin now,
Crushin’ threes at a flood control device.
And see, Adawg, when shit is real, you can’t
Forget it, cuz it’s the real shit in you
That’s tryin to forget it, get it? Iz like
That shit you said in that one shit we did:
“I no more understand a creator’s
Interest in subtext than I understand
A human being’s interest in submission.”
Al-
I told you not to do that! Why are you
Torturing me? I’ve done nothing to you!
I am done with that stuff we useta do,
And I do not ever want to hear it
Or do it again, nokay? If you want
To pretend you work with Al Casino
And do some special new type stuff, well, fine,
But I work at a bank, and I am old.
I need healthcare. Ah! Look at what you’ve done!
I have a problematic polyp on
My vocal chords, and you’re making me yell!
Why are you doing this to me?
Mo-
Sorry, choker. It’s the buttphone.

*Mobad answers his phone.*

Mo- Concerned Americans for Vienna
Actionism. A-man, how’s it hangin?
(Iz Al Casino. I work with him). So,
Mr. Deadbeat Godfather Substitute,
When’s our next insanely large celluloid
Event gonna cast some serious light
On the important social issue of
Me hookin my fly in Cindy the Fish?
(Cindy Crawdad. You know. Gills out to here).
You did? Yo, I thought you be a share bear!
Cool dat. My place, wear yo ribs bib. No shit.
Fo’ real? Sound good? A-stud, I so happy
I’m fuckin the atmosphere. (Me and Big Al
Gon’ star side-by-side in his next massive
Budget shit – “Since When Was the Flugelhorn
A Jazz Instrument, You Fuck?”) So, what’s my part?
(The ex-cop mob-compromised hairdresser
With the really dark secret on his face).
I like it, A-man, but can you throw in
A sexy sidekick, and make her flawless
But fulla holes. I’m in! Ah, just hangin
With my man, Adawg. Of course he Arab.
Yo, A-bomb need an actor for his movie.

Al- Shut up.
Mo- I’m serious.
Al- And I’m leaving.
Mo- Don’t pass this up.
Al- Don’t pass what up? A sham?
Mo- I know you want it, Adawg.
Al- No, I don’t.
Mo- (to Casino) He says he’ll audition.
Al- I will not!
Mo- (to Casino) Gotcha, boss. (to Benditt) A’ight, Adawg,
Casino says to do your shit ri’chere,
And if he digs yo wig, you kick the flick.
Al- I don’t have anything prepared.
Mo- So, let’s do that shit we useta do!
Al- No!
Mo- I can’t stop fucking my cat and shitting on her face.
Al- Stop that.
Mo- I can’t stop fucking my cat and shitting on her face.
Al- I said stop.
Mo- I can’t stop…
Al- Why can’t you stop fucking your cat and shitting on her face?

_They both sing._

Both- _That’s the way, uh hu, uh hu,_
_ I like it, uh hu, uh hu…._

_During the song._ _Meg enters and joins in the song. She is covered in shit._


_Mobad hangs up._

Meg- That’s the way I like it.
Al- Meg MacCary?
Meg- I know, Alan. Gettin' old ain’t pretty,
But what we lack in lookin up for it,
We make up for in lookin’ down on it.
But would you look at you? All the way back
From way back when. Why, this must be the most
Consequential fluke since the bad nipple
Told the talk-thru child that meaning lies
In difference, difference lies in loss, and loss
Never lies.
Mo- Well, I be a ten pound ounce.
Margaret Fucking Invanity Plea,
On the stage. Looks like time don’t take time outs.
Meg- Bygones again, Moberg, bygones again!
Mo- You changed (and if it cost, that change was chump).
Meg- I’ve changed for the better, tho the better
Returns no favors, so I got no change
To give.
Mo- Well, I casht in, so keep the change.
Meg- But O how good it is to see my boyz!
You cozy sitters, you supported by
What you won’t speak of, let me tell you from
The bottom of my smart, these are killaz.
These timeless gadgets, these flesh museums,
These private peacocks are the wildest,
Kindest, nastiest, wisest, dopiest,
And most talented (remember talent?)
Individuals ever to defray
The costs of exception onto themselves.
My word wrestlers! My be-there-for-me’s!
To see them undress in utter darkness,
Twas a sight for getting sore why’s. This one
Had mere to make like he were soon to speak
And the corkest hearts – deconstructionists,
Gangland hotspot bouncers, ex-thespians –
Would giggle and squirm like a tickle doll
With fresh duracells. This one, this mind throb,
Delivered every optigonal line
With such simplicity, such outer feeling,
The only way to keep from being moved
Was to move, yet who can move from such a suck?
Ancient impromptu, grounded and soaring,
Between them O they set the stage for me.
So, give it up - how goes the war?

Al- What war?
Meg- I know, we’re losin’, but that’s why we fight!
Mo- Fight who?
Meg- It doesn’t matter who, but how.
Mo- And how is that?
Meg- How is what?
Al- How do we fight the war?
Meg- Dudes, we just keep doin that shit we do!

Every summer round the metro meadows,
We wage guerilla warp – mass illusions
On our backs, story stored in sweat and spit,
Engorged to swap the banquet in our brains
For droppings in a hat, we take the field
In deformation; our directive, “dazzle!”
So set like some verse circus neath the tent
Of hopeful sun, humanity our rapt
And random crowd, we join the clueless ranks
Of crazies, activists, and sotted jocks
Who loudly speak above the busy hush,
For speech is all we have and it is gained
To give away: “Be not sad O masochists!”

Meg.

Yet there are other fronts for those
Preferring their pretending grounds pre-martk
Against those freaks and forces that can’t stand
A drama they’re not in, for which exists
The black box – in this home to neverything,
Where space-time is measured in dementias,
Whence no delight escapes, command control
For the out of control, we morph and moan
Imaginary orgies with the real
That all might live a deadlock higher than
Religion, and from voyeuring attain
Our welcome nakedness, as when it ran:
“An awkward morning beats a boring night.”

Meg.

Of course the actor’s greatest glory
In the war for artistic independence
Is on the fringes, such as when we play
Some rarely frantic wonder spot: a church
That’s lost its lease upon the after-life;
A college (tho learning never listens),
Or in some wired house not used to dreams
That tell themselves, where we, weird guests that seem
More at home than their hosts, turn fright to food
In spreading such a feast performative,
The forms of thought are by us fiction-fresht!
“Congratulations! You’ve been pre-improved!”

Meg! We don’t do that stuff we useta do.

Mo- Yo, Adawg. Speak for your self-destruction,
Cuz I not only do’t, I do it to’t,
Speshly in my work with Al Casino.

Al- That’s different.

Mo- Thank the Lord of Lingerie.

Meg- So what was that?

Al- That was an audition.

Meg- For who?

Al- Al Casino.

Mo- Tele-casting.

Al- We did that stuff to score some bigger stuff,
Real stuff not stuff that noone wants to see.

Meg- But doing shit that no one wants to see
Is the war.

Mo- Or, at least, it’s the struggle,
Like when I had to wear those way gay pants
That made me look like a Flemish junkie
Flamingo, then steppt into that gutter
And shout to no one, “Imagine a world…”

Meg- “So far away it’s breathing down your neck!”
Your line, Alan.

Mo- Yo, Adawg over that;
He work at a bank.

Al- At least I shower.

Mo- Dag. Adawg. You mean. You a mean, mean man.

Al- No, I’m honest. Look at her. Margaret,
You’re a mess. Are you okay? Please don’t tell me
You live on the streets. O it’s all so sad.

Meg- What’s all so sad?

Al- You, Margaret.

Meg- I’m happy.

Al- If you still do that stuff we useta do,
You can’t be happy.

Meg- You don’t do that shit,
And look at you, Alan. Is that happy?

Al- I make a living.

Meg- Do you live?

Al- Do you?

Meg- The best I can.

Al- Your best looks pretty bad.

Meg- So that’s what it all comes to? How I look?

Al- It all comes to that when you look like that.

Meg- Like what?

Al- Like shit.

Meg- I’d rather look like shit
Than be full of shit.

Mo- Yo, mis amagos!
El ego es una no no en la cha cha!
Lez botch it down a notch and up da luv.

Al- Shut up.

Mo- Blam! Communication Takedown!

He answers his phone.

Mo- Phat Matt don’t eat no chat, so cut me to
The lean. (Cold caller. Watch me heat him up).
So, microsophomore, what you sellin?
Lame ass excuses? No doubt you got those
Gushy stockt, cuz you a limp schtick excuse
For a workin stiff. O, salvation boozes!
What, like you so smasht you actually believe
It’s a fine idea that one man should die
For another? O, vacation cruises!
My bad, your too bad, cuz Moho alwz
On vacation, cruzin for some oozin,
But I humor you, since you so woebecome.
Launch in Miami, hit the Bahamas,
Three days in Caracas, and home. Sound like
Th’infection grid of my last STD.
Am I better? What kinda wack privacy
Invasion rueslip is that? Am I better?
Tell what, phone drone. I’m the best. Comprende
Who estoy? Wrong, and wrong, and wrong for life.
Dag, you so wrong, you should switch dead end jobs
And become a door-to-door salesmanic:
Ring, wrong, ring, wrong. Yeah? How’s this fit yo twit?
When I cruise, it’s on my private vessel,
“I Yacht You, Babe,” what’s longer than a fish
And plush as the planet pre-combustion.
Yo. I’m such a player, I got my own
Cheerleading squad, topless in my boxers:
“Mobad, Mobad, he so hot,
All we do is shizzle squat.”
I buy from the schmeckest concubinal
Pimpwitch in da bitchbizz, n I don’t mean
White slavery, tho I support white slavery.
You wanna hit movie? I’m your knuckle.
When the creds roll, I’m on the foogin hood,
Arms out like a suicide, only me,
I’m jumpin into a fuzzy tunnel
To nowhere spill. Dude, I’m so stupid famous
Chicken nuggets flock to me. Fairamout
Strictures insures my bubble. Google me
N see God. I charge so much for my shit,
The OverFeds deflate the currency
Every time I don’t flush, and I don’t flush.
The dinosaurs? I killt them with comedy.
I’ve snorflfed merk off so many tan-lines
My septum’s on the endangered membranes list.
My props? O, you mean my all-you-can-cheat
Portion of the California unreal
Escape market? Let me slam it gently:
I got nine houses, each of them bigger
Than the rest. My manly toy collection
Weighs more than all the undelivered mush
In Faminetown. And as for garmentage,
Let’s just say that me and Al Casino
Conference call every a.m. so we ain’t
Both sport the same goldleaf slaveskin togas.
What, me and Roma? Well, homo stay dicey,
We work together.

Al- Would you please hang up?
Mo- Hold on, moron. Wuzzat, Adawg?
Al- Hang up.
Mo-
You got hang ups? Yo, you butt in on my call
To tell me fat is fattening? Adawg,
You mad Arab.
Al-
I said hang up, shut up.
Mo-
Dude, this old turk just told me to shut up,
And I respect my elders just enuf
To make them think their money’s in good hands,
So bes’ luck wit yo masturbation fuses,
Ya self-dating raisinet perk-off fook!

He hangs up.

Mo-
Now where you house whites at before I left
For something far more wicky than this here?
Al-
The subject was my so-called shitfulness.
Mo-
So, let’s pursue it, like a drunken purse.
Meg-
You said I look like shit.
Al-
And do I lie?
Meg-
No, you do worse. You miss the point.
Al-
What point?
Meg-
I look like shit because I’m fighting shit.
Mo-
Straight up, Care Bear. You look like you on top
Of the world, but the world be upside down.
Meg-
Then stop shaking it like a piggy bank.
Mo-
Yo, Adawg, Care Bear back, and quips be flippin!
Al-
What shit are you fighting?
Meg-
Al Casino shit.
Mo-
Clan MacCary be slingin shillelagh!
Al-
So, how goes the war?
Meg-
Great, no thanks to you.
Al-
You’ve no retort, Margaret, to the fact
That all can see you are not doing well.
Meg-
I do well for what I do, considering
What I do is not do well. True, I’m shy
The cleanly next, but when you sleep on stoops,
Disgust is best defense, so stink, my shield!
I’ve got some injuries, but not enough
To keep me in one piece; I’ve killed a few,
But if every joke landed, none would hit.
And yes, I’m hungry, but I’d rather be
Alive with searching than searching to feel
Alive. Tho I seem dissipation bent,
It is my lugging heavy dreams of love
Deformed, with eyes that can’t look down, a nose
That can’t turn up, a sense of taste that drips
For senseless nonsense, which I thru the teeth
Prefer to predictable perfection.
To most, I seem broken, defeated, lost,
And, you might say, sad, but I’ve still a smile
That feels at home on my unwelcome face,
For I am utterly independent.
I have broke the barrier between doing
For me and doing for you. When I perform,
It is to know myself; I’ve no credence
In critics. I desire nothing save
To savor my desire for what I have.
As choiceful in my drink as in my spit,
I do as I wish with diminish wishes,
Or so the wild mind I cultivate
Has come, thru kind coercion, to conceive.
So the war, being lost, is won in me,
For I hold no grudging obligations.
Who here can say that?

Mo-
Only IOU
I got be when I got my eye on you.

Al-
No obligation means no audience,
Cuz either you’re performing for yourself
And don’t need others, or you’re performing
For others, and so obligate yourself;
And it might be a thrill to not be wanted,
But no one wants to be where they’re not needed.

Meg-
Cozy oppositions! Cute as theory!
Wise Alan, where’d you learn to be so dumb?
What do we when we do it? You yourself
Called it “psychic exhibitionism,”
A public act of private nudity
That thru its personal affront on wish
(Which lies self-buried in its place of birth,
Fearful to emerge, lest it be fulfilled
And die thereby) reveals to the world
The way we are engaged in one another,
The splendid parts of one big body stuck
On smaller bodies, yet jointly working
To disparate ends, so our doing is
A coupling of estranged, common organs
By showing them in function, playing out
Their possibilities, their disconnect
That nonetheless agrees in anguish urge,
Exposing them to their bereft possessors
Who then repossess them, and by sharing
In this explosion of their truths dispersal,
This other and this you confusing fade
That for yourself becomes for everyone.

Mo-
I don’t know what the fuck you said, but rock!

Al-
You make my point so well, I cede the point.
This psychic exhibitionism must
Be taken with a shame of assault,
As its goal is to rape unconsciously,
And that’s not art, but crime condemnable.

Meg-
I’ve never sought to rape unconsciously
Anyone but myself.

Al-
If the audience
Doesn’t love you, affecting them is rape,
And they ain’t loved that shit we useta do.

Meg-
Some did.

Mo-
Most didn’t.

Al-
Even those that did
Loved it for its being unlovable.

Meg-
The final freedom is to turn our heads.
Have we lost that as well?

Al-
O quite the cozy
Opposite! In confounding free and fear,
We’ve lost the empty space to which we turn
When we turn our heads, as all space is filled
With freedom’s flashing fixtures, but at least
Such flashing isn’t frightening, as was ours.

Meg-
I find it deeply frightening, as it proves
That freedom’s obsolesced independence.

Al-
No, independence obsolesced itself
By opposing freedom, which must include
Competition among independents,
Leading to some triumph and much defeat,
As he and you display.

Meg-
So which has won?
Al-
The one with the freedom.

Meg-
That is freedom?
Al-
Then I oppose it that we might survive.
Cut short the cull of supplying demand,
And he is you.

Meg-
The difference is as cut
As tween the drive to know and to be known.

Al-
The difference is a defect you deny,
For being known is a kind of knowing
Yet knowing does not know how to be known.

Meg-
Well, those that don’t do preach! Hear this, teller!
Not playing doesn’t make you ref. I toil
In that difference you deny. My known is no
Attempt at being known, so why not gain
Your blotting view from open eyes and see
Your censure bench become a seat of shame!
I’m what you were, he’s what you want, and you
Are what you are, or no more than neither,
And yet as looking back on what you were
Exacerbates the pain of not attaining
What you want - for prior’s more forgettable
Than next - you live devoid of yesterday,
So are you not save a seeking substance
That gleans its value from claiming the search
For value insubstantial, ‘spousing thus
This lurid clown who’s great at acting dead
To keep our culture one big dancing morgue
That fattens him with bodies in the seats,
Which suits you fine, since you are dead to you,
So there you sit, running from your options.

Al-
And there you stand, garbling your envy.

Meg-
He’s nothing I would ever want to be.

Al-
He’s everything you need to be that you
Might become what you are, yet on you go
Claiming you want the you that you don’t want,
As if wanting to be a different you
That’s far your better what you are betrays,
So you stay bad, which you call good, and this
Happy crap’s why your sad productions stink.

Meg-
Stink or not, and who’s to say, one can’t judge
The product of a struggling fantasy,
For art’s odor alters with time, as every
Creation’s a disaster, cycling round
To finally hurl destruction on itself
And bring about thereby new creation.
Just look at the cycle of independent art:
At its incept, revulsion rules, looking
Away or at coalesce, reactions
Both involuntary, visceral
Roiled by the horror of an order
Upended, and badness undisputed
Suppresses humor, joy, mere acceptance.
But soon, assessment comes in bickering waves,
Some are blamed, some pitied, all invested,
And sifting snarled details with the verve
Of sanctioned pros, all seek to discover
Where pre-emption failed, which the focus then
Becomes; how as a people to prevent
Such disruptive, harmful, unruly things
Without losing the chaos creatures need
To re-emerge surprising and surprised
By friendly danger. Then, our safety set,
We recollect securely on the jolt
Now neutralized by distance, and soon seeps
Thru our walls a jealous fascination
That once there was a world so fearless free
Disaster happened yet the bread was baked,
The spirit scorned refueled the spirit’s strength,
And beauty came in strange and horrible
Yet tempting packages. So, needing then
To feel again what timid lives evade,
Reprisal flourishes, whether it be
To do as it was done, to document
Its mysteries, to collect its relics,
To meet the shadows of its faded light,
That same disaster once so cursed and crush
Becomes the thing to do, and so is done,
And overdone, of its rage deflated,
Into the common menu rotely ploppt
To go unnoticed save by professors
Of its charms, yet who themselves lack the charm
To convince a rolling world to play dead,
But wait, the cycle isn’t thru, for here
Returns revulsion; disaster’s chemists,
Bitching and bemoaning of the boredom,
Are compelled to create fresh awkward scents,
To revive by dis-odorating the bland,
Yet which repulses all, and shouts of “Bad!”
Rise up again, as sprung from its decay
The cycle starts that never really stops.
She good.
She’s a fucking charity case!
Good, that’s for givers; she does her own thing,
Which, as it’s hers, can’t be shared, save in
The hostile gift of “throwing something up,”
And saying, “Eat, my people,” to which we
Reply, “No, thanks,” so she accuses us
Of ingratitude and stupidity,
Of short attention spans and selfishness,
Of starfucking and moral decadence,
Of brutishness, of everything but taste,
Yet think of that! We who won’t slurp her puke
Are termed “provincial” for our lack of taste,
When it’s our taste that keeps us from such meals!
You either win who’s watching, or you lose.

Meg-
Who’s watching loses in their being won!
The people think, “O how emotional,
How genuine,” when truly it’s a ploy
To trigger rogue desires that defame
The common cause of saving what sustains,
So is such “art” complicit in the drive
To make a killing by cheapening life.

Al-
You seek the very largesse you belittle.

Meg-
I seek my end, and so I’m all that you,
My traitor, won’t perceive, for to perceive
What acts for itself, which, we both agree,
Thus destroys itself, you must have a self,
That conflict at the core of creation,
Which you’ve exchanged for coo shy self-esteem.

Al-
If destroying yourself is fighting death,
Then my money’s on death.

Meg-
Indeed it is.

Al-
Every artist, as a self other-reared,
Craves acceptance. Some seek it by being
Acceptable, some don’t, but the motive
Precedes the method. No expression’s free
Of expectation, and expectation’s
Always other-aimed. Art but emanates
An act of unknowable assumptions
Of an imagined audience, derived
From past assessments made in fearful need;
There is no landing without touching down,
For we are bounded born, so even you
Do what you do that you may do unto
Others as you would have them do to you,
But if those others do not want it done,
The onus is yours to cease or decease.

Meg-
What “or”? Your craft is stuck, for you’ve done both.

Mo-
Yo, wayz I seez it, this like be the shit:
Shit happens. Someone see that shit. Someone
Ask himself, can I sell that shit? He think
He can, he buy that shit. He think he can’t,
He pass on that shit. So some shit get bought
And some shit just rot, but yo, any way
You spice it, it’s all shit.

Meg-
Maybe that’s why
They call them movements?

Al-
They call them movements
Because they are meant to move the people
Towards the objectives of the movers,
Yet if the movers’ only objective’s
To act as if they have no objectives,
All will stay as is, unmoved by as if.

Meg-
Yet art is pure as if, made what it is
By saying; the intent forms the action,
The action breeds dissent, so the “as if”
Is not reducible to the “as is,”  
For were it, it would not be, and it is.

Al-   There is no more “as if,” only “if then,”  
For “if” is no more “as” and “then” no more  
Than another now.

Meg-   Yet what of the task  
Of luring minds into a deathly truth  
They don’t at first desire, yet once attained  
Is valued over value for therein  
Passion finally fosters preservation?

Al-   The truth is we desire to kill ourselves,  
And entertainment’s come to make it fun.

Meg-   Then there’s the difference you cannot deny:  
He is content to die, and I am not.

Al-   And when you are defined by what you’re not  
You’re nothing save the evil you oppose.

Meg-   I am not what I am so that I’m not  
What I’m not. The norm is but a number  
I did not take by birth, and yet I count  
Because I took a number not the norm,  
For when my number’s called, when my time comes,  
It will be mine, unlike the rest who share  
In that great number they so dearly grip,  
Believing it will win them what they want,  
Not knowing they must share all their winnings  
And lose the worth I win because I hold  
A number all my own, and even if  
My number’s never called, my time uncome,  
A number all your own outnumbers all  
The winnings of the number of the norm.

Mo-   Yo, Adawg, I say Care Bear’s got the gig.  
Howbout we bag this Al Casino shit  
And get back to that shit we useta do?

Al-   Fuck that. We just auditioned. Call him back  
And ask him if I’m in.

Mo-   Dude, I dunno.  
Care Bear’s got me itchy for the indie;  
I look at what I been and what I be,  
And that comparision ain’t pretty, yo.  
I sold my soul for sales. I took the fun  
Outta function, now all I got is ction,  
And what is that? I wanna shun this funk  
And wake up without make up, feel the sun  
On my cheeks, cuz when you made in the shade,  
You fight the light, take the pit for the peaks.  
Sure, I’m smartcore sexy, but my make-it’s  
On the market, my dream a profit scheme.  
I don’t know what I feel, cuz I can’t  
Get past the fee; link my site, get your hits,  
But no insight. I put the mirror in front  
Of me because I fear maturity,  
Keepin my look cool, my flesh off the shelf.  
All I do is network, but when you work  
In a net, ain’t that mean you fell from play?  
Ouch, I’m lost like a quarter in a couch.  
My inner child’s OT in the sweatshop
Of my accessories, but comes a time
When a stooge gotsta choose – access or ease?
And tho I ain’t so clear on the difference,
I know I wanna make one, not fake one.
See, I got mack and mint, but no meaning,
And all these me’s ain’t but some backward seeming.

Al-
You grow our economy! That’s meaning!
Mo-
Econo-me mite costly on the be-thing.
Al-
Popularity is innovation!
Meg-
Popularity is imitation.
Mo-
I’m talkin bout an indie reformation!
Gonna set my own standards, disregard
Dispense, gonna compose my audience,
Develop along my own lines, gonna
Misdirect the signs, disinvite the times,
Refine what I need, underfeed the god greed
So I can risk my assessments, squander
My investments, gonna stand for no frisk,
Won’t pander to nuthin, not even myself
On a compact disc all slanderin and cussin.
Gonna strut the gamut, prove the or-else
A bluffin but, gonna fight for the right
To be useless, define to dispossess,
Gonna say “But I digress” with the pride
Of the powerless, gonna crave my errors,
My snide ambassadors to metaphors
Unthought of, emulating prior to
Judgment, gonna flop, falter, feign my what-for
Beyond this grudgement of ingratiating,
Gonna hang with the wrong crowd that they might
Be neither, call me theater, but I love
To close, gonna sing my sinking song loud
Til I get away with the everyday.
Gonna descend to the occasion of
My rejection, cuz that’s the direction
Whence I transcend the trend and end this trance,
Gonna practice passive use, induce diffuse,
Make money jealous, defuse the famous,
As I run into problems like a hippo
Into potamus. Gonna show my know
To miscompute, miscompete, misconstrue,
Ain’t you? No one should work for someone else,
The planet’s way too precious for your wealth,
Yo, gettin paid be givin pollution,
I want the tribe, not the distribution.
Gonna pay my trib to the dis if the sys
Don’t salute, gonna refute my repute,
I’m done securin significant deals,
Gonna deal in significance that we
Might lose the need to be secure, embrace
The unsure - the medium is the mess,
So we fail in success - gonna recoup
What I divest, I don’t care what you think
Cuz I care what you think, ain’t gonna stress
No “How to be a snake and walk on two”
Booshit lessons, pressin on the buttons,
Hopin someone put my butt on sumthin
That I can get a cut on, I’nt no slut
What slugz execs for coupons. You a pawn?
Hear me yawn, as I get my naked on:
Fuck the industry; Mobad goin indie.

Meg-
Bottom feeders never come up empty!

Al-
Stop that!

Mo-
Yo, Adawg, do that killer line.

Al-
Get Casino on the line, and I will.

Mo-
Hey ho! This thing on? Wreck undo,
Can you hear me, bachelors? I said, can you
Hear me mumble jumble. Like I like it:
All crowd, no control. Now, as the best man,
And by best I mean way fuckin better,
I must provide some enter-me-tainment,
So here goes: Did you hear the one about
The happily married man? Me neither.
But spuriously, rudes. The goods I got
In the “Can’t Take My Despise Offa You”
Department ain’t no joke, unless you think
It’s funny when you crave what you can’t have,
Which it is, at least to me, the best man.
No, my eager nothings, this is something.
Something so savory, you’ll eat your tongue.
Something so sexy, you’ll sell your sex
For just one touch of her invincible gland.
Something so something, it’s really something.
So, please, let’s give a long hot bachelor burp
(Nice one!) for Gelda the Heckling Stripper!

*Meg enters as Gelda. Mobad makes like an audience member.*

Meg-
You bottom-feeders set to come up empty?

Mo-
Take it off!

Meg-
He tells a stripper to take it off – You’re bound to waste your words when your head’s up your ass.

Mo-
I love you!

Meg-
I’ve heard of palm-readers, but this tug-thug talks to his.

Mo-
Show your tits, baby!

Meg-
You know we’re screwed when grown-ups askin baby for the boob.

Mo-
O you really turn me on!

Meg-
Like a toaster in a fishtank.

Mo-
You’re so beautiful.

Meg-
Gee, you’re just sayin that cuz you’re so fuckin ugly!

Mo-
Fly with me to Puerto Rico!

Meg-
Thanks, but I’m trying to quit that “flying with the downwardly mobile” thing.

Mo-
Make me a man!

Meg-
I’m a stripper, not a surgeon.

Mo-
Whatever you want, just sit on my face!

Meg-
I want “loser” tattooed on my mucus plug so you can face the facts.

Mo-
Gimme all you got!

Meg-
I got nuthin you can have, and you’ll pay me for it, too.

Mo-
I want it all.

Meg-
You want it all? Since when do you know what the fuck you want? Quit looking at me and look at yourselves, you see-thru-blindfold models. Is that what you want? To be caged in your own vicious circles of least confusion? To be
consumed by consumption? To jump in search of a second thought? Life gives you choice, and you say, “Heckle me, Gelda!” Fine, then. I’ll tell you what you want: You want what I tell you to want. You want me to dumb you downstage. You want me to love you so much you hate yourself. You want a pretty death. But the body that attempts to reclaim itself by devouring disembodied ideals of irresponsible desire only ends up shitting in its soup. So take a short soft look at my foul fecundity, cuz it’s the last fucking thing you’ll ever see.

«*Al shoots Meg. She dies.*»

**Al**

The blood and the bandage are playing now.

**Mo**

Yo, that’s the line! “The blood and the bandage are playing now.” I mean, like, what *is* that? She strips, she heckles, you shoot her to death, And a-bada bing, “The blood and the bandage are playing now.” O man, I love that shit We useta do, don’t you, Care Bear? No woe If no one wants to see it, cuz that shit Was real. The way you put her out, I mean That shit was sick and wrong and real. Yo, dudes, Like we should start a reality show! “That Shit We Useta Do.” We’d do that shit We useta do, the show would show us doing That shit we useta do, then slowly each Of us be dyin from doin that shit We useta do, dyin like flies droppin dead From an overprofundancy of that shit! Wutcha think, Care Bear? Care Bear, wutcha think?

**Al**

She’s dead.

**Mo**

Yeah, Adawg, I know. You “killt” her. Strip, heckle, shoot, death, and a-bada bing: “The blood and the bandage are playing now.” I mean, that’s like the real shit we’ll put in Our like reality show. Right, Care Bear?

**Al**

I said she’s dead.

**Mo**

I said I know she’s dead, But yo, Care Bear. Get up-n-go.

**Al**

She’s dead For real.

**Mo**

Like on the reality show!

**Al**

This is not a show.

**Mo**

She’s dead?

**Al**

Really dead.

**Mo**

Dude, what the fuck?

**Al**

She entered dead.

**Mo**

You killed her.

**Al**

We killed her.

**Mo**

Yo, I ain’t touch nuthin!

**Al**

You knew how that shit ended.

**Mo**

For pretend.

**Al**

No more pretending.

**Mo**

No more pretending?

**Al**

The budget for pretending has been cut; From now on there will be only tending.

**Mo**

I’m outta here.

**Al**

Call Casino.
Mo- What?
Al- Call Al Casino
          And see if I got the gig.
Mo- Fuck the gig.
          You killed a woman, and these people seen it.
Al- They don’t think it’s real.
Mo- But it is.
Al- To us,
          But not to them, and they’re all that matters.
Mo- And what if they find out it’s real?
Al- They can’t.
Mo- Are you sure?
Al- It’s not part of the deal.
Mo- Are you sure?
Al- They wouldn’t be here.
Mo- Are you sure?
Al- Even if they did find out it’s real, you work
          With Al Casino, and he’s a gangster.
Mo- He’s an actor.
Al- He’s a gangster.
Mo- He’s an actor.
Al- Same thing.
Mo- No, it’s not.
Al- What’s the difference?
Mo- O, gee, I dunno. Maybe everything?
Al- If everything’s between us, nothing is.
Mo- Gangsters kill people, Adawg.
Al- End of story.
Mo- I’m his driver.
Al- What?
Mo- I’m Al Casino’s driver.
Al- You’re his driver?
Mo- Yep.
Al- And you act together?
Mo- Um…
Al- You don’t act together?
Mo- Nope.
Al- You’re his driver.
Mo- Yep.
Al- Well, that’s workin with him, ain’t it?
Mo- I guess it would be, were I his driver.
Al- You’re not his driver?
Mo- Nope.
Al- What exactly
          Constitutes your work with Al Casino?
Mo- Little a these, little a those.
Al- Little a what?
Mo- Little a lot a nuthin.
Al- You’ve never even met the fucker, have you?
Mo- Yo, now that ain’t true.
Al- So what is it?
Mo- True.
Al- My audition?
Mo- Dude, it’s a prop.
Al- All those phone calls?
Mo- Fake.
Al- That big shot shit?
Mo- Fake.
Al- Ari Dardanelle?
Mo- Now that was real, even if it wasn’t.
Al- You have ruined my fucking life.
Mo- I’m sorry.
Al- You’re sorry? You have saved my fucking life.

He puts the gun in Meg’s hand.

Mo- No way. You cannot nail this shit on Meg.
Al- Nail what shit on Meg?
Mo- You fucking killed her.
Al- She’s fucking acting.
Mo- No, she’s fucking dead.
Al- She’s acting, you’re acting, I’m acting.
Mo- Al.
Al- Even the fucking people are acting.
Mo- Al.
Al- But I am leaving the fucking stage.
Mo- This shit is real. Walkin’ off can’t change that.
Al- This shit is fake. They know it, you know it,
So it’s over.
Mo- This shit ain’t over, Al.

Moberg grabs the gun and points it at Al.

Al- Dude, it’s a prop.
Mo- Not if you play along.
Al- Lemme tell you something, you Mobad bitch.
Before you came and butted in on me
I was sitting here wondering about
The urge to act. Why become an actor?
I first had several brain-jerks: to be seen
And so validated; to step into
Different vectors, and so escape one’s own;
To mimic those in power, and hence feel
In power. Yet none of these hit the shit.
And that led me to wondering about
A life on stage, and that led me to stage death.
We useta really slaughter shit on stage,
You know, “O rain, that you might fuck the dirt
And bring forth lots of cheese quesadillas
And pregnant teens and shit, I now slaughter
This sacred, stupid actor,” and cut.
But now we’re enlightened, we stage our deaths,
And to that sacrificial platform whence
They used to have to mindfuck or hoosegow
Their histrionic victim, billions bumrush.
And why? So they can live the life on stage,
And, when it’s over, die the great stage death.
Step up, and die the death that isn’t death!
We’ve worked real hard to make it look like death,
But we all know it isn’t really real, right?
We are disconnecting our connection
To death by our desire to live on stage
A life in which one never really dies,
And this crack religion is killing us,
Cuz when you deny your death, you deny
Others’ death, so you kill and miss the kill,
Imagining that once it’s all over
Everyone just stands up and takes a bow.
Real death, fake death, same thing, thanks to difference.

Mo-
So let’s go back to killin shit for real?
Al-
We kill shit for real all the time, only
That stage is dark.
Mo-
Our stage deaths shine a light
On those real deaths, that lit they might be stopped.
Al-
O fetal, fatal, futile rationale!
Behold the great independent actor.
She’s playing dead. Why is she playing dead?
Because she’s in a play and she got killed
By another actor for some reason
Given by another actor, which reason,
Of course, turns out to be a bad reason.
So how does she justify to herself
This proud submission to rich degradation?
She believes in the people. She gives them
What they want. She puts the customer first.
Millennia of bestial arrogance,
Of elites producing for elitists,
Making up rules that others must abide,
All this ends in her. Yay, she shines a light
On our darkness that we might save ourselves.
But guess what? It isn’t fucking working!
On what does this great indie actor shine
A light save on herself? And what is she
Save a market-tested people-pleaser?
For what pleases the people more than death
That isn’t really death, as with her face
They mask the death they wreak upon the earth?
So serving the delusions of the people
Via her delusion that illusion
Saves the people, she destroys the people.

Mo-
She’s just doin her thing.
Al-
Her thing is death.
Mo-
So what the fuck are we supposed to do?
Al-
Don’t ask me. I’m just a gripey old man.
Mo-
Hey, you ain’t so old.
Al-
I’m old.
Mo-
Nah, come on.
Al-
You know you’re old when you start fuckin kids.
Mo-
You fuckin kids?
Al-
Can you not see this shit?
Mo-
Yo, I’m shit without this.
Al-
Yes, but are you shit
In the absence of ambition, or are
You shit in the ambition of absence?
Mo-
I fail to see the difference.
Al-
Yes, you do,
And that’s not all you fail at, apparently.
Mo-
I’m not going back to that fucking bank.
Al- What?
Mo- I work at a fucking bank, okay?
Al- Everybody works at a fucking bank!
Mo- Care Bear don’t.
Al- Yes, she does.
Mo- She’s fucking dead, Y’understand? Nokay, she’s not really dead, But she’s dead to me, and by her fake death My life has meaning, at least more meaning Than working at a fucking bank where all We fucking think about is fucking money.
Al- And what do we do in the theater?
Mo- We didn’t do that shit we useta do For money, Al.
Al- Speak for your fucking self.

*Al goes to leave, Matt shoots him in the back, Al does not die.*

Al- And so ends the indie revolution A mere mandated break after its birth.
Mo- Behind everything save the urge to act Lies a stiff who’s sick to death of his job, And I will not contribute anymore To stuffing the world with that extinctive Compromise. I am come to free our dreams. I help us look at shit and not see shit. I die that we might live.

*He shoots himself and dies.*

Al- Thanks for nuthin.

*Al exits.*

THE END

First produced in 2007 in the Soho Think Tank Ice Factory at the Ohio Theater in NYC.

Directed by Howard Thoresen
Sets by Jane Stein
Lights by Jeff Nash
Costumes by Karen Flood
Sound by John Gideon
Stage management by Erlinda Garcia

Featuring:

Matt Oberg as Matt
Al Benditt as Al
Meg MacCary as Care Bear